**Aphrodite - A Nuda Veritas Story**

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**Prologue: Art Opening**

I was standing in an empty art gallery with a glass of Jack Daniels in my hand. It was my second, nearly empty, and the show hadn’t started yet. Tonight was going to be the biggest night of my wife’s professional life as an artist. I was scared shitless, but not because I was afraid of the reaction the art crowd, or even the critics, would have to her paintings. That, it seemed, was already decided. Christina Georgiadou was the new, big thing in the art world.

There were thirteen major paintings in the show and only one had been seen publicly before. Four of other twelve had as its theme a season of the year; eight were depictions of Greek or Celtic goddesses. Each of the subjects was a nude woman. The canvases were life size, the smallest nine feet high and five wide. Six hung on each side of the deep, narrow gallery space. Seven had been sold, to the husband or lover of the subject or to the subject herself. Each had sold for a six-figure price.

The thirteenth painting hung on the rear wall of the big open room, facing the door. It had been the first and had started it all. It was a self-portrait on an ancient theme: the “Birth of Venus,” Venus rising from the sea or, crudely, “Venus on the Half Shell.” Christina called it simply “Aphrodite.” Many reviewers had commented on Christina’s “arrogance” in portraying herself as the goddess of love. Almost all agreed that Christina’s “Aphrodite” was the most compelling portrayal of the love goddess in the modern world, and possibly in the last three thousand years.
Christina had already been offered over half a million dollars for “Aphrodite.” She had just laughed and said, “The goddess is not for sale.”
I knew that Christina’s amazing depiction of herself as Aphrodite hadn’t come from arrogance. She simply knew who she was with absolute certainty and knew exactly what she wanted to say with that painting. Some of the critics had called me the luckiest man in the world. Others joked about “that poor bastard,” me. They were all right, or maybe none of them were.

So, I was standing in the front of the gallery, waiting for the doors to open and the crowd to start pouring in. I had left Christina sitting back in the gallery office, calmly talking to the gallery owner, Oscar Sorensen. She was stark naked and determined to stay that way.

There were another dozen women in an improvised “dressing” room set up in the gallery’s storage area. They were also completely nude, preparing for the show, putting on make-up and getting into their mostly non-existent costumes.

I stood watching shadows move on the curtain that hid the gallery interior from the crowd gathering outside. Oscar walked quickly up behind me, put a hand on my shoulder, looked me in the eyes and gave a quick supportive nod. He walked deliberately to the front and pulled the curtain back with a flourish. He unlocked the double doors and pushed them open. None of the entering crowd knew what Christina had in store for the evening.

**Showtime.**

It had started with an island vacation two years before and a sexy trick I thought I was playing on Chris. It didn’t quite turn out as I’d planned.

**Chapter 1 - Vacation Plans**

When I opened the front door Wednesday after work, Christina was halfway across the living room from the kitchen to the foyer. She was naked. As usual.

God, I love my wife.

She has straight dark brown, nearly black hair pulled back in a tight ponytail capping a deep tan that goes from her hairline to her toes. She just turned 31 and she works out a lot, mostly in the gym we set up in our spare bedroom. She works out naked. Always naked. Nice round hips and a trim waist. Her tits are probably about a 36C, not that she wears a bra that often. Did I mention that there's not a hair on her below her neck?
As she bounced toward me across the living room, I noticed what I usually did: her bright smile, the luscious sway of her round breasts, her clit hood just peaking between her bare lower lips, and all that tanned skin. Most of our rear deck can’t be seen from the neighboring houses, so she lays out and gets a good all over tan. There were also the paint smears I’d come to expect, tonight blue and green and on her left thigh. She had been working on the same painting, an massive ocean scene, for almost a month.

I love my wife. Most days all I have to do to get a really fine erection is walk in the house after work.

"How was the office today, honey?" she asked just as she enveloped me in a wonderful naked full-body hug. I grabbed an ass cheek in each hand and pulled her hard against me.

"Better, Chris," I said. "A couple projects are wrapping up sooner that I expected. Sometimes contract negotiations just fall in place. I think I can take some time off in a couple weeks." Please don't hate me: I'm am in-house corporate attorney for a Fortune 500 company. The work's not exciting, but it pays well and needs a stickler for detail like me.

"Uummmhh," she sighed, pressing her bare pelvis against my erection. "I know you’ve had a rough couple months. Vacation?"

"Already on my mind," I said. "I'll set it up. A week, maybe ten days. Someplace tropical?"

"Yes. That'll be great. Jamaica again? Hedonism was a lot of fun." She slid a hand between us and gently massaged my erection through my trousers.

"You really seemed to like the nude beach."

"Didn't you?"

"Yes, but mostly because you were there. And nude."

"Sometimes I wish I never had to get dressed."

"Probably not as much as I wish the same thing."

"So, Jamaica again."

"I don't think so. I've got an idea I think you might like."

"Where?"

"Can I make it a surprise? I need to check into a couple things, anyway."

"Okay. You know I like your surprises, Steve. But I can plan on tropical?"

"Definitely tropical."

"Goody." She squeezed my erection and slowly slid down my body toward her knees. My hands drifted up from her ass to her back. I love firm, bare female skin. Especially Christina's.

She hit her knees and nuzzled my crotch. "Now? Or after dinner?"

"After." I stepped back a few inches. "I am really hungry."

“Meany!” she replied. “But I’m hungry too.” Through my trousers, she playfully nipped my erection with her teeth, then stood up and turned toward the kitchen in one fluid motion.

"Dinner!"

I followed, watching her ponytail dance across her back above that gorgeous tanned round ass.

**Chapter 2 - In the Air**

She almost figured it out in the boarding lounge at SFO. Not that it would have mattered at that point. She wouldn't have backed out of the trip, but I wanted her on the airplane with no chance of turning back before she knew she'd have to spend the next week totally without clothes. She’d be mad, We were going to Nuda Veritas. It's a wonderful little island, an independent republic a few hundred miles off the coast of California with one little quirk in its laws: Women aren't allowed to wear clothes. Ever. Under any circumstances, unless physical safety is involved.

Christina had said she wished she never had to get dressed. Maybe this vacation was going to be a test of that, but I didn't really think so. She'd have a great time, once she got over the initial shock. Probably.

I knew the connection at LAX was going to be tight when I booked the flight, and we'd been delayed in the air when our pilot chose to fly around, instead of trying to go over, a line of thunderstorms in Texas. There were only four other passengers left in line at the gate when we trotted up, wheeling our carry-on bags behind us.

"Nuda Veritas, Christina panted, catching her breath.

"Huh?" I gasped.

"Nuda Veritas. That's where we're going. It’s on the board."

"Yeah. Now you know."

"OK. What was the big secret? What have I heard about the place? Nude beaches? Something like that. That’ll be fun." She shook her head. "Oh well. I hope my suitcase makes the flight. I don't have much to wear in here." She nodded toward her small carry-on and held up her hand bag as the gate attendant scanned our boarding passes.

