**Dear Goszia**

by[Hapaxlegomena](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=2300779&page=submissions)©

My life in England has suddenly turned a bit crazy, but in a good way I think! After that stupid Italian guy dumped me and I lost my job at the hotel I was nearly ready to give up and come back to Krakow, but one of my friends in London was nice enough to let me stay at her place for a couple of weeks to sort myself out. Anyway I was looking at Craigslist for another live in housekeeping job in a hotel and I saw this weird ad for a nude housekeeper to work in a private house outside London, accommodation included and not bad pay. It seemed a bit strange, but I emailed to say I was interested and was invited for an interview a few days later  
  
The following Monday I took a train to a small town just north of London and then a taxi to the address where I had the interview. I thought it might be something like Downton Abbey, but when I got there it was just a normal detached house with a nice garden - as you know in England even houses like that cost a lot of money! There was a buzzer on the gate and I was let in and went up and knocked on the front door. A very pretty Australian girl answered, and she was completely naked! She just acted like everything was normal. She was expecting me and showed me into a nice comfortable room and got me a cup of coffee.  
  
While we had our coffee she explained a few things to me. First, and most important, the job really was for a housekeeper to live in and work in the nude. The man who owned the house was usually naked and he preferred the people around him to be the same. The work wasn't too hard - cooking, cleaning and a bit of help with other things - and the accommodation was nice. Like me she hadn't quite known what to expect and had originally planned on staying for 3 months or so but had been there for more than 2 years. Also, I was expected to be naked for the interview, but I had the choice to back out.  
  
If the Australian girl hadn't been there I might have left at this point, but I was a little bit curious as well as very nervous. She said I could undress in her room and so I did. I could wear something on my feet if I wanted, but nothing else. The room was very nice, and I sat down on the bed for a few minutes wondering if I was going mad. Then I stood up and took my clothes off. I was glad I was on my own, and wished I had worn matching underwear in case anybody saw me. Once I was naked I stood in front of the mirror for a few minutes. I brushed my hair and checked my make up and wondered if I should have shaved my pussy. The Australian girl had hair but I think she trimmed it. Then I stepped back into my shoes, took a deep breath and went back to room we were in before.  
  
She told me that I looked gorgeous and said that we could take a bit of time before the interview for me to get used to being without clothes. I didn't think that was possible but didn't say anything. We chatted for a few minutes and I compared my body to hers. She was lovely and brown all over, with long wavy light brown hair and freckles across her nose. Her boobs were small and firm with small, light coloured nipples. She had slender legs, a pert bottom and a neatly trimmed bush. In other words, the opposite of me.  
  
I noticed her checking me out, and felt very plain and dowdy with my short black hair and milky white skin. I was shorter but probably weighed a bit more than her, with my round backside and slightly chubby thighs. I was glad I had shaved my legs and armpits, and if my pussy wasn't trimmed at least it was tidy. I think that she only noticed my boobs, though. She might have been taller and slimmer with an all over tan, but my c cups with those pink nipples that were standing up as usual made her look flat chested and I think made her a bit jealous.  
  
She suggested we look around the house so she could explain what I needed to do. I had already seen the room I would use, which was nice and big with its own bathroom. There was a TV and good broadband, much nicer than anywhere else I've lived in the U.K.! The man who owns the house is an accountant who works from home for just a few hours a day, always in the morning but not usually after lunch. She had a schedule of jobs that she showed me, and said that most days it only took 3 - 4 hours, mostly in the morning. It's a beautiful house!  
  
Next she showed me the garden. Luckily it was a nice warm day, but I felt very nervous about going outside naked. Can you imagine, me, shy little Ewa, walking around a garden in the nude? She told me that no one can see into the garden because there is a big fence, and also this means there is usually no wind so it is warm a lot of the time. There are gardeners who visit to do most of the hard work, but the owner also enjoyed gardening and I would be expected to help from time to time.   
  
Although I felt very nervous, the fresh air and sunshine on my skin felt good. Maybe we should go to a FKK beach together sometime! After a few minutes we went around the side of the house and there was an outbuilding with some fitness machines and a small outside swimming pool. She told me that she often spent her afternoons there, sunbathing, swimming and relaxing, sometimes with the boss.   
  
We sat on a couple of sun loungers by the pool. I had started to relax and I liked the idea of using the pool and the small gym, even if I would have to be in the nude. I asked about the man she worked for. She told me that he is a nice man who just likes to look at naked women. Most of the time it is just like being around a fully dressed man, but sometimes he gets an erection when he is looking at you or talking to you. He never does anything to you or tries to make you do anything you don't want to.   
  
