**Hardwired
by Bridget**

Is it possible that the brains of some people are hardwired with certain behaviors from birth? I am certainly not an expert in neuroscience or psychology, but can the brain make us behave in a way that that is counter to our learned behavior? I would have to say yes based on my own life but, again, I am not the expert.

My name is Caitlyn Summers but my maiden name is Malone and growing up I was the epitome of a young Irish lass. Red hair, freckled face, and half tom-boy were my trademarks and adults thought I was adorable. Everyone called me Cait (pronounced Kate) except my mother who used Caitlyn unless I was in trouble and then I became Caitlyn Maureen.

It started for me when I was five years old. I was in kindergarten then and my parents lived in an old house that had a furnace in the basement that warmed the house through vents in the floor. I still shared a room with my three year old brother and one morning I got out of bed while he was still asleep, took off my pajamas, and crouched naked over the vent in the floor. I had this overwhelming desire to be naked but because it was freezing cold outside, and chilly inside, the vent was the only place I felt warm. It was one of those things that even though I was only five, I had to do. I knew there was something wrong about it but I didn’t care. I just had to be naked so that is what I did. There was nothing sexual about the experience because I was too young to know about sex, but as the warm air blew up from the vent and I felt it surround my body, I felt good.

Someone might ask why I felt the need to be naked that morning and the only answer I can give is that it felt right for me to be that way. I know that isn’t much of an answer and even now, all these years later, I still don’t understand why that five-year old girl felt the need to strip and squat over the vent. The urge, or rather the impulse, to strip off my pajamas was so overpowering that I just had to do it. There was no other reason that I can remember.

I managed to get away with it the next three or four days, but my brother caught me and told Mom. He wasn’t trying to get me in trouble; he just told her because he told her everything as he blabbed throughout the day. She sat me down and explained that little girls needed to wear clothes all the time because only nasty girls took their clothes off. When she finished, I was more confused than ever because I didn’t think of myself as a nasty girl but I liked being naked, even if it was just for brief periods. However, I stopped stripping in the morning. The next week my father moved his desk from the third bedroom to the living room downstairs and my brother and I each got our own rooms.

So that night sleeping alone, after my mother and father tucked me in, I squirmed out of my pajamas and slept naked for the first time. For some reason, I didn’t get the same good feeling that I got crouching over the vent so I didn’t do it often, maybe once or twice a week. I think that because I didn’t do it every night, it added a little to the excitement of being naked. I had to make sure that I woke up and put my pajamas back on before Mom or Dad came in to wake me up. But gradually, I started doing it more often. Just doing it once or twice a week wasn’t enough for me so it became three, then four, then five times and eventually I was sleeping nude every night.

It was about four years later that I got my next chance to be naked and this time it was around others. Down the street from us were twin boys, Seth and Sam, who were a year ahead of my best friend Mia and me, who lived across the street from me. It was summer and the four of us were playing at the boys’ house while both their parents were at work. You have to remember that this was a simpler time, when people in small towns left their doors unlocked and no one was worried about child predators.

Sam suggested we play doctor and neither Mia nor I knew what that was. Seth explained that the two boys would be the doctors and one of the girls would be a nurse and the other one the patient. Not knowing what we were getting involved in, Mia and I agreed and I volunteered to be the patient. We went into the dining room and Seth told Mia to get the patient undressed while he and Sam got their “medical supplies.” The boys headed upstairs while Mia and I just sat there looking at each other.

“I don’t think he really means for you to undress,” Mia suggested. “He couldn’t have meant that, could he?”

“I’m not sure. Is there anything else he could have meant?”

“No, from what he said, he wants you naked.”

I just stood there looking at her, then all of the good feelings I had crouching over the heating vent came back. I pulled my shirt off, took off my shoes and socks, and then pushed my shorts and panties down and stepped out of them. I picked up my clothes, folded them neatly, and put them on the table. Then I stood there, stark naked, and waited for the boys to return.

I was embarrassed that Mia was seeing me naked while she was clothed and apprehensive about being seen that way by the boys but somewhere deep inside of me, I wanted this as much as I ever wanted anything. To be naked in front of them was wrong but I didn’t care. The jumble of emotions I was feeling was so confusing that I couldn’t even talk to Mia so I just stood there and smiled at her while she looked at my naked body.

We didn’t have to wait long for the boys. When they came down and saw me standing next to the table naked, Seth and Sam acted as if nothing was unusual. I felt this sudden hot flash as I watched them looking at me and it made me feel excited and different. However, we, and especially me, knew that we were doing something we shouldn’t be doing. I’m not sure the wrongness entered into my thinking at all because while I was embarrassed, I was also thrilled that my fantasy about being naked in front of others was coming true. I was as excited as I had ever been about anything. Just like when I was five, there wasn’t anything sexual about the situation but my excitement was real because I felt that some inner turmoil had been resolved. I didn’t understand it at the time, but being naked with the three of them was like coming home after being gone for a long time. Some things are just right even if you can’t express it in words.

Sam put a towel on the table and told me to sit on it. I climbed up and realized it put my chest with my just budding breasts at their eye level. They were probably a little larger than a quarter and didn’t stick out more than half an inch, but my nipples were hard little points. Sam gave Mia a clipboard and a pencil and told her to write down the notes from the exam.

They took my temperature (with a straw) and Mia wrote it down when Seth told it to her. Then each took a turn measuring my pulse while the one holding my wrist counted the beats and the other watched the clock. Mia wrote those results down as well. Each of them put an ear to my chest to listen to my heartbeat and their hair tickled my nipples. I was almost breathless by then, trying not to squirm. When they finished listening to my heart, they had me lay down on the table. Then they took turns moving each of my limbs through a range of positions. It wasn’t so bad when they moved my arms around, but when Seth grabbed my ankle and pulled my leg to the side, I felt my slit open a little and I blushed but did nothing to stop them. They poked and prodded me for almost an hour before they declared the exam to be over and told me to get dressed.

I was a little sad as I put my clothes on. Being naked in front of the three of them was the most exciting thing I had ever done. Then I shuddered as I realized that according to my mother I was now a nasty girl. I had voluntarily stripped for them just because they told me to do it. I didn’t yet understand about self-control; I was only nine years old, after all, but I sensed that I was weak because I hadn’t put up any resistance at all when they told me to take off my clothes. Yes, I wanted to do it but the talk from my mother came back to me and I didn’t want them to think I was a nasty girl even though I knew I wasn’t.

The next time they suggested playing doctor, they asked Mia to be the patient but she shook her head no without saying anything. I told them I would do it if it was okay with them and they agreed immediately. So for the next three or four weeks, I stripped and let them fondle me two or three times a week. Fondle may not be the right word because we were just kids and certainly didn’t understand the concept of foreplay but that is what it was and I was okay with it because I enjoyed being naked and being touched. When it was over, I was always a little disappointed about getting dressed again.

I finally got up the courage after one exam to not put my clothes back on. When they told me to get dressed, I asked them if I had to. Sam asked me what I meant and I tried to explain.

“If I wanted to stay naked while we played, would it be okay?” I asked him.

“Sure, it’s okay with me. Seth, what about you?”

“If Cait wants to be naked, I’m okay. Mia?”

Mia looked at me and I gave her the look that said please say okay. She nodded and we spent the rest of the day playing board games with me sitting on the floor naked. I think it didn’t take them long to get used to it because pretty soon we were talking and laughing just like we always did. I realized that there had always been a certain amount of tension in the air when I was undressed but now I wasn’t feeling it. We were four friends having a good time; it was just that one of us was naked.

