**Nudist Nadia's First Time**

by Chase Shivers

Main Character: Nadia, Female, 13 - beige skin, 5'0, 110lbs, dark-sandy brown hair to shoulders

By the time I was seven or eight, hundreds of men had jacked off to images of me naked. I was one of the lucky ones to say that, though. I wasn't being abused, sexually or otherwise. I was just naked. You see, my parents were nudists, and therefore, I was a nudist, too. I grew up in Russia and we were part of one of the groups that often let photographers take pictures and videos of us on beaches, boats, or some fancy place so that they could skirt the laws regarding child pornography and sell the images and clips to people all over the world under the guise of 'nudism.'

No, there was nothing overtly sexual about what we were doing, and, certainly, we weren't engaged in anything more than fun in the sun. But I found out later how those pictures and movies of me were used. Men saw me naked, even at that young age, and they jerked off.

I'm not bitter about it. Don't get me wrong, there is a sense of being used, but as a kid and through puberty, I never saw it that way, largely because I never really knew how things were. Even now that I'm an adult, I don't have anything but positive thoughts about my time spent in front of cameras, all my flesh on display, even knowing that the sight of my underage body was the inspiration for thousands of ejaculations by random, anonymous men.

There are literally thousands of pictures, video clips, and hour-long movies where I can be seen, from seven or eight years old until I was well into my mid-teen years, completely naked. Every change in my body, from the way my breasts started as small, puffy, grape-sized buds and grew into small-to-medium adult size, you can watch me blossoming. My bald slit which slowly became puffy was easily seen with full-body shots taken in high-definition. My literal first pubic hairs, yes, those, too, appeared in many pictures, as did my eventual fuller bush before I decided to shave it off. Those moments in my life were captured for all to see.

I've seen many of those photos and videos in the years since. It's kinda neat, really, to look at my younger self and think about what was going through my head at that time, to see my body change from the outside. Not many people have that chance, and I actually feel rather fortunate to have my physical history so thoroughly captured.

So what did I look like? I suppose the word tomboy might be accurate. I had soft but somewhat strong features, my nose and cheeks, especially. I've always had a pouty look about me, even when I'm smiling. My chin and cheeks were rounded but held sharper cuts. My hair was dark-sandy brown but often looked closer to black in the photos when I'd been swimming or sweating, and it was left to grow down past my shoulders, usually loose. Later, when I was in my teens, I had it cut short. It was straight and flat, and I liked the ends left uneven. My skin was a modest beige, but when exposed to a lot of sunlight, it took on a more golden brown shade.

I was shorter than average all my life, usually several inches behind my classmates. I never minded being short too much, though I would have preferred to be taller once I started playing basketball in high school.

All of this matters because these photographs of me were the driving force which led to my first sexual encounter, the one where I willing gave my virginity to a man three times my age.

It was a perfectly normal afternoon in a perfectly normal beach town in Greece. I was on vacation with my parents, but no one else. There were no photographers, none of the fellow nudists carrying on and partying for the men and women with the cameras. We weren't even going to nudist places. My dad's mom lived in Thessaloniki and we were staying with her for a week. No excitement of any kind.

As you can imagine, to a girl of thirteen, it was death by boredom. I was used to having a good time on vacations, sometimes as nudists, other times just with my parents, but sitting in my grandmother's house hour after hour was dreadful.

On the second day I started going for long walks. I found a park I liked nearby and hung out beside a large man-made lake which had swans floating by. Settled on a park bench, at least I could watch the cute guys going by.

At thirteen, I was fully aware of my sexuality. Yes, I'd been brought up around tits and cocks and cunts and asses, but none of that was sexual until I hit puberty, and even then, those folks were often just an extension of my family. In other words, what I thought about almost all of them sexually was, “Yuck!”

But I definitely was interested in sex. There were boys in my classes that I liked. I'd even kissed one a couple of times, but nothing more happened. I masturbated regularly and had been doing so since I was ten or eleven. I fantasized about what a guy's dick might feel like to hold or to put in my mouth, or if I was really horny that day, I very carefully slipped two fingers into my pussy and imagined a dick was in my vagina.

