**Molly and the Roommates**

by Molly

**Molly and the Roommates, Chapt. 1**

When I was growing up, the most influential person in my life was not my mother or father but my older sister, Mona. We are both flaming redheads and in adulthood look so much alike people often take us for twins (like our older brothers who actually are twins).

It was with Mona that I first experienced a generalized form of dominant/submissive relationship. Because she was older — and because of her uber-strong personality — Mona always decided what movie we would watch, told me how to dress, etc. Of course part of my tendency to go along with what she wanted was that she was always so freaking sure of everything. To this day, Mona always knows exactly what she wants — while I tend to want multiple different things that conflict.

As soon as she hit puberty, Mona not only knew she was gay, but came out to our parents and everyone who would listen when she was only 13. I was eleven and sexual orientation had not even occurred to me yet, but I decided that lesbianism was a fabulous idea because I wouldn't have to marry an icky boy when I grew up.

Alas, when my own sexuality blossomed, I decided that boys weren't so icky — at least not all of them — yet I also had an appreciation for girls. My first kissing-fondling experiences were with a girl. Because Mona had paved the way for me, I felt perfectly comfortable being open about dating girls (thought felt a little guilty when I dated a boy).

For me, the gender of my significant other was just not that important. However, something else was important instead— something about me that seemed to make me different from everyone else I knew; that made me different even from everyone in every TV show or popular culture representation I could find. It seemed that no one on the planet was like me, because the thing that I wanted was . . . to be naked.

I was aware that there were such things as nudists, but nobody I knew was one. Nobody on TV was one. I found books and articles about them and navigated through porn links trying to find real nudists on the Internet. But even when I found them I didn’t relate with them because I didn’t want to see those other people naked — certainly not the kids and old people. I just wanted to be nude myself and to do it among my regular clothed friends, not off at some camp.

Mona was the only one who knew my secret, and although she teased me about it she was also supportive — and being the kind of person she is, she also made things happen. Mona always had lots of friends, but her closest pals were other jock lesbians from her sport teams, and it was around these girls that I first went socially nude.

As I have written elsewhere, I set things in motion on my own by allowing myself to be “caught” naked by Mona and her pals, but I assumed this would be a two-second experience — little more than a flash that I could pretend was accidental. But once that started, Mona refused to “let” me go get dressed, and I ended up staying naked for a couple of hours in front of these other girls. She played it as if she were “forcing” me to do it, but actually she was bestowing on me a fabulous gift of this experience.

Being jocks, Mona’s friends were comfortable with locker room nudity and treated my nakedness with casual acceptance mixed with just the right amount of winking smiles to tell me they were enjoying it. That afternoon I knew with certainty that THIS was what I wanted in life. I wasn't sure whether I wanted a boyfriend or a girlfriend, but I knew I wanted to be the only person naked in the room.

When I first went to college, I signed up to live in an all-girls dorm and was hoping that at least some other girls would be like me, but again I seemed to be the only one. Some girls seemed nonchalant about being naked, but didn’t seem to care much either way. Most girls were (I thought) amazingly shy, even just around other girls, covering themselves with towels or robes every second except when getting in and out of the shower.

I eased my way into it — being afraid of a negative reaction — and by the middle of my freshman year I was going naked pretty everywhere on my floor. Each floor had its own kitchenette and common room, and I was always naked in those places. I loved that the other girls on my floor would dare me to go to other floors or all the way down to the first floor lobby where the vending machines were — and where I risked being seen by boys.

Boys weren’t technically allowed beyond the lobby, and the RAs generally enforced that rule, but plenty of boyfriends were smuggled upstairs. I discovered I did not feel embarrassed in the slightest to be seen by them, and avoided them only if their girlfriends seemed uncomfortable.

Later in college, I lived in off-campus apartments where there were no RAs or rules to limit my choices, yet it wasn’t really as good. My roommates were female, but we all had boyfriends. My boyfriend at that time could never decide how he felt about me going naked in front of other guys and we broke up when he tried to give me an ultimatum not to do that anymore.

But he wasn’t the only problem. I had some other bad experiences around guys. Nobody ever tried to rape me or anything, but drunk college boys just aren’t very good at respecting the boundaries of a naked girl. And a drunk naked girl really needs someone else looking out for her. So at some point I stopped doing that for a while — but I longed for that special feeling that I had experienced most purely and most innocently among my sister’s friends.