The next day, when I went over to Mia’s, she told me to get my bike. I ran back to the house, got it from the garage, and met her in the street. We peddled up to the boys’ house, saw them come out and we rode off together with Seth and Sam in the lead. It didn’t take me long to realize where we were going; to the river in the woods outside of town. When we got there, we had the place to ourselves and I saw that they were wearing suits underneath their clothes.

“Why didn’t you tell me to get my suit?” I asked Mia accusingly.

She just smiled and told me she didn’t think I would mind skinny dipping. I smiled at her, stripped out of my clothes, and we spent several hours until lunchtime swimming and playing in the river. When we got out because it was time to leave, everyone put their clothes on still wet. It made my blouse transparent but I didn’t mind and the summer heat and wind from the bike ride quickly dried our clothes.

I look back on that summer as one of the best of my life. My three friends thought it was cool that I was willing to be naked around them and I did it as often as I could. And I was out of my mind with joy at being naked so much. Don’t get me wrong, it was still a little embarrassing and humiliating but that was part of the excitement and the good feeling that I got from being naked all of the time. I was still too young to understand what I was doing, or why, I just knew that the desire to be naked around others was overpowering. By doing it with friends I could trust, I never considered the risk of being caught. As for the consequences that could have been far worse, I was oblivious to them; totally unaware that I was taking a chance of being hurt by strangers in a way that would have made being caught by my parents seem like a picnic. As I said, simpler times.

After school started, I really didn’t have any opportunities to be naked around others. My breasts were still developing and I could tell from looking at the other girls in my class that I was never going to be very big. Not that it bothered me; it didn’t at all because the girls who were getting large in the chest were a little grotesque to me, flopping around all over the place even when they were wearing bras. Most of them had graduated to real bras while Mia and I were still wearing training bras.

In the spring, we began talking about summer vacation and Mia asked me if I was going to spend as much time naked as I did the previous year. I just shrugged because we both knew more about sex than we did the previous year and I wasn’t sure if being naked would mess things up with the boys. But it turned out that I needn’t have worried about sex with them because just before the school year ended they moved away. Sam and Seth and Mia and I had been as close as any kids we knew and somehow I realized that their moving away meant an end to my naked summer days. We did have one last weekend together during which I was naked most of the time but I recognized it for what it was; a last fling before the boys went away.

Mia and I still had a great summer, but it was missing the excitement and adventure from the summer before. Neither of us felt comfortable with my nudity when it was just the two of us together and I realized that with Mia and the two boys, there was always a chaperone present which contributed to my feeling safe with them while naked. It was another three years before I had the chance to strip in public again. It was just after 7th grade when Mia taught me how to masturbate. My first orgasm was unbelievable and I was hooked. But late at night in bed when I masturbated, I didn’t fantasize about making love with a boy; I imagined myself naked in a group of boys and girls.

Shortly after that, Jo, one of our classmates, was having a sleep over for her birthday. She invited ten of us to the party at her house. We swam in her pool and her father cooked hamburgers and hot dogs on the grill. About eight that night, we finally went inside to watch movies and play in the large family room. Her parents and two brothers went upstairs and left us alone downstairs. About ten we began changing from clothes and swimming suits to nightwear. A few of the girls had pajamas, a few others shorts and tee-shirts, and a few, like Mia and me, had brought nighties with panties.

We were all sitting on the floor, munching on snacks and talking when Jo suggested a game of truth or dare. We all agreed and decided to use a die and to take turns by going around the circle. Turns rotated counterclockwise and if the person rolling got a 1, 2, or 3, or 4, she had to answer a truth. A 5 or 6 meant that she had to do a dare. The person directly across from the one selected would ask the question or provide the dare. Once the rules were finalized, Mia got up to get a drink but when she came back to the group, she sat down directly across from me.

When it was my turn, I rolled a 3 so Mia asked me a question. “What do you fantasize about?” she asked. The question had been asked of some of the others but they usually named some boy. Mia knew I wasn’t going to answer that way and even if I did, she might call me on it. So taking a deep breath, I answered her with, “I fantasize about being naked around a group of people.”

That got some giggling started and others just held their breath for a minute. A few of the girls were looking at me as if I was nuts but I could also see some of them picturing themselves in that situation.

When it was my turn again, I knew what was coming if I rolled a 5 or 6 and I was silently praying for a big roll. There had been several innocuous dares already but as we progressed, the dares were getting bolder and difficult for some of the girls to do. I picked up the die and blew on it like I had seen people do in the movies and let fly. It came up a 6.

“I dare you to remain naked until the morning,” Mia challenged me.

I only had two articles of clothing to remove, my nightie and my panties. I decided to get rid of the panties first because the nightie would still cover me. I pushed them down my legs until they fell on their own and I stepped out of them. Then I took a deep breath and pulled the nightie over my head. I was naked in a group of ten other girls; the only one naked, the only one exposed, and I shuddered as I realized that it wasn’t going to end until morning. I sat back down but someone suggested turning on some music so everyone stood up. A couple of the girls started dancing with each other and Mia came over and took my hand, leading me into the kitchen.

“Are you upset that I did this to you?” she asked.

“No, I’m not. In fact, I should thank you.” She looked puzzled as if she couldn’t tell if I was being sarcastic or not so I reassured her that everything was okay. She smiled at me and we went back to the family room. To show I was okay, I took both her hands in mine and started moving to the music. We danced together for a few minutes and then one of the girls screamed. Everyone turned to look at her and then to where she was looking. Jo’s two brothers were standing in the doorway looking at Mia and me.

For an instant, I wanted to hide behind Mia but I just stood there, naked, and let them look. Jo stomped over to them and demanded to know what they were doing downstairs. Her older brother said they wanted a couple of Cokes and just came down to get them.

“Well get them then, and get back upstairs.”

The boys moved through the crowd of girls to the kitchen, passing within a few feet of me on the way in and on the way back. I didn’t do anything to hide myself; not even covering up with my hands but I watched them watching me and it excited me. I only had a few wisps of pubic hair so my slit was plainly visible. My breasts were only an A cup with dark pink nipples. I thought about how I must look to them and tried to put myself in their place; to see me as they did. And that just got me more worked up. Then we heard one of Jo’s parents coming downstairs and Jo pushed me toward the restroom. I got the door closed just as her father came into the family room and asked what was going on.

“Teddy and Jimmy came down and surprised us. It’s no big deal, Dad. They just wanted some drinks.”

“Boys, get what you want and get back upstairs,” I heard her father tell them.

“Okay, Dad. Can we get something to eat, too?”

“Be quick about it.”

I didn’t hear anymore until one of the girls knocked on the door and I came out. I was surprised that Teddy and Jimmy were still there. Jo came over to me and pulled me into the center of the room.

“I had to make a deal with them or else they were going to tell Mom and Dad you’re naked,” she told me.

“What’s the deal?”

“One slow dance with each of them. Are you willing?”

“Can’t be helped, I guess. They’ll keep their mouths shut?”

“They better or I’ll start blabbing their secrets. And they know what I know about them.”

“Who’s first?”

“That would be me,” Jimmy said. He was a grade behind us but as tall as I was. Someone put on an Everly Brothers ballad and he took me in his arms. He wasn’t a bad dancer for eleven years old (at least he didn’t step on my feet as he led me) but he held me close and I could feel my nipples rubbing lightly against his shirt. When the music ended, he thanked me for the dance and Teddy took his place. Teddy was two years older than me and a head taller. I put my cheek on his shoulder as we danced and it felt heavenly as he guided me around the room. All too soon the song ended and the boys went back upstairs with their sodas and a bag of pretzels.

I was immediately surrounded by pre-teen year old girls who wanted to know what it was like to dance naked with a boy. The questions just kept coming and coming. It was nice and I tried to explain to them why I enjoyed it. Being held while naked is even nicer than just being naked but somehow I couldn’t bring myself to tell them that because I really didn’t want them to know that I was enjoying being the only one naked. But I think Jo saw through me so she asked the real question that I didn’t want to answer. “You like being nude, don’t you?”

