**A Day in the Park**

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Saturday dawned warm and beautiful. Fair skies and gentle temperatures were forecasted for the afternoon. Lisa knew she belonged at the beach. The question was whether her boyfriend would join her.  
  
"Tim, I want to go to the beach. Will you come with me?"  
  
Tim, splayed out on the couch, rolled his eyes.  
  
"Beaches are boring. I'd rather stay in and play video games."  
  
Lisa sighed. He was getting more and more withdrawn and irritated whenever she made requests. She felt more like a babysitter then a girlfriend sometimes. She had to entertain him whenever they did something she wanted to do, yet he expected her to sit quietly and wait while he enjoyed his activities. What a jerk, she thought to herself.  
  
"How about if you pick the place we go? That way, you can have your arcade or your pizza place or whatever while I sit in the sun."  
  
Grumbling, Tim stood up and walked over to change. He never acknowledged her with a yes.  
  
Twenty minutes later, they were tooling down the interstate, headed for one of the bigger lakes in their county. Tim flipped the radio nonstop.  
  
"You don't have to pout. I appreciate you going, but could you please even FAKE some enthusiasm?"  
  
Tim gave Lisa a big fake smile, and went back to looking sour. He finally turned off the highway and drove into a parking lot. Lake Meriford looked warm and beautiful to Lisa. She and Tim climbed out of the car and headed down towards the shore. The pffting of their feet in the sand sounded wonderful to her.  
  
Tim angled away from Lisa and headed towards the vegetation ringing the beach. There was a path and a sign. She saw him read it and her eyes narrowed at the big grin that spread over his face.  
  
"Hey, let's check this place out!" he shouted towards her.  
  
Lisa walked over to look.  
  
WARNING! You may encounter nude sunbathers in this park.  
  
The sign stood next to the mouth of a shadowed path. It looked narrow and spooky, a tiny hole punched in the dense growth. Tim strode purposefully into the breach without another word. Lisa moved to catch up to him. She was sure there was sunbathing to do, but with people who were naked? Tim wanted to see all the hot college girls naked. He was always glancing at other women when he was with Lisa.  
  
But, she knew she didn't have the most attractive body in the world. Tim told her so. She had small A cup breasts, only slightly bigger then Tim's pecs, and her body was too thin. She also felt she had hips that were far too wide for her frame. She thought she had a pretty face, but it went downhill below the neck.  
  
Insects and animals chirped and hummed throughout the woods. Lisa could barely move without watching for branches and roots. The tangled undergrowth to both sides of path hemmed them in. After a solid five minutes of tripping and slapping gnats, they entered a small field.  
  
It wasn't what Lisa expected. The field looked more like a manicured city park. The grass was cut low and a few cherry trees stood in small groups. There was a small utility shed and bathroom at the far end of the park. The clearing was oval, but about the size of a football field.  
  
And there were naked people. Lisa's jaw hit the ground at all the skin out in the open. Just looking around, she saw two dozen people in various forms of undress. Tim walked along the hedging that walled the park and found a spot. He took off his shirt and sat up, looking. Lisa noticed he put them fairly close to two older women who looked to be in their early 60's. One had her top off and was letting the sun wash over her breasts. The other was completely naked and lying on her front. Her ass was as tan as the rest of her.  
  
Lisa pulled her shirt over her head and dropped her shorts. Several guys in the park glanced at her expectantly, but quickly lost interest when she removed no more clothing. She rested her body on her elbows, surveying the park. Most of the guys were in their mid 40's or older. Almost all were completely naked. There was a group of five tanned guys all naked. They all had incredibly fit bodies and short hair. The way they were talking and sitting, Lisa got the overwhelming impression they were gay. There were three guys who looked like they belonged in a frat somewhere. They were the only ones clothed and they were generally ogling the two older women.  
  
It was quiet and peaceful. There was an occasional spout of laughter from the gay guys, but Lisa was actually enjoying herself. The shock wore off and now she could sit and enjoy the sun. She idly watched as the nude woman stood up to walk over to the bathroom. Her tits and stomach sagged and drooped, but the college kids were all eyes. Lisa noticed Tim was also staring awfully hard.  
  
"You know," she said, "it's rude to stare."  
  
Tim threw a look at her.  
  
"You're just jealous because she's got big-ass titties. Besides, you got like ten guys to stare at. I got them old women."  
  
Lisa was about to remind him that they weren't there to look at naked people, but she kept her mouth shut. She watched Tim's head swivel in time with the woman, who could have been his grandmother. She shook her head and closed her eyes.  
  
A minute later, Lisa heard a cough in front of her. She looked in the direction and noticed a new guy, mid-60s, with a round belly. He was facing her, holding his shirt. He stood for a few seconds and saw that she was looking at him. He dropped his shirt and immediately dropped his pants. His dick peeked out from under his gut and a pair of balls swung free. He stepped out of his shorts and stood, hands on hips, posing. Lisa knew it was for her, so she rolled over and looked away, slightly embarrassed by the show. A few seconds later, she looked over her shoulder. He was laying face up, his knees in the air. His crotch was directly in her line of sight.  
  