"Seats six A and B."

"Thanks." Turning to Christina as we walked into the jetway I said, "Don't worry. It's a tropical vacation. You won't need to wear much anyway. Worst case, your bag will be on the next flight out," I lied. In actuality, her suitcase was in the trunk of my car, over two thousand miles away. I'd pretended to check it with a skycap at the airport back home, before leaving her at the curb with our carry-ons while I parked the car.

The small jet's door closed behind us as we found our seats. She slid into the window seat while I lifted our bags into the overhead. There was plenty of room for the bags, even though we were nearly the last to board and the flight was close to full. I guess the fact that most of the women on the flight probably hadn't packed any clothes really kept the amount of luggage down.

I sat down next to Christina and fastened my seatbelt as we rolled away from the gate. I had noticed two girls, probably college age, a few rows behind us who were already at least topless. I don't think Christina had noticed.

"About an hour in the air and we're there," I commented as we rolled down the taxiway.

"I know you’re going to love getting away from the office," Chris smiled at me. "You can relax."

"Yeah. It's going to be great. I'm ready for some sun and sand." I knew I was going to enjoy this trip, and not just because of sun and sand. The thought of Chris completely naked, along with every other woman around made me very happy.

The male of our male/female pair of flight attendants was finishing up the flight safety demonstration. The female, a thin blonde who I took to be about 40 had passed moments before, heading toward the back of the plane, checking seat belts, seat back and tray tables, and slamming shut the last of the overhead bins. She had been dressed, somewhat provocatively for a 21st century flight attendant, but dressed, in a tight, short skirt in “Nuda Air’ blue and an even tighter short-sleeved white knit blouse thin enough that her protruding nipples clearly showed through the fabric. This was already getting interesting.

The plane turned hard right, then right again onto the runway. We sat for a few seconds while the engines spun up, then the plane leaped forward, pushing us back in our seats.

“I remember what it was now,” Chris said, turning toward me. “Nuda Veritas is that island where most of the women don’t wear any clothes,” she scowled playfully. “You are such a dog, Steve.”
“Close, but you’re not quite right,” I replied as the nose lifted off the runway. “None of the women wear clothes on Nuda Veritas.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope. It’s illegal.”

“What? You’ve got to be…No, no…,” Chris sputtered. Her face flushed, visibly reddening, even through her deep tan.

“Female nudity is legally required on Nuda Veritas.”

“No, no, no. I can’t.”

“Of course you can.” I put on my most charming smile. “Besides, it’s too late now. We’re off the ground. See.” I pointed to the tiny cabin window. The plane was climbing fast. She glanced out the window to see the Pacific coastline rapidly receding.

The blonde flight attendant passed quickly up to aisle and started talking to the male attendant at the front of the plane. She was stark naked, with a deep blue band on each upper arm to identify her as airline staff.

“See. She’s okay.” Chris hit me in the side of my head with the in flight magazine and crossed her arms across her chest, staring straight ahead.

“Hmmmph.”

“Chris. This is going to be fun.”

“For you, maybe.”

“For you too. Look, you mostly stay naked at home, right?”

“That’s different. That’s at home. I shouldn’t even be talking to you. I’m mad.”

“And you really enjoyed being naked on the beach in Jamaica.”

“But this is still different. People will see me.”

“People saw you in Jamaica.”

“That was on the beach. And, and being naked for a whole week. I just….”

“Nine days.” She hit me with the magazine again. That had probably not been the best thing to say.

“Nine days, damn it. I’m supposed to stay naked for nine days?” She cracked a tiny smile.” How about you?”

“Like usual.”

“You mean?”

“The men don’t go naked on Nuda Veritas. It’s kind of illegal, except for one beach.” She hit me again. “Will you quit that?”

“I will not. Okay, I’m going to be naked in a place where all the men wear clothes. That’s not like the nude beach. At. All. That’s not even like at home.”

“All the other women will be nude.” I caught her arm as she swung the magazine again.

“That is so totally not fair.”

“How’s that?” I glanced up and saw the naked blonde flight attendant look straight at me, give a tight smile and roll her eyes. The cabin crew wasn’t coming to my rescue.

“You’re going to have a week, no, NINE FLIPPIN’ DAYS of naked tits and asses and pussies. And not just mine! All of them!” She leaned over in my face. “And what do I get? Huh?”

I just looked back, speechless.

“I get polo shirts and golf shorts, and if I’m really lucky an occasional Speedo! That is so TOTALLY not fair.”

The naked blonde flight attendant turned to face down the passenger aisle and picked up the house microphone. As I peered around the seat in front of me, I could see that she was a natural blonde. Her pale, barely discernible pubic hair had been trimmed into the shape of a tiny jet, flying straight down above her otherwise bare pussy.

“I am Ellie and this is Carlo,” she began with a vaguely British accent. “We will be attending to your needs on this flight from Los Angeles to our home airport at Nuda Veritas. Our air time will be approximately one hour and forty-five minutes, putting us at the gate at Carpathios Field at three-twenty local time, which is one hour earlier than U.S. Pacific time. We will start our beverage service as soon as we reach our cruising altitude.”

“Chris….” I gently put my hand on hers on the arm rest. She pulled her hand away and again clasped her arms across her chest.

“I’m not speaking to you.” She turned to the window and stared out at the cloudless blue sky and dark blue water.

After a few more minutes, the plane leveled off. Carlo ahead and naked Ellie trailing wheeled the service cart the length of the aisle to start serving at the back of the plane. In addition to a great view of trim tits, smooth thigh and that neatly trimmed blonde jet, I caught a distinct scent of jasmine and lemon grass as Ellie pushed the cart past. Very nice. I turned to watch Ellie’s butt and back retreat down the aisle.

Chris hit me with the magazine again.

“Ouch!” Trying to make the best of the situation I glanced across the aisle. The young couple in the opposite seats were dressed for warm weather, both in shorts, he in a Hawaiian shirt, she in a tee shirt. She was in the window seat. They hugged and briefly kissed each other hard. The girl pulled the hem of her shirt out of her shorts, then pulled it off over her head. She wasn’t wearing a bra. She unbuckled her seat belt, half stood and spread a small piece of cloth, maybe a facecloth, in her seat. She slipped her shorts and panties, if she was wearing any, down over her hips before sitting back down. Reaching forward she slipped off her shoes, then stuffed shirt, shorts and shoes into a large purse under the seat in front of her. The pair were quickly in another lingering embrace and lip-lock, just short of the “get a room” variety.

I caught Chris’s arm so the magazine just grazed my ear. “Please?” I asked.

“Uh uh.”

The couple across the aisle slowly disentangled themselves. The young man face straight forward, catching his breath. For a moment he look toward Chris and me, then cocked his head, as if asking what to do.

I pointed to him and said, softly, just over the engine roar, “Honeymoon?”

He nodded.

“Her idea?”

He nodded again. I just shook my head to say silently, “You’re on your own.”