I just froze up and looked at her while everyone else got very quiet waiting for my answer. “Jo, how am I supposed to answer that? If I say yes, I’m a slut. If I say no, I’m a wimp. But I will say this; I liked it when Teddy was holding me and dancing with me. It felt nice.” She just nodded and we went back to having our pajama party.

We went to sleep about three in the morning and I shared a blanket with Mia. I was holding my nightie and panties tightly, thinking that I could get dressed under the blanket in the morning if someone came downstairs. Sometime during the night, Mia rolled over and was spooning me with her arm over me. For an instant, I thought about placing her hand on my breast but didn’t do it. I couldn’t go to sleep for a long time because I was thinking about everything that happened that night; reliving every instant of it and wondering if there was wrong with me. Here I was, still a week away from being thirteen, my body still developing, and all I could think about was stripping off my clothes and showing it to everyone. I was aware that somehow I wasn’t normal but what really bothered me was that I wasn’t strong enough to control it. I wondered if other girls had the same kinds of thoughts but I knew that if they did, they certainly never acted on them. I, on the other hand, had never even hesitated when it came time to strip. I loved being naked, and I loved it when people looked at me when I was naked. Being nude around others felt good to me; it was almost as if that was the way things were supposed to be. I knew somehow that I wasn’t supposed to do it; that it was wrong and I shouldn’t give in to my need but I didn’t care. I just wanted to be naked as much as I could.

Finally I was able to go to sleep but all my dreams were about being places and being naked. Some of them were a little scary and some were really nice like when I was dancing with the boys. But even the scary ones didn’t wake me up. Somehow the scary situation always turned out okay and I was safe even though I was still nude.

The next morning, I woke up to the smell of bacon frying. I fumbled around for my nightie and panties and got them on while remaining under the blanket. I wasn’t the first one up so I had to wait to use the restroom but fifteen minutes later I had washed my face and brushed my teeth. Still wearing the nightie, I stepped over the sleeping girls and made my way to the dining room, following the smell of the bacon.

Jo’s father was just bringing out a stack of pancakes and a plate of bacon and putting them on the table. Jo and the three girls that got into the bathroom before me were already seated at the table waiting, as were Teddy and Jimmy. We ate our breakfast and then I went to back to the family room to find my bag and my clothes to get dressed. The girls were getting up and eating, then taking off. I was ready to go but Jo asked me to stay behind so I watched all of them depart but Mia. When we were finally alone Jo asked us if we wanted to come over on Monday to go swimming. She said she was going to ask Ron, her boyfriend, and that Teddy and Jimmy would be there too. Neither Mia nor I had boyfriends we wanted to ask but Jo said that was okay if we wanted to come. Then she added that both her parents would be at work so it would be another opportunity for me to be naked if I wanted it. I smiled at her and told her I would ask my parents but I thought it would be okay. Mia agreed and Jo told us to arrive around noon.

The next day, Mia asked me about what happened at the slumber party. “Cait, you know what happened last night was wrong, but you didn’t resist it at all. And when the boys came down, you never tried to hide or cover yourself up. It’s like you wanted them to see you nude. So what’s going on that you agree to take off your clothes whenever anyone suggests it?”

“I know it’s weird, but I just can’t help it. My brain tells me no, then my hands just take off my clothes without any hesitation. I don’t want to and I do want to at the same time. I can’t explain it other than to say it makes me happy to be naked even if other people are around. No, especially when other people are around. I don’t feel anything at all about it when I’m alone, but when other people can see me naked, my emotions go into overdrive and it’s kind of neat to feel that thrill.”

“You know you’re going to get caught some time and get in trouble. Or worse, you could get hurt.”

“I know, but that is part of the excitement. It isn’t just being naked, it’s the excitement that I may be caught by an adult and punished. I don’t want to be punished but the fact that I could be plays into the excitement.”

The rest of that weekend crawled by for me. The night at Jo’s house, instead of sating my need, only fed it; growing it until it was all that I could think about. My parents noticed that I was absent-minded that weekend and asked if I was feeling okay. I told them I was; that I was just tired from the party, and they dropped it.

On Monday, Mia and I rode our bikes over to Jo’s house. I told my mother where I was going and that I would be home for dinner. She told me to have a good time and continued vacuuming the carpet. I had put a swimsuit and a towel in my backpack even though I didn’t expect to use the suit.

When we got there, it was just before noon. Mia rang the bell and Teddy answered the door. He told us that everyone was in the back so we went through the house to the pool. Jo and Ron were already in the water and Jimmy was lying on a towel letting the sun soak into his pale skin. Jo waved to us just before Ron dunked her and she surfaced laughing and splashing him before she came over to the edge. She told us that we could change into our suits in the restroom off the family room if we needed to and Mia went inside to change.

“Are you really okay if I don’t wear a suit?” I asked her.

“I am if you are, but sometime this afternoon you have to explain why you want to be naked all of the time. Deal?”

“I don’t know if I can explain it. Is it enough if I try, even if I fumble it?”

“I guess it will have to be. Do you want to take your clothes off here or would you prefer to make a grand entrance?”

“Here is fine. Does Ron know?”

“I told him already. I don’t think he believed me so we’ll see how he reacts.”

“Mind if I wait for Mia?”

“Not at all.”

She pushed off from the side and swam to the other end where Ron was waiting for her. Mia came out a few minutes later in cute bikini and dove in. Teddy had also come out to the pool and was sitting on the edge with his legs dangling in the water. Then Jo got everyone’s attention and announced that I was going to strip.

When I was older, I learned that slowly taking off your clothes can be erotic for others but just then I wanted to get them off and be naked. As I took them off, I threw them on a chair, not even bothering to fold them. Then when I was nude, I walked to the edge of the pool and jumped in.

We splashed around for a while then Teddy suggested a game of submarine. One person has to swim underwater from one side of the pool to the other while another person jumps of the diving board and tried to land on the person with his (or her) feet. It’s not as dangerous as you might think as long as the ‘submarine’ can get deep. There were two things I loved about the game. The first was flying through the air naked and the second was getting tangled up with someone underwater. The latter was especially cool because there was a lot of touching underwater and it felt good because of the tingly feeling I got. After a couple of hours in the pool, we decided to get something to eat so everyone dried off and everyone but me got dressed. We went inside and Jo and I went to the kitchen to make sandwiches.

While we were in the kitchen, Jo asked me why I wanted to expose myself to everyone. I told her about when I was little and crouching over the heating vent on the floor to try to convince her that there wasn’t anything sexual about being naked for me. It just felt right when I wasn’t wearing clothes for some reason that I didn’t understand.

“Aren’t you embarrassed by it at all?” she asked.

“Yes, some, but I’m not sure if the embarrassment comes from being naked or because I know it is wrong.”

“If you know it is wrong, why do it?”

“Maybe wrong isn’t exactly what I meant. I know it’s not normal for someone to run around naked in front of people but somehow it feels right to me. And it’s being different than everyone else that is troubling to me. But being naked just feels right; it feels like this is how I’m supposed to be, even if it isn’t normal. Does that make any sense?”

“If it was anyone else, I would say you were a pervert or a slut, but I know you’re smart and a good person, so I think I’m just as confused as you about it.”

We finished the sandwiches and I took the plates and drinks to the dining room while Jo straightened up in the kitchen. When she came out, we ate while we played Yahtzee and talked. Everything was perfectly normal except that I wasn’t wearing any clothes. At about four o’clock, Teddy suggested that I get dressed because his mother could be home any time. I got dressed on the pool deck and came back in just as everyone was deciding to go home. Jimmy asked me if I wanted to do it again sometime and I said sure.