"Jesus," Tim said, "Would you look at this guy? Everything's out in sight. No modesty."  
  
Lisa thought the old guy was gross and she frowned towards him. Tim was about to say something else when his eyes darted over her shoulder. Lisa turned to follow his view and saw one of the grandmas strolling towards the small bathroom. Eyes around the park followed her. Lisa gave her credit. Her big tits were sagging slightly and her ass and thighs housed loads of cellulite. But she walked as if she were a queen. The confidence was enviable. She made a slight detour and walked right past the young college frat guys. They stared, jaws dropped.  
  
"She wants them to see her absolutely naked. Wow," said Lisa. She was a touch competitive and she felt jealousy at this older woman getting attention. She felt jealous that the woman could be so free. There were a few guys who were standing and talking. They were naked and comfortable. Lisa simply didn't like her body. She looked at herself and frowned. A shadow passed over her stomach.  
  
"Hi."  
  
She looked up. A man looked down at her.  
  
"You two are new, huh?" She heard a teasing tone in his voice.  
  
"Yes," she answered, "How'd you know?"  
  
"Well, you're in my spot. See.."  
  
Tim interrupted, "I didn't see a 'reserved' sign."  
  
"Well, we don't exactly assign places here, but all the regulars generally keep to their own spots. It's like in college, when the teacher doesn't assign seating, but you usually stay in the same chair all year. May I sit there, please?  
  
He pointed at a spot five feet to her left.  
  
Tim snorted. The guy smiled.  
  
"I understand the first time is stressful," he said patiently, "But it's okay."  
  
Lisa waved toward the grass next to her. The man smiled.  
  
"Thank you, young lady. My name is Ron, by the way."  
  
"Hi, Ron. I'm Lisa, this is Tim." Tim barely acknowledged Ron, busy looking at the woman returning from the bathroom.  
  
Without Ron standing in the sun's path, Lisa could see him better. He was a handsome man and reminded her of an old friend's father, whom she had a crush on. Unlike the guy sitting in front of them, Ron stripped down quickly without show. He took care of himself, Lisa noted. He had solid arms and well-shaped, though undefined torso. She tried hard not to peek at his package when he dropped his shorts, but she failed. He was of average length and trimmed himself. College stress had an effect on Tim's body, as did the cafeteria and beer. He built himself a small tummy and he was rather pasty. Ron was tanned and lean all over.  
  
Lisa rolled away from Tim and smiled at Ron.  
  
"You do this a lot?" she asked.  
  
"Yes," he said, turning to face her. "Since I was born, my parents taught me that the body is nothing to be ashamed of. Those fellas," he nodded toward the frat guys, "sexualize it to no end. As does the gentleman in front of you. But most of us are harmless and we're here for fun. For me, it's sensual and not sexual, if you understand the difference."  
  
He waited a few seconds. Seeing Lisa was satisfied with his answer, he rolled over onto his back again. She watched his body relax under the sunlight. I just talked to a naked man, she thought to herself. Thoughts ran through her head as she comptemplated how being nude wasn't sexual. Idly, she watched the two old women stand and dress. As they walked out, the frat guys followed suit, done for the day as well.  
  
"How often do guys come here to look at girls?" Lisa asked Ron.  
  
"Only on the weekends, when they think it'll be busier. I'm not going to lie, I occasionally glance at women, too. I appreciate the beauty, but I'm don't stare."  
  
"Do girls come here often?" Tim chimed in. "I'm tired of all the dicks."  
  
Ron stood and faced Tim. "So I shouldn't start my jumping jacks?"  
  
Tim glowered and Lisa laughed. She was struck by the boldness of this guy. He was just plain naked. He was relaxed and calm and she was jealous of his acceptance of his body.  
  
"Tim, are you going to join in?" she asked.  
  
"No, I'm out, thanks."  
  
"Well, 2 hours of driving means one of us is getting naked." Lisa didn't exactly believe the words that came out of her mouth, but suggesting she would strip down sped up her heart.  
  
"I don't want to and I don't think you have the courage. You're kind of a mouse, Ell."  
  
Lisa didn't like that nickname and Tim knew it. She glanced up at Ron, who shrugged at her and sat back down. She had gone without a top on at beaches before, but she was always facedown. It was a first step. She reached behind her neck and undid the knot. Flipping over and lying on her stomach, she unclipped the back of her top and pulled it out from under her body. She put it near the bag. She was topless.  
  
"There you go!" Ron said. "That's a start."  
  
"Hey, don't be encouraging my girlfriend, you!" Tim said.  
  
"Well, do it yourself, then," Ron shot back.  
  
Lisa, heart starting to pound, experimented. She pushed her weight up on her elbows and reached for her top. Her small breasts hung in the open air for several seconds. Both Ron and Tim got a quick peek before she grabbed her top and crashed onto her chest. Her tits hadn't been seen by anyone except Tim and her doctor her entire adult life. She felt emboldened by her act. Ron said nothing and sat next to her, but she could sense he was rooting her on. Tim seemed upset.  
  
