How Sarah Became a Nudist

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This is the first chapter of another story I started to dabble with, set in

the same universe as "How I Became a Nudist". I figured I should offer

something to those who'd prefer a more female-centric story. There's only the

one chapter so far so this is just a bit of a teaser; but hopefully I'll be

able to continue both stories in parallel.

Chapter One

The alarm clock read 3 AM on one of those unseasonably hot nights in early May

shortly before finals. Sarah laid awake in her bed counting the dots on the

drop down ceiling of her dorm room, having resigned herself to a sleepless

night over an hour ago. She knew the heat was partially to blame for her

insomnia; it made it too uncomfortable to fall asleep easily. She was also

having a tough time resting her mind - even now she was internally wrestling

with herself, second guessing the decision that she'd made today, wondering if

she'd really thought it through, wishing she could take it back. She knew the

biggest problem though was the fact that she was laying there stark naked

without so much as a blanket to cover herself, as the slowly turn mini-fan

reminded her each time the breeze flew over her bare skin. It was the one

thing she could do absolutely nothing about though - nudism was her lifestyle

now, she had no choice but to remain naked from now on.

Becoming a nudist was as much a shock to Sarah as to anyone else. It was

certainly nothing she'd planned on, in fact she'd never even considered it

before a week ago.

Sarah had always been the girl with everything. She'd been blessed with a

beautiful body and the brains to match it. In High School she had been both

the class valedictorian and the prom queen. She had a perfect figure, long

strawberry-blonde hair, perfect teeth that never needed braces, perky B cup

breasts, and scored 1540 on her SAT's. Early in High School she had set her

eyes on Harvard Law and managed to get herself there with relative ease (for

her, anyway).

But like many of her classmates, she found Harvard to be considerably more

competitive than the small New Jersey suburb she'd grown up in. To be sure,

she rose to meet the challenge and was in the top 10% of her class, but she

was no longer by far and away the brightest, hardest working, or even most

beautiful person in her classes. She certainly felt under more pressure these

days, and wasn't nearly as self-confident as she once was. Perhaps that's why

she took such an extreme step.

The previous Monday, the prestigious Mathews & Grant law firm announced some

last minute openings for summer internships. Four of them, to be precise.

Because it was such short notice and most students would have had summer plans

already, they made the offer to the whole student body, Freshman included. It

was the chance of a lifetime; this could easily be a career maker for any

student who was hired. Sarah immediately applied, knowing that she needed to

get this. Unfortunately for Sarah, hundreds of other students had the same

thought and applied as well.

She was elated a few days later when she'd gotten a call back requesting an

interview. She quickly agreed, but was disheartened to learn she wasn't the

only one. They'd selected ten candidates from those submitted, but would still

only be selecting four. This sent Sarah into a stressful panic - it was a

previlege to even be selected for an interview, but at this point the odds

were stacked against her. She asked around and quickly learned who the other

candidates were: She was one of only three freshman selected for an interview,

and of the three she knew she didn't stand out against the other two.

She spent the next day trying to think of any kind of edge she could giver

herself to get this job. Her academics, her activities, her references were

all stellar... but she knew so were everyone elses. She needed a way to stand

out, something that would set her apart and get one of the covetted spots.

Despite considerable thought, she hadn't come up with anything by the time she

called her mother that night and told her about the opportunity.

"What was the name of it again?" her mom asked, after hearing Sarah's excited

description.

"Matthews & Grant," Sarah answered.

"Hmmm... you know, I think Zach's daughter works there... you remember Kierra

right? She went to Boston College, Zach was telling me she got a job as a file

clerk at a law firm... I think it may have been that one."

"Really?" Sarah exclaimed. Kierra had been a Senior when Sarah was a freshman

in High School. The two girls had never gotten along; at the time Kierra was

at the top of the social ladder and Sarah the bottom, which made Sarah the

target of a great many taunts and humiliations at the hand of Kierra that

year. She was actually sort of glad to hear Kierra was only a clerk, she

really didn't like the girl. Kierra was in many ways like Sarah, but was

always slightly more of a partier than a studier. In any case though, that was

a long time ago. And it meant Sarah had an insider at the firm who might be

able to provide her the edge she was looking for.

She thanked her mom and took down Kierra's number, dialing it almost before

she'd hung up the phone. "Hello?" a girl answered on the other side.

"Hi... Kierra? This is Sarah, Sarah Mariano from High School?"

"Oh, Nubbly! Yeah, I remember you," Kierra replied.

Sarah kringed at hearing that old nickname. It was earned September of her

freshman year at a pool party. She dove into the water at one point only to

have the clasp to her bikini top break and fall off. She managed to get it

back and recover some modesty as she went about finding a new top; but not

before someone else noted the very hard, very pink nipples that stuck out

nearly half an inch from her still developing chest and called them "nubbly".

She didn't like the description and didn't even know what that meant, but the

name stuck all that year, largely thanks to Kierra. It sort of faded after

Kierra graduated, but the name still stung.

"Yeah well, I just heard from my mom you work at Matthews & Grant now?" I

asked. I felt rude getting right to asking a favor, but I really didn't have

anything else to talk with her about.

"Yeah, why?"

"Well... I have an interview there. For a summer internship. I was just

wondering, you know, if you have any tips? Know what would impress them?"

"Not really," she said. I could hear from her voice she was annoyed. An image

flashed in my head of Kierra telling one of the attorneys not to hire me, and

I suddenly wondered if this had been a bad idea.

In a panic to salvage something of this conversation, I started to plead.

"Please? Anything at all would be helpful. The competition is really intense,

and I need this. Plus, you know, I thought it'd be cool to work with you, and

hang out again." Of course, they never really hung out to begin with and she

knew it. But Sarah was letting her desperation creep in.

"Well..."

"What?"

"Nah, there's no way," Kierra said.

"What? Please," Sarah asked.

"You're not a nudist are you?" Kierra asked.

"What? No, you know that. When was I ever a nudist?" Sarah asked, her turn to

be annoyed at the stupid question.

"I figured, you're too uptight," Kierra replied. "It's just I did overhear HR

talking about how they needed more of em. You know, so they can't be accused

of being discriminatory? Like, three left in the last two months."

"You're kidding," Sarah said.

"It's all I got," Kierra answered.

Sarah hung up the phone, thinking that was a total waste of time. But almost

immediately her thoughts returned to the idea, as it would for the next day

and all the following weekend. Everytime she shrugged the idea off as being

ridiculous, it managed to creep back. She was old enough to register as one,

and it sounded like it could give her the edge she needed. None of the

candidates were nudists, she knew for a fact. But she wasn't a nudist either.

Giving up her clothes, walking around naked? That just wasn't her. And it

would be a silly thing to do for an internship. But it was a really

competitive internship, one that could have a huge impact on her future...

She tried to take her mind off of things during the weekend, but by Monday she

was fully obsessed: she needed to win this. The more she thought about it

though the less self confident she felt; she was sure they'd overlook her for

one of the other students. The interview was all she could think about. It was

scheduled for Thursday, and she felt more nervous by the minute as Monday wore

on. Classes were winding down in preparation for finals, she had a 9 AM one

and then was free for the rest of the day. She tried studying at the library

around lunchtime but found concentrating almost impossible. Instead she began

picturing life as a nudist: living naked in the dorm, shopping naked, going to

work naked... at one of the best law firms in the city. Wasn't it worth doing

anything for that.

Finally she looked up the Federal Bureau of Lifestyles website on the one of

the library computers. She was familiar with it already, having taken an

elective course covering Lifestyle law her first semester. When the Federal

Marriage Amendment missed becoming constitutional law by a mere three states,

the country's liberals were mobilized to take action. Newly empowered after

the Republicans imploded, they pushed for legal protections for practitioners

of minority lifestyles. The result was a new Federal Department, the Bureau of

Lifestyles, which defined and legally protected the lifestyle choices of the

country. Nudism was one of the first created, one of the first 50 which since

has swelled to over 600. For the first time the country's minorities had the

protection of law to live as they wished. However, since the government

offered a number of incentives for registering, such as tax benefits and

protection under equal employment laws, there were immediately individuals who

gamed the system. There was a long and bitter fight over what to do about it,

but ultimately the compromise came: People living alternative lifestyles would

not just have the freedom to live the lifestyle they chose, they'd be required

to, and were legally bound to live within the guidelines of the lifestyle if

they registered.

Sarah realized that if she registered today she could have the card by

Wednesday, in time for her interview. She could show up as a bona fide nudist,

and hopefully her lifestyle would factor into their decision making. She hated

to use that rather than her merits to get the internship; but at that point

she'd convinced herself anything that helped her get this job was a good

thing. Almost without thinking, she registered online, and the site told her

she'd be a nudist in two days. There was no going back now.

The two days passed for her in a whirl, between class, studying for finals,

and worrying about getting this internship. She'd almost forgotten about the

nudist thing when her registration card came in the mail on Wednesday. It was

really only then the reality settled on her, and she began asking herself what

she'd done.

She didn't have much time to ponder it, it turned out. She stood there holding

it in her hand for no more than five minutes when a knock came at the door.

"Sarah?"

Sarah placed the card on her desk and opened the door, a little surprised to

see the Bev, the RA, standing there. "Hi Bev, what can I do for you?"

"Well Sarah, I just got a notification from the Dean of Student Affairs that

you've registered as a nudist?" Bev asked quizzically, obviously with some

doubts about the truth of this.

"Yeah... I just thought I needed a change, something new in my life. The

lifestyle seemed like it's for me," Sarah answered, not wanting to admit to

the real reason she did it. In truth, she was actually surprised that the news

had travelled so fast, and wondered why it warranted a visit from Bev.

"Oh, okay," Bev said, still with a mild disbelief in her voice. "Well, in that

case, I have to give you this."

Sarah took a pamphlet that Bev handed her, titled Campus Policies Regarding

Alternative Lifestyles. "Oh, well thank you," Sarah said, placing it on her

desk with the registration card after briefly glancing at it.

Bev spoke with just a hint of nervousness in her voice now. "I have to let you

know that myself and the Dean's office are available if you have any problems

adjusting or need further accommodations to allow for your new lifestyle.

And..."

Sarah looked at the RA, who seemed stuck on a thought. "Well, thank you

again," she said, wondering if that was all.

"And," Bev continued, finally. "As a nudist, I have to confiscate your clothes."

Sarah stood frozen and shocked. She wasn't ready for that. It was one thing to

imagine doing it, but the reality of giving up her clothes was something else

entirely. Getting naked here, now, evoked a dreadful feeling that she hadn't

even imagined. She had been obsessed with getting this internship - but at

that moment it seemed like a long way off, and giving up her clothes was

something she had to do here and now, and suddenly felt very scary.

"Maybe we should start with what you're wearing," Bev said after Sarah didn't

move for several long moments.

"Ah, yeah," Sarah said. Her head was spinning. Was she really doing this? She

knew she had to - she'd signed up for it, failing to comply with the nudist

guidelines would make her a criminal now, and you were only allowed to change

lifestyles once every two years, minimally.

Her fingers trembled as they reached below the hem of her tank top and lifted

it over her head, exposing her Victoria's Secret bra. She struggled with the

bra clasp next, finally feeling it come apart after fumbling for several

seconds. She let the bra slip off, exposing her round C Cup breasts to Bev,

each tipped off by small pink nipples. Her instinct was to cover up, but she

knew she shouldn't. Bev looked on curiously, examining Sarah's body with her

eyes as more of it became exposed. Sarah swallowed her pride and managed to

undo the zipper to her denim skirt next, letting it fall to her ankles and

leaving her clad only in thong knickers and sandals. With her eyes closed and

Bev looking on, Sarah forced herself to finish the job, slipping her thumbs

around the waistband of the knickers and pulling them down, kicking them into

the small pile that had formed with the rest of the clothes she'd been wearing

- the last clothes she'd ever wear. She was glad she'd always kept herself

groomed down there... her only pubic hair was a bikini "landing strip", which

was now on display for anyone to see.

Sarah stood there embarrassed and naked before Bev for well over a full minute

before either of them moved or spoke again. Finally, Bev spoke. "Wow Sarah...

you look hot. This was a good move for you."

Sarah felt herself blush with embarrassment. "Thanks..."

"Are all the clothes in the closet yours?" Bev asked.

"Yes," Sarah said meekly. She felt so different, naked in front of a fully

dressed person. It was hard to feel confident at all - her self consciousness

dominated.

Together, the two girls collected the contents of the closet. Gone was the

suit Sarah would have worn for the interview, as well as all her casual

clothes, clubbing outfits, styles and fashions. All that was left were the few

pairs of shoes that fell in the nudist guidelines. Sarah couldn't get over

what it was like to bag up her own clothes, completely naked, exposed before

her fully dressed RA. Sarah had always been modest when it came to her body -

she knew her body was an asset, something she controlled and could use to her

advantage. She'd only let a select few boys have access to it up until now,

something they'd all worked for and earned. But now it was there for everyone

to see, always. Her normal confidence had abandoned her.

"We can either trash these, or donate them. Your choice," Bev said, once

everything was collected in laundry bags. Even the sheets and blankets were

pulled from the bed, and any towel large enough to wrap around her was gone.

She was left with nothing that could conceivably cover her.

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"Um, may as well donate them, I guess," Sarah said, starting to feel a little overwhelmed.

"Alright. I'll take them down for you," Bev said, picking up one bag and dragging two others. "See you around Sarah. Good luck."

See her around indeed.

That was earlier this afternoon. Sarah, had fortuitously wound up with a single thanks to a roommate who drank a little too much shortly into the second semester, and was happy for that right now, as she spent the afternoon and evening in the privacy of her room. She was afraid to leave, even opting to skip dinner. Life was going to be a lot different without clothes... she was afraid of what she'd gotten into, embarrassed to be exposed to the world, and nervous about the interview which was still looming over her tomorrow.

Eventually she tried to sleep, but found the insomnia impossible to overcome.

Which is how she got to where she was now, laying in bed, thinking about what she'd done and how she'd have to deal with it, without so much as a sheet to cover her naked body.

[How Sarah Became a Nudist: Chapter 2](http://nakedtimestories.blogspot.com/2006/12/how-sarah-became-nudist-chapter-2.html)

*Sarah laughed with her girlfriends as they walked down the school hallway, trading the latest fashion and gossip, laughing and enjoying themselves, just as she'd done a million times before. But something about it felt wrong. She kept walking through the crowded hallway, unable to shake the uneasy feeling but without knowing what it was from. It almost seemed like they were laughing at her, instead of with the last joke that was told. But that was impossible - Sarah was the most popular girl in school, why would she get laughed at? They continued down the hallway, Sarah still feeling like something was wrong. They reached the middle of the school building, where Kierra was standing, along with her friends. Kierra pointed a finger right at Sarah. "Nubbly!" she shouted. Soon the whole school was chanting. "Nubbly! Nubbly!"*

*She dropped her books with a startle, for she realized that she'd completely naked except for her platform shoes, completely exposed in front of the whole school....*

Sarah awoke suddenly, disoriented from the vivid dream she'd been having. She immediately sought to reassure herself that she wasn't in High School any more, and that she wasn't naked. It only took a moment for reality to come crashing back down, as the events of yesterday came flooding back into her head. She wasn't in high school anymore... but she didn't have clothes anymore, either.

Sarah sat up, swinging her bare legs over the edge of the bed and breathing heavily, trying to shake off the remnants from the dream. She glanced at her clock. 6:30. She couldn't have been asleep for very long, although she didn't know when exactly she'd managed to fall asleep. Warm sunlight was coming in through the window and falling on her skin. The humidity must have broken during the night, as it felt much more pleasant now than it had yesterday. She took several deep breaths, finally leaving the dream behind her, and turned her thoughts to the day ahead.

Today was the day of her interview at Matthews and Grant, the whole reason she'd become a nudist. She was sure that had been a mistake now; she felt none of her usual confidence. How could she, when she was stark naked, exposed for everyone to see? She looked at her closed dorm room door. The biggest interview of her life was in just a few hours, and she hadn't even been brave enough to venture outside her tiny room yet.

She became aware of the pressure in her bladder and realized that sitting here wouldn't be an option for very much longer. She felt around the floor under the bed until her bare feet came upon her furry pink slippers. Unfortunately, that was all the clothing she'd be allowed from now on.

Taking a deep breath (and noticing how that seemed to make her bare breasts stick out) she picked up her small purse containing her ID and key ring and then walked to the door of her dorm room. Nervously, she unlocked the door and stepped outside into the hall. There were about six rooms to each side of the hallway on this floor, so she was pleasantly surprised to find the hall empty. She began a slow walk to the end of the hall where the girl's bathroom was located, trying to adjust to the surprising number of new sensations she felt as a result of being nude. She wasn't sure what she'd expected really; if she thought about it at all, she'd imagined walking around nude wouldn't have felt any different than wearing clothes. The myriad of feelings on her body surprised her though: each tiny wisp of air across her bare skin, every bounce of her breasts, and every time her swinging arm touched her naked hip reminded her of her state of undress.

She entered the communal bathroom to discover it wasn't nearly as empty as the hallway. She heard several showers running and two of Sarah's dorm mates, Amy and Ronda, stood at the row of sinks brushing their teeth. Sarah did her best to act casually as she found her bathroom kit amongst the others usually left there, but she was immediately noticed by the two girls.

"Um.... Sarah? You forget something?" Amy said, sounding more confused than surprised.

"No, this is how I'll always be now... I registered as a nudist," Sarah said, not sure she sounded at all convincing.

"Why?" Ronda asked, putting down her toothbrush and staring at Sarah.

Sarah did her best to act naturally, though she knew she was failing as she fumbled to get some toothpaste on her brush. The embarrassment of being naked in front of other people was excruciating, she hadn't really been ready for this. "I've just... thought about this lifestyle for a long time. It's something I wanted for myself. I can't explain it." It was true, she couldn't explain it. Even she felt like she was nuts.

"So like, you're gonna walk around naked all the time now? In front of everyone?" Ronda continued.

Sarah just nodded as she brushed her teeth. She felt her skin turning red with embarrassment, especially as Ronda's words started to sink in. *In front of everyone*... these two girls were just the beginning.

"I don't get it," Ronda said simply.

"Yeah, you never seemed the type. You're usually so conservative," Amy chimed in. "What changed?"

The truth was something Sarah didn't want to admit to anyone... it sounded stupid even to her now. But why else would anyone want this?

"Nothing," Sarah said, trying to think of something. "I just like to be naked... I think I look good."

"Is it about boys?" Amy asked. "Cuz you know -"

"Whoa!" Yukiko, an asian girl and open lesbian said as she emerged from a shower stall and saw the naked Sarah. "Nice, Sarah."

Sarah felt humiliated. It wasn't that she was homophobic... she and Yukiko had always been friendly, and Yukiko's sexual orientation had never bothered her before. But as Yukiko checked out her naked body, Sarah squirmed inside.

"Thanks," Sarah said, somewhat quietly, before darting into a shower stall and hiding behind the curtain. She hadn't been ready for the way the other girls looked at her, as if she was on display for them to examine. She was shaken and embarrassed... and oddly, a little excited. There was a familiar moisture between her legs that she couldn't explain. She couldn't be turned on from all this, could she? No, she told herself that just couldn't be.

She gulped, placing her pink slippers on the small stool and stepping into a hot stream of water. She forced herself to calm down a bit. It hadn't been that bad, she told herself. It was just the because this was her first time. She'd get used to it and soon enough this would all seem normal, right? As much as she tried to convince herself of that, she couldn't quite believe it. She felt overwhelmed with a endless array of unexpected sensations and emotions. Being the only naked person when everyone else was fully dressed was embarrassing, to say the least. She had no idea how she'd manage to present herself for the interview later today, let alone how she'd go on like this.

The shower worked it's magic, relaxing her until she felt better. She stepped out and towelled off. Feeling refreshed, she put her pink slippers back on and stepped out. The bathroom was now empty save for two other showers running. Sarah didn't especially want to be seen by their occupants though so she quickly headed out of the bathroom.

Normally, the next step in her morning routine was to go back to her room to get dressed. But since that was now impossible, she didn't see any reason to return to her room, even though it was tempting to get out of the public eye. Sarah was determined to deal with her situation; she was here of her own doing and she knew she had to live with it. So rather than go back to the privacy and comfort of her room, a determined Sarah headed downstairs to breakfast, wearing only her pink slippers.

Sarah was lucky enough to live in a dorm with its own dining hall on the first floor, but today that provided little comfort. She could hear the bustling noise of the hall as she descended the last flight of stairs into the lounge. She immediately attracted the attention of the few students hanging out there; her presence stopped all conversation as the students admired the naked co-ed in their presence. Sarah blushed; she was accustomed to being admired, but these looks were different. Instead of being an object of desire that was out of reach for most, she was now... just an object available for anyone and everyone to see. Sarah tried not to look at anyone as she crossed the lounge, but as a result almost crashed into another girl who was making her way to the stairs. Sarah dodged at the last second and cringed at the scowl the girl shot at her. Sarah looked at her with envy as the girl headed up the stairs, fully dressed in a short skirt and tank top.

The dining hall was small, but busy. Even at this early hour, twenty to thirty students sat around eating and chatting. Sarah felt totally exposed and helpless to stop the inevitable stares that met her as she crossed to the buffet line. Conversations stopped, and the room was briefly quiet before a round of hushed conversations began discussing the naked girl in the dining hall. Sarah overheard a few - one person asked who she was and if she lived here, another described nudists as "attention sluts", and still another said he'd love to do something to her... Sarah didn't quite catch what it was, but decided she was best off not knowing.

She made her way down the buffet picking up a good sized breakfast: Orange juice, cereal, some waffles, and an apple. She slid her tray to the end of the buffet line, where a student worker sat at a register. She guessed he was a freshman like her, but her looked young and had a particularly pervy look about him. Sarah cringed as she stopped in front of him to dig out her meal plan card, keenly aware of the fact that her breasts was barely a foot from his face, and his eyes never rose above that level.

"So, Sarah..." he said, reading her name off her card before swiping it. "Got any plans for the weekend?"

Sarah couldn't believe the little twirp was actually hitting on her. "I'm busy," she said indignantly, before taking her card back and walking away, looking for a seat.

"Whoa, Sarah is that you?" A girl said as Sarah walked through the dining hall.

Sarah stopped, turning to see who had spoken. The voice belonged to Jennifer, the girl who lived across the hall from Sarah. She was sitting with her roommate Lindsay (though everyone called her Linds) and a boy named Scott who Sarah recognized from the floor above them. "Hi, Jennifer," Sarah replied, uneasily.

"I didn't recognized you without your clothes," Jenn said. "Um, why aren't you wearing clothes?"

"It's my lifestyle now," Sarah answered simply. Scott's eyes were unabashedly roaming her body, making her feel even more embarrassed.

There was an awkward silence that lasted for several moments before Jenn offered "Wanna sit?"

Sarah accepted the offer, and once again found herself in the embarrassing position of being naked with a group of fully dressed friends. She was keenly aware of it as she took her seat; she was clearly the center of attention, exposed and unable to hide herself, an outsider even as she joined the circle.

Sarah tried to keep her mind off of it by turning her attention to her food. Her ordeal hadn't affected her appetite in the least; her belly was rumbling with hunger. The small table sat in relative silence for a few minutes, although everyone's eyes pretty much stayed on Sarah. Finally, Scott broke the silence. "So I don't get it," he said.

Sarah looked up from her almost finished bowl of cereal. "Get what?" she asked. His eyes were boaring into her breasts; she wanted to cover them so bad but knew she couldn't.

"Why you'd want to show off like this," he said. "I mean not that I'm complaining, a hot girl like you... but you never really seemed like an exhibitionist."

"She's not an exhibitionist, she's a nudist. There's a difference," Jenn said. "Isn't there?"

"Yes. Nudists just don't believe in modesty or body shame. I don't get off on this," Sarah explained. Even as she said it though, a wetness between her legs told a different story... something that confused and frightened her. The stares she was getting were humiliating... there wasn't anything enjoyable about this. That's what she told herself, at least.

"Isn't today the day of your big interview?" Jenn asked.

"Yeah. It's at 1," Sarah answered.

"Funny it's on the same day you became a nudist..." Jenn said quietly.

Sarah didn't answer, instead taking a last gulp of orange juice and then standing up. "Actually, I have to get ready for it. I'll see you all later. Thanks."

"Yeah... be seeing a lot of you!" Scott said.

Sarah burned with embarrassment as she walked off, still turning the heads of everyone in the dining hall. She still couldn't believe what this felt like, or even that she was doing this at all. But she didn't have a choice now. She'd made it her life. Sarah the nudist.

And she was glad she hadn't felt the tiny trickle of moisture crawling down her leg from her wet pussy until after she'd left the dining hall area.

[How Sarah Became a Nudist: Chapter 3](http://nakedtimestories.blogspot.com/2006/12/how-sarah-became-nudist-chapter-3.html)

"Oh God," Sarah moaned, as her fingers rubbed her clit furiously. A moment later she bucked her hips in the air, groaning as an intense orgasm washed over her, causing her whole body to tremble before she collapsed back down on her bed.

For several minutes she simply laid there panting, just enjoying the feeling of bliss that came with the afterglow of her orgasm. She was naked, sweaty, and smiling. She'd always been very sexual; there was little in life that an orgasm wouldn't cure, and that was true in this case. The stresses of her predicament and impending interview were distant things in her mind, as she squirmed on her bed and relived the intense feelings of pleasure in her head.

She couldn't believe how horny she felt this morning, she didn't know what had come over her. When she'd gotten back to her dorm room she just sort of started touching herself. She honestly didn't remember starting... but it quickly grew to one of her most intense orgasms ever.

She laid in her bed, sweating and naked, for several minutes. Eventually the afterglow faded and reality started to encroach on her. She had a huge interview in barely three hours that she was in no way ready for; no small part of the reason was that she had to do the whole thing naked. She hadn't thought of that when she'd hatched this stupid plan; she didn't know how she was going to put her best foot forward without even the benefit of shoes.

But wait, she suddenly realized. Shoes weren't out of the question; there was just limits to what they'd be allowed to cover. She jumped off her bed and dove to her mostly empty closet, but was thrilled that she'd kept most of her shoes. It didn't take her long to find what she was looking for; three inch open toed heels. She could wear them and still be well within the nudist guidelines.

She smiled to herself as she began to consider what else she could do. She had to be naked; but she could still look her best for this interview. Quickly, she exited her room and headed for the bathroom, glad to find it empty at this hour. She hopped in the shower, washing the smell of sex off of herself and replacing it with scented soap and shampoos. Exiting the shower, she stood at the mirror paying extra attention brushing her hair. She headed back to her room and found her seldom used make up. She didn't apply much but what she did made a difference. She tried to imagine herself wearing a business suit and looking professional, and tried to duplicate everything about that, even though the business suit was impossible now.

