**Starting School -- in the Nude**

By Claire

Last night (Sunday) was my first night in the dorm. I came up myself with just a few boxes of things, my laptop and a couple of plants. It's a quad, which is four dorms (two girls dorms and two guys dorms) surrounding a courtyard. My room is a triple and both my new roommates, Amy and Steph, were already there unpacking. Steph was not really unpacking much because she told us she'd actually be living with her boyfriend day-to-day and just keeping enough stuff in the dorm so her parents would think she was living there. So it would really just be me and Amy with the extra room of a triple.

I really like Amy because she's very nice and has a good sense of humor and we hit it off right away. Plus one of the first things she said to me was, "I imagined you showing up naked" because of what I'd said about being a nudist. She didn't really expect me to do that, of course, but it was just an image in her head and it kinda broke the ice on the subject (but her saying that made the crazy part of my brain feel all tingly and I wanted to rip my clothes off right then and there).

But there were still lots of parents and big brothers and grand- persons running around the hallways carrying stuff.

And right about then there was a knock on the door and it was our floor's RA (that's resident advisor, a grad student who mother- hens us youngsters) and her name is Emily and she had a clipboard with our names on and she looked up at me and said "ah, you're my nudist, aren't you? Don't worry, it'll all be clear in an hour or so."

And then she was gone again to the next room checking on her little chicks and pretty soon we were all unpacked and it was dinner time so the three of us went out and found one of the cafeterias and talked some more. The subject of my nudism came up again, this time Steph asked if I grew up as a nudist and went that way around my family. I was honest about the fact that no, I was not brought up as a naturist, and that I haven't had all that much actual experience doing it. It was a really good conversation, probably the first time I'd really talked it all out and I was SO relieved that they were still so cool and accepting about it all.

So then we go back to the dorm and all the parents are gone and things have settled down. It's like 7:30 or something and I decide this is the moment to get naked. So I announce that I'm going to take a shower and I get undressed gather up my shower stuff and my towel. I fumbled around a bit at this point because my brain was debating whether to put the towel around myself or carry it. Carrying it won and I went out the door naked with the towel over my shoulder and holding my little plastic bucket of bath stuff and as I started to close the door I made eye contact with Amy and she was grinning back at me like "go girl."

I walked down the hallway and at first there was nobody else but then two other girls came out of a room and were walking towards me and I tried to be really casual as we passed and I said hi cheerfully and they said hi and we introduced ourselves and I remembered their names because I always remember people's names when I meet them (one of my popularity skills), and nothing at all was said of me being naked.

So then I went on to the bathroom, got in the shower and got all clean. I was feeling pretty excited and very tempted to spend extra time washing certain body parts but I resisted (mostly) that urge. And then a few minutes later there I am walking back down the hallway very naked and all damp from the shower carrying my wet towel over my arm. But NObody was in the hallway this time which was disappointing.

But the important thing was establishing the "normalness' of me being naked in the dorm room. So back in our room I hung up my towel and blowdried my hair, still naked of course as Steph and Amy went about their preparations. Then when I was done with my hair I just sat down at my desk and started sorting through my class stuff. I looked up and Steff was looking over her things too like nothing was unusual and Amy was also but she glanced over at me with a big smile that made me feel SO good about the situation. Here I was, accepted by my new roommates as a nudist! This was just what I hoped for and I thought of how every day I'd just be nude in the dorm room, hanging around, etc.

But then I heard some conversation in the hallway and -- feeling so confident now -- I said "I hafta go pee" and went out the door. This time I was naked and without even the towel but just walking down the hallway towards the bathroom again and eager to meet people this way. Unfortunately the voices I'd heard were from a bunch of girls walking away from me and now far down the hall with their backs to me, not seeing me at all. I walked fast hoping they'd turn around and want to chat me up, but they disappeared down a stairwell.

I was standing right next to the bathroom door again so I went ahead inside and peed a teeny bit because, well, I was there and that's what I said I would do. Then I stood in front of the mirror a bit all alone and got myself a little hot hardly even touching myself (though I did a little) but mostly just by the awareness of what I was finally doing.

Then, feeling all tingly, I started back down the hallway to my room, but now suddenly there were a bunch of girls in the hallway coming my way. Cool. And I saw Emily the RA knocking on doors calling "floor meeting!" And Steph and Amy were coming out of our room and heading in my direction. Everyone was headed in my direction and I was going against the stream and then Emily was in front of me and I guess I was stammering about whether I needed to get a robe but she turned me around by the elbow with a smile, saying "you're fine," and sort of pushing me in with the flow.

Steph and Amy were at my sides and everyone else was coming out of rooms and joining us as we filed into a big common room with sectional sofas and loveseats and heavy tables and chairs The room filled up quickly and there was noplace for us to sit but on the floor.

As everyone settled down I was mostly thinking "Holy shit, I'm naked! This is great!" And Steph and Amy were grinning at me because they knew how totally major this was. And I started looking around at everyone's faces in the room and most of them were looking right at me. Many of them were making eye contact but some were focused a couple feet lower and it occurred to me that I was sitting in a normal, comfortable way but not paying any attention to how exposed I was. I tried to be more modest but discovered that there really aren't many good positions to sit on the floor without flashing my wet parts to the whole room (and yes those parts were getting wet).

Emily led the meeting telling us about all the dorm rules, visiting times, laundry facilities and so on. Male visitors, for example, are permitted between noon and 7 p.m. on school nights and til 9 p.m. on weekends. That kind of thing.

And then we did the bit where you go around the room and all say something about yourself. Like I always do I tried to remember everyone's names and something about them. That's something I'm good at -- I'm very social by nature and always get to know everyone around me.

When it came around to me I was nervous because of being naked and self-conscious about making sure I was sitting the right way. I had decided to totally ignore the fact that I was naked and just gave my name and hometown and stuff. But some girl on the other side of the room yelled, "so are you really a nudist?"

And I said what I told Amy and Steph -- that I didn't grow up in a naturist home or anything, and haven't actually been a practicing nudist before coming here and Emily said "but she wants to get in more practice with us!" and everybody laughed. Then it went on to the next person.

When the meeting was over and we were all filing out of the room some girl edged her way through the crowd to me and said "I just want to tell you I think you are SO cool," which made me feel really great.

And I was able to say, "thank you Katie, I think you're pretty cool too -- studying criminology and all." She was flattered that I remembered what she'd said and we stood there in the hallway in a little knot of girls having a conversation, me naked, and as I looked around at each of them I tried to call them by name.

Then we were back in our room and it was 10 p.m. Steph took off to go to her boyfriend's and me and Amy sat up talking for a while and I felt so comfortable just lounging around naked (and not bothering about how my legs were positioned).

At about 11:00 we both had a chocolate craving (and I had a wander around the dorm craving) and so we gathered up our change and dollar bills and went up to the kitchenette/laundry room on the next floor up that Emily had told us about during the meeting. I thought she'd said there were vending machines there also but there weren't. But it was pretty nice anyway. There was a sign on the fridge explaining that milk, coffee, margerine and a few other basics were provided and that if you brought your own cereal and stuff you should label it.

