**Birthday Walk**

by[PublicNudityLover](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2940660&page=submissions)©

I pranced down the street, the light night breeze sending a tingle through my spine as it touched my bare skin. I had been preparing for this moment for days and was glad that I had decided to shave my bush. I was debating just doing a little trimming, but decided to go the extra mile and go completely bare. I had never had a lot of hair in that area thanks to my routine trimming. However, this is the first time that i was without my landing strip. i had always considered a full shave, as I heard that men like their pussies like that. I never went through with it though because whenever I had sex with a man that was bare, it felt like I was humping a little child. I guess I figured that men would feel the same way. For today, bare was definitely the way to go. With nothing covering my bare mound, the cool spring air was free to caress every inch of body.  
  
My breasts were gently bouncing, free from the tight hold of my bra. I had always wore a tight bra to prevent such a thing from happening, but today I was happy to see them jiggling around like a bowl full of Jell-O. My nipples were as hard as little rocks, plowing through the gentle breeze like the nose cone of a commercial airliner. They were proudly pointing the way. I hadn't considered my titties to be overly large, but after I started getting hit on by guys complimenting the size of them, I determined that they must be at least above average.  
  
I reached my arms behind my head and ran my long slender fingers through my smooth brunette hair. When I had stroked to my lower back where my hair ended, I reached under it and flipped it. The strands bounced up in the air and slowly landed back at their resting position down my back. I took my hands and ran them down my curvy hips. I had made sure to wax every hair from my entire body in the days leading up to this night. My skin was so smooth that, if I had worn clothes, they would have simply slid right off of me.  
  
I slid my hands around to my luscious, round butt. I ran my hands in a circular motion on each of my cheeks, as they flexed and relaxed with each step that I took. I returned my hands to my side and began walking backwards, allowing the gentle breeze to tickle my behind. I continued walking forward and began to massage my 34D breasts. It's not everyday a woman gets the chance to walk through the streets as bare as the day she was born, so I intended to enjoy every moment of late night stroll, hoping the memories will last me a life time.  
  
The streets of the town were unusually quiet. There were very few cars on the road, none of which were heading her way. The streets were lit by dim street lamps, meaning there was very little light. The lights from the house windows provide most of the light to the street. At this hour, only a few of the houses still had their lights on, as many people had already went to bed for the night.  
  
My slow walk eventually turned into a light skip, allowing my breasts to shake even more violently. I slowed back to a a walking pace when I saw the silhouette of a person standing at a screen door, peeking out into the dim street. As I approached, the door opened and out came an elderly woman wearing an evening gown. She made her way down the steps and began walking down the walkway to the sidewalk. I slowed to a halt.  
  
"Happy Birthday Jennifer," the woman said.  
  
I approached the woman and wrapped my arms around her. Due to her height, I had to bend my knees slightly to avoid planting her face in my tits as I hugged her. "Thanks Mrs. Fisher."  
  
She gave me a kiss on the cheek and I released her from my embrace. She returned to her walkway and slowly made her way back into her house. I continued on my way, still walking at a leisurely pace. I could see a figure in the distance. It was difficult to make out who it was because of the lack of light. In fact, it was so dark, I doubt that Mrs. Fisher even saw my nakedness. I knew one thing for sure, the figure was walking this way. I continued my walk, on a collision course with the whoever was walking towards me.  
  
As I approached, I could tell that it was an older, heavy set man. After about a minute if walking, I could see who it was: Mr. Goodman. He was walking towards me, his arms open wide. When we reached each other, we locked in an embrace, my bare skin making contact with his. We were both bare. Unfortunately, his body was considerably more hairy than mine and it was a bit uncomfortable to have these hairs touching my body. I was kind of glad when the hug was over, and my skin could once again be free of hair.  
  
"Happy Birthday Jennifer dear," he said. "How old are you now dear?"  
  
"18," I replied. "And happy birthday to you too."  
  
"Well we had better head our separate ways, or else we will fritter away out time chatting," he joked, disappearing into the night.  
  
I was sure not to lower my eyes during any point in that encounter, as I wouldn't want to get an eye full of some 69 year old package. It made my stomach sick just thinking how wrinkled and saggy everything was. I quickly threw the image out of my head and began to recall today's events.  
  
I woke up and showered. I walked into the kitchen and my entire family was there to give me a surprise party. When they jumped out, I was kind of frightened and embarrassed. I was a little bit shy about my nudity, but in a few hours, my family had made me forget all about it. I helped my mom bake my cake, which explains the blue food coloring stain on my left boob. Turns out, that stuff doesn't washout of skin very easily. Later on we ate cake and now I'm out here naked on the street.  
  
As I walked past the town's clock tower, looked at the time. It was 11:55 pm, which meant that I should start heading home. My walk home was faster paced because I had walked a bit further than I had originally planned. My breasts were flopping around like there was an earthquake. The breeze had gone away, but the air was still tickling my bare skin because of my pace. My, now aerodynamic body, glided through the air.  
  