Finally, she slipped on her chosen shoes and looked at herself. Not bad, she thought. It was as professional as she could get while still being naked. The heels really accentuated her legs and forced her to stand straight, thrusting her perky breasts straight out. She tried to picture herself in front of the interviewer like this... she couldn't just yet. But she had over two hours to figure that out.

She stood at the door to her room and took a big breath. This was it. She had to do this right or it would be all for nothing. With all the confidence she could muster, she opened the door and strutted out.

"Hey Sarah," Yukiko said, just returning to her room from somewhere. "Whoa, you look smoking!"

Sarah blushed, her confidence gone as quickly as she'd summoned it. "Thanks," was all she could say, as Yukiko looked her over.

"Going to your interview?" Yukiko asked.

"Yeah," Sarah replied, burning with embarrassment.

"Good luck... I'm sure you'll knock em dead, looking like that," Yukiko said.

Sarah blushed. "Thanks... well I gotta get going."

Sarah darted for the stairwell, anxious to get away from her gaze. She knew she couldn't appear embarassed like this for the interview, but she couldn't seem to control it. To make matters worse, the heels were making her unfettered breasts bounce and jiggle as she walked, constantly reminding her of her nude state and no doubt drawing attention to them. She had no idea how she was going to manage this.

There were only a few people in the lounge now. But just as before, she immediatley drew everyone's attention.

Breathe Sarah, she told yourself. You have to act like everything is normal. She put on a fake smile as she walked through the lounge, trying not to meet the eye of any of her dormmates. She crossed the room without incident, but paused when she got to the big double doors at the front entrance. She suddenly realized she had to go outside, stark naked. She stood frozen before the immense psychological barrier before her. She'd never been fully naked outside before, and she just couldn't believe she was going to do it.
Holding her breath and summoning all her will power, Sarah pushed through the big door and stepped out onto the front landing of her dorm building. It was a beautiful early May day - the sun shone warmly, it's rays covering her skin. It was an incredible sensation, one which temporarily made Sarah forget what she was doing, as she simply stood and enjoyed it. She let herself breathe again.

The positive feeling didn't last for long though as she scanned her surroundings and realized there were a lot more people out here than she'd expected, and she was already attracting a lot of stares. The warm weather must have motivated a lot of students to study out on the green rather than indoors. And even among the many bikini-clad sunbathers, a fully nude co-ed stood out.

A small group of fraternity brothers near the dorm entrance took immediate notice and lost no time in introducing themselves. "Hey, what's your name?" A tall blonde one shouted, directed at her.

"Er, Sarah," she replied, trying to stay cool despite being ogled by the boys.

Evidently that was enough of an invitation for him to walk over, because that's the next thing he did. "Hi, I'm Jerome, with the Delts," he said. "Amazingly I don't think I've seen you around campus before Sarah."

Sarah groaned internally. The Delts had a reputation for being a party frat, often trying to emulate their namesake from the movie Animal House. "Well I'm normally not naked around campus..." she replied. God, were his eyes ever going to come off her boobs? She wanted to cover them so badly...

"Well I'm glad you decided to today!" he replied, smiling. "You should hang with us, we were about to start a game of Frisbee. You can be on my team."

"Sorry, but I have to be somewhere," Sarah said. "Maybe another time"

She walked off quickly, before he could say anything else. Normally, frat boys wouldn't bother her - heck, she liked the attention even. But being nude made her feel vulnerable in a way she'd never experienced before. She could swear she felt their eyes on her ass as she walked down the footpath though. She knew the heels weren't helping, forcing her hips to rotate with every step. She headed for the city subway connection on the far side of campus, every step taking her further from the relative sanctuary of her dorm and further into the world of public nudity. What she had done was really starting to sink in - everyone on campus was going to see her naked eventually. Most of them today. Not to mention the thousands of people in the city of Boston, everyone at the law firm she was about to interview with... and who knows how many other thousands of people before she could possibly un-register herself and put on clothes again. She'd abandoned all claims to modesty or privacy; the thought made her head swim as she crossed campus and made more heads turn.

Sarah tried to push the thoughts from her head. You're a nudist Sarah. Stay focused. It didn't help much.

Sarah crossed the small parking lot outside the subway station and descended the stairs just as the subway train was opening its doors to accept passengers. Sarah swiped her card at the turnstyle and boarded, thankful for at least that little bit of luck.

The car was initially empty; the campus was at the end of the subway line and so didn't get many passengers here beyond the students. The downside though was that it would be a half hour ride until she reached her stop downtown. Sarah took a moment to breathe and compose herself, glad that for the moment there was no one around to see her. It only lasted a minute though... two more students boarded before the train as it sat waiting to leave the station.

The first was an blonde girl that paid her no attention, she simply took a seat and pulled out a book, hardly noticing the naked girl sharing the car with her. The second was an Indian girl, who unfortunately for Sarah was much more interested.

"Hi," the girl said, taking a seat near Sarah's. "I don't think we've met before. I'm Reena."

The contrast between the two girls couldn't have been greater. Sarah, sitting nervously, naked except for her shoes and handbag which she held in her lap. Reena however seemed totally confident, dressed in casual jeans, boots, and a stylish shirt.

"Sarah," she said her name politely.

"I run the campus society for lifestylists," Reena told her. "I haven't seen you there, have you ever thought about joining? We don't have many nudists but there's a lot of great people in other lifestyles."

"Which are you?" Sarah asked. Reena looked normal, so Sarah was surprised to hear this.

"Polyandry," Reena answered. "I have two husbands."

"Oh," Sarah said. Wanting to be polite, she added "Well, I'll think about joining."

Reena smiled. "Well I hope you do," she said. "It was nice meeting you."

Sarah smiled back, though inwardly she cringed. *You're a freak now, Sarah*, She told yourself. *There's a reason lifestyles get special protection, because they're not normal. They even have their own clubs*. For someone who'd so recently prided herself on being the popular girl, that was a depressing thought, and one that stayed with her as Reena left to greet someone else who'd boarded.

The train lurched and started moving a minute later, taking Sarah towards her interview. She suddenly realized that if she didn't get this job she'd still have to be a nudist. In a few hours, she'd either have the position or not - but either way, she'd be a freak for years to come.

Without further ado, Chapter 4:

Sarah sat uncomfortably wedged between a fat man and a senior citizen with a cane, the train having got quite crowded long before it reached her stop. She was still the only naked person in the crowd though, which for some reason clustered around where she was sitting. The senior citizen on her left wasn't so bad; he seemed almost as embarrassed as she was. But the fat man could barely hide his stares and kept making lame attempts to hit on her. Sarah tried to deal with it in stride, but nevertheless breathed a sigh of relief when the train finally stopped.

The subway station was unbelievably crowded, and Sarah felt intensely uneasy walking naked through so many people. Even with hundreds of other people around her, she stood out from the crowd being the only one without any clothes. Another wave of nervousness washed over her. Come on Sarah, she chided herself. You can't feel like this if you're going to convince the interviewer you're a bona fide nudist. Summoning all her courage, she tried to show more confidence in her steps, walking tall and thrusting her bare breasts outwards. On display.

The city street wasn't much different. It was bright and sunny, and crowded with an uncountable number of people. Sarah was the only naked one. She did her best to maintain her composure as she crossed the street, as if walking naked through the middle of a city was the most natural and normal thing in the world to her. She wasn't sure how well she pulled that off, but she still breathed a sigh of relief as she reached her destination. Thankfully the building was only a block away from the subway stop, and the lobby was empty save for the man at the security desk.

"Can I help you miss?" he said, looking Sarah's naked form over.

"Yes, I'm here for an interview," Sarah said.

"Name?"

"Sarah Mariano," she answered.

The air conditioning kicked on, blowing cool air across the lobby and making her skin crawl - which didn't go unnoticed by the guard. He smiled before reaching under the desk and pulling out a visitor pass.

"Here you go," he said. "Take the elevator to the fourth floor, someone there will assist you."

Sarah took the laminated badge and looked it over. It just said "Guest" with a bar code, but that wasn't the issue - it was the metal alligator clip glued to the back of it.

When Sarah didn't move after several seconds, the guard asked "Is something the matter?"

"Um," Sarah stammered, unsure what to say. "Yes. I'm naked..."

"I noticed," he said.

Sarah burned with embarrassment as she clarified. "I've nowhere to clip it," she explained.

The guard smiled. "Oh, yes, I suppose that would be a problem for you," he said. He looked back under his desk and found another one, this one with a long chain. Handing it to Sarah he said "Take this one instead."

"Thank you," Sarah said meekly, accepting it and putting it around her neck and leaving quickly, heading for the elevators off to the side of the lobby. She was pleased when the doors immediately opened upon pressing the call button, and stepped inside an empty elevator.

Sarah did her best to calm her growing nerves as the elevator began a surprisingly slow ascent to the fourth floor. This interview would have been stressful enough under normal circumstances; she couldn't believe she now had to do it naked. She felt so exposed and vulnerable in this state; not the cool, confidant woman she needed to be to get this job. The walls of the elevator were covered in big mirrors, giving Sarah another chance to look at herself. The cool air of the building had given her goosebumps and her nipples were standing out. Her hair was a little more frazzled than she'd like it to be - the heat and humidity of the day had already done its work on it. She also noticed, between her legs, a slight glint of moisture... she told herself it was sweat, but she knew it wasn't. The tingling she felt there was hard to ignore.

The door opened and Sarah stepped out into what appeared to be another lobby; there was a couch and several chairs. Big street facing windows covered the left side of the room, and a reception desk was located opposite the elevator. There were a few other people in the lobby who immediately took notice of Sarah, but she did everything she could to just shut them out of her mind. She didn't want anything to distract her from rocking this interview. Of course, being naked isn't helping matters...

She crossed the lobby to approach the receptionist desk. A pretty blond girl dressed in a professional suit sat behind it. The nameplate read "Fleur DeCannes" and Sarah guessed she wasn't much older than she was. Fleur looked up from her computer screen and her eyes widened when she saw the naked Sarah standing in front of her.

"Oh... can I help you?"

"I'm here for an interview," Sarah said, trying to ignore the uncomfortable feeling of Fleur's eyes scanning her body. "Sarah Mariano"

Fleur called up a calendar on her computer screen and scanned it. After a moment she marked something, and then handed a Sarah a clipboard. "Fill this out. Tom Matthews will be interviewing you in about twenty minutes," Fleur told her.

"Thank you," Sarah said, taking the clipboard and a pen. She scanned the available seating. Two other people were sitting in the lobby and pretty openly staring at her... she opted for the seat furthest from them, even though it was closest to the window. She moved quickly to the seat, wanting to minimize the time she spent in front of the window giving everyone on the street a show.

The clipboard had a pretty standard application form on it - name, address, that sort of thing. Sarah got busy filling it out; she was almost done in a few minutes when someone else came walking in from the offices in back. "Hey Fleur, we want to know if you feel like going back to Firehouse today for lunch," the girl asked.

Sarah froze. Unfortunately, she recognized the voice immediately and didn't even have to look up to confirm who it was. It was Kierra. Sarah hoped she simply wouldn't be noticed; but that was basically impossible being naked as she was. Kierra spotted her almost immediately. "Oh my God - Nubbly!?" Kierra explained.

Everything has to look normal, Sarah told herself. Fake it. You can do this. "Hi, Kierra."

Kierra put her hand over her mouth in an exaggerated attempt to stop from laughing. "I never thought you'd actually have the guts to show up here naked," she said, still suppressing outright laughter.

"Well, I should. I'm a nudist now." Sarah's cheeks burned. This was a girl who'd managed to torment her for a year just because she'd lost her top once. Now here she was totally naked in front of that girl; and at her suggestion no less. Sarah supposed there was an irony in that; but at the moment she was just doing her best not to panic. She realized that Kierra was the one person who knew that her reasons for becoming a nudist were less-than-legitimate, and that could sink Sarah's chances here if Kierra decided to share that with anyone.

Fleur took a renewed interest in Sarah at this point. "You two know each other?"

"Nubbly and I went to high school together. But that was a clothed version of her," Kierra explained. Then, with a smirk, "Although with her fashion sense, this is quite the improvement!"

Both Kierra and Fleur giggled. "I see... and where's 'nubbly' come from?"

"Oh, that's just a friendly nickname we had for her, isn't it nubbly?"

Friendly my ass, Sarah thought. "Of course"

A man stepped out of the office area. "Sarah Mariano?" he asked, looking around.

Sarah sighed with relief. Anything was better than being in this room now, even being interviewed naked. She got up, giving Kierra a full view of her naked body for the first time, and walked over to the man. "Yes, hello," she said.

The man stared, apparently losing his bearings at the sight of the beautiful nude woman. "Hi," he said, then paused, then cleared his throat. "Tom Matthews," he said, shaking her hand.

"A pleasure," Sarah replied, forcing a smile.

"If you'll follow me, we're conducting interviews in the conference room," Tom said.

"Of course," Sarah replied. He led her through a short hallway and passed a row of cubicles. Though she got some shocked glances from some of the workers, it was still better than spending another moment in the room with Kierra. A moment later Tom opened a door to the conference room, and held it for her as she walked inside. She could feel his eyes on her ass as she stepped through the door. Nudists aren't self conscious, she scolded herself. She made herself smile that much more.

Tom took a seat on the side of the table and motioned for her to sit next to him.

"Welcome Sarah, and congratulations on making it this far," Tom said, in an obviously well rehearsed tone of voice. "I'm sure you're aware that you're younger than the interns we usually hire. We have an unusually heavy caseload right now though, and obviously your resume stood out. I must say I'm surprised to see you're a nudist though; my notes don't have anything about that. You should rest assured though that Matthew's and Grant is an equal opportunity employer that values diversity and respects all lifestyles."

"Thank you," she said. That's what I'm counting on...

"My name is Tom Matthews," he said. "My older brother, Sam Matthews, is one of the founding partners of this firm. If you're hired, you should get to meet him; but you'd be working directly for me on this current case. It's a class action civil rights lawsuit against S-Mart; we're alleging institutional discrimination against registered lifestylists. As you may know, they're one of the top 50 employers in the nation, so nothing about this case is a small matter."

Sarah nodded. An air conditioner kicked on at just that moment; blowing cold air across her body. She shivered slightly and felt her nipples harden, something with Tom didn't fail to notice, going by his eyes. There was little doubt that Tom, like most men, enjoyed the sight of this naked girl.

The interview continued like that for a little while. Tom described the details of the case and the kind of things she'd be doing as an intern - mostly dealing with paperwork, unsurprisingly. Sarah for her part did her best to ask smart questions about the case, to show off her knowledge of the relevant laws and procedures. She hoped that any embarrassment she was showing would be chalked up to nervousness about the interview, which she hoped would be acceptable - because in truth, she'd never been more nervous about anything. She tried to get a read from Tom as to how well she was doing, but the only thing she could tell for sure that he liked about her was her boobs.

Finally the inevitable question came. "So Sarah, tell me about being a nudist."

She gulped. "I only registered relatively recently," she said, choosing her words carefully so as not to outright lie. "It's just something that I'd felt was right for me. I'm not sure what else to say about it, honestly."

Tom looked her over, and the conversation paused. Sarah grew nervous, wondering if she'd said something wrong, or if he'd guessed the real reason she had shown up naked today. Then suddenly, before she even had a chance to reconsider, she shifted in her seat and spread her legs, giving Tom a full display of everything between them. She immediately kicked herself internally - this is wrong, she told herself. But she didn't change positions again, and instead tried to look casual, as if she hadn't noticed the show she was giving Tom. Just like a nudist would.

Tom didn't miss the bait, staring openly for several long moments before he seemed to gain control of himself. "Oh, um, yes, that's fine. Mostly it was my own curiosity. We don't currently have any other nudists working at the firm."

Sarah smiled, taking the opportunity to close her legs and shift positions again. "I understand," she said.

Tom stood up and Sarah followed. "Well Sarah, it was a pleasure to meet you. We'll be making our decision at the end of the day, someone will call you."

"Thank you," she said, shaking Tom's hand. "It was a pleasure as well."

Tom led her back to the lobby where Sarah quickly got on the elevator and breathed a huge sigh of relief. It was only now that she realized how hard her heart was pounding

Chapter 5

Sarah had no memory of the trip home after her interview, which she blamed on the adrenalin surge she was still feeling hours later. She still couldn't believe that she'd now spent over a day totally naked - around the dorm, around campus, and even in the middle of the city. She went to the most important interview of her life wearing nothing but heels and a smile, and given the interviewer a full display of her most intimate parts.

All of that made her blush to think about, but inexplicably, it was also making her feel hornier than she could ever remember feeling. Which is why she'd spent most of the afternoon splayed out on her bed with her vibrator buried deep inside her. In her mind, she relived every moment when she'd been stared at, but especially that moment in the interview where she'd consciously displayed herself, exhibiting her pussy for Tom Matthews. It was so embarrassing when it happened, but now it seemed so... hot. In the back of her head Sarah wondered if she was turning into some kind of exhibitionist, but that thought was buried below the waves of pleasure crashing over her.

Sarah gasped as a powerful orgasm ripped through her, and then collapsed, smiling and squirming in the afterglow, her skin glistening with beads of sweat as she lay sprawled out on her bed.

Her afterglow was unfortunately cut shore by her cell phone ring tone. She fumbled blindly for it on her nightstand, finally finding the handset and putting it to her ear.

"Hello?" she said.

"This is Mary Williams with Matthew's and Grant. I'm calling to invite you to be a part of our summer internship program," the voice on the other end said.

Sarah hardly contained herself through the rest of the brief conversation. She managed to write down a few notes, a phone number, some other information that Mary gave her over the phone - but when she finally hung up, Sarah contained herself no longer. "EEEEE!" she yelled, practically bouncing with excitement.

This whole nudist thing may have been a dumb idea, but it just PAID OFF big time. She got the job. This was huge.

Excited and hardly thinking, she danced out of her room, unconcerned with her nudity or anything other than finding someone to share the news with. As fate would have it, the first person she ran into was Yukiko, wrapped in a towel and headed for the shower.

"Whoa, Sarah, you look happy," Yukiko commented.

"I got the job!" Sarah explained, embracing her friend in glee.

Yukiko, far from acting uncomfortable about the whole thing, shared in the enthusiasm. "That's great!" she shouted, hugging Sarah back.

Having finally shared with someone, Sarah calmed down a little bit and her self consciousness began to reassert itself. She still smelled of sex, and was standing naked in a hallway with her lesbian friend, who herself was only wearing a towel.

"Yeah," Sarah said, still smiling, but now with just a hint of embarrassment. "So... headed for the shower?"

"Yeah, just got back from a work out," Yukiko said.

"I think I'll join you," Sarah said. Then, catching herself, "Separately, I mean. Not join you join you." she added, blushing.

Yukiko laughed. "I got what you mean. Come on."

The two girls walked to the bathroom, which they found empty. "So, you'll be working in the city all summer?" Yukiko asked.

"Yeah, guess so!" Sarah answered as the girls picked up their soap and shampoos from the common ledge.

To Sarah's surprise, Yukiko whipped off her towel before entering one of the shower stall. It occurred to Sarah that she was the first person she'd seen naked since, well, everyone had gotten to see her naked. It was surprising how little Yukiko seemed to care.

"Given any thought to where you're going to live?" Yukiko asked, talking over the wall separating the shower stalls.

"Not yet," Sarah replied, after stepping into the stall next to Yukiko's and turning the water on.

"Well, if you're interested, I'm looking for a roommate for the summer, the girl I was supposed to stay with bailed on me to go to Europe instead," Yukiko said.

"Where?" Sarah asked.

"Downtown," Yukiko answered. "It's on Lowry, about a block from the 5th st subway entrance."

That was only one stop from the law firm. Sarah could hardly hope for something better than that. "That sounds great!"

The girls conversation drifted to other things after that, talk about the end of their classes and some campus gossip. Sarah was feeling pretty good about herself by the time she shut off the water and dried off with the half sized towel she was permitted.

Yukiko stepped out of the shower stall with her towel wrapped around her. "Hey," she said. "Feel like going down to the union for a bite to eat? I'm starved, and don't think I can stand the meal plan food one more day."

Sarah paused briefly - she didn't exactly look forward to more public nudity. But she was still feeling pretty good about herself, and the rumbling in her stomach overruled any apprehension.

"Sure," she said. "Just let me get dressed and -"

Yukiko laughed, and Sarah realized her mistake. "I mean, you can go get dressed. I'll just dry off."

The girls returned to the respective rooms. Sarah dried her hair, but decided to simply put it up rather than try to do anything else with it. She slipped on a pair of sandals and picked up a pair of sunglasses, and realized she was ready to go, which for some reason surprised her. There were some parts of being a nudist that just felt weird, and not taking any time to get ready to go out was one of them.

Still naked save for her sandals, she walked out of her room and headed to Yukiko's, knocking on the door. "Come in!" Sarah heard from within.

Sarah opened the door and found her friend wearing only a denim miniskirt, seemingly unconcerned with the fact that she was topless as Sarah walked in. "I can't decide... the white one, or the red one?" Yukiko asked, holding up each top respectively.

"The red," Sarah asked, with a pang of jealousy at even having this choice to make. She marveled a little bit at how casual Yukiko seemed to be with her own body - she wondered if it had something to do with being a lesbian, but she kept that thought to herself. She also thought it was weird that despite being gay, Yukiko seemed like the only person so far not to act weird about Sarah's nudity. Save for her initial shock earlier this morning, anyway.

Yukiko looked at the red top again and nodded. "Yeah, totally. The other one so doesn't go with this skirt. Don't know what I was thinking," she smiled, pulling the chosen top over her head and straightening it. "Must be nice to be free of these kind of dilemma's for yourself, huh?"

"I guess," Sarah said. In truth, her emotions were decidedly mixed on the subject. On the one hand, this was the most humiliating ordeal of her life. On the other...

"Ready?" Yukiko asked.

"Yep," Sarah answered.

The two girls left the room and headed for the staircase, Yukiko dressed lightly in her skirt and halter top, Sarah in nothing at all. They walked briskly through the lounge, Sarah choosing to ignore the attention that she immediately garnered just by walking through. They emerged into bright sunlight, which just felt good against Sarah's naked body. It was a sign of the oncoming summer that even this late in the day the sun was still up, something Sarah was glad for. She hadn't yet considered how she'd deal with being a nudist in the cold northeastern winter, and was perfectly happy not to think about it for a couple of months.

As they crossed the campus, Sarah did took stock of her admirers. The most openly staring were the various groups of frat boys hanging around the green. But she didn't go unnoticed by the more bookwormish students either, who all lifted their heads from their study notes as she walked by. Even many of the girls couldn't help but notice the naked girl now so brazenly walking across campus, her every inch of skin exposed for anyone who cared to look. It was still deeply embarrassing for Sarah, who doubted she'd be feeling so courageous if Yukiko wasn't walking by her side... still, she took notice of something else she was feeling deep inside, buried underneath the embarrassment and desire to cover up. It was the thing that made her jiggle her breasts just a little more than was strictly necessary, and put a little extra sway into her ass as she walked - it was a part of her that didn't entirely dislike her self inflicted forced nudity, and made itself known between her legs.

This was going to be an interesting summer.

Chapter 6

And without further ado:

Sarah moved about her new apartment nervously, opening and closing cabinet doors, straightening things, moving things. By contrast, Yukiko, now her roommate, relaxed comfortably on the sofa engrossed by whatever book she was reading. After this went on for some time though, Sarah's movements must have become too distracting. She put the book down and looked at her naked roommate. "Sarah, is everything okay? That's the third time you've moved that picture frame."

"Oh," Sarah said, embarrassed. "Sorry, didn't mean to bother you."

"It's okay, it's just you're acting like something's on your mind?" Yukiko asked.

"No, everything's fine," Sarah said. Then, after reconsidering. "Well, I dunno. My family's going to be here in a little while. And I haven't exactly, you know, told them... that I'm a nudist..."

The previous week had been such a blur. After the elation about getting the internship, Sarah had been forced to buckle down and refocus on finals. She'd spent most of the time in her dorm room studying, not thinking about the job, her nudity, or much else besides the immediate need to pass her classes. Aside from some shocked TA's and fellow classmates when she showed up to take her finals naked, it had been an uneventful week. That had changed suddenly with a hectic move yesterday, as it was the last day to move out of the dorms. Sarah and Yukiko struggled to fit everything into Yukiko's small car to take to their new apartment... both were grateful that Sarah didn't have any additional suitcases full of clothes to worry about (and that the apartment was fully furnished already). And though Sarah had excitedly spoken to her parents about the internship several times in the last week... the subject of nudism just never seemed to come up. They did, however, insist on driving up to take Sarah out to a congratulatory dinner before she began her internship tomorrow.

Yukiko did her best to conceal her amusement, but couldn't hide her smirk. Sarah just looked at her friend distraughtly and collapsed in a chair, only closing her legs several moments later in a bout of self consciousness. "I'm serious! They haven't seen me naked since I was three!"

Yukiko, realizing her reaction was uncalled for, switched gears to comforting her friend instead: "Well, do you think they'll take it badly?"

"I... I don't know," Sarah said. "They're pretty liberal and open minded I guess, but it's not like any of them are nudists. I don't know what they'll think of me."

Yukiko took her friend's hand. "When I was in High School I must have spent months fretting about how I was going to come out to my parents about being gay. I think up until then they'd wanted me to register for the traditional Japanese housewife lifestyle or something. But, when I finally did it, they just accepted it. Parents are cool like that, they love their kids. They'll see how important being a nudist is to you, and they'll support it."

But being a nudist wasn't important to her. It wasn't something Sarah would have ever chosen if she hadn't wanted that job so bad. And even the fact that she had gotten hired now seemed a minor consolation against the thought of opening that door naked for her parents. But that wasn't anything she could confess to Yukiko, so she just smiled and said "Thank you."

Sarah relaxed a little after that, at least enough that she could sit and watch TV until that fateful moment arrived.

Just a few minutes after six, the buzzer rang.

"Sarah?" The crackly, near-unrecognizable voice came over the building's intercom system. "It's your mother - buzz us in please."

Sarah held down the buzzer for a few seconds, unlocking the door at the front of the building for her parents. Sarah stood apprehensively, waiting.

"Do you want me to go?" Yukiko asked politely.

"No," Sarah said quickly. "Please stay." The thought of facing this alone was suddenly too much to deal with.

"Okay," Yukiko said, squeezing Sarah's hand for support. Sarah felt good about that, appreciating what a good friend Yukiko had turned into over the passed week.

