**Bored**  
by Janie

**Part 1**

When I was sweet sixteen, one weekend I was bored. My older brother had gone out for the morning, and my mom worked. My older brother had an apartment in the basement - he was 20. I was trying to think of something to do, when suddenly I felt horny - only I didn’t know how to manage my sex, then. I'm not sure I'd do any better, now, though   
  
It started by going to the bathroom and playing in the bath. I shaved off all my recently acquired pubic hair. I'd done it to amuse myself, but it wasn’t enough. I rubbed myself for a few minutes after that, and it felt good. But it wasn't enough. After a while, I got bored again. So I thought of other things I could do with myself.   
  
I’d never put more than one finger in my vagina until then. Before long, I had two rubbing pretty hard. Although it felt good for a while, after some time I got bored again. I moved my fingers and slid them, in and out, and it felt much better. After a while though, I got bored again. So I went downstairs, all wet and nude, not even taking a towel. I sat down and put one leg on the kitchen table. My sex spread open. I inserted my hand. The window in the kitchen opened to the backyard and forest. I imagined people were out there and saw me nude, rubbing myself. I imagined they watched me and took pictures. I imagined them furiously, and started rubbing myself, again, harder. But after a while, I got bored again.   
  
So I opened the back door and went outside. There were houses on either side of ours, but no one seemed to be home. It was Sunday morning. I imagined most people were where I should have been, at mass, or services or even Sunday school. I stood on the porch a waited for someone to scream or something, but no one did. Pretty soon I started rubbing myself, again -- pretty hard.   
  
Emboldened by the morning quiet - it was around 10, I walked out across the flat backyard grass to the woodsy area behind our house. Now, I imagined everyone on the hillside across the street from us could see me, if they looked. Only they would have had to look in my direction, and I guessed people rarely did, early Sunday morning, when all good like girls were in church. I wasn't. So I stood there, nude, waiting for something to happen; I waited for someone to come out, and scream, "Look, she’s naked!!!" or maybe, "Why beautiful naked girl, aren't you in church?" I waited and waited, only no one did. So in a few minutes, I got bored again.   
  
I walked up the hillside and sat down on in the morning sun. It was early, and the sun was low in sky, radiant and warm. So I spread my legs open to soak up the warmth of the sunlight, I felt so good, the luxuriant early morning light warming my freshly-shaven teenage pussy. Then I began playing with myself again. My left hand worked my breast, while I placed my right hand on my clit. I rubbed. I continued doing that for a while, waiting for something to happen, but nothing did. Just when I felt like I was getting bored again, in the corner of my eye I thought I saw something move behind the glass of our window.   
  
Out of the corner of my eye, in the shadow of the family room window I thought I saw a figure. The family room bordered the kitchen in back of our house. Darker, that room had a brick fireplace and wooden paneling. In fact it was so dark that you couldn’t see into it at all. On a bright spring morning the glare off the window glass outside blocked the view. You couldn't see inside very well, or probably not at all would describe it better. I convinced myself it was nothing. Then emboldened by this little moment of excitement, I continued to open my legs wider apart than before. In fact, I opened them much wider, spreading my sex much further apart. Moments later I continued to plunge my fingers into my sex hole, which was wet, as I had done inside. I couldn’t help it, but after a few minutes, I was growing bored again.   
  