By the time I graduated, I was with a different boyfriend and we were pretty hot for each other so I was mostly just going nude around him. As it happened, the end of college came when we were at the high point in our romance and could not bear to be separated — so Scott and I decided to move together to a city where we could both get jobs.

He wanted to move someplace cool like Seattle or Portland, but that was too far away for me. There was only one city I would consider because that was the city near which Mona now lived — with her future wife, Libby.

Psychologists say that we seek mates who are similar in some way to our parents. But for me and Mona that formative influence seems to have been each other. Jack (the man I am with nowadays) is like Mona in that he is confident and unflappable, always knowing what to do in any situation. If there is ever a zombie apocalypse or some breakdown in society, these are two people you would want in your tribe.

Meanwhile, Mona had been so tickled by her kid sister’s quirky obsession with nudity that it made an imprint on her and she always sought out girlfriends who wee willing to hang out naked. Most of them only did it to please her, but Libby, the girl she eventually married, is a real nudist — moreso even than me. She’s the kind of person who is so comfortable being nude that she would totally forget and leave the house that way. (I have left my house naked on various occasions, but I assure you I never FORGOT that I was naked).

By the time I was graduating from college, Mona had already gotten a good job in the finance sector, made a bunch of money in stocks and real estate, and had purchased an old farm an hour’s drive from a certain large city in the American Midwest. So that’ the city I chose when Scott and I were deciding where to relocate after college.

I never regretting choosing that location, but I did soon regret choosing to move here with him. I liked Scott a lot. We had fun together, but . . . I wasn't in love with him. Worse, I knew I was simply never going to fall in love with him, and I count among my collected sins allowing him believe I might.

For six months we lived together in a sterile, lifeless apartment that I could not bring myself to decorate. I did not unpack all of my boxes. He eventually guessed and I told him I wanted to break up. For a few more weeks we were pathetic platonic roommates — because even though it was a crappy apartment I couldn’t afford my own place yet. He told me he loved me and wanted things to work out. So I knew I had to move out because it just wasn’t fair to him for me to stick around.

Fortunately, by this time I had begun making friends at work, and through one of those friends I found a new place to live with a bunch of roommates, and that is where this story actually begins . . .

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So I was l living in a depressing apartment with my ex-boyfriend (we slept in separate rooms), and working at a job I didn’t like. I could visit my sister on weekends, and I loved doing that because she had a lot of outdoor space where I could run around naked without anyone seeing.

The company where I worked was big enough to have its own cafeteria, and there in the lunchtime crowd I met Shelly — actually I heard her before I saw her. Her voice and laugh rose above the lunchtime din. She was having an loud argument with an uncooperative vending machine. I started joking with her about it and from that point on we were meeting for lunch every day. She had a girlfriend and wasn't my romantic type anyway so we comfortably fell into a platonic friendship in which there was room for a little flirtation around the edges.

Through Shelly, I started playing on a softball team where I met "Bea" and "Dee," a forty-something, leather-wearing dyke couple. They had genteel-sounding Southern accents, but cussed like sailors and seemed able to answer any question with a quaint idiom into which they had inserted swear words. If a movie or recipe turned out less impressive than expected, one of them would say "well, that didn't blow my f#ckin dress up." I giggled the first time I heard that one because I was pretty sure neither of them had worn a dress since middle school. Bea read my mind and added, “that being a f#ckin metaphor.”

We would go out drinking after games and practices (sometimes instead of practices), and I started telling them my convoluted romantic troubles, which went beyond my breakup with Scott. I had very recently developed two infatuations — one of them with a perky little blonde girl from my gym whose name I didn’t even know. The second was Jack, whom I had just met the last time I was at my sister’s house (not while I was naked).

Unlike boyish Scott, Jack was lumberjack-handsome with broad shoulders, strong hands, a nice beard and hair like the mane of a horse. However, I got a distinct vibe that was still in love with his former college girlfriend, Libby. Yes, THAT Libby. That is a totally a different story from the one I’m trying to tell, so I’ll skip the backstory on that. All that matters here is that I was very, very much attracted to him, but was convinced (not quite correctly as it turned out) that he had romantic feelings for a woman other than me.

