**Naked Friday**

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**Naked Friday 01 - Monday**

I slowly woke to the sound of the alarm clock buzzing away in the back of my mind and stretched out a hand, pressing the pause button on the top - another ten minutes in bed will be OK, besides, Martin won't have to get up this morning, he has a day off – lucky sod!

As this thought got through to my conscience, I was suddenly wide awake – its Friday – NAKED FRIDAY!!!!

Let me tell you, before I continue, about Naked Friday.

On the previous Monday, all the staff of our small architectural company were gathered around the central table in our open plan office. At the outset, it didn't seem any different from the usual meetings we regularly had other than the fact that this was a Monday, and not our usual Wednesday meeting day. The meeting was held on a Wednesday so that anything that was crucial could be accomplished by close of play on the forthcoming Friday. As a result, Rachel and I were chatting in the kitchen whilst we made our cups of tea about what this was likely to be about – to no avail this morning – the announcement we were about to hear could not have been considered by someone with the wildest imagination – not even me, and believe me my imagination could get pretty wild at times!

We gathered around the table to start the meeting, Donna and I sat next to each other as normal while Dave, one of the Architects, sat across from us and was joined by Phil, the Accountant and Gerald, the Quantity Surveyor. Eventually, Robert, the second Architect, owner and Director of Self Build Planning Ltd, our small company, and Rachel, the Purchasing Officer, joined us at the table.

"Good morning all, I hope you have all had a good weekend, we had the weather for it for a change." said Robert, smiling as he did so. "Sorry to break out of our normal routine " he continued, "but all of us Directors have noticed that we seem to be having a bit of a problem with moral at the minute."

Everybody else around the table, except for Donna, seemed a little surprised at this announcement. Sure, just recently work seems to have flat lined a bit, things slowing down due to the recent banking problems and resultant recession, but we still seemed to be getting along reasonably well.

Robert's voice broke back into my conscience again as he continued.

"I know times are tough at the moment, but if we don't raise our moral I fear for the future of the company. We are a small company and the feelings of others are easily propagated through to the other members of staff which can easily result in a spiral that affects each and every one of us."

He paused for a moment then, and seemed to gather himself together for a few moments. He looked at Donna and she smiled her encouragement at him.

"This Friday, we are going to try to do something that will hopefully raise our spirits and get us out there striving to get new orders and keep this company, and our jobs, alive and prosperous. The work is out there if we get stuck in and grab it. With this in mind, we are going to undergo a team building exercise, and it will take up all of this Friday coming. To explain more, I will introduce to Graham, who will tell you all about it."

Robert got up out of his chair and went out towards the reception area, which is shared by a couple of other small businesses in the building, and came back in a few moments later with Graham in tow. He duly introduced us all to him and we all sat and waited for either Graham or Robert to continue.

"Next Friday", Graham said, "you will all be taking part in a team bonding exercise but, due to financial constraints, this will take place here and not the usual jolly to some paint balling place or other. The exercise will also be filmed for a forthcoming television series that will include a number of other companies in similar circumstances as yourselves and will be aired on BBC 2 in the Autumn. We have successfully filmed four of the six part series, so we are nearly done."

A little bit of a buzz passed around the table, Rachel expressing her concern about being filmed for the television and others making their own little comments, most of which I didn't hear as I was getting interested in this now, me being the exhibitionist that I am it sounded like something that would be right up my street.

How little did I know myself – at the end of this process, I was to find out how much of an exhibitionist I really am – and a whole lot more in the process!

Graham then explained about his history, how he had started up and run four companies to date, all of which he had then sold and were still up and running, one of them in the top 100 companies in the UK. He was not short on experience then, but the next thing he said was like a bomb going off.

"This team building exercise, just like the others that we have filmed, will be called Naked Friday, which by the way is the program title. So far, we have been very successful over the past year and all of the companies involved have gone on to better things. The first two have improved their company's income by as much as 50%, which clearly has an impact on wages and the numbers of staff employed. We will break up for a cup of tea or coffee in a few minutes so that you can discuss this amongst yourselves without the bosses being around to intimidate you. First though, let me explain this more fully."

I looked around the table at the others. Donna and Robert, the Directors, were looking down at the desk, unwilling at the moment to make eye contact with anyone else – they clearly knew what was coming – everybody else was looking around the table at the other assembled members of staff. we all had rather blank, 'rabbit in the headlights' countenances. Eventually, Donna made sure to make eye contact with each one of us and smiled beguilingly at us while Robert kept his head down for the moment. Was this embarrassment?

Graham went on further, "Come Friday, you will all, and I mean all, be required to come to work naked and remain naked for the duration of the working hours of the day, and the work you will be required to do will be no different from a normal work day. During the remainder of this week, we will have a team here, led by myself, to mentor you and who will be filming the proceedings throughout the week. They will also be here on Friday to film the results of the week. The program, which will be aired in the autumn, will include excerpts from what has happened during the week as well as the actual day of the event. Now, to calm your nerves a little, I hope, I have to stress to you all that this is not a sexual thing that we are undertaking here – it is a team bonding exercise. Indeed, if any one of you, male or female, Director or Employee, makes any inappropriate sexual advance, be that physical or verbal, towards another member of staff or visiting member of the public during the course of this exercise, they will be immediately dismissed. That will apply to each and every one of you. This would also include the Police being involved if the situation warrants it."

He paused for a few moments and then said, "Do you all understand the gravity of the consequences that inappropriate behaviour is going to attract?"

He waited whilst each of us in turn acknowledged that we did, and this included Donna and Robert.

Once we had all agreed to this, he continued with, "To allow us to set up our lights and other equipment, we would like you all, excepting Robert and Donna, to get yourselves off to the kitchen, which will remain a neutral zone where anyone can go at any time to discuss issues off the record to my team or with each other, and have a break for an hour."

He then sat down and said nothing further whilst Robert asked us to leave the room.

In silence, we all stood up and went off to the kitchen, carrying our now cold cups of tea with us, everyone had forgotten to drink them after we had made them earlier, variably either terrified, shocked or enthralled by the topic just introduced to us.

As I went out, I felt the heat rising up my chest to my cheeks and thought I must look awful – blushing away like a beacon. All sorts of thoughts went through my mind – naked – in work – for a whole day, and everyone else being naked too. I just didn't know how to react to this announcement – so far outside our society's norms and certainly nothing I had ever contemplated before – 'no, I just couldn't do this' was the thought uppermost in my mind, despite the usually very sexy and often revealing clothing I wore out on dates with my husband. 'Ha!' I thought to myself, 'and Martin thought I was an exhibitionist!' I thought about how I would wear really low cut dresses and short skirts all the while and enjoying being looked at by others. Except for one occasion out with Marting though, it had never been showing off any more than one would find on an average British beach. No nipples showing or pussy flashing, just legs and cleavage.

I nearly always seemed to arouse Martin to my best advantage – he is a fantastic lover and is very gentle and considerate in our lovemaking, seeming to know just what I want, when I want it. Soft slow and loving one day, strong, lustful and animalistic the next. He loves for me to show off my body – a frame of 5 feet 3 inches, shoulder length blond hair, 34B bust, 28 inch waist and 32 inch hips. The only down side seemed to be a rather out of proportion short body against my long slender legs, which I must admit I did use to my best advantage with short dresses and skirts, none of which were ever more than 3 inches below my crotch outside of work and yes, I do know that I show off my knicker-clad bum on occasions – mostly conservative white or black in work but with a tendency toward a G-String, or very occasionally none at home, when out and about outside of work. I even went knickerless once to a club and had a great time, but I had never done it again. But naked – in work – all day? No, I just couldn't do it!

I rarely smoke, but now I scrounged a cigarette off Rachel and nipped outside for a quick one (I meant a smoke, you horny people!) whilst all the others got their teas and coffees. When I got back, the conversation was quite lively, Rachel saying it sounded intriguing, but didn't think she could do it naked – maybe down to bra and knickers – but not totally nude. Phil saying that nobody would want to look at his wrinkled saggy 56 year old body and other such comments.

I listened for a minute or two to others comments whilst I made my tea and then, and honestly, I don't know where it came from, I said, "Well, I think I could do it; it may be fun."

Even as I was saying it I blushed scarlet red and felt very hot indeed, temperature hot, not sexy hot – but then again!

Gerald responded to this first with "That would obviously be fun for the rest of us, but just look at you compared with the rest of us!"

Rachel glared at him and I swear if she'd a decent knife in her hand she would have stabbed in through the heart where he stood.

"What is that supposed to mean – are you trying to say I'm not attractive you dirty little perv?" she spat back at him.

This, of course, embarrassed Gerald and he tried to cover it up but it didn't work.

"Well, if Gina can do it, so can I – I'll show you lot!" and she stomped off back to the office.

The boys all looked a bit sheepish then and, since Rachel had gone back in, they started to follow her. It wasn't long before they were back though, as the film crew hadn't finished yet. Eventually, we were told we could go back to the office when we were ready.

Once we were all re-seated, Graham asked us each in turn what we thought about it and would we be likely to join in. Only Rachel said she would right off, but there was still an element of spite in her response which made it seem unlikely that she actually would, and I said that I would have to talk it over with Martin first, but, following my outburst in the kitchen and feeling obliged, said I probably would. Gerald said much the same thing but Phil said there was no way he was coming to work naked – 'Never goin' to happen!' as he put it.

Dave said he would do it, which surprised all of us, but then it's always the quite ones you have to watch isn't it, and Robert said he would, but then he had to really, he was the one that organised, or at least approved of, this little shindig. Donna said she would do underwear only.

During the course of the next hour or so, Graham outlined the course the week would take. He would be here all week, along with the camera crew, and he would be accompanied this afternoon and for the rest of the week by the Producer, Alison, who us girls could talk to if we didn't want to talk to him.

Basically, he was going to show us clips from the other programs that had already been filmed, get us to pose for a life sized photo cut-out of ourselves in our underwear or swimsuits that would be shown to us later as a group and generally be there to help and answer any questions.

When he had finished, Robert said that we should all go home this evening and discuss this with our families, and asked us to please take advantage of either Graham's, Alison's or his help and ask us any questions we wanted to – all of which would be strictly confidential.

During the course of the remainder of the day, I mused on the subject of course, but mostly we didn't talk about it too much between ourselves. I think all of us were a bit shell shocked and needed time to ingest what we had been told and prepare ourselves for telling our partners/families. Personally, the more I thought about it the more I fancied the idea – it would at least prove to myself whether I was the exhibitionist I thought I was – clearly I hadn't been up to now.

The day finally ended and I made my way home where Martin was waiting for me – he generally got home about 20 minutes before me, and would have started cooking our dinner. I waited until we were eating it to bring up the subject of Naked Friday.

"Martin, how would you feel if I went to work stark naked on Friday?"

Well, let's be fair, how do you begin a conversation like that!

He sputtered and nearly choked, I suppose I could have timed it better, not when he had a mouthful of steak, and finally, with his eyes watering, he said "What the hell do you mean by that? Who would let you anyway – where did this idea materialise from......."

I had sort of stopped listening now, so many garbled questions all at the same time.

Whilst he was still sputtering on, I interrupted him and explained how it had all come about. As I was explaining, I stood up from the table and as sexily as I could, I removed my dress, throwing it over the back of the chair and then proceeded to remove first my bra and then my conservative but lacy work knickers, finally standing naked in front of him. His questions petered out as I undressed. He stared at me and I felt myself blush, and turned around slowly so that he had a full 360 degree view of my now naked body. I hadn't worn tights (euch) or stockings today and had enjoyed the feeling of the air on my long smooth legs.

"Well," I said, "I think I look OK naked, don't you?"

"Of course I do", he answered, "you know I love to see you naked, and I love for you to wear short skirts and what have you... but naked... in work? Come on, who's bloody stupid idea was that?"

I sat back down and said, "Well, you haven't really answered my question – would you like me to do it? Would you allow me to do it even?"

"Let's finish our dinner while I think about that a bit more please, and at least allow me to calm down, 'cause right now I don't think I could refuse you anything."

His eyes seemed to be sparkling a lot more than usual right now and I reached over and put my hand in his lap, feeling his manhood standing proud under his trousers.

"That's the effect I was looking for." I said and kissed his cheek. "I do love you, you know."

I continued to explain it all to him as we ate our meal, during which time I remained naked.

When we had finished he said, "Well, if you want to do it, I suppose it would be OK, I know if you do I'll be thinking about it and trying all day to hide an erection – I got a hell of stiffy on me now just thinking about it!"

Subconsciously while we had continued to eat, I realised that I had been thinking about my own body. My long smooth legs, flat stomach atop them and my medium sized but full and firm breasts with the puffy nipples that seem to remain puffy even when they are erect, to my pussy that, even when sitting bolt upright on a dining chair and with my feet on the floor and legs tightly together, exposed the top half inch of my vaginal opening and most of which is clearly on view when I'm standing, even my inner lips too. The downside of this is that it was not on show too much when bending over or walking up stairs wearing a mini skirt, 2" below pussy or micro skirt, 3/4" below my pussy when standing still. Still, I had found ways to show it off in the past to its best advantage.

Looking at my nipples now, they were slightly stiff and I noticed a small wet patch on my chair where my dripping pussy had puddled my juices. I hadn't noticed until now, but thinking about being naked now at my own dining table and what lay ahead had clearly got my motor running a little! This also reminded me of my latent exhibitionist streak (no pun intended) which every so often got let out of its cage!

"Well, thanks for your support, I knew you would support me, whatever decision I made, but do you think I could do it? And be honest will you – not flattering just to stay in my good books!"

"I know what the thought of it is doing to me, come and feel again if you don't believe me, and I think I would like you to, deep down. You know I like to show you off. But... I had never expected you to show yourself off to that extent. Yes, you've gone topless on holiday, but that had been abroad where everyone else was doing so too and as such it wasn't out of the ordinary."

He paused for a while, then with a quizzical look on his face said "Or is it that mild exhibitionism that makes you seem hornier when we've been on holiday?"

Again, I blushed and demurely said "Do you know, I think it is – I have always wanted to holiday where I can get my top off on the beach and not be scared of getting arrested, or worse."

Well, I had – and maybe it was only now that I was even fully admitting my enjoyment of being undressed in public to myself. This further made me think hell yes, I'm going to do this and making that decision gave me a huge buzz! I got back up and went around the table, putting my hand in his lap – he wasn't kidding – his prick was like a tent pole!

"Feel me too." I said, making my pussy available to him.

His eyes lit up and sparkled when he felt how wet I was.

Before I started to clear the table and start washing up the dishes, I reached for my dress to put it back on. As I was at home I wasn't going to bother with underwear despite the shortness of my dress, this one being only 2 inches below my crotch (and unusually risqué for work wear - had I had some sort of premonition?) and I had to be careful how I moved and especially sat in this one so as to not show off too much.

Martin said, "Why are you bothering to put that back on now, you know I like you to be naked – even if you don't believe how good you look when I tell you. If you are going to go work on Friday naked, you had better get acclimatised to being naked hadn't you?"

I stopped with my dress mid way between the chair and my putting it back on. A second or so thought and I said "To hell with it then, I suppose you're right, I should get used to being naked – and to tell you the truth, I have enjoyed sitting there eating my dinner naked, and you've just felt how much."

I was much wetter now than I had been and again I looked at the chair, where I had left a large damp spot. I walked over to him and once again offered my pussy to him to feel – he didn't need to feel my nipples, they were sticking out like little pencil erasers from the middle of my breasts, my areola all puckered up around them.

Martin reached out his hand and cupped my pussy, gently finding my inner lips with his finger. "Can we leave the dishes until afterwards?" he asked.

"After what?" I questioned.

"After I have taken you upstairs to bed and made love to you" he said.

"Yes, but don't lets bother with the bed, just do it to now – please!"

I moved back from him and leant over the table – I desperately wanted to feel him inside me, I had been horny all day and now I needed some relief!

He stood up, unzipped his trousers and released his lovely long cock, closing up behind me. He teased me for a minute or so, gently touching my pussy with his dribbling cock while caressing my back, bottom and breasts then said, "Are you ready for this then, you horny little minx?"

"YES" I shouted back at him and involuntarily screamed as he pushed into me to the full length of his cock on one swift movement.

My whole body tensed up and I had a massive squirty orgasm as soon as he was in me. Then, as my body started to relax, he slowly withdrew almost to the end and thrust back into me again. He continued this, during which time I came again but not so intensely, and while he did, his hand came around my body into my pussy and played with my clitoris (this position allows for no penile stimulation of the clitoris, as all you girls out there know already) and his other hand cupping my breast and teasing my nipple until he too came, shooting his juices into me in a long hot stream.

He cried out as he did so and I came at the same time, feeling his cum shooting into me – hot and creamy – and it felt like more than he had ever come before. I again shuddered for a minute and when, eventually, we were both done and he stood up and withdrew, I stood too and leaned back into him, our combined juices gushing down my legs – and I just let them!

Eventually, he turned me around and kissed me, slowly, gently and very passionately (passionate doesn't have to be hard and hungry!). I felt like I was just melting into him and stood and took it. He held me close and felt me all over for about 10 minutes, and I did not want it to stop.

As he did, I was wondering just what sort of animals this had created – both Martin and me. We had enjoyed our sex very well up till now, but it had never been anything like this – I was... well, to be honest I I don't know how I was – but I did know I wanted more of it: much more!

A short while later, we made our way upstairs to shower, me leaving my clothes on the chair where I had put them earlier. When we got upstairs he threw his trousers in the wash basket, they were wrecked with our combined juices making a large stain across the front of them, stripped off his jocks and socks and we showered together, touching, kissing and cleaning ourselves and each other for about 15 minutes, by which time he was hard again.

I said, "That will have to wait until later, big boy!"

He laughed and responded with "And you're going to get it too!"

I went to get dressed after towelling myself down and again he stopped me.

"Why don't you remain nude tonight love, just to help you to acclimatise yourself?"

"I can't; I would feel too uncomfortable..."

Now this was the old me speaking out of habit, what I really felt was 'No, I don't feel uncomfortable actually. I feel perfectly comfortable as I am right now – it'll just be a bit odd being downstairs naked, that's all'.

"Yes, your right as always, I should stay naked while I am home for the rest of the week."

I smiled then and said, "You'd better be careful encouraging me to do this though, you never can predict how far things can go without you meaning them to."

Martin smiled back and said, "How do you know how far I would want or let them go – I might want for you to stay naked all the time – I know that right now I wouldn't object, and while I think of it – do you remember that time we went out clubbing and you didn't wear knickers?"

"Yes", I said slowly.

