**Naked Dream Becomes Reality**

by Katie

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 1 (repost)**

I had just arrived home from dropping the kids off at school and I had stopped at the coffee shop. I entered my apartment and stopped short. He is sitting on my couch, wearing a beautiful suit looking gorgeous, with several boxes sitting on the floor next to him. "Good morning Katie; take your position."

Immediately I drop to my knees, and drop my face downwards so I can only see his shoes, shocked that he is here in my apartment, in my real life, not just my online life, wishing I had dressed up instead of wearing these tight compression shorts and running jacket and jogging bra. I wished I had done my hair better, instead of pulling it into a ponytail.  "So, I see that you are surprised to see me. Well, you've been begging to be naked like Tami so I decided to make it happen for you. Remove your clothes now."  Shaking I did as commanded. Removing my sneaks and socks then unzipping my jacket and removing it. I didn't know what to take off next but decided on my top, pulling my sports bra up over my head and dropping it in a pile on the floor. I then pulled my shorts and panties at once and knelt there naked and so embarrassed.  "You are as beautiful as you described. Of course I had already seen you online on your profiles but in person you are gorgeous. And of course you look way better naked than wearing clothes. You have truly made a good decision."  I looked at the boxes. They were all taped shut except one.  "Put your clothes in that box."  I did as commanded and watched as he sealed it shut.  "That is the last of your clothes." He sees my eyes get big and laughs. "That's right. These are all of your clothes. I have cleaned out your closet and your dresser drawers. The only clothes in your closet are your husband's and your wedding dress. Figured you'd want to save that."  He stands and walks over to a family photo hanging on the wall. There I was, sitting in my 4th of July dress, sitting demurely with my knees tightly to prevent seeing up my skirt. On my lap is my youngest daughter Erin. To my right is my husband Tommy and standing on either side of us are our twin 6 year olds Tina and Tara. Our oldest Shannon is sitting crosslegged in the ground in front of us. This photo, taken at our city's 4th of July parade this year, had been a favorite of mine and was now blown up and hanging in our living room.  "What a beautiful family katie, beautiful. How do you feel knowing that this will be the last photo you ever take with your family wearing clothes?"  I was shaking in fear but also in incredible arousal. I knew better than to answer his question. It was not meant to answer. Tears flowed from my eyes and down my cheeks.  "Shhh, shh, there there katie, don't cry," he says softly, wiping my cheeks. "Something tells me that your cheeks are not the only part of your body getting wet." He reaches between my legs and rubs my sex and I moan. He is right...I am soaked.  He grabs my arm, while keeping his other hand between my legs, and directs me over to the couch and he sit me there, spreading my legs. "May I?" I nod and he slides a finger in, then a second while leaning in to suck on my nipples. I moan immediately, knowing that he is going to take me where I want to go. Continuing to rub my sex, he leans in and lick my lips and I arch my hips, wanting more friction. He slides in and out, in and out, sucking and fingering me over and over until I come hard and loudly, screaming out my orgasm. In no time, he does it a second time and then a third before I collapse. He slides his fingers out and wipe them on my face, under my nose so I can smell myself.  "Back to your position."  On shaky legs, I go over to where he points and drop to my knees.  "So, I did some research. Apparently, you can declare yourself a nudist in your state. I took the liberty to fill out the forms. You need to take them to the DMV to get certified and then get new IDs."  I took the papers, not believing what was happening.  "I have prepared emails to send to your friend and family and your kids' school explaining your decision. You are on your own with your husband and children. Good luck with that."  I continued shaking, unsure how to proceed.  "So, you have no choice but I will give you one out. In five minutes, your door will buzz and the delivery guys will be here to pick up your clothes. If you send them away, you can continue living your life. But then I am out of your life forever and you will have closed the door on the opportunity to live the life that you desire. Let them in and the decision is made. You get to decide."  We stayed in silence, him sitting on the couch in his expensive suit, me naked kneeling on the floor. Suddenly the door buzzes. "Answer it or not #6."  I couldn't decide what to do. Finally, I got to my feet and walked to the buzzer. "Yes?"  "Yeah, Mrs. Irwin, your delivery guys are here. Should I send them up?"  I looked at him as he stares at me, waiting to see what I chose. "Yes, send them up."

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 2 (repost)**

From His Point of View:
The thought of the delivery guys climbing the stairs to your apartment, the sound of their shoes muffled through the door as you stand there naked and exposed anxiously waiting for them to knock… your heart pounding with anticipation as every second feels like an eternity, but you’re too high on adrenalin to think clearly to realise what you’re doing... how permanent your decision is, and each time your subconscious even tries to scream to remind you it just makes you more aroused, fogs your mind even more, makes it harder and harder to think about anything but the moment… the air on your totally naked body… how you’re never going to wear clothes again…   And when they knock you turn to me and I simply stare sternly at you, our eyes meeting as I nod to the floor and you slip to your knees again before opening it.

The shocked sounds of the delivery guys when they see your gorgeous naked body, kneeling with your thighs spread wide like a good girl, eyes downcast. The chilled air from the staircase washes over you as you kneel there on the mat as the delivery guys snicker in surprise.

“Mrs Irwin? We uh… you um… have a pick up for us?” They ask, trying to remain professional, but if you glance up you’ll immediately see their erections straining through their pants. I’m almost tempted to make you blow each of them as a thanks for taking your clothes away but I resist.   “I um… y-yes…” you say bewildered and overwhelmed, your skin flushed pink as you stand, your naked body totally on display and point towards the boxes so clearly labelled with ‘katie’s clothes’.

You can feel me staring at you, knowing I’ll punish even the slightest sign that you try to cover yourself.

“Just these boxes?”

You nod, mutely and I cough firmly, our eyes meet again and I speak low and slowly, “Tell them what’s in the boxes katie, tell them to throw them away”   Y

our cheeks flush; you can’t say it out loud! But you feel the humiliation rushing through your body, like a deafening roaring in your ears as you speak timidly, “I…its… it’s all my clothes… p-please… throw them all away… give them to charity… b-burn them even… I… I just can’t wear clothes anymore…”

The delivery guys start picking up the boxes, their eyes fixed to you the entire time in disbelief, both obviously trying to commit every little detail of your naked body to memory so they can think about it later. Of course they can’t take them all, and they make more than one trip, your apartment door left open each time they leave; you stuck standing in the hallway knowing any of your neighbours could catch you any moment…

“Take the last box yourself katie…” I tell you firmly, standing up and walking over to you, slipping my fingers over your sopping wet pussy delicately again and then spanking your ass lightly, sending you out the door into the public hall with the last box of your clothes in your hands. You have no clothes left, not even shoes or socks and as you descend the stairs you can feel the burning shame of your nakedness. Anyone could see you out here now, all it would take is one of the doors to open suddenly and they’d see every intimate inch of you!   You walk down to reception, the woman from the buzzer before gasps as she sees you walking by with your box, your entire body on display to her. You can see her eyes are wide in shock and she sits frozen in total disbelief before a quite, “Mrs…. Mrs Irwin?” escapes her mouth… you’ll have to explain your new dress-code to her too…

You step out into the bright sunshine, your nakedness basking in the day, your bare feet immediately hot and dirty on the rough asphalt as you walk over to the truck the delivery guys are loading. They leer at you as you cross the parking lot, not even helping take the box from you, making you climb on board just so they can watch you spread your pussy wide trying to climb up. And you put your final box of clothes with the rest and step back down… knowing that was the last time you’d ever own clothes, ever have clothing that belonged to you anywhere near you and as you watch the truck driving away you cry as the sudden panic sets in… what have you done?! All your clothes, GONE! In that truck driving away… you’re naked, outside, in public! And you’re going to be like this for the rest of your life! Imagine the car honks… the shame… rushing back inside and whimpering as you climb back up the stairs to your apartment…

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 3 (repost)**

For the school principal:

Dear Mr. Williams,

I am writing to inform you of a life decision I have made that I hope, when seen, does not cause concern or alarm amongst school staff or other parents.

You may be unaware that in this state there are legal and religious protections for individuals that wish to register as full-time permanent nudists, and I have chosen to do so. This option has not been pursued by any individual since 1968, and I have chosen to be the first since that time.  By doing so I have made it illegal for me to wear any clothing at any time, a state imposed sanction to prove my validity as a nudist, and I will be permanently naked from now on.

Please be informed that I am within my rights to attend teacher conferences, PTA meetings and pick up and drop off my children from school in the nude. Any attempts to make special arrangements for me I will resist as being discriminatory, and I must therefore insist that you continue to enforce a treatment on me that is identical to any other parent of children at this school. I will continue to attend all school functions and I do not believe this will impact on my children's schooling in any way.   If you wish to distribute a letter to other parents informing them of my choice to be naked permanently please do so.

Your understanding is appreciated, if you have any questions regarding my choice to register as a nudist please contact me.

Kind regards,  Katie Irwin

For my parents:

Dear Dad,

I am writing this letter because I know to say what I have to tell you out loud would be too difficult and, if I tried to tell you in person you would see me and I wouldn't be able to warn you first. There is no easy way for me to tell you, and I hope that you can continue to love and support me as you always have.   I have registered as a nudist with the state and I will be naked for the rest of my life.

Please do not be alarmed or upset, it is my choice and I have spent years in denial of what I truly believe. I have come to believe that, for me, modesty is a sin and I shouldn't cover myself, or allow myself to be covered any more.

I want you to know that I will continue to lead a normal life; the protection offered by registering with the state allows me to live freely in public without it affecting me in any way.

I only hope you can support me, as you always have, and help me to stick to my vow of never being covered with anything. I hope we can still come for thanksgiving, the kids and Tommy will be in their best even if I will be naked. I would respectfully ask that you keep any clothing, sheets or towels away from me so that I won't be tempted to cover myself.  I love you, and I hope you can still love me, and accept me and my decision. This is who I am and I can't hide myself any more.

Your daughter always and forever,
Katie

For Facebook:  Please don't be shocked by the picture with this post, yes that is me, completely naked. I no longer own any clothing and as of this afternoon I have registered as a permanent nudist, so I won't be wearing clothes ever again. For a long time I have felt uncomfortable wearing clothing, I kept it a secret but I can't hide it any longer, I have come to realize that my modesty is a sin. I need and beg you as my friends for your support, I know there will be difficult times in the future when I may ask or beg some of you to help me get dressed, or that I might show modesty as I learn to adjust, I hope you can help me get through those moments of self-doubt by making sure I stick to my vow to stay naked always and forever. Please don't ever tempt me or give me clothes, and I can only ask that you try to treat me as you always have. If you have any questions leave them in the comments and I can explain more, love katie.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 4 (NEW)**

For a long time after he left I sat there, not believing what had just transpired in my life. Two hours ago, I was running errands like any other mom who had a few hours free from her kids, i.e., wearing clothes. Now I sat there on a chair on my apartment’s deck completely nude with no clothes to put on, now or ever. What the hell had happened?

I had never met him in person before today but there was no doubt the power he held over me. He had been giving me commands online and I followed, even without him present. So many times I have been forced to pleasure myself or expose myself at his command. We had bonded over a public nudity story site, two stories in particular: The Unintentional Nudist and Mailgirls. In the first one, a young girl named Tami Smithers had been forced into nudity to avoid losing her scholarship. Tami was a true favorite of mine…I love her so. Her vulnerability and her deep well of shame were always just enough to put me over the top and make me cum. Mailgirls was a series of stories about women forced to work naked in a company delivering the mail. There was something about this series that made me so turned on…I imagined myself in their place, running from floor to floor, barefoot, naked and shamed. Each of these stories involved girls who had done something to entrap themselves but then could not get out…much like what was happening to me.

I sat there looking at the papers that he had filled out for me. Pulling out my laptop (on my bare lap!), I went on the Internet to do some research. He was absolutely right…back in the late 1960s, the state legislature had passed a bill that gave nearly every religious belief the right to have them. Nudism had been added but it was hard to see how many nudists had taken them up on it. I had only found one article from the 90s that discussed it from a nudist organization magazine. The article was about how they had been granted the right to exist as a camp in 1967 and said that a few members had declared themselves permanent nudists and had registered with the state. But all of them lived at this camp with other nudists…I could find no mention of anyone living as a permanent nude among the regular population.

This was crazy, I thought. Yes, I had lost my mind and went along with that crazy man because he was in my head but this was ridiculous. I don’t have to go through with it. Of course, it sucked that my clothes were gone but I could grab something from her husband and put it on. Then I can explain what happened to him and ask for his forgiveness. Of course he would be pissed but that was small price to pay to avoid the embarrassment of being permanently naked.

I got to my feet, feeling the cool concrete of the deck beneath them and hurried into our bedroom. On the closet door was an envelope with her name on it.

“Katie, I hope that you aren’t considering changing your mind. Think of Tami’s wonderful adventures…or our Mailgirls. SR”

Behind that were photos that Sir had created of our favorite scenes, scenes that we had discussed and I had cum over and over again. Still, being naked was too much for me to manage and I was going to do put clothes on anyway. Then I saw another envelope.

“Oh Katie, I was hoping that it wouldn’t come to this. If you are really going to go against my wishes, then your husband will receive the following photos in his email.”

I gasped as I saw images of my naked body, fingering myself, bringing myself off with dildos, putting myself into bondage, spanking my bottom. All images that I had sent him while thinking he was safe. Tears started to flow as realized how silly I had been.

“Katie…I will also insinuate that we have been having sex for quite some time. I am not sure how your husband will handle that but I would think that most men would have a problem with that.”

I felt myself shaking, imaging Tommy leaving her after accusing her of an affair…of course today was the first time they had met in person but there was no denying the cheating.

“So your decision is simple little one…lie to your husband about why you are naked and live your life as I have commanded or tell him the truth and hope to God that he doesn’t leave you. What will you choose? I am sure that I will soon find out. Remember, I am always watching! SR”

My whole body sagged. I am positive that I have no choice. I will need to be the nudist as he commanded. I will need to go down and register as a permanent nudist. I have no choice. Like Tami and those damn Mailgirls, I am stuck.

I called my sister to see if she could get the girls from school so I could talk to Tommy alone. This would not be easy but maybe I could find a way to explain it so he could really believe that it was my idea. Like Tami in all of those interactions with the Dean, I would have to be believable.

Into the kitchen, I began to cook dinner, noticing how strange it was to do something so normal in the nude. I was careful to avoid hot surfaces as I put the meal into the oven and was extra careful while slicing the vegetables. Going to the freezer for the meat had been a shivering experience and I wondered how I would get through winter. At least now the weather was warmish but still I was cold at night even in long sleeves and pants…how would I stay warm barefoot and naked?

Dinner was ready and the time when Tommy arrived home was almost here. I was so nervous…how would I greet him? Kneeling at the front door might be a little much? Perhaps act like nothing was going on? Maybe I could act really horny and convince him to have sex with me? Then I could ease into telling him, post-orgasm? Most men are more accepting after a good orgasm right?

