**Nikki's Naked Weekend**

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I've always lacked confidence about my body.  
  
If you had to pin me down about it, I would say that there's nothing particularly "wrong" with the way I look. I have a fairly average body type - a little towards the "plump" or "curvy" side but no more than most women my age. I'm quite short and my breasts are on the large side, leading to me feeling on some days like I am basically a pair of boobs with some feet attached, but I do know that if my body was on somebody else, I would like it a lot better than I do on me.  
  
If I think about it, my lack of confidence goes back to my pre-teen years. I developed early, compared to most of the other girls around me, and this unfortunately gathered me a lot of attention from boys - and men. I didn't welcome any of this, I was too young really to understand a lot of it, and it left me often confused, embarrassed and scared. But it also caused problems with other girls - although I didn't like the attention from guys, the other girls around me thought I was inviting it, and they were jealous and angry as a result. They were very mean to me, calling me all sorts of names, telling me I was fat and ugly. I know where it came from now, but at the time it just seemed like they were telling me that because I was.  
  
I hated taking off my clothes. I used to dread changing for gym in front of everyone, and wearing skimpy clothes or swimwear was horrible. The idea of anyone seeing me completely naked filled me with anxiety and I would do anything to avoid it. This carried on into adulthood, and I even hated my partners seeing me naked. I used to dress and undress hurriedly around them, and would only make love in the dark, or at least in flattering light. This made things very difficult in relationships, with my constant insecurities creating a barrier between me and the men I was with.  
  
I was 22, and my last relationship had ended badly. My insecurity about my body and my shyness about nudity was not the sole reason for that, but it had been a big contributory factor. And by now, even I realised that it was getting to the point where I needed to do something about it.  
  
I began to use the internet to look up ways to improve body confidence. There was a big movement towards body positivity in women and there were lots of websites and articles to explain how to learn to love yourself and stop feeling ugly and inadequate (of course, there were also plenty of articles on the same sites shaming celebrities for a bit of weight gain or some other unsightly feature, so I wasn't sure how to feel about that!), and lots of tips and tricks to try.  
  
One of the themes which kept popping up was the idea that it can help you to feel better about yourself if you simply take off all your clothes and spend some time naked at home by yourself - I guessed it was about getting comfortable in your own skin. A lot of writers talked about how it had helped them and as it didn't require much more effort from me than just staying indoors a while, I decided that it might be worth giving it a go!  
  
The first time I tried walking around naked at home I nearly cried. I was incredibly uncomfortable without clothes on and almost immediately, and gratefully, slipped a t-shirt and leggings back on. I told myself "baby steps", and that it would be something that would get easier with time.  
  
Except, it didn't. I just didn't feel comfortable or happy with my clothes off. Nudity was supposedly going to feel natural and liberating for me, but all I felt was weird and awkward. I disliked the feeling of areas of my bare skin connecting with one another, or with unfamiliar surfaces. I felt cold. And most of all I hated looking down at myself and seeing my body uncovered and exposed. Time and again, try as I might, I would soon find myself putting my clothes back on.  
  
I felt like a big failure. I couldn't even get up the courage to do something as simple as walk around my flat naked. I was never going to build up my confidence and was always going to be ruled by insecurity.  
  
I think feeling like that was what got me to try a pretty drastic measure.  
  
I'd bought, a few years before, a time-lock box. It had been to help me with my revision. Anything that might distract me (usually my phone) would go in the box. I'd lock it, and instead of a key, it had a timer. When you set that, the box would not open until the time ran out. There was no override, no way to trick the box into opening early - once something was locked in there, it was in there until the time reached zero.  
  
My clothes in my flat were all kept in one big walk-in closet off my bedroom. All my clothes, including underwear, nightclothes - everything except for a few pairs of shoes. The closet had a sturdy lock on the door, and only one key - and it was this that formed my plan.  
  
I decided the only way I was going to get over my discomfort about being naked was to force myself into it, to create a situation where I would have no other option except to be without the security of my clothes, at least in the privacy of home. I didn't have enough willpower to stick with it, otherwise - I would just run back to the comfort of clothing at the first sensation of disliking my naked state. I needed to make myself do it, until I no longer felt like I needed to cover up.  
  
So, I laid my plan. I cleared my diary, stocked up with food, drink, snacks, and picked out some shows on Netflix. Then, early one Saturday morning, I got out of bed, stretched, and walked over to the closet.  
  
I had gone to town the previous evening. As well as my clothes, I had also made sure any towels, blankets - anything I could wrap myself in and hide my body - were in there. There wasn't anything left around my flat that could be considered clothing, even by the most imaginative person. Everything was piled up in my closet.  
  
I stood looking at it all, for a moment, feeling apprehensive. But I was determined to do this. So I took a deep breath, and pulled my pyjama top off over my head. I dropped it on the floor of the closet, and followed it a few moments later with my pyjama shorts and my underwear.  
  
Now completely naked, I stepped back out of the closet. I took the key to the closet door from my dresser, closed the door, and locked it.  
  
I clutched the key tightly in my hand and went into the kitchen, where the lock-box was. I checked, double-checked and triple-checked the timer, to make sure I hadn't just set it for 10 years or something ridiculous. Then I closed my eyes, took another deep breath, and dropped the key to the closet into the box, before closing the lid. It clicked and beeped to let me know that it was sealed.  
  
I stood there for a moment, naked in my kitchen, looking at the key in the box. I'd set the timer so that the box would not open again for slightly under 48 hours - the early hours of Monday morning. My intention was to force myself to spend the whole weekend completely without any clothing or coverage of any kind - without even the option of covering up. I wasn't going out, I was expecting no callers - I might get a bit of cabin fever but I didn't see any logical reason why I should have any problems staying naked around my home for two days, aside from my own discomfort with nudity and my own naked body, and I hoped that by giving myself no get-out-of-being-naked card, I would soon overcome that and maybe even come to enjoy it!  
  
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Three hours in to my naked weekend.  
  
As I'd anticipated, it had initially been awful.   
  
I'd shuddered each time I passed a mirror or reflective surface, and caught a glimpse of my pale, naked form. I'm just about 5'2", with brown shoulder length hair. I don't have a weight problem, but I do carry some extra, especially on my thighs, bottom, and stomach - all the "trouble" areas basically. I do have, as I have mentioned, fairly large breasts, with (what I would say are) big nipples - but I'm probably not the best person to describe myself, as I have a pretty biased perspective against using complimentary terms to describe myself! Suffice to say, in the real world, outside my head, you'd probably say I have a "nice" body - but I wouldn't believe you if you told me! So to keep glimpsing my naked form as I walked around - well, it was hard going. I found myself focussing on all the flaws I perceived - the lumps and bumps, the marks, the way my stomach looked or my pubic hair (which I trim but don't shave completely) was scruffy, or how my breasts are uneven (every woman's are but I still felt like there was something wrong when I noticed the tiny discrepancy in size).  
  
Gradually, though, I had started to calm down. My anxiety at being naked and unable to clothe myself for the next 48 hours gave way to frustration at my own ridiculousness - why was I so bothered about walking around naked in a completely private place with nobody to see me? - and finally to acceptance.  
  
I fixed myself breakfast and got on with a few chores. I had to admit, once I had something to take my mind off the body issues, being naked was actually quite nice. I suppose it was the novelty, but dusting and washing dishes and eating food with no clothes on was starting to feel pretty good!  
  
I gave myself a break and flopped on my couch to watch some cartoons. I only half paid attention to the screen, though - what held more interest for me was my own body.   
  
I began drumming my fingers on my bare belly, softly, just feeling the connection between my skin and my fingertips. I traced circles on myself with one finger, then cupped my naked breasts in my hands. My nipples were hard, and I tweaked them and giggled.  
  
I shifted position on the couch, and parted my legs. Slowly, a little nervously, I slid my hand between them.  
  