So, in that context, I sat on the park bench reading a book. A friend of mine had giggled when she'd told me about a novel called Lolita, a story by the Russian American author Vladimir Nabokov. I read the English version, typical for me in those days since a lot of my schooling was often offered in English.

Yes, I know now that what took place in the novel was not alright, that Humbert Humbert was a predator with a fixation on a young girl who used his power over her to trap her in a relationship. But at thirteen, all I really knew was that it was terrifically romantic, the fantasy of an older man consummating a passionate love with his youthful object of affection. I'd read it twice already, but I just had to make a third pass at it that day.

Somewhere in the middle of the novel, I recalled seeing a man slowly walking by on the path by the lake. He was tall and slender, a thin, dark beard covering much of his face, his skin the beautiful Mediterranean brown that I found so attractive. He smoked a cigarette as he strolled. I pretended to read but behind my sunglasses I cast long glances at him. I noticed him noticing me and his eyes drifted towards me several times before he passed.

He didn't pause when he was at his closest approach to where I sat, and I enjoyed watching his ass in the tight slacks he wore. The man disappeared and I went back to Lolita and looked up from time to time to see other guys as they walked the park.

A male voice spoke to me from my left in Greek, rolling the 'r's in a way which I had always found very interesting. I knew little Greek and didn't understand him. I glanced up to see the dark, handsome man standing a few feet from me, cigarette between two fingers. I shrugged to demonstrate that I didn't speak Greek. “English, perhaps?” he said. I'd learned the language years earlier and often spoke it on vacations. I nodded and he started again in our common language, “I'm sorry to disturb you, young miss, but you look very familiar. Have we met somewhere?”

I looked at him a moment but could recall nothing which might suggest that was so. “I don't think so, sorry,” I told him.

“Ah... My mistake, apologies. You just look so familiar...”

I didn't respond, assuming he'd just walk on.

Instead, he looked at me again, and then, somehow, I saw his flesh redden slightly. “Oh!” he exclaimed, “I remember now...”

He didn't explain, so I asked, “What do you mean?”

His feet shuffled and he looked away, flushed. “Uh... Oh... I think I've seen you in a photograph somewhere... At least... you look like someone I've seen.”

I knew what he might mean. “A certain kind of photograph?” I asked, already knowing the answer.

“Uh, yes... yes...”

“Like... was I naked?”

He smiled and looked away again, “I believe you were so...”

Remember, at thirteen, I knew these photographs were going out to the world, but I knew nothing about the actual ways they were being used, and nothing about the men, mostly men, who were enjoying them. I think I assumed that photos of me and others were simply a documentation of our nudist lifestyle, shared with others of a like mindset. “I've been in a few like that... My family are nudists. Are you a nudist?”

“Err, no... no...”

“Oh,” I said, pursing my lips, “then how did you see me in the pictures, then?”

“Ummm,” he paused, then said carefully, “they are... available... on the Internet...”

“Huh,” I replied, my eyes narrowing, “why?”

“Why?” he repeated, “Oh, I'm sure you know all about why...”

“Not really...”

I saw him fighting for the right words, shifting from one foot to the other, grinding his cigarette butt with his shoe before replying. “Well... you were naked,” the man said, as if that explained everything.

“So?”

“Well... It's not every day that I get to see people like... you... naked...”

I thought about that a moment. People like me? “You mean nudists?”

“Sort of,” he replied, “I mean... you are young...”

“Oh,” I said, slowly putting things together, “you mean you looked at me naked...”

“Y-yes...”

“And,” I continued, “you like looking at young girls naked...”

He didn't answer, and it was clear he was on the verge of bolting.

I shrugged to show my lack of concern. “That's cool.”

“Huh?” he said, tilting his head.

I shrugged again, “Doesn't bother me. Lots of people have seen me naked. We're nudists.”