"Well, I didn't want to embarrass you, or put you off doing it again, but while you were dancing with others, especially the fast dances, it was obvious to anyone who wanted to look that you were naked under your dress, and you just couldn't help but notice your pussy and even you're a large amount of stomach when you were sitting down. I saw your pussy peaking out at me a couple of times when I was coming back from the bar and, I must say, very delightful you looked too. I have hoped that you would do that again some time, but I've been too scared to ask."

"So, let me get this right, you don't mind if other people see my pussy and my bum too then do you?"

"OK, it looks like were going to get into an 'admission of guilt' thing here, so here goes – just don't get mad at me, OK?"

"No promises, but go on." I said.

"Yes, I don't mind if others see you, so long as that is all they do; look. In fact, I thoroughly enjoyed it and have, on odd occasions, masturbated while I think of it. Don't forget, that I get more horny on holiday too, and that is because you become more of an exhibitionist when we we're on holiday. To be perfectly honest, I would be happy if you never dressed again, if only we could get away with it."

I laughed, hugged and kissed him and said, "OK, I'll try this tonight and we'll see how we go, then we can make a more informed decision on the Friday thing together, but the more I think of it, especially since you have now admitted to me that you are a bit kinky about my exposure, the more I think I might do it after all."

Martin continued to dry off and put on some slacks and sports shirt, he always looked good in those, his muscled chest and thighs showing off nicely in them. I wandered down the stairs, remaining naked, to start clearing up after dinner.

It was now 8 o'clock in the evening and I thought, 'I have missed my soaps on the telly – but I don't mind for a change, it's been a nice night so far!'

I gathered the dirty dishes together and walked out into the kitchen, one wall of which has a large picture window looking out over our back garden and our neighbour's gardens, with the separating fences being only low (3ft high) wooden affairs. As I put the dishes down and started running water into the sink to wash up, I looked up and thought 'I can't stand here naked like this, what if the neighbours come out into their gardens?' We knew our neighbours more in passing than as friends. What would they think of me being undressed like this?

Martin came into the kitchen behind me offering to help. I pushed passed him moving back into the lounge, saying "I can't; I just can't stand by the sink like this, what if the neighbours see me."

He followed me back into the lounge and took me by the hand, leading me back into the kitchen. I resisted but he continued saying, "Sounds like Friday's off the books then. Look, if they do see you, they can only but like what they see, you are a very beautiful woman, but if they do say anything, we will be honest and open with them and tell them all about your Friday challenge and explain that you are practising for it and that you don't mean to embarrass them. I'm sure they'll be supportive if we are honest with them – come on."

I went back into the kitchen with him but couldn't help but feel a little awkward, even if I knew he was right. Also, I found it difficult to concentrate on what I was doing, my eyes constantly flicking up and looking to see who may be looking at me and my almost public nudity.

About half way through the chores, Martin came behind me at the sink and turned me around, putting his arms around my waist and kissed me very softly.

He looked deep into my eyes for a moment and said "You know, don't you, that I love you very, very much, and tonight you have let some of my own fantasies out of the bag. Let me tell you this though, I shall never force you to do anything you don't want to do, and I won't even try to persuade you to do something you don't want. What I will do, now and ever more, is support you whole heartedly in what you do want to do. If you want to be naked, that's fine. If you want me to be naked with you also – well that's fine as well – I will be and to hell with the consequences. We are still young, and life is so short, if we don't do what we want now, it will be too late to do it later, and believe me later is galloping towards us at a rate of knots. So come on – tell to me your deepest darkest secret desires, what is that will make you happy, what have you yearned to do but didn't have the courage for – I think this could be the start of a brand new life for us both and one that we can both enjoy. But... only if we are viciously honest with each other and don't try, however embarrassing we think it may be, to hold anything back."

He kissed me again and I responded hard, pushing my tongue into his mouth and grabbing hold of his lovely taught backside, pressing his crotch into mine as hard as I could.

When we both came up for air he said, "Come on, let's just get these dishes done and finish cleaning up while we talk, shall we?"

"Just hold on their big boy – before we go any further, get them there clothes off. If I'm getting naked in our kitchen, so are you."

Almost eagerly, Martin stripped where he was, throwing his only two items of clothing into the corner by the washing machine and releasing his ever hardening member.

I couldn't help myself as I leant down and kissed the end of him, sucking up the little bit of pre cum that had settled on the end of his penis like a little drop of dew on a cobweb. I kept at it until he came in my mouth and I swallowed it all up, enjoying the taste of his cum.

We got back to cleaning up after dinner and I chatted to him as we did. "I've always loved showing off, even when I was in school. I would nearly always be the one with the shortest skirt, the one who would wind up the boys flashing my knickers at them, and getting told off by my Mum for the length of my skirts. She gave up eventually, but clearly still didn't like it. So, I suppose I've always been a bit of an exhibitionist. So, when we are on holiday, I love that I can go topless on the beach and enjoy the looks on the faces of the men who look. I don't take any notice of the bitchy women who are either to uptight to show themselves, for whatever reason, or are jealous because their men are looking. It always raises my sexual temperature and we have a good time on holiday. And When I went to the club with no knickers on, I was aware of how much I was showing – I knew people could see half my arse and pussy when I was dancing – and I wore that loose 'A' line short skirt like that on purpose – I also knew that when sitting people could clearly see my pussy and knew I didn't have anything on except my blouse and skirt. I was so wet all night I was surprised that you didn't notice, but I have been afraid to do it again because you didn't ever mention it – I thought I had embarrassed you and that you seemed a little angry with me, so I've never done it again – although I have thought of it often enough and when I do think of it, and then don't do it, it makes me kind of angry with myself for not having the bottle to do what I want to. So, I want to show off more often, and more of me; and today has clearly brought that out in the open and I would like for you to help with me with that. It might be kind of fun if you actually encourage me, and easier for me too if you set me tasks to do?"

Martin didn't say anything for a minute – he just kept, sort of mechanically, wiping the dishes. Eventually though, he asked, "You want to expose yourself more in public?"

"Yes - I think I do." I replied.

Another pause.

"And you want me to tell you how much and when?"

"Well, that would make it easier, because then I would know I had your approval and that I wouldn't be embarrassing you."

"And you'll do what I tell you to do, when I tell you to do it and without hesitation or argument?"

A shudder ran through me – I was liking what he was saying so I just said 'Yes' once more.

"And what if you find that to be too embarrassing?"

"I'll just have to get over it then, won't I."

He just stayed quite for a while longer and we continued to clear away in silence. When we had finished, he took my hand and led me through to the lounge and we sat down.

"Let's get you through Friday first, to see how you manage that, and if you feel the same way, we'll try what we just discussed."

Then with a big grin on his face, he said, "I could get used to being your Master you know!"

I giggled and dug him in the chest while replying, "Yes, I expect you could, but only in helping me to show off – I've still got a life you know, and I'm not relinquishing all control. Only in the exhibitionist role will I do that, so don't get too bloody cocky boy!"

We spent the rest of the night curled up with each other on the sofa, each of us going through our own thoughts and not saying much to each other while we watched television, then went to bed early and made love again with great tenderness and love for each other.

Just as I was dozing off, I thought 'I wonder what tomorrow will bring, this feels like a new beginning for me.'

**Naked Friday 02 - Tuesday**

I awoke with a start, feeling Martin impaling himself deep into my wet pussy and immediately thought how pleasant a manner this was to wake up. I groaned and started to push back into him, forcing him to move his shaft nearly all the way out and then push straight back in again, hard from both our thrusting at the same time. In only a minute, I was in the throws of my first orgasm as he continued to pump in and out of me. I felt the wetness of my juices improve the flow of his penis in and out of me and how it cooled on the top of my thigh and rolled down my buttock to the sheet below. A few moments later he came too, pushing hard into me and I climaxed once more, arching my back and pushing my shoulders into his chest. I felt like I wanted him to completely enter me, the whole of his body pressed into me so that he would be stuck there all day. Eventually he withdrew and I rolled over and sat on top of him, kissing him deeply and with an animal lust still filling my senses.

Slowly, we came back to some sort or normality and I said, "If every morning is going to be like this just because I have been exposing myself so much, I'm never going to wear clothes again. Martin, I just can't tell you how much I love you darling, I just want to engulf you and carry you around inside me forever, where nothing can hurt you and I won't have to share you with anything or anyone else."

We cuddled for a while then, with a start, I screamed "Oh my God – What time is it?"

He put his hand in the small of my back and said, "Don't worry, it's only 7 o'clock, we've plenty of time for breakfast. Go get a shower while I go and make it – and don't get dressed 'till you have to leave for work."

I readily agreed and got up to shower.

Wallowing in the warmth of the shower jets spitting water all over my body making me feel like I was being teased with sharp needles (I had never felt so sensuous before) I cleaned off our juices and washed my hair, finally getting out of the shower, drying off and making my way downstairs.

On the kitchen table, he had assembled some toast and was just finishing off poaching some eggs. I got the orange juice from the fridge and filled our glasses. I was acutely aware that he also had not dressed yet, and I was taking my time filling my senses with the gorgeous site of him. I did love him so much but could not find the words to tell him how much. Right now, I didn't think they existed.

He eventually came to the table with the poached eggs and I sat on his lap at the table.

"This is very interesting, even if a little difficult to butter and egg my toast." he said.

"Don't you worry about that," I said, "I'll do it for you – you just hold on to me while I do."

I swivelled around on his lap, his now rising penis trying to gain the attention of my once more juicy pussy. I buttered the toast and put on some egg, cut the slice in half and turned around to him. He took a bite from one side of the toast and I took a bite from the other. We played around like that with our breakfast until it was finished, all the while both of us getting hotter and hotter.

I checked the clock to see if we had time for a quicky before we rushed out to work – damn, no we didn't and already it looked like Martin would have to take me to work on his way as I had missed the bus.

"I'll just go and get ready for work, you wash the dishes and when I come down, I'll dry them. Would you like me to put out your clothes for work today, I think I know just the outfit for you given the circumstances?" he said.

"Hmmm – sounds like it may be an interesting day then – and I'm right up there for it, I'm horny as hell already. Yes, and I promise to wear what you select for me."

After doing the dishes, I went upstairs to have a quick clean up (my pussy was already dripping wet) and dress for work. I looked at the clothes Martin had chosen for me and, despite my earlier bravado, I was shocked.

He had put out a pair of 4" heeled sandals, a semi-transparent camisole top that came just to my waist and a micro-mini skirt that was about 10" long. No underwear of any sort. This ensemble just got me all wet again. I had worn the top a few times out to clubs, where it is relatively dark and so not too noticeably see through, and worn the skirt to the beach on holiday – I'd never worn one this short at home ever. What was he thinking?

"Martin, where is the underwear to go with this little, and I mean little literally, outfit?"

He called back up the stairs "I quite fancy thinking of you all day wearing just what I've laid out for you – I may just be knackered by the time we get home if you do – besides, may as well get used to being on display ready for Friday, hadn't you?"

I dressed and put on the shoes and looked at myself in the full length mirror on the wardrobe – I had to admit I did look hot, even if I did say so myself, but not appropriate for work surely? Then again, like Martin said, I was probably going to be naked on Friday – scratch that, I AM going to be naked on Friday – I was just struggling with what this 'project' was turning us into. It was mad. And, if this is going to be a taste of my submitting to him in the exhibitionist role, life was going to prove to be, shall we say 'interesting'? Yes, I think it shall – and I was surprised at how much I was looking forward to it.

Anyway, my nipples were quite clearly visible through the spaghetti strapped camisole, leaving nothing to the imagination; you could even see the curve of my breasts through it. Standing still, the skirt was just about decent, so I sat on the edge of the bed.

'Christ', I thought – I can't sit in this without everything showing, my little landing strip, the top of my labia and, if I just opened my legs a tiny bit, the whole of my pussy being exposed.

I got up and tried bending over – half my butt cheeks were visible and a little bit of my pussy, and the curve of my cheeks was evident even when I was standing up – if it didn't get me the sack it would get me arrested!

Even through my trepidation about wearing it though, I was getting wetter and wetter and my nipples were standing nicely to attention. I tried for a moment to figure out the various feelings I was having – predominantly, I felt sexy as hell and touched my pussy to confirm – yes, it was dripping wet – again!

The sensible working girl in me though, no screamed, 'You can't wear this to work!" I called Martin to the bottom of the stairs and waited for him, then walked slowly down the stares. The look on his face was a picture – his mouth dropped open and he said, very slowly, "Wow!"

I smiled and said, "Are you sure you want me to wear this to work – I'm nearly naked you know?"

"I want you to wear clothes like that all the time – the only thing that would be better is if you weren't wearing any at all."

Well, that made my mind up for me – I'm going to wear it. Just as a safety measure though, I went back upstairs and picked up a longer summery dress to wear just in case there was trouble in work.

We went out to the car, for once he did not complain about taking me to work, and when I sat in the seat even I could see my pussy!

"Make sure you keep your eyes on the road buster, I want to get there in one piece you know."

"OK, but I'll be a wreck by tonight thinking of you wearing that all day – not going to do any overtime are you?" he asked.

"No, and I'll ring you later, when I have made my mind up whether I have enough courage to wear this home on the bus, so if I haven't you'll have to come pick me up again too."

As the day was bright and sunny, I did not take a coat to work, so if I did come home on the bus, everything would be on show in broad daylight at rush hour. Surprisingly, that gave me quite a buzz and I felt another little squirt of juice on my thighs. Luckily, we had some tissues in the car for me to dry off before I got out of the car in work.

When we got there, Martin offered to dry my pussy off for me, but I said, "No, I think if you do it, it will be a waste of time – you'll make me even more juicy, and I don't know if I could take that without raping you in the car park!"

He laughed at that but paid a lot of attention to my current duties.

When I had finished drying myself, I leant over and kissed his cheek, then got out of the car. As I straightened up, he said "Your skirt is a little puckered up in back there where you have been sitting, about a quarter of your bum is showing."

I felt around the back to see how much. Before I straightened it out, I devilishly asked "Do you want me to pull it back down then?"

"Well, for me – no, definitely not; but for your colleagues?"

He sort of left the question hanging, allowing me to make my mind up.

I didn't straighten it and just closed the door. I heard him whistle to me as I walked across the car park. I turned, smiled and waved him goodbye. Something told me I was going to have a good night tonight too.

Instead of being terrified, as I thought I would be dressed like this for work, I felt like I was walking on air as I crossed the car park. Against everything I had done in the past, except for when on holidays, I knew now that I wanted people to see me – to see them gaze at my clearly visible nipples and show them what was barely hidden by my skirt.

'Just what am I turning into?' I asked myself.

The answer, I think, is that I was not turning into anything that I wasn't already – I was just letting the real Me out to play!

I was acutely aware of how much of my body was being openly displayed. I could see myself in my mind's eye – nipples showing clearly through my blouse, the curve of my breast obvious – my belly-button showing through the material and the flatness of my stomach either clearly displayed through my blouse or evident above the super short skirt I was wearing.

My pussy was just peaking out from under the hem of my skirt as I walked and I knew that the curves of my bottom cheeks were very evident, even without the puckering up of my skirt from sitting in the car or the breeze teasing away at the hem of it and keeping my pussy cool.

I felt like every nerve in my body was tingling and the adrenalin rush this all caused was amazing. How long could I take this level of self awareness without collapsing into orgasm? I was planning a trip to the loo before I got half way across the car park for a little finger exercise before work. At this rate, I would be a wreck come home time too!

But – I felt no fear – only a freedom that I felt I would fight tooth and nail to retain. I had never felt as alive as I did right then. Little was I to know that the feelings would only increase and I would crave those feelings for, as it seems today, ever.

I walked into the door of the building and the difference in air pressure between outside and in caused a draft through door that lifted my skirt a little and I had to fight off the urge to quickly push it back down again. I managed that and let is slip back down of its own accord as the door closed behind me.

It did not go unnoticed, however. I hadn't realised it, but Phil, the accountant, was close behind me as I went through the door, not close enough to catch it and stop it from closing, but close enough to see everything from behind, which meant about half of my bottom being visible to him.

I jumped a little as the door re-opened and immediately Phil said, "Like your skirt today Gina, are we going to see more of you dressed like that?"

I don't know where the hell it came from, but I turned to him, smiled and said, "You are likely to see a lot more on Friday, aren't you; same as all of us."

He could now see the curve of my breasts and my nipples quite clearly which, by the way, were now rock hard and standing to attention. I felt my face redden as I said it and waited for an admonishment – surprisingly, it didn't come – he just smiled instead.

"Yes, I suppose we are all going to see a lot more of each other on Friday, I'm finding it difficult to get my head around that, but if you are going to dress like that all week it may just make it easier." In a joking manner, he followed that up with, "It may be a hard week ahead though, don't you think?"

"I hope so." I rejoined impishly.

We walked together through to the kitchen and chatted about Friday while we each made a cuppa (tea to you Americans) and then went through to the office. On the way, we could see others coming across the car park.

I sat at my desk and turned on the PC and, while it went through its start up process, as nonchalantly as I could I felt along the outside of my exposed thigh to see just how much was showing.

My hand moved further and further up my thigh, onto the lower outside of my ass cheek and kept going, still not finding the hem of my skirt. I found that I was not quite sitting on the back of my skirt, my bottom and pussy coming in direct contact with the seat. I uncrossed my legs to see if it would show less and it didn't, so from the side, my skirt took an almost 45 degree dive backwards from my lap to where the hem just rested on the chair itself.

Half of my arse was on show!

I looked into my lap and even sitting upright in the chair, I could see my pussy, so anyone else (thankfully it wasn't a glass topped desk) sitting either to the side of me or in front of my desk was able to see way too much of me for comfort, despite my earlier thoughts as I crossed the car park.

I almost went to the toilets to change into my dress, which hid more, but not too much more, but hesitated.

'Let's wait and see what happens when the others come through and if there are any nasty comments or someone makes a problem for me, I'll go and change then and make up some excuse as to why I am dressed so provocatively.' I decided.

One other problem I had was that I was not, as I said earlier, sitting on my skirt. My pussy was wet enough that I could feel the dampness at the top of my thighs. I was going to leave a wet stain on my chair when I got up. Should I go get something to sit on? What would be best if I did? What would happen to whatever I was sitting on if/when I did have to get up?

I was pondering this when Robert walked in. He stopped and stared, I could see him out of the corner of my eye but didn't look at him, making myself busy logging on to my computer.

"Gaining courage slowly for Naked Friday are you Gina? It's nice to see you being so enthusiastic about the project." He said.