Lisa steeled herself and decided on taking the next step. Her heart thundered and her mouth went dry as she grabbed the waistband of her bottoms. She delayed for half a second. Knowing she would never try this again if she failed here, Lisa slid her panties over her hips and down her thighs. Her front was glued to the towel as she eased the suit down her knees and over her ankles. She kicked it away from her.  
  
"Hey, nice job!" Ron faked a high-five and laughed good-naturedly. Lisa was flattened to the ground. She was really turned on that her ass was showing. The old guy in front of them stood up and ran his eyes on her body. He had a big, toothy grin. A few other men had their antennae directed her way.  
  
"It feels so weird. I was always taught to cover and be proper. What a rush!"  
  
She surveyed the field. She had some guys' attention, but most didn't pause to give her notice. If it weren't for the whole no-clothes thing, she would have thought it was a normal park.  
  
Lisa knew she had to take the next step. She was going to get up somehow. She arched her back and supported her weight with her elbows. Her small breasts came into view. Daring herself to stay up, she fought the urge to forget all of this and get dressed. The old guy was lying on his side, still looking at her. Ron gave her a thumbs-up. Lisa decided SOMEONE here had to see her naked, and it may as well be him. He was a nice guy.  
  
She wasn't as nervous as she expected when she rolled on her side and faced Ron. He had a perfect view of her entire body, not five feet away. He looked into her eyes, mouthed 'good job,' and went back to looking at the sky. She kept staring at him. He looked back. She smiled sweetly, then lowered her gaze. She looked at his chest, undefined but strong. She took in his arms and his abs. Her eyes went directly to his cock. She took a few seconds before looking at his balls. She looked at his thighs, his calves, his ankles and his feet. Her gaze again met his. She flicked her eyes down at her own body, then looked back at him.  
  
Ron took the hint. A gentle smile played on his face. He stared hard at Lisa's tits. Her boobs were small and she was jealous of the way other girls fit better in cleavage shirts, but Ron's faced glowed when he took them in. He nodded his approval at her well-trimmed pussy and his gaze lingered on her body for a solid minute. Lisa felt that Tim appraised her like a horse when he looked at her. Ron made her feel sexy, like she was a goddess. She loved the feeling of someone looking at her naked. She felt attractive. She understood the older women from earlier in the day. Ron was working his way back up her body. His eyes caressed her nipples, rubbed her skin. He smiled at her again and rolled onto his back.  
  
Lisa wasn't done. She went from her side to lying on her back. She was face up.  
  
Tim was angry. "Roll over, Lisa, you're showing the park everything."  
  
Lisa smiled. She knew. Ron had said it was sensual, being nude in the park, but she disagreed. For Lisa, it was incredibly sexual. It was flat-out hot.  
  
"It is a nude park," she said, "Probably someone will see me nude."  
  
"C'mon! Are you just fucking with me because you're pissed? I don't want anyone to see you but me."  
  
Lisa mentally shook her head. It was probably over with Tim. He never understood how things worked.  
  
"No, Tim. If I were messing with you, I'd do this."  
  
She stood.  
  
Inside, she was screaming at herself to take cover. For half a second, she thought her reflexes would drop her back on the ground. Her hands with itching to hide her and her ears burned. The old man in front of them turned and sat up, viewing her. His eyes never went higher then her neck. Feeling simultaneously aroused, terrified, and ridiculous, she struck a pose. She kicked a foot out and to the side and put her hand on a hip. Her other hand went behind her back. She looked at the old man and smiled. He leered back.  
  
"Hey, sit down! Seriously!"  
  
Lisa decided to go for a walk. She was getting more comfortable and she liked the attention she was getting. She felt clothes hung on her frame and people rarely looked at her twice. Tim never looked at her, even when she was coming out of the shower. She liked the eyes of the old man on her.  
  
Her first few steps were tentative and her clothes suddenly seemed far away. She picked up the pace and strode powerfully towards the small bathroom. Eyes followed her as she moved through the park naked. She stared straight ahead, letting the gazes wash over her. Lisa changed course and headed towards a loose knot of sunbathers. She walked right through them, carefully picking her way around the scattered towels. She smiled and made eye-contact with everyone. Most of the men smiled back but a few looked away. Lisa felt her confidence soar as people appreciated her body. For some reason, them not knowing her as a quiet, shy wallflower and only seeing her body made her feel good. She liked the raw carnal power of her body. She let them stare at her tits, her ass, her thighs, her pussy, and she loved every second of it. Being on display was wonderful.  
  
Lisa turned and started cruising back to her towel. She saw Tim stuffing everything in their beach bag. Her towel was half-sticking out.  
  
"Hey, I need my clothes," Lisa said.  
  
"No, you don't," Tim said, "You're cavorting out here like a slut. I thought you'd like to go back to the car like that." He spit out the last word as he started walking towards the trail.  
  
"Get over it! A few people saw me naked. At least they appreciated it. You don't care. You never look at me." Lisa was enraged.  
  
Tim dropped a towel on the ground, never looking behind him and never answering. Lisa picked it up and wrapped it around her. She silently followed the upset Tim. She looked back at Ron and waved. She was done with Tim. But she wasn't done with the park. She knew she would come back.