I heard the key in the door and knew the moment was at hand. Tommy opened the door and saw me standing there, naked as the day I was born.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 5 (NEW)**

They had eaten in silence and I had wondered if I should have gone with the sex plan. Tommy was not understanding or accepting my reasoning.

“Why would you do this? I don’t get it.”

“I just feel called to be naked,” I said, trying to talk my way into an answer. “I’ve been thinking about it for a while now, doing research. Today just felt like the day.”

“Why didn’t you talk to me about it? This is a really drastic decision Kate. We should have discussed this first.”

I had no answer for that so I sat there quietly, pushing the food around my plate. I had no appetite as my stomach was full of butterflies. Tommy would take a bite of food and shake his head.

“And you just got rid of your clothes? Just like that?”

“I didn’t want to be tempted to put them on,” I said quietly. “Was easier to get rid of them.”

I felt very naked and bare, exposed her in my own kitchen. The cold, hard wood of the chair next to my bare butt and legs caused me to shiver. I was very aware of my breasts over the table, my achingly hard nipples pointing straight at my very angry husband.

“I kind of thought you’d like having me naked all the time,” I said, trying not to convey the hurt I was feeling. “You used to like seeing me naked.”

He slammed his fist down on the table. “I do like seeing you naked…I just don’t need everyone else seeing it too!”

He got up and put his dish in the sink with a hard clang and I jumped.

“You want sex, is that it,” he asked aggressively. “Stand up and lean over the table.”

“What?”

“You heard me. You want to be naked, to be a sex object, then stand up and lean on the table like I ordered.”

I shivered from the tone of his voice. This is the way I’ve always wanted to be treated…it’s why I went running to the Internet, to find a man willing to treat me like this. Now, Tommy was doing what I wanted but I wasn’t sure I wanted it.

Tentatively, with my hands shaking, I did as he commanded, pushing my plate away so I had room to lean on the table, my breasts against the table, my ass sticking up. From there, I heard the sound of him undoing his pants and I gasped as he slid his fingers against my slit. “Soaking wet,” he said sounding disgusted. Without any finesse he pushed himself into me and I groaned as the weight of his body pushed me further onto the table, my nipples and breasts now mashed into the table. He kept pushing until he was fully inside of me and grabbed my hair by the ponytail to pull my head up.

“This what you want Katie,” he said, beginning to pull out a little and then pound in again. “Is it?”

I nodded.

“Say it!”

“Yes,” I said, struggling to speak as he roughly pounded me.

“YES WHAT?”

“Yes, this is what I want.”

He thrust into me over and over and I knew there was no way to deny my orgasm. It swept over me and I cried out. It had been weeks since we had sex and longer than that since he had last given me an orgasm that it was powerful and I screamed out in pleasure and pain. Finally he grunted and I felt him fill me with his cum. After a few seconds, he let go of my hair and rested his hands on my back. Once he was finished, he withdrew and I felt some of his cum spill from me.

I didn’t move, not knowing what had come over my meek husband. Finally I heard him walk towards the front door. “I’ll go get the kids. You clean up.”

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 6 (NEW)**

The chair was freezing cold against my bare skin as I sat there waiting at the DMV. Every eye was on me but that was a given. After all, I was the only one naked.

Yes, I am Katie Irwin, about to be the newest (and probably only) registered nudist in my community. And I am not here entirely by choice.

Over the past few months, I had been having an online affair with a man who became my Master. He had sent me commands and I would comply, often sending photos or video to show that I had done what he had ordered. We had also talked about me becoming naked like two of my literary heroines, Tami Smithers and the Mailgirls. While the idea turned me on, I never expected it to happen until yesterday, when he showed up at my apartment, boxed up all of my clothes, shoes, jackets, etc. and stripped me naked. He then blackmailed me into following through, which led me here to the DMV.

Back in the 60s, my state had ruled that nudism was an accepted form of religion. Anyone who wanted to declare themselves a nudist could register with the state and live their lives in the nude. So today I made my way to the DMV to follow through or else deal with his threat to tell my husband about our affair.

Tommy had not been happy but then gave me the best orgasm of our marriage. I had worried about telling our kids but they had been very understanding. My oldest daughter had asked some questions but my answer, “I just decided that God was calling me to do this and as an adult I have the right to be a nudist,” had sufficed. For now. I had a feeling that her brain was not completely believing me but she was not ready to push it.

This morning had been my first foray into the world as a nudist. Tommy had an early morning at work so I had to drive my kids to school. Last night, I had sent emails to the principal at the school and then to the head of the preschool to let them know about my new way of life. Both had replied affirmatively and assured me that I would not be stopped in any way since the state allowed my nudity. I had hoped they would ban me from the premises and I would have a reason to tell my blackmailer that I had no choice but the two people (one woman and one man), probably worried that I would sue them, gave me permission to be a nudist on school grounds.

Dropoff at the older kids’ school was fine. I drove the minivan and they got out like normal, leaning over for kisses and hugs from their now naked mom. However, at the preschool, I had to walk her into the building and endure the open mouth stares from the other moms, including some downright scowls from some. My daughter, thankfully oblivious, just gave me a hug and said goodbye. I saw on my phone that each school had sent an email about me to the other parents explaining my situation. My phone has been buzzing but I’ve ignored it for now, not wanting to deal with it.

My arrival at the DMV had been met with equal gawking and some scowls. I had to wait in line with those there to renew their license, next to the line where people go to take their drivers test, including some truck drivers who were thanking their lucky stars to be there on this day.

When I arrived, a security guard tried to escort me out but I showed him the paperwork and explained why I was there. He shook his head but let me stay in line. The people around me had heard my explanation, including a nice older woman who said, “good for you honey. Your body is nice enough to show off.”

At the front of the line, I had to explain my situation again. This woman was shaking her head too but as if to say, “nope, you can’t do this.”

“Maam, I have worked here for 17 years and I ain’t never dealt with this before,” she said, looking at my boobs with disgust before looking at my face. “We don’t do this.”

Calmly, I showed her the form from the Website and said, “but your Website says that you do and I have filled out the form.”

In my hand is Form N649bc, a Declaration of Nudity with the state logo on it. It had been hidden deep in the recesses of the state website and I am surprised that he had found it for me. When I went to look, it took me hours to locate it, to be sure that he wasn’t making it up. Surely there was no form with that name but there it was, deep within the navigation of the state website.

“I, Kathleen L. Irwin, hereby declare myself a religious nudist and will no longer wear clothing in any and all conditions.” That was the first line plus other gobblygook about relinquishing my rights to clothing/footwear, etc., unless ordered by authorities in emergency situations, etc. Basically, if I ever wanted to wear clothes again, I had to come back here and fill out a form giving up my nudist status and they would decide if I could cover myself, etc. In a nutshell, I was screwed.

Speaking of being screwed, I have literally been screwed twice in the last 18 hours by my husband, which is twice more than we had done in the past 18 days. Sex was once a month for us and lackluster but he had gotten the job done twice. Once was at the kitchen table and then in the middle of the night, when he woke me by entering me from behind. I was surprised but came in no time, unusual for me from straight sex but there was something about being naked all of the time that made me horny.

I should also explain my sleeping situation. SR had set it up completely before he left. He split the bed in half, leaving my husband’s half (how did he know?!?) with the comforter and blanket, etc., and mine was bare. Like Tami, I would have no covering while I slept. This was not something that I thought would ever work for me. Every night (except sometimes when I was on my period and I would get hot flashes), I slept in flannel pajamas, fuzzy socks and a blanket under my comforter. How would I even begin to sleep without all that, I wondered. Would I freeze? No, and I was shocked to have fallen fast asleep. Still, Tommy had easy access and took full advantage.

“Maam, are you #27,” a kindly older woman said after tapping my bare knee.

“Oh yes, thank you, I was daydreaming,” I say, getting to my feet and walking over to the counter. The man there was having a very hard time dragging his eyes from my breasts to my face and finally just started talking while looking at them.

“So, you want to be a nudist huh,” he said. “27 years with the DMV and you’re my first. Had to consult the manual.”

He kept staring at my boobs as if waiting for me to say something but I didn’t know how to proceed. Finally he looked up at me and said, “do you have Form N649bc filled out?”

I handed him the form and he took his time looking it over. Finally he looked up at me, starting for several seconds at my breasts before continuing up to my face.

“OK, I need you to answer some questions. Bra size, when you used to wear one?”

My face got hot as I blushed. “Um, 34B.”

“OK. Pubic region: Shave, trimmed, full?”

Oh God, I thought. What kind of question is that? Are they in charge of my pubic hair too now?

“Um, why?”

“Well, the form needs it for identification.”

“And what if I change my mind?”

“Then you will have to come in and fill out a change form. Or you can wait until you are up for renewal in five years or so.”

Shit, I thought. “Shaved,” I said quietly, trying to keep everyone from hearing, though of course they all had seen her shaved mound already.

“Excuse me,” he said.

“Shaved,” I said in a regular volume.

“Good, very good. I prefer that myself,” he said, not helpfully. All I wanted to do was leave this place and go take a shower.

“OK. For the card, I will need to take a photo of you from the chest up and then a photo of your genitals and another of your anus.”

“WHAT? Why the hell would you need a photo of my, um, my anus,” I said, whispering the last word as loudly as I could.

“Not sure but that’s the format.” He turned the computer screen and there is was, a photo of the Nudist ID card. There a handsome man’s face and hairy chest were on one side with his name, address and other details (including his preference for full pubic hair). On the flip side was a photo of his genitals and his anus. Oh God, what have I gotten myself into?

“Fine,” I said, pretending not to care about what people thought. I was “choosing” to go naked anyway…who cares what this card had on it. Still, the thought of showing this to anyone was humiliating.

“OK, let’s start with your face and chest. Sit there please,” he said, motioning towards the hard-looking plastic white chair. I did as he told me to and winced as my poor bottom made contact with the cold chair.

“Look here,” he said, his eyes boring a hole in my breasts as I tried to smile as best I could despite the humiliation of the situation. When he put the image on the screen, I froze. Very clearly visible were both of my breasts, with my nipples poking right out at the camera. Oh God, I thought, this is what everyone sees of me.

“OK?” I nodded.

“Good. Now the vadge, I mean, pubic area. Can you put your feet up on the desk here and spread your legs apart so I can get a good, clear shot?”

Jesus, I thought, so mortified but being a good girl, I did as I was told and put my feet on the counter, my toes wrapping around the lips for leverage as I spread my legs as widely as I could. A gasp from the man behind the counter told me that I was spread open.

CLICK CLICK CLICK. “Ok,” he said, his macho talk from before fraying as he realized the photo he had just taken. In the life of a DMV photo taker, it didn’t get any better than this, I imagine. 27 years and I was his first…I guess he was glad he didn’t call out sick.

The image appeared on the screen and I cringed. The people sitting in the waiting chairs got a full view of my bare vagina on the screen, my pink lips slightly agape. I wanted to curl up and die but of course I was a nudist…who cares what people see? And they had seen a lot of me already…what did I care? Of course I cared deeply but could not deny the stirring in my belly. I was turned on beyond belief.

“OK, now, um, your anus, please maam,” he said. As mortifying as the vagina photo had been, this might be worse for me. I turned around and knelt on the chair, leaning over the back of the chair, my boobs hanging over. I made the mistake of looking up and seeing the entire room watching me.

“Um, spread your knees a little more please,” he said. “I can’t see your anus. Uh, can you spread your butt cheeks for me?”

I did as he asked and heard him say softly, “yes.” So creepy yet I was so turned on. CLICK CLICK CLICK. “Ok, you can turn around.”

I did and was treated to a view that I had never seen before…my own anus filling the screen. “Any preference to which one you want on the ID,” he asked and I shook my head. Finally I had to lean forward and sign the screen, accepting the photos and all of the info. Oh, and I did sign on to be an organ donor so at least something redeeming happened there.

I had to go back and wait for a few more minutes as the card took time to print. Finally, after a long 30 minutes at the DMV, I was on my way.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 7 (NEW)**

I was sitting in the minivan waiting in the carpool lane for the kids to get out of school as always. This was a daily ritual, as was my youngest sleeping in the back seat. Pretty much every week day went like this; she nearly always fell asleep after I picked her up and we went to get the other kids. But in many ways, this was not like any other day.

I was sitting in my car, buck naked, as I had for the past 24 hours or so. Yesterday morning, I had been dressed like most of the other moms: compression shorts, running jacket, sneaks, undergarments, you know, normal stuff. Today, I was barefoot, bare assed, bare titted, you name it! I was bare everything and would be for the very foreseeable future.

This situation was not by my choosing, though of course I was very involved in making it happen. I had been having an Internet affair with a Dom I met online. He and I would share fantasies about this kind of thing and I had told him that I would love for it to happen in real life. And then he made it happen.

Yesterday, while I was dropping the kids off at school, going to the gym and then running errands, he came to my house, boxed up all of my clothes, removed all of the blankets from my bed and then waited for me. All I had to do was refuse but of course I did not, or could not. Then, when I wavered, he blackmailed me. So now, to avoid him showing photos to my husband, I am a nudist.

At least this wasn’t going to be as bad as the first pick up. I had to get out at that school and then walk up to the building to get my daughter. She had asked for a hug so instinctively I bent over and hugged her, hearing several people take a breath behind me. In seconds, I crouched down to continue the hug but not be so exposed.

“Mrs. Irwin, can I speak with you a minute,” the teacher said. She was a young, energetic woman who was fantastic with my daughter. In fact, she had also taught my twins when they had been in this school.

“Yes Miss April,” I said as I entered her classroom.

“Well, I got the email this morning, and I have to say that I was really, um, surprised at the news,” she said, not looking at me. “I just didn’t peg you for this kind of thing, I guess.”

“I’m sorry if I upset anything here,” I said, feeling my cheeks get red. “Mrs. Apolino said it would be ok if I came in naked and…”

“No, it’s fine, it’s fine,” she said, not sounding at all like it was fine. “I just, um, I don’t want Erin hurt that is all.”

“OK,” I said.

“Um, if you want, I can walk her out to the car after school to, um, help you,” she said, trying to say something without saying it. “And we will have someone grab her in the morning too. Is that ok?”

I was so relieved.

“Yes, that’s fine,” I said. “It would be a big help.”

She breathed a sigh of relief. “Great…great…let’s do that.” Obviously, someone had complained about me from drop off that morning. It was most likely one of the women I saw tsking me with her coffee in hand.

Though relieved that I wouldn’t have to humiliate myself every day to pick up Erin, I was a bit pissed off, frankly. I may not have really wanted to be a nudist but they didn’t know that. Who gave them the right to decide what I could and couldn’t do? Still, not having to get out of the car did have its advantages.

While waiting for the other three, my phone buzzed. It was SR, my online master.

“How was DMV?”

“FINE…got ID.”

“PHOTO??!?”

“YES…”

“OF…??”

“Face…Boobs…Pubes…Anus.”

“OMG HA HA HA. ANUS? I saw that online and thought it was wrong. SEND PHOTO.”

