**My first time naked last night**

By MaiLing

Last night I was looking around on the internet and came across this site.  I couldn’t believe when I saw the pictures of Tasha walking around Grand View park naked!  I want to tell you what I did last night, but I’m not sure I’ll have the nerve to actually send it.  I’m just going to write this like a “dear diary”; I’ll decide if I should send it later.  I did write to the email address to request an account for myself, so we’ll see!   
   
I am now a junior in high school in San Francisco.  Last Spring I was sitting on a bench in Grand View Park with my boyfriend one afternoon after school looking out over the city at the Golden Gate Bridge.  This man and woman came up from behind us, and the guy said, "Excuse me?  She's going to take her clothes off and I'm going to take some pictures of her.  Is that okay?  We just wanted to warn you"!  "Sure, that's fine,” my boyfriend said.  Of course he wanted to turn around and stare but he didn't want to appear to care in front of me.  I wished he hadn’t been so bashful, because I wanted to turn around and stare too!  But I couldn’t do that if he wasn’t going to, so we both sat there and pretended to ignore what was going on behind us.   
   
She was a beautiful, light-skinned black girl.  I watched out of the corner of my eye, and sure enough, she took off all her clothes!  I couldn’t believe it.  It was one of those moments where you really really want something but you’re afraid to on your own.  I had never thought of doing anything like that before, but watching her, the idea of being naked on top of this hill above San Francisco for the whole city to see was really exciting me!  She wandered around the park behind us as the guy took pictures, then she headed down the stairs.  I had to at least try to nudge my boyfriend.  "I want to do that," I told him, but the idiot laughed like I was joking.  (Just so you know, we’re not going out anymore!)  I told him I needed to get home anyway, and got up and went to the edge of the stairs and watched them climb down.  I couldn't believe how casual she was, walking around on the top of this giant hill completely naked.   
   
When they got to the bottom of the stairs they disappeared to the right.  I told my boyfriend I would see him later, and I ran down the stairs after them.  They reappeared (there's this dividing wall you have to go around to go down the hill) and continued to the next set of stairs.  She was just walking in the middle of the street, right past the houses.   
   
As they went down the stairs I hurried as fast as I could around the dividing wall after them.  When I got to the top of the stairway they were almost to the bottom.  There's one landing half way down, and this woman was painting a picture on the edge of the railing.  I hurried down next to her and looked over the railing toward them.  As I write this I realize that even that was a little bit bold--I was not trying to hide the fact I was fascinated by the naked woman below us!  This woman was a stranger, and at that moment I just didn’t have time to worry about being shy.  They had stopped, and the girl (Tasha, I now know) was sitting down on the bottom step with her legs spread wide open!  Even on that step the street still continues downward, so she was exposing her pussy to the whole neighborhood while the guy pointed his camera between her legs and snapped.  I couldn’t believe it.  I couldn’t believe how brazen she was, and I couldn’t believe how much seeing that turned me on.  He took several more pictures, then she got up, continued naked down the middle of the street for a few more feet, and finally reached a car.  She climbed into the passenger seat, still completely naked, and he got in beside her, and they drove away.   
   
I looked over at the painter who looked back at me.  “Pretty hot, huh?” she said.  “Uh, yeah!” I replied.  “Are you going to put them in your painting?”  She laughed but shook her head no.   
   
It was about 5PM.  I made my way home for dinner with images of naked Tasha swimming in my head.  When I got there Mom was just starting to put dinner on the table.  “You’re late!” she yelled at me in Chinese.  Dammit!  The whole way home I had anticipated locking myself in my room and masturbating but now I couldn’t!  I tried to put it out of my mind and sat down to eat with my mom and dad and dumb younger sister.  Dinner finally ended.  I waited till I was sure my sister was going into the living room to watch TV.  Our house is small, just two bedrooms in the upstairs, so my sister and I share a room.  I ran up to my room and closed the door and threw myself on the bed and imagined it was me sitting there on the steps with my legs spread open while the guy took pictures of my pussy.  I always have to be fast when I have the chance.  I unbuttoned my jeans and pushed my hand down to my pussy.  I couldn’t believe how wet I was.  Wow, Tasha had really turned me on!  I made myself come, went to the bathroom to clean up and change my panties, then sat down at my desk to do my homework.   
   