There was only one more way that I could relieve my ache. One more hole remained for me to explore. I had never put one of my own fingers into my common hole, before. Although at the doctor’s office when I had a bladder infection, when I was little they had They said it was to stimulate my bladder movement. Simpler put, they wanted to make me pee; I was holding it in involuntarily. I remembered it now because it made me relax. I remember how good it made me feel, and that it worked. Now my fingers were were there again. I was wet, my bottom perfectly clean from my bath, and so I did it – I stuck my middle finger tip into my bungee hole up to my nail. I was masturbating my anus, a place I had never been. Then I started swirling it around. It felt funny, after a while not unpleasant at all. I didn’t know what to think of it, it seemed so dirty. But it felt sooo good to doing it, that I continued. After all that I was where someone might see me doing it, made it exciting. I felt naughty, really naughty, which made me feel good. As I continued, I worried that I might get bored again. So to help it out, I moved my left hand down to my pussy, and started rubbing on my clit. Then I put my middle finger into my vagina, rubbing softly on my clit with my thumb. I did this I facing our house, and the other houses of the neighborhood in the morning sun, but no one seemed to see it. No one seemed to care at all… no one, that is, except me and my sex. OMG!!! Suddenly, I was finally getting excited. My lack of stimulation seemed to end.   
  
Luv, Janie

**Part 2**

Then off in the distance, I heard a phone ring. I imagined my brother coming outside and yelling, "Janie, what the fuck are you doing!" just as I was coming. Of course he didn't but I had climaxed. Now I was starting to get bored again.   
  
(What I didn't realize was my mom came home and locked the door to my room. Of course, in the process that locked up my clothes as well.) When I finally got myself off, I felt sorta funny. I was out in the backyard, up on the side of the hill in the sunlight. Anyone looking out from a dozen or so houses could have seen me masturbating easily; unfortunately or not, a few of them undoubtedly did. Suddenly, I snapped out of it. I thought, "OMG! What am I doing out here, nude? This is crazy…" So, temporalily satisfied I went back inside to the kitchen. Only then I wasn't proud of what I did. But when I walked in, my mom was stting inside the kitchen having a cup of coffee. She said, "Come over here, Janie, sit with me," motioning to her lap.   
  
Sit on her lap? At 16, I was very uncomfortable with my mother seeing me nude, while she was dressed. Especially being nude on her lap; that made it even worse. Even though I ran around the house in my underclothes all the time, that was normal; you see. She did too, even with my older brother, we were all family. But sitting on her lap naked like I was well, like six, that was a bit... too much. Still, I did as I was told. The thought of ignoring her or disobeying her was much worse, so I did as she expected. I sat on her lap. She hugged me with a hug only a mom can give, and I knew she wanted to talk. I suspected it was about what she'd just seen, so I was a bit nervous, but I trusted her as my mom. I knew that she had seen me outside naked. Whether that included rubbing myself, well I just couldn't be sure. I hadn't realized yet that masturbating, my nether lips got very red when I did. Whether men would notice, even today with me shaved, I doubt. But I know now that my mom did. It would still be a while before I learned that, though. But when I did, I didn't know what to think. There's no doubt in my mind now that my mom knew. I know for certain from other discussions that she did. Then in her soft gentle voice she began speaking as she held me and looked at me.   
  
"Janie, you're growing into a young woman," said my mother. I'm so proud of you that you are. You look so much like your father, you have his good looks. They were so hard to resist; I couldn't. But Sweetheart, that makes me worry a lot. (My father was very good looking, though a bit smaller than most attractive men in stature. He was also egotistical, alcoholic and self-centered.) She continued, "Mrs Sacks (who lived up the street from us) called at the clinic this morning to tell me that Peter (her son) saw a young girl nude in our backyard (Peter was autistic). He was very excited." (Peter was 16, too. As Mrs. Sack's son he was a sweet, though infantile; a kid in the body of an adult.) Mom worked shiifts, and today she'd worked the graveyard shift to 10am. She'd just gotten home after laying over, so she was tired while she spoke to me as she did.   
  
"She said her son saw a girl in our backyard naked," she ocntinued. "Obviously that could have only been you. When I got home I saw you there myself; it wasn't clear what your were doing…" OMG!!! she'd seen... Mom continued, "She went on to say how she (Mrs. Sacks) was so was so worried that she called me at work. It wasn't Peter or her daughter Sarah that she was worried about, but the nieghborhood -- and ESPECIALLY you, Janie! She thought every one on the south hillside looking out must have seen you this morning behind the house, rubbing yourself, nude."   
  