In a few minutes, the service cart rolled up behind us. I heard muffled drink orders and clunking of ice, then shuffling feet and cart wheels rolling.

Soon I was looking straight at flight attendant Ellie’s freckled tits. “What would you like to drink, sir?”

“Ginger Ale.”

“Ma’am?”

“Orange Juice,” Chris scowled.

As she scooped ice into plastic cups, the nude flight attendant asked me, quietly, “You didn’t explain Nuda Veritas to her, did you?

“Not really,” I replied sheepishly.

She looked at Chris and said with a bright, wicked smile. “Hit him again, dear.” Chris thwacked me with the magazine again, not quite as hard as before.

“Will you quit that!?”

“Eventually.”

Ellie set my ginger ale on the try table and reached across me to hand Chris her juice, dangling one round breast a few inches from my face. “Take your time getting undressed, dear. But before we land, okay? You can’t be dressed when you go through customs.” She handed Chris a small towel.

“Okay,” Chris confirmed.

Chris sipped her juice, and when her cup was empty she set it on my tray and closed her tray against the back of the seat. Then Chris slowly started to unbutton her blouse.

As Chris stripped, her mood seemed to brighten. She took off each piece of clothing slowly and deliberately, as if savoring the feeling of the fabric sliding off her skin. She systematically folded each item and set it into the top of her purse before removing the next. First her blouse, then her bra, a little lacy thing that mostly kept her nipples from showing through the blouse. She slid off her shoes, one at a time, then her socks, sliding them under the blouse and bra.

She turned to me and said, with a small, wry smile, “Okay, halfway there.”

“Are you good with this?” I asked, knowing that I’d given her no choice but to be good with it.

“Yeah, I am now.” Her smile was getting bigger. “Naked for a week. No. Nine days,” she chuckled. “Boy, am I going to wear you out.”

“You could dress in our room, I guess.”

“When have I ever done that?” She stood up as far as she could in the cramped space and spread the little towel in the seat behind her. She slowly slid her skirt down to her knees and sat back down. She had nothing on under the skirt. She raised her bare feet and slid the skirt off over them, folded it and placed it carefully in the big purse.

“I’m ready,” she said. “I guess I’m just a nudist at heart. And maybe just a little of an exhibitionist too.”

“Ya think?”

She hit me with the magazine one last time. Chris just looked out the window for the rest of the flight. Occasionally she’d softly rub her arm or her thigh for a moment, as if getting the feel of her bare skin.

I simply watched my wonderfully naked Chris.

Carlo made the final flight announcement as the plane descended: “We are making our final approach to Carpathios Field. Please make sure that your seat belt is fastened, your tray table is up and latched, and your seat is in the upright and locked position. Ellie will be passing through the the aisle to collect any remaining trash and beverage service items.”

When Ellie passed our row, I dropped our empty cups and pretzel wrappers in the bag and said, “I was wondering…” I had to concentrate hard to look her in the face and not just stare at her freckled tits.

“Yes?”

“When we took off, you were dressed, then…”

“Then I was naked. It’s simple. Nuda Air policy is to abide by the laws for dress in the airspace we fly through.” It was clear that she had answered my incomplete question many times. “But as soon as we left U.S. territory, it was my obligation to be unclothed.”

“Obligation?”

“As a Fallesteron, a citizen of Nuda Veritas. As a female Fallesteron. It is my obligation to our laws. And to our beliefs.”

The nude blonde flight attendant moved slowly toward the back of the plane, trash bag in hand. I started to follow her with my eyes, then glanced nervously at Chris. Chris looked back at me, then at Ellie. Chris smiled that big beautiful smile of hers and elbowed me gently in the ribs. As Ellie stopped at each row, I watched every move until she passed me heading toward the rear of the plane. Chris has never minded me looking at other women; she’ll even point out a “looker” now and then. Not that I would, but I’ve always figure that if I did any serious touching I was likely to lose a hand. Or worse.

I glanced around at Chris. She scanned the horizon out the tiny airplane window. “Look, there’s the island.” She nudged my shoulder and turned to me smiling, her tits bouncing with her excitement. As I leaned over to look with her, her left nipple brushed across my cheek and lodged in my ear.

This was going to be a great vacation.

“As a final reminder, all females on board must be completely undressed before reaching the customs counter….”

**Chapter 3 - On the Island**

Except for the little argument about not needing to go wait for Chris’s checked bag, entry into Nuda Veritas through immigration and customs went as smoothly as in any country I’ve ever visited. Chris quickly understood why I had insisted she put everything she had to have in her carry-on and why I had left the big bag with her clothes in the car. She punched me in the ribs twice anyway for misleading her.

Every local official, whether uniformed male or naked female, was cheerful and helpful. The nude woman who checked our passports, noticing that it was our first visit, complimented Christina on her seeming ease with public nudity. That made Chris a little nervous. Chris blushed and thanked her.

The male customs officer who asked if was were importing anything to the islands cautioned me “not to get any ideas, just because all the women are naked.” I got the impression he said that to every male visitor who passed his counter.

I just pointed at Chris. She chuckled and grabbed my crotch. He laughed and said, have a wonderful stay on our islands.”

As we walked out into the terminal lobby trailing our carry-ons, I asked, “Well, do you like my surprise,”

Chris stopped and turned toward me with a scowl on her face. She could only hold it for a second before a big smile opened up and she said, “Yeah, I like the surprise. But you are such a weasel. You didn’t have to trick me to get me here.”

“I didn’t?”

“No. Well, I don’t think so.”

“But it’s better as a surprise, isn’t it?”

She put a finger to her lips, thinking, then replied, ”I want to say no. I should say no, but it’s better as a surprise. You know me too damn well. You know how horny this has made me.”

“I guess we should go straight to the hotel, then,” I responded.

“We should.”

The signs for “Ground Transportation” were unnecessary; we walked straight out through a huge open overhead door to the curb. The small crowd from our flight swarmed out around us. About a dozen, including the young couple that had been sitting across the aisle on the plane, headed across the road to a shuttle bus for the big resort hotel on the island, “Playa Vera.” The girls I had though were college students, plus three more girls and two twenty-something guys huddled around a dark-skinned gray-haired woman holding up a sign that read “Blanke Schande.” The rest of us got in the line for a taxi. The cabs were an odd mix of old Jeeps and Suzukis with no glass in the windows, and brand new hybrids.

At the curb three men, looking very uncomfortable in black suits, surrounded a clothed woman in a blue dress and hustled her into a black SUV parked at the curb.

“I didn’t see her inside,” I remarked.

“Because you were too busy looking at the scenery,” Chris snarked.

“Probably. It’s a little overwhelming, all that skin. She must be some kind of foreign dignitary, probably a diplomat.” As soon as the doors closed the SUV sped away.

“Seems kind of rude. Disrespectful.” Chris had been on Nuda Veritas for all of twenty minutes and she was already protective of the local dignity. “I just hope she’s not American.”

