Janie’s Big Adventure

Nude at a Clothing Optional Hot Springs where she grew up   
  
I went to a nude (“clothing optional”) hot spring in the mountains in the U.S. near where I was raised. It had all changed so much. When I was a little girl it wasn’t there. Then it was just a rundown little railroad town. My GF and I were going up to see my mom. We stopped by to spend the day doing what I like best, running around all day naked. It was some quality time for us, or so I thought, but it didn’t turned out exactly like I planned.   
  
The springs had one large rock lined pond-like pool that was large and deep enough to swim in, an indoor pool and about 7 small pools on the side of the highway enclosed inside a large fence. The girl at the desk said it was because they had had so many gawkers, that close to the highway. Most of the people there were just trying it out, it was sort of an area interest attraction in a sort of rural, farming area. So tt was pretty much a day club. It was next to a small town close the town where I grew up as a little girl. They were a rival to our little town’s high school teams. So I knew the area really well. It was the first time I’d been to this place, though, because the world had changed quite a bit there the past few years. Come to think of it, so had I. I had grown up.   
  
Now, I’m shaved totally bare, and this is a very conservative area. I heard they struggled with this little nudist place, but it added revenue. All the ranchers tolerated it for just that reason – and it provided them some good entertainment. Once in a while someone from Hollywood went there,like Tom Cruze or someone. The ranchers always found some excuse to wander into the enclosed nude area when they were there to cut the hay around the ranch it was on. So they enjoyed it, whether they let on or not.   
  
Now, physically, I look like a thirteen year old girl. I only weigh 110 lbs, with my small build and little upturned cupcake breasts. I can easily pass because of my bare pudenda, which is shaved, until people talk to me that is. They often think I’m much younger than I am, if they don’t know me. That lifts my spirits because I don’t like to think I am getting older, even if I am.   
  
So I went with my SO – my girlfriend, but she doesn’t feel comfortable nude in mixed clothing environments with men, women and children – so she wore her swimsuit. On the other hand – I do. When we went in a little after they opened around 11, we stayed in the large pool for a couple hours in the morning. We had got up to drive from the city 5 hours to get there early, and I was tired. So I quickly stripped down and fell into a nap for an hour, until I felt my GF putting lotion on my body, which I love, then I woke up. I especially love it when she does my mound, so I don’t get burned there in the thin high altitude air in the mountains. I have before, and not only did I look stupid, my pussy hurt!!!   
  
So now awake it realized it wasn’t too busy, so I started to move around between the various ponds. You see, I’d only been here a time or two, and it was different from most nudist places we go to. Unlike them, most of the people here weren’t nude;they were observers. That’s one reason I like it so well, I almost feel like I'm walking around town nude, there are so many gawkers. They like to study us hardcore nudists, and they ESPECIALLY like to study young women who have bare puds, if my eyes read their stares correctly, hidden under my sunhat behind my sun my sunglasses. It was the fourth of July weekend, and this time of the year the sun in the mountains is at its brightest.   
  
Unlike the other women, who put on a suit or wrapped inside a towel while they moved between the different pools, I left everything behind with my SO at the main pond, and went by myself. I thought of the song, “You can leave your hat on,” as I mused about wondering around totally nude, accepting the stares and occasional inquisitive question about my status from the other guests. Almost every pond I went to had people wearing suits. Most were couples, but one was a mom with her twelve year old boy. Another had two eighteen year old guys who looked like they were voyeurs.   
  
The twelve year old boy was playing when I got there. I slid into the 18 inch deep pool and laid on the edge, while the boy played in front of his mother. She initially looked at me, and then she tried to ignore me. Her son looked at my breasts and then my pussy very closely, however. Without being too immodest, I spread my legs a bit. Now he and his mother, who sat across the shallow pool shaped like a kidney, could see my vulva very clearly, maybe eight feet away. This included my bare labia, majora, minora, perineum and -- when I put my knees up -- maybe even anus.   
  