"I'm pretty sure the are vending machines in the lobby," Amy said, glancing down at me with a grin. "You up for that much ... travel?"

"You bet I am!," I said and we went down the stairway to the first floor. I was nervous but also really excited. I could hear lots of voices as we pushed our way through the door way. Amy stopped and kind of held me back.

"Claire, there are some guys over there," she whispered.

Supposedly no guys were to be in the building at that hour, but there they were sitting around the lobby with some girls. That was way across the room, but if they looked up they'd see me.

"It's okay," I insisted and walked straight to the vending machine area. Nobody noticed and once we were in the little vending room we couldn't be seen from the lobby -- though there was a big dark window that took up a whole wall, which meant I was on display from outside if anyone was looking.

We both bought dark chocolate Hershey bars with almonds (we have so much in common) and then I led us back to the stairs.

The elevator was right next to the stairway and I hit the button and then just stood there facing the group in the lounge as I waited for the elevator just standing there in plain sight feeling a little miffed because nobody was noticing.

But then one of the guys looked up and stopped in mid-sentence and then without taking his eyes off me he said something to the others that I couldn't hear but now everyone was looking at me and the elevator still wasn't there. Amy was more panicked than I was even though she was wearing clothes and was hissing "let's take the stairs" at me but I was frozen with a piece of chocolate sticking out of my mouth. The guy called out something to me, something friendly but I didn't make it out over the rush of excitement in my head.

"Ting." The elevator doors opened and we stepped inside, everyone still looking. As the doors closed I waved and then Amy and I looked at each other and squealed with laughter, hugging each other and jumping up and down.

Back in our room we talked a while longer and then climbed in our beds and put out the lights. I couldn't sleep, thinking back on all that had happened and touching myself a little as I listened to Amy's breathing across the room. And then I realized she was breathing kind of fast and I peeked over at her in the moonlight and saw the lump of her hand under the covers between her legs, moving just a little.

**Sunbathing Nude at School**

By Claire

I'm up in the kitchenette having a bowl of cereal before my first class of the day. And yes, of course I am naked. I have about 15 minutes so I'll write a bit about what has been happening to me.

After my wonderful first night at the dorm I hated having to put clothes on in the morning to go to class. I wore capris and sleeveless tee shirt, but nothing underneath. Even back home I often went without panties because it could be my little secret. Going without a bra was a little harder to hide. Not that I'm all that big but I've got enuf to be bouncy and besides I have unruly nipples that decide on their own to jut out thru my shirt whenever they hear words like "Say Cheese!" or "Claire come to the front of the class to give your presentation."

But I figured being braless would be no big deal in college -- and boy that's true. Not only do plenty of girls go braless but I saw some wearing halters, tube tops and the lowest of low cuts. In high school we weren't allowed to show much midriff and even around town I couldn't show too much skin because you never know when you're going to bump into your aunt or your math teacher at the mall.

But now, hmmm, I realized as I walked to my morning classes checking out the fashion scene, I could be a lot more daring that before.

I had three classes in a row and then a break from noon to 3:45 so I went back to the dorm and ditched my clothes as soon as I got in my room. Amy wasn't there so I decided to go walk the halls of the dorm naked and meet people. Our dorm has four floors and I strolled down the halways, took the stairs to the next level and strolled some more, cheerfully saying hi to everyone I came in contact with. And if they seemed willing to chat for a minute or two I did, learning names and making friends.

A few girls seemed standoffish or a bit shocked by my nudity and a few others avoided looking at me and didn't even say hello, but nobody was truly hostile.

On the top floor there's a doorway leading out to a sun deck with built in picnic tables and there were some girls out there in bathing suits laying out on towels on the deck. Some of them had their tops off. So I went out and stretched out on the bare wood and closed my eyes, which felt very nice.

"They can see you when you're standing up," someone said. I opened my eyes. One of the girls pointed to a boy's dorm across the courtyard, built the same as ours but standing a bit taller because it's on a hill. I had to sit up part way to see over the brick wall that goes around the edge of the deck. There were two guys over there tossing a football and a few others sitting along the railing looking our way. If they were looking they'd have seen me walk out there. I sat up so I could check them out and they could see my head and shoulders. I really wanted to stand up and let them see me, but I didn't because first I wanted to make friends with every girl out there. So I just started chatting with the girl who spoke to me and introduced myself and pretty soon others joined in the conversation.

"So you came all the way out here naked?" one girl asked. "You didn't even bring a towel."

"I'm pretty comfortable this way."

Another girl raised herself up on her elbows. "You're the nudist from Floor Three aren't you? My friend, Danni, lives on your floor."

"Danni from Pennsylvania? Yeah, I really like her."

"So if you don't care if those guys see you?" someone else asked," why don't you stand up?" It was a dare.

I shrugged like no big deal, but suddenly I felt shy. It was one thing to go naked in front of other girls, but guys? I'd imagined it of course -- imagined mingling naked at a party with guys all over the place checking me out. I had imagined rollerblading nude down a busy downtown street at lunchtime past construction workers and men in expensive suits. But that was all within the safety of that happy little corner of my brain where the me who lives there doesn't even own any clothing.

But these were real, actual guys over there and they were already standing on the picnic tables trying to see my chest as I sat there not quite facing their direction.

Pretending not to notice them, I stood up and stretched. I heard a couple of hoots and cheers but in the corner of my eye I could see the guys shushing each other, apparently thinking I didn't realize they could see me and not wanting to blow the opportunity. So I kept talking to my new friends and walked around the deck in a natural way.

"You are so nuts!" laughed one girl (Marla, from Cleveland who misses her boyfriend, Nick, because he is studying this semester in Antrctica).

"Yes, I am," I declared proudly. "Well, nice meeting you all. See you around!" I walked slowly back towards the doorway, but paused and turned right towards the guys' dorm and waved to them. I could hear them cheering and yelling "don't go, baby!" as I went through the door.

When I got back to the dorm room Amy was there and I was happy to see her. I told her about the sun deck and she thought it was great. But she was in a hurry to get to her next class and was soon out the door. I had another hour and wanted to go do some more exploring, but I also had another urge. I lay down on my bed and thought about everything I'd done in the past day, how wonderful it all had been and I pictured myself at some future party dancing naked as those guys from the dorm watched me. And I had a fantastic orgasm that left me sweaty and I lay there a while and sort of dozed as the breeze came in the window across my damp skin.

After a while it was time for me to get moving again. I went down the hall to take a quick rinse-off shower, holding my hair up to keep it dry. I had forgotten to bring my towel so I walked back down the hall dripping, passing Jenna, Krista and Hannah and exchanged a few words with them as they teased me about my dripping body.