So that’s how my second summer of extended nudity began. Mia and I went over two or three times a week and it was always the same group so I learned to trust them to keep my secret the way I trusted Sam and Seth. But it did something else for me also. When it was just Mia and me together, and it was safe to take off my clothes, I did.

However, the next summer was not a repeat because I turned fourteen just after school got out for the summer and I was more aware of sex. Now I saw my nudity differently; no longer just an innocent quirk in my personality but something that could really get me in trouble. As my body filled out and I got more curves, I got interested in boys and them in me. My parents wouldn’t let me date, which is probably a good thing, but I did attend some parties where kissing took place. Kissing was nice but the idea of kissing while I was naked scared me. After all, if I showed the same lack of control that I did while shedding my clothes, I could easily become pregnant. The sexual revolution was still a few years off and the predominant belief at the time was that you had to save yourself for marriage. And even though I liked boys, and liked kissing them, the idea of one of them putting his penis inside me made me shudder.

But by my junior year of high school, all of that was changing rapidly. By then I had become politically active, volunteering to help with local campaigns and marching to protest the war. Woodstock would be the next summer and we still had the Democratic convention in Chicago to get through later that summer. King had been murdered in April but the assassination of Bobby Kennedy was still a few weeks away. And I had a prom to go to.

The prom was nice, but I’m sure it was just like thousands of other proms at that time of year. It was the party afterward that is important. I was dating Ron, Jo’s old boyfriend, and we doubled to the prom with Mia and Steve. I should mention that Jo and I were still good friends even though I was dating Ron. The plan was to spend most of the night at the party and then go to Lake Michigan for a day in the sun. The other people at the party were Jo, her boyfriend Tommy, and the couple they doubled with, Junie and Paul. The party was going to be at Paul’s house because they had a rec room in the basement that would allow us to play music without disturbing his parents sleeping on the second floor of the house. In fact, when we got there about midnight, his parents were already asleep in bed.

The first thing we did was change our clothes to get out of the ball gowns and tuxedos. Then we met in the basement and turned on the music. I was dancing with Ron and having a good time when Jo asked if she could borrow him for a minute. I got a soda while they huddled together near the stairs. A few minutes later, Jo turned off the music and got everyone’s attention.

“I’m sorry to interrupt your fun,” Jo began, “but we have a small problem and I think we can settle it quickly. It seems like one of our guests is overdressed and doesn’t appear comfortable. So with everyone’s permission, I think we should all encourage her to do what she really wants to do and take her clothes off. What say you?”

Everyone cheered and clapped, even the other girls while I stood there dumbfounded. Then Jo came over to me, took my hand, and led me to the center of the room. “Well, here’s your chance, Cait. Go ahead.”

“Was this a setup?” I whispered to her.

“One hundred percent. I got with everyone tonight at the prom and got their agreement. I waited to talk to Ron until we got here, but he agrees also.”

“Ron?”

“If you want to, it’s okay with me,” he said. “In fact, it is more than okay; I think it’s a great idea. But it’s your body and your decision. Whatever you do, I’ll back you up.”

I turned slowly, looking at each of them, studying them, and all I saw were friendly faces; no shock, no lust, nothing but encouragement from my friends. I faced Ron because I wanted him to have the best view while I stripped and kicked off my shoes. Then I undid my jeans knowing that my blouse would cover up my panties and pushed them down until they fell to my ankles and stepped out of them. I unbuttoned my blouse slowly, trying to tease him a little until it hung open exposing my bra and panties, and then I just shrugged it off my shoulders and let it fall to the floor. As I stood there wearing only a bra, panties, and a necklace I took a deep breath and let Ron look at me for a few moments before I reached behind me to undo my bra. Holding it in place with first one hand and then the other, I pulled my arms out and then pulled my hand away so it too fell to the floor. Taking one more deep breath, I hooked my thumbs in my panties and pushed them all the way down to my ankles, bending at the waist and holding them while I stepped out of them. Then I stood up and smiled, once more exposed to my friends and I was so happy about it that I wanted to burst.

In those days, girls didn’t participate in intermural sports but I was a member of the Girls Athletic Association, or GAA, that sponsored intramural programs in high schools and I was a cheerleader so I was fit without being muscular. I stopped growing sometime around then when I was five feet, five inches tall and weighed about one hundred fifteen pounds. My breasts had grown to a C cup size and I had thick, curly, dark red public hair that formed a perfect triangle on my mound.

As soon as I was naked, everyone went back to what they were doing, which, for me, meant dancing with Ron. He was trying to be polite but he kept glancing up and down my body; his eyes coming to rest every so often on my breasts or pussy. I moved closer to him and whispered in his ear that it was okay to look; I enjoyed his looking at all of me, not just my face and he smiled.

“It’s awful hard not to look; you are so beautiful. I never imagined that I would see you like this again,” he whispered back.

“Who else is sneaking peeks?” I asked.

“Everyone, even the girls, but at least they’re trying to be subtle. The guys are just staring but then they turn away. Mia had to punch Steve on the arm to get him to look at her.”

I chuckled a little at that because Steve was a tackle on the football team and Mia was just about my size.

About two in the morning, everyone was getting tired so we stopped dancing and just sat on the floor talking. As I sat down with my legs folded to the side, leaning on one arm, Junie asked me why I wanted to be naked.

“It’s something I always felt good about. Even as a little girl, it seems like I couldn’t wait to get my clothes off whenever I had the chance. Something in my brain tells me to expose myself and I don’t have the control to resist it. I’ve stopped trying to analyze it because I don’t think I can. I just know that it makes me happy to be naked around other people. I don’t get nearly the kick from it when I’m alone.”

“Aren’t you embarrassed by it?” Junie asked.

“Some, I guess, but obviously not enough to stop.”

Then it was Jo’s turn for a question. “Do you get turned on by it?”

“Well, this is the first time I’ve done this since the summer at your house but I can tell you that yes, it makes me wet and you can see what happens to my nipples, how they crinkle and get hard, especially when I was dancing. But being naked, at least for me, isn’t about having sex although I’ve masturbated while fantasizing about it. It’s about being in a special place mentally where I’m happy and make others happy when they look at me. Exhibitionist doesn’t really explain it because for exhibitionists, it’s all about how it makes them feel. Mia, you’ve probably seen me naked more than anyone else. How do you feel when I take off my clothes?”

“Actually, I think it’s kind of cool, not that I would want to do it myself. It’s because of the trust you show us. It’s like you’re honoring that trust that we won’t do anything to get you in trouble. And don’t misinterpret this because I’m not into girls sexually, but naked women are almost always beautiful, even if their bodies are not the greatest. It is especially true when they are around other people who are clothed. There is some kind of inner radiance that shows through in that situation.”

“Hear, hear,” said Tommy, “I absolutely agree. I think the world would be a much better place if more women ran around naked.”

Everyone laughed hard for a few minutes before Steve asked Ron how he felt about his girlfriend strutting around in the altogether.

“I first saw Cait naked a few years ago when I was with Jo. Seeing her like that didn’t make me lust after her because I really liked Jo. I just thought it was a little weird but cool if that’s what Cait wanted. Seeing her now gives me a boner, but that’s probably true of each of the guys. But just because she’s nude, doesn’t mean I think she’s going to sleep with anyone who tells her to spread her legs. Do you think the models in Playboy have sex with the photographers just because they take their clothes off?”

“Cait, you like being looked at, right?” asked Steve and I nodded before he went on. “Well, would you mind posing for us, as if we were taking pictures? Just take some time as if you were modeling and let us look at you?”

“Mia?”

“Okay by me,” she answered.