I masturbated again before going to sleep, while my sister was brushing her teeth, and many times more over the next few days, but eventually I forgot about it, and didn’t think about it again for the rest of the year.

Until last night!  I can’t even explain the powerful wave of excitement that slammed into me when I saw the pictures of Tasha standing there in the park!  It was about eight o’clock when I found the site.  My sister Heather was again downstairs watching TV.  (She likes her American name better, but I like my Chinese name, Mai Ling, better.  Neither of those are our real names.)  I spent the next hour clicking on every one of the pictures on the homepage.  There are so many girls walking around naked in San Francisco!  It was unbelievable how they have walked places that I’ve been.  I kept thinking with amazement, I’ve stood on that very corner before, and here she is naked!   
   
I finally reached the end of the pictures.  I even clicked on “Sign up here,” but obviously I can’t sign up to a porn site with my mom’s credit card!  But then I found the message boards.  Candace’s story is amazing, and the woman who takes her clothes off at the mall?  Fortunately it was Saturday night, so I knew my sister would be watching TV for a while.  I spent three hours reading the stories (and yes, I masturbated twice while sitting there at my computer) before my mom yelled at me to go to sleep.   
   
At 1AM I still hadn’t slept a wink.  I wished I lived next to the park where Tasha had been.  It’s isolated up there, at night I thought no one would be able to see anything.  I wanted to just walk there, retrace her steps and imagine what it would have been like to be her.  But it’s a 20 minute walk to the park.  I had never snuck out of the house before.  I wasn’t really that worried about doing it, but 20 minutes each way, I would be gone a long time.  I was worried somehow someone would realize I wasn’t there.   
   
But what was really frustrating was the stupid house we live in!  My sister was right there just a few feet from me sleeping.  I could hear her breathing, and her back was to me, but still she was way to curious about me.  If I got past her, my parents’ room was at the other end of the hall, right at the top of the stairs.  I had to go right by it to get downstairs, and they always kept their door open.   
   
I was wearing a t-shirt and my panties.  I slowly, slowly, trying not to let the bed creak at all, lifted my knees up to my chest and slid my panties over my hips and off my feet.  I dropped the panties in a ball on the floor.  Even this was daring, because they would be the first thing my sister saw if she turned over.  That just added to my excitement.  I sat up and sat there, my bare ass on my sheets, staring at my sister’s slim back.  If I could stand up without waking her, I thought I could make it to the door.  Only creaking once or twice I did get to my feet, and I waited for any movement from my sister.  Nothing.  I masturbate all the time, and had even done it at night with my sister asleep in the next bed on occasion, but this was completely different.  Those times I just wished she weren’t there.  This time, I realized, I was excited BECAUSE she was there!  The possibility of her suddenly turning over made my stomach tingle unbearably.  I had to force myself to stop breathing so hard.   
   
Rather than waiting till I was downstairs, I pulled my shirt up over my head as I stood there just feet from my sleeping sister.  My heavy, long hair fell back onto my bare shoulders, and I was naked in the middle of my room for the first time ever with my sister almost close enough to touch.  I had of course been naked in my room before, changing clothes, or rarely when for some reason all three of them were out of the house, but my sister had never seen me naked, yet here I was right next to her!  I dropped my shirt on my bed and looked over at the door.  Shit!  I had completely forgotten that of course our door was closed!  That was just stupid.  For some retarded reason I had been imagining tiptoeing directly out into the hall.   
   