I was not a frequent masturbator. To self-love, for me, required me to love myself, something I had until now struggled to accomplish. But now, feeling liberated from at least some of my negative thoughts about my body, I went at it with gusto. I caressed my outer labia with my fingers, before I ran a cautious finger along my slit. I was surprised and delighted to discover how wet I was, and gathering some of that moisture on my fingertips I began to massage first my labia and then finally, delightfully, my clitoris. I quickly found a rhythm of circular motions, and in no time at all the ache was growing within me and I was building towards climax.   
  
Mindful that I was completely alone, I threw restraint to the wind, and allowed myself to moan and cry out loudly and ecstatically as I came. I was normally much more reserved - a legacy of my teenage years, when we had very thin walls and I would always find myself cumming with one hand clamped over my mouth to stifle the squeaks and moans I would be powerless to hold back. But here, now, I was liberated, and very many gasps and cries of "oh God... oh yes!" flew from my lips before I finally sank back on the couch, spent and breathless.  
  
I must have dozed off, after that. I awoke, woozy and with a head full of fluff. Why was I naked on the sofa, I wondered for a moment, before my mind cleared and ordered itself and I remembered - all my clothes and coverings were locked away in my closet and I would have no access to the key until the early hours of Monday. I was maybe 4 hours into a weekend which I was going to spend entirely naked.  
  
Now that I had masturbated, and orgasmed, I started again to feel a little uncomfortable about my nudity. Post-sex, I always feel very vulnerable, and putting on some clothes - even just a big fluffy robe - has always been my way of returning to a sense of security. But, here and now, I had no choice but to remain naked, and try to ignore that sense of feeling vulnerable and exposed.  
  
I decided to try to take my mind off it by doing a little more housework, and that had the desired effect. I was beginning to enjoy being completely naked again, and I was soon busy down on the floor scrubbing the doors of the kitchen cabinets, completely oblivious to any discomfort.  
  
When the knock at the door came, I think I jumped about a foot in the air.  
  
I flushed, scarlet and hot. Panic gripped me. I was stark naked. I had no accessible clothing of any kind anywhere in the house. I'd been so determined to force myself to remain naked that I had banished everything that I could have possibly used as clothing to the closet. I had suspected that if I only locked my clothes away, I would simply wrap myself up in whatever fabric I had to hand, so I had tried to anticipate that action. Towels, blankets, even my bedsheets - everything was locked away. I couldn't be any more naked than I was right now - and now somebody was at my door.  
  
I tried to force myself to relax. They couldn't see me. They didn't know I was naked. They didn't even know I was here. All I had to do was not answer the door, stay still and quiet, and they would give up after a moment, and go away.  
  
They knocked again. I remained rooted to the spot. I was barely breathing. I didn't want any noise to give me away.  
  
I must have stood there like that for about 5 minutes, but no further knocks at the door came. I breathed a sigh of relief. My heart rate was coming back to normal. "Phew!" I exclaimed aloud.  
  
I was relieved, but also a little angry at myself. I had been so certain that spending a weekend naked would be, for me, a terrible challenge that I had gone out of my way to prevent myself having any escape clause, and locked everything away. But, as it had turned out, I was really rather enjoying being a nudie, and it had only taken maybe an hour or two of nudity to get that way. I'm not saying I suddenly felt confident about my body, but being naked on my own in my apartment certainly no longer seemed quite so terrifying, which was kind of the point of the exercise. My long-term goal - body confidence - would only happen, I knew, once I had been able to develop a more casual attitude to nudity, something which I hoped now would evolve naturally over time spent living my normal home life in the nude at least some of the time. This weekend had been all about ripping off the band-aid, rather than the long-term healing. That had been accomplished and I now felt that, at this moment, even if my closet door were to spring open, I would probably not get dressed, at least until I needed to go outside - or greet a visitor. And I wouldn't view either as a defeat now I had managed to do what I wanted.  
  
But, instead, I had gone all out, trying to force myself to spend my whole weekend without the crutch of clothing by locking my closet and sealing the key away all weekend. I'd gone overboard and not thought about having an emergency item of clothing - just a dress or a robe or a coat - in case I absolutely needed it. I felt I'd been a bit silly, burning my boat without considering I might have a legitimate need to get off the beach! But, on the other hand, who is to say I would have got to this point without giving myself no other option?  
  
I didn't, in the end, have an easy answer.  
  
It was lunchtime by then so I fixed myself a sandwich and returned to the sofa. I ate then turned on my games console for a run round Skyrim. I had never played videogames naked before but, like everything else today, I found it was a pretty enjoyable experience.  
  
I'd been playing for about an hour when, again, I was startled by another knock at my door. Once again, I jumped, but this time I more quickly reassured myself. People didn't call on me unannounced often, but if they did, they weren't certain I would be home - just stay quiet and still and they would go away. As a precaution I muted the television and then sat, still as a rock, remote in hand, and waited.  
  
I could hear voices at the door, and though I couldn't work out what they were saying they started to sound familiar. It took me a moment, but I could soon make out the voices of my parents.  
  
My parents had obviously decided to stop by unannounced. We lived not far from each other and often did this, I would visit their house if passing, and they would likewise sometimes call in on me if they had been in town. I thought it was nice of them to stop by, and I relaxed as I reassured myself they would go away when they realised I wasn't in.  
  
Unless...  
  
Suddenly a terrific fear gripped me. My parents, being my parents, had a spare key to my flat. They would use it to water my plants when I went on holiday, but also sometimes to drop things off (usually food) if they called round to deliver them and found I was out.  
  
What if... what if this was one of those times? What if my mum and dad were the other side of that door with a casserole or a cake, about to let themselves into my flat to discover me sitting there stark naked? What would they say? They'd be shocked, and I'd be embarrassed... but even more so when I would have to explain to them why I was naked - and why I wasn't able to spare all our blushes by going and putting clothes on!  
  
Fear sprang me into action. My flat offered very little in the way of hiding places. But there was one possible escape route.   
  
Using the remote I still had in my hand, I turned off the TV. Let the game still run - if the screen was off they wouldn't know I had been playing. Quickly I scrambled up from the sofa and grabbed the handle on the glass door that led out onto my apartment balcony. It was unlocked - I pulled it open and propelled myself through, yanking the door quickly shut behind me. I noticed with relief that the light voile curtain I use to grant privacy over the big balcony doors and lower the light without blocking it out completely had fallen back into place, making it harder for anyone in the flat to see out onto the balcony, then I crouched down, barely concealed behind a potter fern, and held my breath.  
  
It was not a warm day and, five floors up on my balcony, there was quite a breeze. My bare skin prickled with gooseflesh and I shivered. My nipples were rock hard from the cold, but it wasn't a pleasant feeling. The metal rails of my balcony gave me no cover from the wind - or from anyone in the nearby buildings. I just had to hope nobody had chosen that moment to look out of their window with close enough attention to see me crouching there.  
  
My decision to hide out here, though, turned out to have been the right one. No sooner had I settled into my hiding place than I became aware of people moving and raising their voices in the flat, calling my name. Mum and dad, just making sure I was genuinely out. I crouched down, hoping they would believe I wasn't home and wouldn't investigate this side of the living room closely enough to notice me out here.  
  
Luckily, they appeared to accept that the flat was empty. I heard them moving away, even heard my front door close, but still I stayed motionless on the balcony for a little while longer. I didn't want to run the risk of walking back in to find they had stepped back into the flat for some other reason. I stayed peering back into the glass door, straining my hearing for any footstep or voice from the flat. I was ignoring everything else around me - the wind, the noise of the traffic below.  
  
I can only assume that was why I didn't realise she was there until I stood up.  
  
"Excuse me?" came a voice. "What are you doing? Are you OK? Why were you hiding behind plant and why you have no clothes on?"  
  
My nerves must already have been shot. That's the only explanation as to why I didn't accidentally leap six feet into the air and topple off the balcony to my death. I whirled my head around. Leaning on the rail of the balcony adjacent to mine was my neighbour, Anna, a pretty blonde girl about my age, originally from somewhere in Eastern Europe.  
  