A minute later a knock came at the door. Sarah suddenly felt more aware of her nudity than she'd felt since her first day as a nudist. The bushy carpet dug between her toes as she walked across it. She felt every wisp of air against her exposed skin as she crossed the living room. Her breasts bounced subtly as she moved, unconstrained by a bra. None of it felt especially unnatural to her any more, but it did all reinforce the fact that she was about to greet her parents naked at the door, which was filling her with indescribable dread.

Sarah grabbed the door handle and with a deep breath, swung the door open wide, exposing her whole body to her family for the first time since she was a little girl.

Her mother Jillian, a tall, blond haired woman in her late 40's, immediately looked confused. "Oh - Sarah - I'm sorry - wait - huh - where are your clothes?" She managed to stammer out.

Sarah's father, David, seemed more shocked than anything. "Sarah!" he exclaimed, before turning his head to look away from his naked daughter.

Her fourteen year old brother Dave Jr. (who Sarah had NOT been expecting) had apparently been too preoccupied with his iPod to notice what had happened right away. It was only at the sound of his dad's exclamation that he looked up. "Whoa..." he said.

Sarah was burning with embarrassment, her whole body blushing uncontrollably. "Hi guys..." she said meekly. "Please come in..."

Jillian, in an apparent effort to preserve something of her daughter's modesty, motioned for the other two to wait outside before entering the apartment and shutting the door. "Sarah!" she shouted. "Why are you naked? Is this some sort of joke?"

"No, mom, please," Sarah said, panicking. "I'll explain..."

The front door cracked open a bit, and her dad's voice came through. "Is everything alright?"

"Just wait a moment David, our daughter still isn't dressed. Go get dressed Sarah, and then we'll discuss this," her mom said coldly.

"I can't mom," Sarah was on the verge of tears. "I'd... I've decided... I'm a nudist."

"A what!?"

Seeing how badly this was going, Yukiko took a few steps to be closer to her friend.

"A nudist," Sarah repeated, in barely a whisper. She felt more ashamed than she'd ever felt in her life. "I... I... have to be n-naked..."

Her dad, impatient to wait in the hallway, came into the room, followed by her brother. "Jillian, Sarah, what's going on?"

"I wanted to tell you guys..." Sarah began, her self consciousness asserting itself fiercely. She covered her breasts and pussy with her hands, and couldn't take her eyes off the floor in front of her.

"Our daughter decided to be a freak!"

"Mrs. Mariano!" Yukiko exclaimed, defending her friend. "Sarah's -"

"Shut up," Jillian shouted at Yukiko, now visibly angry. "You did this, didn't you? You perverted our Sarah!"

"Mom!" Sarah yelled.

"Jillian!" David said. He was clearly uncomfortably at all this

"I didn't raise my daughter to be so immodest," Jillian continued. "I didn't raise her to be some kind of a naked pervert."

Sarah tried to say something in response, but found it couldn't get through the tears now flowing freely down her cheeks. Yukiko took Sarah's hand, squeezing it.

Jillian looked at her daughter with steely eyes. "We'll have no part in this. We're leaving," she said, before turning away and walking out the door. David seemed torn as to what to do, but after a moment's indecision followed his wife. Dave Jr. took one last glance at the naked girl who was his sister, and then followed.

Sarah just stood for a moment, unable to control herself. Yukiko said something but she didn't hear what it was. A few seconds went by, and then Sarah bolted for the door, running out into the hallway. "Mom! Dad! Please!" she shouted through her tears to her parents who were just getting on the elevator. Her dad shot her one last painful look, but then went onto the elevator and the door closed behind them.

That was it. Sarah collapsed on the floor of the hallway, exhausted, crying, naked. Yukiko came out quickly and simply wrapped her arms around her friend, holding her. Sarah responded by burying her head deep in Yukiko's bosom, grateful for the small comfort of human contact. Some time later, the tears abated and Yukiko was able to coax Sarah back inside the apartment. Thoughts went through Sarah's mind faster than she could process them. It wasn't worth it. She'd been so willing to do anything for this internship, it was stupid. She sacrificed too much, and now she couldn't ever go back. She WAS a freak, just like her mom said. Someone who gave up clothes, for what? To be stared at, embarrassed, humiliated? To alienate her family?

But Sarah didn't voice any of this. She sat on the couch silently for a few hours, leaning against Yukiko, who offered what comfort she could in the form of hugs and tissues. Eventually, after the sun had gone down and it was dark in the apartment, Sarah regained control of herself. She'd always been a rational girl... she knew deep down, however she felt right now, and whatever mistakes she'd made... she was stuck being a nudist going forward. This she had to learn to live with.

"Thank you," she said to Yukiko with what was left of her voice.

"Of course sweety," she replied. "I told you I'd be here for you. I'm just so sorry..."

They sat for a while longer. Sarah didn't exactly feel better, but she was too drained to feel bad anymore. "Why don't you go get some rest?" Yukiko offered.

Sarah sat up, sniffling. "Yeah," she agreed. "I think I will."

She stood up shakily, just in time for the phone to ring. Yukiko answered it. "Hello?" Then, a moment later: "It's your dad."

Yukiko reluctantly handed the phone to Sarah, not wishing her see her friend become upset again. Sarah accepted it and put it to her ear. "Hello?" she said, her voice still raspy from crying.

"Sarah, I'm sorry about what happened," her father spoke.

Silence.

"It was - "

"Daddy I'm sorry please I'm so sorry," Sarah cried. "I didn't mean to - I would have asked - I wish I could take it back."

"Sarah, it's okay. It was just a shock, we weren't expecting to see you like that. I'm sorry I didn't behave better, I was wrong. I love you, you're my daughter and I'll ALWAYS love you. And I'll support whatever life you choose, Sarah. I hope you can forgive me," he said.

Sarah still cried. But the tears were different after hearing that. "I love you too," she said so quietly she was unsure he heard.

"And I'm sure you're mother feels the same way." He paused. "I'd just give her a few days to process this."

"Okay," Sarah said, the flow of tears finally stopping.

"Is there anything I can do for you now?" he asked.

"No," she said.

"You get some rest cupcake," he said. "You're still my little girl and you have a big day tomorrow."

Sarah, despite herself, smiled. "I will," she answered.

"Good luck tomorrow Sarah. I mean that."

"Thank you," she said.

There was no doubt she'd need it.

Chapter 7

Sarah still felt emotionally shaken when she woke up the next morning, but a solid, dreamless night's sleep helped her to feel a good deal better. The whole ordeal with her parents felt like some kind of a bad dream, and that's how she wanted it to stay for the day.

Her morning routine passed quickly and absentmindedly. She took a shower, had a bowl of cereal and brewed a pot of coffee (Sarah actually wasn't much of a drinker, but Yukiko would appreciate it when she got up). She left home around eight - the law firm was only a few blocks away, but she figured it couldn't hurt to show up early on the first day.

She had yet to meet anyone else living in her apartment building, so her first encounter with other people was when she exited the front door and walked out onto the busy street wearing nothing but open toed dress shoes and carrying a leather briefcase. If there was one universal truth about this world, it's that a naked girl attracts attention, as the stares she immediately got were a testament to. What little comfort she had acquired with being a nudist had literally vanished overnight - she once again felt every look of the passing pedestrians and motorists. Sarah felt especially self conscious as she walked the two blocks to the nearest subway station.

The office was only one stop away, which Sarah was happy about. Although the train was packed with morning commuters, it seemed to be a little more crowded than necessary around where she stood. She was very uncomfortable with the way people bumped and rubbed against her exposed skin, though she couldn't fairly say if any of it was intentional or not.

Sarah caught a glimpse of her reflection in some glass as she exited the station a few minutes later, noticing the summer tan she'd already developed. Normally that was something she had to work at, and still didn't get it until June. But here she was, Sarah the nudist, spending so much time outside in public naked that she had it already in May.

The sunlight beat down on her breasts as she exited to street level and waited at the crosswalk. She did her best to bury the feelings of embarrassment and shame, but couldn't help feeling them every time someone looked at her - especially since those people were mostly wearing modest business attire themselves.

Sarah was grateful to enter the lobby of the office building, where there were only three people standing around rather than the hundreds out on the street. Sarah did her best not to look at them as she approached the security desk, manned by the same guard she met last week.

"Um," Sarah gulped, clearing her throat. "I'm Sarah Mariano... I start work here today."

He looked up, somehow having not noticed her. Once he did though, a smile came over his face. His sitting position put her breasts right at eye level, and there his eyes stayed. Sarah needed to keep her newfound embarrassment in a bottle, but his leering gaze wasn't helping.

"Ah! I remember you! No alligator clip right? Though I guess you could always put it on one of them perky nipples..." he said, laughing at his own not terribly funny joke.

"Yeah. No clip please," she replied. She glanced down at her breasts, noticing how hard her nipples had become in the air conditioning. The thought of clipping anything to them just sounded painful though, and she had to resist the urge to rub them as she imagined it.

He fished around under the desk and pulled out a temporary ID badge attached to a metal chain, not unlike the one Sarah had worn last time she was here. "You'll have to get a real ID made before long," he said as he gave it to her.

Sarah nodded and headed for the elevators. As she waited she noticed the security camera, and realized that the guard could watch her on his monitors in pretty much any public area of the building. She hated the thought of giving him such a "show", but at the same time she also noticed just a hint of moisture had returned between her legs. She wanted to scream in frustration.

A few minutes later she was back in the Matthews and Grant lobby, only this time as an employee rather than an interviewee. It felt like a Pyhrric victory though, given that she was naked amongst for than a few thousand dollar business suits.

Sarah approached the receptionist desk, still manned by Fleur. "Hi. I start today; do you know where they want me?" she asked.

Fleur didn't seem to have much time for her: "Tom's not here yet, wait out here for him" she said curtly.

Sarah nodded and left Fleur to her tasks. She surveyed the room; there were about ten people in three small groups spread around the lobby, most everyone was sitting except for three people standing near the window. She had no idea if they were lawyers, clients, or other. Feeling nervous, Sarah took a seat furthest from the big street facing window, careful to cross her legs and keep her briefcase on her lap, sneakily covering her breasts. She eavesdropped on the group of people nearest to her, who either didn't notice or didn't care about the nudist nearby.

She reasoned that at least one of them must be a lawyer; the conversation seemed to revolve around a court case to be argued later in the day and the personality quirks of the Judge who would be presiding over it. She tried to get a sense for what the case was about, exactly, but she didn't have a chance before Tom strolled in.

Sarah barely had a chance to look up before she was immediately noticed by him. "Oh Sarah, great, glad you're here," he said.

She opened her mouth to reply, but then noticed the completely naked woman standing next to him. She just stared for a moment, stunned. "Hi," she finally said in return, unable to mask the surprise in her voice

Tim didn't seem to take note of the pause, or Sarah's surprise. "Sarah, this is Mayflower," he said, gesturing towards the naked person standing beside him. "She's one of the plaintiffs in the class action suit against S-Mart"

Sarah stood up, exposing herself totally to Tom and Mayflower, trying to fake confidence.

"How do you do?" She said politely, extending her hand.

Mayflower was an older woman; Sarah guessed about 40. She was a bigger woman, with wide hips and breasts that were at least a D cup, each capped off by big brown nipples. Stretch marks were visible on her stomach and thighs, and her curly, short, jet black hair didn't match her graying pubes.

"Very well," Mayflower replied, shaking Sarah's hand.

"Sarah is one of our new summer interns," Tom explained. "We're fortunate to have her - she's one of the youngest interns we've ever hired, but also one of the brightest, and easily the most talented law student I've ever met."

Sarah blushed, but for the first time in days not because she was naked.

"Sarah, why don't you follow us to my office, I can actually use you right away," Tom said, leading the way through the lobby and back to the main offices.

Sarah couldn't help but notice that all eyes followed the two naked women as they left the room. Tom led them through the hallway and passed the conference room where she'd done her interview. They walked passed a cubicle farm, busy with the sounds of ringing phones and typing on keyboards, until they reached Tom's office against a back wall.

The office was nice, if a little small. The back wall was almost entirely covered by a bookshelf. A desk with a computer on it was oriented so that the front faced the door. There were also two chairs, and a loveseat against the left wall.

"Have a seat ladies," Tom offered as he shut the door.

Sarah and Mayflower took a seat in each of the chairs. Sarah consciously crossed her legs, images of herself flashing her pussy to Tom during the interview running through her mind. Tom was the very model of professionalism today though, he seemed to take no notice of the fact that he was in a room with two naked women as he walked behind the desk and started tapping on the computer's keyboard.

"Testing... testing... " Tom said into a microphone. "Good. Sarah, I'd appreciate if you'd take notes on the meeting. The computer will transcribe the conversation word for word, but I find it helpful to have an outline of the essential points - the kind of thing the computer isn't very good at. And I know it's not very politically correct, but it's also helpful to have the perspective of a nudist with a lawyerly mind. Mayflower, you don't object to that, do you?"

"No, not at all," Mayflower replied. "I'm glad to know a nudist will be assisting, actually."

Sarah nodded with just a twinge of guilt; it was becoming clear that her employment might have had even less to do with her qualifications than she'd suspected. Still, she felt a little pride at the "lawyerly mind" comment. Tom handed her a laptop out of Tom's briefcase. "It'll be easier if you type it," he said.

"Sure," she said, then kicked herself internally for how unprofessional she sounded.

She rested the laptop on her bare thighs as it booted - it was hot, but not unbearably so. When it was done, she brought up MS Word.

"Alright Mayflower," Tom began. "One of the things S-Mart is going to do in this case is challenge your lifestyle bonafides. They'll argue you're a nudist only to take advantage of the legal benefits, rather than a genuine desire to practice the lifestyle, and therefore there's no reason to treat you as a member of a protected class. It's a dirty tactic, but it's one that was successfully used in The Tailor Company v. North Caroline, the closest precedent to this case. So it's one you'll have to be prepared for when it's time for you to take the stand."

Sarah felt the blood rush from her cheeks. She looked down at the laptop, letting her hair obscure her face as she typed away at the keyboard. For the first time it dawned on her that she was sitting in a room with a genuine nudist, and she was just a fake - guilty of exactly what Tom had just described. She felt an entirely new kind of ashamed.

"I'm the real deal," Mayflower replied. Sarah felt like she was being mocked, but there was no way Mayflower could know she was fake, could she?

"I gave up clothes when I was 19 and haven't worn so much as a stitch since," she continued. "My son is 14 and hasn't worn anything his whole life, cept for diapers as a baby. I wouldn't trade this lifestyle for anything - it's the way I want to be, and it infuriates me that there are people who can't deal with that. Sarah here knows what I'm talking about."

"Of course," Sarah said in a meek voice.

"We understand, of course," Toms said. "Can you elaborate on what motivated you at the time to register?"

She paused, obviously putting some real thought into her answer. "I've always had the nude bug, really. Wasn't really ever into fashion, didn't see the point. I used to stand in the shower, feel the hot water travel down my skin, and think about how right it felt. I always slept naked, always, since I was a little girl - mom couldn't get me to wear PJ's, rest her soul. Being naked just felt natural. Right. And I was that way a lot after I left the house. I hadn't really given much thought to registration though - it wasn't something I knew much about, and I was worried bout what people might think if I was a nudist. But then one day I met this boy that was a nudist... put the idea in my head. I registered when I was still dating him. He left after getting me pregnant though, the bastard"

Sarah just listened in amazement, doing her best to type a summary. Mayflower hadn't worn clothes since she was Sarah's age... it only added to the guilt Sarah was now feeling. To listen to a real nudist talk about it, it just sounded so alien... "natural" and "comfortable" weren't words Sarah would ever have used to describe her predicament. She couldn't imagine ever wanting to be this way - yet here was a person who clearly did, and had clearly made a sacrifice to do it. And Sarah had cynically taken advantage of a system set up to protect people like this.

The meeting went on all morning - Tom asked about every detail of her life at 19, her life after becoming a nudist, and then later about her employment as S-Mart. Sarah had had no ideas about the trials and tribulations of being a nudist; it was only now she realized what she could be in for. Mayflower described how she'd been treated by men and even other women - not just the stares and attention Sarah was so familiar with, but all the negative ways human beings were capable of treating someone who was different than them. And Mayflower went through it as someone who had wanted to be naked all the time. Sarah could barely stand it under the best of circumstances.

And, Sarah sullenly realized as they broke for lunch, she hadn't even been naked for two weeks yet - if Mayflower's life was any indication, that was barely the tip of the iceberg.

Bottom of Form

How Sarah Became a Nudist

Chapter 8

Tue Dec 18, 2007

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Sarah finished sorting the paperwork on her desk. With a sigh, she got up to

go file it.

So far, she'd adjusted well enough to being naked while at her desk. The

constant busywork was enough to distract her from her nudity, mostly anyway,

and it the desk she'd been given was in a corner of the office that saw little

foot traffic except for a few of the other interns working in the same spot.

But the trade off was that it was the most inconvenient spot in the office for

just about everything (which explained why it was given to interns). So she

found herself criss crossing the whole office every time she needed to get

papers, file something, use the photocopier, or do anything else. She streaked

by everyone on the floor at least once each already, and they certainly took

notice when she did - it was amazing how many people coincidentally needed to

use the photocopier at the same time she did.

This was the one place where she absolutely couldn't let it get to her though,

where she had to truly be a nudist and not let her shame and embarrassment

show. It was hard, given the attention she received. Everyone in the office

knew her name already - even those who worked on the floor above (which also

belonged to the law firm) and rarely saw. She was "the nudist", something for

every lawyer and employee to ogle. The other interns regarded her with a mix

of bemusement and jealousy.

She'd spent most of the first day with Tom. After the meeting with Mayflower

he spent the afternoon showing her his workflow; it was clear that she was to

be his unofficial assistant , helping with the S-Mart case. Yesterday had been

more "normal"; she was shown around the office, introduced to other people,

and given a desk. She was quickly assigned a huge amount of paperwork - mostly

forms, filing, and organizational tasks. She collapsed on her bed at the end

of both days - both from the actual work and the emotional exhaustion of

maintaining her nudist facade all day long. She'd barely even seen Yukiko

these last two days, despite living with her.

Today wasn't shaping up to be much different. Tom had greeted her early and

then left for the courthouse immediately, leaving her with another load of

paperwork. So like yesterday, she was doing her best to absorb herself in the

work and put any thoughts about being naked out of her mind. But that wasn't

always easy - it seemed there was always something around to remind her she

was naked, and her body seemed to always be in a mildly aroused state lately,

adding to her shame.

"Hi Sarah," said a stocky man in his mid 30's as Sarah bent over the

photocopier.

"Hi... " she said in reply. She had a vague sense she'd been introduced to him

already, but his name escaped her. He was a lawyer, but not one of the senior

ones. He wore an ill-fitting suit that betrayed his size - she suspected that

the jacket would close over his waistline if he tried. His eyes crawled over

her body as he stood waiting to use the thing.

"Hope you're liking things so far," he said.

"I am, thank you," she said, picking up the copies from the tray. "Back to

work though!"

She walked away, doing everything she could not to imagine him eying her ass

as she did so. Before becoming a nudist, she'd never have guessed how many

pervs there were in the world. Why did they all feel the need to ogle naked

girls?

She headed back to her desk, but froze when she who was waiting for her.

Perched on the edge of a desk Sarah's desk sat Kierra, wearing a nice tan

pants suit with heels, complementing her dark skin and long black hair. She

was merrily chatting with the other interns when Sarah approached. Sarah had

so far avoided running into her old high school nemesis since she'd started

working here, which she'd managed to do so far in large part because Kierra

worked on the floor above Sarah's. She'd hoped she could go the summer without

actually seeing her, as unrealistic hope as that was. It seemed today was the

day her good luck streak was destined to come to an end.

Sarah briefly considered making a dodge for the bathroom, but she was spotted

before she had a chance. "Nubbly!" Kierra shouted on spotting her. "How ya

been? You haven't come to say hello!"

"Sorry... been busy," Sarah replied defensively, finishing the walk to her

desk and placing the photocopied papers down.

"That's alright... getting to see so much of you makes up for it," Kierra

said.

Of all the people in the world who shouldn't ever have gotten to see Sarah

naked, Kierra topped the list. Sarah desperately wanted to hide, to somehow

shield her body from the other girl's view. But she couldn't - she had to not

care, even in the presence of someone she hated so much.

"Nubbly?" Dave, one of the other interns, asked inquisitively.

"Oh yeah, that was her nickname in high school, didn't she tell you that? I

forget who came up with it, but it stuck after that time she lost her top at

that pool party," Kierra answered cheerfully.

Sarah burned with humiliation at the memory of the event, and the relentless

misery Kierra had orchestrated thanks to that one instant of half-nudity. She

couldn't imagine what Kierra was thinking now that Sarah was totally naked.

"Wait a second - she wasn't always a nudist? When did that change?" Dave

asked.

"It was a stupid name, doesn't even mean anything," Sarah interjected,

avoiding Dave's question. "So Kierra, what are you doing down here?"

"Wednesday is our go out to lunch day. You should come with us Nubbly, it'd do

you good to get out of the office," Kierra said. Then she added: "You know.

Out in the city, with lots of people. We have a lot of catching up to do."

Evil, Sarah though, struggling to maintain her composure. But Kierra was the

one person who could out her, so didn't dare voice how she really felt. "I

don't think so, there's a lot to do, and I brought my lunch with me anyway..."

"Oh come on Sarah, don't be ridiculous. You can afford to get out of here for

an hour. That pile of papers isn't going anywhere," Kierra said forcefully.

Sarah felt cornered. "Alright, I guess," she said tentatively.

Kierra gave a wicked smile. "Alright - see you at lunchtime then."

Sarah felt apprehensive as the rest of the morning went by, fencing off

questions from Dave about nudism and tried to think of way out of her

lunchtime engagement. She felt like fate was conspiring against her - she'd

come so far since her days as a high school freshman being teased by Kierra,

and now here she was all over again, only now she was naked and Kierra knew

she wasn't a real nudist...

Lunchtime came too quickly, marked by a visit from Kierra. "C'mon Nubbly,

we're headed out."

Sarah inwardly cringed as she stood up, yet again giving Kierra an

unobstructed view of her body. What a contrast they made; Kierra in her suit

and Sarah naked and exposed. Kierra was taller than Sarah as well as being

older, which all added to the feelings of being meek and vulnerable Sarah felt

around the girl. The same things she'd felt as a high school freshman.

She followed Kierra through the office and back out to the lobby. They were

joined by Fleur and two other girls, who were introduced to Sarah as Betty and

Wilma. ("If you make one Flintstones reference, I'll smack you," she was told

jokingly). Sarah, of course, needed no introduction, being the only member of

the group without any clothes. Together they headed down the elevator and out

to the street.

Any dim hopes that Sarah had that this trip was a genuinely friendly overture

vanished as Kierra took control of the conversation. "That's a really great

skirt Fleur," she said. "Where'd you get it?"

"Macy's, believe it or not," Fleur replied. "It's great isn't it? I got it for

the office but I think I'm going to wear it casually too."

"Yeah, we're all jealous - except for Nubbly. She's got other things she'd

rather show off."

Sarah said nothing as they exited out onto the street, though the word "bitch"

hung at the tip of her tongue. The group of girls instantly attracted plenty

of looks and attention - no doubt it was directed at Sarah, but Fleur was

quick to claim credit as she "looked hot today". The conversation between the

other four girls continued to dwell on outfits and clothes as they walked down

the street, a conversation Sarah took little part in. Which was fine with her,

as she'd just as soon pretend she wasn't associating with them.

They reached their destination a few minutes later. It was an English style

pub two blocks from the office. The place was packed - Sarah wondered if

they'd even get a table, but as it turned out they didn't have to wait more

than a minute. The Maître d' led them to a large booth near the back of the

restaurant - unsurprisingly, Sarah turned a lot of heads as they walked

through the crowded space . Kierra sat next to Sarah on one side; the other

three girls took the opposite.

Her companions were still chatting amongst themselves, which pleased Sarah

just fine. She took a menu and studied it closely, as much trying to hide her

face from her co-workers as she was the rest of the restaurant.

"Hi I'm, um, I'm Dave and I'll be serving boobs, uh, you today," stammered a

hapless waiter who'd approached the table. "Can I get you drinks?"

He was staring right at Sarah. More accurately, he was staring at her breasts,

which hung just above table level. "Diet coke," Sarah said quietly, going

first.

The other girls quickly went around giving them orders, and Dave left the

table (but not without nearly crashing into another waitress).

"Gee Sarah," Kierra said. "Can't you stop showing off, ever?"

Like I can help it if guys stare, she thought to herself. "I hardly even

notice the looks anymore," she lied. "I'm a nudist... it's not like I care who

sees me."

"Of course not," Kierra smirked.

Sarah smiled nervously, returning her attention to the menu.

"I'd hate everyone seeing me naked all the time," Fleur stated. "I'd want to

save something for my boyfriend."

The other girls all agreed, except Sarah, who'd become keenly interested in

the photo of prime rib. "I don't think it needs to be special," Sarah mumbled,

not even convincing herself. "It's just my body."

"You know what's weird," Kierra said, looking intently at Sarah. "I talked to

Nubbly her just a couple of weeks ago, and didn't say anything about being a

nudist then..."

Sarah's cheeks burned. Luckily she was saved by the return of their clumsy

waiter. Luckily, he managed to deliver the drinks and take orders without any

further Freudian slips, though his eyes still never left Sarah's chest, much

to the amusement of the others.

"Look what you're doing to the guy, way to be a tease," Kierra said.

Sarah felt humiliated and angry, but did her best to keep it buried. She just

had to get through this, for the sake of appearances. After today she'd have

"caught up" with Kierra and there'd be no reason to socialize with her

anymore.

"So what've you done since High School?" Sarah offered, hoping to change the

subject to anything other than herself or her nudity.

"Well for starters I've gotten dressed every morning," Kierra answered.

Laughter. Sarah slunk back in her seat, wishing she could just disappear.

Thankfully, Betty seemed bored of the topic, and turned the conversation to

more mundane things. Sarah didn't quite let herself relax as they talked about

upcoming movies, but she felt relieved that the focus had shifted from her.

She nodded and offered quick comments to stay involved in the conversation,

but other than that didn't pay much attention.

Sarah let herself look around the restaurant. She was still getting a ton of

looks and stares, and even a couple of pointing figures. She was clearly the

subject of conversation for a group of boys a few tables over. Though she

couldn't hear exactly what they were saying, it seemed obvious they were

talking about her... or her body, at least. One of them noticed she was

looking at them. He cupped imaginary breasts with his hands and then gave her

a thumbs up. Despite herself, she smiled.

"Okay, who had the veggie wrap?" Their waiter Dave had returned with the food.

"Me," Sarah answered.