The two women waiting in front of us overheard Chris’ comments, agreed, and struck up a conversation. Sarah, a petite forty-ish blonde with short cropped hair, small tight tits and a smooth shaved pussy and Lissa, a larger, younger brunette with a tiny triangle of pubic hair and a strand of pearls around her waist were from Baltimore. They made it clear that they were a couple. It was their third vacation on Nuda Veritas. We all shared a taxi, since their guest house was only a block from our hotel, just off the beach in the only town on the main island.

Somehow Chris arranged to sit in front with the male driver while I was squeezed in the back seat of the old Jeep with the two naked lesbians. For a straight guy, even a happily married one, things could have been a lot worse.

The countryside of Nuda Veritas is beautiful, and I don’t just mean all the nude women and girls. The island is warm and lush and, outside the towns, completely unspoiled by industry and modern development. The road into the town followed the spine of a low ridge. Plantations of banana plants and mango trees covering the slopes down to the crystal blue Pacific on either side. The fields and orchards were attended by both male and female workers with no gender distinction, so far as I could tell, in the types of work performed. Women seemed as likely to be cutting bananas from their stalks as men, for instance. The men wore boots and gloves for protection along with their shorts and t-shirts. The women wore only boots and gloves, and an occasional baseball cap.

I had read that there were “Outer Islands” in addition to the main island of Nuda Veritas, but that, and that one island might be called Bana Loo, was about all I had learned. To confuse matters, the nation, the main island and the town on the main island are all named Nuda Veritas. My determination to sight the at least one of the other islands from the Jeep vanished the first time the winding road threw first Sarah and then Lissa, bare and giggling, into my lap. My companions each held onto a roof strut with one hand, keeping them in the vehicle, but not on the seat. They clearly enjoyed the intermittent contact with each other and didn’t seem to mind the contact with me in between.

Chris laughed out loud when she glanced back to see Lissa sprawled across me, her tits squeezed against my chest, her tongue in Sarah’s ear and my hand, which I had intended use to to press her thigh down toward the seat, instead pressed solidly into her spread, shaved pussy.

Once we passed the entrance of Blanke Schande College and its crowd of naked coeds, the road straightened out as we descended from the ridge top to the narrow plain where Nuda Veritas town huddles between forested mountains and a deep, blue lagoon. In a couple minutes we sped between low stuccoed houses and into the edge of town. In five we were in the center of town and the driver stopped in front of our hotel.

My back seat companions flung open both doors and bounced lightly to the pavement; I slid out and to the sidewalk after them. The four of us collected our bags, settled up with the driver and waved see-you-later after a series of full-body hugs. Sarah and Lissa walked arm-in-arm the hundred feet or so back to their guesthouse entrance, clearly completely comfortable being stark naked in the downtown sidewalk.

I was glad to see that Chris made no motion to cover herself or to run for cover, but her eyes darted from point to point, as if she expected someone or something to swoop down and either arrest her or give her a dress.

“You okay?” I asked.

“Yeah, I’m just feeling like I’ll wake up any second. I’m always naked in my dreams.”

“And at home, at the beach….”

“But not in the street, smarty,” she cut me off as we handed our bags to the porter who had stepped out of the hotel doors to assist us. She was a stunning, tall, mahogany skinned, young woman wearing only the kind of cap that “bellhops” used to wear in the U.S. and a thick gold ring in each nipple.

“Welcome to the Hotel Inanna” she said in the lilting, vaguely British accent I had heard on the plane and swung all our bags easily in her hands. From that accent and her Polynesian features, I assumed she was a native of Nuda Veritas. “Mr. Barker, Ms. Georgiadou?”

“Yes,” Chris and I answered in unison as we stepped into the lobby. “How did you know….?” I continued, my voice trailing off.

“Ah! Your cabbie called ahead,” she responded cheerfully as she held the double doors for us. “I am Annaella. With your permission, I will take your luggage to your room while you check in.”

“Of course,” I consented. She made a small bow toward Chris and me, then turned crisply toward the back of the hotel. With that bow, I noticed a third matching gold ring dangling form a short stud below her neatly trimmed pubic bush. I thought the stud must pierce her clit hood, but it was impossible to tell without a closer look. I imagined what the hidden end of the stud might be doing against the girl’s clit as the heavy ring swung with each step.

“Strong girl,” observed Chris.

“What, uh, Huh?”

“I said, “Strong girl.””

“Oh. Yeah. Strong.”

“You, Steve, are either too distracted, or having too much fun.”

“Both?”

“Guess I need to un-distract you.” Chris slung her head around, slapping me softly in the face with her ponytail and walked briskly to the hotel desk, a curtain of hair swinging above that fabulous ass.

Two men in shorts and polos shirts were having a quiet conversation sitting in plush chairs across the small lobby from the desk. I assumed they, too, were native islanders; both had black hair, coffee-with-cream skin and vaguely Asian facial features.

Our travel agent, Leslie, had recommended the Inanna because she knows the way Chris and I like to travel. It is a small hotel, locally owned and caters to both islanders and visitors, unlike the big resort hotel at Playa Vera. We would be more relaxed and could get a better feel for the locality here.

Except for her lack of a cap, the desk clerk was an exact copy of the porter Annaella, down to the three gold rings. I glanced quickly around to see the elevator doors close on the porter’s brown fanny and back to the clerk, who I could see from head to toe. Unlike every other hotel desk I have ever seen, the Inanna’s desk is split; solid toward both ends, to hide equipment and papers, but open in the center with only a clear glass counter top extending across the gap. The clerk stood in that gap in full view.

“Welcome to the Hotel Inanna.” Even her voice was an exact match. “You will be with us for eight nights, yes?”

“Eight nights, yes,” I replied as we slid our passports and my credit card across the counter. I must have looked puzzled, maybe Chris too.

“You are wondering?”

“The porter…?” Chris started.

“Ah. Yes. We are sisters. Twins. Our family owns the Hotel. I am Annalisa. You may call either of us “Anna.” It is not an insult; everyone does. Two cousins, our mother and an aunt also work in the Hotel.” Somehow I could hear her capitalize the “H” in “Hotel.”

“So it really is a family business,” I confirmed.

“Absolutely. For over one hundred years. We also have a farm.” She turned to the cabinet wall of key cubbies on the wall behind her, extracted two keys and slid in our passports. Hoped she would elaborate about the farm, but she did not.

As she turned back toward us I could see that the lower gold ring was indeed attached to a vertical stud through her clit hood. Her clit had to be getting a good massage with every move.

“Room three-oh-eight,” she said, smiling as she handing Chris and I each a key. “If there is anything we can do to make your stay on our islands more pleasant, please let us know.”

The elevator ride took way too long. Chris had my pants down before the door to our room latched.

**Chapter 4 - Lisseton**

I pushed Chris off me when she began licking my thigh again, trying to start a third round. “Woman, you are insatiable,” I joked. The sun was setting over the town outside our hotel room window.