"Are you OK?" she repeated.  
  
Words failed me, as did actions. I stood there wide-eyed in shock - and everything on show.  
  
"Sorry," she grinned. "I did not scare you, I hope?"  
  
"Yes!" I squeaked, finally, a little too loudly. I suddenly recalled that I was naked, and tried as best I could to cover my breasts and my crotch with my arms and hands. I was, I am sure, beetroot red in the face now too.

"I am sorry," Anna grinned again. "I was just not expecting to see you out here in the nude. I was curious."  
  
"It's OK," I gasped. My normal voice seemed to be coming back now.  
  
"So what are you doing?" Anna asked again.  
  
I had no lie ready, all I could come out with was the truth - or a variation.  
  
"Hiding from my family," I said. "They called round and let themselves in, I didn't want them to know I was home and see me."  
  
Anna looked thoughtful for a minute. "Oh!" she said eventually. "Because you are naked!"  
  
I nodded. "That's it."  
  
"But," Anna said, "why not just put your clothes back on?"  
  
"Well-" I began, then I stopped. I couldn't really tell Anna what I'd done, could I? Not without looking like a weird idiot. Well, more of a weird idiot than I currently looked for standing out on my balcony stark naked, telling my fully-clothed neighbour I was hiding from my family.  
  
I tried to affect an air of nonchalance, as if what I was doing was the most usual thing in the world.  
  
"Well," I said again, "I just didn't want to get dressed."  
  
To my surprise, Anna laughed. "I know how this is," she said. "I am some times like this also, naked at home, and it is not nice to have to dress when you do not want to. But I do not get unexpected visitors so I do not worry so much."  
  
I smiled back, surprised that Anna had been so relaxed at my explanation. She wished me a good day and returned to her own apartment, and I gratefully stepped back into mine. I closed the door behind me, deep in thought. Anna had just told me she had a habit of not always being clothed at home herself. I suppose I shouldn't have been surprised - like me she lives alone, and she is of course European - probably, I told myself, they are much more open-minded about nudity where she is from. Why shouldn't she walk around her own flat naked, just as I had been doing that day? It's a free country.  
  
But, the thought lingered. Anna, basically, looks like a model. I've never been anything other than a heterosexual girl but I still find women beautiful, and the thought of slender, blonde, gorgeous Anna wandering around her apartment with nothing on gave me some very interesting feelings. I retired to my bedroom, my hand almost unconsciously finding its way between my legs, and soon I was masturbating again, laying on the bed, fingers stimulating my sex, until I reached another delightful climax (this time, in deference to Anna being home, I did at least try to mute some of the noise I made).  
  
Spent and, I had to admit, once again relaxed and happy, I lay on my bed. A strange notion gripped me. It wasn't just learning that Anna had some nudist tendencies of her own that had excited me. Embarrassing though it had been at the time, and much as I had acted with suitable modesty, there had been something distinctly thrilling about being caught nude by a clothed person, and standing there in front of them naked (even covering myself) while they asked me about it. This was very unusual for me! I'd just a few hours ago been deeply uncomfortable even being naked on my own, and now I was getting worked up over having been naked in front of a clothed acquaintance, even if it was just for a few moments.  
  
In some respects it was a troubling thought, and I tried to put it out of my mind.  
  
The rest of my afternoon passed uneventfully. My decision to not wear any clothes for 48 hours required isolation, and so I had nothing to do but watch TV and movies, play videogames, and catch up on a few domestic jobs. I was again starting to regret how I'd enforced nudity on myself for so long - it would have been nice to throw some clothes on and get out for an hour or two, maybe meet some friends - and I knew now that I'd probably have no reservations about getting naked again when I returned home. I wasn't lonely - I was regularly texting people or chatting on social media, but they had no idea I was naked and I had to make a few excuses when the prospect of meeting up was raised. But being stuck at home was somewhat uninteresting, and I wasn't really relishing another whole day without leaving my flat tomorrow.  
  
The day drew to an end - the thing my parents had dropped off turned out to be a lasagne, so I didn't even have to cook my dinner. I had the great idea to take a bath, spend a few hours luxuriating - but paused when I remembered I had locked all my towels away in the closet and I'd probably catch a cold sitting in my flat drip-drying. In the end though, I figured out a solution. I sank happily into a warm, bubbly bath for an hour, washing myself all over and making sure my legs, underarms and labia were silky-smooth. Then when I got out of the bath I sat on the rug on my bedroom floor and used my hairdryer to warm myself and dry off all over, before applying a generous amount of moisturiser.  
  
Feeling like a goddess, I curled up on my bed to sleep. I'd locked away my bed covers and sheets along with all my clothes (to say that now sounds incredibly extreme, but at the time I had been trying to second guess myself and imagine what I would have tried to do to avoid going through with a naked weekend, and assumed I would probably wrap myself in sheets or blankets if I was only deprived of clothing), but I was warm and comfortable enough and I soon drifted off to sleep.  
  
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The noise that woke me was the most startling I had ever heard in my life.  
  
Our building has a fire alarm system. It isn't something we hear often, but when it sounds, it does so in every flat and all the corridors and boy is it loud!  
  
I woke with a start, eyes wide and confused. I have heard the alarm go off at night before but only maybe once or twice, and to hear it when you are sound asleep is very scary.  
  
After a moment, as I realised what was happening, my sense of panic subsided. Usually, when the alarm sounds, it is because someone has been smoking near a sensor and nothing to worry about. Someone on the ground floor will go and reset the alarm unit and it will all go quiet. It's annoying, but that's all.  
  
But as I sat there with my hands over my ears, the alarm simply went on and on. It didn't seem like anybody was going to be able to turn it off. Maybe it was simply that there was nobody in on the ground floor to do it? I could have gone down there myself but of course I had no clothes to wear so I wasn't going to be able to leave my flat. Surely someone would turn it off eventually though? I was starting to get worried.  
  
I sat there for a while, the alarm sounding. Then, without warning, someone knocked loudly and urgently on my apartment door.  
  
I froze, naked in my dark bedroom. What was going on? Hopefully they would go away!  
  
But they didn't. They knocked again, then I heard a man's voice calling out.  
  
"Hello? Is anyone in there? This is the fire brigade. Is anyone in this flat?"  
  
I didn't know what to do! I could just sit tight and say nothing and they would almost certainly go away. But, if it was really the fire brigade, me pretending to not be home might mean I ended up in some sort of terrible danger.  
  
But I couldn't answer my door naked, could I?  
  
In the end, feeling a growing sense of embarrassment, I got out of bed and walked to the door. I put the security chain on and stood awkwardly in a position where, I hoped, the person on the other side wouldn't be able to see around the door, and unlocked and opened the door a crack.  
  
"Hello?" I said awkwardly.  
  
The man at my door was definitely a fireman, in full protective clothing and helmet. I'd always been led to believe that firemen were phenomenally handsome (as well as brave and strong) but this guy was fairly ordinary looking and probably approaching 40. He looked relieved as he saw my face in the doorway.  
  
"Hello miss. I'm afraid there's a fire in the building on the third floor. We're working to get it under control but as a precaution we need to evacuate everyone from the upper floors, in case the fire spreads. I need you to make your way downstairs and outside as soon as you can."  
  
Downstairs! Outside! I was stark naked, and I didn't have a stitch of clothing or anything approaching clothing to cover myself with. My heart stopped and my stomach sank. Of all the days for this to happen...  
  
"Can't I stay here?" I asked, in a pleading voice. I wasn't going to tell him why, of course. I was embarrassed both by my nakedness but also the reason for it - that I'd put all clothing out of my reach because of my own silly insecurities - and I didn't want to have to get into a discussion about that with anyone.  
  
"No miss, I'm afraid not. It's for your own safety - and ours. We don't want this to have to turn into a rescue operation.  
  