Now entertain me, I have a classic pussy. That is, some women have a clamshell, others have an oyster, while still others have a fourchette – where the lips run around the whole vulva from the prepuce to the perineum like a seal. Mine is a symmetrical half-lip, probably the most common pussy for European girls. That is, my pussy lips go about ½ way down to my vagina from my prepuce, the tip of my clitoris. I also have a plump mound and very small clitoris, with matching plump – but not large – majora, that is my outer lips. When I place my fingers on my inner lips and press down, I make a perfect heart-shaped visage above my pee-pee that ends half way down. That is my inner lips vanish about ½ down to my perineum – the classic vestibule of northern European girls. My thin hoody lips normally easily cover my small clitoris, that is, unless I’ve just had an orgasm. Then it’s still covered, just fatter and red all over, contrasting – even with a tan – with my white naked skin. After I cum my hood and clitoris broaden out a bit for a few minutes.   
  
It embarrassed me when I was little, because it seemed so small to my girlfriends. Now I don’t care, I just accept my cute little half-lipped pussy, because it drives boys crazy, especially when they see it bare. Plus so many other woman look like me (or me like them), that my companions like it, and they tell me that I’m very pretty, which I like – or at least that my pussy is, that is. (I love it when anyone talks about my pussy, which mostly why I shave and go there, nude.)   
  
So this little kid’s mom tolerates him playing in front of my legs for a few minutes, then she got up in disgust and they up and left. Feigning to ignore them, I thought, “Gee lady, it’s a clothing optional resort, after all!!!” Don’t get so huffy. I came here to be nude. What are you here for, with your little boy, anyhow? Hasn’t he seen your little half-lipped pussy, too?)   
  
A few minutes later a young stud came up in his “Jammies” – a surfer boy type of swimsuit. Like so many studs, he just stares at my pussy, then looks at me, then he stares at my pussy some more. After a few minutes he looks at me in the eyes behind my sunglasses. He says, “Hi,” so I said, “Hi,” back. I was enjoying his stares, when finally out of the blue, he blurts out, “Why’s [your pussy] bare? Was it natural?” That is, he asked me why I had no hair on my pudendum and whether I was naturally bald on my mound.   
  
Slightly taken, I also love this kind of direct question. It always gets me hot when someone asks, and when it’s a young stud I get very wet. So I started to stammer out a lie, like I had a medical condition. Then I caught my composure, and said, “Because I like it that way. My mother taught me a bare vagina is more hygienic. So along with cotton underwear, my bare ‘vagina’ evaporates moisture more naturally. WHY DO YOU THINK???” Gathering up even more courage, I continued, “Besides, I like it when people stare at me. It makes me feel really good, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY’RE GUYS.” (Then I thought to myself, “Gee, I haven’t even had my first beer yet!!!”)   
  
He got all red, and a couple minutes later he left. Then two girls wearing swimsuits who looked like they were together came up, sat down and started talking with each other. I gathered they were college girls, from a college a couple hundred miles south, from what they said. Apparently vacationing, we soon were having a very pleasant discussion of the area, which I said to them I knew, since I grew up here. They asked me about the local attractions, restaurants, and other stuff, some of which I knew and some I did not.   
  
After ten minutes or so one finally revealed that they were there at the clothing optional hot springs to see what it was like – the nude lifestyle, that is. They asked me whether I liked being nude with all these other people around, mostly dressed in swimsuits. They were not nudists, but thought they might try it out. They asked me whether I had a BF and if I did, where he was, or if I was there alone all by myself.   
  
So I told them yes, I liked the nudist lifestyle very much. I said I had a BF, but that I was there with my GF, who was down at the other pool, which was true. So we had a pleasant discussion for the next few minutes about what it felt like to be nude, and have little boys stare at you, and sometimes big boys and even men – and lots of time women and girls. I said I liked it very much, which I do.   
  
