[Coffee Shop](http://nudeinpublicstories.blogspot.com/2008/12/coffee-shop.html)

By Claire  
  
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 outdoor 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 fashioned 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.