"Please make your way downstairs," the fireman said again, and began to walk away down the corridor. He obviously had to check every apartment.  
  
"No, wait!" I tried to call after him - but my voice wouldn't carry over the loudness of the alarm. "I don't have any clothes!" I squeaked in desperation - but he didn't hear.  
  
I closed my door again. I tried to think. What could I do?  
  
I could defy the fireman's instruction and stay in my flat - but what if the fire worsened? What if I ended up trapped here and had to be rescued? What if I got hurt, or even killed? I'd never been in a building that was on fire before, I didn't really know anything about fires - I wasn't about to convince myself everything would be okay, just so I could avoid having to go outside, when it might turn out to be the stupidest thing I had ever done.  
  
I would have to go outside, just to be safe.  
  
But that would mean being completely naked out in the parking area of my building, with probably a whole load of my neighbours and, of course, a number of firemen!  
  
I looked desperately around my apartment for something to cover myself. I'd been so incredibly, foolishly thorough in trying to force myself into a weekend of constant nudity. Every towel and sheet and piece of cloth and of course every real item of clothing was all locked in my closet. I rattled the lock, but it was a surprisingly secure door, and although I thought that if I had time I could probably break it open, it would take more time than I potentially had - not to mention the damage to my flat (which would not stand me in good stead with my landlord). The time-locked box where I had stashed the key was similarly robust - it would take a lot of bashing or cutting to break it open, and I doubted there would be time for that either.  
  
I briefly considered wrapping myself in tin-foil from the kitchen, the only thing approaching covering I could find - but it seemed like that would make very flimsy 'clothing' that I would probably tear off as I moved - and anyway, it's debatable whether I'd look stranger to my neghbours wrapped up like a Christmas turkey for the oven, or some sort of weird spacewoman, than I would if I just went out as I was. At least what I was 'wearing' now was acceptable sleep attire!  
  
In the end, with a horrible sick feeling, I realised my only option was to walk outside completely naked. I would just have to act as if I had fled in panic while sleeping nude. Maybe someone would take pity on me enough to loan me something to cover myself with?  
  
Gripping my key tightly in my hand (I had no intention of adding getting locked out to my list of woes) I gingerly opened my front door. The corridor outside was dim - part of the process with our fire alarm is that regular lighting goes out and emergency lighting, to help direct to exits, comes on. That was a small mercy - at least I wasn't exposing myself in bright and unforgiving light!  
  
There was nobody on the corridor, so with a deep breath to try to bring some calm to my frantic nerves I stepped out into the corridor. My door closed itself behind me - I checked the key pressed into the palm of my hand again. Then, trying as best I could to cover my bare breasts and crotch with my hands (as I had done when Anna caught me on the balcony earlier) I set off towards the stairwell.  
  
I was moving at a pace, but I wasn't running - much as I wanted to get out and to safety, it was hard for me to make myself dash full-pelt towards the outside knowing that it would mean a whole bunch of people seeing I was naked. But I couldn't linger either and I soon reached the stairwell. As I descended, I was no longer alone - other people from other flats were also going down the stairs both ahead of and behind me, and of course my nudity wasn't going to escape notice.  
  
Nobody spoke to me though, and red-faced I fixed my eyes on the floor, trying my best to ignore people's stares and the looks on their faces. That nobody could see my nipples and my pubic hair (which were covered by a folded arm and a hand respectively) was little consolation - I was clearly naked, and couldn't hide that fact from anyone, and every other part of me, especially my butt, was bare to the world. I was already feeling humiliated and I hadn't made it outside yet.  
  
I reached the ground floor and the main entrance to the building. The fireman who had knocked on my door was holding the main entrance open, ushering people through (and probably making sure the number of people leaving matched the number he had ascertained were in the building. When he saw me coming towards him blushing and in my birthday suit he smiled and raised an eyebrow - but I received no offer of anything to cover myself with as I ran past him, the bastard!  
  
I ran through the door and out into the parking lot. If I had felt humiliated before on the stairs, it was nothing compared to bursting out of the building into the cold night air, lit by outside lights and the flashing blues of the fire engine, and just sort of standing there, completely naked, trying desperately to cover myself and preserve some modesty, while as one the assembled crowd of neighbours, firemen and other random local people and passers by who had come to see what was happening all turned to stare at me.  
  
Everything became a blur as my head whirled and my eyes filled with tears. I felt so ridiculous, and I had nobody to blame but myself. It was my own silly, vain insecurities that had got me here. I'd been so filled with anxiety about my body that I'd concocted this crazy plan, so sure I would give in that I had made a situation for myself where being naked was the only thing I could be - all to try and make myself feel better about my body. My body, which I now realised, too late, wasn't the horrid lumpy thing I had in my head but was rather the same body as many women, soft and curvy in the right places, the right body for me, and something which no guy would ever complain about seeing intimately. But it was too late because instead of learning this and being able to enjoy my nudity in private with a lover, I had ended up naked in public in front of a crowd of people, all staring at me in shock, surprise, disbelief - and probably in some cases lust and desire.  
  
I felt, to put it simply, a complete fool.  
  
It felt like an age that I stood there, blinking, tearful and thoroughly embarrassed. Nobody, I realised, was rushing forward to give me anything to cover up with. Were they all enjoying my humiliation? Did they like seeing me naked? Or was it just that they had nothing to offer me?  
  
Then, salvation!  
  
"Nikki?"  
  
I looked at the speaker. It was Tom, a guy who lived in one of the apartments a floor below mine. He was someone I knew well enough to talk to when I saw him and had even had coffee with him on a couple of occasions - a good-looking, dark-haired guy with hazel eyes and a kind smile. But he could have been Hannibal Lecter at that moment and I still would have been glad to see him, because he was holding out to me a big-warm looking coat.  
  
"Put this on," he said. I didn't need to be told twice. I took the coat from him and gratefully slipped my arms into the sleeves. I realised in doing so that I uncovered the parts of myself I had until now been hiding with my arms and hands, treating the crowd to a second or two of an even better view of me, before I quickly fastened the zip at the front of the coat and finally, gratefully, covered up my nakedness.  
  
After nearly 24 hours without clothes on, the fabric of the lining felt alien against by bare skin, but it was also a pleasant sensation, and I felt my nipples stiffen beneath the coat. But I didn't care, I was covered up again! I'm not a tall girl, and the coat (which was clearly Tom's and had been what he had been wearing along with a t-shirt and sweatpants when he'd left the building) covered me to just above my knees, with my hands disappearing into the sleeves. All but a faint residue of embarrassment melted away, and I immediately enfolded a surprised Tom in a hug.  
  
"Thank you!" I exclaimed to my saviour - before awkwardly separating from him, as I regained some composure and realised he probably hadn't been expecting such a warm reaction.  
  
"You're... welcome," he replied, a little taken aback. "Um, I know they were telling us we needed to leave quickly, but they do let us get dressed normally before coming outside?"  
  
I blushed, again. Of course, I wasn't going to tell Tom why I'd had to run outside naked - to admit that I'd locked all my clothes and coverings away and wouldn't have access to the key for another 24 hours or more was going to make me sound like a crazy woman.  
  
"I panicked," I lied. "The alarm was going off, they said there was a fire, I was scared. Just wanted to get out of there. I kind of forgot I wasn't wearing anything in bed and then it was too late..." I got tearful again, remembering the humiliation - but I think it helped show myself to Tom as someone who had acted out of genuine fear for her safety, rather than because I'm a silly moo who had deliberately deprived herself of clothes. His protective instincts moved, he put an arm around my shoulders and gave me an affectionate squeeze.  
  
"It's ok," he said, "I think they're getting the fire under control. You're alright."  
  
"Thanks for coming to my rescue," I repeated. "I don't think anyone else here was going to give me anything to cover up with."  
  
"Probably liked what they saw," he replied - a little too quickly. An embarrassed expression crossed his face as he realised what he might have implied. "Er, not that I didn't, of course! That is... what I mean is..."  
  