“Yeah, but... I'm not, so... I don't get to see people like... you... naked any other way...”

“Why is that a big deal?”

He struggled without words, starting to explain a couple of times before cutting off, then finally he completed a sentence. “I shouldn't have said anything. I'm sorry. This is not acceptable...”

The man took a step to turn and I stopped him by saying, “Tell me... I want to know what you mean...”

He turned back to me and I saw him give in to what he really wanted to say, first explaining, “Please understand that I do not choose this... I cannot help it...”

“Help what?”

“My attraction to people like... you.”

“You mean young girls,” I stated.

“Y-yes...”

I admit that I might have been primed for that moment by reading Lolita, accepting of his attention when I should have held fear of the man, much older than me, suggesting that he found me attractive. But in my mind, this man was complimenting me. He thought me worthy of attention. Desirable. Sexy. At thirteen, I loved that he felt such things about me. “Well,” I said, “I'm not a girl any more...”

“You are barely a young woman, though... and very beautiful.”

I blushed and smiled, “I suppose.”

“No doubt in my mind. You are very beautiful. You were beautiful as a young girl, and more so as a young woman. I'm sorry if I speak too much of my mind, but seeing you here, in person... I feel so honored to meet you after so many years of seeing you... naked.”

I giggled and blushed a little myself.

“Do you mind if I sit a moment and talk to you?”

“Okay,” I replied, shifting myself to one side of the bench.

The man sat down and said, “Thank you. I'm just so thrilled to meet you. I've seen you so often that your face is in my mind for all time. My name's Alistair. I'm, uh, just turned thirty-nine two days ago.”

“Nadia,” I responded. “thirteen. Nice to meet you, Alistair.”

His face was slightly weathered, like perhaps he worked out in the sun or on the sea. Closer to me, I could see his brown eyes shining with excitement, and, naturally, I loved knowing it was me who made him so. Alistair crossed one leg over the other, resting an arm on the back of the bench, the other in his lap, turning slightly towards me. “Do you mind if I smoke while we talk? It's a terrible habit but one I do rather enjoy, especially when I'm so nervous...”

“Go ahead,” I told him, well used to being around people smoking, “but why are you so nervous?”

He smiled, looking away, “Talking to you has made me so.”

“Why?”

He paused to light his cigarette, then looked at me again, “It is not so often that someone I so adore is before me.”

Adore. I loved that Alistair adored me.

I sat down my book and he glanced at it, sucking in a long draw from his cigarette. “Lolita,” he said slowly, drawing out each vowel deliberately. “An interesting novel to be reading...”

I smiled, “It's my favorite. I've read it a couple of times already...”

“And, do you imagine yourself in her place?”

I shrugged, “Maybe. Not completely, I guess. But I understand her...”

He grinned, puffing, “And I can understand Humbert, myself, though he is an obsessive who clearly goes too far and causes harm to his young lover...”

“Harm?”

“He controls her. He hides the truth from her. He possesses her in ways... ways not acceptable. I could never do that to a young woman, or anyone. If I ever find my Lolita, I would want her to be with me only because she wanted it to be so.”

“Hmm,” I murmured, considering his thoughts. “I suppose I understand. And if I found my own Humbert, I wouldn't want to be controlled.”

“Nor should you. You clearly are intelligent and free-minded.”

“I like to think so,” I replied, soaking up his compliments.

“And, if I may say so again,” Alistair told me while uncrossing his legs and leaning towards me a few inches, “you are also a very beautiful young woman...”

I blushed. “So you said...”

“I am sorry. I have offended you.”

“No,” I replied, “I like what you say...”

“It is true. I promise to God I am honest.”

“Well,” I said, tilting my head, “I appreciate that... So tell me, Alistair... Why do you enjoy the pictures of me?”

He grinned and looked at his hands, “Oh, you know...”

“No, tell me.”

“I am a man,” Alistair said, shrugging, “I have urges...”

“Such as?”