Dave smiled, and reached across the table with the plate in hand. Sarah tried

to take it from him, but it slipped, knocking over her diet coke and splashing

the cold liquid all over her breasts and lap.

"Eee!" Sarah yelped, jumping in her seat.

If the whole restaurant hadn't been staring at her before, they most certainly

were now.

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry!" Dave said.

"It's okay," Sarah said, regaining composure. "Just... let me get up and dry

myself.

Kierra slid aside with a smirk, letting Sarah out of the booth. Dripping wet

and blushing furiously at the predicament, Sarah stood in the middle of the

restaurant and tried to dry herself with some napkins. Dave offered her a

handful of paper towels, which she accepted and used to dry her breasts, to

the apparent glee of the boys she smiled at a few moments ago. She then

cleaned the few drips that landed on her stomach, as well as her upper legs.

It was only then that she'd noticed how wet she'd become between her legs...

and it wasn't from the diet coke.

She twisted and closed her legs, anxious to hide that particular detail from

Kierra, but it was too late. She'd seen. And the grin was enough to send fresh

chills down Sarah's spine.

And the humiliation just made her that much wetter.

How Sarah Became a Nudist - Chapter 9A

Tue Dec 18, 2007 23:0469.248.207.156

Sarah walked back into her apartment with a huff. The whole afternoon had been

a waste - she hadn't seen Kierra again after they'd returned from lunch, but

she'd been too distracted to focus on her work. Her thoughts kept moving

between Kierra, and her own reaction to the humiliations she'd suffered that

day.

Why oh why does it excite me so much?

She threw herself onto the big sofa in the middle of the living room,

exhausted, and let out a noise of frustration. This attracted the attention of

Yukiko, who'd been in the kitchen.

"Everything okay?" the Japanese girl asked.

Sarah rolled over, exposing her naked front to her roommate. "Oh, yeah...

just, rough day," she answered. "Didn't mean to bother you."

Yukiko smiled. "It's okay... I was just checking out the food situation,

that's all. I think tonight might be a pizza night."

"Sounds good," Sarah replied. "I'll chip in."

Yukiko looked concerned. "You look really stressed."

"I - yeah, I guess I am," Sarah answered honestly. She felt it, no doubt.

"Here, let me help," she said. Yukiko walked around behind the couch and put

her hands on Sarah's shoulders, and began kneading her muscles.

"mmmm... Yukiko, you really don't have to," Sarah said.

"No, it's my pleasure. How else am I going to seduce my sexy naked roommate,

if I don't ever get my hands on her?"

Both girls laughed. Sarah knew the sexual innuendo was just a joke, and Yukiko

was the one person in the world who Sarah felt comfortable with lately and

trusted her implicitly. And besides, this felt good.

"Lay down," Yukiko said, and Sarah complied. Yukiko proceeded to expertly

massage Sarah's whole back. Sarah relaxed for the first time all day, and felt

her worries drift away. "So, do you want to talk about it?"

"I don't even want to think about it."

"Wow, you're tense," Yukiko said, not pressing it any further, and instead

refocusing on the massage.

"Thank you," the very grateful naked girl said.

"Any time," Yukiko said. "Hey this might not be the best time, but your mom

called... she sounded conciliatory."

"Ugh," Sarah replied, sitting up. "I'll call her later. I'm still not sure

what I'll say to her."

"Alright, well I'm gonna order the pizza then hop in the shower," Yukiko said.

"Had kind of a long day myself."

"Oh I'm so sorry... I didn't even ask about it..."

Yukiko shrugged it off. "Hah! Don't worry, I don't want to talk about it. It

was just boring. Anyway, I vote for a girls' night in, what do you say?"

"Sounds good," Sarah smiled.

Yukiko left Sarah to her own thoughts, disappearing into the bathroom. It was

weird, but Yukiko was the only person in the world Sarah felt totally okay

being naked with. Around Yukiko, she didn't feel naked - she just felt

herself, and had a sense of comfort that had been sorely lacking these last

few weeks. It was probably because Yukiko was the only one so far who really

didn't made any kind of deal out of it - she was a gentleman in the a world

full of gawking pervs. Which made being around her feel good.

Sarah sighed, letting her thoughts return to work. She'd have to work double

time tomorrow morning to make up for her lack of productivity this afternoon.

At least she'd have a legitimate excuse not to go out if Kierra tried to drag

her to lunch again - not that she'd ever repeat that in any case. She hoped

that Kierra had gotten her fill of teasing her, but she doubted it. Sarah was

trapped though - she had to act like a nudist on the outside, regardless of

how humiliated it made her feel on the inside. If she let Kierra get to her,

revealing that she wasn't really a nudist - that'd be even worse.

She thought about calling her mom back while waiting for the pizza, but the

events of the other day still stung. She'd rather relax tonight than invite

more emotional trauma, so instead she just stretched out on the couch and

tried not to think about anything at all.

The buzzer rang. "Pizza" came the crackly voice over the intercom.

Had 20 minutes really gone by so fast? Yukiko was still in the shower, she

could hear the water running. So she buzzed the delivery boy in, and got some

money from her purse. She greeted the shocked delivery boy at the door a

minute later. "Wow," was the first word out of his mouth when she opened the

door.

Sarah didn't know what overcame her, and certainly couldn't explain what she

did next.

She smiled. He was actually pretty cute, even in the lame green shirt uniform

that they had him in. He was skinny, perhaps 17 or 18, with sandy blond hair

and blue eyes that opened wide on seeing her.

"Never seen a naked girl before?" Sarah asked, twisting her body side to side

slightly, waving her breasts. What's come over you Sarah?

"Well, I've seen nudists... but never any that look like you," he said. "And

this is my first day on the job!"

Sarah blushed. This was embarrassing. But it was something else too, something

she was suddenly intent on exploring. "Well I'm a nudist... take a good look,"

she invited, even as she screamed at herself internally. I've lost my mind,

she told herself. Completely.

After giving him a moment to look, she took the pizza box from him. "Hold on a

second, I'll get your money," she said, turning around to bring the box to the

kitchen, lightly slapping her own bare ass she walked away, and making sure to

wiggle it as she moved.

A moment later she returned to the stunned pizza boy, whose eyes continually

ran up and down her unclad body. "That'll - that'll be twelve dollars," he

said.

Sarah stood especially close to him as she counted out the change. She found

one five and ten singles, handing it to him. "Keep the change," she winked,

giving her breasts another little jiggle as she did. He gave an impossibly

large smile. "Thanks!"

Sarah shut the door, and let out a breath she didn't even realize she'd been

holding. That was... that was...

Hot!

Sarah didn't understand it. She didn't want to be true. But she really

couldn't deny it anymore. Being naked, showing off, having people look at her

bare body - it was an indescribable turn on. But it was also just one more

complication to her life that she didn't need, which made her sigh.

Nevertheless, she was horny now. She briefly considered going to her bedroom

to get herself off, but those plans were quickly scrapped by Yukiko emerging

from the bathroom, a pink towel wrapped around her. "Is that pizza I smell?"

she asked. "I'm sorry about that, I'll pay you back."

"Don't worry about it," Sarah answered. "My treat."

She smiled, still feeling the tingle between her legs. My treat.

Yukiko surprised Sarah when she didn't head to her room, but instead made a

beeline to the pizza box, wrapped in just her towel. "It smells so good!" she

said. "I've heard such good things about this place. Gonna be hell on my diet,

but it's worth it."

Sarah suppressed the feeling between her legs, and instead focused on

attending to the one in her stomach. She got some paper plates from the

cabinet and fished some diet soda from the fridge, setting both on the kitchen

table. "Don't you want to go get changed first?" she asked Yukiko, who was

busy slicing the pizza still wearing nothing but her towel.

"Actually..." she began. "Would you mind if I just dropped the towel?"

Sarah was confused by the request, but quickly acceded. "No, why would I?"

Yukiko smiled. "Just wasn't sure if it'd offend a real nudist."

"Well I think it'd be hypocritical if it did."

"You're awesome Sarah," Yukiko said. Moments later, Yukiko let the towel fall

off her and then tossed it on the back of a chair. "Now let's dig in."

This was the first time Sarah had really gotten a good look at Yukiko's naked

body - up until now she'd only seen brief glimpses of it. Yukiko was a small

girl with typical Asian features. She had short hair and small b-cup breasts

capped by tiny dark nipples, and pubic hair that was shaved into a tiny heart,

which Sarah actually thought was cute when she first noticed it. Yukiko had a

bit of a runner's body, not surprising given the girl's daily jogs. Sarah

tried not to stare too much as the two girls ate their pizza, conscious of how

it made herself feel when people did it to her. But after a few minutes she

didn't even have to resist, the lack of clothes just seemed normal. It wasn't

that Sarah wasn't aware of their nudity, but rather there was just little to

be made of it between the two friends.

"So I guess your job isn't going so well?" Sarah asked as she finished the

first slice.

"It's fine, just dull," Yukiko answered. "I think I'm going to switch my major

next semester to something more interesting."

"Any idea what?"

"Dunno yet. English, maybe, and become a writer," Yukiko answered. "But I

guess I have the summer to think about it, so I'm not too worried. How are you

liking yours?"

Humiliating. "It's alright. Can't say I'm doing anything important really, but

I'm getting a lot out of just being there, networking and stuff. I think of

one of the lawyers, Tom, really likes me, so hopefully he'll be a good contact

down the road."

The two girls continued to chit chat through dinner and into the night,

talking about life, family, past relationships. Sarah was surprised to learn

how late Yukiko had come out as a lesbian; she'd been openly gay the entire

time she'd known her, but it had only happened in her last year of high

school. Sarah, in turn, related her high school experiences with boys - which

all sounded terribly shallow now. Both girls had dated some in the past year,

but neither had found a significant other since coming to college.

If someone had told her a few weeks ago that the most normal feeling thing

about her life would be hanging out naked with a lesbian, Sarah would have

thought that person was nuts. But as the evening progressed, she felt a warm

sisterly affection for her roommate. Their mutual nudity served to reinforce a

spiritual openness between them, exposed souls as well as exposed skin.

Although Sarah didn't confess her deepest secrets, about why she was a nudist

and how it made her feel, but she did share pretty much everything else, much

more than she ever had with Yukiko before. And Yukiko shared a lot in turn,

Sarah learned a lot she hadn't known before.

In spite of all that had happened, Sarah went to sleep that night with a smile

and a mind at peace, and grateful for having such a great friend.

Chapter 10

Tue Dec 18, 2007

23:0569.248.207.156

Fridays, Sarah had learned, were basically the same everywhere. No matter how

busy an office normally was, what went on there, or how many people were

normally workaholics, pretty much everyone found an excuse to be gone by 4:30.

So it was that Sarah found herself doing the last of her work in a half empty

office.

Which she was actually happy about. Sure, she'd have liked to have taken off

early too... but in a way it felt good to be able to work without feeling like

the entire office was looking over her shoulder. Not that her shoulders were

what attracted the most attention. This was her third week on the job, and

already she'd grown to appreciate this hour or so of relative peace every

week.

Tom came into the office with a huff, walking quickly to his office. Sarah

knew he'd been at the courthouse today, and it looked like it didn't go too

well. Sarah considered just letting him walk by, but she was too curious about

what happened.

"Hey Tom," she called out as he passed by.

"Oh, hey Sarah," he said, as if he hadn't even noticed her.

"Something wrong?"

Tom sighed. "The defense attorney fed the Judge some procedural BS... long

story short, she won't accept the depositions in their current format, we have

to redo them."

Sarah was shocked. She'd helped with these all last week. "All 500 of them?"

Tom looked at her and nodded. "Sarah - I know it's a lot to ask, but would you

mind staying late? I'm going to burn the midnight oil on this one, and I could

use the hand... and the company. I'd make sure you got overtime for it. And if

we get it all done tonight, I won't have to come in tomorrow... so I'll

seriously owe you."

Sarah looked at the clock. 4:45. She cringed a little, but agreed.

Tom smiled. "Thanks."

The two of them began the laborious task of reformatting the forms. It turned

out to be really stupid - the Judge's complaint was that the date, signature,

and ID weren't all on the same page of the documents. Tom quickly created a

new template on the computer that conformed to the Judge's specification, but

it still required to go through the computer files to copy and paste each

statement into the new template, as well as properly fill out all the fields,

print, and put each one in a mailer to be re-signed. It was mindless,

repetitive work, and there was an awful lot of it.

The office was practically empty by the time they really got started; Tom

hadn't asked anyone else to stay and help. This added to the enigma of Tom

Matthews, at least from Sarah's perspective - she was sure she was being

singled out because he wanted to spend the time with her specifically. In some

respects, he was totally professional, and seemed to respect Sarah mostly for

her mind and her work ethic. On the other hand, he was consistently one of the

worst "lookers" in the entire place, often inviting Sarah into his office

seemingly with little purpose other than to look her over. Although when he

looked at her, it was different somehow - not that it made Sarah any less self

conscious. She had a tough time putting her finger on it, but she sensed he

was doing more than just ogling her, like he was also deep in thought whenever

he checked out her body. She'd had learned through office gossip he was

married but separated - he didn't wear a ring, and he didn't talk about it.

Sarah mostly liked him - he was friendly, kind, and never acted like he was

better than anyone else. This was a perfect example, actually - some of the

other lawyers would have stuck the interns with this task and gone home, but

that wasn't in Tom. It's just that he was... well, a guy. And guys liked naked

women, she guessed.

Together, they knocked out 75 in the first hour. Sarah realized how late that

meant she'd be here, and excused herself to make a phone call.

"Hey Yukiko," Sarah said.

"Hey sweety," Yukiko replied in a husky voice. "So, what are you wearing?"

"Listen... Hey!" Sarah said, laughing.

"Oh, oops, thought this was a phone sex line."

"Cut it out, I'm on an office line."

"Yeah yeah... what's up?"

"I won't be home until late tonight, so don't wait for me on dinner."

"Office romance?"

"Only the love of the job..."

"Hah! Well, suit yourself. Are we still on for tomorrow night with your mom

though?"

"Yeah."

"Alright, have fun!"

Sarah groaned at the mention of her mom. Though they'd mended fences over the

last couple of weeks, Sarah knew her mom still wasn't completely okay with the

nudist thing. Nevertheless, she'd insisted on coming up to take the girls out

for dinner in honor of Sarah and Yukiko's birthday next week (They were born

only three days apart). Sarah was happy her mom was trying so hard and

respected her for that, but she couldn't help but think about her mom's

reaction last time they saw each other and worried it wouldn't go any better.

But that wasn't until tomorrow. Tonight, she had work to do.

Sarah noticed the printer tray was getting full, and figured now would be a

good time to clear it and sort the ones they'd done so far. She walked over to

it and bent over to grab the stacks. It was only after she'd begun that she

noticed what she was doing... bending over at the waist, giving a full view of

her behind to Tom who was sitting barely ten feet away. She could almost feel

his eyes studying her bare, round butt and eying her pussy lips so shyly

poking out between her legs. The mental image made her feel a surge of warmth.

Sarah, this is the office! She scolded herself, as she became flushed with

embarrassment at what she'd done.

But is was just she and Tom... and she knew Tom did like to look...

She took the stack of papers back over to the desk and stood there sorting

them. She stood with her legs just a little further apart than she normally

would, the whole time conscious of how her pussy was just about at Tom's eye

level. There was a glisten to it... part of her was terrified Tom would

notice, part of her hoped he would.

If he did notice, he didn't say anything... but she did notice his

productivity dropped.

When Sarah was done she took the stack of papers to the filing cabinet where

these papers would be kept until Monday, standing on her toes and stretching

out her legs in order to see the contents of the top drawer, twisting just a

little to show off her bare thighs.

"Amazing," Sarah heard Tom say quietly, probably without even realizing he'd

said it.

Embarrassed, but feeling a rush of adrenalin, Sarah returned to her seat

opposite Tom, jiggling her breasts as she sat down.

This continued for the next two hours, with Sarah doing all she could to draw

Tom's attention to her naked body, alternately feeling ashamed and thrilled

when it worked. She knew how to tease; she'd become quite skilled at it in

high school, making sure all the boys had a very good idea of exactly what

they couldn't see. This was the first time trying those techniques nude

though. Without clothes, she wasn't teasing... she was showing off.

By nine o'clock they were just about two thirds done, and Sarah was so horny

she felt like she'd explode at any moment.

Oh my God I can't believe myself, she thought. This is nuts Sarah, you're

going to get fired.

But the glisten had turned into a trickle traveling down her leg, and she

couldn't seem to stop herself. Besides, didn't nudists have the right to do

this? No modesty, after all... they could display their body any way they

chose, right up to and including masturbating and having sex in public. Not

that Sarah would ever do that; the very thought of it was mortifying.

"Tom, I have to hit the lady's room, I'll be back," she said, and then walked

out of the office with a sway in her hip.

So while Sarah could have masturbated right in front of him if she'd wanted,

for now she was content to do it in the relative privacy of a bathroom

stall... which she did in rather short order. The hours of teasing had made

her hornier than she'd ever been, and she had an amazing orgasm after a few

short minutes of rubbing her clit.

Chapter 11

Tue Dec 18, 2007 23:0569.248.207.156

Sarah's mom, sporting an elegant summer dress, looked pensive as she sat at

the restaurant table. To her right sat Yukiko, wearing pants and a light

blouse. Both women were dressed in accordance with the upscale atmosphere of

the restaurant they were at. Sarah, sitting to Yukiko's right and directly

across from her mom, sat naked - uncomfortably aware of the way her exposed

breasts hung just above the height of the table. They'd met at the restaurant

only a few minutes before; this was the first time the mother and daughter had

seen each other since that emotional night almost four weeks ago.

The occasion was Sarah and Yukiko's 19th birthdays, though they didn't

officially occur until that coming Monday and Thursday, respectively.

The three sat in an awkward silence, looking over the menu. None wanted to

mention the naked elephant in the room; it seemed better to be silent than to

risk emotions flaring.

Sarah's mom was the first to break the silence - "So, when did you finally get

home last night?"

Sarah blushed, as images of her performance for Tom last night came back to

her. "Almost one in the morning," Sarah answered.

"I hope they paid you. And be careful - it's not safe for a girl like you to

be walking around this city so late at night," her mom replied.

"They did. And Tom drove me home, actually," Sarah said. She hoped she hadn't

left a wet spot on the leather of his front seat...

"Are you liking it?"

Sarah felt a tingle. Oh My God Not In Front Of My Mom!!

"I guess. It's a lot of mundane paperwork, but the people are mostly friendly

and nice. I'm learning a lot about how a case like this proceeds, and I think

I'm making good contacts for later, you know? So it's good," Sarah explained.

"And how's Kierra? You've hardly mentioned her."

"She's fine. I don't see her much. She's in a different part of the office,"

Sarah said curtly.

The conversation fell into another awkward silence, but it was broken a minute

later when the waiter approached the table, running down the specials and then

asking for their orders. Yukiko ordered a mushroom tortellini; Sarah and her

mom both got the veal parmigiana.

Sarah excused herself to use the bathroom before the next silence had a chance

to turn awkward. She stood, conscious of the full view of her body she was now

giving her mom. She quickly left the table and crossed the restaurant, turning

heads and she zig zagged for the lady's room.

Once there, she stood in front of a mirror, breathing deep, looking at herself

- she'd done her make up and hair before dinner, but it seemed so out of place

on top of naked breasts. She'd been naked for over a month now, her body

exposed to the whole world to see... but being this way in front of her

disapproving mother was proving to be something else. It was a whole new kind

of shame... she felt like a little girl with her hand caught in the cookie

jar. But on the other hand, it was obvious how much Sarah's mother was trying,

putting aside her personal feelings to accept the daughter she loved

unconditionally. Which made Sarah smile.

She ran the water, splashing her face and washing her hands. If only I was

putting her through this for a better reason though, Sarah thought. Such guilt

was gnawing at her constantly now... she'd met several nudists in the office

now, and all of them had a similar story to tell - stories of personal

struggles and discrimination, all for living their life as they felt was right

for them. Meanwhile Sarah sat there, having joined their ranks only for

personal benefit, suffering embarrassment and humiliation in order to take

advantage of a system meant to protect these people. Who knew that there were

so many different kinds of shame?

Another woman entered the bathroom, and shot Sarah a snide look before

entering a stall. Sarah could never predict the reaction of women. Men

uniformly loved to look - sometimes they tried to hide the fact, but she'd yet

to meet one who didn't like having a naked girl around. But women, they were

all over the place with their reactions - they expressed everything: contempt,

jealousy, disinterest, fascination, and, more than Sarah ever would have

expected, lusting stares no different than the men's.

Sarah took a couple of paper towels and dried her hands, dabbing herself

between her legs with them as well, to absorb what moisture had accumulated

there. She might be getting off on being naked, but the last thing she wanted

was for her mom to know that.

She returned to the table to find that her mother and Yukiko had managed to

get a conversation going. They were discussing a recent movie - it was a safe

enough topic, and the three of them managed to keep it going until dinner was

served.

Sarah looked up to say thank you to the waiter, but what she saw made the

blood drain from her face. Entering the restaurant was none other than Kierra,

accompanied by someone who must have been her boyfriend.

"Is everything okay Sarah?" Her mom asked, noticing.

"Fine," Sarah said. "Just felt a little dizzy, is all. It passed."

Sarah slumped in her seat a little bit, on the slim hope that Kierra wouldn't

notice her. Of course, being naked, that was a slim chance - she'd barely

taken two bites when Kierra stopped by the table.

"Surprised to see you here Nubbly!" Kierra exclaimed, loud enough to attract

the attention of every patron in the room. "Didn't anyone tell you this is a

dress up sort of place?"

"Hi, Kierra," Sarah said, doing her best to hide her discomfort.

"Oh Kierra!" Her mom said, realizing who it was. "We were just talking about

you. I haven't seen you in years dear, how have you been?"

"Why Mrs. Mariano! It has been a while, hasn't it?"

"How's work dear?"

"Oh it's great... I love seeing sooo much of Sarah."

Sarah's mom seemed oblivious to the double meaning. "That's good! I'm glad you

two girls still get along."

"Oh, how rude of me, I don't think you've met Derek," Kierra said. Derek was a

large black man, who had been quite openly eying Sarah over this whole time.

Evidently Kierra didn't mind her boyfriend ogling at a naked woman, much to

Sarah's chagrin.

"How do you do," Sarah offered, doing her best to seem polite.

Before Derek could speak for himself, Kierra interjected. "I don't think

Derek's ever met a real nudist before, have you hun?"

"No can't say I have," he answered. "This is a treat."

"Pity you're so hidden under the table there," Kierra commented. "She's not

normally so hidden," she went on to explain to Derek.

Sarah's mom was blushing almost as much as her daughter, clearly uncomfortable

with the way Sarah's nudity had become so front-and-center. But then she

surprised everyone: "You don't have to be modest for me, Sarah... if you'd

rather be exposed... I know you're a nudist..."

Mom, this isn't the time to be supportive! Sarah screamed silently, in

disbelief. "I don't want to offend anyone," she offered meekly.

Kierra and Derek smiled. "Oh Nubbly, it's cool, we're all tolerant here,"

Kierra said. "Why not show a little more for Derek?"

This isn't happening, Sarah thought, closing her eyes. But when she opened

them a moment later, everyone was still there, expecting her to do something.

She was in a corner. A real nudist wouldn't feel at all shy about this... and

she couldn't admit to anyone here that her impulse to become a nudist had been

less than sincere. So she inched her chair backwards, bringing her legs out

from under the tablecloth, and twisting to give Kierra and Derek a clear view

of her body. Whatever part of her enjoyed this had abandoned her; this was

simply being tormented by her worst enemy. It was pure humiliation, as her

naked body became a dinner show.

"Oh, stand up why don't you?" Kierra said. "I'm sure Derek would love the look

and really, I don't mind."

Derek just smiled, clearly enjoying this. Kierra just wore the same evil grin

she always did when Sarah saw her. She knew what this was doing to Sarah, and

that just seemed to make her enjoy it all the more. Sadistic bitch.

Sarah swallowed and slowly stood up, summoning all her energy in an attempt

not to blush and make her embarrassment known. Everyone spent a minute in

silence, just looking at Sarah, as she stood displaying herself to Kierra and

her boyfriend, her mom, and the entire restaurant, many of whom took notice.

Yukiko wore a concerned expression, perhaps sensing Sarah's discomfort.

Sarah's mom looked for a few moments before looking away, pretending to look

for something in her purse. Kierra just looked firmly into Sarah's eyes,

perhaps relishing the fear she found there.

"Amazing how immodest you are," Derek said. "You're very pretty, but I

wouldn't ever be caught dead naked like that."

"No you wouldn't!" Kierra said. Finally, though, it seemed she'd enough.

"Well, we'd best be sitting down now. It was nice seeing you, Mrs. Mariano."

Sarah quickly sat down and pushed herself back into the table, but the meal

took on a different tone after that, passing mostly in silence. Sarah felt

renewed guilt about her mother, who was clearly struggling to accept her

daughter's behavior. Sarah focused on her meal, putting on the strongest face

she could while bottling the impulse to cry. She hated that she couldn't.

Emotions abated a little bit as the dinner went on, and Yukiko even managed to

get some idle chit chat going between them as the bus boy took their plates

and the three women examined the desert menu. The choice was delegated to

Sarah, on account of her birthday, so she decided on a chocolate mousse to

share between them.

The desert came out of the kitchen a few minutes later, a single candle

burning on top. Thankfully the restaurant wasn't so tacky as to have the wait

staff sing, but even the small amount of extra attention that the birthday

candle drew was more than Sarah wanted.

"And a happy birthday to the lady in the birthday suit," said the waiter as he

placed in the table.

The pun got a tiny nervous laugh from Sarah's mother. "Happy Birthday, Sarah,"

she said sincerely. "Make a wish!"

Sarah looked at the colorful wax candle and the small flame burning on top of

it. The only thing she wanted was to cover herself, to hide from the staring

eyes and embarrassment that had become so much a part of her life now... she

wished it silently as she blew out the candle.

It wouldn't ever come true, but a girl could dream.

 Chapter 12

Tue Dec 18, 2007 23:0669.248.207.156

Wearing nothing but a security badge hanging from her neck and a smile, an

exhausted Sarah crossed the lobby of the office building, glad for the respite

from the constant stares of pushy morning commuters. She gave a cursory hello

to Jim the security guard as she walked by, trying not to think about how he'd

watch her on those video monitors of his.

It was Monday morning, and Sarah felt half asleep. She'd tossed and turned

most of Saturday night, too emotionally strung after the dinner with her

mother to sleep much. She'd wound up taking a long nap on Sunday, and as a

result didn't sleep again last night.