From the position that he was in, he could not determine that I did not have any knickers on but, whilst he couldn't see my breasts, I guess he could see I wasn't wearing a bra. I spun around on my chair to face him. If there was going to be a problem lets get it out of the way right now, I thought.

Now he could clearly see both my breasts and my little landing strip and the top of my pussy lips.

To all intents and purposes, I may as well have been naked as nothing was left to his imagination from the clothing that I was wearing.

With more bravado than I felt, I said, with a smile, "I thought I may, so that it won't be such a shock to either me or anyone else come Friday and, hopefully, it will help you men too if you get used to seeing the real me before the event; I wouldn't want to be the cause of any embarrassment to any of you. I'm hoping that we will be able to acclimatise ourselves over the next few days, without actually being naked of course."

"Good idea." He said, "Although, naked is almost the description I would give your current appearance."

Oh-Oh, I thought, here it comes.

"Is my dress going to a problem then, I can change if you'd prefer, I've brought another dress with me just in case?"

I felt my self blushing too, which only raised my sexual tension even more.

"Well, let's see what happens for the moment, but good thinking for bringing more appropriate attire with you. Did you remember that we are supposed to be having our photographs taken today for the life sized cut-outs they are going to make of each of us for Thursday's meeting and, since you clearly are not wearing underwear, did you bring some along with your other dress?"

Oh God no – I had forgotten all about that. I blushed bright red again (I know that because I became very suddenly hot and sweaty). 'Think, quickly you idiot' I said to myself.

"Ummm- Yes I had forgotten about that and, no, I didn't bring any underwear, thinking my other dress would be OK on its own if there was a problem with what I'm wearing now. No bother though, I'm sure I'll figure something out. When are they being taken?"

"This afternoon. If you can't figure it out, you can pop into town to get some lunchtime couldn't you?"

"Yes, that would be one solution I suppose; I'll think about that during the course of the morning – if I do go into town, I'll let you know, OK?"

"Sure," said Robert, "let me know if you need a lift, I suspect a bus ride in what you're wearing now might be a bit of a problem for you."

He smiled broadly, but it was a kindly accepting smile that immediately put me more at ease with myself.

Over the next 10 minutes or so, the other staff came into the office with their various tees and coffees, all taking a good look at me. Each time someone else came in, I said my usual smiling Good Morning's to them while they stared. It was quite interesting studying the range of different emotions on their faces when they saw me, but nobody else said anything. Maybe because Gerald was already here and appeared to be accepting my state of (un)dress.

As the morning wore on and I got engrossed in my work, I soon became quite comfortable with what I wasn't wearing and felt easier about what was being exposed. I had to get up to go to filing cabinets and the like a few times and at first was careful how I bent over and otherwise moved about, but after a short while I decided, well, they can see it all if they want to look, so why try to hide it – nobody had had a fit so far anyway.

At 10:30, as is the norm, we had a quick tea break and most of us headed through to the kitchen. I was breathing a bit more heavily now and my heart was banging away in my chest. I popped into the loo on the way to the kitchen and wiped up the juices from my pussy, probably a futile gesture I know, but one has to try!

I looked in the mirror and saw the curve of breast quite clearly through my camisole, my nipples very hard and prominently exposed, the aureole still puffy but wrinkled up with excitement. I couldn't help but to step back and look at what the others would see of and below my skirt, and almost involuntarily, my fingers went to my pussy and gave it a stroke, my clitoris was erect and just poking out from between my lips and I brushed my fingernail over it. Instantly, I was soaking wet again (I told you wiping would be a futile gesture). I removed my fingers and smoothed my skirt down. My pussy was now only just hidden. I turned around and looked over my shoulder. I could just see the lower curve of my cheeks sticking out. Anyone sitting in one of the lounge chairs in the kitchen would see much more of my bottom and be able to see my pussy lips under the hem of my skirt.

I was enjoying this too much. Never before had I allowed myself to let go this far, and now I knew that I had always been repressing this side of me. I now felt no embarrassment at all and wanted to show off. I wondered for a second if I had the nerve to strip off right now and see what happened, but once again the sensible side of me won out over the now obviously real me and again I felt that mild annoyance at my lack of courage.

'Would that ever go away?' I though to myself.

Maybe it would be good if it didn't, it would at least keep in a check a little – but I still felt annoyed with myself for it.

Metaphorically shrugging my shoulders, I left the toilets and walked across to the kitchen, knowing I was going to have all sorts of questions and quite likely disapproving accusations thrown at me. I quickly determined that I would simply answer them openly and honestly, keep on smiling and see what happens. It will be a reasonable gauge at least as to what to expect on Friday, if Friday actually happens, well it will, obviously, but what about the team building exercise; the nudie bit!

When I walked into the kitchen, silence descended on the room. They had obviously been talking about me and how I was dressed today.

Steeling myself against my nerves, I said, "Come on then you lot, don't stop talking now – please, feel free to make any comments or ask any question you like – I won't bite anyone's head off or get angry, I'll just answer you honestly. So, let's have all your queries now while I make my tea.

Dave and Phil complimented me on my outfit, but Phil added that it may be more appropriate for a dimly lit nightclub, and not work.

"I appreciate that, and in normal circumstances I wouldn't have dreamt of wearing this outfit anywhere else, and even then I would have worn at least a pair of knickers; I'm sure you all realise by now that I no other clothing on other that what you see. But this week, and especially Friday, is not going to fall into the category of 'normal circumstance'. Therefore, following discussion last night with my Husband who, by the way, is wholly supportive of my decision to agree in participating in Naked Friday, is suggesting a number of things that I should do this week to ensure that Friday is not going to be a disaster for me – and hopefully it will help you guys to figure out that, if done properly and without any sexual innuendo," I looked pointedly at the boys when I said that, "it will all be fine."

Phil thought about that for a second and said, "Well, if we got to do it, I suppose that easing oneself into it slowly would be the way to go."

Rachel said "Well, you've convinced me – all I have to do is convince my boyfriend. Maybe I'll try something a little different tomorrow."

"I think it's disgusting, and the most you'll get me to do is to strip down to my underwear, and substantial underwear it will be at that!" said Donna scornfully.

Various other comments and questions arose and I answered them as fully as I could.

Rachel said, "You look quite comfortable, and you seem to be cool about what you're wearing, but what is happening deep down inside that your not telling us. How do you actually feel being dressed, and very exposed, like that in front of your colleagues?"

I hadn't expected a question like this and had to think about the answer for minute.

Eventually, with everyone waiting expectantly in silence, I answered, "Well, imagine the Duck thing, all calm and collected on the surface and paddling like buggery under the water – well that is definitely me at the moment, but it's more excitement than the fear I originally thought it would be. I feel more of a woman than I have ever felt: I'm realising that I enjoy this, and the heightened sensitivity it brings with it. My heart is beating like I've just finished a two mile run, my nerves are jangling away right now, my hands are sweating and my mouth is dry – and not even my cup of tea is whetting it. But also, I feel so elated and sexy. I suddenly feel like I have been let out of my society imposed prison cell and that I am loving being free to express myself – so I'm letting the real me out. I can't explain it any better than that at the moment, but the whole thing is exciting me so much. I have worked away this morning and noticed that I am much more attentive to what I am doing, and that I am making less silly mistakes. Alive, is how I feel; very much alive!"

The room remained silent when I had finished speaking. I need to inject a little humour here somehow, to release the tension that had built up.

"There is one small problem at the minute though, I'm afraid that I am soaking wet, so please excuse me if I am glistening down there!" I said, pointing to my pussy.

Phil burst out laughing and everyone else grinned, to start with, but then they too began to laugh too. I had said just the right thing at just the right time, because even Donna was smiling.

Eventually, Rachel, still grinning like a Cheshire Cat, asked "What about the 'photos this afternoon, what are you going to do about those with no underwear to your name today?"

"I'll just do them nude and cover myself up with my hands." I paused just for a second and continued, "Maybe!"

They all laughed a bit more and then we made our way back to our desks.

Robert came over to me and very quietly asked if everything was OK.

"I heard you all laughing in the kitchen, I hope they were laughing with you and not at you. Were they?"

"Yes, they were laughing with me. I think we have all cleared up a lot in the last 15 minutes and they all seem to be relatively relaxed now. I realise it must have been quite a shock for them all this morning; I don't think I quite thought that one out properly, but they're all OK now, even Donna."

"That's OK then, just let me know if you have any problems with anyone. I must admit that, although very out of the ordinary, you have made an affect on the office this morning; the place seems to be much more intense and lively. Hopefully, that can be transferred to the work and improve our recently lagging performance, which is, of course, the reason for the exercise in the first place. Well done and thank you for entering into this program with so much energy and commitment. One thing that I do have to ask you though. You are normally the person who meets people in the reception office and accepts deliveries and deals with the couriers, will you be able to manage that dressed like you are? Indeed, can the business manage that, which is a question I can't answer at the moment – but that's for me to work out I suppose."

"Robert, to be honest with you, I'm looking forward to it. It will be fun, and I'll be OK with it on Friday too."

At that moment, I was sure that again a lot of bravado was in that statement that I wasn't entirely convinced I had – but I knew I was going to try it!

The rest of the day wore on, we all discussed various things at lunch time, mostly with regard to both my current attire and the forthcoming Friday in particular. Then, all too quickly it seemed, we started to be called into the conference room for our 'photos. I don't know if it was done purposely, but I was asked for first.

In the conference room a background screen had been set up and a number of large flash lights with umbrellas were stationed around the room. The tables had been pushed to one side and the room seemed somehow bigger for it. There were three people in the room, only Alison was familiar. She introduce Andrew, the Photographer and Lynn, his assistant and make up artist.

All of them just looked at me astounded at what I was wearing. Andrew was licking his lips and I immediately thought 'Pervert'.

Alison was the first to speak and she introduced me to Andrew and Lynn.

Then she said, "Are you going to change Gina, we need to have you in underwear to do the 'photos."

"No, I don't have any. I thought I would just do it naked and cover myself with my hands, if I have to; cover myself I mean."

"Well, we've had some strong reactions to the content of the program in the past, and some heavy persuading has had to be done to get people to understand what it is all about and to join in, so this is quite different, eye opening and unexpected. Thank you for making our lives easier. Andrew, that will be OK won't it?"

"Yes, that's fine, I don't have any problem with that. Lynn, can you just do Gina's make up for her please and we'll get started."

"Here, put this on please." Lynn asked.

She offered me a smock type thing that you use at the hairdressers. I put it on and she sat me down in front of one of the tables where she had her make-up and a mirror.

"Don't over-make me please, I want to appear as natural as possible, I normally wear very little make-up." Which, by the way is true. I have naturally good skin, so I don't spoil it by blocking up my pores with greasy horrible make-up.

When she was finished, I stood up and removed the smock, then facing the room, I put my hands on the hem of my camisole and lifted it straight up over my head, putting it down on the back of the chair. I unzipped my skirt and that followed my camisole. Now, except for my shoes, I am standing completely naked in front of three strangers, nothing to hide me, not even jewellery to embellish. My mouth once more was dry, my hands sweating, and my pussy tingling with excitement. Deep up into my belly I could feel my pussy squeezing and pulsating.

I closed my eyes for a moment and gripped hard onto myself. I was so close to cumming, I had to do something to stop myself. I thought quickly of Martin; that made things worse. I thought of being outside like this, trying to frighten myself out of the feelings I was having now, and that did it. I couldn't hold it any more. I shuddered with the strength of my orgasm and couldn't hide it. I had to hold on to the back of the chair as my legs buckled under me and for about a minute, I was completely caught up in my orgasm.

Slowly, I came back to reality, clearly blushing from the orgasm and embarrassment, and said, "God, sorry, I didn't mean to do that, I couldn't control it. What must you all think of me."

No-one said a word, they were all just transfixed with what had just happened and all of them were staring at me wide eyed and open-mouthed.

"Excuse me for a moment please, I'll just go clean up."

Well, what more could I say anyway – I just had to deal with it, there was nowhere to hide after all. Remaining naked, I walked out of the conference room and down the corridor to the toilets. I didn't pass anyone else in the corridor which, at the time, was a good thing. Now I'm disappointed that I didn't. In the toilets, I went into a cubicle and had to masturbate again, I felt so sexually high that I didn't think I could do the 'photo thing and not cum in front of them again. This time, though, I groaned out loud when my orgasm came, about 30 seconds after starting to play myself.

I got cleaned up and washed my face – tough if they have to do the make up again.

Making my way back to the Conference Room my legs got stronger and stopped wobbling, thankfully. When I went in, Lynn saw that I had washed off all the makeup she had put on me and tutted that she would have to do it all again.

Andrew said, "Never mind the makeup, you could work for a week and not get close to the glow she has on her face right now. Come, quickly, stand in front of the background and let's take this picture before you loose it."

I moved over to the screen and asked, "How would you like me to pose then?"

"If you can stand sort of 3/4s on to me, cover your breasts with your hands and push your right thigh and hip in front of your pussy, keeping your ankle and toes straight down."

I moved my position and put my hands on my breasts so that they barely covered my nipples. I let a little of my puffy areola showing and he didn't say anything, so I stayed like that. He did, however, come across and knelt down in front of me, moving my leg to where he wanted it and making sure that leg was stretched out on tip toe.

He was trying to ensure that my little landing strip wasn't visible. Once I got the idea of what he wanted, I was OK to set myself up. I did tease him a little though, pushing my leg back so that he had to tell me I was still showing too much. I ducked my chin into my chest a little and gave him, hopefully I thought, an 'alluring' (in other words, 'come fuck me big boy!' look)

CLICK went the camera. Andrew stood back and looked at the photo on the screen on the back of his camera. This one will be fine I think, but just wait while a do couple of insurance shots, don't move yet please, and definitely don't change that expression on your face.

Andrew took about 6 more photographs, having me move slightly for each one.

Eventually, he said "All done then Gina, and well done too. I hope that the others are as easy to do as you have been."

"Can I take a look at them please?" I asked.

"Yes, sure, come around the back here and you can see them on the screen."

Remaining naked, I walked across the room and stood next to him, his shirt sleeve was brushing against my arm. For something so innocuous, it felt sexy as hell, and I had to restrain myself, not from him, but from my heightened state or arousal. He flicked through the pictures and, even if I do say so myself, I looked pretty damned good.

"Do you think I could have a set of prints for my Husband?"

"Yes, that's no problem, I'll bring them with me when we come back on Thursday with your full sized cut-out. You could have that too, when were all done with the program."

"I'd like that very much." I said.

I turned and started walking out the door when Lynn called after me.

"Aren't you forgetting something Gina?"

I turned, a little puzzled. Then it dawned on me; I was still naked. I blushed and apologised and went back across the room. I pulled my camisole over my head and stepped into my skirt, doing it up as I went out the door, smiling a 'Thank you' over my shoulder as I went out.

I returned to my desk and just got on with my work for the rest of the day, feeling very comfortable, happy and strangely 'free'. My state of dress no longer worried me, in fact I was revelling in it, taking every opportunity I could find to get up from my chair and walk around the office. We did have one courier bring some plans in during the afternoon and I probably made his day – he certainly left with a big smile on his face and a noticeable bulge underneath his leather motorcycle clothes.

5 o'clock came around soon enough and people started to get ready to leave for the day. I shut down my computer, returned various items to cupboards and draws and went out to the foyer to wait for Martin. As he turned into the car park, on an impulse I undid my skirt and took it off, then pulled my camisole over my head and popped them into my handbag which was just big enough to hold them, but I couldn't do the zipper up on the bag. Purposely, I didn't look around at the Clerk at the desk, but I did hear a big intake of breath. I wondered what she was thinking as I walked straight out of the door and walked naked the 30 or so yards to the car. I got in and as I was putting my seat belt on.

"Firstly, put you eyeballs and tongue back in your head, and let me tell you all about the most amazing day I have ever experienced." I said before Martin had any chance to comment on what I had done.

Driving through the town on the way home, I know that I was seen quite clearly naked by a number of people, especially when stopped at traffic lights, and I told Martin all about our day. Just before we got home, I noticed the look in Martin's eyes and the huge smile on his face, so I reached over and put my hand in his lap to confirm my suspicions – and yes, he was hard as rock in the trouser department.

I smiled and said, "I hope that is all for me Martin?"

"And the sooner the better – it's starting to hurt!" he responded, his smile getting wider and the glint in his eye told me all I needed to know – it was going to be a good night again and I couldn't wait. This was turning me into some kind of truly exhibitionist monster!

We pulled up at the kerb outside our house and I un-clicked my seatbelt and reached for the door handle.

"Are you going to get out here like that?" Martin asked.

"Would it bother you?"

"Look, I told you last night that I love you being naked and would happily have you that way all the time, so I'm not going back on that – if you want to get out naked then do so and I will support you whatever happens. If you do though, you're going to have to deal with this as soon as we are inside the door."

He reached over, took my hand and put it back in his lap. I smiled at him and pulled my hand away quickly, opened the door and got out, now for the first time ever I was standing naked in a public street where I could be seen by anyone.

"Come on then," I said, "Don't keep me waiting."

I closed the car door, crossed the footpath and made my way, slowly, up the garden path, waiting for him outside the front door and, naked and proud of it, faced the street.

Martin nearly ran up the path and I stood back from the door to let him open it. I saw our next door neighbours curtains twitch and suddenly my mouth went dry and my hands began to shake slightly.

I steeled myself and gave a little finger wave to the window, I didn't know who was looking at me, Sammie or Geraint, and smiled.

Before I could get into the house, Sammie had opened her front door and with a sort of glazed looked in her eye.

"What's happened to you Gina, why are you naked?" she asked worriedly.

The urge to run now was very strong indeed, but I controlled that and I walked across the grass, the fronts of the houses being open plan and unfenced, to her door and started to explain why I was naked.

She grabbed my hand and started to pull me into her house saying "Quick, come in here and I'll find you something to wear."

I pulled back and, still standing in the full view of the street, feeling slightly nervous and just a little panicky, I continued my story of why I was naked. It was very condensed of course, so didn't take too long.

Even so, Martin was looking nervous too, as a car came down the street and slowed to a crawl when it passed, the driver, a man from a few houses down the road, stared at my nudity. I looked at him and my pussy seemed to explode and soak my thighs with pungent juices. I was so close to coming there on the street, seeing and acknowledging the effect my nakedness was having on the stranger in his car.

Again, I don't know where it came from, but I asked Sammie if she would like to pop around later and I would explain further about the 'project' and apologised if I had caused her any offence, making sure she understood I was not trying to cause offence.

"Will you be naked then too and, do you think I ought to tell Geraint why I am coming around?" she asked.