I laughed, though. His clumsily flirtatious manner made me feel more at ease, and for a moment helped me forget how humiliated I had been. "Relax," I told him, "it's okay. I understand, I'm grateful, and the only thing I am going to read into you offering me a coat is that you are more of a gentleman than anyone else here."  
  
Privately though, my internal confidence did a skip and a jump. Tom had flattered me by suggesting that the assembled people here might have been glad to see me in the altogether, but more significantly, he had suggested that he, personally, had both noticed how I looked and liked it.  
  
I stuck with Tom, chatting (and, yes, flirting) while the firemen fought the fire. Luckily, it turned out not to be serious (it ruined someone's kitchen and did some small damage to the neighbouring flat but it didn't spread further than that), and it was maybe an hour or so only before we were allowed back into the building. Much as I was enjoying Tom's company I was glad of this - beneath the coat I was still naked, and it wasn't a warm night. Standing barefoot and bare-legged on the slightly damp tarmac outside the building was not comfortable. All the same, I was a little disappointed - I hadn't spent much time with Tom for a while and it seemed a shame to be bringing our chat to an abrupt end.  
  
It seemed as though Tom had the same feelings as we reached his floor. "It was bloody cold out there," he exclaimed (I felt some guilt at depriving him of his coat). "Shall I put the kettle on? You can run up and get some proper clothes on and how about we have a cup of tea at my place?"

"Sure!" I said, happy to appear eager. A hot cup of tea would be nice, I thought.  
  
Only... "some proper clothes?" My keenness turned to panic. If Tom was expecting me to run upstairs and come back with fully dressed he was in for a surprise!  
  
But, my brain chided, he is cute, and when's the last time a guy asked you in for a drink?  
  
I had to sort this.  
  
"Actually," I said, "can we just go to yours?"  
  
Tom looked at me, bundled up in his big winter coat. I'm sure he wondered what my game was. Was I going to sit in his flat roasting in the coat? Or was I going to go all nudist and slip out of the covering as soon as we were in a private place, and just hang out all naked and casual?  
  
(I'll not keep you in suspense, the only option I was entertaining was the first one - I'd just have to be hot and uncomfortable, but at least I'd be covered up).  
  
But, to his credit, he accepted my strange behaviour and we made our way to his flat. However, as he opened the door and we stepped inside, he turned to me again and said; "are you sure you don't want to go up to yours and get changed first? It's quite alright."  
  
I shook my head. I suppose I was blushing again.  
  
"Is everything alright Nikki?" he asked, concerned.  
  
I clamped my mouth shut, but I couldn't keep up the charade any longer. It burst out of me. "I haven't got any clothes!" I shouted.  
  
"Wh- what?" Tom was baffled. "What do you mean?"  
  
Well, it all came out then. Standing in the living room of Tom's flat, I confessed everything to him - my insecurity, and my silliness. I explained how I had encountered the idea that casual nudity at home can help a person feel better about their body and how, frustrated at my own inability to go through with such a basic lifestyle change, I had engineered a situation where I had to remain naked for an entire weekend without being able to cover up in any way.  
  
"So this was probably not a good weekend for you for the building to catch fire and everyone have to be evacuated?" Tom said.  
  
"That's an understatement," I replied wryly.  
  
I went on to describe hiding from my parents and getting caught by Anna out on the balcony, before finally getting bang up to date with the fire evacuation.  
  
"Wow," Tom said when I'd finished. "Why didn't you just say in the first place?"  
  
"I felt stupid," I explained. "I think doing... this to myself, well, it's not been one of my best ideas, and having to explain it to someone else I realise what an idiot it makes me."  
  
"You're not an idiot," Tom said warmly. "You didn't know any of this was going to happen. You expected to just have a quiet weekend at home." He paused. "In your birthday suit."  
  
We both laughed at that.  
  
"Anyway," Tom continued. "Would the newly-converted nudist object at all if I found you some actual clothes to wear?"  
  
I couldn't hide my relief. "Please?" I asked.  
  
Tom disappeared into his bedroom and I heard him opening some drawers. I was still wearing the coat, of course, and as I stood in the living room I began to feel uncomfortably warm. Fortunately he came back quickly, holding up a t-shirt and a pair of shorts. "These do?"  
  
I nodded happily and he handed them to me.  
  
"You can change in here," he said, motioning to the bedroom. "I'll put the kettle on."  
  
I went into Tom's bedroom and closed the door behind me. Safe in privacy, I unzipped the coat and with relief slipped it off and tossed it onto the bed. Any longer in that thing and I'd have been cooked.  
  
I paused before picking up the clothes Tom had loaned me.  
  
Tom had a full length mirror on the door of his closet, and I examined my reflection.  
  
Because of my insecurities, I had until now insisted on darkness or near darkness when making love, and I had always reached for a t-shirt or robe as soon as we had finished. So, really, this was my first time seeing myself naked in a man's bedroom in full, bright light.  
  
I had to admit, my day of enforced nudism had given me a change in perspective. I looked, well, not too bad. I turned to the side, to view myself in profile. My stomach wasn't flat, but it wasn't the big wobbly belly my dysmorphic brain had been telling me I had, either - and if I sucked in my gut slightly I could almost achieve the figure I had long believed was unattainable. And boobs! I had big boobs! Not huge droopy udders but full, round breasts, the sort of breasts a lot of girls wish for. Sure, I had a roundness to my hips, and my thighs touched, and my bottom could use a little toning... but these were things I suddenly found I could live with, because I realised now, my figure was, well, nice. I was starting, for the first time in a long while, to feel good about myself.  
  
I slipped on the faded black t-shirt Tom had left me - it was big on me but I don't think he'd deliberately left me an overlarge one in a statement about my weight - and went to pull on the shorts. But although I got them up, the cut and the waist was all wrong - they were designed for a sporty boy, not a curvy-hipped girl, and they weren't comfortable.  
  
I studied my reflection again. The t-shirt Tom had loaned me came to below the middle of my thighs and gave me plenty of coverage. I'd seen girls wear dresses shorter than that and retain their modesty. I slipped off the shorts again and gave a few steps and twirls in the mirror. My bare bottom and my private parts remained safely covered beneath the hem of the t-shirt.  
  
Well, I reasoned, we're just having a cup of tea. It's not like I need to be fully-dressed - just... decent. And I'd just discovered my confidence, it would be nice to use it.  
  
And, another part of my brain whispered, you have been flirting...  
  
So when I left Tom's bedroom to rejoin him, I was only wearing the long t-shirt. I had to admit, it was starting to feel exciting, being alone and almost undressed with a man I found attractive, and little bursts of sensual energy ran through me. Which then became embarrassing, as I realised that in just a cotton t-shirt and no bra it was going to be more than a little obvious I was getting somewhat worked up.  
  
Tom, it appeared, may have noticed this, and he definitely noticed the lack of shorts protruding from below the hem of the t-shirt. He seemed lost for words for a moment and I quickly sat down at the kitchen table with him (sitting, the t-shirt didn't cover much of anything so I crossed my legs and hoped he wouldn't have a reason to peek beneath the table) and carefully concealed my breasts by leaning forwards toward the table, just until my nipples could calm down.  
  
Tom presented me with a steaming hot cup of tea and we sat and chatted while our drinks cooled. Most of the conversation still revolved around my unique weekend experiment, and my protestations of how silly I'd been to lock all my clothes away.  
  
"You keep saying you've been silly," Tom said at one point, "and I think you have. But not for the reasons you think you have.  
  
"You were silly," he continued, "to ever think there was anything wrong with your body in the first place."  
  
I blushed. "You really mean that?"  
  
"You're gorgeous," he concluded, "and any bloke with eyes will tell you the same."  
  
"Well, nobody has so far."  
  
"Okay, well I'm telling you now. You don't need to lock your clothes in a closet and live like a naked hermit for a weekend to feel good about yourself. You just need to listen to your mates and anyone who has a nice thing to say about you, and stop listening to anyone who doesn't."  
  