In my room I ransacked my drawers looking for skimpy things. I put on a halter that I had in the past nearly always worn over a tee shirt. By itself it doesn't cover much. And with this I chose one of my lightweight cotton skirts with elastic waistbands. I'd always worn them with panties before and I'd always wore them about halfway between my belly button and my pubic hair. This time I tugged it as low as I could, especially in back, checking myself out in the mirror until I had a little butt cleavage going.

**Nude Frisbee**

Every morning before I shower I go up to the 4th floor kitchenette and have a little breakfast, usually cereal with fruit on it. I buy blueberries at the grocery and label it "help yourself!" in the fridge instead of putting my name on it.

Sometimes I sit there in the kitchenette to eat if someone is there to talk to. But not a lot of people bother with breakfast and so sometimes I go out on the sun deck and sit at one of the picnic tables by myself. The guys in the dorm across the way have become aware of my habits and I often have a few spectators as I eat my breakfast nude in the cool morning air. They call out silly things and if they're nice and not crude I wave back at them.

Pretty soon, though, the weather will start to change. Already we had one morning that was pretty cold, though the forecast said it would be 85 by mid-day. I was surprised by how cold it was when I went out on the deck with my breakfast, but I didn't go back inside. It was an interesting experience, feeling the cold on my skin but accepting it and even enjoying it. It was fun for a while, but by the time I was done eating I was shivering.

I took a nice, hot shower to warm up but then I had to decide how to dress. I knew it would be hot by mid-day so I wore a skimpy top and one of my favorite skirts. My wardrobe has expanded a bit in recent days due to contributions from friends and a little boutique I found that was unloading its summer stock. I now have a couple tee shirts that are just barely long enuf to wear by themselves (if no bending over is required). I have not yet worn them to class but did go that way to the library once and when I sat down at a table it was just me and the chair!

I also now have a marvelous bathing suit in which the bottom is a two parter -- separate panty and tie-on skirt for when the lady is out of the pool and feeling modest. I've worn them together and I've taken off the skirt, but what I haven't done quite yet (except to model for my advisers) is to wear the little skirt alone without the panty. It is tantalizingly precarious, just a little flap in front and a little flap in back. I'm afraid it's just a bit too non-existant for public use but I'm still toying with the idea.

But enuf about clothing. Let's talk about wearing NO clothing at all and going outside that way. Becuz after all, that's the name of this group, right?

Well, I've been flirting with this for some time as you might suppose. I go out on the deck of course, but that's pretty safe, being an island in the sky. I've also been going down to the first floor a lot, which is rather public. There are no dorm room on that floor, just various common rooms like the vending area, lobby,a music room with a piano, and an exercise room.

This afternoon (Sunday) I was "making my rounds" in the dorm, just strolling the halls naked as I like to do, seeing who was around to chat with and so on. And I went down to the first floor to check things out and dropped in at the exercise room where I found my friend Kell pounding away at the weight machine. She is shorter than me but was a high school basketball star and is now going to play in her first year of college basketball. She compensates for being short by being tremendously strong so that she can jump higher.

Kell (she drops the y because she's gay and thinks her given name is too girly) actually doesn't live in this dorm, but in the next one over. She just likes our weight room better. She was also in my Economics class but she dropped it because she found out there'd be a conflict when team practices started up mid-semester. She had the textbook and I (trying to be cheap) had been trying to use the copy on reserve at the library. So she said I could have hers if I give it back.

Anyway, I did a few routines on the weight machine, not really seriously working out, but just something to do while talking, and she coached me on my posture as she continued her more strenuous workout. Kell uses free weights and she asked me to 'spot' her while she did her bench press. This was not something I'd ever done before and I was worried that I wouldn't be able to help enough if she needed it. But she said she'd only need a tiny bit of help for balance if she needed it at all.

So she got in position on the bench and I stood there behind her and only at that exact moment did the two of us both realize what kind of view this was giving her, especially now that I'm shaving my pubic hair. She grinned up at me and said "I'm gonna have some trouble concentrating here," and we both burst out laughing.

It took a few tries but she got thru her bench press routine without laughing and then she was all done with her workout and as she wiped her face with her towel she said, "you want to come over and get that Econ book?"

And I said sure, but as I said that something occurred to me, and I think she was a little ahead of me on this. The exercise room is at the very, very end of the first floor hallway, right next to the exit that is closest to her dorm. I could go waaaaay up to my room on the third floor to put something on, or I could do what we both knew I have been itching to do.

So she says again, you want to come over and get that book? And she steps towards the door.

And I say okay and she pushes open the metal and glass door and I follow her out into the beautiful sunshine, feeling the the sun on my skin and the heat of the concrete sidewalk beneath my bare feet.

The distance between the dorms isn't far, like walking across the street. But just like a public street it is always populated and people were all around -- walking, riding bikes, rollerblading, etc., and there I was strolling totally naked and chatting nonchalantly with my friend Kell. It was SO wonderful and SO normal! For a little while no one even seemed notice. About a third of the way across some guy whistled and yelled something crude in which my most personal of body parts was declared to be "nice." There were a couple more yells and whistles, all positive, but now EVERYone seemed to be looking at me and I was feeling nervous and thrilled at the same time.

And this lasted maybe 20 seconds or however long it takes to walk across the street. Once we were inside I relaxed a bit, but not all that much because this was not my dorm and there were still lots of girls there I did not know. But nobody seemed to mind and the fact that I was with Kell seemed to help because everyone knew her. We went up the stairs to the second floor where she lives and it's mostly jocks that are on that floor.

And Kell took me around knocking on doors introducing me to some of her teammates, which was fun. I don't want to generalize, but I'm pretty sure she picked mostly her gay teammates.

And then we were in her room and we just hung out a bit listening to music and talking. Now if you're expecting a steamy lesbian sex scene right about now, I'm sorry to disappoint you becuz nothing like that happened. We just listened to music and talked, though I hafta admit the whole situation felt pretty sexy!

After a while I decided I should get going so I took her Econ book and the spiral bound workbook that it came with and headed back to my dorm.

And then I was at the side doorway. I took a breath and pushed the door open and was outside again. The sky had clouded over and I felt sprinkles of rain on my skin as I carried my economics book and workbook in one arm and casually walked again across the grassy commons towards my dorm. I glanced around and saw people noticing me and heard a few shouts, but it was cool. Just the Naked Girl coming home from a visit.

I was about halfway across when a frisbee landed at my feet.

"Little help, please?" a guy's voice called. I looked over and saw a shirtless guy grinning back at me. I picked it up and threw it back to him and walked on but then again it landed in the wet grass just in front of me.

I turned and looked at him again, my weight on one foot and my free hand on my hip. "You either did that on purpose or you're a really bad shot," I said. (It didn't sound as cool as I wanted it to, but it was good enuf). As I was talking, the sprinkles turned to a light rain.

"C'mon out and play," the guy said.

"I can't," I said reflexively. I picked up the frisbee and threw it back again and he caught it easily. "I hafta go," I said. "My books are getting wet."

"Go put 'em away and come back out?"

"I can't," I said. "Bye."