My new butch friends got a kick out of listening to my girly-girl soap opera stories of not-quite romance, but I got their full attention when I started talking about nudity. Relishing having just the right audience, I related in lavish detail my lifelong compulsion to go nude. I was totally blowing their dresses up.

Bea and Dee invited me for dinner at the peeling-yellow Victorian house they owned in the heart of downtown. They shared the house with four other women, two of whom I'd already met on the softball team.

It was a gigantic old house -- with huge, high-ceilinged rooms and a kitchen so big it had room to spare even with 10 people sitting around a thick-legged wooden table. Great music came from multiple speakers tacked up among the shelves and hanging pots. And there was alcohol -- beer and wine in abundance during preparation and consuming of the meal, and afterwards a bottle of Jack Daniels and some shot glasses sat on the countertop for any who wanted a jolt.

Between dinner and desert, Bea and Dee took me on a tour of the house -- up the grand front staircase to the second floor where most of the women had their bedrooms, and then up another flight to the smaller rooms on the third floor where servants once lived. They opened the door to a tiny room barely big enough to hold a twin bed and a dresser.

"This here’s the only room we have open right now," Dee said apologetically. “It’s bitty, hon, but we can rent it to you real cheap if you want it."

And oh did I want it! Desperately. I didn’t care that it was the size of a walk-in closet, It was perfect because (1) I could afford it, (2) I could move in the very next day and (3) I already felt I belonged with these six women as much as I had ever belonged in any group. In terms of love, well, of course I loved my birth family in a deeper way, but I knew I could be my true self among these women, which also meant — I hoped — that I could be eventually be nude among them.

I moved in the next day.

The Roommates gave me a little space in their garage to store some of my stuff, but I still had to get rid a bunch because there was zero space in my new bedroom. It had a twin bed and a vanity-style dresser that could serve as a desk. Instead of a chair it had a piano bench that slid under it or could be used as a bed table. The remaining unused area of floor amounted to four squares of linoleum. The room had no closet because it was a closet itself, so my entire wardrobe (except winter things stored in the garage) had to fit into the little vanity drawers or hang from a hook. Yet it was a beautiful room because its entire exterior wall was filled by a window made of little square panes of stained glass that rattled loose-fitting in the wind and through which the sunlight streamed each morning. It was like being in a tiny cathedral.

Just like when first went to college and lived in a dorm, I knew that the most natural opportunity for me to be nude would be in and around the bathroom. There was only one bathroom, and it was down one flight on the second floor. The narrow servants’ staircase wound down right next to the bathroom. That first night I woke up at 3 a.m. and convinced myself that I had to pee. I’d been sleeping naked since high school and if I still owned a robe it was in a box in the garage, so what else could I do, right? I tiptoed down the squeaky stairway and stood on the second floor landing listening to the sleeping, creaky house. I took care of my business in the bathroom and went back up the stairs to my room — my first time naked and no one saw me.

A couple days later it was a Monday morning and everyone was getting ready for work. I stood at the top of the stairway on the third floor for a few minutes listening to the bustle of the house awakening. Naked, I padded down the little stairway and peeked around the corner where Kay in her bathrobe waited by the open bathroom door.

Suddenly unsure of myself, I almost backed away, but she saw me and started talking nonstop, explaining how the bathroom routine worked in the mornings. "So you're next line after me for the showah," she said in her New York accent, "but if you hafta do your business, the toilet's free right now, and as you see we have that pretty oriental screen around the toilet for your privacy. I dunno if I can still say ‘oriental’ screen. Maybe it’s asian screen now. But that makes it private so even when when ya doin' Numbah Two leave open the bathroom doooah. If ya not puking up ya dinnah or giving birth, leave open the dooah.”

I definitely had to pee so I went in and sat down.

"Morning, Miss Molly,” Bea’s voice came from the steamy shower. "Kay, show her the coffee when she’s done tinklin’. I'll be done in five minutes.''

"C'mon," Kay said, taking me by the elbow as I finished washing my hands. “We only got a couple minutes.”

She led the way and I followed her down the staircase, gleeful that I was naked in the kitchen so soon. I thought I was going to have to work my way up to that. "The coffeepot turns itself on at 6 a.m.” Kay explained, “and there's instructions taped up for how to make a second pot if you ever need to.”

