[Naked Around the Guys](http://nudeinpublicstories.blogspot.com/2008/12/naked-around-guys.html)

Well, it's been a week and I've got a pretty good routine  
and haven't had any real problems. I've made friends  
with nearly everyone and have been going nude in the  
dorm virtually all of the time except when I'm dressed to  
go out or have just come back -- and even then I sometimes  
get undressed before I make it all the way to my room.  
  
One thing I've known from the beginning is that sooner or  
later I'd have to deal with whether to be naked around guys.  
Technically, they're allowed to be upstairs between noon and  
7 p.m. and down in the lobby until 11. But the only part of that  
anyone tries to enforce is guys actually sleeping over or guys  
being inside the dorm unescorted by a resident female. Other  
than that no one cares. Emily said it was kinda like me going  
naked. Technically I'm not supposed to, but no one will bother  
telling me not to unless someone complains about me (like those  
Christian girls potentially). So I'm certainly not going to be the  
bitch who complained about boyfriends being in the dorm after hours.  
  
A guy saw me naked on my very first night in the dorm  
but it was just a brief across-the-room thing. Since then I've  
bumped into a few in the hallways and downstairs. They've  
always been with a girl I know and so far the encounters have  
been brief, like standing there for two minutes being introduced  
and saying hi and nice meeting you. But STILL. Try doing that  
naked. It feels like a lot longer than two minutes lemme tell ya.  
  
BUT ... I did it and it was fine. And actually it was fun -- though at  
least one of my girlfriends was a bit annoyed. I talked to her later,  
afraid she was mad at me, but she said she was only mad at him for  
the way he totally ignored her while being flirty with me (which is SO  
not cool). But I was relieved that she wasn't blaming me too, which  
she wasn't.  
  
My "going out wardrobe" still needs some work. I've modified some  
tee shirts, but my only preferred bottoms right now are my three little  
skirts and the multicolored undies Amy contributed. I did a little  
running the other day while wearing the yellow panties and ribbed  
sleeveless white tee shirt that I'd cut short.  
  
I ran a couple miles and it was humid so I got pretty sweaty and as  
I approached the student center plaza I stopped running and just  
walked thru the plaza catching my breath. It was crowded with lots  
of people sitting around on benches and on the plaza steps in the sun.  
There was plenty of skin on display besides mine (In fact, I've been  
told that supposedly in this plaza girls sometimes go topless but I  
haven't seen it yet. I'll do it myself once I'm sure it's okay.)  
  
But as I was waking through this crowd I could tell lots of guys were  
checking me out. One thing about these cotton panties that make  
them different from bathing suit bottoms is that when the fabric  
gets wet it really clings to your skin so I figured I probably had a  
major wedgie on display, which was fine with me.  
  
I always cut through the student center on my way to the dorms and  
when you go in that main door you feel the air conditioning hit you  
and you see yourself in a big mirror along one wall. Being sufficiently  
vain to do so I watch myself approach the mirror and check myself  
out as others just did outside. And it's only then that I realized that  
it wasn't just my butt I was showing off but my front as well. Not only  
had the yellow fabric become pretty transparent when wet, but I had  
a very noticeable "frontal wedgie" as well (if ya know what I mean!)  
  
I resisted the temptation to adjust myself and walked on through the  
crowded hallway to the rear door and on from there to my dorm.  
  
I ran a little more from there and was pretty sweaty again when I got  
inside the dorm. I went straight to one of the bathrooms, stripped  
off and got in the shower to rinse off. There's liquid bodywash in all  
the showers so I only need my own products once a day and just use  
what's there for my extra showers.  
  
I rinsed out my sweaty things and carried them and my running shoes  
back to my room, dripping wet as I walked because I had no towel.  
  
As I came back to my room I heard voices and as when I opened the  
door I saw not just Amy, but also Steph, who had come by to visit . . .  
with her boyfriend, Tony.  
  
Although Steph has not been sleeping here I've seen her almost every  
day this week and I met Tony a couple times outside the dorm. So  
he'd seen me in skimpy clothes and knew I was a nudist and I'd told  
Steph it would be okay to bring him over whenever she wanted. So I  
knew this was going to happen, I just didn't know when. Even so I was  
surprised and a little flustered to have him suddenly there in the room.  
  
But I kept my cool and just said "Hey Tony. Nice to see you."  
  
"It's a lot nicer to see you," he said with a grin, checking me out with  
a glance up and down. "That's a good look for you."  
  
"My favorite outfit," I said (a line I use a lot), glancing at Steph's face  
to make sure she was okay with this degree of flirting, but Tony was  
already checking in with her, unlike that other guy who ticked off his  
girlfriend.  
  
"I see you're going for the smoothie look," Steph exclaimed. "When  
did you do that?"  
  
"Um, a few days ago."  
  
"Very sexy, don't you think, Tony?"  
  
Okay, that was a little more attention than I wanted. Fortunately I had  
to dry my hair so I did that in front of the mirror while the three of  
them sat back down and talked. I stopped the drier a couple times to  
join in the conversation and then when I was all done I plopped down  
on my desk chair and we sat around talking for an hour or so. The  
subject of my nudity came up a couple of times, but just as part of the  
conversation of what we'd all been doing that week. Steph quizzed me  
about it more than Tony did, but I think he liked hearing about it.  
  
When they were getting ready to leave, I walked them down the stairwell  
to the side doorway and even stepped a few feet outside on the sunny  
concrete landing and I hugged them both goodbye and stood there in  
the sun watching them go down the steps. A guy on a bike rode by  
and slowed down to look at me. I waved at him and turned back into  
the building, feeling great but wishing I could have just walked out  
into the sun naked.