A few minutes later she took me back in because it was time for my interview. She gave me a hug and wished me luck. My nipples went extremely hard, and I straightened my shoulders to push my boobs out and went into his office.   
  
He stood up when I came into the room and shook my hand. Of course he was naked and I was able to see that he had a deep all over tan. He is in his 50s but still in good shape, with short grey hair and piercing blue eyes. He must have been very handsome when he was young, and is still if you like older men! He checked me out and I could tell he was impressed by my boobs. I must admit I got a little bit excited about being admired by this man, even if he is probably older than my father.  
  
We sat down and then it was just like any other interview. He was pleased that I have some experience of office work as well as housekeeping, and we seemed to be getting on well. He explained a bit more about the job, and then he told me that he found me very attractive so he might sometimes get aroused. Then he stood up again and he was hard! It was already a weird day, so this didn't bother me and actually he has a nice big cock which I maybe stared at for a bit longer than I should. I told him that it was OK as long as he didn't try to do anything with me.   
  
Then the interview was over and he said that he would let me know. He then asked the Australian girl to go through a few last details before I went. She told me that he must have liked me, otherwise I would just be on my way home now.  
  
We went back to her room - my room if I got the job! - and the first thing she did was open the wardrobe. There was just one dress hanging up in there, plus 3 or 4 pairs of shoes. She explained that, while I was there, I would have just 1 item of clothing to wear if I needed to go out, for example to the local shop, and that I could only wear it outside the house unless the boss said so. No underwear allowed! I asked about her other clothes, and they were locked away in a cupboard. She could use them on her day off if she was going anywhere, but there was a bonus if she followed the no underwear rule. She told me that she hadn't worn any for the whole time that she worked there!  
  
Otherwise the rules are quite simple. There are people who regularly visit the house, and all of them know that there will be nudity. Most of them get naked as well. Very occasionally it might be necessary to get dressed for a visitor, but in the 2 years she had been there this had only happened 3 times. Sometimes there is a delivery when you need to slip your dress on. There is 1 day off a week, usually Saturday.   
  
She also told me that she had visited FKK clubs and beaches with the boss - it isn't compulsory, but he encourages it. She had also been on a couple of holidays with him to FKK resorts in France and Spain, again not compulsory but definitely worth it.  
  
And then it was time to go. I got dressed again, and she told me that she pitied me having to wear those clothes on such a nice day. She also suggested that I go without underwear, but I wasn't ready for that! The taxi turned up, she wished me luck and I headed back.  
  
\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*  
  
On the journey home my mind was in a spin, but I soon decided to take the job if I was offered it. Yes, it was all very strange and maybe a little bit scary, but the boss seemed like a nice man and the Australian girl had obviously enjoyed working for him enough to stay for more than 2 years. I decided to give it a few months and see how it went - it will be easy to save money, especially on clothes shopping!  
  
A couple of days later I got a text message offering me the job, and I accepted. Claudia, the girl I was staying with, was pleased for me and also pleased that I wouldn't be staying too long I think - her flat is nice but small, only 2 rooms and a bathroom, and I was sleeping on a sofa bed in the main room. She starts work early, so she has had to tip toe around me in the mornings while she has breakfast and gets ready.  
  
Anyway, for the last few days before I started my new job I tried to do a few things to try and prepare for my new job.   
  
First, I started to sleep naked. I knew that Claudia would be OK with it because she sleeps naked herself usually and I often saw her naked in the mornings when she was getting ready, and sometimes in the evening after a shower or just before bed. I didn't usually get out of bed until after she left, so she probably hadn't seen me naked yet.  
  
The morning after I was offered the job I got out of bed when she went into the bathroom and made some coffee - neither of us has anything to eat for breakfast - and when she came out of the bathroom I gave her a mug of freshly brewed coffee just as she likes it. She said it was a nice surprise, and I think she probably meant the coffee but maybe also the fact that I was naked. We chatted for a few minutes, both naked, like it was the most natural thing in the world.  
  
When she went to get dressed I slipped back into bed and checked my mobile for a few minutes until she left. Then I got up and realised that I didn't have anything much that I needed to do for the next few days, so I had the opportunity to stay nude in the flat for most of the day if I wanted to. I spent the morning watching TV and doing a bit of cleaning. I worried that I might get a bit cold, but I soon got used to it, so much that when I was looking out of the window I didn't even think that anybody who looked in could see my boobs! I don't think anyone did, though.  
  