I stood up and the rest of the group shifted to a semi-circle facing me. “What do I do?” I asked them and then Ron took control.

“I want you to go through your stretching routine that you use before playing sports,” he told me. So for the next fifteen minutes I stretched my muscles while they watched me expose every part of my body in every way imaginable. I was getting even more wet from knowing that I was so completely exposed as I went through my routine. When I finished, I was sitting on the floor with my legs spread wide open having alternately grabbed each foot with both hands and held it. Then he told me to stand up and began posing me.

“Put both hands in your hair and tousle it,” he told me and I did, feeling my breasts tighten against my chest as I lifted my arms. “Now stretch your arms high in the air and stand on your toes.”

He had me hold that position until I could feel the strain in my calves. I was just about to come down off my toes when he told me to stand with one leg bent and with one finger touching my chin. Next he had me stand with my hands on my knees and my face lifted to look at them. Now I could feel my breasts hanging down and I could also feel my pussy was leaking down my thigh as I was his puppet and he pulled the strings to pose me. I lost track of the others watching me as I focused on his voice, following his commands, and held each position until he told me to move again. I was perspiring when he finally called a halt to it.

“It looks like we lost our audience,” he told me and I saw that everyone was kissing and fondling their partners. Mia had her hand at Steve’s crotch, feeling him through his jeans and Paul and Tommy were holding Jo’s and Junie’s breasts. “Come here and sit by me,” he told me.

I sat down on the floor and he gently pushed me back so I was lying down. Then he lay down beside me and kissed me while I took his hand and put it on my breast. As we kissed, he switched between rolling my nipple between his thumb and forefinger and caressing my breast with his hand. After a few minutes of this, I took his head in my hands and moved it down so he could suck on my breast. I really wanted him inside me but with three other couples there, I knew it wasn’t going to happen. After several more minutes I forced him over onto his back and got on top of him so we could kiss some more while by whole body lay stretched out on his. I could feel his hard penis through his jeans near my groin and he would shift his hips slightly to rub it against me. Then he rolled me over and got on top of me and I wrapped my legs around him as we continued kissing and he held my breast. It was as close to sex as we could get without penetration and it was both frustrating and wonderful at the same time.

Through the haze of pleasure, I heard Paul talking. I stopped kissing Ron to hear what he was saying and Ron turned his head to look at him. “I was saying that we ought to get some sleep before we go to the lake in the morning. Cait, you better get dressed before we go to sleep in case someone comes down in the morning.”

Reluctantly, I un-wrapped my legs from around Ron and he got off me. My pussy was absolutely soaking so I went to the restroom to dry off, taking my clothes with me. When I came out, the kids were stretched out on the floor, boys at one end and girls at the other. I blew Ron a kiss from across the room and laid down with the girls, using a sofa pillow for my head.

Paul woke us up about eight that morning. After breakfast, we headed out in two cars to Lake Michigan. Steve’s uncle had a vacation home on the lake at a small cove that afforded us some privacy. As soon as we got there, everyone changed into their suits in the cars, the boys in one car and the girls in the other, except me. I just stripped off my clothes and ran down to the beach beating everyone. I dropped my towel on the beach, ran out into the water, and dove under, coming up about thirty yards from the beach.

When everyone else was in the water, the boys decided they wanted to joust. Jousting is a game where a girl sits on the boy’s shoulders and together they try to knock another couple over. Ron and I did pretty well but we lost once when Jo grabbed my boob and squeezed hard and another when Mia and Steve got behind us and she goosed me in the ass with her foot.

Everyone was pretty tired after the short night and the exertion of jousting so we sunned ourselves on the beach while several of us took naps. At lunch time, we ate fried chicken, chips, and fruit from picnic baskets we brought with us. We played in water for a little while, lay on our towels in the sun, and then packed up for the trip home. After Ron dropped off Mia then Steve, he took me home. I still lived across the street from Mia and could have gotten out then, but I needed to talk with him alone. He understood when I didn’t get out so we pulled into a drive in for drinks and to talk.

“Are you really okay with what I did at the party and beach?” I asked him.

Ron got a troubled look on his face, and then smiled a little. “Yes, I suppose so, but for the last twenty-four hours all I could think about was getting you alone so we could make love somewhere. I was so hard sometimes it hurt and I knew there was nothing I could do about it.”

“I’m sorry. If it’s any consolation, I thought about how nice it would have been to have you inside me, but I have to tell you, it’s probably not going to happen any time soon. We still have another year of high school for crying out loud. I can’t risk getting pregnant.”

“I understand. A baby could wreck both our lives, but especially yours.”

“If you want, I’ll stop taking my clothes off. I like you so much and don’t want to wreck things. I’ll leave it up to you.”

“I like you to, I like you a lot. But as sad as it is to say, it’s probably better if you leave your clothes on for a while. However, you have to know that you are going to be in my mind every time I jack off for the next several years,” he said smiling.

“I kind of expected that, but maybe I can help you with it sometime,” I said smiling back at him.

“I’m going to hold you to that,” then he leaned across and gave me a hug and a kiss. “It’s time to get you home now.”

But I never did. We dated the rest of the summer and then broke up at the beginning of our senior year. That day was also the last time I went naked in public for over a year. It was August of 1969 when I got the chance again. Just before we split up to go to different colleges, Mia, Jo, and I decided to go to Woodstock. Jo and I had turned nineteen earlier that summer and Mia was going to turn nineteen in the fall so while our parents weren’t really happy about it, they didn’t try to stop us.

We bought sleeping bags and a small tent, got a couple of coolers and loaded them with food for the trip, and headed across Michigan on I-94. Our plan was to cross into Canada at Detroit and drive across Canada to New York. We left three days before the festival started and made it there in two. Even getting there a day early, it was a nightmare trying to find some place to pitch our tent because of the crowd that had already arrived. We finally got set up and I went into the tent to take off my clothes. My plan was to spend the entire time there naked.

Woodstock was also where I lost my virginity. Knowing that I could be ready at any time, I started on the pill after I turned nineteen. I would like to say that it was romantic and that the guy was a real gentleman, but we made love in his tent, he was half stoned, and I never did learn his name. But once my cherry was busted, it was like I was freed from any inhibitions I had about sex and I made love with three other guys the first two days of the festival, once with a crowd watching us. I learned two things about sex at Woodstock. The first one was that most guys really don’t know what they’re doing when it comes to sex and the second was that I didn’t care because I loved it anyway.

On the last day of the festival, Mia and Jo were up before me. I walked out of the tent and was surprised to see them sitting on a tarp eating breakfast in the nude. “What do you think you’re doing?” I asked surprised.

“We’re eating breakfast, what do you think we’re doing?” laughed Jo.

“But you’re naked.”

It was Mia’s turn to needle me. “Jo, omigod, we’re naked. What should we do?”

“God, you’re right. I don’t know. Cait, Mia and I are naked. What should we do?”

I laughed at them and told them I got it. It seems they finally decided to see what it was like to go around naked in public. The way they explained it, they would never have a better chance than here so for that one day the three us went all over the place in the nude. A photographer took a picture of the three of us together with our arms around each other but when he handed us releases to sign, we told him that he could make one print for himself and one for each of us. Reluctantly, he agreed and we gave him our addresses so he could send us the photos.

After an hour of walking around naked, Jo told me that it was an amazing feeling to have everyone looking at her and Mia agreed. I asked them if they would do it again and both of them said probably not, but they now understood what I got from it. It was cool to have people look at us and know that they found us beautiful.

We actually stayed an extra day because the next morning the traffic trying to get out was impossible. We thought that if we drove straight through, taking turns at the wheel, we would still get back in time. I wasn’t starting school until after Labor Day, but Mia and Jo had a week to get ready because their classes started at the end of August. But staying the extra day, and knowing that we were going to be in the car the whole time except for meal and restroom breaks, gave me some extra time without my clothes.