Sarah got on the elevator in the same daze she'd felt all morning, moving more

out of habit than conscious thought, unable to shake the last cobwebs from her

head. She was alone in the elevator as it made the short trip to the third

floor, offering a too-brief moment of total privacy. She looked at her

distorted reflection in the metal of the elevator doors... no details were

visible, but it was quite obviously the shape of a very naked girl.

You know that nightmare, where you get up in front of a big audience and

realize you're naked? Sarah thought, narrating a story in her head to no one

but herself. That's me now, all the time. It even feels like a dream.

As if to prove her own point, Sarah took herself back to high school. Prom

night, her senior year. Everything about her life had been perfect then. At

that point, Kierra had been a distant memory. Sarah had risen from an awkward

freshman to the height of the high school social pyramid, and was about to be

crowned prom queen. Her date had been Suresh Shah, a cute Indian boy, who had

been captain of the swim team and destined to go on to med school. He was

sweet.

And that dress! It had been perfect. Long, red, and gorgeous - it hugged her

body just where it needed to, and accentuated her beauty in all the right

ways.

Only this time, there was no dress. Sarah sat shyly, dressed just as she was

now, until they announced her name as queen. She stood up nervously, and

walked out onto the dance floor in nothing but her red heels. There was a dead

silence... click, click, click they went as she crossed to the center of the

floor, standing in the spotlight, letting the whole senior class get a good

look at her exposed body. This time, there was no congratulations as she

accepted that tiara, no applause and no cheers. There were only hushed gasps

and wide eyes, as the crown went to the only girl who was naked amongst this

sea of formal wear...

Ding! The elevator door opened, shaking Sarah from her daydream. Moments

later, she'd already forgotten about it.

She continued going through the daily motions. A walk through the lobby. Say

hello when appropriate. Try not to linger. Stop by the kitchen for a fresh cup

of coffee. Mmmm, coffee. Avoid that perv accountant. Find her desk. Look

depressingly at the small pile of paperwork that had been left for her to plow

through. Say hello to the other interns. Tom's not in... must remember to say

hello later.

Sarah had nearly forgotten about the little "show" she'd put on for Tom on

Friday night... but as she got to her desk, it came rushing back and she

relived it in her head. She felt a renewed wave of embarrassment and blushed.

Thankfully no one noticed the momentary redness of her cheeks, or if they had,

at least they had the decency not to comment.

She continued on in her daze. She sat down; the itchy fabric of the office

chair rubbed against her bare ass. She flicked on the computer monitor and

began going through the paperwork that had been left for her. Filling, filing,

entering data, organizing... it was all pretty mindless work, but it perfectly

suited her mood this morning.

She was so focused on her repetitive tasks that she didn't even notice Kierra

and Fleur standing above her.

"Wake up Nubbly," she said. "What are you, asleep?"

Sarah inwardly groaned. Whatever reason Kierra had for being here, she was

sure she wouldn't like it. And it didn't fill Sarah with confidence that

Fleur, Kierra's de facto partner in crime, was there to. She leaned back in

her chair to address them, consciously crossing her arms across her breasts as

she did.

"Sorry... I didn't get much of it over the weekend. And I'm kind of busy..."

Kierra smirked. "Well we just wanted to say happy birthday. Today's the day,

isn't it?"

"Yeah... thanks..."

"We've got a birthday surprise planned for you later, but you'll just have to

wait to see what it is," Fleur added.

The two girls giggled and wandered off. That's nice of them, she thought as

she returned to her work. Except Kierra's not nice. A new sense of dread

filled her.

Sarah sloshed through the rest of the morning, gradually waking up as she went

through her tasks. She worked through lunch, and by early afternoon Kierra's

warning had been all but forgotten. So it was a genuine surprise when Sarah

heard people singing around four.

"Happy Birthday to you," came the voices drifting from down the row of

cubicles. Sarah looked up, and the color drained from her face.

"Happy Birthday to you," more voices joined in, as much of the office followed

Kierra's lead in marching to her desk, holding a cake with a lit candle.

"Happy Birthday, dear Sarah, Happy Birthday to you!"

There was some applause as Kierra placed the cake on Sarah's desk, which

accidentally put the candle out.

"Oh, that won't do!" Marietta, one of the junior lawyers and a genuinely nice

person said. "I'll go get some more matches."

Marietta wandered off. There was still a crowd of perhaps twenty people

hovering around Sarah now, all focused on the birthday girl, which made her

intensely uncomfortable.

"That's okay, why don't you open your presents in the meantime?"

"Presents?" Sarah said incredulously.

"Of course," Kierra said with an evil gleam in her eye, before shoving a

wrapped box in front of Sarah.

"Um thanks," Sarah accepted it.

"Well, open it? We know you're not shy!"

Sarah slowly opened it, nervous about what she'd find and wishing that Kierra

hadn't designed it so all these eyes would be on her. Beneath the wrapping

paper was a plain white box. It was suspiciously heavy, so she wasn't

expecting what she found when she looked inside.

Clothes.

Specifically, it was a skirt and halter top - clubbing wear. Sarah just looked

at it incredulously. Clothes. It was almost weird to feel them in her fingers

as she held them up; the touch of fabric had become an almost alien sensation

on her skin. She wanted so badly to be able to put it on, it was almost

painful to have to simply put them back down.

She looked up, becoming aware of the giggles around her, notably coming from

Kierra. "Your wardrobe seemed a little sparse, we thought you could use it!"

This got a laugh from everyone, at Sarah's expense. She had a flashback to

that pool party during her Freshman year, when Kierra had masterfully turned

everyone at the party against "nubbly". It was the same thing all over - all

her co-workers stood around her, laughing at her - the nudist getting clothes

for her birthday, clothes she could never ever put on. Sarah felt humiliated

and powerless, with a simmering anger towards this bitch, who took such

pleasure in making a humiliating circumstance that much worse for her.

"Try it on!" Fleur said. "Oh wait, that's right."

More laughs.

"Well at least stand up and give us an idea of what it'd look like," Kierra

said, still laughing.

Sarah looked around. Her audience looked back expectantly. Sarah stood up.

Why am I surrendering to this, to her? She asked herself, as she tried to

bottle the negative emotions that were getting dangerously close to the

surface. She stood up, and all eyes were on her exposed, naked body. She

couldn't put the shirt on, but she held it in front of her and showed

everyone. The momentary cover did nothing to make her feel any better -

"modeling" the outfit like this just highlighted her nakedness.

"Damn that'd look good on you," someone said. "Too bad we'll never see."

"Hey, I kinda like her as is!" someone else countered.

"What's this?" one of the other interns asked.

Sarah looked down, and noticed that the clothes weren't the only thing in the

box. She looked at the object with curiosity - it was long, pink, and

resembled a penis. Then it hit her like a ton of bricks: it was a vibrator.

She almost gasped upon the realization.

"I can't believe you didn't notice you real present right away!" Fleur

laughed. "Dork."

Kierra picked up the vibe and waved it seductively in front of Sarah. "We

thought you could use it here, you know?" she said in a low tone. "Since

you're so immodest, and everything... nudists aren't ashamed about their

bodies at all."

Sarah blushed hard. There was no way...

"Why don't you go ahead and give it a spin, Sarah?"

Kierra didn't even have to suggest it. It was on the minds of every guy in the

office, all standing around hoping she'd take the chance to masturbate in

front of them. Even the women looked on curiously.

"I.. I..."

Kierra egged her on: "What's the matter? You're a real nudist aren't you?

Spread your legs wide and go for it! No one here minds."

There were chimes of agreement, mostly from men.

Sarah was ready to implode. Or cry. Or blow up. Being naked 24/7 was one

thing. But masturbating... the most intimate thing imaginable... that wasn't

public. She couldn't do that. She stood frozen - it took all her self control

not to start shaking. Something else was said. Then someone else said

something else. She didn't hear it thoughl; she withdrew into herself, a tiny

world that was just her and the vibrator. Trapped in her own deception, she

had no choice but to debase herself lest her ruse be uncovered. She couldn't

handle it though - the mere thought was a completely new, crippling level of

humiliation and embarrassment.

She wasn't sure how long she sat frozen for. It couldn't have been too long in

retrospect - no one acted like it was an inordinate amount of time. But it

felt like days.

Marietta returned with some fresh matches for the extinguished candle. "Time

to do the birthday candle!" she shouted, dispelling the moment.

Sarah let out the breath she hadn't realized she was holding. She tossed the

vibrator in a desk drawer as Marietta relit the candle on the cake. "Make a

wish!"

Sarah blew hard. There was some applause as the smoke from the blown out

candles lazily filled the air, and then Marietta brought the cake to the

kitchen. The crowd began to disperse.

Kierra seemed annoyed, apparently having realized that the moment with the

vibrator had passed, but it turned out she had more tricks up her sleeve. She

bent over whispered to Sarah "It's a pity you can't wear that outfit... but I

still hope you'll come out clubbing with us tonight. For your birthday, and

all."

Sarah, still a little shaken at nearly being made to masturbate in front of

the whole office, reacted quickly to the suggestion. "I can't," she said

simply.

Kierra didn't like that answer. "That's a shame," she said coldly. "I'd hate

if HR started asking questions about your nudism... can't imagine what they'd

do if it turned out you were only taking advantage of affirmative action

policies..."

Sarah's heart skipped a beat. Kierra wouldn't, would she? But a look at the

black girl's icy stare told Sarah that Kierra had meant busy. Kierra was

proving that she was going to make Sarah's life miserable one way or the

other. After all Sarah had been through for this job already, she couldn't let

Kierra ruin it for her... but on the other hand, capitulating now would only

confirm to Kierra that she was making a viable threat.

Caught between a rock and a hard place, Sarah chose the lesser evil. With a

forced smile she said "Sure, Kierra. I'll go."

Kierra's demeanor changed instantly, adopting a bright smile - though to Sarah

it still looked evil. "Great Nubbly! I'll see you at The Ruck at 10."

Marietta returned with the cake, now neatly divided into a dozen pieces to

share with the office. Sarah looked at the candles, partially melted and

laying in a small pile on the side of the plate. Two days ago, Sarah had

wished to end her nudity. Today, her wish had been much more vindicative.

Chapter 13Tue Dec 18, 2007 23:0769.248.207.156

Sarah stood in the line outside The Ruck with Kierra and Fleur, waiting for

the bouncer to let them into the club. She couldn't believe that she was

here... and didn't want to think about what humiliations might await her once

they got inside. The only positive note was that Yukiko had agreed to join

her; she'd seemed surprised that Sarah had suggested it, but was happy to come

along.

Even so, just standing out here was bad enough. Everyone else was dressed up

to like sexy - tight, sexy, revealing clothes abounded - but only Sarah was

revealing everything. To make matters worse, the night had turned out to be

uncharacteristically chilly for the end of June, and Sarah's body was reacting

appropriately with hardened nipples and goosebumps. She was also drawing even

more attention than usual - she knew that every single guy in this line was

eying her with the intent of trying to hook up with her before the end of the

night - and why not? She was, after all, the only girl here showing everything

on offer, even if she had no intention of offering anything. But even just

being looked at like that made her feel slutty. And given the way her body

liked to react to showing off, she found it hard to argue with herself on

that.

Finally they reached the front of the line, and the bald, muscular bouncer

looked them over - his eyes lingered particularly long on Sarah. They showed

their ID's and Sarah and Yukiko accepted the "under 21" wrist bands before

heading inside.

The deafening techno music hit Sarah's ears as soon as they walked inside. The

club was a fairly large place; it was located near the pier and had been

converted from a warehouse. Most of it was simply an open dance floor; but

there was also a raised stage in front of the DJ, as well as cages, polls, two

catwalks above, a bar area and some tables and couches in one corner. It was

already filled with hundreds of clubbers. Sarah could immediately see she was

the only naked one.

Kierra took hold of Sarah's wrist and led the group to the middle of the

floor, where they started dancing. Pretty soon Yukiko had lost herself to the

rhythm, and Fleur had disappeared from sight. Kierra kept pretty close to

Sarah as she bumped and grinded random partners, apparently goading Sarah to

do the same.

Sarah initially kept her distance from other people, but otherwise did her

best to join in and dance, but felt too self conscious to really let herself

go - her movements stayed awkward and stiff. The last time she'd been

clubbing, she'd been dressed not unlike everyone else here; today she couldn't

stop thinking about every twist, turn, and thrust of her naked body, as if

inviting the whole club to look... or do more than just look.

It didn't take too long for the whole club to notice the naked girl in the

middle of the dance floor. Most guys seemed to take Sarah's presence as an

invitation to bump, grind, and grab her, much to Kierra's delight. Sarah tried

to fight them off, but quickly realized the futility of trying to stop it.

Every time she shook off one boy, another would grab hold and start grinding

his crotch into her ass, or rubbing his torso against her breasts. It was

absolutely humiliating and objectifying.

And she was getting off on it. Dammit, she thought, as she shrugged off yet

another guy who wanted into her pants. Not that there were any pants to get

into.

It was also very warm in the club, aided by the throngs of active dancers. The

sweat helped to mask some of the other moisture her body was producing, but it

was also making things that much more uncomfortable for Sarah, who felt it

drip down the length of her body with nothing to absorb it. She felt gross,

but if anything it attracted even more attention - her body shined in the

lights.

Finally, unable to take any more, Sarah excused herself to find some water.

Yukiko followed; thankfully Kierra didn't.

"You okay?" Yukiko asked once they'd reached the bar area, where they could

hear each other over the music.

"Yeah, fine. Just tired, I think," Sarah answered, though she felt bad lying

to her friend. She wanted so bad to tell the truth, that this hadn't been her

idea and she was miserable being exhibited like this. But she knew she

couldn't.

"You looked hot out there," Yukiko offered as encouragement. Sarah gave a weak

smile.

The two girls sat out a song while Sarah went through a bottle of water.

Yukiko was kind enough to sit between Sarah and anyone that might try to hit

on her, giving Sarah some time to think. She couldn't believe she'd gotten

herself into this situation - embarrassed and yet turned on, dancing naked in

a place that was just wall to wall sexuality, all at the hands of a girl who

wanted nothing more than to humiliate her. The emotional roller coaster just

kept going.

"What do you say to one more dance, then we can get going if you're still

tired. I'm sure your other friends will understand," Yukiko suggested, lightly

touching Sarah as she spoke.

Sarah didn't really feel like any more dancing, but took Yukiko up on the

offer anyway. They made their way back out onto the floor just as the music

changed to a slower, more intense beat. This encouraged the two of them to

dance closer, but to Sarah's surprise she felt a lot more comfortable dancing

with Yukiko than any of the random guys who'd been grabbing her earlier. The

two girls found a rhythm together, and Sarah moved much more fluidly and

comfortably than she had all night.

After a few minutes the song wound down, and the girls' dance wound down with

it. Sarah was just about to suggest leaving when the DJ's voice came over the

sound system. "I'm told we have a birthday girl today," he said.

Suddenly, Sarah felt the heat of a bright spotlight on her, as well as every

eye in the club. "Let's see if we can't get her a cage dance!"

Sarah almost freaked. The cage hung a few feet from the floor, and was just

big enough for one person... who would have a full view of the club, but could

be seen from anywhere in the club as well. There was no way she'd subject

herself to that, and was about to go running when Kierra emerged from the

crowd. "Do it, Nubbly," was all she said.

Sarah looked desperately for a way out, but she was already trapped by the

throng of onlookers, pushing her towards the cage. She felt someone's hand on

her ass as she climbed up into it; she wasn't sure if that bothered her more

or less than the click of the door behind her, trapping her inside. And so

Sarah found herself naked, on display for a club full of horny teenagers and

20 somethings, trapped in a cage like an animal. Naked, like animal.

The music started playing again - it was loud, fast. She was too panicked to

think, and wasn't even sure she was breathing. So she did the only thing she

could do: she let her body move instinctively and dared not think about where

she was or what she was doing.

Sarah danced.

Her hips rotated as her hands criss crossed her body and climbed up her sides.

Her nipples were hard. She moved her hands behind her head and thrust her hips

out, wiggling them for her audience. Her huge audience. She thrusted, turned,

and moved with complete abandon. Her heart raced, her breath came in ever

shorter gasps. Every eye in the club was on her, without a single exception.

Hundreds were watching her gyrating naked body. Her bounding boobs. Her

wiggling ass. Every twist of her legs. They were getting off on her.

And holy shit, she was getting off on them.

The tempo changed; it was even faster now. Sarah grabbed the bars of the cage,

bending far over, shaking her ass and showing off her soaking wet sex from

behind. Reason escaped her. The music fueled her. The base reverberated

through the room, through the metal bars and her hands gripping them so

tightly, and on through her whole body. She'd never felt like this - it was

amazing and frightening at the same time, she felt paralyzed but unable to

stop herself from moving.

And then the world exploded.

When Sarah regained her senses, she was on her knees, breathing heavily, and

drenched in sweat. She had to pry her hands from their grip on the bars before

she could shakily open the cage door and climb down, re-joining the crowd

below. It was only then that it really hit her: she'd just orgasmed in front

of hundreds of people. She felt embarrassed, slutty, disgusted, weak. Wave

after wave of humiliation washed over her, the likes of which she'd never felt

before.

She stumbled, Yukiko caught her. She didn't know where her friend had come

from, but she was glad. "Let's go," Sarah managed to gasp, and together they

walked out of the club.

They took a taxi home. Yukiko seemed to sense that something was wrong for

Sarah, but didn't know how to address it.

"Well, thanks for having me out with your friend," Yukiko said, as they walked

back into their apartment a little bit later.

Sarah only offered a single response to that. "She's not my friend."

Chapter 14

Tue Dec 18, 2007

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Things seemed to go downhill for Sarah over the next two weeks. She rarely saw

Tom in the office anymore, and he'd grown pretty distant when he was there -

Sarah wondered if her after hours "performance" had made Tom to lose respect

for her, and see her as the naked slut she felt like. She hadn't found much by

way of friendship among the rest of the staff, either. Some were genuinely

nice people, but the vast majority looked at her and only saw a naked woman to

ogle, not someone who was worth knowing as a person, who might still be

uncomfortable with that sort of attention.

Kierra, meanwhile, was getting worse. Since Sarah had confirmed the leverage

she held over her, Kierra had stepped up her torments and teasing. Thankfully

Kierra didn't seem to have any real interest in going to HR and getting Sarah

fired, but she had no problem using that threat to make Sarah show off far

more than she would have otherwise. Attention whoring was a game that both

girls knew well, and Kierra made sure that's exactly what Sarah was doing.

She'd frequently coming down to visit Sarah with new "requests" designed to

exhibit and embarrass her, by putting Sarah on display for as many groups of

people as possible - clients, co-workers, colleagues, anyone who ever came in

the office, really. Sarah could at least be grateful that Kierra hadn't

planned any more after work outings (probably because Kierra had no interest

in actually hanging out with Sarah, just like in high school), but the all the

small torments in the office were still enough to make her miserable. It was

one thing to be walking around naked, and another to be paraded around naked.

Kierra understood and exploited the difference every chance she could make.

Sarah, for her part, had never felt more enmity towards Kierra, but had no

choice but to act as a nudist would... grin and bare it, all of it, no matter

how awful it made her feel. If her real motivations for being naked were

exposed, everything she'd endured because of it would be for nothing.

The humiliation suffered at the dance club on her birthday had at least curbed

her exhibitionist impulses, and she'd successfully kept them bottled since

then. She wasn't eager to get sexually excited in public again any time soon;

once in a lifetime was enough for that. But the flip side is that it seemed to

make her feel even meeker and more embarrassed to simply be naked and have the

world see her that way, and Kierra was just making it all the worse.

Meanwhile, she'd continued to mend her somewhat rocky relationship with her

parents, and her mom especially. They actually had a long phone conversation

about nudism the previous night, which her mom seemed to respond well to.

Sarah hated lying about her feelings towards it - but what could she do? Her

whole life now was a lie.

The one positive thing in her life lately was Yukiko, who continued to be a

great friend. Oddly, Yukiko rarely wore clothes around their apartment

anymore. She couldn't legally go naked outside like Sarah did, but

nevertheless Sarah appreciated it. It made her feel less alone, less abnormal.

Their shared apartment had become a sanctuary for her - the only place in the

world where she didn't feel self conscious about being naked.

These were her thoughts on a Friday morning when another naked woman entered

the office. This wasn't so unusual in of itself - there were a number of

nudists who'd been through the office since Sarah had started working there,

all plaintiffs in the class action case against S-Mart. Most were pleased to

see Sarah working there and took an interest in her, and chatted a bit. It

never failed to make Sarah feel guilty though; being around real nudists just

reminded her of how fake she was.

This particular nudist was particularly gorgeous though - platinum blond hair,

a D cup capped by small, impossibly red nipples, an hourglass frame, long legs

with a shaved pussy between them - everything about her just screamed

perfection. Andd unlike the other nudists who'd been in the office, she

carried an air of class and wealth about her. She had styled hair, manicured

nails, designer heels, and expensive looking jewelry. Even Sarah was stunned

by her looks, and couldn't help but stare.

The woman approached Sarah before anyone else, which was a little surprising.

"You must be Sarah Mariano?"

Sarah was very surprised and a little confused. "Yes... hi," she answered.

"I'm Lisa... Tom Matthews' wife," the naked woman said. "I'm sorry for walking

in on you like this, but I'd like to talk. Would you care to join Tom and I

for lunch?"

Sarah's mind went into a tizzy. Tom's wife was a nudist? And suddenly she felt

immensely guilty for the way she'd acted that night in the office with Tom -

was Lisa mad at her? Still, she nodded her head in agreement, put her work

aside and got up to join Lisa.

Sarah followed Lisa through the office and towards the elevators, with her

anxiety growing the whole time. Sarah desperately tried to think of everything

she'd ever known about Tom's wife. In these many weeks of working together

though, she was sure he'd never hinted that she was a nudist. Sarah realized

that Tom hadn't talked about her at all, really, and Sarah had never asked.

She'd heard they were separated, but that was about the extent of it. She

simply had no idea why Lisa would take an interest in her today.

It wasn't until they were walking through the building's lobby that Lisa

really spoke again. "I... I wanted to thank you for saving my marriage."

Sarah was deeply confused. "... how?"

The two naked women exited out onto the street. Sarah immediately felt her

usual self consciousness that asserted itself whenever she was naked outdoors,

but she did her best to bury it. Instead she tried to focus on the pleasant

sensation of warm sunlight striking her bare breasts, and the benefit of being

nude in this scorching 95 degree early July weather. Still, two naked women

garnered four times the attention Sarah was used to, and she remained keenly

aware of it as they began walking down the busy street.

"Not all of us are so lucky to realize that we're nudists early in life,

Sarah," Lisa began as they waited at a stoplight, and were openly being ogled

by a sitting motorist. "I only just registered four months ago."

Less recently than me, Sarah thought, but kept it to herself. They crossed the

street and continued to walk down the next block, passing by a group of

teenagers who took their photos with cameraphones. Sarah hoped no one noticed

how hard she blushed as they took pictures. Lisa, by contrast, just smiled at

them, offering a quick pose as they walked by.

Lisa continued her narrative: "In the ten years since we'd been married, Tom

was the only person in the world who saw me naked. That changed one day at the

gym."

"After working out, I'd always spend some time in the sauna - I only ever wore

a towel, and for the two years I'd been going it hadn't been any sort of

problem. Then one day last February, I was the victim of a teenager prank - he

grabbed my towel and ran with it. And without thinking I chased after him. I

ran naked right through the pool area and into the middle of the gym, where I

finally stopped and realized what I was doing. But by then there were dozens

of eyes on me. I felt mortified."

Lisa paused. They crossed another street and entered a park; the busy street

gave way to trees, benches, and an open field of grass where some teenagers

were playing frisbee. Sarah was amazed at Lisa's apparent confidence as they

walked along naked. The subtle body language of the two naked women couldn't

have been more different. Sarah felt assaulted by the countless eyeballs that

leered at her naked body as she went by, and did her best to minimize

attention and shrink from the public view. Lisa, on the other hand, openly

flaunted herself as she walked - treating onlookers to better views of her

breasts, ass, legs, and whatever else happened to catch their attention.

Observing Lisa brought a familiar tingle to the spot between Sarah's legs, and

Sarah caught herself wishing she could be a bit more like that... but she

quickly suppressed that urge. She didn't want any sort of a repeat performance

of the club from a few weeks ago.

"Here, let's sit. Tom isn't expecting us for a few more minutes, anyway," Lisa

offered, parking herself on a bench. Sarah watched with amazement - and maybe

still a twinge of jealousy - at how Lisa acted. Lisa sat down with her legs

wide open, offer the world a clear view of her perfectly smooth and bare

pussy. She leaned back and spread her arms on either side of the bench -

giving a clear view of her whole body to every person in the park who happened

to look their way. Lisa clearly felt no shame whatsoever about being naked in

public.

By contrast, Sarah sat down and immediately crossed her legs, and then twisted

to face Sarah, using one arm to block people's view of her breasts as best she

could without being obvious about it. She was still perpetually embarrassed by

her nudity.

Lisa continued her story. "Anyway, the funny thing was... over the next couple

of days, the memory got less embarrassing and more... well, being naked like

that hadn't been so bad, and it had ignited a curiosity in me. At first I

thought I was nuts. But I started experimenting by walking around naked more -

in the house, at least, and by myself. And it was just intoxicating. I can't

really put it into words, but you know what I'm talking about, right?"

"Of course," Sarah lied.

"Well, it was around that time that the S-Mart case was in its earliest

stages. Tom was talking about it with me one night and it just hit me: I was a

nudist. I'd never realized it before then, but there was just no doubt in my

mind. I knew that's how I should be - naked, unashamed, and proud of my body.

There was no reason I should keep it hidden from the world."

Lisa sighed, as if reliving a fond memory. Sarah felt a little awkward, unable

to relate to Lisa's impulses. Prior to registering as a nudist, Sarah had

never felt a desire to be naked for anything other than taking a shower.

"But I still had to be sure. So I went back to the gym the following week. I

was a nervous wreck," Lisa laughed "But I convinced myself to lose the towel

on my own this time. I walked from the sauna, through the gym, and into the

locker room with nothing but a smile. People looked shocked, they stared, they

couldn't believe it... but it was just amazing! I stopped and registered as a

nudist on my way home. I haven't worn clothes since."

"But you said I saved your marriage?"

"Yes well... the thing was... I did all this without telling Tom really... and

he was pretty surprised to come home and find that I was naked and had gotten

rid of all my clothes. I tried to explain it to him... but let's just say it

wasn't pretty. I guess it's one thing to represent and work with naked people

as a lawyer, but there's a double standard when it comes to your wife. He just

didn't understand why I'd want the world to see me naked, except if I was some

sort of slut. He walked out on me that night."

