**Emma’s First CMNF Swimming Story**

by JohnnyCancer

My first experience swimming naked in front of the opposite sex took place while I was a first-year college student in San Diego.

After orientation, I became part of a large group of friends that regularly met for lunch at the university center after our morning classes. During this time, I became infatuated with Jake, who was in the same English class as me. Trying not to seem too desperate, I looked for excuses for Jake and me to spend time together outside of class. Most of the guys in our group lived in the same residence hall – Kroc – an older brick building which had been around since the college was first built – and so, whenever I had some free time, I would drag a couple of my friends along to see what Jake and the other boys were up to.

We ended up coming over so often that we became just like one of the guys, and were often invited to the wild parties that had made the hall infamous. I never went to any of the parties, because drinking and throwing up repeatedly had never been something I was very fond of. But, the hall did have its own gardens, and Jake and I spent much of our free time relaxing there. Jake also showed me the large, empty indoor pool that was part of the hall. It was empty during the Fall semester, and most of the girls on campus didn’t even know that part of the hall existed. Apparently, the boys were very protective of the pool as “theirs,” so I was very excited at the beginning of the Spring semester when Jake invited me to go swimming now that the pool had water in it.

The next day, during our regular lunchtime meeting, Jake repeated his invitation to the rest of our group. The guys would all be there anyway, but as it turned out, the girls all had other things to do, so I would be the only one going. This was fine with me, since all I wanted was spend time with Jake.

I picked up my books and told Jake that I would meet him and the rest of the guys at the hall, after I stopped by my room to pick up a swimsuit. Back at my dorm, I tried to decide which of my bathing suits would make the best impression, after all, it was going to be Jake’s first time seeing me in any sort of state of undress.

A one piece would be too conservative, I thought, but, I also felt that anything with a thong was better suited to sunbathing rather than actual swimming. Eventually, I decided on a bikini which left me fairly well covered without making me seem like a prude. Normally I would have changed into my bikini and then walked over to the hall, but I knew Jake would be waiting for me, so I decided to just use one of the pool’s changing rooms.

Jake met me at the entrance to the hall and greeted me with a big kiss. He was dressed in just a pair of board shorts, and I smiled at seeing his bare chest for the first time, noticing just how muscular he was.

“That was different,” I said, commenting on the kiss.

“I’m just really glad you came,” Jake smiled at me.

As we walked over to the pool, Jake said “Oh, I forgot to mention one thing to you.”

“What’s that?” I asked.

“Well, you know the guys at the hall think of the pool as being “our” pool,” he began.

“Yes,” I laughed, “I know you’re all very proud of it. No girls allowed and all that stuff.”

“Well,” he said slyly, “it’s not that girls aren’t allowed – but it’s our pool, so we make the rules – and girls can only swim in it on one condition.”

“And what would that be?” I asked incredulously.

“You’ll see,” Jake said mischievously as he held open the door to the pool area for me.

The pool was in a huge, high ceilinged room with large glass windows in the ceiling to allow sunlight in to heat the pool during the Spring and Summer months. There was also a collection of deck chairs and tables arranged around the pool area. As we approached I could see about 20 or 30 guys in shorts in the pool or lounging around on the chairs, as well as several others who were fully dressed and congregating around the tables or walking around the grounds. There were also 3 or 4 other girls in the water – the gender imbalance was rather obvious, but, for a residence hall that was notoriously sexist, 3 or 4 girls was probably better than average.

“So what is this condition you – ” my voice caught in my throat as one of the girls climbed out of the pool and I saw exactly what the condition was.

She was completely naked! I blushed at the sight of the girl, who was completely bare from head to foot, her naked breasts and pussy totally on display for everybody in the hall as she stepped out of the water. I was speechless as I watched the girl walk over to one of the tables near the pool and begin chatting casually with a group of fully clothed guys. She made absolutely no attempt to cover herself, even though the guys made no effort to disguise the fact that they were shamelessly checking her out.

“You won’t be needing those,” Jake said as he took my bikini and placed it on a nearby chair.

I tried to stutter out a response, but was interrupted by someone shouting “Hey Emma!”

I looked over in the direction of the voice and saw Eric, Tim, and several other guys from our group waving at me from the pool. I glanced back at Jake and saw a huge smile spreading across his face.

“Not nervous are you?” He asked, giving my hand a little squeeze.

“I – I” there wasn’t any way I could even begin to answer Jake’s question.

Of course I was nervous! I had expected to go for a swim with friends, and now I was being told that not only did I have to strip completely naked in front of a crowd of strangers, but I’d also have to be naked in front of all of the male friends that I had made over the last 6 months. Guys that I sat next to in class and that I saw on campus every day would know exactly what I looked like – front and back! No wonder Jake was so happy that I came!

“So are you coming in or what?” Eric called out. “We’re all waiting for you!”

I really can’t explain what happened next. Obviously I wasn’t going to strip naked just because of some silly, sexist rule, but when I opened my mouth, I couldn’t believe what came out.

“You bet!” I answered, shocked by the enthusiasm of my response.

I couldn’t believe I said yes. Did I want to get naked?