“I told you, this place makes me…”

“Horny. I love it. But I am very hungry. I’ve only had peanuts and pretzels since lunch.”

“Me too, but I could….”

“You’ve had a little more.”

“Oh, yeah,” she chuckled, wiping a drop of sticky semen off her belly and licking it from her fingers. “I get the shower first.”
She bounced up from the bed and dashed into the bathroom.

“Why you first?”

“Because I take longer to get ready!” she answered through the open bathroom door. I heard the splash of the shower starting.
“But you’re not even getting dressed.”

“I’ll still take longer.”

“OK. I’ll wait.” I grabbed a pair of shorts, a Hawaiian shirt and my Birkenstocks out of the closet and laid them in a chair. Annaella had unpacked and hung my clothes in the brief time it had taken to check in. Naked and efficient. I had to love it.

I pulled the sheer curtains closed, turned on a light and sat at the the desk/dresser next to the big window. Not really wanting to look at myself in the mirror in front of me, I started thumbing through the “Visitors Guide to Nuda Veritas” I found on the desk top.
An explanation of the female nudity law and customs was prominent in the front of the book. The highlights, from my perspective: Hats and shoes are OK, mostly; hair shouldn’t cover too much; “non-concealing ornamentation,” including jewelry and badges are OK. Piercings are dandy. Tattoos aren’t forbidden, but frowned upon if they’re large. Pubic hair (or its absence) is a mostly matter of custom and preference. It’s considered rude, if not outright illegal for any female to cover herself with her hands or by crossing her legs. And (this is hard for an American attorney to grasp) custom is at least as important as the letter of the law.

I flipped to the section about the “outer islands.” There was a big warning at the top of the page: “Non-islanders my visit the outer island ONLY with permission of the government or the local residents. Verify specifics before attempting travel off the main island.” Okay. Bana Loo is considered the birthplace of the island nation and culture and one of, but not the only origin of the custom of total female nudity. Chris stepped out of the bathroom, drying herself.

“Careful not to cover too much with that towel,” I warned with a smile, pointing to the book.

“Wouldn’t dream of it.” She tossed the towel on the bed, then pulled the curtain all the way open. She was lit up, bare and in full view of the busy street below.

“You’ve gotten used to the local customs in a hurry,” I commented, grabbing my clothes .

“You have no idea.” She responded cryptically as I stepped into the warm shower.

In the normal course of events, even for Chris and me, nudity is an almost exclusively private and usually privately sexual affair. Naked is naked and the only preparation is to take off your clothes. But when all the women are naked all the time nude definitely does not mean unadorned. A naked woman just has to find other means to stand out and to look better than the other women around her.

I should have been ready for the difference between Chris, naked, and Chris, naked and ready to go out on the town. She stood up from the dresser chair and turn to face me as I stepped out of the bathroom, fully dressed. Her make-up case was open on the desk top.

She was stunning. Her hair was pulled up and back, captured in a web of thin green ribbon that nearly matched her eyes. A silver pendant with a green stone in its center hung between her breasts on a silver chain. She wore a pair of matching earrings and natural leather high heeled sandals. She had put on her usual going-out-at night eye make-up and rouge. That and the lack of actual clothes would have been enough.

But Chris hadn’t stopped there. She had applied make-up color, I guess mostly red and gold, to her breasts and to the mound and lips of her vulva, accentuating her female contours. Her tits and sex almost glowed.

Her final touch had me on the verge of cumming in my pants. She had wrapped her nipples and clit with lengths of the fine ribbon that held her hair. The slight restriction made all nipples and clit swell and her clit poke well out of its hood. A touch of red on each swollen tip made the effect unmissable.

“You are a walking wet dream.”

“Glad you noticed,” she said with a huge grin.

“Doesn’t that make you squirm?” I asked pointing to her swollen red clit.

“Only a little. I kind of like it.” She bounced from foot to foot, swinging her hips. She picked up a tiny clutch purse from the dresser and said, “Let’s go.”

Chris exited the elevator ahead of me. Why miss a chance to watch her walk? A woman spoke from across the lobby, apparently addressing Chris, but in a language I didn’t recognize. Veritan?

When the voice paused, Chris answered, “Excuse me. I don’t understand.”

I saw the speaker’s head, then her shoulders and tits as she stood fully upright behind the hotel desk. She was clearly an older relative of the Annas from earlier in the day. Except for a a little more weight, a few wrinkles and her longer, graying hair, she was a dead wringer for the girls, down to the gold rings in her nipples. I noticed that she didn’t immediately move to stand exposed at the opening in the desk, as Annalisa had earlier.

“I am so sorry,” she apologized. “I didn’t think you were hanshivo, uh, not an Islander. I thought you were one of the Greeks who checked in this morning.”

“No, no, don’t apologize. I consider it a compliment,” Chris reassured her. “I am Greek, though.”

The woman then stepped into the gap in the desk and looked Chris up and down. “You, um, undress, very nicely. Bold, like the Greeks. Not like a hanshivo. But now I see. He is definitely hanshivo,” she concluded, pointing at me.

I just shrugged. I saw that she, like the Annas had a third gold ring at her sex.

“The Greeks I was expecting are out-islanders, old settlers, after Carpathios. I have not greeted them yet. You say you are Greek?” She kept scanning Chris, up and down.

“My grandfather is from Cyprus. Christina Geordiadou.” Chris extended her hand.

“I am Lisetton. The girls greeted you earlier?” Chris and I nodded. “They are my daughters. Welcome again to our hotel. Our home.” She leaned across the counter and hugged Chris, bare breast to bare breast.

“What did you say when you thought I was an out-island Greek?” Chris asked.

Lisseton looked down with a sheepish grin. “Something I should not tell hanshivo.” She looked up and pointed a finger at Chris. “But you I will tell. I have been away, at my husband’s family farm on another island, for a few days. I said, ‘You are expecting my daughters, but they are performing host duties, toilo mon, for other guests. May I be of service.’” This is the only hotel that provides traditional fallesteron host service and also accepts hanshivo. My daughters convinced me to accept hanshivo as guests a couple years ago. It has been very good for business.”

“So what is there to be embarrassed about?” Chris asked. I moved up closer behind Chris and put my arm around her waist.
Lisseton looked hard at me, then back to Chris. “We provide different services for hanshivo and fallesteron. Complete spa service and therapeutic massage, toilo hanshivo, for visitors. Annalisa and Annaella are trained massage therapists. Their service is included in the room rate. We bring in hairdressers and manicurists. Very profitable.” She stopped again, looking around the empty lobby.

“It is our custom that guest houses and inns treat our customers as if they were guests in our homes. That includes toilo mo and toilo mon, just as we would for house guests. Toilo is a gift, a sharing, and in homes is often returned by the guest.”
Chris shook her head. “I still don’t understand.”

“Our customs and attitudes are so different from hanshivo. What we think of as sharing and comfort, you would call sex. Masturbation. Blow job. Ugly words. To us, sex is only, ah, penetration, to maybe make a baby. We don’t want hanshivo, hanshivo men, to take advantage.”