Grabbing my wallet from the console of the van, I pulled out my new ID and snapped photos of it, sending it along to him.

“PUBIC HAIR PREFERENCE?!?!?! LOL”

I grimaced. He was having a lot of fun mocking me. Another text: “ANUS is so pretty…every part of you is but how humiliating!!!”

“Yes sir it was.”

“Take a photo right now and Send.”

I did as commanded, holding my right arm out to the side and taking the photo from above. It served to get my full left breast, half of my right breast plus my face, side and part of my pubic mound.

“Not enuff…send another, more explicit.”

I did as commanded…spreading my legs so my vagina was in view and also both breasts.

“PERFECT…talk later.”

I put the phone down, shaking. He was infiltrating every part of my life. Of course this was super scary but also I could not deny how turned on I was feeling. I looked over and saw the mom there looking at me in disgust…she had seen me take the selfie. No doubt, she thought I was a slut…I guess I was.

It was so weird going home and doing my normal routine but doing it naked. I cooked dinner, did the laundry (none of it was mine of course!) and vacuumed the living room, all while barefoot and naked. Bending over to empty the dishwasher was strange…I didn’t know how to bend without showing everything to all those in the room. That plus my dangling boobs was almost enough to have me ask my daughter to do it for me!

The next day was the same, without the humiliating drop off at preschool. Miss April was as good as her word and came to the curb to pick up Erin. Shannon, her oldest sister, wondered why Erin got picked up at the car…I told her that Miss April offered to do it for me.

“Is it because you’re naked?”

I wasn’t sure how to answer and finally settled on the truth. “Yes, I think so.”

Shannon looked pensive as her twin sisters sat there oblivious singing along to the radio. I wonder what she had going on in her mind. Was she embarrassed by me? I wasn’t sure if she was old enough to be weirded out by it yet but I’d have to keep my eye out.

Today’s new humiliation: food shopping. SR had thoughtfully contacted my local supermarket and informed them of my new lifestyle choice/religion. They had agreed to put aside the normal “no shoes, no shirt, no problem” rules and allow me to shop in the nude as my religious beliefs were calling me. Of course this meant more humiliation.

I arrived at the store right after school dropoff, hoping for a small crowd there. Grabbing my reusable bags from the back of the van, I began walking to the store, very conscious of the bright sunshine on my bare body and the blacktop under my bare feet. Of course, as I approached the store, a bus containing a large group of senior citizens pulled up to unload for a shopping day. Great.

Surprisingly (or not) I developed a little fan club as I made my way around the store, my bare feet feeling odd against the cold, smooth tile floors. The old men were enjoying my naked body (especially my boobs, those dirty old men!) and the ladies weren’t nearly as judgey as I expected or as the other moms had been. A few asked why I was naked and after I explained, they were very nice.

What was not very nice was having to “check in” at the office when I arrived. That was one of the stipulations of being allowed to shop naked…I had to check in when I arrived and they would appoint someone to accompany me. I wonder if the men at the store lined up for that one…some employee bonus. This time, they sent a guy from produce who seemed to enjoy sizing up my “melon.” His eyes never once saw my face…he either watched my boobs or my ass the entire trip around the store. It was so embarrassing and I would see him as I got produce or in the reflection of the frozen food aisle (which was appropriately freezing to this naked girl, by the way). My nipples, always hard now, threatened to pop out of my body and they hurt so much.

The produce man “helpfully” escorted me to the van as I unloaded and drove home. If I had let him, I am sure he would have come home and helped me unload the van too but not today thank you very much.

At our building, the guard at the desk has seen me several times over the past two days and seems to get it. SR had thoughtfully sent the manager of my building the same note as the school principals to let them know of my situation. The doormen/women were not pleased and one openly complained to me as I unloaded the groceries. I nodded and said that I understood her position but I was not sure what she wanted me to do.

“Put some clothes on,” she said dismissively and walked back to her desk. On my next trip down to the get the second batch of bags, she just glared at me. Not sure why but my nudity was very upsetting to her.

That night, life went on as normal. Tommy was watching a football game while the girls occupied themselves. The twins were working on some art project in the corner, Shannon was reading on the floor at Tommy’s feet (where she usually sat) and Erin was in the bathtub singing (loudly). We were the very picture of family bliss and normalcy except for one thing: I WAS BUTT NAKED! I felt very exposed sitting at the kitchen table working on the bills. I wondered how long we could survive without me working. Tommy was an architect and made decent money but we had always discussed me working again once the kids were settled in school. Now, who knows if could even get a job in my current state of undress.

“Kate, can I see you in the bedroom,” Tommy asked. I saw his face and I knew what that meant…he wanted sex. Having four kids in a smallish apartment did not leave us much time for alone time. Usually we waited until they went to bed but I suppose he couldn’t hold off. Good, I thought, he’s interested in me again!

“Sure,” I said, shutting down the computer. “Shan, can you keep an eye on the twins until I come back.”

“Uh-huh,” she said, not looking up from her book, as usual. This meant we would have to be quick as the twins would not be supervised very well. I turned and headed into the bedroom, just a few feet from the bathroom where our daughter played.

When I closed the door, Tommy grabbed my shoulders and pushed me to my knees. “You like being a slave, right,” he said and I nodded. “I remember you told me that. So, being naked is a subservient thing right?” Again, I nodded. “Not a religious thing?”

“Um, I think both.”

“You think both what?”

“I think both subservient and a religious calling,” my voice betraying my lie I was sure.

“No, I think both SIR. Say it right.”

Oh God, I thought. This was really happening. He was taking me as his slave after all of this time.

“I think both, SIR.”

“Good. Now suck me off and fast before Erin’s done in the bathtub.”

I could not believe this was happening. Since we started dating 12 years ago, I had begged Tommy to do these kinds of things to me. Ever since I was a kid, I had bondage fantasies. I always wanted to be tied up, forced to do things beyond my control. I had boyfriends tie me up for sex or make me go somewhere without panties under a skirt of dress. I got off on these things but Tommy never found it in himself to be my Master. We fell in love anyway and I resigned myself to the fact that I would have to look elsewhere. That’s why I had gone online looking for someone to dom me online. That, of course, led to this.

I reached over and undid his pants, gently pulling them down. His penis was hard and pointed right at me. Grabbing the base of it, I leaned in and took him in my mouth slowly, licking the underside as I went along. I heard him moan and knew that I was on the right track. Inch by inch I went until his entire length was in my mouth and down my throat. Slowly I pulled back and began to pump with my hand, my other hand teasingly playing with his balls. I increased the speed of my mouth and hand and felt him grab my hair and push himself totally into my mouth. Seconds later, he groaned and I felt the liquid shoot out of him and down my throat. After a few more pumps, he relaxed and softened.

I leaned back, resting my bottom on my feet, and looked up at him. He leaned over and pulled his pants up and I again was the only naked person in the room.

“Get the girls ready for bed,” he said. “The football game is back on and I don’t want to miss it. When you’re done, come to the living room with a snack for me.”

He was getting into this Master thing. “Yes Sir,” I replied and got to my feet to do as ordered.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 8 (NEW)**

Today’s new humiliation was almost upon me. Coffee/breakfast with the girls. I had kept a group of friends from college/post-college and we had, mostly, all had kids around the same age. Most of us were stay-at-home moms and needed the sanity of being around other adults once in a while so we scheduled this meeting every Friday morning after we dropped off our kids at school. These were my closest, dearest friends and I hadn’t told any of them about my nudity yet.

SR had written something for me to put out there on social media but I hadn’t gotten the courage to post it. Therefore, none of these ladies knew about my new “life choice.” And one of these ladies happened to be my twin sister.

Kacy and I are identical twins. Since the day we were born, no one could tell us apart and that has continued. Until today, of course…there will be no problem telling which was which today. Kacy will most likely be wearing yoga pants, running jacket (because like me she is always cold) and stylish Nike sneaks with ankles socks for the gym workout she will hit right after our coffee. I will be naked. Pretty clear differences there.

I don’t know why I haven’t told Kacy. She’s my best friend. I tell her everything. Well, obviously not. She knows nothing about SR and my online affair. She knows nothing about my love of public nudity and submission.

Maybe I didn’t tell her because I can’t imagine her scorn. She and I are as close as can be. In addition to sharing a womb for nine months, we shared a crib and then a bed until we were in college. We were roommates after college, got married within six months of one another and have gotten pregnant within weeks of each other all three times (though my twins give me one more kid!). Our bodies are so in sync that I know when she’s having her period, when she’s put on a pound or two.

I had been trying to decide the best course of action. Do I go in first and have them arrive and see me or do I wait for them all to be there before making my bare entrance? Each had pros and cons. Go in first: pros, I wouldn’t have to have all those eyes on me at once, I could pick what seat we sat in and I would determine what they saw, at least at first. The con: I would have to tell the story over and over each time someone arrived. Wait for everyone: pro, only have to say it once. Con: shocked expressions as they saw me for the first time.

After some thought, I decided on the latter and so I hung out in my car for a while. This was going to be so difficult anyway. I was still mastering the art of walking naked into a public place. I could feel everything: my bare feet against the cool floor, the breeze against my bare skin, stunned expressions and wide eyes from all those I passed. I had called ahead and spoke to Carla, our normal barista who was surprised but said it was cool for me to be there. Now I just had to get up the courage to go inside.

After seeing all of my friends pull up and enter the coffee shop, I steeled up my resolve. I put my purse over my shoulder, the only “clothing” I was still allowed, and slipped out of the van.

I felt every inch of that blacktop as I walked along the parking lot, conscious of the stream of cars driving by on the road, probably not believing that a naked woman was walking into the coffee shop. As I neared the door, a young woman exited and stopped in surprise, “whoa,” she said as she saw me approach. I nodded thanks as she held the door and I slipped noiselessly in.

The din in the shop was high as the place was bustling with their normal morning crowd plus the arrival of seven women all chattering at their corner table. Deena, my old college roommate, spotted me first and stopped dead. “Oh my God, Katie, what the hell?” Everyone turned and gasped, open mouthed, as they drank in my nude body. All expect Kacy who looked like I had punched her in the gut.

“Hi guys,” I said, trying to sound lighthearted. “What’s going on?”

“Um, I don’t know, how about our clothes are on and yours are not,” Maureen, a co-worker from my first post-college job, said. “I think you forgot something this morning.”

“Katie, what are you doing,” Kacy said, getting up and approaching me. I realized she had a hooded sweatshirt in her lap and was going to give it to me. “Are you ok?”

“Kacy, I’m fine, I’m fine,” I said, moving away from her and sliding into a seat next to Deena. “I should have told you guys but I wanted to surprise you. I’m a nudist!”

They all gasped. I noticed that they were staring at my boobs, the only thing visible as I sat down. Kacy was sitting with her arms crossed, hiding herself but trying to contain her anger at me, I could tell.

“Seriously,” Jenny, my old college track teammate, said. “What is this about?”

I launched into my new well-told (and totally made-up) story about how I had felt called to this lifestyle by God and that I had done the research and found out that nudism was a legally-recognized religion here in our state so after careful thought I decided to do it.

“I hope you guys aren’t weirded out and will support me,” I said. This was actually true. These were my best friends, the women I relied on for comfort, support and friendship. If me or my kids were in danger or need, these are the women I would call and they would come running.

“Of course,” one after another said, with Deena leaning in to hug me around my shoulders.

“You didn’t think to talk to us about your big decision,” said Kacy, her voice ice cold.

“Kace, can we talk about this later,” I asked, trying to avoid a scene.

“I don’t know, can we? I mean, you decided not to talk to me before so why would you want to talk about this later.”

The group got quiet. It was obvious that Kacy was really mad at me. They probably wondered why.

“So, I’m going to go get a cup of coffee,” I said, getting to my feet realizing too late that my vagina was now just above table level and everyone could now see my bare slit. “Anyone, um, want anything?”

They all declined as they had already gotten their coffee. As I made my way to the counter, Kacy intercepted me and grabbed my elbow to pull me aside. She led me into the ladies room and locked the door.

“What the actual F\*%K are you doing Kate?”

“I told you, I decided that…”

“Bullshit,” she said, her face inches from mine. “You are as modest as anyone I knew. When we were kids, you would dress in our closet for chrissakes. Now you’re fine with showing the world your boobs and your vage and all? No, I’m not buying it. What’s going on?”

Tears started welling in my eyes. She knew me too well.

“Nothing’s going on,” I said, desperately trying not to cry while lying to the one person who would never believe me. “I just felt called to this.”

“Kathleen Irwin,” she said, locking her eyes onto mine, “I have known you as long as you’ve been born. This story you’re telling is just that…a story. If this was truly your ‘calling’ as you say, this would not have been the first time I’ve heard about it. And, frankly, I think I would have had the same calling.”

She turned, unlocked the door, and said, “when you decide to tell me the truth, I’ll listen. Otherwise, keep the religion story for someone who doesn’t know you.” With that, she walked out and left me shaking at the sink. She had read right through me.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 9(NEW)**

The weekend came and it was a relief that I didn’t have to suffer the humiliation of school drop off, etc. However, two new ones were coming my way: kids soccer games and a family bridal shower.

I wasn’t sure how the soccer game would go. I have been friends with the other parents for years now. Shannon had played since she was five with mostly the same group of girls. We had all become friends, getting together as the girls socialized. Of course the long days at the field and then weekend tournaments, etc., had brought us all into very close contact.

My closest friend within this group was Merrie (short for Meredith). She was awesome, a kindred spirit. Unlike some of the other moms (and most of the dads), Merrie and I didn’t care much for the score except in our desire to see our girls happy. We sat and chatting, usually removed from the group which was on the line cheering every moment. When something happened, of course, we cheered but for the most part we talked and watched all of the kids. Today would be the first time I had seen her since my “lifestyle choice.”

Learning my lesson from my interaction with Kacy, this time I figured I’d be smart so I texted her: “You have a min to chat?” “Sure” came the quick response so I gave her a call.

“What’s up Kate,” she said as a greeting. “I’m snack mom today so I’m just leaving the grocery story.”

“Well, I have some news to share…”

“Holy crap, you’re pregnant!”

“No, God no, no, I’m not pregnant,” I stammered in response. “Um, I wanted to share some news about my life. Um, I uh…”

“Oh God…are you and Tommy getting separated? I didn’t realize you were having troubles…”

“No, that’s not it either,” I said more firmly. “Just, please, give me a second and I’ll tell you.” I then launched into my rehearsed story, giving her more details than I had given the group. When I finished, there was only silence. Finally, after several painful seconds, Merrie spoke.

“You are one brave M-Fer,” she said. “I could never do that.”

I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Still, it’s strange to me,” she continued. “I don’t think I’ve ever seen you in shorts. I can’t imagine you naked.”

She was right. I hardly ever showed any skin…for a few reasons: 1) I was (am!) usually cold; 2) I was modest and didn’t like people seeing my body (trying to get over that in a hurry); 3) my mother always taught me that was how girls dressed, that you left some things to the imagination. Oh boy…if she could see me now?!? She was constantly fighting with my older sisters about a top being too revealing or a skirt/dress being too short. Sadly she had passed before Kacy and I could have those arguments with her but her words still stuck in my mind.