She was nonchalant about my nudity but not did not act oblivious to it. "You look so pretty like that," she told me. "It's nice you're comfortable in your altogethers, cause most of us ain’t very, but we’re the ones that’s wrong, not you, sweetie — you got it right.” She glanced down at my midsection, grinning. "And there ain’t no doubt you're a natural redhead, is there, though I knew you was anyway, pubic hair aside. You have the complexion, the freckles, the blue eyes. So here are the cups on this shelf. Use any that you like, and if you have a personal one you want saved for you, those we keep ovah hee-yah.”

“Time!" Bea yelled down the stairway, and Kay headed back up to take her turn. "Molly's aftah me, then youse two can decide who’s next. I just showed her the coffee."

I selected a bright green cup that I could tell was handmade because it was slightly lopsided and poured myself some coffee as Elle and Shelly came into the kitchen grinning at my nakedness.

“My, my, don’t you look nice!” Shelly declared. “Damn, I could get used to waking up to the sight of you every morning.”

“Down, girl,” Elle said to Shelly. “So Molly, did Kay tell you all the kitchen etiquette?”

Suddenly I felt a wave of fear that I had misunderstood. “Omigod,” I gasped involuntarily. “I probably shouldn’t be naked in the kitchen. I’m sorry, I—“

“Oh yes you should!” Shelly laughed.

“I meant refrigerator etiquette,” Elle said. “Goodness, no, we would never have a rule against you being naked in the kitchen.”

“We should have a rule the other direction,” Shelly said, looking me up and down again. “I’d vote for that.”

“So about the ref-FRIDG-erator,” Elle repeated, and explained all the little customs of the house and then Kay called down that it was my turn in the shower and I dashed up the stairway with my coffee.

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That day at work, I replayed every second of this little experience, reveling not just in what actually happened (which wasn’t that much, of course), but what it meant for me going forward. That very evening, I decided, I was going to be naked at dinner!

But I didn’t that night. When I got home, the kitchen was busy with dinner preparations and drinking. The hubbub of voices coming from the kitchen sounded like more than just the Roommates, and it was. There were already four or five visitors that I had never met— including a male. He was the husband of one of the many Ex-Roommates. I did know her already, but of course I had never been nude around her yet.

I had no problem going nude in front of a guy, but as in college I was more concerned about how the girlfriend feels about it. So I didn’t go naked that night.

The next morning, the Roommates were again all getting ready for work, and again I went downstairs to the kitchen naked to get coffee — in my own personal lopsided green cup. I didn’t actually have to be anywhere for a couple hours so I kept letting others go ahead of me in the shower — which meant I had more time to hang out naked in the kitchen munching coffeecake and chatting with anyone who came down the stairs.

When I finally took my turn in the shower, I hurried though it so I could stand steamy naked in the hallway in front of the full length mirror putting on my body lotion. Elle and Shelly were closing their bedroom door, ready to leave for work. As they walked past me towards the front stairwell, Shelly gave me a little pat on the behind the way she had many times when we were playing softball. But my butt had never been bare on those occasions.

Throughout that first week or so, that was my pattern. I would go naked in the mornings, vowing to myself that I would also do it that evening. But then I wouldn’t, usually because there were guests or because I feared someone would show up any moment. I hadn’t lived there long enough to know the patterns, but I already knew there were several Ex-Roommates who still had their keys and came and went as they chose. Others seemed to drop in unannounced, and that was clearly fine with Bea and Dee, who always made plenty to eat or would whip up a quick omelette if anyone was hungry.

On one of these evenings after everyone had left and I was saying goodnight to the Roommates, Kay said to me, “Molly, I just want say again that we’re all so glad you've joined our little family. You really brighten up this place.”

“Especially in the mornings," Shelly added with a grin. “I almost need sunglasses, it’s so bright in mornings.” The others hooted and laughed at this and I felt embarrassed, but of course this is what I wanted.

“Speaking of that, I was wondering,” Kay said, “and you can tell me it ain’t my business, but are you just a morning nudist but not one at night? Is that a thing?”

“No, I’m a— I feel the same way in the evenings.” I stammered, feeling myself blushing. “It’s just that there are other people here at night and I figured some of them might not want to . . . see me naked.”