"Yes, of course, and fetch him with you too if you don't mind. The more people know of the project, the easier it will be for me to complete, so the help and tolerance of my neighbours would be greatly appreciated."

She smiled and said she would, but drew me to her a little and whispered, "What does Martin think of all this?"

I giggled a little and said, "Well, by the look on his face, he is clearly loving it but is concerned for my safety, which is quite cute, don't you think?"

She looked at Martin and laughed.

"You won't want us to be naked to will you? I don't think Geraint would like that – he is from the very religious Welsh valleys as you probably figured from his name."

"No, of course not", I smiled back at her, "It's just that your help would really be appreciated to get me acclimatised to being naked in front of other people ready for our task on Friday, if you wouldn't mind too much."

Sammie said, "I'm not too sure how much help we will be, you look pretty comfortable now considering you are standing in the street naked as the day you were born talking to your neighbour!"

I smiled, said "Thanks, I'll see you about 7:30ish then?" and turned to walk back across her front lawn to my own front door.

"I expect so." called after me.

As I got to the door and Martin, he grabbed my hand and dragged me into the house, slamming the door behind us.

"Martin, are you angry with me because I spoke to Sammie?"

Without response, he pulled his shirt off over his head and quickly stripped off his trousers too, grabbing me and laying me back on the stairs, opened my legs (no resistance on my part) and forcefully pushed himself inside of me. It took about 30 seconds for us both to come, and I expected him to stop then. He didn't – he just kept on pounding into me until I eventually screamed through my second orgasm as we both came together for the second time.

Covered in sweat and our own mingling juices and remaining on the stairs for a few minutes, Martin looked deep into my eyes and kissed me so softly it was like having a feather tickle my lips. This was not enough and I sunk my tongue deep into his mouth and smothered him with deep hot kisses.

After a few more minutes, I picked his head up off my chest and said, "Supremely enjoyable as that was, it's not too comfortable here now, and I think we need a shower before dinner, don't you?"

"Hmmmmm." Was all I got back in response. "Come on dopy, let's get showered and put some dinner on." and I pushed against his shoulders.

He reluctantly stood up and took me by the hand, leading me upstairs. We showered together and he made me come again with his fingers and lips while we were there.

As I was drying off, I watched Martin do the same.

'God, I love you so much Martin, you just don't know how much and I can't find the words to explain.' I thought.

Martin was clearly loving what I was doing and hadn't said a word about me coming home naked, not a bad word anyway. I had enjoyed it too – all the different feelings of fear, breathlessness, sweating hands and dry mouth; the arousal that I had felt all day, and especially on the way home being fully naked in real public areas, and in our own country too, not just topless on a beach in the Mediterranean where it was almost expected, and I was thoroughly enjoying it too, especially the fringe benefits!

I made a life changing decision right there and then, and had no doubts or fears about it, even if I did end up having a record for indecent exposure – it would be worth it.

My decision? 'I am going to endeavour to be naked for as long as possible wherever and whenever possible, and hang the consequences.'

Martin obviously loved it and I loved the feelings, both positive and, surprisingly, even the negative and frightened ones too. So why shouldn't I – after all, all I would be doing would be hurting peoples frigid and bigoted feelings.

Having made that decision, I shook for a while but Martin didn't see it because I was still drying myself off. But, despite the shakes, I was going to stay nude all the time from now on whenever possible.

All that's left to figure out is what's 'possible', and I shall rely on Martin to lead me in that. I finished off my hair and, with a very light head on my shoulders, I wandered downstairs to see what Martin was getting us for dinner.

Martin was standing at the front window and he too had remained naked.

I walked up behind him caressed his buttocks, moving around to the front and then cupping his balls in my hand.

"Hmmm, no matter how much I like that, please stop now or we won't be getting our dinner, I've ordered us a takeaway to be delivered, is that OK?"

"Oooh yes" I responded, "It will give me a chance to flash the delivery boy!"

"That'll be something he'll go back and discuss with his mates for a long time to come I suspect, but what if it's a girl?" he asked.

"What difference would that make?" I asked. "Just so you know, I have just come to a major decision that I hope you will support and help me with."

I paused for a moment and gathered up some courage.

"I have decided that I am going stay naked whenever possible for the rest of my life – but I will need you to help me figure out what's possible and we'll have to make that up as we go along – will you?" I asked.

He turned around and put his arms around my waist, pulling me close to him. I could feel the heat from his penis on my belly and closed my eyes, resting my head on his chest whilst my own arms encircled his waist.

"Whatever you desire, Darling, is what I shall give you. And, I think we are going to enjoy this. Why didn't we get here sooner do you think?"

"I think we have both been lying to ourselves a little, you know. Clearly, this is something that we have both wanted but been afraid to admit for fear of losing each other. We must promise, right now, never to be afraid to voice our desires and fantasies to each other ever again."

I kissed his chest, slowly making my way up to his mouth and kissing him very gently and lovingly.

"One thing I have to admit to you is that I have been unable to tell you how much I love you... I just don't know the words to describe how much." I told him.

"I know how you feel – I can't imagine life without you either – and this thing that has surfaced over the past couple of days has made that love for you deeper than I could have believed possible."

We remained in silence and cuddling each other by the window for a while when Martin said, "Lets get some plates ready, the takeaway shouldn't be too long now. I'll get dressed in a minute so that there's no scramble for something to put on when it comes."

He released his hold on me, or at least, he tried to.

I clung onto him and said, "No, don't; I just told you, I'll answer the door and pay, no need to get dressed."

Martin said "I don't know what you are turning into Darling, but I do like it; so long as you're sure of course?"

"Yes, I am sure. I just said, I'm not going to wear anything again when possible, and this is a definite 'possible'. No, more than that, it's a definite must – so don't worry – kiss me instead."

And he did just that, tenderly, slowly and lovingly. I nearly came just from that kiss without anything else and had to go dry myself off before getting ready for dinner.

About 5 minutes later, the doorbell rang.

'Here goes then.' I thought to myself.

As I crossed the lounge towards the door, I had a little moment of fear and almost panicked, but quickly put it aside by thinking of how wet my pussy would become as soon as I opened the door. Even so, I got to the door and put my hand on the lock and had to pause a moment, just to ensure that I was prepared and composed.

I opened the door and said, "Good evening".

The man at the door, complete with his 'keep hot' bag, looked at me and said "Bloody Hell!" paused for a moment whilst he looked me up and down and as he did a huge smile spread across his face.

"Well, that's going to brighten my evening; I wish all my customers would dress like you!"

"If they did, " I responded, "Then it wouldn't be much of a thrill, would it?"

"I suppose not, but then again..." he left the statement hanging in the air.

"How much do we owe you then?" I asked as I took the package from him and turned and reached for my purse.

I paid him and waited while he found some change and I think he took much longer that he needed, plus it is difficult to look for change when your eyes are everywhere but where they should be – looking in your change bag!

He eventually found it and as he handed it to me he asked, "Why are you naked then, is it some sort of bet, or a dare or something?"

"No, nothing like that – we have a challenge in work on Friday – it is going to be 'Naked Friday' in work for a BBC program that is being run as a team building exercise and I am practising for it so that I don't make a fool of myself. Or at least", I continued, "that is what it started out as – now I've found I like being naked, I'm not going to wear clothes again if I can help it and become a full time Nudist. Don't mind do you?"

"No, of course not, and please do order from us again, I'll ensure that you get the best service; Bye for now then." and he turned and walked down the path.

I stayed in the open doorway until he was seated in his car just at the end of our pathway and waved him goodbye. No one else passed in the street as I stood there, but I don't know if anyone across the road was looking at me out of their windows – and I didn't care if they were!

I went back through to the kitchen and Martin helped me serve our dinner. It was quite a distraction – Martin kept on brushing past me, his front to my back, and I could feel his penis rubbing against the top of my bum; and it was making me hot and bothered! If he kept this up, we wouldn't be having dinner!

I laughingly said, "Do you want this dinner or..." and I turned to face him, "do you want to eat this instead?" pointing at my sloppy, glistening pussy.

"Not until you shave off that landing strip – I'm quite fancying you completely naked, and that includes hair down there."

"Ohhh, Later. Now let's eat before Sammie and Geraint arrive."

I don't think either of us really enjoyed our dinner that night, there was too much anticipation in the air waiting for them to come, and trepidation too I suspect on Martin's behalf and certainly a bit on mine, despite my earlier bravado in the street talking to Sammie.

Whilst we waited, Martin asked what I was going to do about work for next two days.

I said that I intended to go to work naked, if he would drive me – I didn't think I had the courage to go on the bus as usual, not yet anyway, maybe not ever, that one is a case of wait and see.

Martin said he would drive me if I insisted, but thought that my going naked to work for the remainder of this week would have a spoiling effect on the Naked Friday project.

"Why don't you go dressed as normal, despite your overexposure today; which I'm not knocking – in fact I am very proud to have a wife who could do what you did, and even moreso to do what you intend to do, and I shall support and protect you all the way. Then on Friday before you finish up to come home, go and see Robert and tell him what you intend to do – see how he takes it and whether they will allow you to continue to work naked or not."

I pondered on this for a few minutes, and found that he was exactly right. So despite my earlier promise to go naked henceforth, I relented on that until Friday.

"OK, so long as you take me to work and pick me up again – and then I won't have to dress 'till I get there and can undress again when I leave work. Deal?" I asked.

"Yes, sure, but I can't take you on Thursday; I have to drive to a meeting in Bristol so I'll have to leave earlier than usual. I think I might enjoy this week!" He replied with a smile.

"If I have anything to do with it, your going to enjoy the rest of your life after this week even more – 'cause I'm going to do it you know; Ahh, no more uncomfortable clothes to wear. Think of how much money we'll save!"

A few moments later, still with both Martin and I naked on our sofa, the doorbell rang. I looked at the time and it was bang on 7:30, so I figured it would be Sammie and Geraint.

"Do you want to go upstairs to dress before I answer the door love?" I asked Martin.

"Do you think I ought? I would rather stay this way tonight at least to support you, and then if they are OK with it, I can go naked more around the house and maybe even in the garden with you."

"Tell you what, " I replied, "I would love that. I'll go and ask them if they mind that you are naked as well tonight, and tell them that you are just supporting me. If they say that's OK, I'll just bring them in, if it's not, I'll let you get to the stairs first and they can come in while you dress. OK?"

"Yes, sure – I'm quite nervous though, aren't you?"

"Surprisingly love, No, I don't think I am – now let me go answer the door!"

It was true, I wasn't what you would call nervous. My hands were sweating a little, I was a little blushed and my mouth was quite dry – but it wasn't nerves, it was anticipation of an exciting experience ahead and I wanted to get it started.

I opened the door wide with not a thought to hide behind it nor to identify who was there first. It was Sammie and Geraint though, so I asked about Martin and they said it was OK, so I invited them in.

I showed them to the two armchairs and, as I went out to the kitchen and Sammie, Geraint and Martin said their 'Hello's', I asked Martin to get the wine opened while I brought some glasses from the kitchen.

Just having him do something rather than just sit on the sofa naked would help his nerves, and Sammie's and Gearint's too I suppose. Make things appear more 'normal' if he was busy.

We chatted, primarily in the beginning about the BBC Project and Naked Friday. Sammie said she had never thought the BBC would do something like that and wondered where I found the courage to agree to do it. I explained that without Martin's support, I never could – but I know Martin will support me in whatever I do, so it wasn't too far a jump from wearing my normal 'at home and evening' wear to being naked.

I also told them that I had been out on the town before in a short – very short – skirt and had not worn any underwear, clearly understanding that I would be flashing my bum and pussy during the course of the evening. I explained how it had turned both Martin and me on at the time. It hadn't been repeated because each of us was afraid of upsetting the other.

We had, on the other hand, had a good deep heart to heart earlier this evening, and we discussed our views, and they turned out to be very closely aligned. I stayed naked all evening yesterday, although I didn't go out anywhere, and I told them what I had worn to work today – and they had already seen what I didn't wear coming home.

With all that said, about an hour or so had passed and Sammie said she still admired my nerve, but didn't think she would ever enjoy being so exposed herself – but did feel a little jealous of my apparent comfort with my own body.

"I wish everyone could be that courageous – especially me!" she said.

"Well, since we are in the privacy of my home, why don't you give it a try – you might find that you are stronger than you think – you never know, you just might like it too?"

I noticed that her eyes sparkled a little more now, and I could almost see the cogs going around in her head. Her face was a picture of fear and then thought and even a wry smile in there somewhere, then it would all go around again. I was amazed at how her face changed and 'spoke' without words to us.

To break the moment, and give her an opportunity to not commit herself if she didn't want to and even ignore the question if that was cool with her, I got up and brought a fresh bottle of wine from the kitchen.

Martin opened it for me and I poured each of us a fresh glass – I left Sammie's 'till last on purpose though.

When I had finished pouring her wine, she turned to Geraint and asked, "What do you think Ger? Would you mind if I gave it a go here with Gina and Martin?"

"I have been intrigued with what I have heard tonight, and I feel blessed with the honesty that Gina has shown, so despite my earlier comments to you at home, I don't think I would mind letting you give it a try – but just here mind you! – I don't expect to come home from work and find you wandering the neighbourhood naked."

He did have a sort of smile on his face when he said the last bit – nothing pervy though, just a loving sort of smile that they alone would know the exact meaning of.

Sammie said, "I'll go home and get undressed then and I'll be back in a minute, OK" and she moved to stand up.

I was about to say 'You don't have to go home to do that, just get undressed here' but before I could, Martin knowing I was going to say something from the breath I took, dug me in the ribs with his elbow and nodded to shut me up.

I gave him a quizzical look but couldn't really ask him – I would find out about his devious mind later on!

I walked Sammie to the door and asked her if she wanted me to go with her for moral support.

"Yes, that would be nice of you, please."

I opened the door and went out in front of her. I could have cut across the grass in front of our houses, but I chose to walk down the path, along the street's footpath in front of our houses and then turned onto her front door path, never once looking to see who might be looking at me.

I did notice how cold the ground was against my bare feet, and it wasn't entirely uncomfortable. What it did do, though was highlight, at least to me, how completely naked I was!

Sammie opened her door and let us in. She went directly up the stairs and, so as not to make her any more nervous that she probably already was, I waited at the foot of them.

A few seconds later, she called me and I went up to her bedroom.

She looked absolutely amazing – a much better figure than mine by a country mile – she was just stunning.

She had taken her hair out of its normal pigtale and fluffed it up a little, she had put on a pair of 3" heeled pumps and, as she stood looking at herself in the full length mirror.

She stood erect and pulled her shoulders back, then said "I don't think I have ever looked at myself in quite such a critical way before, but now I do, I don't think I have too much to worry about, do you?"

My mouth was still hanging open – I couldn't believe that simply changing one's hairstyle, wearing a different pair of shoes and standing proud could make such a difference to someone's appearance.

I noted though that it may have had something to do with the pride I saw in her face too – she looked like she was in total command of what she was doing, rather than being the slightly mousey next door neighbour she had always appeared in the past.

"Fuuuuucking Hellll!" I said.

She turned to look at me, a little shocked by my language – I had never sworn before like that and I was a little shocked myself – but for all that – 'Fucking hell' came out of me again.

Her face started to drop and I came out of my trance.

"Sammie – no – I didn't mean what it looks like you think I meant – I meant Fucking Hell – where have you been hiding – YOU ARE GORGEOUS GIRL!"

I just stared at her for a moment and then continued, "And you said you wouldn't look as good as me – 'tell you babe, I'd bloody kill for a body like yours. Come on, hurry up – we have to go show the boys."

I grabbed her hand and dragged her down the stairs, out the door which she barely had the opportunity to close, and directly across the grass to my own front door. I banged the door open and dragged her into the lounge, pushing her front and centre so that we all could look at her.

Just like mine, Martin's mouth dropped open and it looked like he couldn't drag his eyes away from her.

Geraint said – "Give us a twirl then love." and very slowly, tottering a little on her unusually high heels, turned 360 with her arms raised level to about shoulder height.

And again, quite involuntarily, "Fuck me!" said I.

"I can only agree with that sentiment." Martin offered.

Geraint got up out of his chair and took his wife in his arms and just kissed her face off – well almost.

Eventually, he let her go and just stood back and stared. "Go on then Sammie, what in that few short minutes were you able to do to effect such a change in your appearance. I mean, I can understand Martin and Gina being a little surprised at the mouse getting out of it's cage; but I've seen you naked plenty of times – and it's never had this sort of reaction on me – tell me your secret!"

"I don't have one. I just stripped in the bedroom, put on these shoes and then studied myself for a moment in the mirror and decided that I didn't look bad at all. Nothing else, honest."

"God, how many times have I told you that and you haven't believed me. The penny has finally dropped for you has it – I knew you were gorgeous – hopefully now others will get to know it to, what d'you say?"

Sammie sat down on her chair and said, "Gina, can I have another drink please, all of a sudden my mouth is quite dry."

Her hands were shaking and she gripped hold of the arms of the chair to try to hide it. Physically, she was showing all the signs of fear – wide eyes, trembling hands and a higher than normal colour to her skin; in her face though, that was a different matter.

Her face were saying, quite loud and clear, 'I'm enjoying this!'

I poured her a drink and she took it and greedily supped up half the glass.

"Better go easy on that love, we don't want you drunk do we – you know you get a little silly when you're tipsy!" Geraint said.

Sammie smiled back at him and said, "I'd better not I suppose, never know what might happen given my current state of undress!"

Martin still had his mouth open a little and I dug him the ribs and whispered "Stop staring!, you'll put her off."

A few seconds passed and he said to Sammie, "Well, now that you are similarly attired to Gina, how do you feel about being naked in company?"

It was 'similarly' only in the fact that I didn't have any shoes on.

Gina took a moment before answering, and the three of us were on bated breath.

"I had never even considered doing something like this – well I suppose most people don't; but now that I have, Gina, I have to agree with you – it feels awesome, and I feel surprisingly relaxed about it – horny as hell but relaxed and comfortable, so you better watch out later Geraint, you're going to need some energy boy!"

Everyone laughed and we had another glass of wine each.

Generally, we chatted about the issues surrounding this general and public nudity stuff. Geraint was still worried, as you can expect, and Martin tried to re-assure him which was proving difficult. Sammie didn't contribute very much, she just sat and listened with a kind of glassy stare in her gaze, which by the way flicked constantly from mine to Martin's crotch!

Suddenly, she jumped up and said, "I fancy a KFC, who's up for it?"