And then I was back inside my dorm feeling really conflicted. I went up to my room and dried off Kell's book with my towel. I couldn't see from my window so I went up to the fourth floor and out onto the sun deck. It was raining pretty hard now and I was quickly wet. I went to the railing and looked down at the commons. The shirtless guy and his two buddies were still throwing that frisbee despite the rain. I wanted to be down there with them, but instead I just watched and let the rain fall on me.

**Really Nude in Public**

After my breakthru last weekend in which I walked naked outdoors across the grassy commons from my dorm to the other girls' dorm in our quad, I knew I wanted to do that again. And I got a perfect excuse to do so when it turned out that Kell couldn't drop that econ class after all becuz she'd missed the deadline.

She's kinda stuck because when basketball practice starts she'll have a schedule conflict (which is why she tried to drop the class). BUT the prof has said several times that 98 percent of what we'll be tested on comes right out of the book. Since we're sharing the book we agreed to study together and I graciously agreed to come to her dorm two evenings a week so we can do all the assignments together.

So twice now (not counting the time I already wrote about) I have made that walk -- totally naked -- from my dorm to hers. Like I said, it's really not that far, like walking across a street, but there's always people around so it's definitely public. Nobody seems to mind and the only shouts I've heard have been positive (if sometimes a bit crude). I was more bothered by the cameras.

I've also been dealing with the camera issue in the dorm becuz I've been hanging around in the first floor common area and guys have whipped out their cameras without asking first. I ask them not to do it or to at least agree to keep it to themselves. At least these guys are my friends and I can explain things to them. It's not so much that I mind them taking my photo; I just don't want it to end up on somebody's MySpace page or something.

Anyway, so I walk across the way between the dorms carrying our shared economics book and our shared workbook and I go thru the halls of Kell's dorm saying hi to whoever is around and they are getting to know me. Up on the second floor where all the jocks seem to live I get whistles and hoots as I pass. They act worse than guys sometimes!

The first time we studied together it was just in Kell's room, but the second time we were in their kitchenette sitting at one of the tables and about eight other girls from the floor were in there too, some studying like us and others making food or just hanging out. They were all athlete types like Kell and most of them seemed to be lesbian. Which is fine. In fact, I really enjoyed being the object of their teasing comments and looks even tho I am not gay myself. I guess I have a sufficient bisexual streak to want to flirt with them, but that's probably all.

ANYway. I've ALSO started experimenting a bit with public toplessness. People keep telling me that a girl can get away with being topless on campus wherever a guy can go topless, but NObody seems to actually do this.

Now you might think that if I walked naked across the commons that going topless would be no big deal. But the commons, though definitely public, is just the enclosed area behind the four dorms.

In front of the dorms it's a different story. There's a main public "street" (mostly pedestrians, but cars can go on it at certain times) and across from that there are lecture halls. So that's public in a much bigger way than the quad commons. Lots more people and more chance of being seen by non-students. But I just felt compelled to do it.

So what I did Friday was take off my top when I was almost in front of the dorm walking back from class -- but still on the main walkway. When I was practically, but not quite to the stone steps going up to the main entrance, I untied my top and stuffed it quickly into my bag and just walked on topless among the crowd of passersby. I was only out on the main roadway a brief time. There are about 20 stone steps that lead up to a wide landing and there are always girls and guys hanging out and sitting on the wall. It's the main entrance leading to my dorm and to one of the guys' dorms so there were a LOT of guys to walk past.

And yet amazingly, this went really well -- though again some camera phones came out. But instead of being off in the distance as they were when I walked through the commons, they were right there because we're all on the stone steps which are maybe 20 feet wide.

A lot of the guys I know now because I've met them here or there around the dorms, and some have already seen me completely nude either in the commons or in my dorm, so it wasn't a total surprise. And I feel a lot more comfortable when I've met a guy and know his name and he knows me. Then I'm not an object, I'm a friend.

And some of them greeted me by name, with "Hey Claire, lookin' good today" or "nice outfit, Claire" or things like that. And I felt wonderful!

So anyway, that was more progress. I've really gotten addicted to this and I have no idea where it will lead. I'm sure I'll reach the limit of what I can do publicly pretty soon, but privately among friends I am totally free. I have made a zillion friends already and they support me and understand me (sort of) and they know that this isn't sexual (even if it IS a bit sexy -- there's a difference). So I know I will get to do this as long as I want even if the university cracks down on my public adventures.

And speaking of adventures, I'm writing this on Sunday night and normally we'd have early classes tomorrow but it's a holiday so it's like another weekend night. Amy and I are going over to Steph and Tony's apartment in a little while and I know there will be some other people there, some that I know and some that I don't know. Steph told me I can either stay dressed or take off my clothes when I get there, whatever I decide. That would be cool --and another first for me, going nude somewhere else but the dorms, but I'm not sure I'll actually do it. We'll see . . .

**My Nude Night Out**

It's Tuesday evening and Amy and I are both getting ready for bed. We have become the best of friends in a really short time. She is my anchor when I'm wanting to do daring new things and she says I have made her more confident about her own body. Lately she has started sleeping nude and is more likely to hang out nude in the room when it is just me and her, as she is now (shhhhh!) Anyway,Amy and me and three other girls from this floor who know Steph pretty well walked together about five blocks off campus to Steph and Tony's apartment.

Their apartment is in a big old house that was divided into four apartments to rent to students and you climb up an open stairway from the side of the house. There were five other people there besides Steph and Tony, a couple and another guy. They were all a couple years older than us.

Steph introduced us all and by their reaction I could tell they knew about me. The girl complimented me on my "dress" and I told her it was a vintage silk scarf and she felt it and then the guys felt it (just the hem, of course, not against my body). And Steph said it covered more of me than usual, and suddenly we were talking about me being a nudist and everyone acted fascinated and Steph repeated in front of them that I should feel free to be nude or not, whatever I wanted. And I could tell that everyone was expecting me to strip right there, but I wasn't comfortable doing that yet and just said thanks I might do that, and the conversation awkwardly moved on and Steph handed me a glass of wine.

Back in high school, if you were at a party where there was alcohol the point of the party was getting drunk, which I was never into. But here in college, with slightly older students, it was different. We were adults having a serious conversation about world affairs and art and only sipping at our drinks secondarily because we were all so grown up and sophisticated now. At least, that is how I was feeling after my first glass. I am not a crazy drunk girl, but it also doesn't take much for me to feel it and after that one glass of wine I was feeling really comfortable and I went into the bathroom and took the scarf off but I was still not quite feeling ready for this so I folded it in half and rewrapped it around my waist went back to the party topless. Everyone was totally cool and positive and remarks were made about how versatile a garment this was. But Steph said I really didn't need the scarf at all and everyone agreed with various sincere and encouraging comments and so I took it off and folded it carefully into a little and put it on a table by the door, and then I had a wineglass in my hand again and we were all standing around chatting and I was nude except for my red necklace and shoes. Altho I'd already been nude at a few little parties in the dorm, and there were guys there too, this felt different, exciting. Maybe it was being off-campus or with these older students or maybe it was the fact that I was wearing dressy heels and jewelry while otherwise naked. But I was really feeling . . . um, well, erotic. Not that anything sexual was going on, nor did I WANT anything s exual to happen. But I FELT really, really, REALLY sexy.