I felt overwhelmed. I wasn't used to compliments but something Tom said struck a chord. It wasn't actually that I never got any compliments - but it was just that I'd always dismissed them, never believing them, and had always focussed instead on any (real, or imagined) criticism. But now, what Tom was saying - I had no reason to doubt that. He'd seen a lot more of me than most people I knew tonight, and he was telling me now I was gorgeous? A warm feeling spread over me.  
  
We talked more, and I finished my tea. I was starting to feel sleepy, and although Tom was fine company I wanted my bed.  
  
"I should be going," I yawned. Tom looked disappointed but he nodded.  
  
"Are your clothes still under lock and key?" he asked.  
  
I nodded. "Til Monday morning."  
  
He laughed. "Well, if you need to borrow some more clothes, just pop round. I'm in all day."  
  
I smiled. "Thanks. I don't know that I will, though. To be honest, I really rather like being naked around my flat now..."  
  
He spluttered a little on his tea at that!  
  
I gave him a friendly hug goodnight and he showed me out of his flat. I headed for the stairs and climbed up one floor. It was only as I was reaching my door that I realised - I didn't have my key! It was still where I had left it, in the pocket of Tom's coat.  
  
I headed quickly back downstairs. Although I had the t-shirt on I was still somewhat scantily clad for roaming the public areas of the building - fortunately the late hour meant it was still and quiet. Even so I didn't want to linger.  
  
I knocked lightly on Tom's door. He answered straight away, and his face lit up when he saw it was me.  
  
"Sorry," I said, "forgot my key. It's still in your coat."  
  
He looked a little disappointed at that - perhaps he'd been hoping I'd come back for another reason. I waited in the open doorway while he disappeared off to get the key.  
  
I hadn't meant to disappoint him, and I felt a little guilty. He'd been so kind to me, he deserved something back. A seldom-used and very naughty part of my brain started to stir...  
  
Tom came back a moment later and handed me my key. But I didn't say goodnight straight away.  
  
"I wanted to thank you, as well," I said. "For the loan of the t-shirt."  
  
"Oh, that's alright," Tom began, but I cut him off.  
  
"And," I continued, "I wanted to bring it back to you."  
  
He looked confused, but before he had chance to say anything else I grasped the hem of the t-shirt and in one swift, fluid movement, pulled it up off and over my head, and bundled it into Tom's hands.  
  
Tom's eyes were wide. I stood there for a moment in silence, smiling at him, arms clasped behind my back, letting him see fully my naked body, exposing breasts, nipples, pubic hair, everything.  
  
Then I was done. "Goodnight Tom!" I called, and turning I streaked away up the corridor. I looked over my shoulder briefly as I ran, and to my immense satisfaction saw Tom staring after my bare bottom with a dazed and happy look on his face. Then I reached the stairwell and disappeared from his view, bounding quickly up the stairs and racing back to my own flat before anyone else could appear and see my nudity. I unlocked the door and burst through, flinging it shut behind me. Giddy and panting for breath, I fell on the bed, my hand finding its way instantly between my legs. One quickly-achieved and incredibly intense orgasm later, I fell swiftly into a deep and satisfied sleep.  
  
-  
  
I awoke late on Sunday morning. Bleary and half-asleep, I was confused at first. Where were my bed covers and sheets? Why was I naked? Where were my clothes?  
  
Oh.  
  
OH.  
  
It all came flooding back to me in an instant. My crazy plan. Hiding on the balcony. Being forced to go outside naked in front of everyone because of the fire. Tom.  
  
Oh my God, I'd flashed Tom.  
  
No, not flashed. Flashing's a cheeky glimpse, a quick lift of a top or skirt. I'd stripped off the only item of clothing I'd been wearing right in front of him, handed it to him and let him have a good look at my naked body before I'd sprinted off, still starkers.  
  
I felt, well, not embarrassed exactly. But definitely I had that "morning after", "did I really do that?" feeling?  
  
But, I told myself, it was fun. I had enjoyed it, to the point where it had aroused me, even showing myself to him for that little short while. So I wasn't going to regret it.  
  
Although it did mean that I had rather foolishly returned to him the one wearable item of clothing I'd had in my possession for the past 36 hours!  
  
I tried to look on the bright side. I had no plans to go out today and I certainly wasn't feeling any need to be dressed around my flat any more. I rather suspected that clothing was going to be something I only bothered with for going outside and for when I had company from here on, so I wasn't in any way unhappy about the prospect of spending one more day in the nude (and let's not forget, that was my original plan anyway).  
  
Of course, the t-shirt would have come in handy as an emergency cover-up, something I had needed very much yesterday - and although the odds of the same coincidentally terrible events happening again today were astronomical, I had to admit I would have felt slightly better if I was in some way prepared, just in case my parents popped in again or, God forbid, someone else decided to set their flat on fire.  
  
I decided to at least try and head off the first of those before it could happen again. I fixed myself some breakfast and then I telephoned my mum, ostensibly to thank her for the lasagne and apologise for having been 'out' when she called yesterday - but also to imply that I would be rather indisposed the rest of today, to discourage her and my dad from thinking it would be worth them 'just popping by' again.  
  
I must admit it felt rather strange to sit there naked on my sofa and have a phone conversation with my mother, hearing her voice while all the while knowing she had no idea how I was dressed (or not dressed, as it were). I doubted my family would have approved of my new-found enjoyment of nudity, and they certainly would have been shocked to hear of all I had gotten up to last night! Not least because my family, like most people who know me, would have been used to me as someone who was shy and modest and insecure about her body, and the 'new' me would have been something for them to get used to.  
  
Parents (hopefully) dealt with, I settled in to a relaxed morning of games and TV. I was really feeling much more comfortable in my bare skin now, and was able to really enjoy the freedom of a day without clothes.  
  
Of course, peace and relaxation wouldn't last, and sure enough there was soon a knock at the door.  
  
I froze, once again determined to pretend to be out and let them leave me alone to my nudity. But then, what if it was Tom?  
  
Even if it wasn't, I was feeling more confident. Maybe I could have a conversation with them through the door, and leave it at that? If it was someone who needed to come in, maybe I could even call Tom and get him to bring me some clothes up?  
  
I went to the door.  
  
"Who is it?" I called out.  
  
"Anna," came the reply. "From next door."  
  
That was a surprise! Anna has always been friendly and we had often chatted when passing but she had never called on me before - nor I on her.  
  
I unlocked my door and cracked it open. As with the fireman last night I used to door to shield my body from view, just pushing my face into the opening of the door.  
  
Anna was stood in the corridor, smiling in a friendly way.  
  
"Hi," she said. "Are you okay?"  
  
"Yes," I answered, "fine. How are you?"  
  
"I'm fine also," Anna answered. "Only... my friend downstairs was telling me about what happened last night. With the fire alarm and all of the people having to be being evacuated. And saying there was one girl who did not have clothes on. This was you?"  
  
I blushed and nodded.  
  
"But you are okay?"  
  
I nodded again.  
  
"Is maybe okay if I come in?" Anna asked.  
  
I paused. "Well... you see, I, um, still don't have any clothes on."  
  
Anna raised her eyebrows. "I was thinking this might be. Is why I have come over. I am worrying about you. I would like to have a talk. If is okay with you. I will wait while you put something on?"  
  
God, this was awkward! I hated appearing so rude to Anna, when she was obviously only looking out for my wellbeing. I realised I didn't want to tell Anna to go away, I actually did want someone to talk to then and there. But letting her in, well, that would be embarrassing for me.  
  
I'd look worse if I lied to her, though. I should be truthful.  
  
"Listen, Anna," I said. It's not that I won't get dressed, or don't want to get dressed. It's that I can't get dressed. I, um, don't actually have any clothes to wear. They're all locked in my closet and I can't get to the key."  
  
"What is this?" Anna replied. "I am not understanding."  
  