Geraint said he wouldn't mind and, while we don't often eat there, Martin and I said we would too. I was a little disappointed as this meant that I would have to get dressed I suppose, especially going with Sammie and Geraint – maybe I wouldn't have worried if it was just me and Martin going – it would certainly prove interesting and test my resolve not to dress if I don't have to.

"Hmmm, come on then" said Geraint.

"You got your wallet Geraint?" asked Sammie.

"No, but I will pick it while you Martin and Gina dress and we'll be ready to go." He stood up as he was answering her.

"But I'm not going to dress, I thought Gina and I could go in and get it while you and Martin watch over us from the car; only if it's not too busy though."

Geraint went white. There was a general silence for a few seconds and everyone stood stock still.

"When you suggested that, the thought that maybe Martin and I could try something like that on our own crossed my mind, but I didn't think you would be up for it – I mean, you've only been naked in company, and privately at that except for coming from your house to ours, for an hour; are you sure you want to try something like that so soon?" I asked.

Before she could answer, Geraint recovered and said, "Are you mad woman?"

For a moment he didn't say anything more expecting an answer from Sammie.

Martin just stood there smiling – now I knew he was up for it!

"Sammie," Geraint continued, "you can't possibly want to go out to town naked, can you? What about the police? Someone is bound to ring the law and get us all arrested!"

"Well, I don't mind much if they do. I just feel that I have to do something – this last hour or so seems to have opened my mind to something that must have been sitting there hiding, and now it's out in the open, no pun intended, I just feel that I have to test the waters so to speak to see what exactly has surfaced – come on Gina, don't you think it would be fun to try – Martin obviously thinks so!" responded Gina.

I looked at Martin and he still had a huge grin on his face. "Do I really need to ask what your thoughts on this matter are Martin?" He looked at me and I continued, "No, I can clearly see I don't!"

Geraint started pouring out a string of pertinent reasons why she (we) shouldn't do this.

Sammie let him continue and he eventually ran out of reasons, not receiving a response to those from anyone.

I must admit, I was worried by Geraint's reasoning, seeing them all as valid, but also wildly intrigued by the possibilities. My pussy was running with juices so much so that the top of my thighs were soaking wet, evidence of how turned on I was about it, along with my nipples being hard as rock and sticking out from my chest.

I don't know why, but I really wanted to do this – even though I had only been naked last night around the house, flashed to my workmates all day (and nobody complained) and then naked from leaving work tonight – I wasn't really any more engaged in this thing than Sammie, but I still wanted to go out full naked in public, despite acknowledging Geraint's reasoning.

Finally, outnumbered and admitting defeat, Geraint said he would come, but he wasn't getting out of the car.

Martin said, "I'll pay for this, Geraint won't have to go home for his wallet then. I'll get mine now when I go to dress. Geraint, since you haven't drunk as much as the rest of us, are you OK to drive?"

Geraint put his head in his hands and I thought he was going to sob. However, he just said, "OK, OK – I know when I'm beaten – but be warned all of you – I'm not going to be taking any responsibility for what happens – it's all down to you guys!"

"Ohhh, Martin; you're not going to dress are you?" I said, mockingly.

"Yes I bloody well am – I can't afford to get sacked by being pinched even if you two nutters can – so don't try to talk me out of it. Maybe, and only maybe, if this goes OK I may accompany you some time in the future – but not now so don't even think of arguing with me on this one. Someone has to be responsible here!"

I laughed as he made his way up the stairs to dress.

As we waited, I said I would just pop upstairs to clean myself up a little and wiped up the pussy juices running down my thighs to show them what I meant.

"Wait for me Gina, I could do with a wipe down too!" said Sammie.

We cleaned up and got a couple of towels out of the cupboard to put on the car seats, otherwise they would end up stained and soaking. Martin came downstairs just behind us so I opened the door and, stepped out followed by Sammie.

"Come on then you two – we're starving here!" I called.

I assumed that we would be travelling in Geraint's car, as he was driving, so I walked across the grass and stood next to the back door of his car, waiting for the others.

It is about 9:30 now and the last of the days light is still clinging onto the sky.

Me and Sammie were still quite visible in the fading light, but it wasn't too noticeable I suppose because the street lamps hadn't come on yet. All the same, a car came down the street and noticeably slowed as it passed.

I couldn't see who was in it, but they had obviously seen Sammie and I by the car.

"Well, I guess you know you've been seen naked in the street now Sammie, don't you?" I asked.

She shivered and leant on the car. I thought she was going to orgasm there in the street, but she held it together and eventually said, "Yes, and boy did it get my juices going. I nearly came then. What have you turned me into Gina?"

I laughed again and replied with a grin, "I suspect nothing that wasn't there before, however latent it was. And, I guess I know what you are talking about – I have been on the edge of orgasm since I left the house for work this morning. Martin is going to get a hammering later, I can promise you that."

I didn't get much of a chance to say any more about that as Martin and Geraint came out of our door and, locking it behind them, walked across the grass to the car.

Geraint clicked the locks and I opened the car door and put the towel I'd brought onto the seat before getting in, closely followed by Sammie. The boys sat in the front.

It was a 15 minute drive to KFC, by which time the last of the day's light had retreated leaving us in darkness, except for street lights and then the lighting around the KFC restaurant, which was plain white, unlike the street lighting which, in these parts, still utilised the orangey sodium bulbs. This meant that, on the drive and with us naked girls riding in the back, no-one saw us. It would be a different matter in just a few seconds though.

Geraint parked the car facing the floor to ceiling windows of the restaurant and Sammie and I both moved over to press our heads together to get a good look out the front window so that we could see how many people were in there.

There was a young couple, early twenty's I suppose, arm in arm at the counter perusing the menu before making their choices, a table with 4 girls and two boys, all university kids by the look of them and a middle aged couple sitting at a table – along with the staff of course, most of whom were in their late teens.

Sammie said, "This looks just fine to me – no kids to worry about or interfere with my plan."

Geraint, with a faint tremble in his voice, asked, "What is it exactly that you planning to do?"

Sammie replied with, "Gina and I are going to go in there, order us all a meal and come back to the car to either take it home or eat here – your choice on the last one, OK?"

"Well, I'm not comfortable with this, but if your so determined to get arrested, you better get on and do it, hadn't you." said Geraint stuffily.

"Sounds a good plan to me." said Martin.

"Ready then Gina", Sammie asked.

I took a deep breath, summoned up some nerve from somewhere and said, "OK then, let's do it!" and opened the car door.

Sammie followed me out of my door and we started heading across the car park to the restaurant. Sammie squeezed my hand tightly and I could feel the excitement in her.

I, on the other hand, felt suddenly really calm and comfortable; I did feel sexy as hell but I wasn't frightened as one would expect to be. I just felt happy to be here in all my naked glory and horny as fuck to go with it.

A teenage expression, 'Lush', fitted quite perfectly. No embarrassment, no fear, no nerves.

To be honest, as we walked across the car park I wondered if there might be something wrong with me that these things were missing. It was sort of fleeting, and I put the thought out of my mind.

Just as we reached the door, Sammie said, "God Gina, I've never even thought of doing something like this before – I'm usually so uptight and conservative – but what you said when you saw me naked first of all did something to me that I don't understand, and to be honest it's making me feel so good that I don't want to understand it either, just take advantage of it. Thank you so much for this."

"Thank me later if we don't get ourselves arrested tonight." I said.

We were noticed by the group of university kids who just stared at us in disbelief, but didn't make any sort of ruckus, and then Sammie opened the door and walked in, hips swaying like a model (and she looked like one), head held high and proud.

We walked directly over to the counter and just stood for a moment considering the menu.

While we did, the middle aged man said loud enough for everyone to hear, but not shouted out, 'Bloody Hell, Ros, look at that! There are two stark naked girls in here."

His wife, I presumed her to be, looked around and her jaw dropped open and eyes widened in disbelief.

One of the University girls said "Hey, that's way cool girls – do you come here often like that?"

I replied "Well thanks, but no, this is our first time dressed like this – hopefully it won't be our last though." I said with a wicked grin on my face.

She replied, "When you comin' again, I'd love to get my boyfriend here to watch too."

'Don't know", I said, "But keep an eye open for us in the future, yeah?"

"Sure will girl – that's awesome."

The others were watching us intently but didn't say anything. The couple in front of us turned around looked at us, the girl gave her man an dig in the ribs for the look on his face and dragged him away out the door. Guess they never did get their meal!

"What about we get the chicken dinner for four with cokes then?" I asked.

"Yeah, OK then. Listen, how about I order that and you go get the boys, d'you fancy eating it here, no-one seems to mind us being here at the minute, and I want more!"

I thought about this for a few seconds, and she was right.

Nobody had made a fuss, and the guy serving was just staring and grinning lustfully at us, so I didn't figure he would be a problem.

Given my not understandable level of comfort and lack of fear (why?) I said, "OK, I'll go get them – you order – here, take Martin's wallet."

I turned and walked out the door and across the car park. I felt like I was walking on air!

I walked up to the passenger side where Martin was and said through the now open window, "Come on then boys, Sammie has decided that we are eating here, so get your skates on and get in here."

Martin immediately started winding up the window and Geraint groaned and put his head in his hands again, shaking it back and forth as he did.

In resignation of his wife's determination in this, he just got out, locked up the car and followed me back across the car park. I showed off with a little shimmy and dance as I did.

Martin had a smile from ear to ear and even Geraint managed a grin.

By the time we got there, Sammie had our meal and had taken a seat at a table between the university kids and the middle aged couple.

As we ate, we were berated with questions from all sides, the middle aged woman continued to look pretty uncomfortable, but didn't complain. Maybe it was the acceptance of us by so many others that shut her up – on the other hand, maybe she wanted to join in too but was too scared? Yeah, I'll bet – not!

I was about finished with my meal and desperately needed a clean up, I was sticking to the chair!

I had a napkin spare and as I stood up to go to the toilet, I gave my pussy a quick wipe, trying not to be conspicuous about it.

"Just going for a pee, won't be a minute." I whispered to Martin and walked across the restaurant to the toilets.

I did what I had to do and when I came out the cubicle, one of the Uni girls was in there too.

"'Scuse me" she said, "Can you tell my why you and your friend are naked? I'm not causing trouble; honest, I'm just intrigued!"

I spent a few minutes explaining how it had all come about and how Sammie had joined in and then sort of taken the lead and dragged us all out here tonight.

I also said how surprised Sammie and I had been to find that it was much easier than we thought it would be and that now, apart from feeling constantly horny, I was quite comfortable with it.

"I don't think either of us could have done it without the support of our husband's though. They've been great. My friends' husband is a bit shell shocked at the minute, but Martin, my husband, is loving it. And I am reaping the rewards!"

She giggled and said, "Well, I think it's cool – maybe I'll see if my boyfriend would like it and try it at our digs if he does - who knows what will happen after that."

She turned to walk away and then added, "We'll all be back here Friday, if you fancy another naked night out, I'd love to see you do it again, could we?"

I laughed and said, "I'll see what I can do then – maybe see you Friday."

We walked out giggling together and went back to our respective tables.

The others had finished so I said, "All fit then, let's go home, yes?"

All agreed and they got up and we walked out, Sammie turning back to the counter and finger waved at the boy behind it, saying "Thanks for having us."

We got back in the car and Sammie sat in front with Geraint, which left Martin and me in the back.

Before we were out of the car park, Martin was all over me, kissing me, stroking my breasts and cupping my soaking wet pussy with his other hand. I noticed Geraint having to drive one-handed as Sammie had arrested his left hand and had it firmly planted in her lap, she was sitting with her head back and groaning.

It took Sammie about a minute to orgasm, and she made a hell of a noise about it too, and shortly after so did I!

Before we got home, I had the opportunity to take Martin's prick out of his trousers and made him come with my mouth, swallowing straight down all that he could produce.

Geraint eventually pulled up on his drive and we said our goodnights, saying we would catch up with each other tomorrow, and Martin and I walked arm in arm down his drive, along the footpath in front of our houses and up our own path to our front door.

The stairs took a pounding for the second time that day before we had a coffee before going to bed.

I didn't finally get to sleep until about 12:30 that night, by which time the bed was feeling decidedly wet and we were both, literally, shagged out.

What a day.

Last thought in my head before finally going to sleep was, 'I hope this continues – I love being naked, and especially in public. I hope Martin can keep (it) up!'

**Naked Friday 03 - Wednesday &Thursday**

Wednesday morning came soon enough, and with bleary eyes I reached a hand out to turn off the alarm clock.

I'd put it on the 10 minute timer so I sank back into the warmth of the bed and reached over to where Martin should have been – it was cold and vacant and I sat bolt upright then, wondering where he had gone.

I called and got no answer, so I got up and went downstairs without even thinking of putting anything on, and went on through to the kitchen where I could smell toast cooking.

Martin was standing in front of the hob as naked as I was while he finished off our breakfast.

"I thought we might have breakfast out on the patio this morning, what about you? The weather is lovely and warm outside already."

"Sounds good to me." I said as I moved up behind him and put my arms around his waist, dropping my hands down to his lovely cock.

I cupped his balls in one hand and gently stroked him with the other and he started getting hard.

"Hey! Stop that now – keep going and we'll have to have breakfast in here – I can't go out and be seen with an erection, can I?"

"Well, you could – I don't know that it would be seen though, 'cos I would be sitting on it!" I responded.

He laughed and put the toast on the tray and I opened the door and went out onto the patio. There were two houses behind us that could see into our garden, plus Sammie's next door.

I don't know if anyone looked from the back houses, I suspect we were seen though given that this is the time people generally arose for work and would look out at the day, but Sammie was in her kitchen next door and she waved.

Coming to the back door, she opened it and stuck her head out and said "Morning you too – have a good night after? I know I did but we're both wrecked for work this morning – how are you?"

Martin replied before I could get a word out.

"Bloody marvellous – It's like the first day of a new life for us, don't you think?"

"Hmm, I don't know about that. I don't know what the hell came over me last night but I have to admit I did enjoy it. I may do it again sometime too – especially if you two are going to wander around like that all the time!"

"Are you still naked from last night?" I asked.

She pulled the door open and stepped out of her kitchen, walking across her patio right up to our fence.

"No – more so! I had Geraint shave me last night as you can see. I was going to have something like yours, but he slipped so it all had to come off. It feels really nice like this – very exposed though, don't you think?"

Martin said, "Gina, that looks spectacular – we'll have to do yours later love – I love that look."

Sammie said she had to go and get ready for work, but said she would catch up with us later and tell us what happens at her work. She was going to try what I did yesterday and go without underwear, just to see what it would be like.

"I'm taking a G string with me in my purse though, just in case I bottle out, not having company like last night."

She turned and walked back into her kitchen, waving as she closed the door behind her.

Martin and I finished our breakfast and I gathered up the dishes to take back into the kitchen to wash up. Martin asked as he was passing me in the kitchen if he should lay out my clothes again today, or would I like to make my own mind up about them.

"Are you taking me to work today?" I asked.

"I hadn't thought to, but I certainly will if you want."

"OK, you put out my clothes then please and, just like yesterday, I promise to wear them all day – I won't even take a 'reserve' with me today, so bear that in mind when you choose will you?"

He just chuckled and went off to have his shower whilst I stood at the sink, in front of the picture window looking out to the houses behind and to the gaze of anyone looking out their windows, and washed up from breakfast. God, even that made me wet!

When I had finished, I went upstairs to see what Martin had laid out for me.

This outfit was better than yesterday's. It was a completely sheer black dress and I quickly put it on. It was backless to the top of the crack of my bum and completely devoid of any concealing patterns. I could hide more behind a dirty pain of glass!

It was so short it only came to half way down my bum, about 2" of material between the bottom of the V in the back and the hem of the dress, and my pussy was not covered at all. This would surely be too much for work despite the circumstances. I would have preferred to be naked – OK for a night out though but I loved it anyway.

"Martin", I called from the bedroom, "When did you get this dress for me – I haven't seen it before.

"I slipped out yesterday lunchtime and bought it for you. Does it fit?" he called back from the shower.

"Only where it touches, and it don't touch in many places – you lovely little perv!" I shouted back.

I went into the bathroom and Martin opened the shower cubicle door. His smile said it all really – it was ear to ear and I swear if he wasn't wet from the shower, you would have been able to see the dribble running down his chin!

He clearly liked it anyway, evidenced by the hard on he was now sporting after I had done a 360 turn for him.

"Look, I'll definitely wear this sometime, and look forward to wearing it, but not today OK. I'll wear something similar to yesterday and tomorrow but once Friday's out of the way, I guess anything will go after that, don't you?"

He smiled and said, "OK, I suppose that is pushing it a little unless you go without altogether. Go take it off and you can have the shower while I dress and I'll find something else for you, Yes?"

I reached up and kissed him and said, "OK Darling." And I called back as I went out the door, "Love you to bits you know Martin!"

And I meant it too.

While I showered, Martin had gotten out a small summer beach dress for me. Spaghetti shoulder straps, low cut and with an elasticated waistband. The material was very light, slightly see through and would easily blow in the breeze. It was low on the breast and short enough to show up to just below my pussy but would easily blow up when I was outside. Not as daring as yesterday, it didn't reveal anything when I sat down (unless I wanted it to of course) but it was probably the best we would find without going shopping.

I wondered if we ever would, or would I just be a dedicated nudist after Friday – as if I would get away with that!

'I can dream I suppose.' I thought.

Never mind, I thought, let's just see how things go after Friday. One thing I did know – after Friday my, our, lives would never be the same again.

The day went along pretty much as normal; no-one commented on my attire today and the only difference was a 15 minute chat with the producer in the meeting room in the middle of the afternoon. Then, it was time to go home. Only tomorrow to go and then it would Friday!

I couldn't wait.

Again, when Martin came to collect me from work, I took off my dress in the foyer before walking out to the car.

Martin had a big grin on his face as I walked across the car park where a good number of people from other buildings once again saw me in all my naked glory. One or two shouted out something but I didn't hear exactly what they said, I just looked towards them, smiled and gave them a wave.

Martin drove straight home and I remained naked once more as we went into the house. I have to admit, it was a singular pleasure that I was able to disrobe on the way home, I had been feeling quite uncomfortable in my clothing, despite the weight, or lack thereof, of my dress, since break time this morning.

We had quite a simple dinner and planned a relaxing evening in watching the television.

Sammie came around at about 8 o'clock. I didn't know who was at the door, I hadn't seen anyone come up the drive, but just got up and opened the door wide making no attempt to hide my nudity.

I was surprised to see her naked again, and invited her in. She sat down and I went to make her a coffee while she chatted aimlessly to Martin.