Shelly snorted a laugh. “Are you kidding? Listen Molly, your body—“

“Let me handle this, sugar,” Bea interrupted. “You’re just going to make it sound all dirty.” Turning to me she said, “Honeypot, in this house you can go naked whenever and wherever the f#ck you please, and it don’t matter who else is here because they don’t have a f#ckin say in it — not that anybody in their right mind wouldn’t want to see you naked.”

Everyone cheered and threw back the remains of their drinks, and then Shelly said, “yeah, Bea, that was SO much classier than how I woulda said it.”

The next day was a Saturday, and I had a really long day at work and other things I had to do so I was away from the house most of the day and came dragging in starved and grungy well after dinnertime. Dee, as always, made sure there was still food warm on the stove, but it was something spicy and I decided I just wanted popcorn. Popcorn and a stiff drink.

My stiff drink of choice is normally a vodka tonic, but the Roommates had made a pitcher of mai this Dee poured me a glass and as I took the first sip my upper lip tingled. This was a kick-ass-strong drink, but well-timed.

"Want me to fix you up some popcorn, Sunshine," she asked.

“I’d love that," I said, "but first I need to take a quick shower first."

As I headed up the narrow staircase trying not to spill the too-strong drink, Kay called after me “and remember, you’re welcome to stay in your altogethers after. If you want, of course. Up to you.”

“Do it, Molly, do it!” Shelly yelled, and I heard the other Roommates hooting out their agreement.

I went up to my room and undressed, then back down to the bathroom where I carefully placed my too-strong drink on the toilet tank and pinned up my hair so it wouldn’t get wet. While I showered, I reached out for my glass now and then, and by the time I stepped out of the shower, it was half empty and I was totally feeling the buzz.

Out in the hallway, I stood in front of the full-lento mirror and let down my hair. It had remained mostly dry, but the humidity frizzed it out and I just ran my fingers through it to poof it out more and let it be as wild as it wanted to be. I considered putting on a dab of makeup, but decided I wanted to just be squeaky-clean and natural.

My glass now nearly empty, I made my unsteady way back down the twisting stairway and made my entrance without bothering to peek through the door first. The Roommates cheered and clapped and told me I was beautiful, and I basked in their attention, but I also I realized there were several more people in the room than there’d been before – including a really cute girl I had never met in my life.

For a second I was unsure of myself and stood rooted to the floor until until Bea came over with the mai tai pitcher and refilled my glass. She took me by the elbow, saying,“let’s get y’all met up,” and led me over to the girl, calling out “Mandy, this here’s Molly.”

“You are SO adorable!” Mandy gushed, grabbing my free hand in both of hers. “I LOVE that you’re a nudist! That is so aMAZing!” Mandy, I would learn, ALLways punctuated SOME word in each sentence. She had green highlights in her hair, three rings in her lower lip and a tattoo on her chest that peeked out over her tank top.

Dee was serving up fat slices of coconut cream pie, and we all carried our plates into the living room. What the Roommates called “the living room” was actually two large rooms — one of them having once been the formal dining room. Over the years they had collected various couches, love seats and easy chairs that did not match and these were arranged in a maze of clusters that made the place look like a used furniture store. The space looked even bigger than it was because the walls were covered by dozens of antique mirrors with ornate carved plaster frames. None of them matched, but were assembled by shape like puzzle pieces with only two or three inches of exposed wallpaper between them.

This meant, of course, that I could see myself from a choice of angles as I maneuvered through the maze to take a spot on a leather sofa, exulting in the first cool touch of leather against my bare bottom.

We talked and drank and I must admit I got rather hammered. I have no recollection of who said what we talked about — except for those lovely moments when my nudity was mentioned. I remember we all got up and danced when certain songs came on, and I would watch myself dancing in the mirrors. I remember hugging everyone before I went up to bed, exhaustion and rum catching up with me. I remember flopping onto my narrow little bed, and I remember that it only took about five seconds for me to have an orgasm. And I remember being very, very happy.

I woke up with a bit of a headache that Sunday — but also with a smile as I recalled the previous night. I could smell bacon and coffee and hear the voices of public radio mixed with the occasional laugh that I recognized as Dee’s. Stopping only to pee and brush my teeth, I scampered happily down to the kitchen.