My heart was pounding and the adrenaline was really pumping. I could feel my head spinning and it was like I was standing outside myself and watching as I suddenly started to peel off my clothes. I couldn’t believe that I was actually doing it! Girls were supposed to be modest – only strippers and sluts took off their clothes in front of a crowd of guys that they didn’t even know. And yet here I was, undressing in front of all of my male friends and handing my clothes to Jake as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

I could feel all the eyes in the room on me as I slid my panties down my legs and tossed them onto the chair with the rest of my clothes. I threw my arms up in the air and jumped slightly, my final flourish greeted with loud wolf whistles and cheers from every guy at the pool. Jake and the rest of our group were clapping for me, and I could see that the other guys sitting around the pool were clearly loving the little show that I had just put on for them. Some of the guys even reached into their pockets for cell phones and began taking pictures of me – but I didn’t even care!

Without thinking, I wrapped my arms around Jake and gave him a kiss on the cheek, then walked over to the edge of the pool so I could dive in. I could hear the cell phones clicking as some of the guys snapped pictures of me – I should have been embarrassed, but instead of covering up, I walked the entire length of the pool, prolonging my exposure even more.

The feeling of being completely naked in front of a room full of clothed men was unbelievable. As I walked around the pool I could feel the cool air from the water flowing over every inch of my body, teasing my nipples and the lips of my pussy, which were used to being covered, not thrust out on display. I looked down at my unrestrained breasts as they bounced up and down, blushing as I realized that every guy at the pool could see me bouncing too.

As I walked past one of the tables, I felt a hand playfully slap my bare butt. I turned around and saw my Math tutor Richard with a huge grin on his face, looking me up and down as I stood completely naked in front of him.

“Richard!” I should have been angry, but I couldn’t stop the smile that was slowly forming across my face. “You’re bad!”

I turned back toward the pool and playfully rubbed the spot where my butt had been slapped before diving into the pool. I was totally bare ass naked and I loved it!

I ended up staying completely naked for the next two hours, even though we only spent about half an hour actually swimming. I spent the rest of the time lounging by the pool with Jake and the guys and walking around the pool area chatting up other boys that I recognized from my classes, enjoying their reactions as they looked me up and down. It was one of the best experiences of my life – I never imagined that walking around naked could feel so good or that I would be so comfortable baring it all for guys that I saw every day.

The next day of classes was almost as fun as being naked the day before. Sitting in class with Jake, I knew that he and the other guys were probably picturing me naked, and every time I passed one of them in the hall, they would give me a knowing look, as if to remind me that they knew exactly what I had underneath my clothes.

After that, I was over at the boys’ pool as much as possible. As I started getting bolder, I would meet Jake and undress at the entrance to the residence hall, in full view of anybody walking by, and then I would walk naked to the pool with Jake holding my clothes, waving to the other guys that we passed in the building. I even started shaving off my pubic hair so that I could literally be completely bare when I took my clothes off.

While I enjoyed showing off for Jake, the best part of coming over to swim was definitely when other guys that I knew would show up and see me naked for the first time. Some of them would just say “Hi” and continue talking with me as if everything was normal, but most would give me a thorough inspection, letting me know that they could see everything, and that they liked what they saw. I even had a few male acquaintances that had never even seen what I looked like wearing clothes!

Kroc also happened to be right next to the library, so towards the end of the semester when everybody was cramming for finals, I would tell my male study partners to meet me at the pool so we could go over to the library together. I loved seeing the looks on their faces when I would climb out of the water completely naked, and I would take my time drying off and getting dressed, making sure they got a chance to see me from every angle.

After seeing me naked on a regular basis for about two weeks, Jake and I started dating and became very serious. The night of our first date, Jake brought me back to Kroc after dinner. Out of habit, I started to undress and handed Jake my clothes before coming inside the hall, even though I knew that we would be nowhere near the pool.

“You know you could get into a lot of trouble if the campus police came by and saw you standing around naked,” Jake warned me as we walked up the stairs to his dorm.

“We’ll just tell them I’m a nudist,” I joked, “besides, I’m just following the rules. No clothes allowed, right?”

Jake gave my bare butt a playful slap.

“So, how long were you planning to invite me swimming so you could see me naked?” I asked as we reached Jake’s room.

“Honestly,” he said with a grin, “I knew that I was going to ask you to come swim the first time I saw you.”

Even though I was now used to being naked around Jake practically all the time, I could still feel myself start to blush at his comment.

“Are all the girls that get invited to the pool happy to go naked?” I asked.

I couldn’t even imagine the situation being the other way around – a guy showing up to a pool full of girls in swimsuits and being told that he’d have to swim naked.

“As far as I know, most of the girls that come along have no problem getting naked,” Jake explained, “and the hall has basically had a “naked” rule for girls since the college first became coed, so it’s basically a tradition now.”

“Oh yes, tradition,” I quipped, “very persuasive when you’re trying to get a girl out of her panties.”

“Well...” Jake laughed, “I’m going to guess that you took your clothes off because you knew that if you didn’t get naked I would think you weren’t worth bothering with.”

I couldn’t help but laugh, even as I punched Jake playfully in the arm, “That’s unbelievably sexist!”

But that was okay. I found being naked around clothed guys incredibly erotic – particularly Jake, because I loved the way he looked at my body – and there’s no rule that says everything that turns you on has to be politically correct.

- Emma