As I’m writing this I realize it didn’t even occur to me to just put my shirt back on; all I thought was more danger as I tried to open the door quietly.  I stepped softly to the door and put my hand on the knob and looked one more time at my sister, still asleep.  I paused waiting to hear her breathe, then turned the knob and slowly pulled it open.  I had never been in the hallway naked before.  Even when I was alone in the house, the most I would do is look at myself in the mirror or lay on my bed naked to masturbate before getting dressed again.  Here I was naked, my sister just a few feet behind me, and the door to my parents room, open, just down the hall in front of me.  I was trembling with excitement.   
   
Everyone was still asleep.  I glanced at my clock, it was 1:30AM already!  It had taken me 30 minutes just to get to the door.  I stepped out into the hall.  The bathroom was on my left, and I thought if I heard anyone I could barricade myself inside and claim cramps or something--but that wouldn’t explain my panties balled up on the floor next to my bed.   
   
From here I could hear both my parents snoring lightly, and I tiptoed quickly to the top of the stairs.  Their door was directly at the end of the hall on the left side, and the stairs were on the right.  Their bed is visible as you walk toward the room, but then when you get around to the stairs you are to the side of the door.  As I walked nakedly toward them I could dimly see my mom’s sleeping shape under the covers.  I hurried past the door and paused with my back against the wall.  I listened, and heard them still snoring.  I had made it!  I was safe where I was, but at the same time in the most dangerous position so far, because if someone did stir I had nowhere to go.  If I heard my parents move now, I would have to run downstairs and hope they didn’t find me.  I realized I had left the door to my room open!  It was too late now.

I felt the cool wall against my ass and my shoulders.  I couldn’t believe I was naked in the middle of my house in the middle of the night with my parents and sister all just a few feet away.  If anything happened now, a loud car door slammed outside, I would be dead.  At the bottom of the stairs I could see light from a streetlight coming through the window in the front door, leaving a crisscross pattern of shadows on the tiles of the front hallway.   
   
With my hand on the wall but not the banister, which is a little bit creaky, I crept down the stairs, trying as best I could to avoid the creaks, but that is truly impossible.  By going slowly I kept the sound to a minimum.  Then I was at the bottom of the stairs, standing in the pool of light.  The tiles were cool against my feet, and looking down I could see my naked body clearly.  My boobs, my stomach, the top of my pussy, my legs, all naked in the streetlight!   
   
This felt amazing!  To my right was the living room, and beyond that the dining room and kitchen.  I went into the living room and sat in the recliner, then moved to the sofa.  I stretched out on the sofa and looked at the TV, imagining I could just watch it naked.  Then I went into the dining room and the kitchen.  I wanted to be naked in every room.   
   
I went back to the front door and looked out.  The street I live on is like a long square canyon.  It is really long, with almost no intersections, no trees, very few cars, no yards.  Just a square canyon, road and sidewalk on the bottom, unbroken walls of two-story row houses on the sides.  I wished I could be naked in the park like Tasha, but it’s too far away.  I have to walk five minutes just to get to the road that goes out of the neighborhood.  There are two or three other roads that come onto my street, but they just make little u-turns and end up right back on my street.  Once I get to the big road, then it’s about a 15 minute walk to the park.  I’m not saying I was contemplating walking there naked!  I was just picturing the park itself in my head, being naked there high above the city like Tasha had been.   
   
Was that it?  I’d been naked all through my house.  No one had woken up.  It felt like I had accomplished a lot, but I didn’t want to go back to bed yet.  My neighborhood is very quiet.  There might only be three or four cars pass by the whole night.  The patch of road right outside my front door was completely quiet,  The house across the street dark.  The front door, because if the weather stripping, would be much harder to open quietly.  But worse than that I’d have to turn off the alarm.   
   
I pushed the first button of our code, which of course beeped loudly.  To my ears I thought sure they would hear upstairs.  I listened quickly, but really not that long, then hit the other three buttons in succession.  I winced and pressed my hands over the pad to try to stifle the long clear beep that signaled the alarm was off.  I stepped back to the bottom of the stairs to listen for any movement.  The thing to do was open the door quickly.  I turned the knob and yanked it past the weather stripping.   
   