Then the doorbell rang and I started to reach for my scarf but Steph put her arm around my waist and whispered in my ear that it was fine. Tony opened the door and suddenly there were two more couples in the room and I was being introduced. And these people had clearly NOT heard about me in advance like the others had, and they acted surprised and delighted to find a naked girl at the party. And I LOVED that moment of meeting them and hearing Steph explain very seriously that I was her nudist roommate from the dorm. And they were like, oh, well, that's so interesting. And I was like, ho-hum, yes I suppose, and yet inside I was bursting with . . . feelings. And there was a wineglass in my hand again and I swear I don't know how it got there.

Yes, I got a little drunk. Not barf-in-the- toilet drunk or anything, but just very happily buzzed about the whole situation. The music had been a boring smooth jazz radio station much of the evening (Tony's preference) but Steph took over and put on some dance music. Normally I would have felt self-conscious dancing naked with guys around, but I was feeling so totally perfect that it didn't matter. Everything seemed just so right and I kicked off those heels and danced!

Most of the girls and a couple of the guys danced too (in that awkward, self-conscious way that guys dance -- is that in the Y chromosome somewhere or what?) and we probably did that for an hour or more, at least I did. The others= danced a little, stopped to talk and then danced some more, but I couldn't stop if I wanted to. Dancing is one of my favorite things, and the best kind of exercise for me because with the right music I often lose track of time and my surroundings.

I knew the guys were all watching me but I honestly wasn't trying to get them to look at me. I was just having a good time. Besides, one of the other girls (Staci from my floor) also had her top off and Amy had taken off the shirt she wore over her tube top and she kept having to pull it back up, so it wasn't just me.

I don't know how much time went by but eventually we stopped because Amy had to pee. I went into the kitchen for some water and almost had to squint my eyes because the light was so much brighter there than in the other room. While I was standing there at the sink gulping down a glass of water two of the guys (Andy and Zach) came over to chat me up and it was only then that I realized how sweaty I was. My hair was damp and I could feel the trickles of sweat running down my body.

It was 2 a.m. when we decided to leave and Steph offered to drive us so we wouldn't have to walk. My silk scarf was right where I left it but I didn't want to put it on, partly becuz I was still feeling sweaty and didn't want to stain it and partly because I just didn't want to. I gave it to Amy to put in her purse and we went out he door and down the open stairway of their apartment. It was a REALLY cool night and the sweat dried almost instantly on my body and I was chilled but eager to continue.

Steph's car was out on the street and down just a little ways. No one else was around, but I knew that could change at any moment if a car came around the corner and there I'd be, a naked girl in the night carrying her shoes.

There were six of us, plus Steph the driver and we crammed into her car. The back seat was full by the time I climbed in so I just sort of hurled myself onto their laps.

These were all girls from my dorm and we were all silly drunk. It was dark but when we'd go under streetlights I could see their faces and I knew someone could see me if they were in a truck or crossing the street while we were at a traffic light. My head was in Amy's lap and she stroked my hair as I looked happily up at her. Staci was at the other end holding my legs and I noticed she was sort of caressing me a bit, not anywhere major but just gliding her hands over my legs (she was the drunkest of all of us that night).

The closest you can get to my dorm in a car (except emergency and security vehicles) is to the parking lot next to Kell's dorm next-door. So our intention was to cut through that dorm on the way to ours. But when we scrambled, giggling, out of the car and made our way to the door of the dorm it was locked.

So we had to walk around that dorm to get to the entrance to our own dorm, and altho it was 3 in the morning there were some people hanging out and we walked past them and said hi and on to our own dorm and that door was locked too but one of the girls had her key card and we were able to get inside.

Naked Around the Guys Well, it's been a week and I've got a pretty good routine and haven't had any real problems. I've made friends with nearly everyone and have been going nude in the dorm virtually all of the time except when I'm dressed to go out or have just come back -- and even then I sometimes get undressed before I make it all the way to my room.

One thing I've known from the beginning is that sooner or later I'd have to deal with whether to be naked around guys. Technically, they're allowed to be upstairs between noon and 7 p.m. and down in the lobby until 11. But the only part of that anyone tries to enforce is guys actually sleeping over or guys being inside the dorm unescorted by a resident female. Other than that no one cares. Emily said it was kinda like me going naked. Technically I'm not supposed to, but no one will bother telling me not to unless someone complains about me (like those Christian girls potentially). So I'm certainly not going to be the bitch who complained about boyfriends being in the dorm after hours.

A guy saw me naked on my very first night in the dorm but it was just a brief across-the-room thing. Since then I've bumped into a few in the hallways and downstairs. They've always been with a girl I know and so far the encounters have been brief, like standing there for two minutes being introduced and saying hi and nice meeting you. But STILL. Try doing that naked. It feels like a lot longer than two minutes lemme tell ya.

BUT ... I did it and it was fine. And actually it was fun -- though at least one of my girlfriends was a bit annoyed. I talked to her later, afraid she was mad at me, but she said she was only mad at him for the way he totally ignored her while being flirty with me (which is SO not cool). But I was relieved that she wasn't blaming me too, which she wasn't.

My "going out wardrobe" still needs some work. I've modified some tee shirts, but my only preferred bottoms right now are my three little skirts and the multicolored undies Amy contributed. I did a little running the other day while wearing the yellow panties and ribbed sleeveless white tee shirt that I'd cut short.

I ran a couple miles and it was humid so I got pretty sweaty and as I approached the student center plaza I stopped running and just walked thru the plaza catching my breath. It was crowded with lots of people sitting around on benches and on the plaza steps in the sun. There was plenty of skin on display besides mine (In fact, I've been told that supposedly in this plaza girls sometimes go topless but I haven't seen it yet. I'll do it myself once I'm sure it's okay.)

But as I was waking through this crowd I could tell lots of guys were checking me out. One thing about these cotton panties that make them different from bathing suit bottoms is that when the fabric gets wet it really clings to your skin so I figured I probably had a major wedgie on display, which was fine with me.

I always cut through the student center on my way to the dorms and when you go in that main door you feel the air conditioning hit you and you see yourself in a big mirror along one wall. Being sufficiently vain to do so I watch myself approach the mirror and check myself out as others just did outside. And it's only then that I realized that it wasn't just my butt I was showing off but my front as well. Not only had the yellow fabric become pretty transparent when wet, but I had a very noticeable "frontal wedgie" as well (if ya know what I mean!)

I resisted the temptation to adjust myself and walked on through the crowded hallway to the rear door and on from there to my dorm.