He laughed, “I said you are intelligent and I believe this, so I doubt very much that you misunderstand me...”

I was honestly at a momentary loss, though, of course, I should have understood. “I'm serious... What do you mean?”

“I-I... Like many man who have seen you... I like to imagine what it might feel like to be with you...”

“You're with me now, so...”

“No,” Alistair replied, shaking his head, “I mean... intimately with you...”

“Ohhh,” I exhaled, finally getting his point, “so you were jerking it to pictures of me?”

He looked ashamed and stared at the lake. “Yes.”

By this point in our conversation, I should have been frightened, but I wasn't. I relished Alistair's admission. The idea that he found me so attractive that he masturbated to pictures of me, even a child, felt so good. I could feel myself getting excited.

“Well, that's not really fair, is it?”

Alistair looked back at me, “What?”

“You've seen me naked, but I haven't seen you...”

“Whu—whu... Um...” Alistair's legs rocked slightly, “I, uh... I suppose that's true.”

“So what are you going to do about it?” I said with as seductive a look as I could muster at thirteen.

“I, umm... I... Are you being serious?”

“Yeah,” I replied, “I am...”

He glanced around us. A few people were on the paths nearby. His voice dropped to a whisper, “If you're serious... I live just over there,” he pointed to a set of apartments nearby.

I knew even then it was a risk, but I was thinking with my wet, virgin pussy. “Okay.”

“Wow, really?” He exclaimed, then quieted his voice, “I guess... uh... come with me?”

He stood and waited while I packed Lolita into my purse, gathered my skirt around my knees, and stood up. “After you.”

I followed Alistair down the path, my mind and body buzzing with excitement. Was he really going to show me his body? Would I do more than just look? Would I let him fuck me? Thoughts raced around my head and I knew the answer to all those questions would be 'yes.'

He led the way to a second-floor apartment and opened the door. I passed him as I stepped inside. The apartment was good-sized, a large sitting area opened to a large kitchen, more rooms beyond. The side facing the lake was made up of large glass windows. The door closed behind me.

“Look, Nadia,” Alistair said after checking the locks several times, “if you are not serious, please feel free to just go, I don't wish to impose...”

“You aren't imposing, I assure you,” I told him.

“Uh, okay then... I suppose... I suppose we should go to the bedroom?”

I shrugged and smiled.

He again led the way, this time down a short hallway and into a modest bedroom. The blinds were drawn and the lamp on the far side of the bed added only a little light. I sat on the edge of the bed without asking and watched him as he stood nervously looking anywhere but at me.

“Well?” I grinned, teasing him, “Are you going to show me?”

It took only a second before his shirt was off. Alistair's chest and stomach showed some muscle, the same darkened skin, and were very hairy. His dark nipples were hard.

“You sure?” he asked again.

I nodded, my eyes surely showing my excitement.

I'd seen a lot of penises in my life. Being a nudist numbed me to the thrilling sexual excitement such sights might bring other women to experience. But this time, my excitement was in seeing the penis of a man who I knew thought I was sexy. I was turned on to know he'd touched himself to naked pictures of me. It was all I could do not to touch myself in that moment.

Alistair's penis was modest, an average length and thickness based on the others I'd seen. Unlike most of those others, though, Alistair's cock was erect. It stuck out proudly from his hairy groin, bouncing with his movements. He looked slightly uncomfortable.

I felt such excitement to see him naked that I laughed.

“What?” he said, turning to the side and looking hurt.

“Oh, it's wonderful!” I told him. “You have a beautiful cock!”

“Oh,” he said, smiling with relief, “I thought you didn't like it...”

“No, no, I like it very much, thank you...”

I just stared at it a moment, then had an idea. I leaned back on the bed, grabbing a pillow and putting it under my head. I slowly drew my skirt up to my thighs and spread my legs. I pressed my hand over my panties and slowly rubbed myself while I looked at Alistair's penis. “It's only fair,” I purred.