“So the Annas give oral…comfort to your guests?”

“Yes. As do I. I am sorry.”

After a second’s pause, Chris laughed out loud. “That is wonderful! People so free!” Chris reached over the counter, grabbed Lisseton by the shoulders is another bare tit to tit hug and kissed her square on the lips.

I was dumbfounded; I’m not sure whether by Lisseton’s words or Chris’s reaction. I squeezed Chris’s bare ass, not too hard, for support.

“There is more I should tell you, Ms. Georgiadou. About you and Nuda Veritas. Tomorrow?”

“Call me Chris. Tomorrow. Okay. When?”

“I serve breakfast, here in the lobby. After breakfast, Chris?”

“Good.”

“Lisseton,” I broke in to their conversation with a mundane question. “Can you recommend a restaurant? On the water?”

“Of course.” She stepped back from the counter and looked Chris and I up and down again, as if seeing us as a couple for the first time. With a sly smile she said, “Romantic? Serving fruits of the sea?”

**Chapter 5 - Dinner Out**

My only regret on our short walk to the restaurant, and it is a tiny regret, is that, with my arm around her waist, I was too close to Chris to watch her walk. The restaurant that Lisseton recommended, Mahiano, was barely two blocks from the Inanna, separated from the beach and the calm lagoon by a wide boardwalk and a line of palm trees. The boardwalk seemed to be popular with couples and groups taking an evening stroll.

As we waited by the restaurant entry for the hostess to return from seating another couple, Chris slowly swayed her hips, in a way that said maybe the ribbon on her clit was making her squirm just a little more than she had expected. I surreptitiously tweaked her swollen clit with a fingertip. She gasped and her knees buckled for an instant before she recovered and stood up very straight and still.

“That close?” I teased.

“Oh, yeah.” She slowly started rocking her hips again and she said softly, “Mmmmm. That was nice.”

I had, by that point in the day, stopped being surprised when I saw another completely naked woman. Five or six walked past down the boardwalk in the couple of minutes while we waited. I was surprised by the young hostess. She wore precisely nothing. No shoes, no jewelry, no makeup that I could discern. And she was not only naked, but completely hairless. No hair on her head or her pussy. No eyebrows. Nothing. Her total exposure seemed extreme even for Nuda Veritas.

The hostess was also the least friendly person we’d met since our arrival in the island. Not rude, but slightly dismissive.
“Two for dinner?” was all she said, looking Chris up and down, wrinkling her nose.

“Two,” Chris replied. “Could we sit over there?” She pointed to a table by the open side of the restaurant, nearest the boardwalk and beach.
“Okay.” She took two menus from a stack and picked up a small towel from another before turning to lead us across the room. I don’t think she even looked at us again.

From behind she was all pale pink skin, from the crown of her shaved head to the soles of her bare feet. The effect was striking, but made bit of a horror movie impression on me: just not quite right. The bare hostess set the menus on our table, then pulled out a chair for Chris and laid the towel on the seat with a flourish. She spoke not another word.

Our travel agent, Leslie, had told me that I’d get tired of looking at naked women when all the women were naked. Maybe, eventually, but not yet. Even with the qualms I felt, the view of the hairless hostess as she turned away was enough to keep my erection twitching. In the absence of both hair and clothing, I looked more at the features of the girl that remained. Slightly moist slit between pink lips and pale thighs just above the table. A cute little “inny” navel. Brown nipples and areoIae on small, high tits above a pale smooth belly. Slim neck, and a thin mouth, pert nose and dark brown eyes in an impassive face. I sat facing the entry, so I could glance from Chris’s smiling face, bare breasts and ribboned nipples to the hostess’s cute young butt as she padded back to her station.

Life was good.

I’d take so much time looking that I hadn’t even picked up the menu when our waitress stepped up from behind me. She looked like she had been caught in a glitter storm. From the top of her light brown hair, cut in a short page-boy, down to a pair of sparkling red “fuck-me” pumps, she was covered in speckles of red and silver glitter. She wore a large collection of silver bangles on each wrist had an order pad in a black pouch slung on a belt at her hip.

For the second time in half an hour one of the locals addressed Chris in a dialect that I assumed was Veritan. Smiling, she said something that included the word “hanshivo,” which I knew meant roughly “foreigner.”

Chris shook her head, asking, “What did you say?”

The waitress blushed all the way down to her sparkly nipples.

“Oh, I am SO sorry” she said, with a slight Southern American accent. “I thought you were….”

“A native,” Chris interrupted. “You’re not the only one.”

“I was making a joke. I asked what a beautiful island woman like you was doing with this hanshivo. I am SO sorry.”

Chris chuckled. I shook my head and looked down at the table, smiling. “Am I really that bad?”

“No. No. I…I….” Our nude waitress flapped her arms, bangles clinking musically around her wrists, looking for words.

“It’s okay,” I said. “I think it’s funny. ”

“I just. I mean you look so much like….I was surprised I hadn’t seen you before….”

“Honestly. It’s fine,” Chris reassured her, reaching out to touch her hand. “Just get us a drink and you can tell us why you thought I was a native islander when you get back.”

“Okay, okay. Let’s start over. I’m Susie. I’ll get you some drinks while you look over the menu.”

Susie was clearly upset with herself as she stalked to the bar to place our drink orders. It probably would have been clear had she been clothed, but it’s even harder for a naked girl to hide her emotional state when every clench, twitch, tic and blush is completely out in the open, even through a fine coating of glitter.

I turned slightly to watch her talking to the t-shirted male bartender. He started laughing. Susie must have told him what had happened. He squeezed her hand, then tweaked on of her nipples with his fingers before passing her our drinks. She didn’t slap him, so I figured either they were a couple or the nipple tweak was normal between co-workers here.

“Do you have to track every cute fanny that walks away from you, Steve?”

“And every pussy and pair of tits that walks toward me.” I chuckled and turned to face Chris, so I couldn’t follow Susie coming back from the bar. “I’m still getting used it. I can’t imagine that you’re totally comfortable naked in a restaurant.”

“More so than I expected, except for this thing wrapped around my clit. I did it to my self, but I’m just short of cumming all the time. I could stay naked, though. Being naked like this makes me horny even without the ribbons. I like to be horny.”

“It makes me happy to hear that. And I do like the effect of the ribbons. They look great, and they do wonders for your attitude.”

Chris gently kicked my shin under the table.

Susie set two mojitos on the table. “Do you want an explanation or do you want to order first?”

“I don’t think I’m ready to order,” I replied.

“Take your time with your orders”

“Chris?” I asked.

“I just wonder why everybody thinks I’m native here.”

Well, just about everything,” Susie began. “Nobody’d think I was born here. Too pale, too skinny. I could go on. But you? There’s your coloring; the deep tan and dark hair for starters. You’re nice and round, and definitely in a good way. The way you carry yourself, like you’ve been naked all your life. I can’t pull that off myself.