OMG, now I knew she knew; it was out. Not only had Mrs. Sacks and Peter seen me outside masturbating, but others probably too, including my mom. Why didn't she just tell me, or call the house? Mrs. Sacks was my my surrogate mom, since my own mom worked.   
  
"Janie, sweetheart, you worry me. You're becoming a young woman so fast. I feel like I've lost my little girl. I don't know what to do. I don't know how to keep you out of trouble, anymore. If you aren’t careful, we'll have trouble, we'll get busted by the town, I mean. Me, for being a bad mom, uanble to control you. You for running around naked... And your brother for smoking dope and drinking beer with his (underage) friends." My older brother Bill was only twenty-year, but some of his friends were younger, some much so.   
  
I started to interrupt, "Ah mom, Bill doesn't smoke weed…"   
  
She continued, sushing me. "I know -- just like you don't run around naked in the yard. Oh Janie, I love you so much. What am I going to do with you, my only, pretty VERY NAUGHTY daughter?"   
  
Oh god, I gulped. It was getting sentimental. I couldn't handle that very well. But Mom went on.   
  
"Janie, you've got so much sexual energy. I mean I don't know what to do. I think it would be good for you to work some of it off. So, I locked the door to your room. I want to help you get it out, darling, SAFELY.   
  
“I need to work it off?” I thought, "OMG, I just did!"   
  
Mom continued, "Janie, I've decided to help. I want you spend the rest of the day like you were -- naked. You can just go around in the buff … nude for the rest of the day. We'll let you be yourself. You can walk around and just do everything being yourself, no one will say a word. Go outside, I don't care! But at least I'll be here to control it."   
  
Nude for the day? OMG!!! I thought a few moments when she said that, I was very excited. Then I relaized I had plans for the rest of my day. My GF Sarah, Mrs. Sacks daughter would probably come over later. Plus my brother was coming back with his friendsa t any omoment. "But mom," I said, " Sarah's coming over!!!" I stammered. Plus Bill's friends…(what'll i do...)   
  
Ding, dong… (Oh no, no one ever rang our doorbell; OMG ...)…. Then someone opened the door and entered. "Helllo???" they were yelling, "We're HERE!" OMG! It was my brother and his friends. Mom steered then away from me to the basement for the moment, unaware of our little meeting discussion going on.   
  
"That's even better, now," Mom smiled. "With Bill's friends around you'll get an audience, and Sarah will understand, too. It'll be good for you to spend time with her naked. And Bill's friends, well, they'll enjoy a beautiful girl. That should work some energy out of you, anyhow, I'm sure." Plus Janie you're so cute... OMG....   
  
An erie feeling momentarily made me feel weak. I felt tingly enough between my legs as it was. But there wasn't even a moment to regain my composure; my peace was ending. My brohter and his friends were there. Moments later, my mom opened the door for my brother Bill's friends. His pals Fred and Tom from school were there with him. They were sophomores in college, too. Now my brother, his two friends and maybe even my BFF -- would be over later -- all certain to see me nude sooner or later that day. And it was barely noon; there were eight more hours to go. I looked at my mom with plaintive eyes that begged for mercy, but she just looked away focused on other things.   
  
"Janie, I've got work to do. I'm getting receritified for my work. I have to go study so I can pass the board. I'm going to ask Bill to entertain you." With that she left for her office. So there I was nude, in my house with my brother's friends arriving. I planned to play it as cool as I could. Maybe they wouldn't find out.   
  
I tried to keep it under cover, hiding in the den. But my mom would have none of that escape plan. Now she invited them in with us, me nude. My brohter caught on quickly, as I squezzed my legs together, holding my hands on my chest. His friends don't know us well enough yet, and they were shocked. So my mom explained, for me it was a nude day; it was kinda of a game. I was being pusnihed for something -- that was all there was to it -- no one needed to ask any more. Their eyes lit up as wsh spoke, but they didn't ask any questions, they just enjoyed it.   
  