I ran a little more from there and was pretty sweaty again when I got inside the dorm. I went straight to one of the bathrooms, stripped off and got in the shower to rinse off. There's liquid bodywash in all the showers so I only need my own products once a day and just use what's there for my extra showers.

I rinsed out my sweaty things and carried them and my running shoes back to my room, dripping wet as I walked because I had no towel.

As I came back to my room I heard voices and as when I opened the door I saw not just Amy, but also Steph, who had come by to visit . . . with her boyfriend, Tony.

Although Steph has not been sleeping here I've seen her almost every day this week and I met Tony a couple times outside the dorm. So he'd seen me in skimpy clothes and knew I was a nudist and I'd told Steph it would be okay to bring him over whenever she wanted. So I knew this was going to happen, I just didn't know when. Even so I was surprised and a little flustered to have him suddenly there in the room.

But I kept my cool and just said "Hey Tony. Nice to see you."

"It's a lot nicer to see you," he said with a grin, checking me out with a glance up and down. "That's a good look for you."

"My favorite outfit," I said (a line I use a lot), glancing at Steph's face to make sure she was okay with this degree of flirting, but Tony was already checking in with her, unlike that other guy who ticked off his girlfriend.

"I see you're going for the smoothie look," Steph exclaimed. "When did you do that?"

"Um, a few days ago."

"Very sexy, don't you think, Tony?"

Okay, that was a little more attention than I wanted. Fortunately I had to dry my hair so I did that in front of the mirror while the three of them sat back down and talked. I stopped the drier a couple times to join in the conversation and then when I was all done I plopped down on my desk chair and we sat around talking for an hour or so. The subject of my nudity came up a couple of times, but just as part of the conversation of what we'd all been doing that week. Steph quizzed me about it more than Tony did, but I think he liked hearing about it.

When they were getting ready to leave, I walked them down the stairwell to the side doorway and even stepped a few feet outside on the sunny concrete landing and I hugged them both goodbye and stood there in the sun watching them go down the steps. A guy on a bike rode by and slowed down to look at me. I waved at him and turned back into the building, feeling great but wishing I could have just walked out into the sun naked.

Interrupted Prayers Well it's Friday night and we were going to go out check out the dance places off campus, but we never quite made it. There was a sort of party down on the second floor and we spent most of the evening there, which was pretty fun for me because I could be naked which I could not be elsewhere. We had a little wine (shhhh!) and when we came back to our room so I could get dressed for us to go out, Amy, that wussie, fell asleep! But that's okay. I'm not really that much for partying, though I do like to dance. It is how I get my best exercise. (And speaking of exercise, there is a great work-out room on the first floor that I haven't tried yet but hope to this weekend.) My only regret about not making it off-campus tonight was I was feeling pretty excited about going out to a dance place dressed the way I've been this past week.

Ever since Monday afternoon I've been basically trying to be as close to nude as I can reasonably be while outside the dorm. In my Quest for Skimpy Clothing I sorted out my stuff and set aside all the stuff I DON'T want to wear. I'm tempted to take it all to the Goodwill but I suppose I'll need it when I go home at breaks or when it gets cold. But for now I just want those little bits. I've seen girls around campus wearing practically nothing and if they can do it so can I!

Amy contributed to the cause by going through her stuff and offering up a tube top and halter for me to borrow when I want. She doesn't have the same urge I have to be as naked as possible, but she does feel to some degree the same feeling of liberation being off on our own in a more liberal place where you can get away with much more than in your hometown.

In going thru her stuff I saw some skimpy bottoms I fell in love with but she said, "Claire, these are panties."

I looked at them and could see she was right, but they were the kind where it's not that obvious. No frills or anything and they weren't see-thru. Just thin cotton panties in bold colors like red and green and blue, but faded out from many washings. They were basically the same as bathing suit bottoms so she gave me a couple. And twice I have gone around campus wearing those panties as my only bottoms. You can't tell (for certain) that they're underwear. I mean, they're no different from bathing suit bottoms, except that the fabric is pretty thin.

But my favorite bottoms are still my little cotton skirts with the elastic waistbands because I can pull them as low on my waist as I dare. I'd already worn them so low they were at the very top of my pubic hair and I decided the other day I could go lower with a little shaving.

I've never had to shave my pubes because they're just a little scraggly clump with no shape and don't peek out from standard bikini bottoms (though I've never owned the most skimpy of suits).

So the3 other day in the shower I started trimming downwards, not really sure how much I'd leave. I did about half and got out and checked myself out in the mirror. It looked really stupid, like a sideways 'landing strip'.

Amy laughed when she saw it. "Um, it looks like a mustache," she said trying not to laugh.

Soooo, I went back to the bathroom and whacked the rest of it off in front of the mirror. While I was doing this Emily the RA came into the bathroom and when she saw what I was doing she sort of cheered me on and as I toweled off the shaving cream I was kind of shocked by the difference it made, like I was nude for the very first time and Emily sort of made a fuss over me saying how nice I looked and I felt my face get hot and whenI looked in the mirror I was blushing all over my face and down my neck and halfway across my chest. But I was mainly fixated on looking at my shaven area because it was so BALD now even though there had only been that little bit of hair before. But what made all the difference was having someone around me laughing and telling me how good I looked. Maybe I'm just superficial, but a little attention like that goes a long way with me and I was on a cloud.

Unfortunately, about a half-hour afterwards I had the opposite experience. I was all happy and wandering around the dorm wanting people to notice my new look and I waltzed into one of the common rooms where some girls were gathered at a table. These were some of the girls I hadn't gotten to know yet because they tended not to respond much when I greeted them in the hallways.

This time I stupidly marched right up to them all cheery and chatty and asked what they were up to.

"We WERE praying," one of them said coldly.

"We'd invite you to join us, but you're not exactly dressed appropriately for God," another said (or something like that, I forget exactly, but that was the gist and her tone was very snotty).

So I stammered an apology and fled from the room. It was the first time I felt dirty and wrong for doing this and in part of my mind I had already decided to totally stop doing this and dress like a normal, sensible "good girl" again.

But as I got back to my floor I ran right into Emily again -- literally I ran into her, almost knocking us both down but she caught me and for just a second or two she was holding me in her arms as I got my balance again. (And yes, if you haven't guessed I do have a bit of a crush on her, but not in a sexual way; she's just very cool and I admire her and enjoy it when she pays attention to me).

ANYway, I'm glad I saw her right then because she talked me off the ledge and reminded me that everybody's different and contrary to my natural instincts I don't HAVE to be friends with EVERYone. True, that's one of my personality flaws. It's like I need to win everyone's approval or something.

So I was okay after that and pretty soon I was outside feeling the wind blowing under my little skirt, which I had pulled down so low it was showing all the skin that used to have hair on it and for about the 50th time some guy fell in step beside me and started chatting me up. But I don't mind that if they're nice and not jerks. I let him walk with me and enjoyed talking to him (I enjoy talking to nearly anyone), but I didn't answer when he suggested we meet again or IM. I just smiled and told him I'd see him around and I felt him watching my partially exposed butt crack as I went into my next class.