Then I moved down to a small deep pool by the outside gate to the parking lot. A couple who looked newly married were there talking to themselves, seriously. She was a very attractive, 25ish, and he was the same age. He was very hairy, but attractive. They both were wore swimsuits, and he behaving quite like a gentleman – no rude stares. When I introduced myself and asked if I could please join them, she said be our guests, so I did. He averted his gaze, while she continued talking with him. An older lady wearing a swimsuit then wandered by and sat down, quite unaware until she looked at me that I was completely nude. Once she did, she quickly looked slightly distracted and moved along.   
  
Meantime, as they both resumed talking, I let my body float out in front supported by the elbows on the seat of the pool so my pubis broke the surface. My pud floated on the water, sort of, and the young woman looked at me with great amusement. Eventually her husband did, too. Both looked completely absorbed with not only the fact that I was nude, but that my pudendum was quite nude, too. I was shaved. We had a very pleasant chat that lasted around an hour. I kept waiting for them to ask why I shaved, but they never did. Finally, I told them that I needed to check on my SO, and that it had been so good talking with them but I was turning into a prune. I needed to get out for a while and dry off. As I did, I made sure to bend over a long time to dry off my front very well with my hands. I’m sure I painted a pretty clear picture of my nude pussy framed by my butt to them. They could probably even see my brown rose – bungee hole (ahem), if you will – which my GF also says is very cute. (You think she's just saying that? How can a bungee hole be cute???) I wanted her, especially, to see my pussy. She had such a dark bush of untrimmed hair poking out from her modest bikini, I wanted her to notice her husband’s distracted by my pussy in his view. She was such a pretty girl; I could only imagine what her pussy would look like trimmed totally nude (OMG now I was getting hot!!). Very darkly colored, too, I imagined, which to me was very pretty. I love girls who have very dark pussies with dark lips because I’m blondish. I find dark flesh and hair very attractive; for example, my SOs dark-haired. So I imagined she’d go home that night and shave her pubis for her hubby. At least, you know, that’s how I think.   
  
Then I went up and laid on the lush grass next to the main walkway out to the pool from the guesthouse. I knew everyone coming out would have to walk past me and see me nude. As I lay down and spread my legs in a most un-ladylike fashion. I wanted anyone coming out to the pool to see my clearly open vulva. Then I rubbed in some lotion and drifted off into a pleasant, fitful sleep, awakened only every so often hearing voices of every type of person waking by, usually mentioning something about the pretty sights of the areas, knowing they were all looking right up into my sweet vagina and butt. Then as I slept on my back I opened my legs just a bit wider. Life was sweet; I was very happy to hear some of the thoughts I hear voices over the next hour before I awoke. When I did I went out to our car to get a couple beers out for my GF and I – nude of course. While I did I paraded by a crowd of boys playing around in the non-nude campsite next to the enclosed nudist pools. God did I enjoy the stares I got, and I’m sure that’s what they were hoping for, a look at a completely nude girl.   
  
By the time I arrived back at my GF’s pool, I’d been gone two or three hours. The people in the pool had changed during that time. She was still there, sun tanning. It was clear that there was a lot of walk-in traffic. Mostly tourists but some were apparently people living in the little town a mile away, which from my childhood I knew. Some Marines were there with only one girl. They wore swimsuits; she was nude. Her tits stood out like erasers, which told me she was enjoying their attention. In fact, until I returned she was the only nude girl in the pool. Unlike me though, she wasn’t totally nude – she had a cute little well-trimmed bush, what they call a landing strip. But the thing I noticed most was the beautiful bird tattoo on her back. I was immediately jealous. All I wore was a gold waist chain with dangling lengths hanging by my nude hips. I even forgot to wear my earrings in my haste that morning.   
  
Eventually, the two Marines started talking, and the one without a partner came over and started talking with me. After introductions, he invited me out to the deeper part of the pond, which was maybe 5 or so feet deep. Close to where the hot spring water came in through a little waterfall, it was very warm. I offered that I couldn’t swim, which was a lie, but I didn’t want to tell him that my girlfriend was over there on the towel watching me. It wouldn’t be appropriate to get too close without inviting her, too. She was sleeping. But he invited me over and said he would help me float. My GF overheard, looked up from her towel, and smiled. That was my cue that it was okay with her to flirt, so I let this Marine help support me by his arms as I floated on my back. We both enjoyed it. He looked straight down at me at my vagina, and I felt very good. I enjoyed his gaze on my privates, becuz I knew my GF knew I enjoyed it, too. She now had a big grin on her face as she pretended to sleep sunbathing on her back.   
  
