**Nude Alone Time**

by[Titsandass1](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5718803&page=submissions)©

My bestie since our college days Rachel Ludgate looked up from her sofa at me as I stood up to leave her apartment at 8 30.

"I have a long day ahead of me," I said.

Like any other morning, I would rise at 6 giving myself time to shower, put on a nice dress, and grab a coffee on the way to my office. With any luck I could be at my desk by 8 30 with coffee.

"Naked alone time," said Rachel. "It's all about being alone naked."

Her teasing remark left me asking myself 'where did that come from Rach.'

I said, "Rach you're nuts."

"Naked alone time," she repeated. After a two-second pause she added, "like me when I'm home alone."

"Wait, you go around this apartment naked," I asked in disbelief.

She nodded then confirmed that. "Why do you think It takes me a long time to come to the door?"

Rachel is the last person I want to see nude. It's not that she doesn't have a nice body. I just don't swing that way.

I'm single these days, have been for about 5 months since Alan left me for someone named Ken.

By 8 40 I am headed home. Music stored on my phone is playing via Bluetooth through the car speakers. What a nutty idea, going nude, I think as the scenery rushes past my windshield. It's not for me.

Like a lot of 30 year old women I keep myself fit. My daily run is my exercise of choice.

My boobs are a modest B cup. Though not what guys like to see, they suit me. My body is slender. So what if it's not an hourglass, I thought. I'm happy with whatever genetics has given me.

That morning I had donned a Navy square neck sheath dress which I was still wearing. Back in my apartment after a long day, some of which was spent with Rachel, I can no longer resist the temptation to take it all off. Suddenly Rachel does not seem so nutty.

Standing beside my bed I pulled off the dress, kicked off my pumps, and bent over to take off my panties. The Evening Blush Bali slipped to my feet.

This does feel good, I thought. Now I know why Rachel likes wearing absolutely nothing. I'm naked.

I flipped the switch by the bedroom door illuminating the room. A few steps away I flipped another switch illuminating my livingroom. So what if people can see inside a brightly lit home, I thought. What's the point of being naked if I can't show it?

I grabbed an orange from my fridge and ate it at the counter. After disposing of the peels I went to the window and swayed my hips making my modest tits jiggle.

The following morning, a Saturday, I slept a bit longer than usual. Shortly after 8, in the mood for a run, I dressed in a black racerback tanktop, gray drawstring pants and Nike footwear.

A triple knock brought me to the door. Standing there wearing a sly grin was my long time friend John Tench.

I asked, "what is with the grin."

"Do you mind if I come inside?"

"Come in," I said.

"Quite a show you gave last night," he said.

"OH my god, you saw me," I exclaimed.

"I just happened to look through my window and there you were."

"This is so embarrassing."

"I won't tell anyone."

"Please don't" I said blushing.

He asked, "are you going out for a run."

I nodded.

"Keep your panties on. Don't streak."

Spring was in the air. A slight breeze swept the park. My arms swung as the ponytail bounced and the Nikes smacked the trail. My morning run dredged up the memory of streaking some 14 years ago.

I was 16. MY then girlfriends Lisa and Chelsea had dared me to streak across the Saville High lawn. The escapade had taken place on a night a few days into the summer break.

Home from my run I took a warm shower, dressed in the same pants but with a Hydranger striped boatneck tee.

MY cellphone rang on the dining table while I was cleaning my place. Rachel's name showed on the caller ID.

"Yah hi Rach," I said.

"I heard about your exotic dance."

I asked, "what exotic dance."

She gave me a look.

I guess I should've foreseen this,I thought. When I was 16 my parents had learned of that escapade within a few hours. It shouldn't surprise me that my current friends know about last night. I mean it's not like John Tench can keep a secret.

"I wonder who else knows," I said.

MY circle of friends and acquaintances is not small. Omerta does not exactly rise to the level of a rule among them.

SO Stephanie Tattaglia you're in the news again, I thought.

I said to Rachel Ludgate who had put the notion in my head, "I thought it would be a trip."

She said, "it is."

I wondered for just a second when she first went naked in her place.

She volunteered such information. Her first escapade had been three months ago on her birthday.

I asked, "how did you get into the habit."

"I saw on the internet this resort in Palm Springs called Desert Sun. It's all nude all day so I thought 'that's intriguing'."

I recalled that my parents were annoyed by their teenage daughter's apparent lack of modesty and shame.

She thought for a second then added, "the place is quite popular."

On Monday I wore a Navy Floral Print satin wrap dress and pumps to the office. Something of a style makeover, it's deep V just covered my tits.

A brief social chat with my boss of six years attorney Harvey Stein avoided the mention of my exotic dance. At least somebody doesn't know what I did, I thought. He returned to his office leaving me to complete the tasks of a paralegal.