All this I thought I could adapt to. I have slept naked before, though not often, and being naked indoors and in private might have been a bit of a challenge but it didn't freak me out too much. The big challenge was going to be wearing so little when I went out. After lunch I sorted through my clothes and eventually decided on a dark blue dress that comes down below my knees. I looked quite respectable even though I was totally naked underneath. I don't think I'd ever been out without underwear before, and the idea made me nervous.  
  
I decided that I should face this challenge, but the first time I didn't wear a skirt or a dress. I put on a pair of jogging bottoms and a zip up hoodie, classy I know! In this part of London you see many people dressed like this, some are going to the gym and some are just slobs. I decided to go for a short walk in the park, and then go to the shops to get a couple of things. Being bare under the jogging bottoms was OK, but I soon realised it was too warm for the hoodie I was wearing, and I pulled the zip more than half way down before I remembered that I wasn't wearing anything underneath! I quickly zipped it back up to a respectable level.  
  
Walking around braless wasn't uncomfortable, but even in this thick top my nipples poked through. I was worried about what people might think, but most people didn't seem to notice. I noticed a few men looking at my chest, but that happens quite a lot anyway, and I think I got disapproving glances from one or two women, but nothing terrible happened. In the park I found a quiet spot and unzipped my top to let my boobs get some air - it felt good!  
  
I was back at the flat and dressed before Claudia got back. I hadn't told her everything about my new job - in fact, you're the first person I've mentioned anything to - and I was worried that she'd find a sudden outbreak of nudity a bit too much to deal with. I cooked us a nice dinner and we just chatted and watched TV for a while.  
  
The next couple of days were similar, except that I dared to venture out in my dress. At first I felt very self conscious, but it was a nice sunny day and there were plenty of girls in short skirts and crop tops, so I probably looked quite demure in comparison. Of course, I suppose that they were all wearing something beneath their skimpy outfits - I was only wearing my dress and shoes. At first I panicked at the slightest breeze, but it would be almost impossible for this dress to blow up around my waist unless there was a hurricane.  
  
Anyway, if you haven't tried wearing a skirt or dress with nothing underneath, I recommend it on a warm and sunny day! It feels a bit strange for a short while, then you stop thinking about it except when a little gust of wind finds its way up your skirt and then you feel deliciously naughty. I remember a girl at our college who sometimes used to go out like that and we all thought she was dirty. I think maybe we were wrong and should have followed her example.  
  
Finally it was the last day before I left for my new job. When Claudia got back that evening I had just got out of the shower so I was already naked. She went into the shower almost immediately and I started putting some dinner together. It was a hot day and it was really warm in the flat, so I didn't bother putting anything on. When she came out of the shower she looked a bit surprised and I just said that it was too warm to bother with clothes and to my surprise she agreed!   
  
We had dinner and then had a couple of glasses of wine and watched TV together, both of us in the nude. She told me that at home in Germany she and her family were often nude at home and on the beach, but she was a bit surprised that I did the same thing. I just said that I was following her example, and that it was really nice to be able to relax without clothes.  
  
Then the next day it was time for me to go to my new job. I don't have that much with me, so it wasn't difficult to get all my things into a couple of cases and get to my new home. I have decided that I will get rid of some of my clothes, as I won't be needing much for a while and I should be able to afford a nice new wardrobe when I finish this job, and I have already taken quite a few of my old jeans and tops to a charity shop.  
  
I said goodbye to Claudia and stepped out in just my dress and a pair of shoes. Although I had tried it a few times already, this time I was aware that this was how it was going to be for the foreseeable future, and I felt both nervous and more than a bit turned on. I took a cab to the station - my new boss was paying my travel expenses - and at the other end another cab to the house that was to be my home from now on.  
  
And so here I am. I've been here for 3 days now, and since I arrived I haven't worn a stitch of clothing apart from on my feet. It's been pretty busy, but I can see how it will get nice and easy in a week or two once I have settled in to a routine. I am mostly on my own through the day, but in the evenings I eat with my boss and afterwards we have a drink and watch TV. He's a nice man and I enjoy chatting to him - I haven't seen him aroused yet, and I'm starting to forget that we're both naked, crazy as it may seem!  
  
Anyway, that's enough for now. Say hello to everybody for me, but maybe keep the details of my new job secret! Let me know how you're getting on, and I'll be in touch again soon.  
  
Kisses  
  
Ewa