Me in My Skin

by Cerdwin©

Where do I begin? I suppose as a BBW woman, I am supposed to be ashamed of my body. I am not, I love the soft curves of my figure, the suppleness in contrast

to the hard body of a man. I first discovered the ability to be comfortable with

my body back in college, senior year. I was a late bloomer and did not begin

dating until then so we will begin with my first boyfriend, Will.

I had always been told to hide my curves behind baggy clothes, but I never saw

the point. Wouldn't that just make me look larger? So I had always assumed that

after years of being indoctrinated to be ashamed, that I would be. Our first

date had started with a massage, and we all know where that leads, first the

sweater slips off, and his hands start feeling every piece of skin that is

available to him. Then he leans in for what turns out to be my first kiss. His

tongue snakes its way into my mouth parting my inexperienced lips and begins to

taste my tongue. Then I move from the floor to the bed and we begin a real make

out session. His hands all over me and mine on him; it was a frenzy for someone

as inexperienced as myself. But a glowing few hours later we reemerged for air,

and I reemerged with a new found confidence. For if he thought I was beautiful

who was I to argue with him, clearly the man has good taste!

Fast forward a few weeks, suddenly I was sitting topless, typing his homework as

he stood behind me fondling by breasts. He was slipping his hands underneath and

feeling the weight of each, pinching my nipples to see how hard he could get

them. It was all quite distracting, I do not know how well he though the paper

would come out considering the lovely distraction he was offering. Most of our

evenings I would walk around his place topless, and he certainly enjoyed the

view of my breasts jiggling about as I padded along. This was my introduction to

nude activities; I could not believe the amount of confidence I had and the

excitement of knowing someone was watching my every move. I am a natural

performer and do love to cater to my audience of one.

Fast forward again to seven years later, I have my own place and love walking

around in the buff. I clean, write, read, watch movies, and cook (very carefully

of course) all in the nude. Living on the first floor makes this activity even

more exciting, for even though I have blinds and curtains, we all know how

effective they actually are at hiding and covering people who believe that they

are not being watched. I wonder as I bend over to make my bed if the man walking

his dog outside is catching a peek of my ample ass, which I have been told on

more than one occasion is quite lovely and round, as the curtain blows away. Or

as I am standing in the kitchen doing my dishes if my blinds are quite doing

their job. I wonder if the guy upstairs is now jerking off to what he just saw

or if he will walk by again in hope of catching another look-see?

My last boyfriend and I would spend entire weekends in the nude, makes it very

easy to hop into bed again or to give his ass a slap as I walk by. It allowed me

the freedom to walk up behind him and give his balls a little squeeze or to

tease him back into the bedroom. We would have our breakfasts and sometimes even lunch in the nude, which would lead to watching movies in the nude and then back to the bedroom for further explorations of each other. There are many things

that I do not miss about him, but that was the one thing I do miss, is the

brazenness we had in walking free of our clothes, in getting tangled into each

other feeling nothing but skin on skin.

The variety of ways you can use nudity in a relationship is limitless, for when

you do see them back in clothes it makes it all the more erotic, knowing what

lay underneath. Knowing that those jeans that cover his ass just so, is really

just hanging the grapes above your head making it difficult to grab what your

hand knows is there waiting for you. Or when he reaches up your skirt only to

find those damp cotton panties blocking his way, you are really teasing him into

thinking about what he saw earlier in the day. Nudity is only erotic when

combined with clothing later to evoke those memories and get you through those

tedious stretches of time when your clothes simply must be on, for example when

your family visits, or an office party. One really should be dressed for these

things and as uninteresting as you feel your clothes are, look at your partner

and subtly grab their ass in a promise to rip those clothes off later!

So whether I am alone with the wind shifting my curtains just so allowing, nosy

neighbors their eyeful or my man his eyes and handful, I say viva la nudity! Let

yourself feel the freedom of skin and air, love your body in all its sensual

wonder. Let your breasts swing free and your ass slap the breeze, feel what

surrounds you fully and completely. Happy nude day all!