“I know, it’s a big change,” I said, grateful for her friendship. “I wanted to tell you before the game and you seeing me there.”

“Oh, the game,” she said, sounding surprised. “Do you think you should be going to the game? I mean there are children there and everything.”

My heart sank. Here was my friend suggesting that my new lifestyle was inappropriate. “I want to see Shan’s game,” I said, getting defensive. “Why shouldn’t I go? It’s legal to be a nudist.”

I heard a loud sigh. “I guess you’re right,” she said. “I just, um, I don’t know. Between the kids and the husbands, I think a lot of women aren’t going to be too happy that you’re there.”

We finished the call and I was devastated. I hadn’t counted on how this new lifestyle was going affect my kids. I thought there would be some awkwardness but otherwise life would go on as it had before. Now I was stuck and limiting my life.

I talked to Tommy and decided that I would skip this week’s game to let things settle down. He took the girls with him and I sulked at home for a bit. Then I decided to IM Master.

“SR, my new lifestyle is causing problems.”
“Not sure if I should continue.”
“Negative effects on my girls.”

I waited. He was online…I could see his account bolded in our chatroom. He was just ignoring me. Or formulating a response. Or, worse yet, domming another random, innocent girl. That last possibility sent me into a jealous anxiety, that he would find a different girl to love instead of me.

“Please Sir, forgive me.”
“I’m so upset. I’m not thinking straight.”
“Please don’t ignore me. I can’t take it.”

More silence. My leg was bouncing with nerves.

“Dear katie, relax little one. I was making a cup of tea. Not ignoring you.”

My whole (naked) body relaxed.

“Sorry Sir…I got scared.”

“Oh katie, poor, sweet, naked katie. Tell me what’s going on.”

“Sir, I was encouraged not to go to my daughter’s soccer game. That there are kids there and that the dads would be gawking and the other moms wouldn’t like it.”

“So did you go?”

“No Sir. Tommy and I decided that we should let things settle.”

“katie, are you not a registered nudist in your state?”

“Yes Sir.”

“And are you not legally allowed to go anywhere you want as a free citizen of the USA?”

“Yes Sir, of course.”

“Then why did you stay home? Are you showing modesty?”

“No Sir. I just didn’t know what to do.”

“Our heroine, Tami, did what she had to do even while naked. She went to school, worked a campus job, went to family parties, studied, hung out with friends, all while bare assed naked. That’s what you will do too.”

“But Sir, what about my girls?”

“They will learn that their mother has a belief system and she follows through on them. Plus maybe they won’t be stuck with poor body image from a mom who never allowed her feminine form to be seen.”

“Yes Sir.”

“Go to that game katie, that’s an order.”

“Yes Sir.”

“Take a photo of yourself at the field and send it to me. Understood?”

“Yes Sir.”

Oh God, no, I thought. After what Merrie said and my conversation with Tommy, how could I show my face (and other body parts) at the field? Still, SR was correct…I had the right to be there. And maybe he was correct about the other stuff too.

Drying my tears, I went into the bathroom to see how bad my cheeks had blotched from my sobbing. Not bad but still needed a little touch up. I then brushed my hair before pulling it into a ponytail. Stepping back, I looked at myself in the mirror, to get a bit of a glimpse of what everyone else sees.

I am on the taller side for a woman, 5-7, and thin, 115 pounds. Turning I looked at my profile and liked my shape, especially up top. My boobs aren’t big, a 34B (when I was wearing bras!!), but enough for my frame. My nipples were always perky but since I am always naked they seem annoyingly erect all the time. Still, from the side, I look good.

Heading down, I have a flat (even concave) belly before flaring out a tad at the hips. Between my legs, my pubic region is shaved, giving great prominence to my full labia. Ever since I could remember, my labia were plump and slightly parted. Without pubic hair, I know that people were always looking down there and liked what they saw.

Below that I had long, thin legs, thin but shapely. My calves were toned after years of running and my feet were pretty (size 7 ½). I always thought I had pretty feet and right before my nude lifestyle, I had gotten a pedicure with my toes painted a pastel pink. Now that everyone sees my feet all the time, I would have to be careful with them and take care to paint my nails often.

All in all, I liked the picture I was presenting. If I had to be nude all the time, I suppose it was good that I had a good body. All of the gawking would be worse if I thought people were being critical. So far, most of the comments had been positive. This next test, at the field, would be a good one. These moms (and some of the dads) could be tough.

Grabbing my keys and purse (a naked girl travels light!), I headed out to see my daughter play soccer.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 10 (NEW)**

I pulled into the familiar parking lot filled on a Saturday morning with games all around. Butterflies were filling my belly at the thought of walking naked onto the fields today. Shannon’s field was in the upper corner next to the parking lot (a blessing today). I parked the car and steeled myself for the naked walk.

The drive here hadn’t started well. First I had forgotten that Tom had taken my van so I had to go back and get his keys. Then I had to walk our entire parking garage to find where he had parked his car, desperate to not be seen. Finally, I had been pulled over by a cop, who saw me driving topless. It was humiliating to have to get out of the car and show him my new ID. He thoroughly checked all three photos to ensure that I was for real before letting me go.

Now here I was, ready to walk naked in front of all these people. I knew, at one level, that SR was right and that I had the right to do this but I was so concerned about the scorn that people would have for me. I wanted to be liked and to think people would dislike me or ridicule me was tough to take.

Finally, I made the decision to move. I grabbed my purse and pulled it over my shoulder and slid out of the car. It was so hard to be demure when exiting a low car. It’s especially tough in a skirt or a dress and impossible when naked! Luckily for me, no one was around (they were watching soccer) and I got across the parking lot mostly unseen.

That soon changed when my bare feet hit the grass. Almost immediately, my younger daughterd saw me (how could anyone miss me and my naked skin!) and ran towards me. Of course that brought many other eyes towards me, including Tommy who lowered his head a bit before walking towards me.

“Mommy, Mommy,” my youngest Erin said, grabbing my leg. “Shan’s winning.”

Having learned my lesson from school drop off when I bent at the waist, this time I crouched down and took my hug from my girls, who didn’t seem to mind having a naked mom. A good time for me to get my selfie, I thought.

“Girls, want to take a selfie with me?”

Erin loved selfies and maneuvered herself onto my lap, mostly covering my nude body. The other two stood around me and I took the photo with the soccer field behind me. I wanted SR to know where I was. This was good though for me because it was clear that I was naked but not obscenely so. In fact, only my one breast was clearly visible. For me lately, that’s modest!

I stood up and the older girls ran back to play while Erin wrapped her arms around me bare leg. Tommy came towards me and I braced myself for his disgust but instead he grabbed my hand and kissed my cheek. “You came.”

I nodded, saying “I didn’t want to miss Shannon’s game. How’s she doing?”

“Good, almost scored. So, you are the main topic of conversation today.”

I was blushing in shame. Instinctively, he took my hand and stood next to me as we watched the game. I have never loved him more than I did at that moment when he stood with me against the others.

“I guess Merrie’s ripping me huh?”

“Merrie? Not at all. She’s been defending you to everyone. I haven’t had to say much.”

Tears welled in my eyes. I was ready to hate my friend for not supporting me and here she was being my best defender.

“Really? I thought she didn’t want me here.”

“Well, maybe not but she’s not letting anyone say anything bad about you.”

Just then Merrie started walking towards me. What a picture we must have been…Tom in his dad uniform of khacki shorts, hooded sweatshirt and sneaks, a little girl wearing leggings and a zip up jacket over her light up sneakers with a naked wife/mother in between.

Merrie looked great, fashionable as usual. She was wearing skinny jeans, a northface fall jacket and warm snuggy ankle boots on her feet. She held an always present cup of coffee in both hands as she came towards us and I was jealous for all of it, her clothes, her coffee and her confidence. I was currently devoid of all of those things.

“Hey Kate,” she said. “I’m, uh, really sorry about our phone call.”

“It’s fine,” I said, trying not to get emotional.

“No it’s not fine,” she said, leaning in for a hug. “I am your friend. I was just a little weirded out about it, that’s all.”

“I get it,” I said, not hiding my tears successfully. “I know most people don’t understand my choice.”

She turned and now the four of us stood watching the game as we used to. Shannon scored and we screamed…she ran away from the goal close to the corner where we stood and gave us the biggest smile. I was so glad that I didn’t miss that moment.

At halftime, one of the men who ran the soccer program came over to me. “Maam, can I ask what you are doing?”

“She’s a registered religious nudist,” Merrie butted in. “She has a right to be here.”

“Well, some of the other parents are complaining,” he said.

“Tell them to get a life,” she added. “Katie is registered with the state and has a right to be here. Show him your ID.”

Oh God, I thought, not that ID again. It was so humiliating but I am a nudist who doesn’t believe in modesty. Why wouldn’t I show this card with its photo of my boobs, vagina and anus? I reached into my purse and pulled out my wallet, grabbing the ID and handing it to the man. I saw his eyes get big when he saw these intimate photos.

“Jesus,” he said softly running his hands through his hair. “I didn’t know this kind of thing even existed. Christ!”

He stared at my card and finally handed it back to me and walking away silent.

“Thanks Mer,” I said gratefully. “I appreciate the support.”

“So, are you going to join the rest of us or just stand over here?”

“Am I welcome over there?”

“Who gives a shit,” she said, taking my arms and pulling me away from Tommy. “You can go watch the game with the other Dads Tom, I got her.”

I let Merrie lead me over to the where some of the other moms were gathered, some sitting in soccer chairs, other on a blanket on the ground or standing. I didn’t have anything and awkwardly stood there, knowing that many of the women in the chairs were now eye level with my bare vagina.

“Hi everyone,” I said waving.

“Hey,” they said, not warmly for the most part.

“So, this is, um, permanent,” one of the ladies, Alison, asked.

“Yes, I think so,” I said. “Actually, I don’t know but I expect it to be.”

“Won’t that be inconvenient,” another woman, Leslie, chimed in. “I mean going to graduations, weddings, all that stuff. I mean, you’re going to be a nude mother of the bride?”

“I haven’t really thought about that far ahead,” I said, feeling uncomfortable.

“Ladies, ladies, stop grilling Katie here,” Merrie said, offering me her chair, which I gratefully took, crossing my legs to hide myself a little. She began talking about a dinner party she was hosting that night for her husband’s work and I was grateful to be having a normal conversation.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 11**

I was pushing the vacuum around the living room, trying to get the apartment clean while Tommy had the girls out. It was nearly impossible to clean when they were home. After the game, he had joined other parents in taking the girls for ice cream and I had begged off, saying that I had cleaning to do. Which was true…but I also wasn’t in the mood for an hour of explaining myself and being Little Miss Nudist.

The rest of the game had been fine and it was nice having a normal conversation, even though I noticed many people sneaking looks at me and pointing. Thank God for Merrie or I don’t know that I could have gotten through it. We promised to meet for coffee next week to catch up.

I had just finished running the vacuum and was putting laundry in (none of it mine of course!) when I heard my phone buzzing in the other room. Running to get it, I saw it was my sister Kacy and braced myself. Did I want to take this call and get yelled at again? Tentatively, I pushed accept.

“Hello?”

“Kate, it’s me. Are you home?”

“Yes…why, you coming over to yell at me more? If so, don’t bother.”

“Katie, please just let me come up. I want to talk.”

“Fine,” I said, going to the door and pushing the buzzer to give her access to the building.

“And meet me at the back door.”

My building had a weird thing…many apartments had two doors: the regular one that opened onto the main hallway/elevator and another that opened to a special freight elevator for big deliveries, etc. Tom thinks it’s left over from the days when rich people might have lived there and their help could go out the back. We certainly weren’t rich and there was no help but we still had the back door.

“OK,” I said, hanging up the phone and moving to the other door. I opened it and went back to the laundry. As I came back, I was shocked to see my sister standing very nakedly in my kitchen, slamming the door shut behind her.

“Kacy, what the hell?”

“I’m sorry Katie, I’m so sorry,” she said, tears in her eyes as she ran to me and enveloped me in a hug so hard that it almost hurt…almost. In truth, it felt so good and I started sobbing, not realizing how much I needed to be held, to be loved. In that moment, it wasn’t weird at all that I was feeling my twin sister’s boobs pressing against mine, or her bare skin was rubbing my bare skin. No, it only felt like love from my oldest and best friend. “I just figured if I came in naked, you would feel better. I was trying to show you that I am okay with your decision.”

“Kacy, you were right yesterday,” I stammered as I pulled away from the hug and fell to the couch. “I didn’t decide to do this. I was forced.”

She sat down next to me and listened open mouthed to the whole story: the online submission, the meeting with SR on the day he took my clothes away, the pictures. I spoke fast, not sure if I would be able to say it if I waited at all for her to jump in. Finally, I was finished and I collapsed onto her shoulder and she hugged me.

“Oh Katie, this is a real mess,” she said, rubbing my hair. “I don’t know how to get you out of this one.”

All of our lives, Kacy had gotten me out of scrapes. She fought for me, spoke up for me, threatened all who might tease me or bully me. All because when they were handing out courage and guts, she got the full complement for both of us. I was too meek, too willing to go along, as you can probably tell. I gave away my clothes without an ounce of fight. I surrendered to SR without knowing him at all. In fact, perhaps it could be said that I wasn’t forced at all. SR didn’t have a gun pointed at me. In fact, he didn’t know me at all until I let him in.

Just then, I heard a key in the door. Kacy’s eyes got huge and she grabbed her bag and bolted for the bathroom. I ran to the door as Tommy opened it and made a big production out of it. “YOU’RE HOME!” I shouted, crouching down to hug all four girls at once, effectively blocking Tommy from entering. “How was ice cream?” We stayed like that in the doorway until I heard a flush coming from the bathroom and I knew that Kacy was safely in there.

“Who’s here,” Tina asked.

“Aunt Kacy,” I replied. “She surprised me by popping over.”

“Kacy approve of your life decision,” Tommy asked, a bit skeptical.

“Well, she just found out yesterday and didn’t handle it so well,” I said. “She came over to talk about it.”

A few minutes later, Kacy appeared, much different than the last time I had seen her. She was wearing jeans that accentuated her long, toned legs, a sweater with a scoop neck that showed off her freckled chest and sneaks. I am sure that she was wearing a sensible bra (as all of the Lynch girls do, well except me now) and boyshort panties (which she preferred) underneath but that was not open to view.

“Hi girls,” she said as my daughters attacked her, hugging her from every direction. My girls loved her like a second mother since, of course, we were exactly alike…except now. After hugging them, she came over and hugged Tommy, “what’s up Tom,” she asked.

“Oh nothing Kace, just a regular old Saturday here at the Irwin house,” he said sarcastically. Obviously, with a naked wife, everything was different.