"I'm sorry," Sarah said, unsure what else to say.

"But then he met you, Sarah!" Lisa exclaimed. "I think in getting to know you,

you changed his opinion of nudists. Last week, he started talking about what

an amazing girl you were - and how completely carefree you were with your body

in such an innocent sort of way - and how he finally understood that it's

nothing that nudists are doing that's wrong... it's the people looking who see

what they want to see. And I think, finally, he saw me in a new way too, for

who I am. And I have you to thank."

They sat for a moment, while Sarah absorbed the story. She was dumbfounded and

a little flattered. She'd had no idea she was impacting Tom like that. All

this time, she'd thought he was just like most every other guy, ogling her

just because she was a naked woman. Sarah looked down at herself - bare skin

that she hadn't been able to keep private in nearly two months now. Other

people looked at that, and saw her as a lifestyle nudist. She'd spent so much

effort trying to project exactly that image, but still felt a little surprised

at being perceived that way.

Lisa spent a silent minute soaking the suns rays, oblivious or simply uncaring

of who might be watching. Spread out and exposed, she breathed deep and ran

her hands over her body, massaging the sunlight into her breasts, and

concluding by pinching a nipple. Sarah almost felt ashamed to watch herself -

she just couldn't fathom how Lisa could do that without feeling humiliated to

put on such a display.

Against her will, memories of what Sarah had felt like at the club a few weeks

ago came flooding back. She actually felt a new twinge of jealousy towards

Lisa. Tom might have looked to Sarah as the model, but Lisa was clearly the

better nudist. She much more confident with her nudity than Sarah could ever

hope to be, and clearly lacked any reservations about public displays - she

was exactly as immodest and carefree that nudists were supposed to be.

Finally Lisa said "Ah well, shall we get lunch? Tom's probably waiting."

The restaurant turned out to be a sidewalk cafe on the other side of the park,

and Tom was indeed already waiting for them there.

"Hello, lovely ladies!" Tom greeted them, pulling out a chair each for his

wife and Sarah.

Sarah wasn't exactly thrilled to be eating outdoors, where she'd surely be

gawked at by hundreds of passerbys, but she felt a sudden obligation to

continue being a model nudist for Tom and Lisa's sake. The three of them made

some small talk as they looked over the menu, and Sarah tried to put the

nearby pedestrians and traffic out of her mind. She was nevertheless glad to

have a pair of sunglasses to hide behind, even though that was all she had to

hide behind. A waiter took their order a few minutes later and stared at Lisa

the whole time. Sarah couldn't decide if she was relieved or annoyed - as much

as she hated excess attention on her naked body, it was a little disconcerting

when she didn't get it.

The lunch actually turned into a pleasant outing for Sarah. They talked about

work, but they also asked about school, Sarah's future plans, and lots of

other subjects. She realized this was the first time she'd seen Tom outside of

the office - he seemed more relaxed here, and even friendlier than normal.

Having Lisa around may have helped to shape Sarah's impression though... he

spent more time looking at his wife's breasts than Sarah's. Lisa didn't seem

to take any offense whenever he looked at either of them, but Sarah found

herself feeling yet another twinge of jealousy over the attention Lisa got.

Not that there wasn't plenty of attention to go around. Every pedestrian that

walked by gave a long look at the two naked women. A few openly stopped and

stared before finally moving on. Lisa paid them little heed, but Sarah felt a

familiar stirring below as she ate her salad. Inspired a bit by Lisa, she

lifted her breasts up a little and subtly positioned her chair to show off her

legs a bit more to people on the street - just in time to have a picture

taken, which made her blush. In between the conversation and food, she kept

glancing out to see how many people were looking, feeling that mix of

embarrassment and excitement that drove her wild.

Amazingly though, Sarah's exhibitionism was outmatched. Lisa sat with her

breasts thrusted out and legs spread apart the whole meal. Between a beauty

that even Sarah couldn't compete with and her body language, Lisa got the

lion's share of attention from pedestrians. At the end of the meal, Sarah

watched in stunned amazement as Lisa's left hand slid between her legs and

began to finger herself as she spoke. She was actually masturbating. In

public. And acting like it was the most normal thing in the world. A small

crowd gathered on the sidewalk to watch Lisa as she performed, while Sarah

tried to answer a question about the courses she was taking next semester, not

quite able to believe what was happening. A few minutes later, Lisa's eyes

glossed over as a shiver ran through her body. She'd obviously had a small or

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glossed over as a shiver ran through her body. She'd obviously had a small

orgasm.

Sarah blushed hard just watching, but at the same time found her own urge had

grown too strong to ignore. She politely excused herself from the table, but

not before Lisa noticed the glistening moisture that had developed between

Sarah's legs. The two women winked at each other before Sarah headed for the

bathroom.

Safely locked in the privacy of a lady's room stall, Sarah closed her eyes and

imagined she was still outside at the table, masturbating just as Lisa had,

without any shame or modesty at all. The mental picture was enough to turn her

crimson red with embarrassment... but it just made the resulting orgasm that

much stronger.

Chapter 15

Tue Dec 18, 2007

23:1069.248.207.156

Sarah wandered the halls of her dormitory, feeling a little overwhelmed as she

tried to find her way back to the lobby. Her parents had dropped her off hours

ago, and she was feeling that combined sense of liberation, excitement, and

fear at living independently for the first time in her life. It was the first

day, and it felt a little weird being on her own, naked, over a hundred miles

from home.

Naked?

For a brief moment that seemed weird. But Sarah examined herself and

reconfirmed, she was naked. Why wouldn't she be?

Sarah turned heads when she walked into the lobby. She posed, briefly, giving

everyone a chance to see. It felt good to show her body like that. There were

already dozens of people in the lobby, and the RA's had begun organizing

activities designed to help people meet each other and make friends. Sarah

looked forward to joining in - she'd been so popular last year in high school,

and she assumed that that popularity would continue in college life. It was

easy to see already that being a nudist would help with that; all the boys

took an immediate interest.

She walked to the table and wrote "Sarah" on a "HELLO! MY NAME IS \_\_\_\_"

nametag, and stuck it to her bare breast. She began walking around and

introducing herself. A lot of people stared, but she didn't care. She wasn't

ashamed of her body and took pride in the fact that people liked to look at

it. She enjoyed the fact that so many could see her naked. She showed off

confidently, giving her dormmates a good view of her body as she walked around

introducing herself.

After one of the mini-games, Sarah was greeted by an Asian girl who introduced

herself as Yukiko. Sarah in turn greeted her warmly.

"You have gorgeous breasts," Yukiko told her.

"Thank you," Sarah said, thrusting them out just a tiny bit more, to make it

easier for Yukiko to keep appreciating them.

"May I touch them?" Yukiko asked.

"Of course," Sarah answered. She'd been secretly hoping Yukiko would ask that

- sure, the Asian girl wasn't naked, but she was clearly very sexy.

Yukiko reached out and began to fondle Sarah's breasts. Her touch was

electric, making Sarah gasp as Yukiko expertly fondled them and feelings of

pleasure shot through her naked body. Sarah's pussy was already wet from

exhibiting herself all day, but she felt positively orgasmic as Yukiko's

fingers caressed her ner ipples.

They were in Sarah's room. She wasn't sure how they got there. It didn't

matter. Her lust for this sexy Asian girl grew maddeningly. She started

kissing Yukiko, which was returned in kind. Together, they guided themselves

down onto the sheetless bed....

A ray of sunlight caught Sarah's eye. She blinked at it, but it didn't go

away. So she turned, and with a startle she realized Yukiko wasn't there. It

was just a dream. Of course, it was a dream.

It had more or less been how the first day had gone, at least as far as the

meet and greet in the lobby. But she hadn't been naked on her first day of

school last year, her mind just inserted that part. Also she'd barely spoken

to Yukiko that first day - it wasn't until later that semester that they

became friends, and they hadn't been particularly close until the end of the

year Sarah became a nudist and they'd moved into each other. And that stuff

she'd be doing right before she woke up... well, Sarah had certainly never,

ever felt any attraction to Yukiko. She was straight, for pete's sake.

She looked at the alarm clock next to her bed. It was about 9 am. It was

Monday, the Fourth of July, and the only day off she'd have all summer. She

lounged in bed for a few more minutes before lazily getting up and washing the

last vestiges of sleep away in the shower, the strange dream already fading

from memory.

Sarah poured herself some cereal for breakfast and then muddled around the

apartment for a bit, but already the boredom was setting in. Yukiko had gone

home to see her own prents for the weekend, leaving Sarah with the apartment

to herself for the long weekend. She'd spent the last two days here alone,

mostly watching movies on TV and reading, thinking about everything and

nothing in particular. She'd originally been grateful for the solitude, but by

this morning she was feeling a little stir crazy. Naked or not, she was

normally a very social girl and going this long shut in her apartment without

human contact was getting to her.

Sarah looked out the window. It was a bright, sunny, hot summer's day. "You

may as well go out, Sarah," she told herself. "It's not like you're not naked

in public all the time anyway - avoiding it at this point is just dumb. And

look, you're talking to yourself."

Of course, saying it was one thing, but public nudity still made her anxious,

and the embarrassment could be overwhelming... to say nothing of the other

ways it made her feel. She thought again about Lisa, and how that nudist had

behaved the other day - totally open, totally confident. Sarah spent a lot of

time this past weekend wishing she could be like that, naked without a care

for the way other people looked at her. Mostly because it would make her life

now so much easier, but also because there was an increasingly big part of her

that found it exciting. Her fantasies lately had been taken over by images of

very public sexual performances. But it just wasn't her, and she knew it.

"You're not a nudist, Sarah," she said, talking to herself again. "Even if you

do dress like one."

She mulled around for another hour, mostly lounging on the couch and staring

at the ceiling, trying to suppress her boredom. Her thoughts again returned to

going out, but then considered the other problem with the idea - she couldn't

think of anywhere to go. Unfortunately, the only real friend she had in this

city was Yukiko. Beyond that, her social life was kind of nonexistent - being

naked and embarrassed all the time hadn't been conducive towards making new

friends. And even with Yukiko, she'd rarely gone out, again owing mostly to

Sarah's shyness about being naked.

Finally, Sarah decided she just had to get out, even if she was naked. Or

maybe because she was naked. To motivate herself, she tried to focus on the

part of her that got off on the idea, rather than the part of her that was

embarrassed by it. She definitely didn't want to take it too far - but if she

could go, walk around for a bit, and maybe get a little pleasure from it, that

wouldn't be so bad.

She grabbed her purse, making sure her keys and phone were in it, and then

headed out, without really knowing where she was going.

The hot sidewalk burned the soles of her bare feet as she left her building.

It was weird how she now associated being barefoot with being casual, as her

entire "professional" attire consisted of the heels she normally wore at the

office. It was just one of many weird little quirks that came with a naked

lifestyle, but in any case she opted to seek out the shade rather than go

inside and find something for her feet.

She was also, of course, instantly aware of the attention that she garnered as

she walked down the street (hopped, really, to avoid the parts of the sidewalk

in direct sunlight). She remembered about how Lisa had acted, showing off for

the spectators, but Sarah couldn't bring herself to that - it felt gutsy

enough for her to just be out here when she didn't absolutely have to. For a

pizza boy, for Tom, in situations she could control... that was one thing. In

front of the whole city like this, she shied away from the stares as best she

could.

Where she went was determined more by what path would be easiest on her feet

than any deliberate choices she made. But soon she realized she'd reached the

vicinity of the same park she'd been in with Lisa a few days ago. She knew it

held cool grass rather than hot pavement to walk on, so headed in that

direction.

After entering the park, Sarah heard the noises of a large crowd on the far

side, beyond where she could see. Her first instinct was to avoid it, as big

public events were low on her list of things she wanted to do naked, but as

she sat soothing her burning feet she became aware of something: she wasn't

the only nudist here. A naked couple walked down the path towards Sarah and

the park's exit.

"Heading to the protest?" the man asked when they spotted Sarah.

"Um, yeah," Sarah lied; she had no idea what he was talking about. "Thought I

might check it out."

"Well we had to jet early, but it's still going strong. They can always use

one more body though, so no doubt they'll be glad to have you."

After that they walked off; Sarah watched their bare bums as they confidently

strode out of the park and back onto the street. Her curiosity was piqued, and

she began heading in the direction of the noise. She didn't exactly plan on

joining anything, but she wanted to know what was going on.

What she saw when she got there surprised her - there was a group of somewhere

between 50 and 100 naked people occupying a small section of the park. Sarah

had never seen that many nudists in one place before; she didn't know what to

make of it.

She surreptitiously walked around the perimeter, unsure of whether she should

join in or run the other way. It seemed that the nudists were protesting a

protest, or something. There was definitely a larger group not far away in

another section of the park, though what their purpose was Sarah couldn't

easily tell.

A tall, redheaded naked woman approached Sarah, catching her by surprise. She

was covered in freckles and surprisingly pale skinned for a nudist; Sarah

guessed she was around 30. "Hi, you new here?" she asked, with just the hint

of an Irish accent.

"Yeah, I was just..."

Too late; before Sarah could object, she had signed a petition and was

standing amongst the nude protesters holding a sign that said "I WAS BORN NUDE

AND PLAN TO STAY THAT WAY."

From her new vantage point, Sarah was beginning to get a better idea of what

was going on. It looked like there was an anti-nudity religious demonstration

across the way, and the nudists were here holding a counter demonstration. But

whereas there were a hundred nudists here at most, there must have been close

to a thousand people at the other demonstration - most of the signs on the

clothed side were either bible quotes or bad puns, and at least a few were

pretty disturbing - "YOU CAN GO NAKED IN HELL" and "PEOPLE WITHOUT SHAME SHAME

OUR COUNTRY". Sarah shuddered, and was glad she hadn't stumbled on such a

hateful bunch by herself... though she was still nervous given how outnumbered

the nudists were.

Despite herself, Sarah started to get into it. She joined in with the

occasional shouts and cheers of her fellow nudists, shouting down whoever was

speaking at the other event. She actually felt some solidarity with the other

nudists; Despite her personal struggles with her lack of clothes, she realized

that the anti-nudity bigots hated her as much as any other naked person.

Plus, it was kind of cool in its own right. Sarah had never been politically

active before, and she'd certainly never seen so many naked people in one

place. She even felt kind of anonymous in the crowd; for the first time in

over two months, she didn't stick out. She was able to loosen up in a way she

hadn't been able in public in a very long time, and was able to relax her

demeanor in a refreshing way. Strangely though, she was at the same time more

aware of the fact that she was naked than she'd felt since the first time she

stepped into the sunlight without clothes.

After a while though, her arm needed a break from holding up the sign and she

handed it off to someone else. She then pulled out her cameraphone and started

taking pictures. She'd told her mom she was "involved" in nudism, and this

could be some proof of that, despite the fact that her presence here was

totally accidental. She took a couple of photos of the crowd of nudists,

taking note of some of the more humorous protest signs and interesting body

types, and then took some shots of the anti-nudity protesters on the other

side. An old stodgy woman was talking on the stage, talking about obscenity

and how free speech was wrong - Sarah snapped a photo of her, as well as the

other people sitting up there.

Mental note Sarah - if you see any of those people on the street, run the

other way.

A naked man approached her. He looked to be in his forties, and bald from head

to toe. He might have been attractive if not for a slight pot belly. His was

just one of the great many body types on display here, from the good looking

to quite ugly. "First time I've seen you around - I'm Bill," he said.

"Sarah," she replied. "And yeah... I guess I'm new."

"Well, thanks for coming out. We need every body we can get to show that we'll

defend our rights," Bill said.

"Glad to help," Sarah said.

"Twisted thing is, the same law protecting them is the one protecting us -

they're all registered Christian fundamentalists, you know. But then, they

don't get evolution, so it's not surprising that equal rights is too hard for

them to understand," Bill explained.

Sarah laughed, then surprised herself. "Hey, would you mind taking my picture?

It's for my mom."

"Sure," Bill said, accepting the cameraphone.

Oh my God Sarah are you really going to pose naked for this guy? Sarah

thought, in a moment of panic. Yes, yes I am, she assured herself.

Sarah borrowed another sign and held it low enough so it'd be in the frame,

and then gave the camera a full frontal view of her exposed naked body, all

while smiling for Bill. A rush of adrenalin surged through her as the tiny

flash went off, accompanied by a warm tingle between her legs. She'd been

photographed naked plenty of times already - but that was always by strangers

on the street she couldn't control. This was the first time she posed for one,

and the first nude picture of her she'd keep for herself.

Two months ago, she could never have imagined doing that. But here she was.

"Thanks Bill," she said.

"You should come to the community meetings," Bill said. "It's easy to feel

alone as a nudist in this city, I think it's good for everyone to spend some

time around like minds and naked bodies. We don't just do activism, we try to

have fun once in a while too."

"Thanks," Sarah said. "I'll think about it."

Sarah ended up staying at the protest until it finally ended a few hours

later. She then followed the nudists to a barbecue they were hosting on the

pier, mingling and meeting other nudists. For the first time, she didn't feel

like an outsider... she even regained a sense of what had made her so popular

in high school. Her warm smile, her social skills, and most importantly, her

confidence.

She did still force herself ignore her pussy though, which had gotten wetter

as the day went on. There were at least a few other nudists around at various

levels of sexual excitement, though Sarah still refused to act on those

impulses the way some of the others did. Still, it was reassuring in a way -

she realized that her own feelings weren't that unusual, and it really did

make sense. Once you're naked, no one is seeing anything that they couldn't

see already, after all. It was completely natural, and these nudists were all

people who just thought their bodies were nothing to be ashamed of. Sarah was

envious.

She met a lot of friendly people before the end of the day and even wound up

posing for a few more photos - one of the other nudists was a photographer,

and promised to email them to her. After the sun went down, they watched the

fourth of July fireworks together.

Sarah actually felt disappointed when the group finally broke up for the

evening - she realized how much she missed being that social, and knew that

the confidence she was feeling would evaporate once she ceased to be one of a

crowd and went back to being a naked girl in a clothed world.

Chapter 16

Tue Dec 18, 2007

23:1069.248.207.156

Yukiko returned at some point during the night, but Sarah didn't get to see

her before heading to work the following morning. The euphoric feelings she'd

felt with the other nudists the day before quickly disappeared as she boarded

the subway wearing nothing but her heels, doing her best not to react to the

way that businessmen were staring at her breasts.

By the time she'd reached the office building, her self consciousness had

completely reasserted itself. Sarah did her best to recall the feelings of the

previous day, but it was useless... how could you be self confident when you

were the only one without any clothes?

Sarah had an air of depression about her as she walked through the office. It

seemed that this was her life now. Whatever else happened, she'd also come

back to feeling embarrassed and meek from being naked in public. There were

moments when she felt good about it, or at least push the negative feelings

from her mind, but that was all they were - just moments. They were nothing

compared to the daily grind of stares and standing out. The constant judgment

just endlessly chipped away at her self esteem.

It didn't help Sarah's mood when she saw Kierra was sitting at her desk when

she got there. Just seeing Kierra was enough to reinforce what Sarah was

feeling. Even standing over her, Sarah felt weak and submissive to her old

high school nemesis, who today was wearing an expensive looking tan business

suit, which modestly complemented her dark skin.

"Nubbly! Just who I wanted to talk to!"

Sarah groaned.

"I was supposed to bring these to the courthouse today," Kierra said,

motioning towards a manilla folder on the desk. "But wow, I just have so much

on my plate today! So I asked if one of the interns could go instead, and

wouldn't you know it, they agreed to send you!"

Sarah groaned again.

"That's the spirit! I thought it would do you good to get out of this office

for a bit, out into the world, into public," Kierra continued, putting special

emphasis on the last word. She smiled evilly, then slapped the manila envelope

into Sarah's hands before walking off.

And so Sarah found herself leaving the building and back out on the street,

once again naked before the whole city, feeling frustrated. After more than

two months of this, after yesterday, she'd have thought she'd at least be used

to being naked in public. But this morning she was feeling particularly

vulnerable and ashamed - she just felt so confused of late, and couldn't be

sure of anything.

The courthouse was on the other side of the city, which meant she'd be taking

a long trip on the subway to get there - no doubt why Kierra had been so

enthusiastic to send Sarah to do this. At least the crowds had thinned out,

now that it was the tail end of rush hour. The ubiquitous business suits had

been replaced by the more casual wear of tourists and people going about their

errands, not that any of them were naked. Sarah did have at least a tiny bit

of luck though; a train pulled up just as she walked onto the platform, and it

was empty enough that she was able to find a seat.

She tried not to think about the stares she was getting as she rode across

town. It was a relatively long ride, over half an hour, and she had to switch

lines half way. Sarah was dismayed when she got on the new train; there was a

creepy guy who just constantly smiled at her and proved particularly hard to

just ignore. Not that ignoring the the myriad of other riders who got off and

on the train at various points was easy to do. She sighed with relief when she

finally got to her stop and was able to exit - not that there was really any

respite to be found outside the station. A shocked woman gasped when she saw

Sarah exiting the station; Sarah just pretended she hadn’t heard.

The subway stopped right in front of town hall. So the street level was

particularly busy, with plenty of politicians, lawyers, and similar types in

making up the crowd, as well as a heavy police presence for security. The

courthouse was across the street and a block away, so Sarah had to pass by

just about all of them before she could get inside again.

She reached the giant granite steps of the court and began to ascend up them

when there was a loud SNAP. Sarah took a tumble, yelping as she fell forward.

“Are you alright?” a nearby police office offered. A small crowd formed in

less than a second, all attracted by what was going on with the naked woman.

“Fine, fine,” Sarah said, frustrated. Actually, she’d scraped her knee... the

lack of protection was another of being naked, she realized. But her immediate

concern was just getting away from the eyeballs of the crowd.

She fiddled with her heel and realized it was unrecoverable. Dammit, that was

a nice pair of shoes too. With no other choice, Sarah took them off and walked

barefoot up the steps, now feeling even more underdressed.

There was a security checkpoint at the entrance with a metal detector. The

guard had her put her purse through an x-ray as she walked through and checked

her nudist registration card. Sarah realized that was the first time anyone

had actually checked it to prove she was a nudist - most anyone could walk

around naked with little trouble, it seemed, registered or not. That was

interesting.

Sarah stood for a moment in the main lobby, just looking around. It was a

beautiful building, constructed over a century ago with stone floors and

marble pillars. The centerpiece of the entrance hall was a life size statue of

lady justice was - complete with blindfold, scales, and a single bare breast.

Sarah couldn't help but feel some empathy with the figure, standing as she was

with both breasts exposed, as well as a whole lot more.

She wasn't sure where to go next, so she approached an information desk. It

was staffed by a young guy, probably about Sarah's age. He had blue eyes and a

dark five o'clock shadow, contrasting his bleached hair. Aside from the dorky

security uniform he wore, he was pretty cute.

"Hi, I'm looking for Tom Matthews, do you know where I'd find him?" Sarah

asked.

"Hold on a second, I'll take a look," he offered, and began tapping at his

keyboard. "So, first time I've seen you around," he said casually. "I'm Earl."

"Sarah," she replied politely. She had to give him credit; he definitely

looked at her naked body, but at least he looked her in the eye when he spoke

to her. Most guys never rose their eyes above her breasts when they spoke to

her. They seemed to assume that being naked was an invitation to ogle, and

that they could abandon all rules of propriety and respect.

"Live around here?" he asked.

"Across town, actually," she answered.

"Looks like he's on the third floor, Judge Judy," he said. "Don't laugh,

that's actually her name. Anyway, I expect you'll find him in conference room

C1, third door on the right from the elevator."

Sarah didn't laugh, but she smiled. "Thanks."

"Hey, would you want to get together for coffee later?" Earl asked suddenly,

as she turned to leave.

"Oh..." Sarah said, completely taken by surprise. "I... can't. I'm seeing

someone."

"Ah," he said, never losing his smile. "Well, can't blame a guy for trying."

"Nope," Sarah said. "Well, have a good day."

"You too."

Sarah walked away, baffled. She wasn't sure where that lie had sprung from or

even why she'd turned him down, actually. She realized she hadn't really given

much thought to dating as a nudist. Other than a few unremarkable dates here

and there, she'd been single since graduating high school over a year ago.

Which was fine with her, actually. She liked having the freedom to discover

herself... but now that she was a nudist, she wasn't sure how that changed

things. How many guys would want to date a girl who let every other guy in the

world see her naked all the time? How many would go out with her just because

she was naked all the time?

Still, that didn't explain why she'd said "no" just now... he seemed nice,

cute, and was interested. Instinctively, she just hadn't wanted it, even

though she was kind of second guessing that decision as she walked away.

Her thoughts returned to the task at hand as she got on the elevator and hit

the button for the third floor. She shared the elevator with a woman and four

men; all older, all with pervy looks. Surprisingly though, she got the most

lustful look from the woman - which made Sarah think about Yukiko, oddly

enough. In either case, it was short lived. A moment later she exited the

elevator - although despite herself, she gave her ass an extra little shake

for her female admirer. You're just a glutton for humiliation, Sarah, she told

herself.

Sarah found the door she was looking for and knocked. There was no answer

right away, so she took a moment to look around her surroundings. There wasn't

much to see though - it was mostly an empty hallway, dotted by big mahogony

doors, a water fountain and a few benches. Sarah was alone except for a small

group of three people about halfway to the other end of it. Sarah thought she

recognized one of them - a tall, white haired man - but she couldn't place

him. He took only enough notice of Sarah to shoot her an angry glare though,

which made her feel threatened and uncomfortable. She dug her bare toes into

the carpet, and almost jumped inside when the door finally opened.

"Sarah!" Tom said in surprise. "Wasn't expecting to see you here."

There were two other lawyers in the room besides Tom, Sarah recognized them

both as partners in the firm. The man was Sam Matthews, Tom's gray haired

older brother, and the other was Sandrine Eclaire, a tall woman in her

forties.

"I was asked to bring this over," she said, handing Tom the folder Kierra had

given her earlier.

"Ah," Tom said. "Thanks - we needed this. Why don't you hang around for a

little bit? We're going to order lunch soon."

"Thanks, I will," Sarah smiled. The trip over here hadn't been fun, and now

that she was here she wasn't eager to repeat it. Especially since going back

to the office would just mean subjecting herself to whatever else Kierra might

have in store for her today.

Sarah sat in for about an hour, listening to the lawyers debate strategy -

opening statements were in a few days, and they were here today make sure

everything was squared away with the Judge. A lot of it went right over

Sarah's head - she was, after all, only a pre-law college freshman - but she

was also pleased with herself by how much she was following. Sarah remained

silent the whole time, unable to offer anything to the discussion, but took a

lot in just by listening.