He said nothing, staring at my crotch. I knew he could see nothing but my underwear, but whatever deflation Alistair suffered from the previous misunderstood laughter was immediately reversed as he watched me playing with myself.

I slowed after a moment and waited to see what he might do.

“I... I... would you...,” he stammered, “would you let me see you again? This one time?”

“Okay.”

I stood up from the bed and slowly drew my shirt up over my head, then unsnapped my bra, letting it fall to the floor. My modest breasts were on full view. In all the moments I'd bared my breasts in front of others, never had I felt excitement and anticipation like I felt in front of Alistair.

I slid my skirt down and off, then drew away my panties, stepping out of them and tossing them aside. I stood, one hand idly touching my Mons Venus where my hairs grew thick and dark, feeling quite nervous, as if it was the first time I'd been naked in front of a man. I felt a slow, wet trickle sliding down my inner left thigh.

“My God,” Alistair breathed, “You are more beautiful in person than I could have imagined. So beautiful, Nadia. My God... May I... May I stroke my dick?”

“Sure...”

Alistair's hand was on his cock, sliding it slowly up and down, his eyes moving from my face to my young breasts to the furry patch between my thighs.

“Or...,” I said, “maybe you might want to put it in me?”

“My God! Nadia, I want this more than anything in the world!”

“So you want to make me a woman?”

He hesitated, his hand stopping it's motions. “Make... make you a woman? You are a virgin?”

“For now...”

He whispered something to himself in Greek and drew the Catholic cross in front of him. Alistair stepped closer to me, looked into my eyes, and pressed his lips to mine. I tasted his excitement in his mouth, along with the stale, spicy flavor of his clove cigarettes. Alistair's penis pressed into my stomach and I felt it twitching against me. Without a thought, I wrapped my hands around it.

I was surprised by both the warmth and the strength of it. When my friends had talked about how hard a cock might be, I never really thought about it being so firm. I squeezed lightly and he moaned into my mouth. Alistair's arms wrapped around me, holding me close, then his hands moved down my back and he cupped my ass, squeezing my buttocks. I moaned in response.

Alistair pushed me onto the bed and my legs spread on their own. He caressed my breasts a moment, staring at them, his penis resting along my thigh, throbbing. I was both nervous and aroused, my wetness drooling from my slit, my body quivering in anticipation. I was about to lose my virginity!

He slid up further, kissing me again, “My God,” he repeated, and I felt heat against my pussy. The tip of his cock nestled into my folds and I felt pressure building as he tried to penetrate me. “My God, you are very tight...”

He pulled back, slathering spit onto his cock, stroking it a time or two, then lay over me again, one hand bracing him just above my body. The pressure built again and I instinctively spread my legs wider. I felt his penis pop into me and a sharp, acute pain shot through my system. “Uhnnn... wait...” I pleaded.

“Oh, Nadia, yes, I will wait,” Alistair whispered, “I am sorry this has hurt you...”

“I'm okay,” I assured him, breathing heavily, “just need a moment.”

He held still, the head of his penis inside me. I knew he'd pushed through my hymen and taken my maidenhood. The pain faded quickly, though there was still a distant awareness that something was sore. I breathed, “Okay...”

Slowly, Alistair pushed against my opening and I felt myself spreading wide to take him inside me. I felt full, stretched, my mouth agape, his eyes locked on mine. “Uhnnnn...” I moaned after holding my breath. I had no idea how deep he was in my pussy, but I had never felt so much pressure between my legs. At first, it may have been a little uncomfortable, but as Alistair slowly pulled back and thrust back in smoothly, then did it again, and again, my pussy began to grow acclimated to the sensations, and I moaned my pleasure against his neck.

I didn't really know what it would feel like to get fucked. I'd used my fingers a bit, but never to the point of stretching or even tearing through the bare half-arc of thin membrane which was my hymen, but the sensation of Alistair's penis inside my vagina was more incredible than I could have ever believed. If I'd have known before that day what a cock could do for me, I'd have been turned on every time I was with my nudist friends and family. My God, indeed!