As I passed Mrs. Fisher's house, she stuck her head out the window. "You had better hurry! I think I see a police cruiser driving this way."  
  
I looked back to see headlights coming this way. I couldn't have had more than a minute to get back to my house. I started to sprint, frantically trying to escape the police car that was getting closer and closer by the second. I finally made it to my house and ran up the stairs. What a sight it must have been to see me, butt naked, running up the steps with my boobs bouncing like nothing that has ever bounced before.  
  
I opened he front door and was greeted by my mother with a towel. She instantly wrapped it around me and pulled me inside just as the police car passed the house. It was strange to now be covered by fabric once again. In a way, it felt as though I was being mummified.  
  
"Cut it kind of close didn't we?" My mother teased. "Must have really enjoyed yourself."  
  
I smiled. I was certain that the look on my face could tell it all. This was by far the best birthday of my life, but now I was sad it was over. I walked to my bedroom and shut the door. I dropped my towel, allowing my bare body to be exposed to the cool air once again. I looked at the piece of paper on my bed. It read "Town Birthday Customs". This was the paper that had been tucked in our front door the week previous. I gave it a quick read once again:  
  
"Dear citizen,   
  
"We are happy to hear that, according to our records, you are turning 18 years old in one week. The government of the town of Brooklyn would like to wish you a very happy birthday in advance. Turning 18 opens a door of new responsibilities like voting.  
  
"Since the NKD Party was elected into office in 1976, we have offered every citizen a gift to celebrate their 18th birthday and all those that come after. 364 days out of the year, our citizens are required to wear the proper clothing under federal law. Thanks to a cooperative agreement between the United States of America and the town of Brooklyn, we are able to allow every citizen the right to bare it all on one select day: their birthday.  
  
"Each year, every citizen must wear their birthday suit from midnight to midnight. The night before your birthday, you are instructed to sleep unclothed so that you are already wearing your birthday suit when to wake up in the morning. You must remain in an unclothed state for the entire duration of your birthday and may not wear any form of clothing to conseal your nudity. During your birthday, you are given full permission to anywhere within the Brooklyn borders. Remaining naked when outside of the Brooklyn town borders may result in legal action against you for indecent exposure. All businesses within Brooklyn must permit you service, as you are an exception to the dress code policy for the day.  
  
"You are required to participate in your nude birthday celebration for a minimum of 12 out of the 24 hours, although you are strongly encouraged to take part in the full experience. With the exception of the birthday walk from 11: 00 pm to midnight, you are not required to be naked in public, although this is also strongly recommended. For more details on the birthday walk, please continue reading.  
  
"At precisely midnight at the end of your birthday, you are required to be clothed or in the privacy of your own home. This law will be strictly enforced and all violators may face a fine. From 11pm to midnight, all citizens that have a birthday on that day are required to remain naked outside and walk the streets for a minimum of 55 minutes. Directly following this walk, all citizens must be clothed.  
  
"We hope that you will enjoy your annual naked birthday. Our goal is to improve your life by increasing your body confidence, help teach you about your body and help you to relive the day of your birth. Although we know that nudity can arouse some individuals, we ask that you refrain from public sex. All sexual actions should be done in an area that is fully hidden from the public eye. We also ask that you seek permission from the parents or guardians of any children binder the age of 18 before interacting or approaching them. All families have different views about children witnessing nudity and it is expected that you respect the views of these families.  
  
"Once again, happy birthday. Welcome to adulthood. For any questions or concerns, please contact the NKD Party's nude birthday office."  
  
I put folded the letter and placed it in the drawer of my nightstand. Looking back at the day's events, I was surprised about how well I had adjusted to my lack of clothing. I could hardly wait until my next birthday. It was late and I was tired from the adrenaline of my experience. I folded the towel I had been given when I got home. I looked done at my pussy, still tingling from the excitement of the walk. I was about lie down and try to sleep, but I noticed a small box with a ribbon on top of it.  
  
I got out of bed to check it out. It was another birthday present from my mom. I ripped open the wrapping paper to reveal a plain cardboard box. I used my nails to tear the tape that held the box closed. I open the flap at the top. It's funny how parents always know what you want. They must have some sort of magical power that links your mind to theirs. I chuckled as I reached inside of the box and pulled out a vibrator and a 20 pack of batteries.  
  
I threw the box and wrapping paper to the floor. I hopped onto my bed, my boobs jiggling like they had just been hit with a aftershock of the earthquake during my walk. I lay on my back with my legs spread, eagerly awaiting the touch of the manhood shaped toy. I let out a small grunt as the tip of the vibrator touched my lips. I turned it on and it began to pur like the engine of a well tuned Dodge Viper. My body shuttered as I pushed the vibrator the rest of the way into my pussy.  
  
It only took a few minutes for me to reach my climax. I pulled the soaking wet device from my pussy. I used the towel I had folded to wipe the liquid from the toy and placed it at the back of my night stand drawer, under the letter from the town. There was no doubt in my mind that this would come in handy next year. Now fully relieved, I closed my eyes and drifted off into a deep sleep.