When I came back she said, "I have some news for you two."

To explain a little, we live in a small cul-de-sac of 6 houses, but don't socialise much with each other – they were all new houses and none of us had been living their for long. The houses that backed on to us were older, and we didn't know anyone in those. Anyway...

Sammie continued, "June, from across the road, came over mine this afternoon asking what we had all been up to yesterday, running around in the street naked. I told her all about it and said that we didn't mean to embarrass or upset anyone and that we would apologise if we did. She said she didn't mind at all but if we were going to continue in that manner, we should go see the rest of the street to see what they thought. So we did. It seems that, while people obviously have reservations, so long as there are no outright public sexual acts going on they could probably live with it. I also asked if they would mind me answering the door to them naked, I had put on a dress to go see them, and again, they didn't mind too much. So – we are OK to go naked in the street anytime we like. What do you think of that then?"

Before I answered, I thought how strange that was.

I mean, for a whole street full of people we hardly knew to accept us being naked in public. I know they are all pretty young, but still, it seemed a little odd for all that.

I said, "That will make life a lot easier I suppose, but it's odd though, don't you think?"

Martin said "Woopeee, that means that I can indulge too – never thought I would get away it – you girls are different aren't you, it's not often you women get reported for being naked!"

We chatted some about that and Martin suggested that maybe we could have a BBQ and invite the rest of the street along. It would at least get us all talking and we would then be able to be much easier with each other once they all got to see and hear what it was all about.

We chatted a while longer and eventually, about 8:30, Sammie got up to go home.

"We're having an early night tonight – I got to get his engine running – I've been either half naked or naked completely naked all day and I'm horny as hell. See you."

And off she went home. I wondered what she wore to work this morning, but didn't get the chance to ask. I would have to remember to sometime soon.

I closed the door behind her and turned to Martin and said, "Sound's like an idea – what you think, big boy?"

He'd had a semi on all night and I wanted it inside me – any or all holes would do!

Tonight, we made love – not the frantic lovemaking of the last two days; slowly and very tenderly, but with passion!"

Thursday.

Martin woke me before the alarm went off by gently stroking the small of my back, which was facing him, and moving his hand down on to my bum every now and then to caress a buttock.

"Hmmmm, what a lovely way to be woken up" I said and slowly turned over in bed to face him.

I kissed him gently on the lips, nose and eyes and then just cuddled into him, his erection pushing against my tummy.

"Why are you awake so early then Mr.?" I asked.

"I've been awake for about an hour and I've been lying here just looking at you, you are mesmerising you know, and I think you have finally enchanted me. I can't think when I have been happier than I am right now and I want to cherish this feeling while it lasts, so I've just been studying you for an hour and as it's nearly time for the alarm to go off anyway, I thought I would just give you a stroke. You feel so soft and silky."

My heart just melted at what he had just said. If there is some place called Nirvana, then this was it right here, right now.

Martin kissed away a tear on my face and asked, "What's the matter Baby, why are you crying?"

"Nothing Darling, absolutely nothing – that's why I'm crying. I feel so whole, contended and loved right now and I'm so happy about it that it's just made me cry – promise me you'll do everything you can to keep this feeling for me; I know I shall."

"That honestly is something I can say for sure – I don't want to lose this either and in future, anything you do or want to do is fine with me – even if we do get arrested for it – I don't care. I just want to indulge you totally and do anything you ask. I have never loved you so much as I do right now." he replied.

I moved up towards his lips and kissed him, running my hand down his back and on to his buttock also, giving it a squeeze.

Our kiss became harder and harder and slowly I lay on top of him. I couldn't wait any longer and moved up his chest until I was able to move back down onto his hot erection and impale myself on him.

I slowly started to rock back and forth on his chest and we carried on like that for about ten minutes until we both came together.

Considering how slow and tender it had been, my orgasm hit my like a thunderclap and I exploded, screaming in sheer pleasure at the feeling. I soon came back and fell on his mouth like a hungry beast, pushing my tongue as deep into his mouth as I could – and he responded in kind – but only for a moment.

He pulled his face away and said, "Gina, I could stay here all day with you doing this, but I think it's time we got up and ready for work. Are you going to shower while I go and start breakfast?"

"You meany." I said with a mock sulk. "I suppose so."

He still had to push me off him though!

I finished my shower and went downstairs for breakfast. Martin had almost finished it so I took over while he went to shower (note to self – install a bigger shower!).

While I finished, I thought about tomorrow.

The film crew had said that anyone who intended to leave their home naked would, with their permission, be filmed from their door to work as well as be filmed on and off throughout the day. Now I have to say, this appealed to me.

However, Martin would not be able to take me tomorrow – he had an early start as he was required to go to a different office and would have to leave early. I decided I would get the bus today, and see what I could do about that on the way to work, maybe chatting with some of the regular commuters, most of whom knew each other in passing – commuters are regular beasts by nature – to see what they would think of a naked girl getting on the bus during their early morning commute.

I wondered what Martin would think of that, so as we ate our breakfasts (I was making it difficult for him as I had decided to sit on his lap again) I told him what I planned.

"If you are going to do that, I think your best bet would be not to speak to them separately, but collectively. Wait until you have passed the last stop before you have to get off and go to the front of the bus and speak to them all at once. Just explain what is planned for tomorrow and ask them if they would mind so much that you wouldn't be able to do it. Don't forget to tell them that the BBC will be filming it, and emphasise the BBC angle – it's amazing what most people will do to get on telly – look at what you've become, for instance."

I dug him in the ribs, hard, and he jumped – but he still had a smile on his face and I was just feeling impish!

"So, if you're going to do that, what will you wear today – are you going to choose, or should I again?"

"I'll choose this morning I think, but I'll need your opinion before I go – if you don't like what I've chosen, you have to tell me and then I'll let you choose and change into that before I go. Deal?" I said.

"Go on then, you minx, go do your worst!"

Martin started to clear away the table and I went upstairs to delve into my wardrobe for something that I thought was suitable, and that I could, at a pinch, wear all day without feeling that I have to rip it off by morning break, like I did yesterday.

I chose a thin red button up blouse and a white mini-skirt to go with it. The skirt was between 2 and 3 inches below my pussy so was reasonably modest, but my blouse was, if you looked hard, see-through.

You could just make out the colour of my nipples if the light was just so. I teamed those with a pair of 3" open sandals.

I brushed my hair and, just as I was finishing, Martin came up the stairs.

"What about this then, look OK to you?" I asked as he came into the bedroom.

"It's OK for what you need I suppose, but boy! I'd sure prefer you in something much more revealing or otherwise just naked. I'll just have to wait 'till later for that though, won't I."

I giggled and raised my head for him to kiss me, which he did – hard.

Damn, I'll have to go clean my pus again now! I thought.

I walked to the bus stop, it took about 4 minutes to get there, and I only passed a few people on the way, two of those from my street – this bit shouldn't be too much bother then judging from what Sammie had told us last night – but as I progressed I was going through in my mind what I would say to the people on the bus.

The difficult bit would be actually getting up and starting – once I had done that, I felt that I would be OK.

I waited a few minutes for the bus and climbed on. The journey on the bus would last about 30 minutes, including all the stops that it usually made as it wound its way around the city.

When we were out on the open road between the city and suburb where our office is located, there were only two more stops to make. They were close together and then a very short run to the stop where I had to get off.

I decided that it was now or never. I had sat up front today, so as to ensure that I was in the right place to carry out my plan.

Shaking, and with a very dry mouth, I got up and moved toward the driver so that I could address everyone on the single decker bus.

"Ladies and Gents" I started, "Could I indulge your attention for a few moments please?"

Nearly every eye on the normally very quite bus looked at me and I felt my face flush bright red.

"Tomorrow, I shall be travelling to work naked." I said and paused to let it sink in.

Now every single eye was looking at me – and that included the driver! I leaned over quickly and said – "Watch were you're going man, but by all means listen."

There was a pregnant silence in the bus now and I took a deep breath and continued.

"The company I'm working for has decided, as a team building...."

I eventually got through the story and finished with, "Is anyone going to be sufficiently upset with that that I won't be able to do it, considering it's likely to be only one day?"

Now, apart from the engine of the bus, it was deadly quiet.

"Please, don't be afraid to say no if it's not acceptable, but it would make life so much easier if you would indulge me for just one day, and I promise not to be crude about it – for me, it will be just like any other day, except I'll be naked."

One or two people asked questions which I answered honestly and eventually they all said it would be OK but there was one exception, a lady in her early fifties I guessed.

She said, "Since so many seem to be agreeable while I feel quite uncomfortable about it, I will make an exception rather than be a stick in the mud and make alternative arrangements for tomorrow. It will just be tomorrow won't it?"

"Since you ask and are prepared to do that for me, I'll be quite honest and say I don't really know right now. I have been practising for tomorrow the whole week now, and found that I really like to be nude. If tomorrow goes well both on the bus and in work, then I was thinking that I would just become a full time nudist and do it all the time. (That raised a bit of a cheer!) If you are unable to accommodate me under those circumstances, I'll make other arrangements myself. And thank you for being so considerate about tomorrow. Would it be OK if I paid for a taxi for you to and from work tomorrow?"

She sat for a few moments thinking about what I had said then, "Well, if you have enjoyed it that much, I guess I should grow up a bit and just take it as it comes. No, I'll be OK, let's try it out tomorrow and then see what happens and how I feel about it after that. You should be thanked too though, for not just bomb-shelling us all with it tomorrow – that speech must have taken a lot of courage, so well done for that."

I thanked her especially, it turned out her name was Louisa, and every one else and said, "I'll see you all tomorrow then."

So, as easy that, it was agreed. I would be leaving my house naked tomorrow, carrying nothing to cover up with and be naked all day until I got home again – regardless of what else happened.

My legs were shaking and as I sat down, I felt like I needed to pee. I was desperate for a drink, my mouth felt like the Gobi Desert.

Fortunately, the pee bit subsided and I took a swig of water from the bottle that I had in my bag. A few moments later, we passed the next stop but didn't have to, nor the next so, in no time at all, I was getting off the bus a hundred meters or so short of where my office was.

Now something that I hadn't given any thought to was brought starkly to my attention. I had thought of the walk to the bus and the bus itself – but I had completely forgotten about the walk from the bus to my office in the little trading estate.

This would be a walk of about 120 meters along a busy main road before I would turn off this and walk through the business estate.

As I made my way, I was conscious of the number of cars that passed me. About 15, in all, during the brisker than normal walk. If I walked normally that would make it about 20 cars on my side alone.

I pondered this and thought – what the hell, I'll have to do it sometime or there will definitely be no 'full time nudist' thing happening.

That, I felt then, was not an option. I would finally have to grit my teeth and just go 'naked in public' properly for the first time.

I wondered where I would be having my dinner tomorrow night – I would have to do that walk twice, only next time I will be standing at the side of the road waiting for the bus and it would probably be even busier!

As I continued, I realised that once again I was soaking wet – it must have been the thought of walking along that road and standing at the bus stop. If it was, my juices would be running down my legs tomorrow!

The day went pretty much without incident until just before we finished for the day, when we were all called into the meeting room.

The producer, Alison, asked who would be leaving home naked tomorrow so that she could arrange for camera crews to follow us.

I quickly said I would be and realised that I was grinning from ear to ear as I volunteered.

Only two others did, Phil and Robert, so the others were told they could leave for the day and the volunteers would be kept back for just a few moments.

Alison told us we would have to be up early and be ready to accommodate the film crew for about 20 minutes prior to our normal schedule for leaving to travel to work. She explained what they would have to do and said that they would be following us in.

She asked how we were travelling and Phil and Robert both said they would be in their own cars.

I said it would be by bus, which brought forth a gasp from each of them.

Everyone was quiet for a moment then Alison asked what time each of us left for work.

When she was happy, Phil and Robert left and as I was following them, Alison asked if I would wait a minute.

When they had gone, she asked about my travelling on the bus naked.

I said it would be OK as I had arranged it all today with my regular commuting colleagues, and that they were all cool with it.

She seemed very surprised but went with it anyway.

Martin was outside when I left, waiting to pick me up – he's such a Darling – and I went up to the car and asked if he would pick me up just by the bus stop, that I wanted to walk as far as that to see what tomorrow would likely bring in terms of traffic. He said OK and off he went, so I proceeded to walk off to the bus stop.

At this time in the evening, it was very much busier that it had been in the morning, as I suspected it would be from my normal commute.

I walked to just short of the main road and could see Martin about 20 meters the other side the bus stop in a little pull in. That left me about 100 meters to walk, whereas tomorrow, it would be about 80 from the gates of the estate.

For a moment, I almost chickened out but then I took hold of myself, gritted my teeth and unbuttoned my blouse, shrugging it off my shoulders and putting it in my bag. My bag would not hold my skirt as well, so I just undid it and allowed it to fall away from me. I stepped out of it and curled it up in my hand, then started walking out onto the main road.

There was a Pelican Crossing a little way down the road and when I got there I pushed the button and waited. Part of me thought 'I can't really be doing this, can I?' – I am standing stark naked on the kerbside of a very busy road, people were slowing down and some where beeping their horns, and one chap shouted out of the window "Lovely Darlin'. Just lovely."

I thought, 'I'm going to wake up in a minute and be safe and sound in my own bed with Martin alongside of me – please!'

Then, the pelican crossing beeps started going to stop the traffic and allow me to cross. I gingerly put one foot in front of the other and started across. I noticed a woman in the car to my right was just staring at me and smiling. She didn't seem cross at all, just a little open mouthed despite the smile. Well, what else would someone be when encountering a naked lady on a main road Pelican Crossing?

I felt my pussy juices on my thighs and that kicked me back to proper reality.

I pushed my shoulders back, lifted my head and decided I was just going to enjoy this – after all, I had been banging on about becoming a 'total nudist' for nearly a week. Now was the time to do it or just give it up and put the idea back in my dream locker.

I picked up my pace a little and with renewed confidence I finished crossing the road and turned toward the bus stop. I walked quickly, but didn't rush, down the road towards Martin.

Again, there were a few beeps from cars and a comment or two out of the windows, but nothing awful happened.

My nipples felt like the were going to pop they were so hard and I could feel my juices all the way down the inside of my thighs nearly to my knees.

By the time I had covered about 40 meters, I felt like I was ready to cum. I closed my eyes and tried to think of something else for a moment but couldn't, and I still had to look where I was going. 10 meters further on and I did.

I just stood still holding on to a lamp post and blew. I had to try to suppress it as much as possible, I didn't really want anyone to think I was in trouble. After a minute, and on rather shaky legs, I started walking again, and, maybe because that orgasm had loosened me up, I just walked normally the remaining 50 meters to Martin's car.

When I got there, I bent down at the drivers' window and kissed him.

"Get in this car will you, I have something here that you need to sort out on the way home!"

I walked around the front of our car as a car passed and beeped his horn, I turned and gave him a wave. Now I was enjoying myself again and feeling very relaxed about being here like this. That orgasm certainly had done the trick.

I got in the car and Martin was just pulling his penis out of his trousers.

"You drive, and I'll take care of that – but be careful won't you."

I wrapped my hand around his shaft as he started the engine and he waited for a suitable gap in the traffic to pull out. It only took about 40 seconds for him to come, he was so turned on by my walk.

I bent down and, with some difficulty, put my mouth around him to suck up his juices.

Because he was driving, we didn't have the opportunity to tuck him back in so his dick was dangling, still half hard, along his leg as we drove. I couldn't resist it, I started to stroke him with one hand while I rubbed my pussy with the other, inserting a couple of fingers and using another to tickle my clit.

This time when we came, almost together, I just had to let his juices squirt where they would. I was too busy enjoying my own orgasm.

Without really noticing, we were very soon drawing up outside our house and Martin tucked himself away. I lay back in the seat for a moment and then said – "Come on you, I'm hungry – let's go indoors."

I got out of the car and waited on the kerbside for Martin. He locked it and came around taking my hand to lead me to the front door. I had left my skirt in the car and my bag was over my shoulder. When we went through the door, Martin shut it behind him and took my shoulder, turning me around. He clutched at me and kissed me.

It started off softly and gently, and then I couldn't do that any more and attacked him like an animal possessed.

Once again, I lay back on the stairs and took him into me. God it felt so good having his beautiful penis sliding in and out of me. Every sense seemed to be heightened and again, very quickly, we both came together.

Breathlessly, Martin said, "You're going to kill me at this rate girl, but what a way to go. I love you to bits you gorgeous little show off."

"Hmmmm." was all I could manage.

After a few minutes, we got up from the stairs and I said I was going for a shower.

"What do you fancy for dinner then, I'll get that started and shower after you." Martin said.

"Don't cook, use the telephone – let's have a nice hot curry – 'cause that's the way I feel right now; Smokin hot!"

He laughed and said "Well Darling, you're not far wrong there. OK, I'll order it now and come up and scrub your back."

Smiling from ear to ear, I continued up the stairs and turned the shower on, waited while it warmed and stepped in.

I just stood under the tumbling water letting it soak into me and I relaxed slowly as it did. Martin wasn't long and he was gently soaping up my back and, honestly, there was nowhere else in the world I wanted to be right then.

This was what I wanted Heaven to be like – warm, safe and in the arms of my dear husband.

We had just finished in the shower and were in the kitchen drinking a cup of tea when the doorbell rang.

Neither of us had dressed, so I went to the door with Martin's wallet.

Our dinner tonight was delivered by a young girl of about 19 and, as would be expected, she was surprised to find me answering the door naked.

"Do you always wander around your house like that or did I interrupt something?" she asked with a really cheeky grin on her face.

"Always." I said. "Luckily for you it wasn't my husband, because he is naked too."

"I wouldn't have minded." She said, "It would make a change – you'd be surprised how many women answer the door naked when we deliver – the boys are usually walking around all night with tents in their trousers. Makes it easy to get lucky at the end of the shift though!"

"I'll remember that and get him to come next time, hopefully it will be you who comes; how much is it anyway?"

I paid her and with a wave and a thank you, she was off, with only one last glance over her shoulder.

We sat in the kitchen to eat and just relaxed for the rest of the evening. We did go to bed early that night – I expected tomorrow to be a bit tiring!

**Naked Friday 04**

Friday -- back now to where I started this little story of my journey from randy housewife to full blown exhibitionist.

We had put the alarm on early to accommodate the film crew. Both of us jumped straight out of bed and I went to do the breakfast while Martin showered.