"Well," I said, "it takes some explaining..."  
  
Then, something in my head just clicked. Like a switch, one that went from 'awkward and embarassed' to 'relaxed and confident'.  
  
"You know what?" I said to Anna, "if you still want to, you can come in."  
  
Anna smiled. "I am not prude," she said. "I do not mind if you are not wearing clothes. It will be nice to hear this story."  
  
I took a deep breath and unchained and opened the door. Anna stepped quickly inside so I could close the door behind her. She smiled warmly when she saw me.  
  
For a few moments there was an awkward silence between us. I hadn't planned on speaking to anyone today and I certainly hadn't expected to receive a visitor. Yet here I was, standing in my hallway completely naked and welcoming my fully-clothed neighbour inside.  
  
Anna, I realised, was looking me over. I fought the urge to cover myself with my hands - that was just silly. She'd already seen everything now, and it wasn't like I could spend the whole time with my hands over my privates.  
  
"You are very lovely," Anna said. "I hope this is okay for me to say?"  
  
I just blushed, and she laughed. Feeling awkward, I hurriedly showed her into the living room, and offered her a coffee or tea - she chose coffee.  
  
I went into the kitchen to make it. Playing the host while naked felt very strange to me. It was a supreme effort to be walking around and doing things as if this was completely normal - I was constantly very conscious of what was on show and felt very exposed. But at the same time, it wasn't exactly an unpleasant feeling.  
  
I returned with two hot drinks and sat down on my sofa opposite Anna.  
  
"Are you sure you don't mind me being naked?" I asked her. "If I went to visit someone and they were just walking around naked in front of me I would be a little unnerved to say the least."  
  
But Anna shook her head. "No," she said. "Is fine. Back in Russia where I am from, nudist is quite common thing to be," Anna said. "Is cold but when is not cold it is nice to go to the forest or the river and take off clothes, nobody is shocked and many young men and women do this. I am often with my friends naked as teenager. Also many of other ages do it also. I am not shocked to see naked body. If you are feeling okay with being naked body!"  
  
I laughed. "To be honest, it feels a little awkward to me."  
  
Anna nodded sympathetically. Then her face brightened. "I know!" she exclaimed, "I have idea to make less awkward for you!"  
  
Before I knew what she was doing, Anna had put down her coffee and pulled her t-shirt off over her head. She had very small breasts, almost to the point of being flat-chested, and wasn't wearing a bra. She dropped the t-shirt on the floor and, as I watched in amazement, she unfastened her jeans. She leaned forward to pull off her shoes and then yanked down her jeans, sliding them over her feet and off, along with her socks. Lastly, she put her thumbs in the waistband of her plain cotton panties and pulled them down, stepping out of them and sitting back down. I stared, open-mouthed - Anna was now as naked as I was.  
  
"There," she said, "is better, yes? Now we are both having no clothes on. You are not on your own any more."  
  
I looked at her. Anna was lovely. Slim, skinny in fact - she had only the most delicate curves. Her nearly-flat chest gave her an athletic appearance. Her skin was a lovely even, golden tone and although she now sat demurely with her legs crossed (as did I), I had caught enough of a glimpse between her legs as she removed her panties to see she was shaved completely smooth down there.

I'm sure I was blushing now. I'm the sort of person who politely averts her eyes in communal changing rooms and feels embarrassed if a friend changes her top in front of me. To have a friend - not even a friend exactly, just someone I knew who was young like me and friendly - come into my home and then take off all her clothes - while I was myself already naked in front of her - was more than a little overwhelming.  
  
I found my voice. "You... you don't have to be naked too, Anna."  
  
She laughed. "I know. But is nice. As I say, I am often being naked with friends back home. English here are not so free, I think. Is nice to meet someone who does not feel that is important to be covered all the time."  
  
She looked round the room. "Sorry!" she exclaimed. "I am making mess of your apartment." So saying, she got to her feet and began to fold and tidy the clothing she had just removed. I was wide-eyed again - let's just say she was very unselfconscious about what she was revealing, especially bending down to pick things up off the floor! I have to admit, I admired how relaxed and liberated Anna was. Her manner about the fact she was naked was exactly how I was coming to feel I should also be. I wasn't sure I was there yet, but maybe one day I could be?  
  
Clothes tidied, Anna sat back down and sipped her coffee. "Lovely," she declared.  
  
"So..." she said, "why is it again that you are not having any clothes to wear?"  
  
I told Anna the story once again. This time I was able to laugh at myself, at the ridiculousness of what I'd been doing and how I had ended up in the situation I was now in.  
  
"So you are not normally doing this?" Anna said. I realised then that I had maybe somehow given Anna the impression that this sort of 'nudist' lifestyle I was practising was something I did all the time. I wondered if maybe that's why she had come round and had almost immediately taken off her own clothes.  
  
"No," I said, "in fact, before this weekend I couldn't bear to be naked even by myself, let alone sitting here with you like this."  
  
"My goodness!" Anna exclaimed, "why not?"  
  
"Well," I said, "I just hated my body. If it was uncovered I had to look at it, and looking at it made me unhappy about all the things it wasn't that I wished it was."  
  
Anna looked at me, eyes full of sympathy. "But you are beautiful?" she said.  
  
"I don't feel it a lot of the time," I replied sadly.  
  
"Well, I would love to have your body," Anna said. I looked at her, slender and nude and glowing healthily. I found that hard to believe, but she continued. "I am so flat in the chest. I would love to have beautiful breasts like you have."  
  
This was something of a revelation to me. I had spent so long hating my body and wishing I had the body of another woman, that it had never occurred to me that someone else would be envious of my body as well!  
  
Anna and I sat and chatted for quite a while after that. Sitting and having coffee together naked was definitely very unusual, but I found that despite myself I was rather enjoying it. There was an openness to being nude with each other that made it feel as though we were old friends rather than two women who had until today only really been neighbours and casual acquaintances. And though Anna's sudden stripping off had caught me by surprise, I found I did appreciate the gesture, and it helped make me a little less self-conscious about my own nudity. That said, I was still very aware I was naked, and that in itself had a certain charm, returning some of the excitement I had felt the previous day at being seen naked by others. I still wasn't quite ready to give certain meaning to this or understand it, but I was becoming aware that, in certain circumstances, it was actually rather fun to have no clothes on and someone else's eyes on me.  
  
Anna and I ended up having lunch together and she assisted me in the kitchen with preparing it - both of us nude, of course. After lunch, she did have to leave, but before she donned her clothes it was my turn to surprise her, as I gave her a big, nude hug, which she happily reciprocated. Feeling her warmth and bare skin against my own was lovely, and we parted closer than ever, with a promise to make hanging out, and hanging out without clothes, a regular occurrence in future.  
  
After Anna had dressed and left, I was alone again. It was early afternoon, and I was down to maybe the last 12 hours or so of my naked experiment. All the same, I reasoned, that was still 12 hours when anything could happen and I still wasn't really prepared for how I would manage circumstances which required me to have some clothes to hand. I didn't feel like getting dressed, I was enjoying being naked, but it would be nice to have access to clothes in case I needed them.  
  
I decided to dedicate some time to fixing this problem. First I examined the time-locked box, but I couldn't see any way of getting around that easily. So I then turned my attention to the closet. Using a few improvised tools, I sat cross-legged in front of the door and tried various methods of picking the lock. It wasn't a complicated lock, and with the right tools and a bit of knowledge I probably would have managed to get it open eventually - unfortunately, I had neither, I'd never picked a lock before and I was limited to what I could find in my kitchen drawers. After a number of educational but fruitless events, I gave up and spent an hour or two reading instead.  
  
It was supper time now - and an idea which I'd had for a while began to take hold on me and refuse to go away.  
  
Anna and I had talked about quite a few things that morning but one of the things that had come up for discussion was Tom, and the definite spark between us. Anna, being the sort of woman who is confident enough to talk her way into a neighbour's flat and then take off all her clothes, had given me some choice advice along the lines of not being afraid to be more forward with him, and I was beginning to come around to that idea myself.  
  