Thankfully they turned to more mundane topics once they broke to order a

pizza, and Sarah was able to participate in the conversation. She was pleased

to learn from Sandrine that she had a reputation in the office as intelligent,

reliable, and hard working - it gave her a little pride to be known as

something more than "the naked girl". Sam was a little more businesslike and

looked at her body with a slightly more appreciative eye than Sandrine, but he

remained friendly and professional, and talked about law school with her.

They all dove into the pizza when it arrived, and the conversation slowed as

they ate. But in an offhand comment, Sarah asked: "Hey, do you know who that

white haired guy outside the opposite conference room was before? I think I've

seen him before, but I can't place him and it's been bugging me."

Tom answered: "Louis White. Northeast regional manager for S-mart. Over half

of the class action complaints come from his region, so he's been pretty

heavily involved in this case. I don't know where you'd have met him though;

maybe you've seen his photo in the office?"

Sandrine added: "Too much of this case depends on him, actually - whether the

jury believes his testimony and finds him sympathetic."

The three of them debated that point while Sarah pondered. Tom's explanation

only made her more curious - it didn't help her to place him, but she was sure

she knew him from somewhere...

A minute later, Sarah shouted "Ah ha!", to the confusion of the lawyers in the

room. "Oh," she said, a little red faced. "Sorry, I just remembered where I

saw him before - he was at this anti-nudist demonstration on the fourth."

The implications of Sarah's words hit the lawyers a lot faster than they did

Sarah. "What?" Sam said. "Say that again?"

"On the fourth of July I was at this protest. Well, counter protest really.

But anyway, yeah, he was on a stage and gave some spiel about how immoral

nudists are and everyone should act more Christian."

Sarah suddenly felt self conscious as she developed an inkling of why they

were so excited. "I... I took some pictures. He might be in one of them..."

Sarah didn't make it back to the office that day. She was suddenly intimately

involved with a complete restructuring of the plaintiff's case.

Chapter 17

Tue Dec 18, 2007

23:1169.248.207.156

Sarah stood below the half naked lady justice in the main entrance hall of the

courthouse. Sarah wondered what the symbolism of her nudity was; was justice

supposed to be immodest? Was it supposed to say that Justice was transparent

and exposed? Or did the sculptor simply like boobs?

It had been three weeks since the last time she'd been here - a whirlwind of

long hours and intense preparation with Tom and the other lawyers, preparing

Sarah to give testimony at the trial.

The judge hadn't been too happy with the last minute addition to the witness

list or the fact that Sarah was so closely associated with the law firm, and

the defense attorneys had attempted to block it. But ultimately it had gone

forward, and it all led up to this: Sarah was about to take the witness stand.

She was nervous, to say the least. Now that the actual moment was fast

approaching, her anxiety was climbing proportionately. Her testimony had the

potential to make or break this case; it was an intense amount of pressure to

be under.

Of course, it also didn't help that she'd be doing this stark naked. The one

silver lining is that she'd been so busy preparing for this that Kierra was

effectively kept off her back - but the black girl had been positively elated

to discover what was going on. The thought of Sarah on a witness stand, naked,

in front of lawyers, a judge, a jury, a courtroom full of reporters, and TV

cameras... it filled Kierra with as much glee as it filled Sarah with dread.

And then there was the "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and

nothing but the truth?" thing, which Sarah was having an especially difficult

time with, because the last three months of her life had been a total lie. A

pivotal case for nudist rights, and the rights of everyone living an

alternative lifestyle really, now depended on a fraud - a girl who'd

haphazardly become a nudist only out of desperation to get a job, not someone

who felt a deep urge that society ought to let her go around naked. Should she

be honest with the world? Could she? Was this a lie worth perjuring herself

over? What if it came down to doing the right thing by the nudists who'd been

discriminated against, or maintaining this facade?

It didn't get any easier as she made her way to the waiting room, located just

outside the court where the proceedings were taking place. At least in there,

she was alone. The solitude proved to be both a blessing and curse though. She

was away from any staring eyes, but there was nothing to distract herself with

or reduce the anxiety she was feeling. All she had to do was sit at the small

table in the room and... wait.

She felt intensely aware of her body - every bit of it tingled, reminding her

of how exposed it was. She felt the wood of her chair against her bare ass.

The air conditioner blew chilly air over her bare nipples. She felt the

irritated skin of her bikini zone where she'd trimmed and shaved earlier this

morning, reminding her that there was nothing protecting it but her crossed

legs, themselves bare.

Bare. Nude. Exposed. Vulnerable. Immodest. Starkers. In the buff. Au Naturel.

Unclad, undressed, unclothed. Naked.

"Sarah Mariano," the bailiff stuck his head in to say. "You're up in a

minute."

Sarah stepped through the heavy door and into the courtroom just in time to

hear "... calls Sarah Mariano to the stand."

She approached the bench and took her seat on the stand in silence, the only

sound to be heard in the whole room was the click-clack of her black heels. To

her left sat Judge Judy, an aging woman in typical Judge's robes. The bailiff

and twelve jurors were off to her right. In front of her was a small

microphone. Beyond that sat Tom and the other lawyers from Matthews and Grant

working the case, and the defense attorneys sitting on the other side. Beyond

them was the audience. She spotted Yukiko right away, and her mom sitting next

to her, both there showing their support. Kierra was two rows behind them,

smiling - Sarah half expected that she'd have brought popcorn to this. In the

front row were a few nudists, including Tom's wife Lisa, who was sitting

rather immodestly with her legs parted. In the very back of the room was a TV

camera, carrying her naked image to an unknowable number of TV sets across the

country.

The bailiff approached her with a copy of the Bible. "Do you swear to tell the

truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" he said quickly.

"I do," Sarah said, surprised at how much the microphone amplified her voice.

Every eye was on her.

"Plaintiff's witness," Judge Judy said.

Tom stood up and approached the stand. This part should go just as expected.

He launched right into it: "Sarah, can you tell the court where you were this

past July 4th?"

"I was at a nudist protest," she answered.

"And would you please tell the court what you were protesting?" Tom continued.

"An anti-nudist demonstration," she answered.

"Sarah, did you take any pictures at this demonstration?"

"I did."

"Was this one of them?" Tom asked, handing her an 8x10 that was made from a

photo she took with her cell phone that day, showing the stage at the

anti-nudist demonstration.

"Yes it is."

"Sarah, can you identify the person in the photo?"

"Yes. Louis White."

Tom proceeded to enter the photo into evidence, and then continued questioning

Sarah. "What was he doing on that stage, Sarah?"

"He spoke to the audience, the anti-nudist demonstrators," she said.

"Can you please tell the court what he said?"

"Objection!" the defense attorney yelled. The two of them argued at the

judge's bench before she overruled it and let Sarah answer.

"He spoke of how immoral we - nudists - are. He said that it was shameful,

disrespectful, and public nudity should be banned."

"How would you characterize the tone of his comments, Sarah?"

"Hostile. Threatening."

"Louis White testified before this court that he had, and I quote, 'no

particular feelings, positive or negative, about the nudist lifestyle or the

people or practice it.' He further testified: 'I've no interest in such a

lifestyle, but respect those that do.' Based on what you heard him say at that

demonstration, would you agree that those statements were truthful?"

"No," Sarah said. "I would not."

"No further questions," Tom said.

"Your witness," Judge Judy said to the defense attorney.

The defense took a moment to get his papers together. Sarah's heart rate

doubled. This was the part that was unpredictable. Tom had warned her that her

testimony was pretty unassailable, so they'd likely go after her credibility

as a witness. What form that would take was anyone's guess, although Tom

suspected he'd go after Sarah's nudist bona fides. But Sarah had no idea what

specific questions she was about to be forced to answer in front of the whole

world, and the thought terrified her.

Finally the attorney approached her.

"Sarah, when did you become a nudist?"

Sarah's heart skipped a beat. "April 30 of this year," she answered honestly.

There were a few surprised looks. She wasn't sure that anyone at the law firm

besides Kierra knew just how recently Sarah had last worn clothes.

"When did you begin your employment at Matthews and Grant?"

"May the 7th," she answered, trying to swallow her panic. She was afraid of

where this was going.

"Sarah, in your time since registering, have you attended any other nudist

related events besides the one you testified about today, of a political

nature or otherwise?"

"No, I have not," she answered.

"Have you joined any nudist clubs, organizations - done anything that would

identify you as a nudist beyond your Federal Department of Lifestyles

registration?"

"...I'm naked aren't I?" Sarah said. This got a small laugh from the crowd,

making Judge Judy bang her gavel.

The defense attorney didn't miss a beat. "Sarah - don't you think it's the

least bit coincidental that you became a nudist immediately before joining

Matthews and Grant, while this case was underway, and that the only event

you've attended happens to be the one you're testifying about today?"

"No, I don't think so," Sarah said, feeling some relief. He jumped to the

wrong conclusion. He was making the case that Sarah was part of some

conspiracy, that this had all been planned by Matthews and Grant - he was

attacking the firm's credibility, not hers!

Her momentary relaxation evaporated with the next question though: "So then

just why did you become a nudist on April 30?"

"Objection!" Tom yelled. This resulted in another argument before the judge

about the question's relevance. For a moment, Sarah thought she might be

spared from answering it - but then the Judge's answer came back "overruled".

Sarah looked out at the people in the audience. Her friends and family. People

who looked up to her, people depending on her, people counting on her. All

people she was about to let down. Because she knew, deep in her heart, that

she couldn't lie under oath, she couldn't perjure herself. This whole summer

had been pure insanity - a parade of embarassment, humiliation, lies, and

tumultuous emotions. She knew they'd all hate her after this - but it was time

for honesty, it was time to come clean - and she'd accept the consequences.

"I..." she began, clearing her throat. "I don't know. I used to think I knew,

but I don't really. You know, you can register in all sorts of lifestyles. But

most of them - like, if you're a vegan, people might know - but walking down

the street, you're still just like everyone else. When you're a nudist though

- everyone can see it, all the time, it becomes who you are. There's no

avoiding it. It defines you. I was impulsive. I know now, I know I definitely

didn't think it through. It's been hard. Unbelievably hard, sometimes. But

I've lived with it, and keep living with it. All I can say about why... is

that it was the right thing to do for myself. I made it for me, and I'd still

make the same choice again. I'm just a nudist. This... this is who I am."

By the time Sarah was done, her voice was raw with emotion. She was actually

fighting off tears as she finished. It hadn't been what she'd expected to say.

She'd simply resolved to tell the truth... and that's what had come out. She'd

wanted the internship so badly, yes, but was that really why she was sitting

her naked today, why she hadn't worn clothes for the last three months? She

realized for the first time that it wasn't - that was just the catalyst. The

real cause, the real reason she'd done this... it was inside her.

It was only when Judge Judy began banging her gavel calling for order that she

realized the courtroom had erupted in applause at her statement. Her words had

touched more than just herself.

The defense attorney backed off - he realized his "gotcha" tactic had

backfired and got her off the stand as quickly as possible. Sarah quietly

retreated back to the waiting room, where she sat down and cried.

Chapter 18

Tue Dec 18, 2007

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It was half past midnight when Sarah and Yukiko arrived back home. The day had

ended with a celebratory dinner; the case was wasn't over yet, but everyone

was convinced that Sarah's testimony had clinched it. Sarah had been obliged

to attend - but all she'd really wanted to do was have some time to herself to

think, and process the raw emotions that had surfaced while she was on the

stand.

Now though, she could only think about bed as kicked off her shoes and

collapsed on the couch to rub her sore feet.

Yukiko wasted no time in stripping as well, though she had a bit more to take

off than Sarah. With a practiced skill, her clothes seemed to melt off as she

walked through the living room. Her one piece dress went over her head in a

single fluid motion as she stepped out of her shoes. Her bra - almost

magically unsnapped in the same motion - fell off her shoulders a moment

later. Her thong just seemed to flow over her hips and down her legs until she

stepped out of them, and she pulled each of her socks off with her feet as she

walked. Every bit as naked as Sarah, she collapsed on the recliner.

"Long day," she said, yawning.

"Tell me about it," Sarah huffed.

The two naked girls looked at one another sleepily, in an unspoken contest to

see which one would finish winding down and head to her respective bed first.

Yukiko spoke, but it wasn't to announce she was going to bed: "That was really

brave, what you did up there. I can't imagine what it was like. I just know

baring your soul is a lot more difficult than baring your skin - I'm really

proud of you."

A warm gush went through Sarah - it made her happy to hear that. "Thank you,"

Sarah said, with a slight blush. "I... I couldn't have done it without you

being here all summer. This has been a difficult transition for me, and you...

just, thank you."

Sarah again surprised herself by saying that, but again knew it was the truth.

Since taking her clothes off, she'd been objectified, lusted for, disdained,

and more by a countless array of people. But Yukiko had offered nothing but

friendship and support from the beginning, and had been the only one in her

life to do so. There was a real affection between them, and that meant more to

Sarah than she'd realized before now.

Especially because Sarah knew Yukiko was a lesbian - her friend could have

reacted just like a guy, leering after her as if she was some three

dimensional porn. But in all this time of being naked around Yukiko, she'd

been a perfect gentleman. Er, lady. Sarah found herself wondering why - maybe

she wasn't sexy to a lesbian? Or did Yukiko just not want to get worked up

over a straight girl? Or did Yukiko just see enough other girls naked anyway

that it was no big deal to her?

Wait a second - do I want Yukiko to be attracted to me? No, Sarah decided, I'm

just really tired and thinking crazy things. Yukiko's just a good friend.

Yukiko stood up, and Sarah's heart missed a beat - she felt sure her roommate

had read her thoughts. But that idea was put to rest when Yukiko spoke. "Well

babe, I don't know about you but I need to crash."

"Me too," Sarah said sleepily, though made no move to get up.

Yukiko approached her; Sarah admired her friend's beauty. It was weird, she'd

seen Yukiko naked a lot over the last few months, but it was like the first

time Sarah was really noticing her...

Yukiko squeezed Sarah's hand. "You're a good friend; you mean a lot to me

Sarah. I'll always be here for you," she said, before planting a light kiss on

Sarah's forehead and disappearing into her room.

Sarah sat there for a little while longer, too tired to think about anything,

but with too many thoughts circling her head to want to go to bed. Eventually

she realized she'd fall asleep here on the couch and wind up with a sore back

if she didn't get moving though, and sleepily stumbled to the sheetless bed in

her own room.

I wonder if Yukiko pictures me when she masturbates... was Sarah's last

thought before falling asleep. But it would be forgotten by morning.

Chapter 19

Tue Dec 18, 2007 23:1369.248.207.156

The news tore through the office fast. The verdict had come in, and the

settlement was huge. $150 million! It meant six figures for each of the

plaintiffs and big bonuses for almost everyone in the firm.

Of course Sarah, as an intern, would see none of that, but she was happy

nonetheless. She'd seen first hand just how much S-mart had wronged the

nudists, and how much work everyone here had put into getting them justice.

She felt everyone was deserving, and was glad to have played a role in it.

As the "hero" of the whole story, Sarah got another round of admiration from

everyone in the office who was grateful for the paycheck they could now

expect. Sarah accepted it modestly; it was better than the kind of attention

she usually got, but she was having a hard time sharing in the enthusiasm.

Sarah felt frustrated.

The day she gave the testimony hat she was now being congratulated for, she

had had a huge personal revelation. But nothing had really changed because of

it. She still felt embarrassed by every look and humiliated by her constant

public exposure. She felt no better about being naked than she had the day

before she'd given her testimony. She still found herself cringing, hiding,

and shying away from being seen as much as possible. Perhaps the worst part:

deep down, being naked in public still made her horny.

She kept expecting to wake up and just be used to it. To not care about the

attention or who was looking, to be able to act like Lisa or any of the other

nudists she'd met this summer. But that morning never came; every day she woke

up feeling a little depressed that she couldn't get dressed and go outside

like a normal person. Shed begun to wonder if what she'd said in court had

been a lie after all.

Nevertheless, she kept up the facade. At least that part was a little easier

now - her credibility as a nudist was pretty unassailable, and she felt a

little more comfortable being a little more shy about things without feeling

that she was putting anything at risk. Kierra was still giving her a hard time

and threatening to blow the whistle, but even that seemed minimal lately.

Sarah didn't know if her new status around the office had changed things, or

Kierra was just getting tired of her games... but in either case, Sarah wasn't

complaining.

In fact, it was early afternoon and Sarah hadn't even seen Kierra that day.

Not that she wasn't getting enough attention from everyone else.

"Hi, you must be Sarah," a brunette woman spoke. She was dressed

professionally, but a little less so than was normal for a law office. Sarah

also saw someone was with her; a younger guy with a digital camera around his

neck.

"Hi," Sarah greeted her. "I'm sorry... who are you?"

The woman smiled and extended her hand, which Sarah shook. "Barb Tridilowsky,"

she smiled. "Don't worry about spelling it; even I have a hard time with it.

I'm with Time magazine - we've been covering the S-mart case from the

beginning, and to get right to the point - we'd love to do a cover story on

you."

"What?!" Sarah said, unable to believe what she'd just heard. "You're not

serious?"

Barb explained: "Sarah, your story is a compelling part of this trial -

perhaps the most compelling part. Your testimony captured the attention of the

nation. It's a terrific human interest story; you've become the face of nudism

for this country, and people want to know more about you."

Sarah felt dizzy upon hearing that. She had no idea she'd acquired national

attention - but she certainly didn't want to amplify it by having her

biography all over Time magazine. She was about to turn the reporter down when

Sam and Tom came walking in.

"Oh, Barb, I see you found Sarah already!" Sam said. "Listen Sarah, don't

worry about doing any work today - it's a hell of an honor, and you deserve

it. You and Barb take as much time as you need"

Tom smiled. "Sarah's a really wonderful girl," he told Barb. "I want to read

nothing but good things about her."

And like that, Sarah's objection was lost in the wind. "Great! Let's go for a

walk."

The "walk" turned out to be an excuse to follow Sarah around as she walked

naked through the city, giving Barb's photographer a chance to shoot her in a

variety of settings. It wasn't the first time Sarah posed nude for

photographs, but she was nervous given that any one of them could wind up on

the cover of the magazine. But she once again found herself facing that

familiar conflict - being forced to humiliate herself by posing because she

felt she had no choice. She wanted to just forget this whole thing, but

instead, she obliged by posing as requested for what was easily hundreds of

shots, showing every part of her body to the camera and then some. She just

tried not to think about where they'd wind up - never in her life had she

imagined that nude photos of herself would be printed in a magazine where

literally millions of people would see them.

Exhibiting herself - on the streets, for the camera, also had its effect

between her legs. She did her best to suppress it and hoped that it wouldn't

show up in the pictures.

Barb turned out to be pretty friendly, in an on-the-record-with-a-journalist

sort of way. She seemed genuinely interested in getting to know Sarah, and

Sarah found herself opening up a little bit - though she was ever conscious

that any one of her words could wind up in this article. She spoke a lot about

her life growing up, college, her plans for the future... and becoming a

nudist. Barb was interested in how it impacted her relationships, especially

with her parents. She also talked about the trials and tribulations of being

naked, what she'd expected, hadn't expected, and how she felt people treated

her.

Finally they made their way back to the office, Sarah still talking, "I never

imagined I'd become some kind of spokesman for nudists. It's not anything I

ever wanted, and definitely not something I'd imagined doing three months ago.

I guess I'm not sure I'm up to it... there are a lot of better ones than me."

Barb smiled. "Sarah... I'm stepping outside the boundaries of professional

journalism, but I wouldn't worry about that. You're just looking to be taken

for who you are, and that's what people admire."

Sarah smiled, though she still couldn't believe this would all be printed for

an article. "Thanks."

"Would you mind going back up to the office for a few? We'd love to have some

shots of you there, and maybe talk to some of your co-workers."

"Sure, I guess," Sarah said. That was fine, just so long as they avoided one

particular co-worker.

Back in the office, Barb spent some time talking to Tom, and then the other

interns. Sarah was left with the photographer, who posed her around the photo

copier and among some of the cubicles. Sarah was starting to get nervous

though, as all the posing was beginning to get to her - suppressing her

feelings was getting harder, and her will power wasn't enough to hide some of

her body's visible signs.

To make matters worse, Kierra showed up just as Barb was walking out of Tom's

office. Sarah nearly panicked; there was simply no way this could end well.

"Nubbly!" Kierra said. "I heard you were going naked for the national press

now? Good for you."

Which got the inevitable question from Barb: "Nubbly?"

Kierra looked at Sarah with an evil grin. "Why Sarah, surely you told her

about your nickname?"

"I..." Sarah began, but was interrupted. Kierra launched into the whole story

of that fateful day when Sarah was just a high school freshman and lost her

top at a birthday party. Kierra told it with what almost sounded like pride.

Sarah was helpless to do anything but sit there and listen, mortified, as the

most humiliating day of her life became national news.

The photographer got a shot of Kierra as she finished the story. Barb

responded with a reporter's interest: "So Sarah must be quite a different

person today than that shy girl you first met in high school?"

Sarah felt like time was standing still; every moment became an extended

period of humiliation as Kierra spoke. It was like slowing down to look at an

auto accident as you passed by... except that she was the victim.

"Oh yes!" continued Kierra. "Back then, she was so easily embarrassed. These

days - well look at her! So immodest, I don't think anything embarrasses her -

she's such a little show off. She even keeps a vibrator in her desk there, and

doesn't mind if the whole world watches her get off. Sarah, why don't you give

the reporter a show?"

Her anxiety peaked. Sarah entered a dreamworld, where everything felt surreal.

She couldn't think, couldn't act. The loudest noise in the room was her

heartbeat, which was suddenly deafening.

"Would you Sarah? It'd make a great shot for the story," Barb encouraged her.

Her voice sounded really far away.

Kierra reached over and found the vibrator in the desk drawer she'd given

Sarah on her birthday. Sarah had completely forgotten about it... until now.

"Do it," she whispered into Sarah's ear. "Or there's more I could tell your

reporter friend for this article."

Bzzzz... Kierra switched it on and shoved it into Sarah's limp hands.

Sarah's skin felt intensely sensitive; she felt every molecule of air as it

passed over her. She knew, in the back of her head, that others in the office

were starting to get interested and crowd around. She couldn't escape. Not

from the situation, not from her own head, not from her own body's needs. Tom

was there. Kierra was there. Half the office was there. A reporter for a

national magazine was there. The humiliation was greater than anything she'd

felt to date, and still climbing. And it was having it's effect... she was

aware of it... but she couldn't. There was no way she could bring herself -

Lightning traveled through her body as the vibrator made contact. It was like

nothing she'd ever felt before. The sensations, the humiliation, the nudity,

the audience... they all coalesced into a feeling like none Sarah had ever

experienced. It felt good and it felt bad, each and every long second that

ticked by increased her pleasure and increased her humiliation. She had to

stop, but couldn't. Not because of Kierra or any consequences, but because she

couldn't tear herself from the sensations now consuming her.

Did I just moan? Yes, I think I did. Oh my god, everyone just heard me moan...

It continued. Everything built up inside of her. Every pent up emotion of the

last three and a half months of being naked started to swell, causing the

first cracks in the damn. She buried the vibrator inside her, ...ing herself,

surrendering what little modesty she had left. The most private, intimate act

a person could do, she was now doing in public. Deliberately. She didn't think

about whether she should, or why she was... she was running on instinct now.

She was so ...ing horny. She just let go.

The world filled with stars. For how long, Sarah couldn't tell - minutes,

perhaps. Her hearing came back first - "Wow," a voice said. Sarah couldn't

tell who it came from. Her vision came back next; she hadn't even realized the

world had gone black until blurry, stunned faces re-entered it. The flash of

the camera - had he been taking pictures this whole time? She was breathing

hard, and her heart was pounding. She was sweaty, drenched in fact. And

smelled of sex. And then...

Horror. Dread. Realization about what she'd done. A sickening feeling, unlike

anything she'd known before, or knew how to deal with. Oh God...

Kierra wore a victorious smirk.

 Chapter 20

Tue Dec 18, 2007

23:1469.248.207.156

Sarah couldn't remember how she'd ended it with Barb, or anyone else at work

that day. Maybe she maintained herself long enough to keep up appearances,

maybe she'd just walked out. Now, she just had to get out of public. Forever,

if she could. Instinctively, there was only one place she felt safe, and

that's where she headed. She shut everything else out, and paid no heed to

other pedestrians or even to the traffic as she made a deliberate march for

home. People stared. More than usual, even. But it didn't matter - it was for

the last time.

The walk home was already forgotten when she finally arrived; the humiliation

she felt was the only thing that stayed in her mind for more than a few

moments at a time. She shut the door behind her and collapsed in tears,

curling up on the floor and burying her head in her knees. Her only thought,

which kept repeating over and over: I was wrong.

She stayed in that position until she became so dehydrated she couldn't cry

anymore. Then, with red swollen eyes and a dry raspy throat, she began to half

stumble, half crawl towards the bedrooms. Only she didn't enter her own; she

went for Yukiko's instead. She was tired. Tired of everything. Tired of life.

Tired of being naked. In Yukiko's room, she found the one thing she desired

most: clothes.

She went into her roommate's closet, pulling out the first thing her hand

landed upon. It happened to be a T-shirt. That was fine. Sarah pulled it over

her head. Yukiko was smaller than Sarah, so her clothes made for a tight fit -

but Sarah didn't care. She wanted to be clothed, but more importantly she

needed to feel clothed. The snug fit of the shirt was reassuring and

comforting, and she reveled in the sensation. She'd forgotten what clothes

felt like against her body.

I actually forgot what clothes felt like. It seemed so shocking.

She next found some pants. She first spent a minute trying to fit into a pair

of Yukiko's jeans, but it wouldn't make they passed her larger hips. So Sarah

tossed them aside, and desperately dug for a pair of sweat pants. She got them

on - they hugged her skin even more closely than the shirt. Sarah relished it,

rubbing her hands up and down the fabric now covering her legs, protecting

them, clothing them.

She was dressed. For the first time in over three months, she was dressed. Her

body was once again private - hidden from the public, from reporters, from

Kierra. It was hers again.

But she still didn't feel covered enough. Mindlessly, she crawled into

Yukiko's bed, pulling the blanket over her, covering her whole body, keeping

it shielded from the world in it's own private cocoon. Privacy was so

wonderful. Having regained a tiny amount of her sense of security, she drifted

off to sleep...

Sarah stood at the gates of the emerald city, her long odyssey finally nearing

an end. She'd journeyed the whole length of the yellow bricked road, wearing

nothing but the ruby red slippers she'd taken from that Wicked Witch upon

arriving in this strange place. Now, her goal was finally in sight. She'd

traveled long and far in search of the Wizard, and all the embarrassment of

being naked would be worth it. Sarah knew he would give her what her heart

desired most: clothes to cover herself with.