**Thinking About Going a Little Further**

I think I wrote last time about walking naked across the grassy commons between the two girls dorms in the quad to go study with my friend Kell. Well now I make that trip two or three times a day, not just to see her but to visit with other friends and really just to do it.

And lately in the mornings when I get up, instead of going up to the kitchenette of my own dorm for breakfast, I walk naked across the commons to the other dorm and get something from their vending room on the first floor. We have great vending service in both dorms. You can get fresh fruit, yogurt, cereal and milk and all that, and there's plenty of tables and chairs, and even a little outside eating area with an awning. I really like that becuz it feels almost as if I'm going out to a restaurant naked. In the mornings I do this alone because Amy won't get her butt out of bed until the last minute and skips breakfast. And because this is at about 7 a.m. it is often pretty chilly which for some reason I like.

Altho there aren't many people around at that hour, later in the day when it is warm I will find other excuses to make the trip. Everyone in the quad knows me and I know nearly everyone by name and I stop to chat for a brief moment or two with several different people as I make my way across the quad. Some of the guys are still obnoxious and there are still a few girls here and there who turn up their noses at me, but it's mostly been just fine. But I don't stay out more than a few minutes at a time and am always headed towards one dorm or the other and soon inside. I still expect someone in one of those windows to call security on me, plus if I am out there too long there will eventually be a crowd of guys around me.

As for outside the dorm area I've taken my top off now and then. I am boldest when I'm with a crowd of friends and we're not near a busy street or large numbers of people. Amy, Steph and Kell are my closest friends but there are several other girls (and guys) that I hang around with and when they're walking with me someplace I sometimes can be talked into whipping off my top for part of the journey.

I've acquired a few more of those silk scarves I wrote about before. They are very handy because I can just slip them off and fold them up in my purse or my bookbag as I come back to the dorm. In addition to the scarves, I also have a couple skirt-like bottoms that a friend of mine made with her little $25 mini sewing machine that she got from Target. We were inspired by that little two-flap skirt that detaches from the bikini bottoms. Although I've worn that a few times I can't really wear them to class or in real crowds of people because they truly don't cover enuf. So my friend found some vintage ladies handkerchiefs and put a loop hem in them and held them together with an elastic cord. So like the bikini skirt they just have a flap in front and flap in back, but the flaps are big enuf (though barely) that they almost make a skirt except just a sliver of skin that shows on each hip. But then when I want to I can bunch the cloth together like you do when opening a curtain and then much more of my hips are exposed. So that has come in really handy because I can walk past a prof into a classroom looking reasonably well covered and then let more show when I'm seated. And I like to lift the back flap as I sit so that my bare butt is on the seat. (Some people probably find that gross, but I like how it feels.)

Interestingly, I have felt more secure and safe totally naked in the quad commons than wearing my skimpy outfits elsewhere on campus because I sometimes feel a bit creeped out by stalker-boys who aren't brave enuf to come near but hover nearby. I don't think they're dangerous but you never know and I'm careful about where I go by myself.

Fortunately, I'm not really alone that much. Just in the few weeks I've been here I've made a lot of friends -- and not just horny guys who want to hang around with me but real friends, mostly girls but some guys.

I haven't really dated anyone yet, though I do get offers! I like some of these guys but just as friends. There are three guys in particular that I spend a lot of time with. They are just guys from the dorms in the quad and they hang out with me and Amy and some of the other girls from my dorm. One of the few things the RAs are strict about is guys only being in our dorms when visiting a specific person so these guys are here as our guests. I go naked around them in the dorm common rooms (ours, never theirs!) where we watch TV, play ping-pong, etc. I know they get off on being around me and I enjoy their occasional horny comments but for the most part me being naked just isn't the central focus of conversation anymore. I forget I am nude for long stretches of time and only remember when I look up and notice all the guys are staring at my crotch and I realize I'm sprawled in some natural position but accidentally displaying myself, and when that happens I quickly change positions and we all laugh about it and I feel embarrassed (in a good way). There have even been times when we decide to go someplace and I start walking for the door and don't remember until we're almost outside that I need to put something on.

When I am in Kell's dorm I sometimes hang around near the main front entrance look out, wanting to just walk out there. There's a parking lot on one side and down the way there's the back of the Art building and in front there's a street (not a busy one) across which there's a little coffee place with a few booths inside and a to-go window where people walk up and order like at Dairy Queen. I fantasize about walking out that door, crossing the street naked and going up to the take-out window to buy a cup of coffee. I don't even like coffee, but I'd like to try that one of these days.

**Nude Off Campus**

> It is Friday evening (finally!) and in a few minutes Amy and I are going across the courtyard to Kell's dorm where there is a party. And yes, I will be going nude although it is a bit chilly tonight. > The party will be nearly all girls, but a lot of them are lesbians so that can be pretty exciting too -- the flirting, I mean. I don't > actually do anything physical with them but I enjoy how they act around me.

> Anyway, I haven't written in a while, not really because of the "boycott" but just because I've been busy, etc. But here are a couple quick things.

> As you know, I often go nude in the two girls dorms and in the open courtyard in between the four dorms in the quad (which includes two boys dorms). The most I do elsewhereis dress skimpily(and I don't do all that much of that anymore) or I've occasionally gone topless for a little while.

About a week ago on a sunny but chilly day I had gone across to visit Kell to study economics together. The exit of my dorm that I'm in the habit of using was blocked off for repairs to broken glass and I had to take another door. No big deal, but then on the way back from I walked out of habit to the door that was locked and only thought of it when I got there. I could have walked back along the courtyard to the other door, but I decided on a whim to walk around to the FRONT of the dorm. Even tho I'm so comfortable back in the courtyard, the front of the dorm is way different because it is a busy area. There are lecture halls across the "road" (it's built like a street but is pedestrian only except for emergency vehicles. All classes change at the same time and there's 15 min in between so during class changes it is really really crowdedwith people walking busily up and down the roadway.

Soooo, there I came along the relatively quiety side of the dorm and emerged into this busy crowd. I was wearing only my sneakers, ballcap on backwards and my watch and I was carrying my econ book and workbook. A front entrance to my dorm was right there on the corner and my intention was to round the corner from the little sidestreet and go right up the stone steps to my dorm. But then I decided that was too quick and I kept walking toward the middle entrance. So I had to walk about 20-30 seconds in the busy, busy between-classes crowd to get to the next entranceway to the dorm. I acted like this was just normal and tried not to rush though my heart was pounding. Lots of faces looked at me withsurprise but basically everyone kept going wherever they were in a hurry to go and I realized that with my books in my arm I must have looked like I was on my way back from a class, and I loved that thought.

I was aware that a few guys had changed their routes to follow me, but just then we were at the main entrance to my dorm and I turned up the steps and quickly ran into a group of friends who were impressed my by entrance.