“Morning, Sunshine,” Dee said. “Looks like you can handle your liquor better than this one.” She was talking about Shelly, who sat at the kitchen table holding her head.

“Stop talking so loud,” Shelly groaned.

“Molly, you help yourself now. They’s plenty.”

Shelly squinted at me and said, “looking at you helps. Did I tell you last night how good you look naked?”

“Shel,” Bea warned. “She don’t want to hear that talk.”

“Yes she does. Don’t you, Molly?”

“You did compliment me last night,” I said demurely, not quite answering her question. “Several times. But I don’t mind.”

I was famished and gladly made myself a plate and sat down at the table. Meantime two or three more Roommates had come downstairs in various stages of hangover. By now of course, it was normal for me to be naked in the kitchen first thing in the morning, but the Roommates still gave me nice looks to show they appreciated me.

So I was enjoying another naked breakfast, but I was formulating bigger plans for the day. It was my day off from school and work and I had no obligations that would take me out of the house, so I decided to try to remain continuously naked the entire day.

Molly and the Roommates, Chapt. 4

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So I made it my goal to remain nude constantly the whole day until the next morning. It was Sunday and I didn’t have to go anywhere, but I did have a paper I needed to write so when I was done eating breakfast I went back upstairs to get my laptop and brought it back down. Not only was I going to stay naked all day, I decided, but I was going to spend as much time as possible downstairs where everyone could see me.

For the next hour, I worked at the kitchen table as the rest of the roommates trickled downstairs. Later, I migrated into the living room where I settled on one of the comfy couches to keep working on my paper. For the next few hours I kept at it as people came and went. By early afternoon, my eyes were tired and I decided to take a break. The house was quiet and I stretched out on the couch and fell asleep.

I must have slept for a solid hour, and as I started to wake up I did what I often do when I’m still half asleep. My right hand was gliding up and down my body from the beginning of pubic hair up to the undersides of my breasts. My eyes were still closed and I had forgotten I was on a couch in the living room and not in my private little bedroom. So I was caressing myself up and down, touching a nipple, then back down again, and this time my fingers made it all the way down between. This time my hand did not come back up again and as my middle finger worked its way inside of me to became warm and wet, a little voice inside my head was asking me how come I could hear the radio so much louder than usual, and what was that clinking noise that sounded like ice cubes in a glass.

I opened my eyes and was only now fully awake, my forgotten finger still halfway inside. I lifted my head enough to look around the room, relieved at first that it appeared to be empty. But there was that little ice cube tinkle again and when I looked towards the sound I saw the figure of a man in silhouette against the backlighting from the window. I could tell he was wearing a fedora and a suit with padded shoulders.

Right about this time that little voice in my head reminded me that my finger was still in my pussy and I yanked my hand away from my crotch.

“Pardon me,” a woman’s voice said as the figure stepped forward away from the window and taking off her hat. “Don’t let me interrupt.”

She was Barbie-doll beautiful, but a vintage man’s suit and Clark Kent glasses, her blonde hair was buzzed into a dramatic flat-top. By now I was on my feet and Dee came bustling in from the kitchen.

“Oh good, you’re awake,” she said to me, and then to the woman she said, “Jaye, are you behaving yourself?”

“I was way over there the whole time,” Jaye said, gesturing at the window with her highball glass. “I could use another scotch.”

“Get it yourself,” Dee said. “Molly, this is Jaye. Jaye, this is Molly.”

Jaye stepped closer, extending her right hand. We both knew where my right hand had just been. I hurriedly wiped my wet finger on my butt cheek and held out my hand.

“Enchanted,” Jaye said, bending down with a flourish to kiss my hand, but the part of my hand her lips made contact with was the second knuckle of my middle finger.

“Now you two come help me in the kitchen,” Dee ordered and we followed her to be given little tasks. Jaye stopped to make herself another scotch first, looking like she’d just walked off the set of a lesbian version of “Mad Men.” It gave me a chance to get a look at her when she wasn’t staring back at me. Behind those glasses she had big eyes, a pert little nose and poofy lips. If Mattel ever made a “Butch Barbie,” this is what she’d look like.