She rolled her eyes and playfully punched him. “Poor Tom with his always naked, pretty wife,” she said. “What ever will he do?” Even Tommy laughed at that and the mood was lifted.

Tommy went out for a run (and most likely a beer!) and the girls started doing their thing: Tina and Tara playing dolls, Erin watching a DVD while snuggling with her bear on the couch and Shannon in her room reading after taking a well-earned shower.

Kacy helped me fold laundry and prepare lunch. It was awkward at first: my now clothed sister next to me fully naked. Folding laundry was tough though…obviously none of it was mine but with four kids and a husband, it was voluminous. Still, touching all of these clothes while not being allowed to wear any was so frustrating.

“So, how do we tell Dad about your, um, new lifestyle,” Kacy asked.

I sighed. “No idea. He’s going to be so upset.”

Kacy stopped folding and looked at me. “Maybe not Kate. He’s not a jerk. Maybe he will buy the whole life choice thing. He accepted Marnie being a lesbian for crying out loud and he’s been great about it. This might be the same thing.”

I hoped she was right and we discussed how we would tell him tomorrow morning. In the meantime, today was a good one for me…I now knew that I had my two best girlfriends, Kacy and Merrie, on my side.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 12**

“I’m so nervous about this Kace,” I said, my legs bouncing up and down as we drove to my dad’s house. “I can’t believe I am doing this.”

Of course I was naked, as I have been for the past five days, ever since my online Master had boxed my clothes and shipped them off. Now I was a nudist registered with the state. Many Sundays, Kacy and I have made this drive to visit our dad…until today, every other Sunday I would have been dressed like her. Today and for many visits to come, I would be nude.

“It will be fine,” she said, not convincingly. “Our plan is a good one.”

Our plan, developed yesterday while we cleaned my apartment and cooked dinner, consisted of telling Colleen, my dad’s wife, the news first. She was younger than him and much more liberal. Then we would figure out a way for her to tell him and then I would enter.

Some background: our mom died of cancer when Kacy and I were 11 (mom was 40). Colleen came along a few years later and was a wonderful resource for us during our teen years. She was younger than dad by about a decade so she always felt more like a big sister. And, during all these years, she always straddled the line and never made us feel like she was erasing our mom’s memory. She had been in our lives for 20 years now (longer than our mom had been) and we loved her dearly. She had given us a brother, Matthew, who was now 18 and a high school senior.

Colleen was a great partner to our dad. She was kind and generous. He was now retired from the fire department after 35 years on the job. She had been a professional woman since we met her and was an outstanding role model of what a woman could be. They now travelled extensively, socialized. They were the epitome of what a married couple should be.

Our plan was to visit now while Dad was out. Every Sunday he and Colleen went to 7:30 AM Mass and then Dad dropped Colleen off at home while he met some of the other retired firemen at the coffee shop for breakfast. He would be gone for an hour or two, enough time for us to talk to Colleen alone. While we drove, Kacy called on the Bluetooth.

“Hello.”

“Colleen, hi it’s Kacy and Katie.”

“Hi girls…what are you guys up to this morning?”

“Um, are you home for a bit? Katie and I would like to talk to you.”

“Sure…but your dad’s out with the boys from the station. Won’t be home until 11 or so. That a problem?”

“Actually, that works well. We kind of want to talk to you first.”

“OK, I’m getting a little worried here. Everything OK?”

“Yes, yes, fine, fine,” Kacy said quickly. “You’ll understand when we get there.”

“No problem. I’m out on the deck drinking coffee and reading the paper. Feel free to just come out there.”

“Great.”

I had to ask one more thing. “Um, Col, is Matt awake yet?” The last thing I wanted was to be naked in front of my teenage brother…at least right now.

“Katie darling, he hasn’t woken up before noon on a Sunday in a decade or so,” she said with an easy laugh. “No, he’s still sleeping.”

I breathed a sigh of relief. “OK great. See you in a few minutes.”

We pulled up to the house and my nerves intensified. This was my childhood home and I was about to walk boldly naked and barefoot in the front door. This place was a safe zone for me but that would all change.

Kacy took my hand as we scampered up the path towards the front door. Much had changed since we lived there as kids but the path was the same and we rushed up the steps as I was desperate to avoid our old neighbors seeing me bareassed naked. I was intensely aware of my bare feet on the hard ground, aware of my nudity more so in these surroundings.

We pushed open the door and I was immediately struck by the familiar smell of home. Even though I hadn’t lived here since in 15 years or so, it still smelled like home. I can’t explain it but I knew that Kacy felt the same way.

I was still holding Kacy’s hand and I squeezed it tight as we made our way through the living room and kitchen and stood at the sliding glass door. From here I could see Colleen sitting at the table, her reading glasses perched on her nose as she read the Sunday paper, a cup of coffee steaming on the table next to her. I took a deep breath, nodded at Kacy, and slid the door open.

Colleen looked up as she heard the door and gasped as I came into sight, Kacy right behind me. “Katie, what is going on? Are you ok,” she asked, getting to her feet, nearly knocking over her coffee as she came at me with a knitted blanket that had been covering her legs.

“Colleen, I’m fine, I’m fine,” I said pushing the blanket away, even though I wanted it desperately. “It’s ok, I promise.”

“We can explain everything,” Kacy said, taking Colleen by the arm and leading her back to the table. I sat across from her, very conscious of the fact that my bare breasts were easily on display (Colleen was staring right at them, not believing what she was seeing) and the fact that the frosted glass table at least sort of covered me from the waist down.

“Um, well, I’m a nudist now,” I said softly, trying to make my words believable.

“What? A nudist? How? You’ll get arrested.”

“Actually, it’s legal in this state to be a nudist,” I said, again trying to be confident when my whole body was shaking. “I registered last week and have been naked for a week.”

Colleen stared at me, not believing what she was hearing. The silence was so hard to take but I had to sit there and wait.

Finally, she said, “I mean, I can’t believe it. You were always so, um, modest. I don’t think I saw you naked once in all of the years we lived here together and you barely wore a bikini. You would throw a cover up or a shirt on over it every time so you didn’t show too much. This is nuts.”

I sat there, not sure how to respond. She was absolutely right…I was modest to the point of being a prude. I rarely wore revealing clothing…skirts were usually knee length or below, tops covered all cleavage (not that I had much to show up top) and I didn’t walk around the house undressed. I even brought clothes into the bathroom when I showered so I could get changed and didn’t have to walk out in a towel or robe.

“I don’t mean to upset you Colleen, but I wanted you to know and ask for your help in telling Dad,” I said.

“How long have you known about this Katie,” she asked, her voice cold as Kacy’s had been.

“Um, well,--” I began before being cut off by Kacy.

“Colleen, I totally understand what you are saying,” she said. “When I found out on Friday I was pissed too. I wanted to know why she didn’t come to me to discuss it. But we talked and I get it now.”

Colleen’s body softened a bit as she took a deep breath. “Katie, I’m sorry. It was really jarring seeing you like this. I just, I don’t, I can’t imagine you living your life like this.”

I can’t either, I thought. “I understand and I think most people agree with you,” I said. “I just hope that everyone can accept my life choice and support me.”

The woman sighed again and sat back in the chair. “Of course I support you. Kathleen Rose Lynch, have I ever not supported you in anything?”

I started to cry as I shook my head. “No, you always supported me. I just thought maybe this was too far.”

“Honey, it is pretty extreme, I’m not going to lie,” she said. “And I will have a really tough time getting adjusted. I mean, having you naked all the time is going to take some getting used to.”

Yes, indeed, I thought but said nothing.

“What about the girls,” Colleen asked. “Aren’t they curious?”

“At first they were asking a lot of questions,” I said. “Now, they just take it in stride that Mommy’s always naked.”

“And Tom?”

“He’s having a harder time getting adjusted but he’s getting there,” I said, tears still streaming down my cheeks. At least these last two answers were truthful. Kacy handed me a tissue from her purse.

“Well, at the very least, you certainly have the body to be naked,” Colleen said with a smile. “Katie, I’m sorry I overreacted. If you are happy being a nudist, then you have my full support.” She came around the table and leaned in to hug me, careful to avoid rubbing my boobs. Her sweatshirt felt so soft and warm against my bare shoulders.

“Now, how do we tell your dad?”

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 13**

I sat in my dad’s workroom in the basement biding my time. I felt so dirty sitting there naked among his things, knowing my bare butt was sitting on the smooth chair that he had built. This room was his kingdom, his solace. When it got too much with a wife and six daughters, he would retreat down here and work. Though he was a fireman by trade, he was also an amateur carpenter and painter. As a fireman, he would work four days on and then four days off, giving him plenty of time to make extra money. He also built us furniture as presents. This room, the smell of wood, would always remind me of him.

He should have arrived home by now. Colleen and Kacy were going to share my news with him. At some point, I would be summoned and see my dad…and he would see me, naked as a newborn babe. My legs were bouncing as my nerves filled me. I looked around and saw his flannel shirt, the one that he kept out here for nights when he got cold. I grabbed it and held it against me, enjoying the rare feel of clothing against my bare skin. I desperately wanted to pull it on, to be covered, but didn’t want to risk it. Any moment, he or Colleen or Kacy could pop in and see me. How strange that I was worried about them seeing me clothed and not naked.

I had been naked for almost a week. It was hard to believe it but it was true. In some ways, it felt like the longest week of my life, that I had been naked forever. In other ways, it felt like I had just worn clothes though it was getting harder and harder to remember what it felt like.

I took a deep breath of the flannel and hung it back up. The temptation to put it on was too great if I held it in my hands. I inhaled my dad’s scent and again felt calm. This man loved me more than anything…hopefully he would understand.

I didn’t hear any yelling so that was a good sign. Or they had gone out to the back deck and the yelling was happening out there. I prayed for a sign that everything was okay.

The clomping on the steps were heavy so I knew that it wasn’t Colleen or Kacy. In a minute, I saw my dad open the door of his workroom and see me there. I closed my eyes, praying that all would be good.

“Oh Katie,” he said, pulling me into a hug, a full hug that was totally loving and caring. I didn’t even mind that I was naked and that my bare boobs were pressed against my dad. “I am so sorry that you were worried about what I would think of your life decision.” He pulled back and moved away. I could see that he was working very hard to maintain eye contact and not look at my breasts and vagina and was mostly succeeding.

“It’s fine Dad,” I said, tears flowing again. “I was just worried that you would be upset or angry or disappointed.”

“Katie, I can’t say that I understand this decision or that I would make it myself,” he said, “but I love you so you have my support.” He moved in and put his arm around my shoulders and handed me a handkerchief to dry my tears. “Why don’t we go upstairs and you can fill me in?”

I nodded and followed him to the steps. He motioned for me to go first but all I could think of was my bare ass at eye level as my dad walked up the steps. “Um, why don’t you go first?”

He was about to argue and then realized what I meant. “Oh, yes, good idea,” he said, making his way up the stairs. A naked girl had so many things to think about.

Once upstairs, Kacy and Colleen were sitting in the living room drinking coffee. Dad asked, “want a cup?” I nodded and went to sit down but Colleen stopped me and handed me a towel to sit on. I got red and the look on my face stopped her short. “Oh God, I am so thoughtless. Katie, sit anywhere you want, dear.”

“No, it’s fine,” I said, putting the towel down. But before I could, she pulled it away. “Katie, you are more important than a couch. I’m sorry I even thought it.”

I was humiliated that she had wanted me to sit on a towel, like a pet or a toddler. Still, I understood that someone might not want a bare ass on their couch or that a girl might, um, seep something onto it. Eww, I thought, but sat anyway, enjoying the smooth leather underneath my bare skin.

I crossed my legs at the knee, as Colleen and Kacy had, effectively blocking view of my vagina. Though technically I was “covering up,” I thought this might be okay. It would be nice if my dad didn’t have to have a laser eye to eye contact…the poor guy was trying so hard not to look at his daughter’s naked body. He brought my coffee in and I held it in my lap, my arms now effectively covering my boobs too. My dad sat across from me and asked about how I became a nudist.

As I launched into my story, I couldn’t help but be struck by the ordinariness of the moment…except for me being naked. How many times had I sat like this with Kacy, talking to Dad and Colleen about things?

“So it was just something I had been thinking about a lot lately, even in my dreams,” I said, trying to sound believable. “They felt so real and I would wake up and they didn’t go away. I didn’t think anyone would understand so I didn’t tell anyone about it. I never thought I would do it.”

“What changed your mind,” Dad asked.

“Well, I found out that you can be a registered nudist in this state,” I said. “Once I realized that, I thought even more about it. Then I decided that this maybe it was a sign. Maybe this was what I was called to do.”

I went through the process of explaining registration (thank God they didn’t ask to see the vulgar ID card) and my interactions at the girls’ schools, soccer, coffee with the other moms, etc. They were very respectful and I was impressed with my dad’s discipline; I had only noticed a glance or two at my breasts. I didn’t blame him…men are fascinated with boobs and can’t help looking.

“So how are you going to tell everyone else,” Colleen asked.

Kacy and I had discussed this yesterday. We have three different family group chats: 1) the six sisters, 2) the six sisters plus Matt, 3) the six sisters plus Matt, Dad/Colleen and spouses (five men and one woman for my lesbian sister). We decided on a plan of attack for all.

“Well, I am going to take a photo and send it to the girls with a message so they believe me,” I said, repeating the plan that Kacy and I developed. “Then I will send a text to the large family group chat. I don’t need the men with a nude photo of me on their phones.”

Colleen and Dad nodded but I could tell they didn’t think it was enough.

“Then, Katie will call everyone to talk to them before everyone sees her at the shower,” Kacy added. That seemed to satisfy them.

The group talked for a while before Kacy and I announced that they had to go and get ready for the shower. As they said their goodbyes, Katie’s dad pulled her in close and whispered in her ear, “Katie dear, I don’t understand what’s happening here but if it makes you happy then I am with you.” Then he kissed her cheek and said goodbye. Katie had tears running down here face as she slid into the car.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 14**

I was drying my hair after a sweaty few hours, trying to get everyone ready for the shower. Of course while I selected pretty outfits for my girls, I was already as dressed as I was going to be, even having just gotten out of the shower. A naked girl can only do so much prettying…I worked on my hair as I had already done my makeup.

I was running late, not helped along by the fact that my husband was feeling, um, amorous. When I got home, he hustled me into the bedroom and began mauling me. I’m not complaining at all but it wasn’t the best timing. It was over fast (too fast for me!) but still it set me back timewise. A naked girl doesn’t have panties or anything to, uh, catch the liquid if you know what I mean. So…a shower was definitely in order to make sure I was clean down there. Even so, I enjoyed the sex as it was the first time that it felt like we were making love and not just Tommy rutting into me in anger or having me on my knees and using my mouth.

While I showered, Tommy and I discussed my plan on telling everyone about my lifestyle choice.

“So you’re going to send a picture,” he said. “Is that safe?”

“Tom, these are my sisters,” I shouted as the water hit my hair. “They can be trusted.”

“I don’t like these photos of you getting out,” he said. “Who knows what happens to them?”