The second morning after the festival ended, we packed everything up and headed out. I was still naked but I had tee-shirt and sandals that I could put on when we needed to get out of the car. The shirt was huge, coming down to mid-thigh but it was clear to anyone who looked that I was naked underneath it. Every time we stopped for gas or food, I caused a commotion but we laughed about it together once we got back on the road.

A week later I said my goodbyes to Mia and Jo as they left for school. A few days later the photo taken at Woodstock arrived and I still have it, framed and hanging in my bedroom forty years later.

My classes were going to start the day after Labor Day but freshman orientation was the Friday before. That was designed to give me Saturday, Sunday, and Monday to get settled, find where everything was on campus, and get to know my roommate. I was going to attend a small, liberal arts college near Port Huron in the eastern part of the state. My parents drove me over on Thursday and we spent the night in a motel. Friday morning at nine o’clock we were seated in the basketball gym for the orientation. There were only about a thousand new freshman and their parents but even so, the gym was packed.

The orientation lasted until noon and then we got lunch and Dad helped me move everything up to my room which was on the second floor of the dorm. The building was old and the dorm rooms shared communal showers and toilets on each floor. My room was near the end of the hallway just about as far away from them as you could get. Mom helped me unpack and made my bed while I put everything away. Then it was time for them to leave and I hugged them both and promised to call them. Just as they were leaving, my roommate arrived with her parents and began moving in. Our parents introduced themselves to each other and I shook hands with Sylvia.

I walked my parents to their car to give Sylvia time to settle in and say goodbye to her parents. We hugged again at the car and then I watched them drive off. I wandered around campus for an hour before heading back up to my room. Sylvia parents were just walking out the door as I got to the second floor. I told them it was a pleasure meeting them as I passed them in the hall and then I went into my room. Sylvia was already unpacked and lying on her bed reading when I came in.

We talked for a little while, just getting to know each other and I liked her. I decided to broach the subject of my clothing preference with her but I wanted to be careful because I had only talked with her for about thirty minutes.

“I need to tell you something a little strange about myself,” I began, “and I want you to know that if it bothers you, it won’t be a problem for me to keep it under control. But ever since I was a little girl, I’ve liked to be naked as much as I can. So I wanted to know if it would bother you if I don’t wear clothes in the room.”

“Wow, that's a little weird. When did start doing this?” In a few minutes I told her everything, from the time I was five up to Woodstock. “You were at Woodstock? How cool is that. And you were naked the whole time? I don’t believe it.”

I got the picture from the desk drawer, showed it to her, and told her my friends had only done it that one time, but for me it was something I really enjoyed.

“You’re not into girls, are you?” she asked.

“No, strictly guys.”

“Well, if I say okay and it turns out that it really does bother me, can I change my mind?”

“Sure. And like I said, there were times when I couldn’t do this for years at a time so I’m positive it won’t be a problem putting clothes on if it makes you uncomfortable.”

“Okay, we’ll give it a try. What about outside the room? Are you planning on going naked in the dorm?”

“I’m not sure yet. I would like to, but there are fifty other girls on this floor and I have to consider them. I would be really surprised if all of them thought it would be okay. So I’m just planning on taking it one step at a time.”

“That’s cool that you consider others’ feelings. It shows that you have it under control, weird as that might sound.” Then she got a funny look on her face, which I later learned meant she was having a brainstorm. “Have you thought about posing for art classes? They’re always looking for models and they would pay you for it.”

I hadn’t thought about it but I liked the sound of it. “That’s a great idea, thank you,” I told her as I started peeling off my clothes. When I was naked, I sat down at my desk and went through the orientation materials that I hadn’t looked at yet.

About an hour later, Sylvia asked if I had my books yet and I told her no. “Want to go over to the bookstore and get them? I was planning on using the long weekend to get a head start.”

“Sure.” I got up from the desk and thought about just wearing my tee-shirt and sandals from the trip home but I put my other clothes back on and we headed over to the bookstore.

The first semester for everyone at the school was pretty much the same since they emphasized liberal arts over specific degrees. In fact, they would not even let freshmen and sophomores declare a major, insisting that eighteen and nineteen year olds were too young to decide on their life’s work at that age. They wanted to expose us to everything they could in the first two years so that we might find a field that we really loved. So Sylvia and I were taking just about the same classes; the only difference was that she was taking a drama course while I had enrolled in journalism for my other English credit in addition to freshman English. So we knew what our classes were going to be and shouldn’t have a problem getting our books.

By the time we got back, it was time for dinner so we dropped off the books in the room and went downstairs to the dining hall. It was self-service, cafeteria style and the variety was pretty good. By the time we got back to our room, it was about six o’clock and I stripped off my clothes as soon as were inside telling Sylvia that it was okay to leave the door open in case people wanted to drop in and get acquainted.

And people did drop by. The first one to come in was Sandy, the resident advisor for our floor. She knocked on the door jamb so we looked up and then came inside. She asked if I was getting ready to take a shower and I told her no, I was getting ready to start reading a text book. She looked a little surprised when I sat down on my bed and waited for her to continue. Eventually she figured out that I wasn’t going to cover up just because she was in the room and she went into her spiel about the dorm rules. Nudity was never mentioned but she did say that there could be males on the floor until from nine a.m. to ten p.m. and cautioned us to be careful out in the hallway. “You also might want to keep your door closed during those hours if you are naked,” she finished.

“Is that required?” I asked her as innocently as I could.

She paused for a moment before answering. “No, not required, just recommended.”

Sylvia thanked her for stopping by and she got up to leave, no doubt heading to the next room for her speech. She paused and looked back at me, then shrugged and left.

“Well, that went well,” I told Sylvia, who was smiling from ear to ear.

“I think so,” she laughed, “This is really going to be an interesting year.”

About fifteen minutes later, we got two more visitors; a friend of Sylvia’s and her roommate. Marla, Sylvia’s friend, introduced Janie to us and Sylvia introduced me to them. I reached out to shake their hands and they both took mine reluctantly. I sat back down on the bed and Marla was sneaking looks at me while she was talking to Sylvia. I tried to start up a conversation with Janie but she either answered in monosyllables or just shrugged and I gave up.

Two or three other times, groups of girls came by and introductions were made. I gave up trying to read, figuring I had the rest of the weekend to get a head start on my classes. It was clear that the girls who came by weren’t quite sure what to make of my unwillingness to cover myself but it was fun for me to watch their reactions. They varied from refusal to even look at me to sneaking peeks when they thought I wasn’t looking, to outright stares. It was getting late when we finally closed and locked our door and went to bed. I pulled my covers down laid on the bed, not bothering to pull them back up over me.

The next morning when I awoke, I grabbed my bag of toiletries and a towel and headed down the hallway to the bathroom. I briefly considered wrapping the towel around me before I left the room but decided that I wanted to get people used to seeing me naked in the hallway so I just draped the towel over my arm. There were two girls coming out of the bathroom just as I was entering and I heard one of them whisper to the other about the crazy girl at the end of the hall. When I finished, I went back to my room still holding the towel. The hallway had a few more girls in it; maybe six or seven, but I paid them no mind and they ignored me. Once in the room I got dressed and headed down to breakfast.

Nothing much happened the rest of the weekend. People got used to seeing me naked in the halls or in my room but whenever I was going to leave the second floor, I was dressed. In my four years there, I don’t know how many times I was naked in hall with guys and girls around, but it was a lot. Pretty soon, the whole campus knew about the crazy girl on the second floor who was naked all of the time and that just increased the traffic in our hallway.