I heard the front door screen slam shut and several of the Roommates trooped in, along with two other women that I’d met a couple times and liked. This was the first time they’d seen me nude, but had heard about my little coming out party the previous night. So they fussed over me a bit, giving me lots of compliments.

Before I knew it dinner was ready and I felt exultant as we all sat down at the table. Jaye took the seat to my left and we chatted through dinner. I learned she was a lawyer specializing in tech company mergers and partnerships. She didn’t actually practice law much, she told me. Mostly she found two groups of people who needed each other but didn’t know it yet, and she would get them together and broker a deal — from which she always made a nice fee.

During that conversation she rarely missed a chance to look at my body, and I did not mind that at all. Dinner included crusty dinner roles and when I bit into one crumbs fell into my lap. I giggled as I picked them out of my pubic hair, while Jaye stopped eating and watched without even pretending not to.

After dinner, as I was helping clean the kitchen, Jaye made herself another drink and ogled me the whole time. After I was done with my task I went up to her and put my hands on my hips. “And what are you looking at,” I demanded.

“I was admiring your freckles,” she replied, letting her eyes roam all over me, “trying to pick out my favorite constellation. I think it might be this one.” Here, she slowly brought her finger to my left shoulder and lightly touched my skin. Somehow I felt that touch as if it was spreading all across the surface of my body.

“Oh?” I said. “What about this one?” I put my finger on a spot on my left breast just above the nipple. “Are you sure you don't like this one better.” I probably didn’t even have freckles on that spot, but that didn’t matter to either of us.

“I think you may be right,” she replied thoughtfully and leaned down to get a closer look. “I just can’t decide.” She was slowly bringing her index finger closer and closer to my breast and I was tempted to let her touch me on that spot. Instead, I took a step backwards and held out my wine glass between us.

“Would you be a dear and fetch me some more wine, please?” We both looked at the glass, which was still half full. I quickly brought the glass to my lips and took a huge gulp, but as I tried to swallow it a little trickle escaped from the corner of my mouth, dripped onto my chest and rolled down my stomach with a cold tickle. I held my now-empty glass back out to her.

While Jaye performed her errand, I attached myself to a cluster of people and was chattering about something by the time she made it back. I accepted the glass without looking at her as I continued my story.

After that night, I felt free to go naked whenever I wanted — and I pretty much always wanted to. I would come home and walk through the kitchen, pausing to chat with whoever happened to be home. But pretty soon I would head up the back stairwell to my room to undress. On the way back down I’d stop at the bathroom to freshen up or take a quick shower, and then I’d be down in the kitchen naked in time for dinner — and often by then Jaye had arrived and our little flirtation would continue.

I was so intrigued by her. She had a fabulous wardrobe, but always wore men’s suits of one kind or another, usually with a colorful handkerchief in her breast pocket and sometimes a flower in her lapel.

Jaye liked to pick something about my body to compliment and use that as an excuse to examine that part up close. At first, she was careful to focus on the non-sexual parts. She could talk at length about the alleged perfection of my earlobes, or my belly button. Sometimes she would gently touch the spot in question, and that little touch was always electrifying. When she gently inserted the tip of her finger into my belly button it felt as though she had reached inside of me to caress parts of me normally accessed from a different direction.

My freckles were an endless source of interest for her, and one time she asked me if there was anyplace on my body where I did NOT have them.

“I don’t know,” I said. “Maybe under my arms?” I dutifully raised one arm and then the other so she could have an ultra-close look — our faces so close together we could have kissed — and I started wondering when we would.

Finding a few random freckles there, she next proposed checking the bottoms of my feet so I leaned back against the kitchen counter for support and held one leg out perpendicular to the floor as she held it up by the heel. Scooting over a chair, she and sat down so she could give the bottom of my foot a good look. But we both knew that as she did this she was also gazing up the inside of my leg to another location where I was now quite exposed. She opened her mouth, about to say something, so I gave her a warning look to tell her we would not be looking for freckles in that location.

Another night, we were just standing there talking when Shelly walked past and gave me a loud slap on the butt as she went by.

A look of delight pushed Jaye’s customary smirk aside and she whispered, “could I do that sometime?”

I laughed. “Maybe after we’ve known each other a little longer.”

“Well then,” she said, taking a sip of her scotch. “I look forward to that day.”