My naked body was hit with a blast of cold San Francisco night.  This felt completely different, and amazing.  It’s hard to describe.  I was still entirely inside house, and the door was opened a crack.  But even so, I suddenly felt “the outside” on my naked body.  I was right there, naked, in the night.  The air was damp and cold on my skin.   
   
I craned my neck to listen for any movement.  I pushed the door and stepped back, so it swung slowly open on its own, while I stood there to slowly be exposed naked to the outside world.  I was sweating despite the cold, breathing hard, my knees felt a little weak.  It was the best thing I’ve ever felt.  Then the door was wide open and I stood there in the doorway, the sidewalk just a step away.   
   
I peeked out and looked up and down the street.  A light breeze moved my hair and brushed my nipples.  The street was completely quiet.  My senses were on fire, I felt like I would be able to hear a raccoon a hundred yards away.  Nothing moved at all.  There’s a streetlight directly in front of our front door.  I ran out, touched it, and ran back to the doorway.  Heather and my room is in front, so I was directly below the bay window overhanging the front door.  I couldn’t believe it, I was naked!  I walked slowly back out onto the sidewalk and looked up and down the quiet street.  I was standing naked on my street!  I turned all the way around once, then came back inside and closed the door.   
   
I was sweating and cold at the same time.  I looked over at the living room and the sofa, and stretched myself out once again on it, the cloth clinging to my sweaty back.  No one upstairs had awoken the whole time.  I was now lying on the sofa in the middle of our living room.  I put one leg up on the back of the sofa, the other foot down on the floor, spreading my pussy wide open and put my hand between my legs.  I was so wet!  I rubbed the wetness all over between my legs and slid my whole hand up and down over the whole thing.  I felt my orgasm begin in no time, and I came hard right there in the middle of my living room while my parents and sister slept above me.  I was still sweating so I couldn’t tell where the sweat ended and the pussy juice began, but I stood up leaving the whole sofa damp.  I imagined it would dry by morning.   
   
I crawled back up the stairs, and stayed on my hands and knees as I crawled back to my room.  I was aware of my naked ass sticking into the air as I crept along.  The door to my room was still open, and I crawled to my bed.  I put my panties and t-shirt back on, not being nearly as careful as before to be quiet, and slid under the sheets.   
   
My sister woke me up this morning as she was getting dressed.  I pretended I was still asleep and watched her through half-closed eyes until she left.  It was only 7AM.  My parents wouldn’t expect me to be up for another couple hours.   
   
So that’s it!  I jumped out of bed and turned on my computer.  Sometime last night they responded and now I have an account on the message boards!  I wrote this whole thing.  I thought I would be unsure if I could really post this, but the truth is, I realize, I knew as soon as I saw I have an account that I would.  I’m going to copy and paste it in right now.

Oh my god, I can’t believe I did it.  I am so turned on and scared right now!  Honestly I think I am more scared about writing this in public than I was about going to the sidewalk last night!  I told everyone I masturbate!  I am really speechless.  I am scared to death and excited as hell also.  I can feel how I am blushing.  Well, I’ve done it now.  This forum is amazing.  All the stories I’ve read have said how great it is to share your story; they’re right.  What if someone from school reads it?!  What if they know it’s someone they know, but can’t figure out who?  What if someone at school asks me if it’s me?!  I’ve thought about it.  My old boyfriend will of course know immediately, but I don’t think he’ll ever see it.  I know for a fact he never told anyone about what we saw last year.  Well, it’s too late now.  E., if you do see this, don’t tell anyone!   
   
I can’t believe you guys will be reading this story about me being naked and touching myself.  I am so excited right now.  I’m going to tell you one more thing.  I’m going to masturbate again right now!