It was on Tuesday that I found a legitimate way to be naked away from the dorm. My first class wasn’t until 11:00 so the first thing that morning I went to the Art Department to register as a nude model. Actually, the registration part was easy. I told the secretary what I wanted and she handed me an information sheet to complete. It asked me for contact information (my dorm room phone number, this was before e-mail) and my measurements. It also contained a standard release for all photos and paintings with my likeness. After it was filled out, she took two Polaroid pictures, the first of my face and one full body shot. Then she told me that someone might be in touch. As I was leaving I asked her how much it paid and she told me it was $7.50 per hour.

That might not sound like a lot to pose nude but this was the fall of 1969. Gas was 35 cents per gallon, a McDonalds’ hamburger was 22 cents, and the minimum wage was $1.60 per hour, so $7.50 an hour went a long way.

It took a few weeks for them to call me, but three weeks after school started I had my first opportunity to pose for a class. It seems an experienced model had to cancel because of an accident and in scrambling around for a last minute replacement the secretary remembered me. The job was one hour of posing for each of three different classes. There weren’t any conflicts with my class schedule so I agreed at once. The secretary told me to bring my own robe and gave me the room number for the classes. When it came time, I conveniently forgot my robe so that I wouldn’t have anything to put on during the break. The deal was that I was going to pose for about twenty minutes, then I would have a ten minute break, then pose for another twenty minutes. I met the instructor there about fifteen minutes before the class and he showed me the screen where I could disrobe. He asked about a robe and I told him that since this was my first time, I had forgotten it.

“I didn’t realize this was your first time modeling. You’re not going to get cold feet when it comes time to walk out from behind the screen, are you?”

“No, sir, I don’t think so. Actually, I’ve been looking forward to the experience.”

“Okay, please take your clothes off. I want you posed when the class comes in. I won’t have to tell them anything; they know what to do and they’ll start drawing as soon as they find an angle they like.”

Two minutes later I walked out from behind the screen naked. He had me stand on the pedestal and put my right arm up in the air, my left hand on my hip, and my right knee bent so I was on my toes instead of flat-footed. Students were coming in as he got me into position but I still had about five minutes before class started so he told me to relax. I sat down on the pedestal and watched the people look at me as they came in and set up their easels around the room. Just at nine o’clock, the instructor asked me to get into position and I stepped up on the pedestal and posed the way he had positioned me.

After about ten minutes, I realized what hard work it was holding still. My arm up in the air was getting numb as the blood drained from it. I think the teacher noticed my discomfort, came over to me, and told me it was alright to lower it and shake it out for a few seconds if necessary. I smiled at him and gave a little nod before lowering it briefly and putting it back up. At twenty minutes into the class, the instructor called for a ten minute break. Without having a robe to put on, I just stepped down off the pedestal and stretched my arms, legs, and back to remove the stiffness. Of course I was still the center of attention as I performed my exercises naked.

Once the break was over, the last twenty minutes flew by. After the class ended, I got down from the pedestal the instructor thanked me and I told him it was my pleasure, which it really was. He said he would submit a voucher for my payment and I could expect the check in about a week and a half. I liked chatting with him while I stood there naked so I asked him if there would be more opportunities and he promised me there would be; that I did an excellent job for my first time posing. I almost corrected him and told him about the time Ron posed me for our friends but let it pass and went back behind the screen to get dressed.

From then on, I got three or four sessions per month. The twenty to thirty dollars I was making actually made me rich compared with many of the students on campus. Between the modeling and the time in the dorm, I spent as much time naked that year as I had in all my previous experiences combined.

Other than my modeling and life in the dorm, my next opportunity came my sophomore year. Sylvia and I were still rooming together and she was pursuing her interest in drama. She tried out for *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* and got a role as one of the girls, but a week into rehearsals, they still hadn’t found anyone to play Sandy because there was a nude scene for her. Sylvia took me to one of the rehearsals and introduced me to the director, telling him that I was interested in the part. When he asked me if I was willing to do a nude scene, I told him about my modeling for the art classes and he nodded.

“Have you ever acted before?” he asked.

“I had a supporting role in high school, Margot in Anne Frank, but that’s all.”

He thumbed through the script until he found the passage he wanted. Then he took a few minutes to explain the context and what he wanted from Sandy in the scene. Finally, he told me to read it. I must have done okay because he gave me a rehearsal schedule and asked if any of them would be a problem. They were all in the evening so I told him I didn’t think there would be. Then he introduced me to the rest of the cast and told them I was going to play Sandy.

Sandy really plays an important role in the play; some say the most important because as she grows to disapprove of Brodie she actually becomes more like her; judgmental and seeing the world as much simpler than it really is. In my nude scene I actually started out posing naked and had to get dressed on stage. This meant that I had to cross the stage naked to get to my clothes and face the audience as I dressed so they could hear my lines.

We had two dress rehearsals scheduled just before the play opened and that was the first time the cast saw me naked. I think I pulled it off just as well as when I was dressed and the director thought so to because he complimented me on it after the rehearsal was over. Two nights later I was naked in front of three hundred people; my largest audience yet other than Woodstock.

When I arrived for the cast party, Sylvia was already there. Everyone started chanting “Naked Cait, naked Cait.” And I acknowledged them with a nod. Then Sylvia signaled for the chant to end and told me that she had told the cast that I preferred nudity to being dressed and it was okay with them if I wanted to indulge myself. It took me less than a minute to strip off my clothes and I spent the next four hours naked at the party.

The other thing that happened during the play was that I met my husband for the first time. Wes played Gordon, Sandy’s lover in the play and later that year, he became my lover in real life. I got interested in drama and started taking some courses; some of them with Wes. Whenever we studied together, in his room or mine, I was naked and usually we ended up in bed together afterwards. I liked studying in his room because he didn’t mind leaving the door open and it seemed like the number of guys walking past his door increased dramatically. He was cool with it though because he realized that I didn’t sleep around just because I spent a lot of time naked.

We were married after Wes got his masters degree in political science at Princeton. I became a high school English teacher and, after we moved to New Jersey, I supported us while he stayed in school. I was naked all of the time at home, a small apartment we had near the campus. The only time I got dressed was when I was teaching or we had friends over.

Toward the end of his first year, he came home and told me he asked our best friends, Sal and Karen, over for dinner and cards. Wes had been teaching me bridge for a couple of years and I was getting better but I wasn’t in his class. I went into the bedroom to find something to wear and he told me to never mind.

“What do you mean, never mind?” I asked him.

“Just what you think it means. We’ve known Sal and Karen for almost a year. I asked Sal if it would bother them if you were naked when they came over and he said he couldn’t speak for Karen, but he was fine with it. I told him to check with her and I don’t think she believed him, but she did say it was okay. So if you want to be nude tonight, I think it would be alright.”

“Wes, these are our best friends. I don’t want to lose them over this. Are you sure?”

“Never surer. You know you want this and I know you want this so let’s give it a shot. If worse comes to worse, you run into the bedroom and throw something on. How about it?”

I gave him a big smile and thanked him with a hug and a kiss. I never got tired of pressing my naked body against him and feeling my boobs crushed against his chest. And there was nothing he liked better than an armful of me when I was naked. Then I went into the kitchen to make something for dinner. I knew that they wouldn’t expect anything fancy so I made spaghetti with meatballs and a salad. They arrived just as I finished setting the table and Wes answered the door, yelling to me that they were here. I told him to have them sit at the table while I ducked back into the kitchen to open a bottle of cheap rose I had in the fridge for “special occasions.”

When I came out of the kitchen carrying the salad and garlic bread, they were sitting at the table. Sal was the first to see me and he gasped and then Karen turned toward me and started giggling. I put the salad and bread on the table and went back for the spaghetti, sauce, and wine. When I was finally seated at the table, Karen asked me what I was doing.