“I saw you point at this table, right next to the boardwalk. Hanshivo women usually sort of shrink, like I did for the first few months, and they definitely don’t ask for a table up front in full public view from the promenade.” She nodded toward the steady flow of naked women and clothed men strolling on the boardwalk.

“I don’t mind being seen,” Chris responded, “and I like to watch people.”

“That would have done it, but there’s the ribbons on your nipples; I’ve seen it before, but only on a few of the Greek women, on special occasions.”

“I am Greek,” said Chris.

“But not a Nuda Veritas Greek.”

“No.”

“They are…,” she paused, “different.”

“There’s one more ribbon,” Chris teased, pointing down.

“There is? There? Can I see?”

“Sure.” Chris turned sideways in her chair, leaned back and spread her thighs wide.

Susie leaned forward, then crouched down with knees spread to each side of Chris’s feet to get a better view. “Too cool. You’re sure you aren’t from here?”

“Positive.”

“How does it feel?”

“Hot. Like if you touch me I’ll cum.”

I saw Susie’s index finger spring up and forward, like she couldn’t resist a temptation.

“Don’t.” Chris’s thighs swung together. She chuckled. “I’m savoring the feeling. Does it look okay?”

“Yeah, great. Good job on the make-up. Too sexy. It’s not turning purple or anything. How does it stay on?”

“I don’t know. I just wrapped it. It would probably slide right off with a little tug. I’ve been told I have a big clit. That probably helps.”
“Mine’s tiny. You could probably have yours pierced if you wanted. Not me.

Do you have any idea how strange it is to sit in a restaurant with two naked women who don’t even know each other while they discuss the size of their clits?

The hairless hostess seated two men in shorts and polo shirts and a petite blonde in a string of black pearls and matching earrings at a table between us and the bar.

Susie said, “Gotta go, let’s chat some more,” and bounced off to the other table, clearly in a better mood. She knew, at least, that we weren’t going to complain to her boss.

We sipped our mojitos, ordered dinner, and ate wonderful fish and calamari caught, Susie said, just outside the lagoon.

Chris and I ordered another round of mojitos and watched the promenade down what was probably Nuda Veritas’ favorite strolling route. It was the usual mix of strollers you’d expect in a resort town anywhere. Guys in shorts and polos or Hawaiian shirts. Mostly adult couples, from fairly young to quite old; mostly a man with a woman, occasionally tow women. Some groups of guys, some groups of girls. A few singles on the prowl. A few families with kids; I thought these must all be local.

Two things differentiated the passersby from anywhere else: Of course, all the females were naked. All of them, even the wrinkly old ones with their walkers. I saw burn scars and rope scars from surgical incisions and missing breasts from mastectomies. What I didn’t see was a single woman who didn’t take care of her body. Some were heavy, though none were really obese. Some were, in my opinion, way too thin, but none showed that they had just let go. There’s a lot to be said for muscle tone.

Then Chris pointed out the “Fat Guy,” as she said. I’d have said the “Really Fat Guy.” He looked to be in his forties, with a gut that hung out and down past the hem of his green flowered shirt. He stood just out of the main flow of walkers near a skinny younger guy and a naked twenty-something woman who seemed to be looking for a bush to jump behind. Fat Guy’s mouth hung open like he couldn’t believe what he was seeing. The young guy was looking, but trying not to be seen looking. He was too cool to be seen looking.

“Eewww,” I said. “I didn’t need to see that. The three of them must be here on business. Fat Guy’s the boss. Middle management. Small project. Big company.”

“He angled to get the assignment, for obvious reasons. The young guy’s the hot shot techie that’ll actually do all the work,” Chris continued. She took a sip of her drink. “And the girl?”

“Either Fat Guy has the hots for her and got her here just to see her naked,” I speculated.

“Probable.”

“Or she pissed somebody off but she’s too good to fire and they sent her here to give her a bad time.”

“Maybe. How about: She’s the hot shot that’ll get the job done and the young guy’s the real boss’s nephew?”

“That I can buy,” I agreed. They don’t seem like a good team for a company trying to do business here.”

“No. I’ve got it! Fat Guy owns a little company, the young guy is HIS nephew, and I’m right about the girl.” Chris slapped the table, she was so happy with her conclusion.

“Exactly. There’s no real business, just a chance to ogle all of you and get the pretty geek girl naked with a tax deduction.”

“Disgusting,” said Chris with a sly grin.

“Just a bit. My motives for this vacation weren’t very different.”

Chris’s shrug made her tits bounce. Her red swollen nipples wrapped in green ribbon were simply amazing, kind of like brake lights.

“I knew you’d like it, but maybe not this much.”

Susie gave us time to finish most of our third round of mojitos before asking if we wanted desserts.

“Only if I can eat it off her,” was my flippant response, pointing to Chris. “Or maybe you?”

“No dessert, thanks,” Chris refused, looked at me with a small scowl and kicked me again under the table. “You’ve been great, Susie; the place is great. We’ll be back.”

“I work again on Tuesday night. No Wednesday morning classes.”

“Maybe Tuesday, then.”

“I’ll be right back with your check.”

Before she could turn to go, I put my credit card on the table.

“Just go ahead and run the charge,” I said, “but before you go, can you tell me. I’ve been wondering. The way you’re, well, not ‘dressed,’ but you know what I mean….”

“Okay.”

“…and the hostess. She’s shaved everything?”

“We’re both students at Blanke Schande College. All the girls, students anyway, have to be naked at school, even at the campuses in California. You passed the N V campus on the way in from the airport. We’re both part time here at the restaurant. She’s only been at Mahiano for a couple weeks. I don’t know if she’s going to work out; she’s sort of brusque with the customers.

“Anyway. You know they don’t let us wear anything on campus. Make-up’s okay, but no jewelry or anything. I like to dress up at work. Glitter, heels, the bangles. Maybe I’m a show-off, but it’s fun.”

“You look lovely.” I smiled and nodded. “What about her?”

“You’ve heard of “Absolute” nudists?

Chris nodded. I said “Aren’t there a few groups in Oregon?”

“That’s right, and some others, where it’s more or less legal. All females on Nuda Veritas are absolutes, always naked. We have to be; it’s the law. There are all sorts of extremists, though.

She’s a ‘Skin,’ at least that’s what most of us at the College call them. They take the female nudity thing really to heart. They show their devotion to the cause by going totally bare. No make-up, no jewelry, no hair, nothing, ever, not even sheets on their beds. ‘Skins’ like her don’t think girls like me take things seriously enough. I think they want all of us to shave our heads. I’ve been stark naked for four months and she thinks I’m not serious. Jeez.”

“If a few college students don’t take things to an extreme, who will?” I said with a smile.

“Guess so, but I figure Blanke Schande is like a training program. Like they think if I can be naked for four years of school, I’m ready for anything. Nuda Veritas is real life, at least for the people who live here and for me when I’m off-campus. Life needs a little variety.”

“We think a lot alike,” Chris encouraged.