Now Sarah, my high school BFF liked to come over on the weekends and talk about school. Sunday afternoons we would gossip when we were young. Usually that meant we would waste the rest of the afternoon gossiping away. We loved it. Only the rest of this Sunday I would be naked…   
  
About 1 PM Sarah showed up and my mom ushered her in before taking a nap. She said "Janie"s got a secret she's dying to tell ('Pssst she's going around the rest of the day nude! Just our little secret, okay?') She's trying out that life style… nudism you know, or naturism -- whatever you call it. So please don't be shocked." (She was, anyhow). Then she showed Sarah into the room where I sat legs crossed Idian-style listening to music, like in Yoga. I tried to look completely natural -- or should I say, "au naturel," as I did.   
  
Oh, Janie! Sarah exlaimed, "How do you do it?!! I mean how do you ever come up with these crazy ideas, after all. Plus your mom lets you do it!!! OMG I'm so jealous. Your so lucky!! (Psst: Aren't you ashamed to let your brother AND HIS FRIENDS see you like this, especially THEM, his firends? They're boys. I mean, what do they think about it?"   
  
What could I do but try to be cool? I could immediately tell Sarah was jealous. Because Sarah 'd seen me naked in school, that didn't bother me as much as it should . But still it did, she was looking at my sex -- far more than I thought she should. But I knew she knew Bill and his friends were in the basement, since she'd seen their cars outside. So I pooh poohed it, and tried to play it down. In fact, they hadn't figured it out yet.   
  
"Sarah, Bill's seen me naked since I was little; and Jason's pretty cool, too. Plus, I enjoy the attention I get when I 'm like this, especially with Jason around. (I was right about that, I loved it and he did too, even if it made me nervous in ways I didn't understand then.) Eventually, when my brother came in with his friends, I thought that was totally enough. But then they called a few others, too -- their friends I mean, and they started to come over as well. Each time one knocked at the door, they made a point of having me answer it. Pretty soon, everyone around knew well how I was spending my afternoon.   
  
So I sat in the living room with Sarah listening to music. I couldn't believe how much she stared at my body. When Bill came up with his friends, she made a point of force them to come in to see me. She stopped them to force them to see. I suspected my mom must have put her up to it, though I know how -- she was sleeping from finishing her shift. Sarah wanted to see them stare at me nude; she wanted to embarrass me, too. She felt so guilty, though, she had to ask my mother about it. So talking about BFs the rest of the afternoon we puttered around. Finally, Sarah told me she always wondered why I shaved my sex. You see, she had this huge bush of dark hair that peeked out from her mound in her swimsuit. I told her it was because I never had a full bush - my bald mound embarrassed me, which was true. I was actully a little bald in the middle of my venus mound, and i looked like a little girl, so I thought I looked better with nothing, and that's why I shaved.   
  
Later that evening one of Mom’s acquaintances from work, another nurse swung by. I was still nude with Sarah, but Mom made me to introduce myself. She wanted me to meet her, and show myself to her, too. She was a friend she confided with, she said later, especially about teen girls. She also had a son in school my age that I thought was cute. Being introduced to this woman who I'd seen last at the last PTA meeting nude,was humiliating, to say in the least..   
  
To top it off, this little kid from up the street, comes down to visit. He's the little brother of one of my brother’s friends. He claims he's there to sell cub scout popcorn or cookies or something, but my brother told me later that they called him up just to embarrass me more. So both my brother and his friend wanted to see how I would react to the stares of a 10 year old kid. Why not? I had never seen him before, nude that is. My brother invited him in so I had to be polite. I had to serve him a glass of ice water, and entertain him, nude. Then when mom awoke later, she asked me to bring them all drinks again, so I did. What eslse could I do. I had to enter the room again, as hostess, nude.   
  