We sat down together in the kitchen to eat and I was having a hard time of it. It was only a couple of slices of toast with orange juice and coffee, but my body was cheating on me. My mind was trying to stay as calm and 'normal' as possible, but my body was giving away my both my apprehension and, conversely, my excitement at what was to come today. My mouth was dry, hands shaking a little and I couldn't concentrate properly on what I was doing or saying.

On the other hand, my nipples were standing out like doorstops and aching, my pussy was dripping wet my labia were swollen and extended, along with my clitoris which was standing just proud of my lips -- I had never seen it like this before so had to assume that it had not happened until now -- and my thighs were glistening from the juices being deposited thereon. Talk about split personality!

"Martin, I feel awful -- I don't know if I can do this you know." I said gloomily.

"Why not, you've enjoyed the 'practices' we've done this week, even yesterday when you walked from work to the bus stop -- if I remember correctly, you enjoyed it so much you couldn't wait to get home!" he replied.

"Well... maybe that's the problem. I'm about to greet a camera crew at my door whilst I am stark naked and with my pussy gushing juices down my thighs, then take a walk to the bus stop, get on and remain sitting with the same people who have never seen me naked before, walk along a main road to work and that doesn't even get near to what will happen when I get there -- everyone else is likely to be naked too and I have to work with them all day! I don't know if, with this level of fear and excitement both, I will be able to last the day. Please, can I back out of this d'you think?"

"No, I honestly don't think you can. If you do, it will be something that you will regret for the rest of your life. I know this because you have overcome so many taboos this week. You've been strong enough to walk around the streets naked in broad daylight -- we went out for a meal, admittedly it was only to KFC, but where you were asked if you would do it again -- and by a couple of girls too. No, if you don't do this now, you'll never forgive yourself. I don't mind too much whether you do it or not, though I will feel a little disappointed, but it won't affect my feelings for you either way -- I love you whatever and I think I have proven that over this past week. But will you be able to forgive yourself if you don't. Knowing you, I suspect that you'll be kicking yourself if you don't. Tell you what, start as you meant to this morning and if you want to bail out, just give me a ring and I'll come get you. I'll put a dress in the car for you just in case."

I took a very deep breath, sipped some orange juice and thought about it. After a few minutes, during which time I endeavoured to be absolutely honest with myself, I thought 'How come this man knows so much about me -- he is absolutely right -- if I don't do this, it will torment me forever.'

I looked up from my plate and deep into his eyes. There was just love there -- nothing more and nothing less.

"I love you so much and yet I still can't understand how well you read me. You're absolutely right you know -- I don't know what I was thinking -- of course I have to do this. Thank you for saying just the right thing at the right time -- just as you always do."

I got up out of my chair and walked around the table to kiss him. I ended up sat in (or should that have been on!) his lap and I moved up and down on him 'till we came. It was delightfully relaxed and slow and felt wonderful.

I got up a short while later and dashed upstairs to clean myself up and then came back to finish my breakfast in a much better mood.

The dryness in my mouth and the hand shakes had gone, and my heart rate had slowed down to a canter, instead of the gallop it had been doing ten minutes earlier.

Now I was looking forward to the day again. Did I mention that I loved him? Well, if I didn't I bloody well do -- and some!

We were still eating when the film crew arrived and I got up to answer the door. There was a cameraman, a sound recordist and a woman who introduced herself as Bonny, the Crew Director.

I let them all in and asked if they wanted a cuppa. They all did and as they sat in the lounge, Martin and I took their drinks through to the waiting crew.

"So,", I asked, "What will we be doing then?"

Martin was standing beside me and, as was becoming the norm, he was naked too.

Bonny said, "When you are ready to leave, we'll film you coming out of the door as we have before on other shoots. This time though, it's going to be a new experience for us too. All the other times we have done this it has been a quick walk to the car and then we would jump in our vehicle and follow them to work. If we had an opportunity at traffic lights and things, we would get alongside and film looking down into the car, and then film the walk from the car into the office. This time, of course, we'll have to accompany you to the bus stop, film on the bus and then the walk from the bus to the office. Sure you're up for all that -- and then be naked in work all day? I am assuming of course that you are going to go through with the naked bus ride to work?"

"I did have a scary moment earlier when I thought I couldn't do it, but I'm OK now and looking forward to it. So, as soon as you all are ready, I think we ought to go, don't you?"

She smiled at me and said, "Well, we've had some odd balls on this job in the last few months, but no-one as brave and determined as you are -- I have to congratulate you for that before we even start."

A few minutes later and they had drunk their coffees and Bonny sent the crew outside so that they could film me walking out the door.

"Any time your ready then Gina, we'll get started."

I turned to Martin and gave him a kiss.

"Wish me luck, love."

I turned to head for the door. Martin followed me and, as I went out the door and with the camera filming me, Martin touched my shoulder.

I turned back to him and he bent down, whispered in my ear "Remember, I love you no matter what -- OK." and then he gently kissed my lips.

To use a rarely used term nowadays, I nearly swooned.

"Bye," I whispered and turned to walk down the pathway to the road whilst I wiped a tear from my cheek.

I continued on down the path and turned right out of my drive onto the public footpath and concentrated on continuously putting one foot in front of the other.

I heard someone calling to me "Good luck Gina -- we're all proud of you."

I turned to see Sammie at her door waving to me. I gave her a smile and waved back, "Thank you."

As I got further and further from the house with no adverse effects on me, my confidence grew and grew. I walked along the street with my head held high and my back straight and started to enjoy the feeling of the warming summer morning sun on my skin and then I started to think inwardly about how I felt.

My nipples had stopped hurting, though they were still standing up tall, and my pussy whilst well lubricated was no longer gushing like before. Maybe anticipation was the worst thing, because now I was starting to feel natural and comfortable, and no longer worried about the fact that I was naked with the exception of my 4" heeled sandals.

Yes, I was going to enjoy today and wasn't going to let anything spoil it -- not even if I did get arrested.

Now that could be something, don't you think? Being dragged off to the police station by a big burly copper and then paraded around there 'cause I didn't have anything to cover myself if I wanted to.

No, today was going to be blissful I told myself.

Eventually, I reached the end of our little estate and turned on to the estate access road where I was much more likely to meet people.

A couple of cars passed me and boy of about 14 nearly fell of his bike as he was merrily riding along delivering his newspapers. I was grinning from ear to ear and lovin' it.

I crossed the road at the end of the estate access road and turned left, away from work, to walk the last 15 meters to the bus stop.

A couple of the regular commuters were there, both men, and clapped and cheered as I got closer.

One of them said, "Great to see you didn't chicken out then Gina, I didn't think you had the courage to go through with it."

"I'll tell you something, it took more courage to get up on that bus and talk to you all yesterday than this is taking -- this is easy in comparison. And thank you for the compliment; both of you."

I walked up and stood beside them as usual and a few beeps were heard from passing cars. However, I didn't take much notice of them as I was in conversation my two colleague commuters -- nothing important, not even any more about my nudity -- just general things, really.

All this time, I was deeply conscious of my naked body. I again felt free and comfortable -- unconcerned with what others may or may not think and greedily sucking up the feelings of freedom and relaxation -- and yes, I was totally relaxed and more than happy with what I was doing.

The film crew tried to mill around me so that I wasn't I too noticeable, and that was the only irritating thing to happen so far.

I said to Bonny, "Do you think the crew could give me a little more space, I feel like I am being crowded in here."

"We are trying to hide you as much as we can, that's why we are crowding you a little." She answered.

"But I want to be seen -- I don't want to be hiding behind someone or something -- the whole point of the program is public nudity isn't it? Despite you trying to wrap it up as some sort of team building exercise; that's just an excuse, so please, leave me some space so that I can be seen will you?"

I know, it came out a little tetchy, but that was how I was feeling. What is the point of being naked in public if everyone is trying to shield you from it.

I wanted to use this opportunity to test how it would be in future without the cameras and an excuse for being naked. I wanted them to as unobtrusive as possible.

Bonny had a word with the rest of the crew and they all moved back, giving me some room to breath. This, of course, did what I wanted and left me wide open to scrutiny from the road. Now I felt better.

A few minutes later, the bus came along the road and stopped. Fortunately, it was the same driver that we had yesterday so he knew what to expect.

"Good Morning -- I've been looking forward to stopping here just to see if you would go through with your plan. Well done, this is certainly going to brighten my day and thanks."

"You just watch the road buster, not me. I don't want to have to end up in hospital naked like this thank you very much -- and bye the way, Good morning to you too and thank you too." I rejoined.

I walked down the length of the bus to see the normal bunch of commuters on the bus and most smiled and said 'Hello' or 'Good Morning' to me.

I was conscious of eye levels, generally directly in line of site with my swollen and damp pussy, which just made me all the more damp, not to say wet! I eventually sat about half way down the bus next to the lady who said she would put up with me for today, but didn't think it was appropriate.

"Good Morning, how are you today" she chattily asked.

"Hmmm, I'm feeling very relieved, relaxed and grateful to you all for helping me with this BBC project. I hope that you don't find me too embarrassing" I asked.

"You look quite relaxed and happy actually, I thought you would be all nervous and trying to hide yourself, but you are quite different from what I expected. I mean, the men haven't gotten all silly or made rude or unacceptable remarks; in fact, everyone seems to be treating you pretty much the same as always, although we are all paying you much more attention that normal, but I suppose that at least is to be expected. No, I feel OK actually, even with you sitting right next to me. Maybe I can put up with this everyday if this is what it's going to be like." she said.

"If I were to do it every day, it would get less and less intrusive every day I suspect, people would get used to me being naked and think nothing more of it in time. It's just the unusual that people make a fuss about, don't you think?"

"You probably have a point there I suppose. Do you feel self conscious dressed, sorry undressed, like that though?" she asked.

"No, I don't feel self conscious in the 'Oh my God -- I'm naked!' sort of way, but I am much more conscious of my body, of the air on my skin and the feeling of different types of surface one comes into contact with, some warm, some cold, soft, hard and rough variations that you don't normally consider. I do know that I feel very much alive and my whole body is tingling. It's an awesome feeling and I have come to love it over the past week. I really would like to stay naked for as long as I can now and I don't feel threatened or intimidated in any way -- I just feel so damned good!" I answered.

"I can see that, you do seem to be glowing today." she responded.

We remained quite for a few minutes then, and I looked out the window, but I also listened to people talking with each other and to the comments they were making about me. Mostly, it was complimentary and expressed admiration for the courage I had to do this. There was only one person, who only rarely travelled on this bus and wasn't here yesterday, who was making any sort of challenge to how I was dressed, but he was quickly silenced by the support others were showing me.

All too soon for my liking though, we had just about reached my stop, so I got up from my seat and moved forward along the bus to the front and turned and addressed them all just as I had yesterday.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, " I started, "Thank you so much for the tolerance you have shown me this morning. I truly hope that I haven't caused any offence; if I have, then I am truly sorry, but it was something that I just had to do. Since it seems to have gone so well, and as I discussed with you all yesterday, please can I have a show of hands from those who will be happy for me travel clad just as I am now in the future please?"

I felt really nervous now, not wanting to be spurned at this point and have my future plans spoiled.

Most of those on the bus raised their hands quite quickly, giving me a cheer as they did so; even the lady I had sat next to raised her hand. I waited for stragglers and eventually nearly everyone raised their arms.

I said thank you to them and noted the couple of people who didn't. I didn't have much time left before I had to get off, so I had to be quick, so I went back to the two people who didn't raise their arms and asked them what it would take from me to change their minds.

"We're not really interested -- we don't usually use this bus, so it's nothing to us anyway." said the man.

"I may just change my schedule to come along too if you don't mind, it's been quite an interesting trip so far, and I think I would like to see it again to see what happens in the future." Said the girl (they weren't together, they just happened to be sitting in adjacent seats across the aisle from each other.

"Thanks," I said. "Happy to have you aboard."

OK, that was that then -- naked to work every day on the bus from now on. Now the only problem left was the walk from the bus stop into work and back again in the evening. I would, as I had with everything else this week, deal with that when it comes.

The bus pulled up at my stop and the film crew got up now and followed me to the front of the bus.

I turned and said 'Thank you all and see you tonight or next week -- Byeee' and said a separate thank you and goodbye to the driver.

Then I was out through the door and walking away from the bus towards the Office Estate, film crew in tow and about 10 yards behind me, respecting the space that I had requested.

I didn't think any more about my nudity for a while until a car horn beeped across the road, and I raised my hand in a wave. I had a spring in my step as I walked and, despite a few cars slowing down to look (well, who wouldn't?) everything was good.

I was enjoying myself and now looking forward to seeing who else would join me -- naked for the whole day while we worked as normally as it was going to be possible.

Eventually, I turned into the office complex and walked across the car park, again accompanied by a couple of horn blasts and good will shouts from drivers, each of which I happily acknowledged.

I opened the front door to our shared building and the receptionist said good morning without looking up.

Bye now, she surely had to know what to expect today, so I didn't, at first, know whether she was embarrassed or angry about it.

Neither, it turned out, she was just logging, as she had been asked to, who came to work naked today so that in cases of emergency, like a fire or other accident, there would be no confusion later on.

When I was half way across the hall, she finally looked up and said how good I looked.

Her actual comment was "You look really good today, not just because you're naked, but your skin looks really clear and glowing; have you put anything on it to make it look that good?" she asked.

"No" I responded, "I do feel like I am glowing with good health though, and thank you for such a wonderful compliment. I expect I'll see you later and we can have a chat, Yes?"

"Sure", she said, "I'm looking forward to it -- I have a few questions for you actually, so don't be too long. Maybe you could have your morning coffee with me?" I replied in the affirmative.

As I was opening the door to our offices, I caught site of Robert's car coming into the car park and decided to wait a minute for him to come through -- actually I wanted to see whether he had come naked from home as well -- I didn't mind being the only one to do so, but it would be better if I had company, so to speak.

He got out of the car and yes, he had.

He had what looked like a laptop bag hanging on his shoulder with the strap adjusted so that it was long enough for him to pull it in front of him and keep his manhood hidden while he crossed the car park.

I waited while he came into the front door and again the receptionist (Helen) said, "Now come on Robert, no need to be shy -- get rid of that bag and let's all see what you're made of."

He smiled and said, "Oh well, no time like the present I suppose." and he slipped it off his shoulder and took hold of it by the small suitcase type handle at the top of the bag, exposing himself to us all, me, Helen, mine and his camera crew.

He went bright red and I felt sorry for him.

I let go of the door, took his arm and said, "Come on then Robert, let's go get a cuppa, yes?"

He allowed me to lead him through the door and I went into the office putting my handbag on my chair.

"You go put your bag down, and I'll go to the kitchen to make the tea. See you there in a minute."

I went out and got a couple of cups of tea ready and Robert came in behind me.

He looked a little better now and thanked me for pulling him along from his obviously perilous moment in the hallway.

"Don't worry about that, it was only nerves. Just get on with the day and you'll soon forget you're naked and be OK. I do now and I find that it's easy -- just get on with what you have to do and soak up the feelings as they come along -- you'll be fine, you'll see. Here, take your tea."

Obviously I gave him, what I hoped wasn't noticed especially since he was nervous, a good look over.

He was quite hairy down his chest and it ran on down across his tummy and joined up with his pubic hair, which had obviously been trimmed. His dick was sort of half hard -- nothing surprising there then, and was quite thick but a little short -- at the moment anyway. Despite this look I didn't feel sexually attracted to him still -- he was just naked the same as me and it was quite matter-of-fact.

He took the cup and said 'Thank you'. He took a couple of swigs and then said, "Do you know, I was OK until I got on the main road to work and then found myself in traffic next to a van with a woman driver in it -- she was looking straight into my car at my crotch and smiling -- I found it quite unnerving."

"Only natural, I suppose" I said. "But don't worry, as soon as more arrive and we get into the days work, you will forget about it and just get on the same as normal -- or pretty much the same. Odd things may pop up during the day and you'll just need to take care of them at the time. Don't dwell on it though will you. Oh, and don't be embarrassed if you find you have to 'take care of it' during the day, I know I'm expecting more than the usual lavatory trips today, even if it's just to wipe up the juices." I said, pointing at my glistening pussy. God, I wasn't just naked, I was fully drawing attention to my most intimate areas and to the fact that they my pussy was juicy and betraying my heightened sexual condition laying beneath the calm exterior. Actually, I was calm, my pussy was just behaving separately from me!

We both sat down facing each other across the kitchen and Robert crossed his legs. I left mine slightly open so that my pussy was clearly visible and highlighted by my little landing strip that we hadn't shaved off yet, and just chatted and wondered who else would come naked today. We didn't think that many would play.

After a few minutes, Donna arrived and, true to her word, she was wearing a substantial bra and granny knickers. Robert looked embarrassed and said to her, "I'm disappointed with you Donna, after all you did agree with this project before we announced it to the staff so I expected you at least, as one of the Officers of the company, would support it."

Donna's face reddened and she said, "I'm sorry Robert, but with my upbringing, not to mention the state of my body compared to the other girls here, I just can't." she had a tear in her eye while she moved over to the kettle and made her own cup of tea.

"Don't worry Donna, at least you've engaged in the spirit of the project by undressing to your underwear, I'm sure you won't be the only one that doesn't strip completely." I glanced at Robert trying to convey in my look that he should be more sympathetic and supporting -- not that it was my place to say, of course.

"Yes, I suppose I have to agree with Gina, you have shown support by undressing as far as you feel able, so I thank you for that at least." Said Robert.

Well, it was better than nothing and I did see her shoulders go back a little and her stance changed with it. She wasn't as bad looking as she seemed to think though. A little overweight yes, but she was nearing 50 after all so, for her age, she was in reasonably good condition. I felt sure she would be OK once we all started work properly.

Rachel came in with Dave, both of whom were naked too. So, that just left Phil and Gerald to arrive.

After a few minutes, we took our teas into the office with us and, to our surprise, Phil and Gerald were at their desks. They too were naked, leaving only Donna covered up, but they were doing their best to hide behind their desks.

Everyone rather sheepishly said their 'good mornings' to each other -- except me.

I smiled at each of them in turn and brightly said, "Good morning both, don't you think we've been lucky with the weather today? I had a lovely naked walk in the sunshine before catching my bus this morning and it was quite stimulating. I think it set me up nicely for the day."

Donna looked at me with shock on her face and stuttered "Did, did you come to work on the bus dressed like that then?"

"Yes, of course I did. I knew that Robert and Phil were coming from home naked, so I said I would too. It wasn't all that difficult really, and I did have the camera crew there with me if anything had gotten sticky. I found it very enjoyable too, I must admit." I said to her.

She tutted and went around to her desk, so the rest of us just sat and got on with our work.