I sighed, knowing he was right. Still, I’m not sure how I can stop that now. Of course there will be pictures taken of me while naked…I will be naked for the foreseeable future.

“I know…but I’m a nudist so I guess there’s no way around it.”

Silence. “Well, you could put on clothes,” he says softly. My heart breaks…this is as raw as Tommy gets. His anger I can handle. His disappointment is tough.

“I can’t right now Tommy, you know that,” I say, poking my head out of the shower. “I’m sorry that I never talked to you about that before I did it…I was wrong. But I just felt like I had to do it. I appreciate your support at the game yesterday.”

He came closer and gave me a peck on the lips and moved out of the bathroom. “I’m going for a run,” he said as he left. I sighed again, hoping he would have helped me get the girls out the door but that was not to be. For a few seconds, I contemplated finishing myself off but there was no time and I didn’t want my vagina to be redder than it was. After all, I know that all eyes would soon be on me, on her down there.

I finished showering and wrapped a towel around me as I grabbed my phone and headed into the bedroom. It was time to let my sisters know. Using the photo that I had sent to SR from the car the other day (obviously naked but not too vulgar), I typed out the following message: “Ladies…big news from me…this past week, I committed myself to being a full-time 24/7nudist. Registered with the state and everything. I will call to chat shortly but wanted you to know. Love, kate.” Taking a deep breath, I hit send and waited for initial reaction. In seconds, my oldest sister Juli replied.

“Are you f&%#ing out of your mind? What the f%\*$ Katie?!?”

Ok, I thought…should have seen that one coming.

Then, Margaret, who we call Peggy, chimed in. I knew she and Juli would be on the same wavelength. “Jesus Christ Katie…seriously? Are you serious right now?!?”

Kacy jumped in as I knew she would. “Relax…relax…Katie knows what’s doing. All is well.”

Juli: “Kace, it’s fu&@ing ridiculous is what it is…Katie doesn’t even wear bikinis and she’s going to be a nudist.”

Another sister, Meghan, added: “Whoa…um, Katie, what the hell? How you going to pull this off?”

The texts kept coming as my sisters went back and forth. As I read, one of the twins, Tina, came in. “Mom, why are you in that towel? I thought you didn’t want to be covered anymore.”

Shit, I thought. “Oh God Tina, you’re right, old habit,” I said, slipping the towel off and dumping it into the hamper. Maybe Tami had it lucky in not having a big towel in the story…her tormentors had removed the towels to avoid tempting her, leaving her with wash clothes to dry herself.

I was about to start drying my hair when I saw another text come in, this one just to me. This was the first one from my sister Marnie, who was a lesbian. She knew a little something about family judgment.

“K8, you OK? I imagine this must be tough for you. Whatever you want to do, I’m good. You be you!”

I started to cry at her kind words, especially after the harsh words of my oldest two sisters and the sort of condemnation of Meghan. Marnie came out to Kacy and I when we were 11 and she was 14…I don’t know that Kacy or I had any idea what that meant but I do remember how traumatic it was for her and our family. I hope that I wasn’t causing that kind of trauma now.

I then texted the whole list, sisters, brother, in laws. Same text without the photo. Surprisingly, their replies were more positive. Matt texted a short but sweet message: “cool.” I guess I was worried about him for nothing.

“Mom, are we leaving soon?” It was Shannon, always prompt, so nervous about being late Shannon. She looked so cute in her dress, tights and dress shoes. She was getting tall…that dress won’t fit her at Christmas…it was almost too short now!

“Yes honey, give me five minutes.” I picked up the phone and called Juli.

“Katie, what the ever loving FU\*% are you thinking?”

The call went on like that for a few minutes and we agreed to continue our talk later. I did the same with Peggy who was nicer (as usual) but no less appalled by my decision. Meghan was inquisitive and I wondered if I wasn’t the only potential nudist in the family. And of course Marnie was cool, even putting her wife Lindsay on the phone as they drove to the shower. “It’s all good Katie, you can’t stop being who you are,” Lindsay said. I was relieved that I would have some support at the shower, which I can only imagine was going to be a nightmare.

Getting out the door was a challenge. My girls looked adorable all dressed up. I took their photo and then they, inevitably, asked us to do a group selfie. I hid as best as I could behind them but my boobs were still visible. I suppose there is no way around that anymore.

It was a struggle to get the girls out the door plus carry the gift, a place setting from their registry. When I bought it at the store two weeks ago, I was wearing a long sleeve t-shirt (bra underneath), jeans (panties underneath), socks and shoes. I never dreamed I be carrying it naked on my way to the shower.

This was a bridal shower for my cousin Amy. She was one of my favorites…was a year older than me but we had always been close. She, Kacy and I were classmates in high school and hung in the same crowd. Amy had moved to New York City for college and never came back. When I had gotten the invitation, I was excited, especially since my girls were invited. They had never been to a bridal shower before and this promised to be a rite of womanhood for them. Never in a million years would I have thought I would be going to this event in the nude!

Yesterday, one of my calls had been to Anne Marie, Amy’s sister who was throwing the shower. She and I weren’t particularly close but she was very nice when I called.

“I guess you’re swamped with party planning,” I said, trying to delay the reason for the phone call.

“It’s not terrible,” she said. “Most of the planning stuff is done and then tomorrow will be hectic. How are you? How are the girls?”

We continued with the small talk until finally I needed to say it.

“So, um, last week I registered as a religious nudist with the state,” I said softly, not sure how this was going to go over.

“Ok?”

“Yeah, so, um, yeah, I am now a nudist and no longer own any clothes,” I said quickly, trying to get all of the words out.

“Katie, do you mean you’re, um, coming tomorrow, uh, nude?”

“Yes. Is that a problem?”

I wasn’t sure if I wanted it to be a problem or not. If she uninvited me, then I would be spared the shame of all of my relatives seeing me naked. However, I would feel bad if she disinvited me and I was going to be shunned by my family.

There was a long gap in the conversation as I waited for Anne Marie to speak. Finally she said, “I guess not. I mean, I’ll call the restaurant to make sure it’s okay. We’re in a private room so I suppose it’s fine.”

“Actually, they can’t stop me from being there,” I said, softly again but more firm this time. “I am registered with the state and have the right to go anywhere completely naked. So, the only problem is if you have a problem with it or if you think Amy will. If that’s the case, I won’t go. I don’t want to upset her at all.”

More silence, which was killing me. If I could have called Amy and spoke to her, it would have been easier but this was a surprise.

“No, you should come. Amy would be pissed if she knew I stopped you from coming. Man, I can’t imagine being a nudist. I couldn’t do it.”

Neither could I…until I had to.

And here I was, walking naked to the car, awkwardly trying to carry the package, hold my youngest daughter’s hand, all while naked and vulnerable. At least the wrapped present hid my frontal nudity from anyone passing by…my backside was wide open of course and a passing car in the lot honked when he saw my butt. The girls were blissfully oblivious as Shannon opened the door and I was able to slide the present into the back before helping Erin into her car seat. I realized that I was bent over, my butt and slit visible to anyone walking or driving by. Thank God, I think I escaped unscathed and hopped into the car.

The girls were so excited…they had never been to a shower before and they felt very grown up. Kacy’s two girls were also going to be there so they would have friends. As luck would have it, Kacy was arriving just as we pulled in. Thank God, I thought, we can go in together.

Shannon took the present this time (thankfully) and I held Erin’s hand with my left hand and Kacy’s with my right as I made my way across the parking lot. I heard gasps as I walked closer. People who may have thought I was wearing a tan dress were finding out that I was wearing nude…skin! Kacy looked beautiful as always, a black dress with a thin sweater and heels. Even though there was a chill in the air, she wore no pantyhose…ever since we were little, we had abhorred tights. Yoga pants were fine, tights maybe but never pantyhose.

A part of me yearned for clothes. Obviously, since we are identical twins, I would have looked a lot like Kacy did. The contrast now was striking…a fashionably dressed young mom and her two daughters next to a bare naked lady with her three daughters. For the first time in a while, I felt sick to my stomach and trapped.

“Katie, Kacy, welcome,” came a voice as we entered the door. It was Aunt Sarah, Amy’s mom and my favorite aunt. When our mom had died, Aunt Sarah filled in as a surrogate mom, especially before Colleen entered the picture. She was a wonderful woman who loved us like her own daughter. Shit, I thought, I should have called her too!

“Hi Aunt Sarah,” I said, leaning in for a kiss and a hug. “Sorry I didn’t call with my news.”

“Not at all dear, not at all,” she said, grabbing my hand. “Anne Marie filled me in. I think it’s very brave of you.”

She turned her attention to the younger girls and I was grateful for her support. She took my arm and walked us into the shower.

“Everyone, look who’s here! My nieces Katie and Kacy and their daughters.”

The room was packed and everyone looked our way. Of course that would have happened anyway when I walked in naked but this was very obvious.

“Katie’s a brand new nudist everyone…isn’t that wonderful,” Aunt Sarah said. “I hope we will all make her feel comfortable.”

She led us over to a table where my sisters were sitting with Colleen. I said hello and tried to hug each but Juli was frosty so I skipped her. I sat in the corner, out of the way and winced as my butt came into contact with the cold chair. This was good, I thought, I am pretty covered. Only my boobs are in view and that wasn’t too bad. Still, I caught many eyes on me and people pointing. Kacy sat next to me and squeezed my hand for moral support.

“Mom, can we sit over there,” Tara said, pointing to a table smack dab in the middle of it all. “That way we can see.”

“Tara, that’s for Amy and her bridesmaids,” I said.

“Well how about over there,” she said, pointing to another table. This one was equally on view.

“Tara, can we just stay here,” I said. “I want to be with my sisters.”

She huffed off and Juli said, “why don’t you move over there Kate? You want to be the center of attention. You would certainly do that there.”

Peggy laughed, adding, “I wouldn’t be caught dead naked in public. What a disgrace.”

My cheeks were burning and I saw Shannon standing right there. She heard the whole thing and was upset. She ran out of the room as tears began to form.

“I’ll get her,” Kacy said, rushing away from the table after my daughter. Damn, I thought, it should be me running after her. Instead I was naked and afraid to move.

“Juli and Peggy, what’s your problem?”

“It’s embarrassing Kate, don’t you see that?”

I was about to answer when we were all shushed. “Amy’s coming!”

Shannon was back in the room and took a seat on my lap…Erin was on my other leg and for the first time all night I was covered. What a relief that my cousin wouldn’t be seeing my naked boobs first thing walking in to her bridal shower. Moments later, she came through the door. “SURPRISE!” we all yelled. I was so happy to be thinking about someone else for a minute as we clapped. Amy was so happy, smiling with shocked look on her face.

I looked at my girls and they were so excited I again forgot about my nudity as I just enjoyed watching them. Amy was saying hello to everyone but I felt awkward about getting up to greet her. She turned, saw me, waved and put a finger up to say “one minute” and then made her way around the table. Finally after big hugs and hellos to my daughters, she came to me.

“Kathleen…you make this huge decision and don’t call me? What the heck?”

“Sorry Ame,” I said, gratefully accepting her hug. “I know that you are pretty busy about now.” It felt so good rubbing against the material of her dress. I was so jealous because she looked great…classy but sexy. Hard for me to look classy…and not sexy exactly, more like slutty.

“Never too busy for something this big in your life,” she said, rubbing my bare back lovingly. “We’ll talk later.”

She moved along, hugging Kacy and then settling in at her table with her sister, mom and bridesmaids. I felt better now and was no longer interested in engaging with Juli. For her part, she looked less angry and I wondered if she felt bad about our interaction.

Shannon sat next to me and I could tell she wanted to talk. Sometime tonight, I would pull her aside. The other girls enjoyed themselves, gouging themselves on chicken fingers and desserts. I wondered if they would make it home without getting sick.

At one point, while Shannon was with her cousins and Kacy was talking to someone else, Juli moved her chair closer to mine. “Katie, are you really going to do this?”

I nodded. “Yes. I registered with the state the other day. I can’t change my mind without changing the registration and that can’t happen for months.”

She let out a sigh. “It’s just, I, uh worry about you,” she said, nearly inaudibly. “I mean, I think you are taking a huge risk, being naked and vulnerable. And what about the girls? Don’t you think they will be teased? How can you protect them?”

I sat quietly, not sure how to answer. Each of these points had run her mind every day since that day when SR stripped her of her clothes and orchestrated her giving her clothes away.

“I think they will learn that it’s okay to be proud of your body, that you don’t have to hide it,” I said, replaying the answers I had given myself. “That sometimes people will make fun of you for doing what you believe, but you do it anyway.”

We sat there in silence for a few moments before she leaned over and squeezed my bare knee. “Sorry I was such a jerk earlier,” she said softly. “I overreacted. I’m not why. I guess I was surprised and didn’t handle it very well.”

I smiled and accepted her apology. “I understand. I didn’t handle it very well. I should have told everyone before I did it. I was just scared I guess.”

At that moment, Amy called for a group picture with all of her cousins. This was inevitable but something I had been dreading. Still, I had no choice but to get to my feet and follow my sisters and other cousins to the open area. I was now on total display as I stood there while the girls got a photo together. Anne Marie was taking over: “little girls sit or kneel in the front. Everyone else, stand.”

I wasn’t sure what was best here. Should I be proud, front and center, my nude body dominating the photo like a good nudist? Or should I follow my instinct and respect Amy and blend into the back? Anne Marie made it easy.

“Katie, would you mind standing in the back?”

Everyone laughed, and I joined in, though her words hurt a little, basically saying she didn’t want me ruining their photo. Amy saw my reaction and quickly jumped in. “Kate, you’re next to me!” That lifted my spirits and I slid over next to her. She put her arm around my shoulder as Kacy covertly slid next to me and covered majority of my front. With my left boob pressed against Amy’s side and Kacy in front of my right on, I knew that I was pretty much covered.

When I saw the photo, it was obvious I was naked, no doubt, but it wasn’t vulgar. I whispered, “thank you” to Amy who smiled and hugged me. “Of course…one of me, you and Kacy too.” We posed again, same way. This time I wasn’t as sure that I wasn’t exposed and when I saw the photo, my left breast was visible. Still, it wasn’t terrible and it wasn’t’ vulgar.

We then sat as Amy opened her presents. The chairs were all arrayed in a circle around the pile of presents. I felt I would be very exposed if I sat in one of those chairs and I was worried about sitting on a chair up front (didn’t want to have an upskirt-ish view of my vagina). So I decided to sit Indian-style on the floor, wincing a bit as I came into contact with the cold, tile floor. Bless my daughters as Tina and Tara, my twins, came over to sit on my lap, effectively covering me. Erin sat with Shannon next to me and I was happy to have my family with me.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 15**

This night had not turned out like I had expected. After putting the girls to bed, I had padded into the kitchen to pull out meat for the next night’s dinner. Tommy was on the couch waiting to watch a football game.

“Katie, in here now,” he said with his Master voice. Oh boy, I thought.

