**New Town**

I'm going to chance posting this now in the hopes that it doesn't drown in spam.

My last posting was about the tail end of my long trip to Latin America, and now I'm back. I did a lot of planning about where I wanted to live and decided on Berkeley, California. (I think it's big enough that I can make that public.) It seemed like a good, easy-going place to hang out and get naked occasionally. I signed up for some community college classes, and I hope I can maybe get in the University of California to finish off. That won't be easy.

When I first gothere I stayed at an inexpensive Bed and Breakfast, which catered to younger people, a lot like the places I'd stayed on my trip.

We had three shared bathrooms, only one of which had a tub, and the first night I was bathing and shaving my legs, but had 'forgotten' to lock the door. Just as I was starting one of the guys walks in, quickly apologizes, and starts to turn around. I said keep me company - come on in and take a seat. He did and soon we were joined by his roommate who had come looking for him. I took my time bathing, shaving my long legs, shaving my armpits and trimming my pussy. When I got out of the tub, I took my time drying and then walked naked back to my room, taking my time going from the ground floor bathroom to my room on the third floor. Yes, it got me noticed.

After a couple of days I decided to stir things up some more and went to breakfast in a see-through shorty night gown. One girl got kind of pissed off, but two others thought it was pretty funny, getting the guys worked up. I had let my pubic hair grow out a bit, trimmed to a nice bikini-size triangle, and I loved the way it looked through the fabric. Obviously, so did the guys.

It surprised me that this got a kind of a competition going. The next morning one girl came down in a skimpy bra and panties and another upstaged her, walking in a few minutes later wearing only a thong. I had actually worn shorts and a T-shirt that morning, but what's a girl to do to keep up appearances? I stripped naked. The thong girl, after hesitating through most of breakfast, finally matched me, showing off a totally shaved pussy. The other took off her top (She told me later that she would have taken off her panties, but had her period). After that we sort of scaled back at breakfast time, but still tried to be a little provocative. I only got completely naked at breakfast one more time, but that part comes later.

After I had been there almost a week, just before I found a more permanent place to live, I went to a bar with 3 guys and these same 2 girls from the B&B. It was a nice warm evening and we girls were dressed outrageously. I had on a really short and low skirt, probably no more than 8 inches from top to bottom, a short tight top and no underwear.

The bar had a section with tables where dinner was served, and mostly couples were there. The bar section was a bit rowdier, and that's what we gravitated to. It didn't take more than one drink to get me seated on the bar providing all sorts of up-skirt views, which I did nothing to discourage. One guy commented that I might as well be naked, and others took it up. I'll have to admit that they were right, so what was I to do? I pulled off both the top and bottom and sat there naked on the bar, letting my legs drift apart and pushing up my own tits from time to time, not daring to touch my pussy. I really, really, really wanted to masturbate right there, but I held back.

Soon one of my companions got up on the bar and requested a particular song to which she did a slow elaborate strip of her super tight shorts and top, ending up in a thong about the time the music ended. She requested another song and drug out the removal of the thong throughout the whole thing. Sure I was the first one naked, but I did feel outclassed. I'd just pulled my clothes off, totally unceremoniously. Once my friend had stripped down on the bar, I realized that the third one was also naked, having let some guys strip her on the dance floor. Now of course the joint was full of young, drunken, rowdy guys, who were just going nuts over 3 naked girls, and even though our B&B friends and some of our other new friends were protective, we had to go. Eventually we landed at another party, where the three of us ended up naked again, and of course all three of us got thoroughly laid. Very nice evening.

To check out the town I had been doing a few walks in a short, little dress, the loose pleated kind that flies up in the wind, naturally without undies. I did nothing to hold it down when the wind struck, which got a bit of attention. Getting on the bus was especially good.

One day I went to buy a bicycle in this dress, which of course required me to try several models, getting on and off. I ended up with 4 sales guys helping me, all pretending not to look, so after awhile I told them to go ahead and check me out. If I didn't like it, I wouldn't dress this way. Once I got the bike, riding around on it had a way of lifting the skirt, making for some nice flashes of my red-haired pussy to distract traffic, terrific fun!

Of course, I had to look for work and a place to live. I saw an ad on a bulletin board for a roommate in a large house, so I called up and they had me over for an interview. We all hit it off, I liked the room, and apparently I had no competition, so it was mine. But somehow we got in this discussion about bathrooms. On the ground floor there was a couple, a single guy, and a single girl. On the second floor was a single guy and my room. They apologized that I would have to share that bathroom with a guy. I told them if I was not concerned about modesty, and they'd probably be seeing a lot of my naked body. They all sort of shrugged, not really believing me. More on that later.

The last evening in the bed and breakfast, they had a little good-bye party for me, and I just dropped all pretense and came down naked. I guess no one was that surprised. It got a bit late, and a few friends of the residents showed up, so I had an audience of around a dozen people. I was getting kind of drunk and horny and started touching myself, sort of thinking no one would notice, maybe hoping they would. But, of course, once I started Pandora was out of her box, and I ended up openly masturbating, starting off pretty slow spread out on the couch with everyone gathered around to watch. It got pretty dramatic, as I really got into it. A couple of guys started holding my legs, and I was thrusting my ass up and down, sweating, secreting lots of pussy juice, moaning, and eventually 'screeching' as one guy put it afterwards), going through multiple orgasms. I guess I should have been humiliated, especially after I sobered up, but God did I love it. No regrets!

The next morning at breakfast no one was surprised that I was still naked, and the other girls didn't try to outdo me. Sort of like I'd won the contest. They had all seen me the night before at my most exposed, but I wasn't the least embarrassed.

About the time that I moved, I also found a want ad seeking a figure model for art classes. Perfect. I arranged an interview, wondering if I should show up naked to make an impression, maybe just slip into the nearest ladies' room (or better yet, men's room) and stuff my clothes in my bag before going to the interview. In the end, I decided that would make me look desperate, never a good way to get a job.

I've got a date tonight (with a guy who has no idea what he's in for), so the details about the new house and the new job will have to wait for my next posting.

Madison