> The other thing I did that was fun was to basically walk off campus nude. I have been off campus nude several times but either I wore something along the way or I went nude in someone's car (there is a parking lot just outside of the front of Kell's dorm so I could go from my dorm across the courtyard to hers, down the hallway and out the corner entrance to the parking lot and into a car and go from there. > One of the places I've gone is to an apartment just across the street from campus where these girls Mickey and Heather live. Mickey is on the basketball team with Kell and I'd met her in Kell's room several times. Her apartment was one of the places I went to a few times either wearing something or nude-by-car. But it was really not far away so I wanted to try walking to it. So here's the logistics. From my dorm I walk across the courtyard to the back entrance of Kell's dorm and go to her room to get her. Then we (and several friends) go down the same hallway to the same exit where we'd gone to the parking lot before BUT this time we didn't go to the parking lot. Instead we walked across the grassy area next to the art building toward a street that is one of the boundaries of campus. It is not a very busy road and there were no cars close by. So there I was naked and with no clothes with me and it was a reasonbly warm day so my friends weren't wearing sweatshirts or anything extra they could share. I was going out on a limb doing this and that's what made it so fun. So we got all the way to the street and a couple cars went by and faces in the cars looked at me with surprise and we crossed the street. There's a little coffee shop there with outdoor tables and some people were sitting at them and watched me walk by and we turned down the sidewalk to the corner and then down the next street two houses to our destination. And then we went inside like it was no big deal, but BOY was it exciting to me! And we stayed there and hung out a few hours and talked and had a glass of wine and then we went back the same way we came and this time there were more cars and some guys got out of one of them and wanted to party with us, but we were pretty close to the dorm by then and were in and let the door shut behind us, locking and I waved to them as we went down the hall.

**Coffee Shop**

Well, I have a little news, some good and some not so good. You know that coffee shop I told you about that is across the street from Kel's dorm? I finally walked to it nude and bought coffee! I went at 6 a.m. on a Sunday with six girlfriends, all of them dressed and wearing jackets and hooded sweatshirts because it was pretty chilly. It was still dark and they all got up really early just to help me do this. Not only was it cold, but there was a little sprinkle of icy rain as we walked together along the sidewalk by the art building and to the street. It was dark and there was really no traffic and we could see the coffee house all lit up and could see that there was no one inside but they guy who ran it at that hour, a cute guy who looks like he could be a grad student.

This coffee house is very small and has an outside window like a Dairy Queen, but also a little counter indoors. I've been there several times, but never naked.

My plan was just to go to the ourdoor window and my friends lined up in a row behind me so if any traffic passed they'd block the view so only teh guy inside could see me. He grinned, watching me approach. I ordered coffee for all seven of us and stood there shivering a little as he wrote our order down.

And he said why don't you all come inside? And I said, well, don't you have one of those no-shirt, no-shoes, no-service rules? And he said are you wearing shoes? And I said yeah, and he said that was close enough.

So we went inside and I felt more conspicuous because it was bright, bright in there and the windows were all dark. There are no booths, just a counter with a row of eight or nine red vinyl retro stools like in old fasioned dime stores. I sat in the middle and when my bare butt touched the stool it was such a nice feeling. My butt has been on lots of chairs, stools, couches, etc the past couple months but somehow this was a bit new, being so public.

So the guy told us his name was Derek and that he recognized me from my (clothed) visits but hadn't realized I was this famous naked chick he'd heard about and he asked for my autograph on a napkin and I gave it to him, writing "Derek, best wishes, Claire The Naked Girl."

So we all sat there sipping our coffee and talking like this was the most normal thing in the world and gradually it got lighter outside and a couple people came up to the outside window and Derek helped them and they didn't even notice me. I was nervous but felt safe and somewhat hidden and then the door banged open and a guy came in with a bundle of newspapers and put them on the counter and almost tripped over his feet when he noticed me. He smiled and I said good morning to him and Derek signed something for the papers and the guy turned to go, taking another look at me as he left.

But now it was pretty light and we'd been there a while and I felt we should go before more people showed up, so we went back out into the cold, but now it was different because it was light and there was more traffic on the street. But I knew it would only take us 60 seconds or so to cover the distance so I didn't worry too much about it and just sauntered across the street, not even trying to hide behind my friends when a car went by. We passed the art building again and some lights were on and a guy was in there working on a scaffold for some reason and I could see him looking at me so I waved at him and he waved back. And then we were at the door of Kel's dorm, going inside and I glanced back at the coffee house across the street as the door closed behind us.

So that's my good news. The bad news is that I'm not seeing Jeff anymore, the guy I wrote about a while ago. I liked him and it was really, really, really exciting to me when we'd be together kissing and I was naked and my entire body was alert and feeling every little touch on my skin, not on sexual places (I kept him off of those) but everywhere else, my shoulders, my sides, my legs, just everywhere. And walking around with him arm in arm was really great, especially when we'd stop to talk with someone or when we'd pass a mirror and I'd see myself so naked and just walking normally with my clothed boyfriend. But I knew that what was satisfying to me might not be completely satisfying to him. For him there were two negative things. First, he realized I wasn't going to have sex with him anytime soon, and possibly never. Second, he didn't like seeing other guys reacting to me. I have lots of friends, some of them guys. There are a few guys in particular who visit our dorm a lot and we have this group of ten or twelve people who tend to hang out together. Others are welcome too, but it's just a natural little group, mostly girls but two or three guys. I know them really well, better than I knew Jeff. They see me naked every day. They joke around and flirt a little and it's just in fun. Yes, they'd like it if I was romantically or sexually interested in them, but they accept that I'm not, and that fact does not totally devastate them. Then there's Jeff. He got to kiss me. He got to touch me. My other guy-friends would, they admit, LOVE to be in his shoes. But is he satisfied with this? No. He wants to own me. He wants to control me and decide for me who is going to be my friend and who gets to hang out with me. Well guess what? No, he doesn't. And for even trying to be in control of me he lost me. Gone. Poof. He is history. And I told him that. I totally told him off and broke up with him right there in the lobby of my dorm, me naked and with people all around. I did that on purpose when I decided to dump him. I was avoiding his calls and finally agreed to meet him there in the lobby and he knew something was up and I came down and let him in the door and I made sure I did this naked because I wanted to remind him of what he threw away when he decided he could control me like something he owned. I told him off, not quietly, right there in the most public place I could arrange in which I could also be nude, which is the lobby/entrance to my dorm. I'm not a nasty person. I'm a nice person. I like almost EVERYone. I befriend nearly everyone I meet. But I will not be treated like something a guy can "claim" by planting his flag or something. I'm a person and I'm in control of my life and guess what, nobody else is except me. I'm a great catch. I'm cute. I'm pretty. And I go NAKED most of the time. There's a whole freakin LINE of guys wanting to go out with me and I don't "need" ANY of them. I'm attracted to some of them and maybe possibly I would enjoy a closer relationship with one of them. But if he thinks he's going to control me, well . . . he's in for a surprise.

To Be Continued

maybe???