I had Tom's number, so I texted him, asking if I could borrow something to wear. I didn't actually want to get dressed, but I felt I needed a pretext to talk to him.  
  
He was slow to text back, but keen when he did.  
  
'Sure' he replied. 'You gave me back the t-shirt so shall I bring some things up to you?'  
  
'No,' I answered. 'I'll come down.'  
  
Well, that was definitely sending Tom some sort of signal. I'd told him that I was going to come to his flat and, unless he'd forgotten from last night, he would know that would mean I was going to arrive without a stitch on. I wondered what it must be like for him to now be expecting a visit from a naked girl?  
  
I went to the fridge and took out the dish of lasagne my parents had left the day before. There was still a lot left, mum always makes loads of food. I gathered up the lasagne and my flat keys and left the flat.  
  
It was surprisingly cold out in the corridor to be walking around with no clothes on. I felt more than a little nervous as I headed to the stairs. This was, after all, the public part of the building and I could easily run into another neighbour, or a visitor, going to or from one of the other flats. I'd have even less ability to explain my nakedness now, than I had last night - at least then during the evacuation things had been panicky, but now everything was normal - and the only excuse I could give for walking around naked was that I wanted to.  
  
I descended the stairs and walked the little way to Tom's door. I knocked and stood nervously, naked and holding a covered over dish of lasagne, until the door opened.  
  
Tom's face went through a number of expressions when he saw me. He'd obviously been expecting me to arrive nude, and had probably been practising a casual, nonchalant expression which would say "oh, naked women come here all the time, this is absolutely not a big deal to me." But as it was, when saw I was all on display with none of the modest covering up I had, he had difficulty concealing both his surprise, and his delight.  
  
"Nikki, hi!" he said, inviting me inside. I gratefully stepped into his flat, which like mine was warm and cosy. Lingering in the corridor getting cold and risking being seen would not have been good.  
  
"I've laid out some clothes you might be able to wear in the bedroom," Tom said. "You didn't say what you needed but hopefully there will be something there that's okay."  
  
"Thanks Tom," I said, "I really appreciate it. Only..." I had butterflies in my stomach now, but I was determined to continue, "I don't actually think I need to be getting dressed right away. If you don't mind, of course?" The look on his face said he really didn't. "I wanted to say how grateful I was for you looking after me last night and, well, my mum made lasagne and I've got a lot left so I was thinking maybe you and I could have dinner together tonight?"  
  
Tom looked like Christmas had come early. "You and I?" he said. I nodded. "Dinner? With you, um, naked?"  
  
I nodded again. "Well, you've seen everything already! And besides, I'm really starting to like having no clothes on. It's becoming very comfortable for me."  
  
I smiled then, and Tom smiled back. "Sure," he said, "it would be an absolute pleasure to have dinner with a beautiful naked woman who has brought me lasagne."  
  
I grinned at that and we headed to the kitchen.  
  
It didn't take long to heat up the lasagne and we sat down to eat. Tom didn't have any wine but he had a few beers in the fridge and I was happy to drink one with him. In deference to my nudity (or maybe to make things more 'date-like'?) he'd dimmed the lights in the dining area, but it was still bright enough that I had everything on display. I made no moves to cover myself this time, and although it was definitely a strange sensation, I was happy. Tom couldn't take his eyes off my body, and in truth that excited me tremendously.  
  
We ate and chatted and, whether a result of our growing closeness or my naked state, the conversation gradually turned a little more intimate. I stopped short of inviting him to bed explicitly, but I think Tom was left in no doubt as to what I wanted, and what I thought he wanted as well.  
  
Sure enough, after dinner I offered to help Tom clear and clean, and as I stood at the kitchen counter I felt Tom step up behind me and, pressing close to my naked back, he gently kissed the side of my neck.  
  
A shiver of pleasure ran through me at his warmth and his touch. I reciprocated, leaning back into him, and he kissed me again, reaching up to cup my bare breasts in his warm hands.  
  
I turned to face him, looking up at him with a big smile on my face. I wrapped my arms around his neck and we kissed, open mouthed, tongues exploring, for quite a long time.  
  
Our hands were busy, too - Tom sensuously stroking my bare back and the curves of my butt. I brought my own hands down and as I brushed the front of his jeans I felt the solid, round stiffness of his prick, erect and straining against the fabric.  
  
Wordless mutual agreement led us to the bedroom, and to the bed, where I lay down. Tom pulled off his t-shirt, revealing a muscular, lightly hairy chest, and dressed only in his jeans joined me on top of the covers. His kisses again covered my neck and then moved down, his lips brushing my collar bone before he came to my breasts and took first one, then the other nipple in his mouth. I gasped at the sensation, my areolas puckering and stiffening in pleasure. I pulled him up and on top of me and kissed him hungrily, my hand again finding the front of his jeans and that pulsing stiffness within.  
  
I was taking Anna's advice and I wasn't being coy. I fumbled open the button of his jeans and drew down his fly and reached inside. I breathed sharply - Tom hadn't been wearing any underwear, just his jeans, and now my hand wrapped softly around his unrestrained and rock hard prick.  
  
Tom pulled back, and slipped off his jeans. It was my turn now to look surprised - Tom was hung! Not like some cartoonish, over-huge porn star, but definitely among the biggest I have encountered in my own life.  
  
He saw me looking, and grinned. Clearly he didn't have any confidence issues about his own body - but now, here in his bedroom, nor did I. I arched my back, pushing out my breasts, and beckoned to him. He came to me without hesitation, nude now as I was, and very much ready.  
  
I put a hand between my own legs, feeling wetness with my fingertips. Tom, aroused by the gesture, placed his hands on my knees and spread my legs. Gently, perhaps aware from experience of how some girls had difficulty with his size, he entered me - but I was ready, and eager to take him.  
  
And then, we fucked. Fluidly, naturally, he worshipped my body with his own, responding to my own moans and sighs, touching and caressing me, and showing appreciation to my own touching of him. First with me on top, riding him, then a shift in position and he was behind me, hands on my hips as he came closer to the edge. I was near to cumming myself, and thought that was it, but suddenly Tom shifted position again, flipping me over. I lay back on the bed and he entered me again, fucking me hard now, his cock finding my spot, bringing me to a loud and breathless climax. He came himself, then, pulling out at the last possible moment, arching his back as thick cum squirted from the end of his manhood, over my breasts and belly. I giggled, dazed and seeing stars from my own orgasm, but he wasn't done then and he slid two fingers inside me, stimulating me with his other hand until he brought me back, to cum again, longer and more sustained this time, until I had to push his hand away from me, unable to take any more.  
  
Spent and satisfied we curled up on his bed (once I had cleaned up) and dozed happily. A few hours later we awoke and, kissing passionately, we resumed again. Wearing a condom this time he came inside of me, holding me close, and continuing beyond his own climax until I achieved my own. Then, sleep again.  
  
I awoke at something like 4 in the morning, wrapped in Tom's duvet, his scent and mine still heavy in the air. I climbed out of bed, quietly so as not to wake him, and walked out of the bedroom.  
  
Still naked, I opened the door of his flat and stepped into the corridor. I headed back to my own flat, unlocking the door, and walked to the kitchen counter. I picked up the time-lock box. The lid was loose and swung open as I lifted it - the time had finally expired. I withdrew the key I'd concealed there and went to my closet. I unlocked the door and opened it. There, inside, were all my clothes, just as I had left them - everything I needed, everything I could have used to cover myself with over the weekend, especially at those times when I had really been in trouble.  
  
I paused a moment, ran my hand over some of the fabrics. I looked down at myself, at my bare skin, my naked body, and smiled.  
  
Then I closed the closet door (this time without locking it), walked back out of my flat, and back downstairs to Tom's.  
  
Well, we had a few hours yet before I had to get dressed for work. I was going to make the most of them!