**In Full View**

by[Titsandass1](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5718803&page=submissions)©

I had been single since Diane enlisted in the army that fall after graduation. An army brat, she had chosen to follow in the footsteps of her father, grandfather, and older brother.

Perhaps being introverted and lonely was making me want to become an exhibitionist. A warm Sunday afternoon found me sitting on my third-floor balcony overlooking the main road through town. The urge to be absolutely naked in full view of passersby below was becoming more and more difficult to resist as time passed.

Nature has given me eye-catching generous breasts and a long gently curving waist. A daily regimen of running 4 miles keeps me slim.

Anyhow just before 2 o'clock I took off my red carmen top and black strapless bra letting passersby see my boobs. My love of public nudity made me wave my arms over my head. After about thirty seconds I bent to pull off my shorts and panties.

I straightened up and stood against the iron railing. I was in no particular hurry to get dressed.

May as well go for a run, I thought. Still naked, I left the building. My boobs jiggled as the Nikes smacked the pavement and my arms swung.

The sun had set about ten minutes earlier and I was relaxing in the nude on my leather sofa watching television. A double knock on my door sent me rushing to my wardrobe closet to get a robe.

Alan Ludgate, a longtime friend, stood in the open doorway.

"ALan, come in," I said.

He strolled through my livingroom unbuttoning his shirt.

"What are you doing?"

Surprised by my challenge, he immediately put his hands at his side leaving his shirt unbuttoned halfway and his belt undone.

"I I Just thought..."

"ALan I don't want to have sex with you."

He realized that I meant what I said. Even so, he had to try to explain his action.

"I saw you earlier today from across the street."

I chuckled.

"OK so I'm an exhibitionist," I said.

"You are that," he replied.

Alan sat with me for a while longer making himself comfortable in my recliner. We made small talk and had a few laughs.

On Monday afternoon when I came home from "the office" the urge to go naked was strong. Indeed wearing clothes all day, even stylish clothes, was an anathema to me. I wasted no time in pulling off the Goddess Blue 3/4-sleeve V-neck A-line dress.

Immediately after hanging that garment in the closet I pulled off my Bali and bikini panties. This feels so much better, I thought.

I enjoyed an unhurried meal of stuffed peppers and red wine. In the meantime, Alexa read my audio book.

There's no point in hiding, I thought. Hiding takes all the fun out of going naked. Besides that, nudity would reduce the amount of laundry I need to wash and I saw that as an advantage.

I pared my bluetooth headphones to my computer, selected piano music by Bill Evans and strolled out to my balcony. I sat in the metallic lattice chair listening to my music. The fresh air and the sun on my bare skin added to the ambience while headphones greatly reduced the traffic noise.

I came to my desk in the office of doctor Ronald Mason DDS just minutes before the first patients come inside.

The dental assistant Caitlyn Gray came out to chat with me.

"What makes you go want to go nude, if you don't mind me asking."

"No I don't," I replied.

She let the topic go.

I said after a second, "it feels good."

I had made the decision to be clear out my closet even before I left the ofice. After finishing my supper I began taking out dresses, jeans and rompers putting each on my bed. Most items would go to Morgan Memorial Goodwill. Items that I considered too old would go into the trash.

Wearing just a camisole and Dark Wash Capris jeans I stopped at the clothing drop off box. They need these more than I do, I thought as I left the donation. The mere thought of being a nudist excited me so I stripped off the cami and capris and donated them as well before returning to my balcony.

The empty closet looked quite spacious. Nevertheless, I did keep a couple of dresses with my two winter coats in the other closet.

The following morning coworkers acted as though nothing unusual was happening. I came to my desk, logged onto my computer then gave my attention to my coworkers. Chelsea, the hygienist, stood by the desk making small talk with Caitlyn. Both from time to time glanced my way as though including me in the conversation. Neither commented on my nudity.

Caitlyn finally asked if I knew about Desert Sun resort in Palm Springs.

I said, "I know about that place."

She added, "my sister Evelyn went there with her husband in January."

I asked, "how long did they stay."

"A week," said Caitlyn.

I asked, "would they ever go again."

"I don't know, maybe," said Caitlyn.

The first patient, a grey-haired fellow, came to the check-in desk. He was eyeballing me so I allowed it. Anyway I took his name and notified doctor Mason that Mister Swanson had arrived.

As the day progressed some patients eyeballed me from their seats. Their looks did not make me feel the least bit uncomfortable.

At day's end the rain was pelting down on my skin. Caitlyn and Chelsea stayed dry under their protective umbrellas.

"A whole new meaning to the term skinny dip," Chelsea quipped.

I would go to Desert Sun, but not as a single girl, I thought.