This was what I had always wanted…to be dominated by Tommy as his submissive wife. He had always claimed that he wasn’t that kind of guy but since I had been naked, he had gotten into it and was regularly dominating me. I had just wanted to curl up in bed and read a little before going to sleep. Now, those plans were on hold…for how long, I didn’t know.

I went into the family room and he pointed to the floor at his feet. “Kneel.”

“Yes Sir,” I said softly, dropping to my knees.

I knelt there facing him while he continued watching TV. Finally, after a few minutes, he looked at me.

“OK, so you are going to make me a snack during the first quarter and then bring it to me with a beer,” he said. “I’ll explain the rest later.”

“Yes Sir,” I said, getting to my feet and going into the kitchen. I knew that he liked nachos so I grabbed a bag from the cabinet. I grabbed a grater and a block of cheese and began to shred cheese onto the nachos while the oven heated. Finally I slid it in and let the cheese melt. I knew from experience that you can’t let it go too long or the cheese burned so I was careful to watch it and remove the tray before too long. I had to be aware of bare skin against hot surfaces but I was successful.

I then grabbed a beer from the fridge and poured it into a frozen mug like he likes it. Carrying the tray in my left hand (with an oven mitt, the only covering I was allowed now) and the beer with my right, I went to Tommy. His eyes directed me to kneel and I did, sliding the tray and beer onto the snack table in front of him. He began eating and watching the game while I knelt there facing him, not even able to see the TV. I felt a stirring in my belly as I realized this was what submissives did, service their Masters without concern for their pleasure. I couldn’t help feeling that this was what I had always wanted.

“TOUCHDOWN,” Tommy said loudly, standing and cheering. He rubbed my head and said, “that’s seven for you honey.”

He made no more explanation and sat back down, taking a loud swig of his beer and another bite of his nachos. A few minutes later he shouted again, “YES! Another! 14 baby!” After that, a field goal. “End of first quarter, 17-0. Time for you to take care of me Katie dear.”

I was confused as he moved the tray to the side and spread his knees apart. “For the next 17 minutes, you will keep my dick in your mouth.”

I gasped. I had never heard Tommy speak to me like that and could not believe that he devised his game. Still, I could not deny how turned on I was. He grabbed his iPhone and set the timer. “What are you waiting for,” he asked, pointing at his crotch. I crawled over between his legs and undid his belt, button and zipper, gently extracting his penis. It was already hard so that job was done for me. Instead, I took the tip into my mouth, grabbing the base with my right hand. His moan told me that I was doing it right and I began to slowly give my husband oral sex while he watched the football game.

Every so often he would grab my hair and stop my motion, working to keep from an orgasm and to ensure that we made it the full 17 minutes. Then he would take my head and begin pumping for a few minutes before stopping. Twice I heard him shout about another TD and I stopped so he could celebrate then went back to my work. Finally, I heard him groan and I felt his shaft twitch. In a few seconds, he spurted into my mouth and I swallowed greedily, loving the taste.

Once he was finished, I began to pull away when he stopped me. “You have six more minutes,” he said, holding my head against his crotch. I continued licking him as his shaft became flaccid, trying to keep the head in my mouth as ordered. Finally the timer chimed and he released my head. I took a deep breath after having my mouth full for so long.

“Get me another beer,” he said. “I have more plans for halftime.”

I did as commanded, bringing him a beer. “Sir, may I have one?”

He looked at me and grinned. “No, the beer’s for me. You may get a glass of water from the tap. No glass though, right from the spigot.”

“Yes Sir, thank you Sir.”

I left him and headed into the kitchen, doing as commanded and drinking from the sink without a glass. I then went back into the family room and knelt on the floor, facing him while he watched the TV. Occasionally he would rub my hair, like you would a dog, but mostly he watched the game.

“YES…another TOUCHDOWN,” he said excitedly, smiling at me. In a few minutes, it was halftime.

“I’ll take another beer and dessert,” he ordered me. “Cookies would be good. Get me some.”

I rose from my knees and did as ordered, bringing back a cold beer and a plate of cookies. Both looked so good but I knew that I would not be having any of them.

“On all fours on the coffee table,” he said firmly, pointing to the table in front of the couch.

I had bought that table a few months ago. While shopping for this back then, I had never considered if it was sturdy enough to hold my naked body. I had bought it for function (four young children) but also how it looked. I love that table but would have trouble thinking of it any other way now.

I felt the hard wood under my bare knees as I got on all fours. I was very aware of my butt exposed and my boobs dangling, my hard nipples pointing straight down.

“OK…so our team has 27 points at halftime. That’s 27 spanks on your butt. Count each one or it will not count. And try not to scream too loudly or you will wake the girls.”

I was shocked but I felt my sex moisten…this is what I had always wanted, for Tommy to dominate me, to feed my submission. Now I was getting it I wasn’t so sure this is what I totally wanted but there was no denying how it made me feel.

SMACK! WHOA, I thought, that wasn’t his hand…what was he using?

“You forgot to count. You get another.”

SMACK!

“ONE,” I call out. He hits me four more times. After I call out “FIVE!” he stops and slides the paddle under me. I am shocked to see that it is from our kids’ beach toys, a paddle that they used for hit a ball back and forth. Obviously he had done some planning on this one…the beach toys were in our basement storage unit.

“Good girl…your bottom is getting nice and red. Will be interesting to see how red after 22 more. Good luck explaining that tomorrow.”

He laughed and sat back down, taking a swig of beer. I of course just knelt there on all fours and waited until he was ready to go again.

SMACK!

“6!”

SMACK!

“7!”

After 10, each spank was punctuated with “OW!” then the number. When he got to 20 I was crying, but a good cry. I was hurting but I was so turned on.

Finally he finished and hit #27 was his hardest, almost knocking me off of the table. “OWWWW! 27!!!” I cried out in pain and relief that he was done.

“Stay there…we gave up 10 points so I need to take care of that. I think five on your boobs and five on your pussy would be fitting.”

My eyes got big. I had never expected that he would hit me in either of those locations. I had never expected to hear my husband use the word “pussy” either. He was really getting into this Master role.

“Yes Sir. Please take it easy on me,” I begged and he laughed.

“Oh Katie…it’s kind of too late for that,” he said. “This is the life you wanted right?”

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. He was hitting my dangling breasts one after another until he got five done.

“That was fun…I think I’ll do five on the other breast now.” He went around the table and hit my right breast five times as well and my poor boobs ached.

“OK, on your back and spread your legs so I can get access to your sex down there.”

I did as commanded, wincing as my poor butt hit the hard wood table. Sitting would be a problem over the next day or so, I thought. Still, I can’t describe the rush of excitement and fear I felt as I spread my legs as wide as possible on the little table.

Looking up, I saw that Tommy had gotten a plastic ruler from the kitchen. “Five swats with this and you are done,” he said. “Piece of cake.”

I was quivering in anticipation, nervous at what was coming but so happy to be dominated like I always wanted. Tommy had the ruler poised there for what felt like minutes but it was only a few seconds before letting it go and the ruler slapped right on my lips. “UHHH,” I grunted as the pain hit me.

FLICK! FLICK! FLICK! Three more and I was trying so hard not to squirm. Finally he was poised for the fifth and final flick. “This one is special,” he said, moving his hands up so that the ruler came right down on my erect clitoris. I screamed and closed my legs, nearly falling off of the table. I clamped my legs shut and curled up into a fetal position for a few moments.

“Katie, get me another beer,” he said. “The game is coming back on.”

I did my best to rally, finally unballing myself and getting to my feet. After a few moments I returned with the cold beer and saw Tommy with his pants off waiting for me on the couch.

“OK, this quarter, you are going to ... me. You may cum as much as you want but you have to keep me from cumming for 27 minutes, the same amount of minutes as points scored. Also, you have to make sure that I am inside of you the entire time. Got that?”

“Yes Sir,” I said, wondering how I would feel after being smacked on my most private area…well, at least the area that is private on all other women.

I straddled Tommy and slid my crotch against his. For the second time tonight, he was already erect so I didn’t have to work on that. I wondered if this happened frequently…maybe his naked wife was keeping him very interested?

I was still wet so he slid in easily…I began to slide up and down but he stopped me.

“Slower, we have a while to go here,” he said. He then leaned over to the side so he could still watch the game. It was so degrading to be doing something so intimate to a man who was more interested in football than what I was doing. That degradation sent a shiver through my body and I felt the beginnings of a climax coming. I had never cum fast before but I don’t know if it was the constant nudity or the scene that Tommy created for me, but I felt ready to go. I began to bounce up and down and was on the cusp of cumming then I felt Tommy’s hand on my shoulder.

“Too fast,” he said, stopping me just as the orgasm was about to load. This set me back a bit so I began to grind on him. It was nice but not hitting at the angle that I wanted and I felt like I was starting over. I grinded and grinded and then started bouncing again. I was getting tired, feeling like we had been going for 20 minutes or so but when Tommy stopped me yet again, I saw his phone timer and saw that we had been going for only seven minutes. This was going to be the longest 27 minutes ever!

I stopped, waiting for instruction. Tommy was rubbing my head lovingly and caressing my boobs gently (since they were still tender from the spanking). His touch made me tingle all over and I began to bounce again…this time Tommy let me and in no time at all I was stifling a scream as the blinding orgasm hit me. It went on and on, probably for no longer than a few seconds but I was lost in time as I was finally allowed my release.

After collapsing on top of Tommy and laying there for a few moments, he whispered, “you still have 15 minutes left Katie…make it good.”

I sat up and again slowly slid my hips, keeping him inside me as he sat there, slowly, tantalizingly moving, moving up and down his shaft. Finally as my legs began to give out, the timer went off.

“OK, let’s do this,” he said, easily flipping me around so I was on my back with my legs spread. In no time, he was pounding inside of me as I tried to control myself…which was impossible. In no time at all I was screaming out in orgasm and he continued going in and out, in and out, in and out, filling me and then withdrawing. I was going crazy as my orgasm just kept building and building and finally crescendoed and I felt him push deep inside of me and his cock twitched. In no time I felt him unload and then slump on top as he groaned.

We stayed like that for a while…I could barely breathe but it was wonderful. I felt satisfied and loved as we laid there. I rubbed his back and hair as he finally came to and rolled off of me.

“That was good,” he said with a smile, leaning over to give me a kiss.

“Yes it was,” I said contently. “Thank you.”

He stood up and pulled his pants up, leaving me feeling even more naked. He had the luxury of putting clothes on but I did not. Still, when he sat down, letting me curl up next to him, I was happy, so happy, and I fell asleep as he finished watching the game.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 16**

I was now a little over two weeks into my new life of constant nudity. I wish I had been able to get used to it and though there were moments when I didn’t notice my nakedness they were few and far in between.

I tried to keep a normal routine. Three times now I have gone to the food store at the same time as my new friends from the senior center. They are so sweet to me and protect me. The old men ogle, that’s for sure, but it doesn’t feel dangerous like when the younger store employees do it. The women though are awesome…they always tell me how brave I am, what a great body I have, etc. I help them load their carts, etc., and they keep me safe.

For Tommy and I, things are super. We are having more sex now than ever. He dominates me sometimes, makes me give him oral sex sometimes and sometimes we just make love. I have never been happier.

Today though is not a good day. It started with a call from the older girls’ school.

“Mrs. Irwin?”

“Yes.”

“This is Mary Lou Brooks, the school secretary.”

I know who you are Mary Lou, my kids have been in the school for five years and we have met 100 times!! “Hi Mrs. Brooks. What can I do for you?”

“Um, is Mr. Irwin available to come to the school today?”

Odd, I thought. Tommy rarely went to the school except for a show or recital, etc. I handled the parent-teacher conferences, volunteered, my time, etc.

“No, he’s at work. I can come over though. What’s going on?”

“Oh, um, yes, can you hold please Mrs. Irwin?”

She didn’t put me on hold but just put her hand or something against the phone. I couldn’t make it exact words she was saying but she sounded worried.

“Yes, Mrs. Irwin, I’m sorry. Mr. Williams said it would be fine for you to come in. Can you be here by 11?”

I looked at the clock and saw that only gave me 20 minutes to get the car unpacked and back to school but I said “sure” and hung up. Thankfully the people in my building, including the guards in the lobby, were used to seeing me running naked so no one paid much attention as I carried the grocery bags into the building and then ran back to the van to get to school. I made it at 10:59 and was buzzed into the building. Sadly, even our little neighborhood elementary school now had a locked door and security.

“Can I help you?”

Really? How many naked moms do you have walking in here? I am sure you were warned about me!!! I kept those thoughts inside my head and instead said, “I’m Katie Irwin here to see Mr. Williams.”

“Oh yes, Mrs. Irwin. I heard you were coming.” Of course you did, I thought.

I started walking towards the office but he stopped me. “Can I see some ID please?”

I sighed, knowing I was late and also hating having to show that humiliating ID to anyone. I spun my purse off my shoulder and pulled out my wallet with the ID in it. When I handed it to him, the usual reaction happened: his eyes bugged out, he stared at the photos and then at me and leered. It was like clockwork. He let loose a low whistle and handed me back to the ID.

“Um, I’m supposed to give you this sticker but I don’t know where you would put it.”

I took the sticker, pasted it to my purse, and said, “does this work?” He nodded and I padded off, my bare feet making no sound on the cold, hard tile floor as I made my way to the principal’s office.

It felt so weird to be naked here. After all, this was the school of three of my daughters. In all of my fantasies about being naked, I never imagined it would come true and I never thought for a second that I would be naked in the girls’ school! Still, here I was, and probably not for the last time.

I had gotten the feeling that the school wasn’t too keen on me being here so I have stayed away. Of course I will have to get here sometime: parent-teacher conferences, school plays, sporting events. Still, I have made myself scarce for the time being out of respect for other parents and the school administration. Getting called here today was not a good sign.

Walking into the principal’s office, I was met by his secretary, Mary Ann Brooks. She and I have known each other for several years, since Shannon started here. As a stay at home mom, I was at school often to volunteer, etc. We would talk in a friendly way. Now, she pretended not to know me.

I said hi and started to sit but she swooped in. “Mrs. Irwin, please don’t sit, not there,” she said, looking up at the floor to ceiling windows that led into the hallway. Anyone coming by would have seen my bare back, not the worst thing ever, I thought. “Anyway, Mr. Williams is waiting for you.”

Her manner was odd but I kept walking into the principal’s office. Waiting there, besides Mr. Williams, were Ms. Stark, the assistant principal, and Mrs. Myrna, the lunch monitor. I saw Ms. Stark’s nose turn up when she saw me walk in naked. Mrs. Myrna uttered a low, “my Lord” while Mr. Williams stood and shook my hand. I noticed that his eyes tried very hard to stay on my face but couldn’t help wandering down below.

“Mrs. Irwin, thank you for coming so quickly,” he said, pointing me towards a chair. I sat as demurely as possible for naked woman, crossing my legs and resting my arms on my knee.