“Thanks,” Susie responded with a big smile. “I’ll be right back.”

Susie’s spike-heeled pumps made her firm ass swivel deliciously on her way the the card station at the end of the bar.

“How does she walk in those?” I asked Chris. “Those spikes must be at least five inches high.”

“It does take a little practice; I’ve got a couple pairs that tall. She’s young and she’s barefoot most of the time, so her feet get a chance to rest,” Chris explained, “She wears those for a reason. You’ve certainly notice what they do for her calves and her walk.”

“I have,” I admitted.

Susie returned quickly with my card and the tab to sign.

“There’s no tip line,” I commented, trying to look up as Susie’s face. My eyes still got stuck on her sparkling boobs.

“No tips. Tips aren’t allowed.”

“No tips?”

“Nowhere in N V. I get a decent wage and a percentage of the checks. I make more than I would with tips back in the States.

“Great.”

Susie leaned over the table. “If you don’t mind,” she said, with a slight hesitation, “are you going to need a local tour guide while you’re here?”

“A native, a…fallesteron?” Chris asked. “That would be great!”

Susie smiled. “Yes. A friend of mine, Cassandra. She grew up on one of the out islands, Kypros. I met her here, a year ago, on the beach. She’s one of OUR Greeks. I think you’ll like her. She knows simply everything about Nuda Veritas.”

“Sounds perfect.”

“Here. Here’s her card.” Susie handed Chris a card out of the pouch at her hip. “She drives a pedicab,” she continued, nodding toward me.

“He’ll like that.”

“I’m sure he will. Thanks, Susie. Good night.”

**Chapter 6: A Dip in the Pool**

Even following an extended late night naked wrestling match with Chris, I was up barely after dawn. I usually get by on about six hours sleep, and my with my excitement, looking forward to our first full day in Nuda Veritas, that morning was no exception. I slipped from under Chris’s bare arm and rolled upright next to the bed.

We had kicked all the covers off the bed; I’m not sure whether that was during our rowdy love-making or through the warm night. Chris lay spread-eagled, face down on the mattress, a glory of smooth tanned skin and dark brown hair. The thought that she would be wearing just that for the next week set my erection hard and straight once again.

I brushed my teeth, shaved and slipped on a pair of baggy trunks and a t-shirt to go downstairs for a swim.

Chris was still out. She had rolled over to her back, hands on her belly and legs stills spread. Her nipples and her clit, which actually is larger than most, were still red and swollen from having been wrapped with ribbon for our evening out plus a lot of pinching, nibbling and stroking once we returned to the room.

I leaned down and kissed her cheek. She sighed, gave a little shudder and rolled toward me on her side.

I left a note on the dresser: “Gone to the hotel pool. I’ll be there or the lobby.”

The lobby was deserted when I padded through it and down the short corridor toward the back of the the Hotel Inanna.

The pool took up the center of a palm-lined courtyard behind the main hotel building. It was just big enough to swim decent laps. I was alone. That was good; I wouldn’t need to dodge anyone swimming.

High vine-covered walls enclosed the two sides of the long courtyard. Past the pool, I could see that the hotel property extended to the next street. I was puzzled by what I saw. I seemed to be looking through a glass enclosure at the early morning traffic beyond.

It was easy enough to confirm what I thought I saw. I dived into the pool and swam to the far end. About fifty feet closer, my impression was confirmed and I was even more puzzled. The last twenty feet or so of the courtyard was covered by a wood and tin roof. The right two-thirds of the court ended at a solid brick wall with a big pair of wooden doors. The door was big enough to back a delivery truck through to a low dock.

The remaining third was a totally transparent glass room. The far wall extended all the way to the roof above. The near and side walls stopped about five feet above the slightly raised floor. The wall against the adjacent building was a floor to ceiling mirror.

Inside the room was an even bigger surprise. A naked brown-skinned, short-haired girl sat up from a pallet in the center of the floor, then another girl slowly sat up beside her. It was the two Annas. I supposed the glass enclosure must be their sleeping quarters. If that was so, they had spent their night nude and in full view of both the hotel courtyard and the busy street beyond. There was no possible concealment in the glass room. Besides the sheetless pallet, the enclosure was empty except for a few thick cushions and two small trunks pushed up to the mirrored wall.

In no more than a few seconds, one of the Annas pushed a glass door open into the courtyard and both girls quickly padded over to the pool edge. Their tousled hair and bleary eyes told me they had just woken up.

One said, “Good morning Mr. Barker,” and giggled before both jumped into the water beside me with a big splash. So much for swimming laps. I turned and watched the girls swim to the far end and back, then again, just enough to work out the kinks.

They touched the pool wall next to me in unison and pushed themselves out onto the deck. Not stopping to dry or even shake themselves off, they walked together to the side of the pool house toward the rear. I noticed on the pool house door the international figure “men” sign and, below it, the “women” figure in a ring with a bar through it. Women were clearly to use the facilities outside only: A gorgeous marble sink with a small mirror, a shower head with a single valve and one of those high-tech Japanese toilets set under an overhanging roof.

One of the Annas brushed her teeth at the stone sink while the other rinsed off under the adjacent shower. They traded places, showering and brushing, then towel-dried their hair with white towels from a big stack. They dropped their towels in a big wicker bin and started across the courtyard toward the back of the hotel, ready for work.

“Excuse me. Annas.”

“Yes, Mr. Barker,” they said together, turning toward me.

“Call me Steve, please.”

“No, Mr. Barker,” again in unison.

They stepped to the side of the pool and stood above me with feet spread apart and hands clasped loosely behind their backs. I looked up at four brown breasts, nipples pierced by thick gold rings, swinging above two neatly trimmed pussies, spread slightly open by their stance. Another gold ring swung on a stud from each of their clit hoods. From that angle, I could see that the gold studs were long enough to hold the rings slightly out and away from the flesh of their hoods. I could only guess that the inner end of the studs must press against each girl’s clit.

“Okay, I began. “Do you two stay in that glass room?”

Anna on the left looked to Anna on the right, who said, “We do.”

“But why?” I asked. “Who makes you….”

“No, Mr. Barker. We are not made. We choose. The Inanna is our home and that,” she pointed toward the glass room, “is our place here. It was made for us.”

I shook my head. “I don’t understand.”

“It is hard for a hanshivo to understand,” said Anna on the left. ”We are babae kita. Or some say just ‘kitas.’ That means ‘girls in sight.’ We must never hide from view. Until we are married. It is our custom.”

“But not for all girls in Nuda Veritas.”

“No. It is custom of our father’s home village. We honor that custom, to be always exposed, completely.”

“Okay. I think I understand now.” Even in the cool water, my erection was hard as a rock. As much as I was beginning to get used to Nuda Veritas, nude girls swimming and showering and standing over me was, to say the least, arousing.

“We must go. Hotel duties. We must check the morning requests.” The two naked girls trotted away and through the glass door into the hotel hall.

I went back to my laps.