“Karen, I know this is going to sound hard to believe but I’ve enjoyed being naked around other people for almost twenty years and I’ve had lots of opportunities. But this is my first chance to do it since we graduated. If you want, I’ll go throw some clothes on but I’m hoping you don’t tell me to.” I looked right into her eyes and smiled at her waiting for her to answer me.

“This isn’t your idea about how to introduce us to wife swapping, is it?” she asked.

“Absolutely not. I love Wes and don’t have any desire to sleep with anyone else and he damn well better say the same thing or he’s in big trouble. Somehow, my brain is wired in a way that makes me want to expose my body whenever I can. I’m happier naked than clothed; I don’t wear clothes around the house, ever, unless I’m getting ready to go out. I enjoy people looking at me and I hope they enjoy looking, but again, if it makes you uncomfortable, I’ll get dressed because you’re our best friends and I don’t want to offend you. So what’s it going to be? Your call.”

“If that isn’t the God damnedest thing I’ve ever heard, I don’t know what is,” Karen said. “But since we’ve already seen you, you can’t put the genie back in the bottle. I guess it’s okay with me and I’m sure it’s okay with Sal since he has the biggest damn porn collection of any one.”

“I do not. Jerry has a much bigger porn collection.”

“If you haven’t noticed, your cousin Jerry isn’t playing with a full deck. But don’t worry; I love you, porn and all.”

We started with the salad and pretty soon we were having fun together like we had on twenty other occasions. I’ve found that after the initial shock, people get used to my nudity pretty quickly. I think it comes from an understanding that I’m not a threat to anyone else’s relationship. Once they separated my nudity from the act of sex, things return to an almost normal state. I say almost because things can never be completely normal while one person in the group is naked. No matter how hard people try, the still get caught staring and you can tell when the guys get an erection by the way they fiddle with their pants to try to make it more comfortable.

After we had eaten and killed off the bottle of wine, we got out the cards and played cribbage instead of bridge. The way we played either game was that we rotated partners after each game and who ever won the most games was the big winner for the evening. Tonight was Karen’s night and she went undefeated. I felt sorry for Sal when he was my partner because he was sitting directly across from me and my boobs were always in his field of view. I loved the fact that he couldn’t take his eyes off of them but because he was my partner, I wished that he could concentrate on the game a little better.

I usually felt some kind of sexual stimulation in this situation but tonight it was particularly strong. After the last game, Sal and Karen said good night and went home and I wondered if my being naked was providing them with the same stimulation I was feeling. When Wes and I went to bed that night, I literally attacked him and we had a long and energetic night of sex. I found out later from Wes that Sal and Karen were just as aggressive with each other that night. According to Sal, it was the best sex they ever had and they attributed it to spending the evening with us.

And that is how I found myself naked at the mall two weeks later. Not really in public but Sal had a part-time job there as a security guard and he, Karen, and Wes cooked up this stunt. It was Sunday morning and I had my heart set on sleeping in but Wes got me up at seven in the morning and told me to get dressed. After a quick shower, I put on a sundress, because it was just a beautiful spring day, and some sandals and Wes drove me to the mall. He parked in the back so we couldn’t be seen from the road and told me to leave my dress, panties, and sandals in the car. I looked at him quizzically but did as he said. Then we got out of the car and walked up to the entrance. Sal and Karen were already inside, Sal in his uniform, and he unlocked the door for us.

For the next two hours the four of us went window shopping as we strolled around the mall. Being someplace I never expected to be while naked was driving me wild with desire for Wes but because we were being chaperoned by Sal and Karen, there wasn’t a thing I could do about it. But Karen saw what was happening to me; maybe it was because she was a woman and could imagine herself in my situation, but she kept asking me how aroused I was and pointed out to Sal and Wes when some moisture from my pussy began running down my thigh. Having her talk about my arousal was the most embarrassing thing that ever happened to me but at the same time I was glad they all knew about it.

When we got to the stairs at the end of the mall, I stopped everyone before going up. I was pretty sure I was about to do something that I would regret but I went ahead and did it anyway because I really needed to have an orgasm. So with the three of them standing in front of me, I sat down on the third step up, spread my knees, and played with myself until I came. The orgasm was one of the most amazing ones I ever had and I think it was because I could see the three of them watching me. When I finally stopped shuddering and shaking, I pulled out my finger and licked it off. After another minute, I was ready to go up the steps with them.

That one act, masturbating while they watched, filled me with shame and thrilled me at the same time. It was exactly the kind of conflicting emotions I experienced when I was naked around others but multiplied a hundred times. The two emotions fought with each other and the struggle was still going on while we walked the rest of the mall, looking at the items in the window and trying to carry on a conversation about what we would buy when our partners finished graduate school.

Over the next year until Wes graduated there were lots of times I was naked with Sal and Karen but I never again did what I did in the mall. In fact, I never did it again with anyone else but Wes watching. To this day, I don’t know what came over me; there is no way to explain it other than to say that my physical need was so great that I really didn’t have a choice. I recognized that what I felt in the mall was different than what drove me to shed my clothes at every opportunity. The mall was all about a personal lust but my stripping was something that had no cause. It was just my brain telling me to do something for no good reason other than that is what it wanted.

Wes and I got married right after he graduated from Princeton. Our wedding was a small affair presided over by a justice of the peace. Mia was my maid of honor and Sal stood up for Wes. Jo came with her husband and Karen was there with Sal. And of course I was naked when I got married, not even a white veil or shoes. Well, there were two things, I wore an old blue garter that I got from Mia and my engagement ring was brand new so that covered all four requirements for something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue.

Wes got a job in Trenton working for a state senator, and then moved up with him when he became governor and finally a U.S. Senator. I still taught school and I still remained naked in the house, ever after the children were born. We have a boy and a girl and if they ever thought it was strange that their mother was naked all of the time, they never said anything about it to anyone as far as I can tell.

After the senator’s first term, Wes had an opportunity to run for Congress. He won easily and served there for almost thirty years until he retired last year so we could spend more time with our grandchildren and travel. I got to see all of the changes in our political system up close and personal over that time and some of them I loved and some of them I hated. Wes and I had three other couples in Washington who we call close friends and all six of them know I am an exhibitionist so I get to be naked around them when we see them. Any one of them could have ruined his career at any time by disclosing my peccadillo but no one ever did. Once when I asked Wes about the risk, he responded with, “None of this is worth it if you can’t be you. I don’t want you to make yourself over just for my career.” I love that man so much.

Yes, I finally said it after trying to deny it my whole life; I am an exhibitionist. It is not something I would have chosen for myself but it is who I am. I’m sixty-one years old now and by boobs sag and my skin is wrinkled in places, but I still weigh about what I did when I graduated from high school (well, at least within ten pounds of what I weighed). And Wes still loves it when he comes home and finds me naked and waiting for him. Most often I have dinner ready for him but every so often we forget dinner and he takes me straight to bed.

So the question I am still asking is, ‘Can someone’s brain be hardwired at birth so that the person behaves in a way that is contrary to their own desire to conform to society’s norms?’ I believe I have such a brain and I’m not offering that as an excuse because I don’t have anything to excuse or apologize for. I’ve lived a good life helping kids I taught reach their potential, raising two children of my own who both have happy marriages, and helping my husband do important work.

Maybe the world would be a better place if others tried to live my life. It’s hard to be hurtful when you are naked. It’s hard to be cruel, unjust, greedy, and selfish when you are sharing your body with others. I have found that because of all of the time I spent nude and the way my friends accepted me despite my quirkiness, that I am a more tolerant, more patient, and more understanding person. If you ask me, giving up clothes for that is a great trade-off.

The End