Suddenly it was like we were having a party, and I was the main entrée. Every possible friend of ours was there. hearing my mom explain they all discover my dilmena. They enjoyed it so much, but especially my embarassement. You see I blush a lot all the time, clothes. So I've been invited to play the hostess for a family outing, in my blsuhing birthday suit...of sorts. I get to walk around nude.   
  
Funny thing about nudism is that it scared me a lot at first. I was frought with fear once. Then after the initial exicitement wore off, it's just like an elixor or spirit. It was exciting, and the excitement was starting to make me wet. In fact, I was becoming more comfortable being just myself, WET. I almost felt I was starting to drip. I was "in my own skin," as my mom like to tell it.   
  
As the afternoon wore on, I was gettng more and more charged, but in a restrained sort of way. Finally the horniness inside me was too much. I went into the bathrroom to play. It only took a few minutes, but I had one of the most instense orgasms I'd ever had -- well, at least since that morning on the lawn in back. What I hadn't counted on was my mom recognizing it, my groaning and wetness, because because up until that time I didn't think anyone else ever knew.   
  
Finally, I decided to call my mom's bluff. As a matter of fact, I'd shock everyone there. I called my boyfirned and invited him over. I told him I would be waiting for him with a surprise if he came. Well of course, he did. Meanwhile, what I hadn't remembered was it was Sunday afternoon after church, visitors went about socializing. In our small town, Sundays were for talking. People went around on visits. That included religious people, like Pasters, Elders, Parrisioners and (OMG) even PRIESTS. Though nominally we were Protestant, my dad started me as a Cathholic, and my mom had continued raising me as a Catholic girl. I was confirmed; I had a preist. As my confirmation priest, a Jesuit Father Avera was awfully smart also cool and sweet, as well. Father Avera worked the mountains on a circuit. Every weekend, Saturday and Sunday he would do four masses. Sometimes, after Mass on Sundays in our town Father Avera would swing by for the evening. He liked my mom. So guess what? This Sunday afternoon Father Avera visited.   
  
When he came by to visit, my mom was shocked. Not as much as me, but I'm a sturborn girl. Plus I was having extreme pangs of exhibition, STILL. I was loving my Sunday exhibit, nude. When the good Father showed up to visit, I didn't answer the door, my brother did. My mom tried to head it off, steering him into the kitchen for coffee, sureptitiously away from my display. When I realized he was visiting though, I decided he should see me, the same as anyone. I made a point of strolling in for a visit with him and my mom. OMG was she ever so embarrrassed, my mom I mean. Too much even to get mad! Worse, I made an especially good point of smiling MORE, spreading my legs just a bit . And bending over at the cupboard door in front, just so I could be a good hostess and help mom serve. I;m sure he oculd see my predicament.   
  
Father Avera was so cool he took it all in stride. You would've thought he had a teenage daughter, tooo or maybe….. Naw, that's so naughty to speak about. But I loved him he was so cool. Anyhow, by the time the party was over, we'd been exposed, both of us, my Mom and I. Everyone knew I was an exhibitionist, and everyone knew she hadn't fixed it. If anything, she'd made it worse. Now most of the people in the valley knew our family was a little different than the rest, if they already hadn't. After all, after living in California we'd returned to the mountains. Even before I'd left, when I was only seven, they knew I was precocious, a bit of a brat. Now they knew that for certain. They knew I sorta a wild child becoming a wild girl. Coming back when I was 13, I was worse than ever before. Now Califronia living had fanned my wildness. Plus I was learning all the tricks of being a girl.   
  
Now, my closest friends have seen me in gym at school, in the showers. Some of them had even saw me before, shaved already. None had really seen me as a homie girl, on display, though. Up until then, few had viewed me as a little nudist girl. Nor did they consider me a slut. But now I imagined they could have. At least, I imagined myself more of that then. When it began, I can't remember. Naïve or innocent, or maybe a little weird. But after that, though, I thought of myself as a woman. I wanted everyone to see me that way, especially all the men in my life. I wanted them to know I was a woman.   
  
Luv, Jnaie