Around 7 PM, the sun went behind the mountain and it started to cool off. We still had a solid hour’s drive to my mom’s, but I wanted to eat in the little town before we arrived. So we left the hot springs. I had a pretty good buzz on; over the day I had had three or four beers, which is a lot for a 100 lb girl. So we took quick showers, and I pulled on a Mumu-type pullover and we headed into town (sans underpants). Heck, this used to be a cowboy town, now it was full of yuppies. Oh well, I guess I’m a yuppie, maybe, I thought. Ten minutes later we walked into a crowded restaurant with a rowdy bar in what had been a Texaco gas station service bay when I was a kid. The waitress seated my GF and I at a two person table in the middle, and we ordered a couple of more beers (about my GFs second – my fifth), and started to wait. We ate some Nachos chips as we did. I started talking romantically, like I always do when I feel good. It has something to do with the phases of the moon and stuff. I was looking in my GFs eyes thinking dreamily how much I loved her, and trying to grab her foot out of her sandals to stuff into my warm hot pussy. (Yes, girls do that stuff.) More than anything to embarrass her, because she knew I wasn’t wearing anything under the Mumu and because I’d been drinking beers all day long I was a little bit tipsy – though not drunk. She always worries how much I show off when I act up, or whether we’ll get thrown out, or just trail a herd of studs behind us when we leave.   
  
So here we are in this nice family restaurant. I’m behaving rather poorly for a young woman, having lots of fun wearing no panties and trying to get my SO’s big toe into my pussy so she can goose me. She’s blushing all red with embarrassment because SHE LOVES IT!!! Meanwhile, all the little kiddies sitting around us know what we’re doing, but their parents don’t. Ha ha sooooo funny!! (OK, I admit it, I was drunk; I have no idea who knew what!!!) All the sudden this burly guy walks up wearing boots ‘n spurs and says, “Say, don’t I know you? Your Janie [mylastname]!”   
  
“Holy crap,” I’m thinking out of my buzz. “It’s Jimmy!!!” I hadn’t seen him since I was seven. Okay well, fifteen. OMG!!!! I wonder if he’s been watching me acting like a slut very long? All the sudden, it’s like someone threw a pail of cold water on a dog in heat.   
  
“Oh shit, Jimmy! Amazing to see you. How ya doin?” Jimmy, this here’s my GF Sue. (I actually speak a western dialect, you know. Yall’d think I was a cowgirl if we ever met. Bangy you couldn’t understand a word I said either.) “We’re here a few days to see my mom. You know, I live in the big city now, with Susie, here. Susie, Jimmy. Jimmy, Sue.” Sit down and have a beer.”   
  
So wouldn’t you know it, he did. And another, and then another and I kicked my sandals off again and in footsie language under the table, told Sue she was driving now, cuz I was drunk. She understood. So that’s how Suzie, my SO, met Jimmy, my first love. I had to be careful, becuz though I still liked Jimmy a lot, I loved Sue very very much. We were there strictly on business to introduce Sue (gulp!!!!) to my Mom, and see what happened. I had no idea til then whether she even knew I had a GF. She thought we were roomies, becuz were. I was pretty sure she thought I was straight. So I’d just pray for the best. And then whoop it up around my hometown and show off Sue to all those hillbillies, and how little Janie’s finally made it to the big city (Bangy, this ain't London, either). And brag about my GF more and drive all my old BFs crazy!!! So what does this have to do with teen girl pantsing? Shoot, I don’t know – maybe I just pantsed myself, again. All I really wanted to do was share my slutty thoughts, and let y'all know how much I enjoy being nude. ;),   
  
luv, Janie