On Tuesday, when I was wearing clothing that showed off everything I had, I'd had a good day; because of my heightened state of awareness, amongst other things, I found that I worked better and made less mistakes than normal, and that had generally carried on throughout the week so far. Today, however, was a little different. I didn't have any worries or fears about my state of dress, as I said before, I was enjoying the freedom of being naked, but I couldn't help taking looks around the office at the others, to see how they were handling it. Rachel seemed to be glowing and enjoying the freedom that I was experiencing, Donna looked as though she couldn't concentrate on anything for more than a few seconds and I once caught her looking around the room at each of us, then she looked out the window and she seemed very dejected. I wondered if she would not be better getting off home if she was so concerned. All the others seemed to have gotten over the initial embarrassment of the morning and were just getting on with their work. There was, however, a much better, more electrifying atmosphere about the place today, so maybe this plan would work and help us meld together better as a team. I hoped so -- in fact I was relying on it -- if I wanted to come to work every day naked.

About 10'ish, Donna came over to me and asked me to accompany her to the kitchen for an early coffee break. As she is one of the company officers, it seemed to me that no-one else would say anything about me going early for our morning break, so I followed her out. We made our coffee without saying anything to each other and I wondered what was about to happen.

She sat in a chair and pointed to the chair next to her for me to sit too, which I did.

She remained silent for a little while longer and then, almost with a sob, she said, "Gina, I feel that I am letting the company down so badly today -- I can see that this communal nudity thing is nothing like I expected. It's just people doing the same things that they usually do -- they just don't have any clothes on. I have thought about that throughout the morning so far and I seem to be at war with myself. One part of me thinks that this is quite disgusting, the other part thinks that it seems OK -- non of the sexual problems that I was kind of expecting. What do you think I should do, and how did you come to accept it so readily?"

"I think all that this week has done for me is to awaken the latent exhibitionist in me and, not only am I enjoying it, I want to stay naked all the time now. Apart from work this week, I haven't worn clothes at all and even gone home naked when Martin's been able to pick me up. But that's me -- and what I feel doesn't apply to everyone. What did surprise me this week though was what my neighbour, Sammie, did. She saw me getting out of the car naked on Tuesday and came out of her house to talk to me about it. She and her husband came around to ours later that evening, and within an hour she was off back home, with me in tow, to undress too and then she came back to our house and we went to KFC for supper -- her and I naked. We were going to just go in and get a take-out while we were naked, but we ended up eating it in the restaurant with our husbands -- and we were quite politely accepted. The same with the bus, I spoke to all the regular commuters yesterday morning about being naked on the way to work this morning, and almost all of the agreed that it would be no problem, so I did come naked. The point, though, is not me -- it is what Sammie did. Once she overcame her initial concerns and got naked herself, she stood in front of a full length mirror and we took a long hard critical look at her. She is normally quite a mousey sort of person, but once she was standing naked in front of the mirror and saw, with my help, how good she actually looked, she was hooked. Even Geraint, her husband, was shocked at the change in her. Not just her appearance, but how more alive and proud she was afterwards. So, the only thing that I can suggest, if you want to, is for us to go off to the lavatory, get you out of that underwear and take a good look at you in the mirror. What do you think?"

She sat and thought for a few minutes and said, "OK then, but only if we can find a way to lock the door."

I smiled and got up, stretching my hand out to take hers.

Once we got into the loos, I put the heavy tampon bin front of the door -- it would give with a shove, but would also allow time for her to jump into one of the cubicles and shut the door if anyone (it would only be Rachel anyway, the toilets weren't shared with the other offices) should come in.

"Come on then, take your bra off first, yes?"

Gingerly, she unclasped her bra but held it in front of her for a moment. I took it gently out of her hands and, as I did so, her arms went up to cover her now naked breasts. I put her bra down and got behind her, moving her arms away and down to her side, so we were both looking at her breasts in the mirror. I kept hold of her arms, just so she knew I was still being supportive.

"You have lovely nipples, and they sit so perfectly level, which is unusual. Even mine are not exactly equal -- look." and I moved away from her so that she could see me too. "And, I bet you thought they would look saggy didn't you? Well they don't -- in fact they are in pretty good condition given the size and, and I don't mean to be rude here, your age -- they are standing up very well for themselves. I suppose if you wanted to be some sort of model, you'd have to lose a little weight, but that's not what were looking for here is it. I think you look really good you know. Certainly nothing to be ashamed of and I would be justifiably happy if my body looks that good when I'm your age. Sorry, I don't mean to be bitchy about your age -- just that it is a factor, whether we like it or not I'm afraid."

She stood and looked a bit more then moved her hands up to her breasts, cupping and slightly moving them around. "I suppose you're quite right, now that I look at them with open eyes, but I do feel a little fat around the middle and that's not necessarily something that one should show off, is it?"

I sighed at this remark and said "Well, the middle bit is showing now and nobody has had to run off and be sick or anything have they!" I couldn't keep the annoyance out of my voice now though -- it was a silly remark. I moved back behind her and touched the elastic of her knickers around her waist. "What about the rest then, shall we try that now?" I asked.

She shut her eyes and, with some trepidation, she started to push her knickers down. I turned away for a moment, not wanting to put more pressure on her by watching. I heard her feet each in turn lift up and the click back onto the floor, the heels on her shoes making the clicking noise, and then turned around again. She had a shock of quite red pubic hair, which surprised me, and it was thick enough that it made seeing her pussy lips almost impossible. This could work for us I thought.

"Wow, that's a surprise." I said. I have always thought you were naturally blonde. No wonder your skin is so light. How often do you have to dye your hair?"

"Oh, I don't. I lost the colour in my hair in my mid twenties, and it just turned a silvery blond that you see now. I do colour my eyebrows occasionally though." She replied.

"Anyway", I said, "Let's get back to what we we're really doing, we can chat about that later. You have good thighs, so nothing to worry about there, a nice flat stomach -- I guess you haven't had any children then -- and your bum, whilst you can't see it, is still nice a perky. On the whole, I think you still look pretty good. Definitely a MILF, as the American's would say, so I think the only thing wrong here is the doubts in your own mind."

"What the hell is a MILF" she asked.

"It is kind of polite term that the Yanks use to say 'Mother I'd Like to Fuck'; and the term fits you to a tea Donna. Oh, and sorry for the swearing -- but you did ask." I replied.

"Hmmm." was all she said to that.

We stood a while longer while she gazed at her image in the mirror. She moved her hands across her breasts, her stomach and down to her hair, fluffing it up where it had become compressed by the tightness of her knickers, and then moved around to her bum where she felt the bottom creases, to see how much of a droop was there I supposed. She turned this way and that and hummed a little more. Then, after a few moments, she stood upright, put her shoulders back and said "I think you may be right you know -- how come you're so wise for one so young. I think I do look reasonably good for my age, now that I have been forced to evaluate myself in the cold light of day. I think I feel much better now, thank you Gina." and she turned and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"I'm flattered that I could help, and I'm not so young you know!" I said with a smile. "So, I think it's time we got back to work, don't you?"

"Yes." was all she said, and she picked up her bra and, for a moment, I thought she was going to put it back on. However, she then bent down and collected her knickers from the floor and asked, "What do you think I ought to do with these then -- I don't think I want to put them back on now."

"Just fold them up, put them in your hand and, ignoring everyone else when we go back into the office, just put them away quietly in your handbag. Then, just sit back at your desk and pretend that nothing has changed, at least outwardly. I can't tell you how to deal with the feelings that you are about to experience, though, other than to say enjoy them -- I know I do!"

"OK then, here goes." she said and moved over to the door, pushing the tampax bin out of the way and proudly marching straight out the door. I collected our cups and took them back to the kitchen and then went back on through to the office. Apart from Donna being naked, the room was just like it was when we left -- thankfully, no-one had reacted to her re-appearance sans underwear. I felt quite proud of myself then, actually. So, here we all are -- working away as usual, but all naked.

"Oh, wait a moment. Do you think anyone would mind if I took a slightly longer break this morning? I promised Helen I would go to see her during my coffee break this morning."

"I think that will be OK, if anyone says anything I'll tell them you missed yours helping me, OK?"

"Thanks Donna, I shan't be too long."

I went down reception after topping up my coffee cup and sat on the corner of Helen's desk.

"Hi Gina, thanks for coming down to see me, I know it's taking up your coffee break."

"Don't worry about that, it's not a problem at all. What did you want to see me about then, or should I just assume you want to know how it feels and what it's like to be naked around other people?"

"Hmmm, mind reader too are you? That's exactly what I wanted to know, and how you are able to look so confident about it and not be scared silly; I'm sure I would be, even if I did have the bottle you've got."

"I'm sure that if I can do it, you could you too. Just a question of getting into the right mindset I suppose. How it feels though?"

I paused for a moment, wondering where to start.

"Well, I feel liberated, I suppose. I'm not afraid of being seen and I've had great support, particularly from Martin, but also from the people that I've met during the week, and I've met a lot of new people this week too. I just feel so alive; so attuned to myself and my surroundings; contented and happy. Oh, and very sexy too. I've found too that I don't like the feeling I get when wearing clothes -- they feel heavy, restrictive and uncomfortable against my skin. I'm not embarrassed about my body and I don't think I ever have been."

"Don't you get hassle off people though?" she asked.

"Most of the people I have interacted with have been very kind to me and, once I answer their questions honestly, they seem to be OK. Quite a few have even joined me. I haven't the time now but I'll have to tell you about our trip to McDonalds sometime. I've had a few hysterically based, ignorant comments, but I just ignored them. I think that once people understand that you are not doing it for sexually motivated reasons, and that takes a whole lot of honesty on your own behalf to open up to them, then so far they've been OK.

I don't know how it will progress though -- I'm going to ask if I can work naked every day and if I can, it will mean that I will very rarely wear clothes again -- so who knows what the future will hold.

"Yes; OK." But how will you be able to do that, you know, go shopping and all the other stuff you do in public places just to be able to manage your life?"

"Well, we haven't quite worked out all the bugs in that question yet. I suppose that I will just carry on being honest with people and see how it goes. I know that at some point there is likely to be police interaction at some point, but Martin and I will deal with that when it comes. I just know that I have to do this and people like you are helping me -- even if you don't realise it."

"Anyway" I continued, "I'd better be getting back to work now. If you want to know more, just ask, OK?"

"OK, and thanks for taking the time to talk to me. I'll see you later and I hope you get what you are looking for -- you look good on it I know that!" she said with a huge smile on her face.

I smiled back and then went back to my own office.

The rest of the day went pretty much without incident, other than I had to talk to a courier and we had a visitor for Robert -- who much to his credit remained naked throughout, Robert I mean, not the visitor -- and I had to go over to one of the other firms in an adjoining building to collect some custom stationery that they had printed up for us. The girl on the desk in there talked to me a while about why I was undressed, what it was all about and again I just explained openly and honestly, including what I thought and how happy I was about being naked in public. She said she had wondered what had been going on when she saw me walking across the car park naked a few times this week. She seemed to be OK with it though -- she didn't have a fit when I walked in to her office or anything, so I guess she was. I must admit, though, that it did give me a buzz and dampened my pussy (again!) when I went outside my own workplace without dressing and being with others who were dressed.

That was the only time I went out of the office today for anything, which obviously took longer than normal due to my having to explain why I was naked.

I very much enjoyed the day, everybody in the end naked together. Also, it was an eye-opening experience to see the variety of body shapes, both male and female, that I had never really thought about in the past. They were as distinctive as the clothes that people normally wore which I found surprising.

All too soon though, it was time to go home -- and time to face up to another, albeit personally created, challenge.

Just before we did all leave for the weekend though, Robert gathered us all around the meeting table and congratulated us for the level of commitment that we had all displayed. (Maybe that wasn't the right word to use right then, but Hey Ho I suppose). He said he was proud of us all and that he thought the day had gone really well, and we all had certainly, not necessarily today, but over the week got to know each other's strengths and weaknesses a little better, and that he was sure it would benefit the firm in the future. He wished us all a good weekend and the others started to get themselves together to go home.

I said to him then, "Could I have a word with you privately before we go home please?"

"Yes, certainly." He said, and led me off to his area of the office that had a screen around his desk. He sat back at his desk and said, "What is it Gina -- you were OK today weren't you -- and I know you helped Donna a lot, for which you deserve special thanks."

"I would like to ask your permission to come to work naked every day -- and before you answer, I'd be grateful if you would hear me out."

"OK, go on then." he said.

"When you announced this last Monday, I was up for it pretty much straight away. My husband and I have enjoyed our holidays for many years when we have gone to the Mediterranean coast and I have frequently gone topless on the beaches there. So, when I mentioned what was required today, he was OK with it. We got to talking more about today, and about our holidays, and we, I, finally admitted that I was an exhibitionist, and I have only worn clothes this week when actually in work. We have decided that this is what we want, so I plan in future to only wear clothing when absolutely necessary. The regular commuters on my bus seem to be happy with that, Martin is more than happy for me to remain naked as much as possible, so, given what has happened today to bring all that out into the open, I'd like to carry this on in normal everyday life -- and that includes coming to work naked too."

He didn't say anything for a moment, but I did notice that his penis was slowly growing, but I tried to ignore that. Then he said...

"Well, that's a bit of a surprise. However, since I am the one who initiated the day's events, I suppose it would be churlish of me to not allow it. I am not, however, the only person involved here, am I. Personally, I don't really see a problem with it -- you've managed with duties today that involved your interaction with people from both inside and outside the company, and I guess, when you went over to Dougal's to get the stationery, you did that without dressing, Yes?" he paused while I nodded my head in the affirmative "So, I'll make a deal with you. You come in on Monday naked, or not as you wish, and if you still want to do this, we'll ask all the others in the office whether they are agreeable. If they are, then I suppose it will be OK. If you do come naked on Monday, the only thing I would ask, just in case, is that you bring something to wear if others don't, or won't, agree. OK, is that a deal then?" he asked.

I smiled, went around the desk and kissed him on the cheek. "I'm sure you won't regret this -- I have found that I work much more accurately when I'm naked -- comes from a heightened sense of ones-self I think -- and I feel so much happier and contented when I am naked. Thank you so much Robert. I'll see you Monday then."

I turned and walked out of the office and, on my way out, I came across Donna in the foyer. "I was just wondering if I had the nerve to drive home naked too, what do you think Gina?"

"How have you felt during the course of the day since you ditched your underwear?" I asked back.

"Just like you said I would, I've felt pretty damned good about myself actually -- and now I know what you mean about feeling 'alive'." she answered.

"Go for it then -- and keep your head up high and be proud. Have a good weekend won't you." I said and walked straight out the door.

With a spring in my step, I strode out across the car park and turned right when I met the main road. I was a little late, after stopping back to speak with Robert, so walked more quickly than usual to ensure I wouldn't be late for the bus. I honestly forgot I was naked, worrying about being late, until a car beeped its horn at me. I looked up and it was Donna -- quite happily driving home - naked. She had a huge smile on her face. What a difference a day can make, Hey?

I reached the bus stop just as the bus arrived so, thankfully, I didn't have to hang about at the side of the road waiting for Mr. Plod to drive past instead and 'take me home' via a circuitous route, which I was thankful for as I desperately needed to get home to Martin -- he had something I needed!

I climbed aboard and, as usual, there was the usual gang already seated but a smattering of unfamiliar faces too. There were some gasps and even a whistle, but I ignored them and looked around for a seat next to one of the regular travellers. I found the face of Louisa so went and sat alongside her. She smiled as I approached and politely asked me if I had had a good day, to which I replied in the affirmative.

"I have been giving your question of yesterday some thought, and following the experience this morning and, similarly I hope now, I don't think I will be bothered about your attire, or lack thereof, so please, be my guest and continue with your total nudist outlook from now on if that is what you want. It clearly isn't anything as terrifying as one immediately thinks, it's just out of the ordinary, that's all. I hope that you can obtain the satisfaction that you are looking for. Happy and contented people are rare these days, so why should I be the one to preclude someone attaining their dreams. I hope you get to do all that you want without hurting anyone else in the process, that's all."

My eyes welled up, filled with tears for a moment, and I had to look away from her. After a moment just to compose myself, I turned back to her and with still wet eyes I thanked her for her consideration and well wishes. It was a lesson to me too -- I didn't think such consideration for others was still in existence any more, and I resolved right then to endeavour to have such good grace myself in future.

The remainder of the ride home was OK, a number of people getting off the bus before my stop came and said 'Well done', or words to that effect, and when, eventually, I reached my stop I thanked Louisa once again for her consideration and said I'd see her on Monday, to which she agreed.

I stepped off the bus and felt like I was floating on air. I strolled along home with not a care in the world, enjoying the feeling of the still warm sun on my skin and the little breeze that there was playing around the top of my thighs and over my proud nipples. Could life get any better I thought.

As I turned into my street, Sammie was in her front garden, pretending to do some pruning of a small hedge, but I knew she was waiting for me because as soon as she saw me she dropped her secateurs and came walking down the road towards me, calling out as she did so, "So, how did your day go then Gina, I see you are still naked since this morning -- have you had fun?"

I smiled, but didn't reply until we caught up with each other and then, turning around and taking my arm in hers, we walked the rest of the way together. It won't surprise you at this stage I suppose if I tell you she too was naked except for a pair of 3" heeled sandals, and quite magnificent she looked too.

"I've had a wonderful day, thank you -- and I would be naked whether I wanted to or not -- I didn't take anything except my handbag when I left this morning and so wouldn't have had anything to cover up with anyway. Work has been great and I think I shall be able to go naked everyday if I want to, weather permitting I suppose. How's your day been then, have you done anything exciting?"

"Well, nothing compared with you. I did pop over to Joy's house for an hour, but that's all. Oh! and yes I have been naked today all day too, just to show moral support for you of course!"

I laughed with her and said, "Stop that flannelling, you know you like it as much as I do now -- maybe even more given last Tuesdays outing to KFC and what you had us all doing. I must admit though, it's so much easier knowing we have a like minded person living so close to us. What do you think of going back to KFC later on, given what that college girl said on Tuesday?"

"I've been banking on it. I even went yesterday to get some new shoes, I don't look half as good in flat shoes -- funny that, I'd never noticed before what difference a pair of heels makes to ones figure." and she burst out laughing and I laughed with her.

What a site we pair must have made walking up the street like this, arm in arm, laughing like drains and both of us naked apart from our shoes.

I kissed her cheek when we got to her drive, and I noted that Martin's car was parked on the road, so I didn't linger as I wanted to tell him all about my most amazing day -- so far!