Alistair groaned over me and I became aware of more than his penis again. His thrusts were steady and deep, my arms over his shoulders, my thighs spread as wide as possible, legs in the air. He started to moan, “Nadia, oh, sweet Nadia... I have dreamed about this moment... Oh, sweet, sweet Nadia... Oh, sweet Nadia...”

“Mmm... Mmm... Mmm...” I responded, vibrating with pleasure.

His thrusts became more determined, Alistair grunting now. “Ng-ng-ng-ng... Nnnng-ng-ng-ng...” I felt his penis swelling inside me, straining. I didn't know everything about sex, but I knew about what happened when a man orgasmed.

“Oh, sweet Nadia... Oh, sweet Nadia... I'm so close...” Thrust. Thrust. Thrust. "Oh, lovely young Nadia... I cannot hold back...” Thrust. Strain. Thrust. Strain. "Oh... Ng... Ng... Nnnnnnnnggg... Ngggggg...” Alistair tensed and his muscles clenched. I felt the power of him as his hips pushed forward, against me, inside me, filling me. He held himself deep within my vagina, and I felt his warm seed splashing inside me. I held on tight as the man emptied himself into my fertile pussy, never even thinking about the consequences of letting him cum in me.

Alistair collapsed over me, breathing heavily, “My God, my God, sweet Nadia, sweet, sweet Nadia...”

“Mmm...” I purred, holding him over me.

He pulled off and out of me, his penis still half-hard, semen drooling from the head and more gushing from between my legs. Alistair stared at me a moment like he couldn't believe this was happening. Slowly, I closed my thighs, slightly sore from the way his hips had pushed them apart.

Alistair continued to call me 'sweet Nadia' but said little else. I went to the bathroom. I had a small smear of blood but otherwise, the bulk of the mess between my legs was Alistair's cum. I wiped what I could, urinated, and looked at myself in the mirror.

I was a woman now. No longer a virgin. I'd taken my first lover and I rather enjoyed it. I hadn't orgasmed, and I was still so excited and nervous that I'm not sure I could have. Only later would I regret not receiving that attention from Alistair. For the moment, though, I liked the smiling thirteen year old I saw in the mirror, sweaty brow and all.

When I returned to the bedroom, Alistair was dressed. I told him, “I should probably get back...”

“Yes... Yes, of course, sweet Nadia... I cannot believe this was real... May I share a last kiss?”

“Of course,” I said before pressing my face towards his.

After we parted, he called me 'sweet Nadia' a couple of more times, then I left. I never heard the door close behind me.

Although I waited in the park several more times that week, I never again saw Alistair. I considered going to his apartment to see if he would want to fuck me again, but I decided it was not a good idea. The rest of the time spent in Greece was unremarkable, but I had a carefully-concealed smile on my face the whole time.

Flash forward two months. Once again, my period had not arrived and I knew enough to be worried. I told my mom about the missed periods but not about having sex with Alistair, so she took me to the doctor. When asked by him if I'd had sex, I admitted that I had and he ordered a pregnancy test. I think it's obvious that I was pregnant. Abortion was never in my thoughts.

Seven months later, my daughter Alia was born, named after her father. I never tried to contact him, and though we have returned to visit my grandparents, I've never sought him out, nor glimpsed him from a distance. He doesn't know he has a daughter.

I'm raising Alia much as my parents raised me: without inhibitions, unashamed of her body, and capable of separating nudity from sexuality. She's nine now, and I just turned twenty-three. Alia's gone with me on many nudist vacations and some of those had photographers and videographers. Though I would never tell her so, at least not until much later, I knew there were men out there jerking off to pictures and videos of my young naked daughter.

Men like Alistair.

I hope, as I've grown older, that there will always be men who find me worthy of a similar tribute. I may no longer be hairless and smooth and small and tight, but I'd like to think that seeing my pussy would still cause a man to grow hard and touch himself thinking about me.