She walked excitedly through the city. She used her hands and arms to try to

shield her body from the view of the city's residents, but not even their

ogles and stares could slow her down now. The Wizard... the Wizard... she kept

thinking to herself. All her hopes were pinned on his ability to grant her

wish.

She reached his door and knocked loudly. "Who is it?" came a booming voice

from within.

"My name is Sarah... " she answered. "I was told you have the power to dress

me!"

"Go away!" it said.

Not to be deterred, Sarah stood her ground. "Please!" she shouted. "I've been

naked for so long! If you can help, you must!"

Silence followed. Sarah worried for a moment that she'd come all this way for

nothing; but finally the big door opened. Sarah stepped inside into a great

big room, with a giant, ghostly floating head in the middle.

"Do you know what your heart seeks?" the Wizard asked.

"Yes!" Sarah exclaimed. "I need clothes! I don't want to be embarrassed

anymore!"

The Wizard pondered, looking over Sarah as he did. Sarah felt frightened,

vulnerable - but stayed focused on the idea that soon she'd have clothes

again. "But don't you see?" The Wizard said. "You've had the power to not feel

embarrassed all along!"

"No..." Sarah said. "I can't..."

"The Wizard has spoken."

"No!" Sarah yelled. She'd traveled so far, she'd found the Wizard - she'd get

what she deserved!

"Leave now," the Wizard said, his giant floating head turning away from her.

"I won't!" Sarah dove. Her goal for so long had been the Wizard, she wasn't

about to leave without getting what she needed. She dove right for him,

passing right through the holographic head and grabbing at the curtain behind.

"No, don't look there!" he shouted.

But it was too late. Sarah pulled the curtain back, revealing the Wizard for

what he was. There, working a machine and speaking into a microphone was...

Yukiko?

"Sarah..." a soft voice called from the distance, barely more than a whisper.

"Hey, Sarah..."

Sarah drifted back to consciousness. She was cocooned and warm. She was

confused at first... but then remembered where she was. In Yukiko's bed,

wearing her roommate's clothes, and now being prodded awake by that same

roommate.

"Sarah... what are you doing?" Yukiko asked. There wasn't a hint of anger in

her voice... just concern.

"Yukiko... I... I'm sorry, I..." Sarah said sleepily. She sat up, revealing

the clothes she was wearing.

Yukiko was clearly confused, but reacted simply by looking right into Sarah's

eyes. "What happened?"

Sarah looked back at Yukiko. She saw her best friend. A person she cared about

and respected, and who cared about her, who'd been there so much for her in so

many ways this summer. A person she'd been lying to for months, just like

everyone else. No more.

It all came out. How she'd wanted her internship so badly. How Kierra had

planted the idea of becoming a nudist and how she'd talked herself into it.

She talked about everything she'd experienced since then: every embarrassment,

every humiliation. She confessed to Yukiko how it made her sexually excited.

How guilty she felt, thinking about nudists who'd been discriminated against

in negative ways. How she'd felt so alone, so unable to relate to other

nudists she'd met, and how she hated lying to everyone, and how the constant

bottling of those emotions ate away at her. How confused she was, trying to

deal with such contradictory emotions and feelings about nudism and about

herself. And she told her about Kierra, how it was like high school all over

again with her - how she'd been tormented, embarrassed and humiliated for so

many weeks.

Through it all, Yukiko listened. She offered comfort and support, but mostly

she just listened. Sarah needed to talk right now, and Yukiko let her go on as

long as she needed, simply taking it all in.

Finally Sarah got to what had happened that afternoon and started to cry anew,

burying her head in Yukiko's busom. "... I'm just not a real nudist. I never

have been. I..." she trailed off.

"Sarah..." Yukiko said.

Sarah kept sobbing, losing control.

"Sarah..." Yukiko tried again, but to no better effect. Sarah showed no signs

of regaining control of herself.

"SARAH!" Yukiko yelled.

Finally Sarah heeded her roommate, bringing her tears under control and

looking up at Yukiko.

"Of course you're a nudist."

"Yukiko, I - "

"Let me finish. I kind of figured, in the beginning, that you weren't naked

out of some burning desire to be that way, at least not a conscious one. But

you've been walking around naked for what - almost four months now? You've

death with the same difficulties as anyone else carrying one of those cards.

More, by the sounds of it. Of course you're real, as real as any of the rest

of them. What else do you think you have to do to be a nudist?"

Sarah blinked. She wasn't sure what to say; she wasn't sure what she'd

expected Yukiko to say. But she was surprised by what was being said.

Yukiko continued. "Sarah... for all this time, I've admired you for your

bravery. Every day, you've faced this thing that's been so difficult for you.

So many other people wouldn't have. Look at yourself: don't you see your

strength? Your courage? Because I look at you and that's almost all I see."

Sarah sniffled, still finding no words to respond. Yukiko's words were hitting

home though. Sarah had never seen herself that way before, but somehow Yukiko

was showing it to her.

"You're a wonderful girl, capable of amazing things. You decided to be a

nudist. Maybe you don't want that anymore... that's something you have to look

into your heart and really decide. But don't give it up just because you think

you can't do it anymore, because I know you can do anything," Yukiko told her.

"But I couldn't. I broke today," Sarah said. She felt ashamed... but this

time, for letting Yukiko down, because she was afraid she wasn't the girl

Yukiko thought she was. That bothered her more than she ever would have

thought.

"No," Yukiko said, her voice becoming hardly a whisper. "Because you have

someone here who'll help you get back together again."

Sarah did look into her heart, and she made a decision. But it wasn't one that

she ever could have predicted. She leaned forward and kissed Yukiko. It was

only a light kiss, little more than a peck. But the message was unmistakable.

No more words were spoken between the two girls; none needed to be. Sarah

looked into Yukiko's eyes and slowly peeled off the T-shirt she was wearing,

letting her breasts bounce free once again. The sweatpants joined it on the

floor seconds later, and then she kissed Yukiko again - this time longer, and

deeper. Yukiko responded by slipping her tongue into Sarah's mouth.

Making love to another girl was a completely new experience for Sarah, but

with Yukiko it just came naturally. It felt unbelievably wonderful - tender,

yet forceful. Sophisticated, yet primal. The things that she found herself

doing, and having done to her, with a tongue and fingers were simply amazing;

it was a pleasure unparalleled by any of the boys she'd ever been with.

Sarah knew it was love; and with that on her side, she could face anything.

Chapter 21

Tue Dec 18, 2007

23:1569.248.207.156

Sarah woke up to smell of pancakes. She reached over but realized Yukiko

wasn't there. Had it all been a dream?

No... she was in Yukiko's bed, she realized. Last night had really happened.

Sarah spent several minutes just laying there. She felt comfortable, safe,

good.

The sun shone brightly through the window, falling on her skin and filling her

with a pleasant warmth. The clock on the nightstand read 10:30. She was late

for work... but that seemed strangely unimportant. She rolled over and put her

bare feet on the ground, taking a minute to squeeze the carpet with her toes

before standing up.

She followed the smell of pancakes out to the kitchen, where she found a naked

Yukiko cooking them.

"Morning lover," Yukiko said, smiling. "I hope you don't mind, I called in

sick for you this morning. I just didn't have the heart to wake you, you

seemed to peaceful..."

"Thanks," Sarah said. "For... everything."

Yukiko smiled, and came over to kiss Sarah's cheek before putting a plate of

pancakes down on the table. "Breakfast is ready."

Sarah dove in, realizing how hungry she was. She'd almost finished it before

Yukiko even had a chance to sit down.

"Hungry today?" Yukiko asked.

"Yeah. But I've never felt better," Sarah answered. It was the truth.

"But..." Yukiko responded.

How does she know me better than I know myself? Sarah asked herself. "Last

night was so wonderful, but... I'm not... at least I never thought I was... am

I gay now too?" Sarah said. "I have no idea who I am anymore."

"That's easy," Yukiko said, reaching across the table to rest her hand on

Sarah's ac. "You're Sarah Mariano. You're true to yourself, not to a label -

labels don't make you who you are, they don't define you. Or me. Gay, nudist,

or not - we're all just individuals, living our lives as best we can. You're

Sarah Mariano, and I love you for being you and no one else."

Sarah smiled warmly. "I love you too... I'm just sorry it took so long to

figure that out."

Yukiko smiled back. "This is new for me too, you know. You're not like any

other girl I've ever known Sarah."

Sarah smiled throughout the rest of breakfast. She did wonder how she could

have been oblivious to this for so long; in retrospect, it seemed she'd been

in love with Yukiko forever.

Yukiko stood when she finished her pancakes. "I also ran one other errand

while you were still sleeping this morning..." she announced.

"Oh?" Sarah asked.

Yukiko placed a small card on the table in front of Sarah. She recognized it

immediately as a lifestyle registration card for nudists. It looked just like

her own, except the name was different: Yukiko Ling.

"I never want you to feel alone again, Sarah," she said.

Sarah jumped up and grabbed Yukiko, mashing their bare breasts together as she

squeezed her new girlfriend in a tight hug. "Thank you," she said. "You didn't

have to though."

"I wanted to, for you. And besides... I've found I rather like being naked,"

Yukiko blushed a little at the admission, prompting Sarah to kiss her again.

The two girls cleaned up breakfast and then went about bagging Yukiko's

clothes for donation. Sarah recalled giving up her own clothes just a few

months ago... but this time, it felt like something was being gained rather

than lost. It didn't take too long; Yukiko's whole wardrobe fit into only two

bags.

"Shall we get rid of these?" Yukiko asked, picking up a bag and motioning at

the door.

Sarah had almost forgotten that there was a whole world outside, and that

they'd both have to be naked in it now. Thinking about it still sent a small

pang of fear through her, but it was quickly fought back by a newfound sense

of confidence. "Let's," she agreed.

Sarah felt like a new woman as she stepped outside her building into the

bright warm sun with Yukiko by her side, neither of them wearing a stitch of

clothing. A buxom, naked blond and an equally naked petite Asian girl together

was literally enough to stop traffic as they walked down the block.

Sarah was still very conscious of the stares and attention they attracted.

Countless onlookers ogled the naked girls walking down through the city. But

Sarah was able to combat her embarrassment with the new image she had of

herself, the one Yukiko had shown her last night. She was strong. She was

confident. Even better, she felt that way because she was out in public naked,

not in spite of it. It still wasn't easy, but she faced it, and that was

something she could take pride in.

They found a drop box for the clothes and got rid of them unceremoniously.

They simply weren't anything that Sarah felt she needed anymore; and she

suspected that Yukiko felt the same way.

"So, we have the rest of the day to ourselves: what now?" Sarah asked, after

giving Yukiko another kiss.

"That's easy," Yukiko answered. "Ice cream!"

Sarah laughed, then took Yukiko's hand and walked with her to the park, where

they found an ice cream stand. If it was a truism that a naked girl attracted

attention wherever she went, then it was an iron law of nature that the whole

world would revolve around two of them together. They'd acquired a small

audience simply ordering ice cream together, and it only got bigger when they

began licking each other's cones.

Neither girl paid any heed to the attention though; they were only focused on

each other and their ice cream - which hit the spot perfectly on this warm

August day. They wandered aimlessly through the park until their ice cream had

vanished, occasionally giving an extra shake or lesbian tease for their

onlookers, which the girls simply giggled about.

When the ice cream was finished, Sarah turned to give Yukiko a sensual hug.

"I'm already having the best day of my life," she told Yukiko. "I never

thought that would happen while I was naked. Thank you."

"There's nothing to thank me for, I'm not responsible," Yukiko reassured her.

"This has been in you all along. But you know there's one more thing you have

to do out here today."

Sarah sighed. "I know..."

Yukiko spun Sarah around and wrapped her arms around her, displaying Sarah's

body to a passing jogger, who nearly tripped while staring. Yukiko began

kissing the nape of Sarah's neck, her hands gently caressing Sarah's body.

"Look at everyone who can see you, staring at you naked," Yukiko said. "You're

so exposed to them, their eyes. You know it turns you on."

"Yessss..." was all Sarah could manage to say. The situation was hot enough,

and Yukiko was making it hotter.

"Let yourself respond to it. Let go of your fears..."

"mmm..." Sarah said. Her heart was pounding. She was filled with that all too

familiar anxiety, the feeling of self consciousness that came with being so

open and exposed in public. The same feelings surged through her that she'd

felt yesterday in the office in front of Barb and Kierra. But this time, it

was different. Sarah was different.

Sarah's hands drifted between her legs... she was so wet already. But now she

didn't try to hide it. It was shameful... but it was hot. She blushed... but

she was also turned on. Her finger began to rub her clit. She gasped.

Yukiko stepped back, and moved to watch her girlfriend from a distance. Sarah

understood - she had to do this on her own. She had to be comfortable with

this most intimate of acts being public. Feelings of humiliation still bubbled

up... but so to did more primal feelings.

People were looking, but so what? It was her body, she was proud of it. They

weren't seeing anything more than they'd seen already. It turned her on...

there was nothing wrong with that... they looked, she liked the looks. It was

embarrassing, but there was no reason for it to be. It was just her, Sarah,

doing what came naturally, and they were free to look or not.

Sarah felt weak in her knees, and at down on the cool grass, leaning back with

her legs spread wide. She lost track of who might be watching; by now she

simply didn't care. The pleasure was overtaking her, and the sensations were

amazing - she let her fingers do whatever felt good. The sensations of the

grass on her naked back and sun on her naked front mixed in with everything

else, making it even better. Soon, an orgasm ripped through her. She lay there

panting, sweating, reveling. Naked. In public.

Yukiko came back and sat beside her, stroking Sarah's cheek as she relaxed in

the afterglow.

"That... was... awesome..." Sarah said.

Yukiko kissed her. Sarah grabbed her. They made love right there in the grass,

in the middle of the park. Plenty of people watched.

Chapter 22

Tue Dec 18, 2007 23:1669.248.207.156

Sarah sat in the office lobby looking over the new issue of Time magazine,

which had just been released that morning. There was a picture of her on the

cover, leaning against a building and smiling, naked from head to toe. She

thought they'd Photoshopped it a little too much, giving her skin a plastic

look, but overall it was a good picture. "For months, Sarah Mariano has let

the world see her naked," the caption read, "Now the girl who brought down

S-mart bares all."

On page 48, the article began with a full page photo taken while she was in

the middle of her orgasm. "Sarah talks about civil rights, her testimony, and

all things naked" read the subtitle. She smiled. It was unbelievable seeing

herself like that; she thought she looked ridiculous. But she could see why

they chose it.

The article itself wasn't bad. It was a fluff piece, to be sure - the actual

details of the law suit or its fallout only got minimal mention. The article

painted a pretty flattering picture of Sarah, which she was happy about. Barb

told a story of determination and courage, qualities that Sarah hadn't seen in

herself when she gave that interview, but she recognized now. The girl on the

cover was naked - but she was also a girl with confidence and strength, who

was empowered by her nudity. That's the person Sarah had become.

It was only a shame that it had taken so long, now that there wasn't even a

whole week left before her internship ended and she'd be returning to school.

But, Tom had all but promised her that there'd be a job waiting for her again

here next year, and Sarah couldn't say that she didn't get a lot out of her

internship this summer. A lot more than she ever thought she would.

Kierra got there the same time she usually did, walking into the office with

an aura of entitlement and bitchiness. Sarah acted like she hadn't been

waiting for her.

"That's a hell of a spread, nubbly," Kierra said to her moments after

entering. "Gotta love that that's the way millions of people are gonna know

you from now on."

Sarah shrugged it off. "They're good pictures," she countered. "I'm just glad

to get my fifteen minutes - did you actually read the whole article? I can't

say I really mind people knowing me like that."

Kierra had been miffed the last few days at her inability to get to Sarah

anymore, but it hadn't stop her from trying. It was only now that Sarah

realized how petty and small the black girl was. The high school ice queen

she'd so feared was only able to maintain her status by tearing everyone else

down. Sarah pitied her.

"Hey Fleur," Kierra said, walking up to her friend at the receptionist's desk.

"Did you see how famous our Nubbly is?"

Fleur just stared at Kierra with a deeply confused look. It was all Sarah

could do not to laugh. "Kierra..." Fleur began, but seemed unable to express

whatever was on her mind.

To be sure, that was the reaction of most everyone else in the room too.

Everyone kept an eye on Kierra, with looks of surprise, confusion, and

curiosity. They'd all gotten the notice in their inboxes this morning; it was

clear that Kierra hadn't checked hers yet though.

"What?" Kierra said, oblivious to the looks of the rest of the room and

clearly annoyed with Fleur.

"Well, why on Earth did you... and why aren't you... we were expecting..."

"Um, Kierra," Seth Robinson interrupted. Seth was relatively new; he'd been

hired a few weeks ago as the new head of human resources, but he already had a

reputation as a strong law and order type who and a stickler for the rules.

"We have to enforce your lifestyle in the office, you know."

"Huh?" Kierra answered, clearly without a clue as to what was happening. Sarah

lifted the magazine over her mouth to hide her smile.

"The registration notice came through this morning," Seth explained in a dry

tone. He opened a manila folder, showing Kierra the document held within. A

look of horror crossed Kierra's face.

"We all got the email this morning, Kierra... " Fleur said quietly. "That

there'd be a new nudist in the office."

"But I didn't," Kierra said meekly, staring at the form. "It's impossible. A

mistake. I didn't register!"

Seth looked at her. "Well, that's not what the Federal Bureau of Lifestyles

seems to think. If it's indeed a mistake I'm sure you can have it corrected,

but in the meantime you're legally a nudist, and as your employer Matthew's

and Grant is obliged to accommodate and protect your lifestyle choice. Now, if

you'll please remove your clothes."

Kierra stood shocked, and made no move to undress.

Seth added, "Kierra, if you don't, I'm going to have to call the police. A

nudist employee wearing clothes is a liability we don't need."

Kierra had that deer in headlights look, but the threat of being arrested

seemed to motivate her to action. Trembling, Kierra began to undo the buttons

of her blouse, and slowly took it off. Seth picked up the garment after it

landed on the floor. "All of them, please," he said.

Kierra undid her skirt next, unzipping it and then letting it fall to the

floor, leaving her in just stockings and underwear.

Sarah knew exactly what was going through Kierra's head right now. She felt

empathy for Kierra, but it's true what they say about revenge. Maybe that made

her evil, but at the moment Sarah felt no moral qualms and thought it couldn't

have happened to a more deserving person.

This whole thing had been Yukiko's idea. Sarah had objected initially - it

seemed wrong, and possibly illegal... but given what a bitch Kierra was, it

really hadn't taken much convincing to try. Sarah justified it by giving

Kierra a chance to save herself. The plan did require getting Kierra's

signature, after all. It turned out, Kierra barely glanced at the paper when

Sarah said she needed her signature, nor did she ask for specifics about what

it was. She did, however, use the opportunity to parade Sarah around the

office and have her bend over in front of some new clients. In Sarah's mind,

Kierra sealed her own fate.

Kierra fumbled with her bra clasp, but finally managed to undo it. A moment

later, and she was exposing her ample chocolate colored D cups, capped by big

dark nipples. Kierra crossed her arm across them in a lame attempt to maintain

modesty. Sarah giggled to herself - she knew how fast Kierra would learn that

such modesty would be impossible to hold on to.

With her other arm, Kierra slid her matching white thong down. It hadn't been

covering much, but now it covered nothing as it lay on the floor. Sarah had a

good view of Kierra's shaved pussy lips, which had just a little bit of pink

showing through - all the more visible because of the stark contrast against

her dark skin. Sarah was surprised to see a piercing through her left lip. She

wouldn't have pegged Kierra for the type.

In a movement made awkward because Kierra tried to cover as much of herself as

possible with her hands, Kierra stepped out of her heels and removed her thigh

high stockings. And thus Sarah's worst enemy and tormentor stood stripped and

humiliated in the middle of their workplace.

Seth collected the rest of her clothes and walked off with them, leaving

Kierra standing stark naked in the middle of the lobby. For once, no one was

looking at Sarah... all eyes were on the new office nudist, who was standing

embarrassed and in a little bit of shock. Sarah couldn't help it, she laughed.

The noise seemed to grab Kierra's attention, and the shock was instantly

replaced by anger and rage. "You! Somehow, you did this. Nubbly, you're so

gonna pay..."

Kierra lunged for Sarah. Sarah was ready for her though, as soon as Kierra got

close enough she reached out and grabbed the black girl's exposed nipple, and

twisted it hard. This stopped Kierra in her tracks, her knees buckled and she

yelped in pain, feebly striking at Sarah's arm to release her grip.

Sarah held the nipple for a moment, contemplating the change of fortunes.

Naked, Kierra looked helpless, small, vulnerable, and weak, incapable of

tormenting or humiliating anyone. Sarah felt no fear of her anymore. She

released her pinch, leaving Kierra shocked and rubbing her sore nipple.

"My name," she said to Kierra using a slow, deliberate tone as she looked her

former nemesis in the eye, "is Sarah."

Epilogue - 20 Years Later

Tue Dec 18, 2007 23:1769.248.207.156

Sarah walked down the steps of the Supreme Court, having just argued her third

case before the nine judges on behalf of the ACLU. Not bad for someone who

hadn't even hit forty yet.

An early may heat wave had finally broken today, giving way to an almost

picture perfect 70 degree day. The slight breeze felt great on Sarah's

breasts, teasing her nipples ever so slightly. In short, it was a great day to

be naked. Despite having been that way for the better part of two decades now,

she still found that she could appreciate the myriad of sensations that came

from having bare skin. She was happy it was still exposed she'd worked hard to

take care of her body over the years. No one would mistake her for a teenager

anymore, but she was frequently mistaken for someone ten years younger.

Regular diet, exercise, and good genes meant that people still loved to look

and she still loved to show.

She reached the bottom of the stairs and was about to hail a taxi, when she

was stopped by a young girl. "You're Sarah Mariano, aren't you?"

Sarah looked at the girl who'd stopped her. She was perhaps 18, with bright

red hair and wearing big red sunglasses, flip flops, and nothing else, save

for two nipple rings on her small breasts and a tattoo on her ankle.

The girl smiled. "I'm Amy Smith. Not that that would mean anything, but, I

just spotted you here and I figured you must be Sarah and well... I wanted to

say how much I admire you. And, well, could I maybe get your autograph?"

Sarah laughed. "Tell you what - I don't have a pen on me, but it's a nice day

- how about we go for a walk instead?"

Amy beamed, nodding her head. Together, the naked woman and the naked girl

walked around the capitol building and down the national mall. It was about

three miles back to Sarah's office at the ACLU, but she was in no particular

rush. Amy talked fast and excitedly as they went, telling Sarah how much she'd

inspired her and how much of a role model Sarah had been to her. Sarah still

blushed at hearing all that - despite her status as a mini-celebrity in

certain circles, she still didn't think of herself as famous, let alone a role

model. It turned out Amy was a freshman law student at GWU, and had become a

nudist on her 18th birthday largely because that's what Sarah was.

"Of course," Amy was quick to add. "I wouldn't have done it if I didn't think

it was right for me. It's important to be true to yourself, I know. But I read

that article you wrote in The Nakedist, and I just realized, yeah, that was

me."

Sarah grinned. As time had gone on she'd become somewhat of an evangelist for

the nudist lifestyle, owing mostly to the positive impact it had had on her

own life. She didn't think she'd have come this far in life if she hadn't been

challenged by being naked, which is what she'd written about in that article.

"How are you liking it?" she asked Amy.

"It's been a big adjustment - it's still embarrassing, sometimes. I'm not

nearly as confident as you are," Amy confessed, looking sheepish. However, she

quickly added: "But mostly it's been amazing."

Amy went on to ask Sarah all about her work and her experiences. She had an

impressive knowledge of Sarah's career, from her brief stint as a public

defender to her practice in New York and current work as a civil rights

attorney with the ACLU, and she even asked about the S-Mart discrimination

case from back when she was just an intern at Matthews and Grant, hardly older

than Amy herself. Amy was clearly a smart girl with a lot of passion, and

impressed Sarah a lot as they talked. She was especially keen on the case that

Sarah had just argued, relating to a high school student's right to join

lifestyle-related student groups without parental consent. It had become an

issue when some evangelical parents sued a school for allowing their daughter

to join a polyamory group on campus. Parents, Sarah had argued, had a right to

influence the lifestyle decisions of their offspring, but students had the

right to learn about and associate with people who lived differently, and that

schools had a mandate to be neutral towards all student groups and their

membership.

Sarah noticed Amy's shy mannerisms as they walked and gathered all the ogles

and stares one would expect two naked women to attract. Sarah felt a little

bit of pride about them; she liked knowing she could still turn heads, and she

enjoyed the attention more than a little bit. Amy still showed self

consciousness as she walked with Sarah, though she thought the younger girl

was handling herself quite well.

"So where are you from, Amy?" Sarah asked, as they passed by the White House

and began walking up Connecticut Ave.

"Wisconsin. I'll be going back in a few days, after finals."

Amy told her about growing up in a small town, how she'd become passionate

about civil rights after seeing first hand how some people could be treated.

"I haven't been back since becoming a nudist, actually," she confessed.

The conversation continued right into Sarah's office. There they were greeted

by Yukiko, who'd been camped out there waiting for Sarah. Naked save for her

wedding ring and the laptop on her lap, Sarah was still smitten by her beauty

after almost twenty years of being together.

"Hey lover, how'd it go?" Yukiko asked with a warm smile.

"Good, I think we'll win this one," Sarah answered. "Amy, this is Yukiko.

Yukiko, Amy."

"How do you do?" Yukiko asked.

"Really, great, thanks! I love your blog, and your last book was great," Amy

said.

"Amy, tell you what, my main office is in New York City. I could use a summer

intern. Would you be interested?"

"Really?" Amy was ecstatic. "That would be awesome - thank you!"

Sarah gave Amy a business card. "I have to catch a train in a bit, but why

don't you give me a call later and we'll work out the details?"

"Thanks, I will!" Amy was unable to hide her enthusiasm - Sarah was surprised

she didn't do cartwheels out of the small office.

"So who was that?" Yukiko asked.

"Me, about twenty years ago," Sarah answered. She gave Yukiko a kiss before

gathering up some papers to bring back to New York with her. As she did, Sarah

noticed the framed Time magazine cover hanging behind the desk, with her naked

on the cover. It had been a present from one of the ACLU staffers when she'd

been given this office last year. Sarah thought about the girl smiling in that

photo. She'd grown so much since that day. When that photo was taken, she was

embarrassed and unsure of herself, craving the normalcy of clothes. That first

summer had been so difficult for her, but now she wouldn't trade that

experience for that world.

Because that's how Sarah became a nudist... and there was no other way she'd

want to be.