“Absolutely, Mr. Williams, it sounded urgent,” I said. Looking up, I saw a look of disdain on the younger woman’s face. Ms. Stark was young, probably a year or two few years younger than me. She was always so put together, matching outfit, high heels, stockings, hair just right. I never understood why when she was only working with elementary school children for crying out loud but that’s her thing.

“Damn right it was urgent,” she interrupted Mr. Williams as he was about to speak. “Your daughter lashed out today at lunch and sent a kid to the nurse.”

I gasped, my legs coming uncrossed as I sat stunned. Seeing the three pairs of eyes looking directly at my crotch, I realized that they must be able to see everything and quickly recrossed my legs, not before forcing Mr. Williams to have a seat behind his desk.

“What happened? Shannon is such a meek child…this can’t be,” I said, sputtering.

“Mrs. Irwin, it seems that Shannon got into an altercation with Michael Fisher,” Mr. Williams said, trying to act natural while avoiding looking at the naked woman in front of him. “She did quite a number on him and he had to be taken to the nurse.”

“That boy was defenseless,” Ms. Stark said harshly, “and she kept hitting him. No regard for his crying out. It took Mrs. Myrna and another aide to get her off of him.”

I sat there in stunned silence. My little girl was never the aggressor, in any fashion. Even at home, she was willing to let her younger sisters take control. This was so out of character.

“I don’t know what to say,” I said quietly. “I assume she had a good reason.”

“Well Mrs. Irwin, Shannon refused to say why she hit Mr. Fisher,” Mr. Williams said, sounding evasive. “There were witnesses who gave us some details but we can’t say for sure.”

“They said that the boys were teasing her but I didn’t hear any of that,” Mrs. Myrna said. “All I saw was her punching him and then jumping on him on the ground.”

“So she was sticking up for herself,” I said, getting agitated. “Self defense.”

“There is never an excuse for hitting Mrs. Irwin,” Ms. Stark said snarkily. “I know that you don’t follow the rules and maybe you think it’s okay for her not to follow rules but here, we enforce them.”

She came closer to me and pointed at me in anger. The city girl in me snapped a little.

“Excuse me? Who are you pointing at? I have been a parent here for five years and none of my children have ever been in trouble and we have always followed the rules. What’s your problem?”

“Right, you always follow the rules? How many other moms come strutting in here butt naked and make us go along with it. The answer? ZERO.”

I got to my feet and seriously thinking about hauling off and hitting this woman when Mr. Williams stepped in between. “Now, now, Ms. Stark, this is nonsense,” he said. “Mrs. Irwin is well within her rights to be a committed nudist and we would do nothing to infringe on those rights. Let’s not be judgmental.”

The woman huffed and backed off. I sat again, shaking in anger and frustration. “Well, either way, Shannon cannot be in school the rest of the day,” he said. “We will let you know what the next steps are.”

“Where is she,” I asked. “My daughter…I want her now.”

“Um, she’s in Ms. Stark’s office.”

“Bring her here and we are leaving,” I said, standing and grabbing my purse. “My daughter was bullied and is now in trouble for standing up for herself. Then I come here and get reprimanded by this person who thinks she knows everything. Ms. Stark, what have you ever stood up for in your life? You ever do anything that was difficult like walk naked in a clothed world? No, you just judge others. I’m sad that you are responsible for children.”

“You are a bad role model Mrs. Irwin, plain and simple,” she said. “And I’m not afraid to say it.”

No, she certainly was not. I walked out of the office into the waiting area. There was Shannon, looking scared and alone, her backpack overwhelming her physically as she stood almost hunched.

“Let’s go Shannon,” I said, grabbing her hand and marching out of the building. I didn’t stop once until I got to the minivan. Shannon climbed in next to me and sat silently. My heart broke for the little girl who was so upset but I couldn’t talk yet, needing to get over my anger. I put the car into drive and moved out of that parking lot.

“You mind if we stop at the coffee shop?” Shannon shook her head. I grabbed the phone and called the shop, my new regular routine, to make sure that I could come in my naked state.

“This is not normal Mom, is it,” Shannon asked.

“Excuse me?”

“Most other people don’t have to call the coffee shop to see if it’s okay to go there,” she said, quietly but firmly. “Most people just go there.”

So this was about me, I thought. Uh-oh, what had happened?

“Shannon, I need a few minutes of quiet,” I said. “Let’s talk when we get to the coffee shop.”

After a few turns, we pulled into a mostly empty parking lot. Inside the store there was just an older couple sitting and they waved. We had seen each other yesterday at this same store at this same time. They had both given me the once over but smiled and waved. I waved back, gave no explanation and that was that. Today, they were equally friendly and I was glad for Shannon to see that it was really no one’s business.

“XL coffee with sugar and extra cream for me Molly,” I said to my favorite barista. “Shan, you want hot chocolate?” She nodded and I added, “and add some whipped cream for her please…pile it on. It’s been a rough morning.” I smiled at Shannon who finally cracked and started to cry.

“Im sorry Mom, I really am,” she said, coming towards me and hugging me.

“Oh Shannon, it’s ok baby,” I said, rubbing her back. I saw Molly watch me and I whispered, “we’re ok. I’ll pay later, OK?” She nodded and I steered my daughter to an alcove where I sat on a comfy chair and she fell into my lap.

“Shannon, please calm down,” I said softly. “It’s fine. Whatever it is we will work it out. SHHH!” I continued rubbing her hair as she sobbed, her head leaning on my bare shoulder. I felt the tears dampening my skin and thought, well, here’s one good thing about being naked…not going to ruin my clothes.

Molly brought our drinks and I managed to get Shannon to sit up in her own chair, curled up. We sipped our drinks in silence. I loved the feel of the soft, comfy fabric of this easy chair against my bare skin and I slid slightly back and forth, luxuriating in the touch. This was an advantage of being naked…I felt things that others never would.

“So what happened,” I asked softly. “Was it about me?”

Shannon nodded, unable to look at me as she sipped her chocolate. I tried to keep from crying…my stupid decision, my wantonness was causing my daughter pain. What a fool I have been.

“The boys were saying stuff about you,” she said quietly. “How you must like people looking at you and all. They’ve said that before and I let it go.”

“So why today?”

“Michael said you like men, um doing stuff to you,” she said, looking down. “That you like sex and stuff. That’s why you’re naked. He called you a slut.”

My body was shaking in anger…how dare these boys take my actions out on my little girl?!? And they were only 4th graders…how did they learn this stuff?

“Shan, I am so sorry,” I said, my voice cracking. “I can go and put clothes on right now and end this whole thing. I never intended for you to get hurt by my decision.”

She lifted her head and looked up at me for the first time all day. “No, you can’t,” she said. “You can’t.”

“But if it’s causing you…”

“No Mom, NO!”

Her forceful tone was rare for her and it was obvious she meant it.

“Mom, we don’t let bullies win. You are doing this for the right reasons, to show pride in yourself. You can’t stop now.”

I was so proud that tears did stream down my cheeks, though a part of me felt bad that she was defending me when actually I hadn’t made the choice at all and I was in it for the reasons the boys gave. Still, I had to pretend that was true so all I said was “Shannon, when did you grow up so fast?” I leaned over and pulled her into a hug, grateful for the wonderful daughter that I had.

**Naked Dream Becomes Reality, Part 17**

“OH GOD,” I moaned, disappointed in myself that I could not contain my cries of pleasure but unable to stop.

Here I was laying on a metal desk at the front of a classroom at a community college just a few blocks from my apartment, my feet resting on two student desks in front of me, legs spread. I was pressing a vibrator against my exposed sex and my orgasm was coming fast.

There were a few dozen women in the room watching me intently. From my table, if I looked to the right, I could look out the small window and see people walking down the street, heading out to dinner or home from work or just walking their dogs while I laid there naked and masturbating. How did this happen to me???

It started with a message from SR. NO, I thought, reading his words. I cannot go through with this command. NO WAY.

SR had emailed me and asked me to connect with him online after taking the girls to school and Tommy had gone to work. That had been our regular time, working well with his time in Europe and my time in the US. Often we would Skype or just find a chat room. He would send me messages, asking me to do things. I would do them and tell him what I was doing. With Skype, it was easy to prove what I was doing (and for him to get blackmail pictures as it turned out).

“Sir, I don’t think I can do that,” I typed.

“Of course you will do that. You don’t get to choose.”

What he had laid out for me sounded impossible. At least it felt that way.

I had been at the computer at 9am, our regular time. For him it was 2pm and since he worked from home, he was available. I knew very little about him or his life…he said it was not my place to know. He, of course, demanded full disclosure about my life. Obviously he learned all he needed to snare me into this situation.

Right at 9, he posted a text:

“Good NEWS…”
“remember our favorite scene?”
“You will relive it!”

It was a scene from Unintentional Nudist, the story where the heroine Tami Smithers is forced to declare herself a religious nudist while a college freshman. Her exploits were incredible and gave me so many moments of joy. It was, obviously, the inspiration to what SR was doing to me now. Our favorite scene, one that we had discussed many times, was one where she was forced to give an orgasm demonstration to women on campus who struggled to reach orgasm themselves. It was sold as a physiological demonstration but was really intended to humiliate her and force her to admit that her claim of religious nudity was a sham. In the scene, Tami cums five times in front of a room full of people, including the professor who narrates the scene.

“What do you mean Sir?” My hands were trembling from nervousness.

“You will recreate it at that community college near your house.”

“Sir, I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Why? You are a nudist who doesn’t believe in modesty right? Isn’t that what you told Tommy and everyone else? Why would you not be willing to serve as a model for science?”

“But, people there might know me or Tommy.”

“So?”

“Sir, it might be bad for me.”

“Worse than constant nudity? You didn’t think that could happen and look…naked now for a month. Anything is possible Kathleen…anything. Haven’t I proven that to you?”

He was right…I had never thought this would be something that would happen in my life but here I was, stark naked, no clothes anywhere and no chance of wearing anything for the foreseeable future.

“I will make sure you have the details. Now tell me about your sex life lately.”

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The email came from a women’s studies professor at the local community college, less than two miles up the road. I would often take my girls there for a long walk around their campus. They had theater shows there sometimes and we would go to exhibits at the gallery, etc. We had loved being so close to the campus and I had even taken classes there.

“Dear Katie,

I am so happy to make your acquaintance. Thank you for your kind offer to be a demonstration model for us. Our group meets twice a month, every other Thursday, with tomorrow being our next meeting. It will be great for our ladies to see you and learn about your lifestyle. Many of them have not felt free to express themselves in any way, certainly not even close to the level that you have. This demonstration will be memorable to them in many ways.

Are you available at 8pm on Thursday (11/3)? If so, we will be proud to welcome you at our weekly meeting.

Sincerely,

Lane

Dr. Lane Vetowsky
Professor of Women’s Studies
Chair, Women’s Clinic”

Like Tami, I was stuck. Though I hadn’t volunteered, I knew there was no way out. This seemed inevitable.

The morning had started off bad for me. It was the first frost of the season. Walking to the car to get the cars to schools had felt like walking on ice for my poor bare feet, which were still getting used to the abuse. Then the windshield had ice on it. As I scraped, the frost sprayed and pelted my poor defenseless nude body and I was shivering. Plus, every time I reached to scrape more of the windshield, some part of my bare skin (usually my boobs and nipples) touched the freezing cold car. When I hopped back into the relative warmth of the car, I noticed my nipples poking achingly out, a fact pointed out by one of the twins. Thanks, I thought, I had no idea my nipples were so hard. Of course I was very aware. They ached when they were this hard and I was dying for relief but couldn’t bring myself to cup my boobs in front of the girls so I waited intensely for the heat to work its magic.

Also, Tommy had not been happy when I said I was going out tonight.

“I was going to meet some guys from work for poker,” he said, though he hadn’t told me about it.

“I’m sorry. I should have asked you first,” I said. “A friend is in a women’s studies program at the college and they are having a program. I thought it looked interesting.”

He smirked. “Wonder what those women’s studies people think about you walking around butt naked and being submissive to her husband.”

“They would be happy because it’s the life I chose,” I said, kissing his cheek. “It’s the life that I love.” Yeah right. There was no doubt I liked much of it, especially the part of being submissive to Tommy, but the constant public nudity and exposure was really difficult to deal with.

I walked away, very aware of his eyes on my bare butt. If I wasn’t in the middle of getting the girls off to school, I feel sure that we would have ended up in the bedroom. I had to work to lower my arousal so as not to “show” anything. A naked girl has no where to hide!

By the time I got the older girls to their school, the car had warmed up and my nipples were no longer aching. I was grateful that Erin’s teacher was dutifully at the curb to walk her in, even on this cold day. Thankfully I hadn’t had to walk out in the cold this time.

BUZZZZZ BUZZZZZZZ BUZZZZZZ. My cell phone was going off in the cup holder. A message from SR. “Facetime me NOW!” This had never happened and I was surprised by his forcefulness.

I pulled over into a remote corner of strip mall parking lot and hit the button to Facetime SR. In seconds, his beautiful face appeared. In the corner, I could see my naked boobs prominent in my photo in the upper corner but made no move to cover myself.

“Katie, Katie, Katie,” SR said. “Tonight, you will not drive to the demonstration at the college. You will bike there. Tami didn’t have the luxury of driving in a warm car and neither should you. I don’t want you hiding yourself.”

I gulped. The weather was turning cold and my refuge was my warm car. Now I would freeze and also be exposed to all who wished to see.

“Sir, please, it’s very cold here,” I said. “Please let me drive.”

“Katie, I could force you to walk like Tami did,” he said. “That would take longer and be colder I suppose, correct?”

“Yes Sir,” I said, head bowed in defeat. “Thank you Sir.”

“Make yourself cum,” he said nonchalantly. I was stunned. I was in public, sort of. Yes I was in my car but people were driving and walking nearby. Still, I knew that I had no choice but obey. I kept the phone pointed at my face, hoping for some little form of privacy but knowing that would not be enough.

“Lower the phone Katie,” he said and, reluctantly, I did as commanded, knowing that the camera was not looking directly at my bare vagina and my fingers sliding inside the lips and then out, in and out. I started to moan and I could swear I saw SR smirk.

“Keep going naked one,” he said soothingly, “keep going. You are so beautiful, especially like this, naked and about to cum…this is my greatest triumph.”

His words sent me further along and I knew an orgasm was about to crest. Finally it hit…I lifted my butt off of the seat and then back down, moaning and crying out as the waves hit me over and over. After 30 seconds, I was done and I slumped back in the seat, my fingers still rubbing.

“Wonderful Katie, wonderful,” he said. “You are such a slut, fingering yourself in a parking lot after taking your kids to school. Such a slut, such a beautiful slut. Goodbye Katie.”

The phone beeped and he was gone and I was left there, wrung out and feeling low. From thousands of miles away, he had ordered me to do it and I did it. But his words at the end had struck me…I was a slut, bringing myself off like this. I deserved all of the abuse I was receiving.

Reattaching the seat belt and drying my eyes, I headed home to prepare for the night.