Return to college

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My wife and I both took a year off from our jobs to attend university. We got

an apartment close to the university. Almost all of the suites in the

high-rise apartment building were occupied by other university students and a

few professors.

After a short time we became friends with other couples who also lived at the

apartment. We shared the cost of a propane BBQ and we set it up on the flat

roof of the building. When the weather was good we went up to the roof for

picnics.

Some of the students brought up lounge chairs or tanning matresses. University

students seem to "push the envelope" at every opportunity. Many students are

away from their parents for the first time. And they have youthful hormones.

They are intoxicated by their first taste of freedom. The students who lived

at our apartment were no exception.

Within a very short time there were girls in tiny bikinis. Then topless, Then

naked. My wife lost her own inhibitions about nudity. In fact, it seems to me

that she was the one who took the lead, every day setting a more daring

example for the others to follow.

When the girls started to show up at our picnics in bikinis, my wife got a

tiny, tiny g-string. From the beginning there were women who stretched out,

front down, unfastening the bikini top in order to get an even tan on their

backs. My wife was probably the first to actually take off her bikini top,

and, she was the first to flip over onto her back to get a tan on her breasts.

I remember the day that she didn't bother to put her bikini top back on when

she came over to where we had the BBQ and icebox to get a burger and cold

beer. It was a weird feeling to be standing around in a group of friends with

my wife almost naked in our midst. But, everyone took it in stride. None of

our friends did anything to cause my wife to feel that she was making a

spectacle of herself, and, within an hour, there were other women doing the

same thing.

I believe that my wife was also the trend setter when women started to get out

of their bikini bottoms. I remember the day that she unfastened the knots at

her hips. She tucked the loose strings under the triange of cloth that covered

her crotch. Of course, that left the bikini bottom unsecured, and mobile. She

pretended that her purpose was to avoid tan lines around her waist, but I knew

her well enough to realize that she had an ulterior motive. An untied bikini

bottom does not stay in place for long. When my wife moved around, mayby to

sit up and take a sip from her bottle of beer, the scrap of cloth between her

legs would move. A few minutes later she laid down again, and she was as good

as naked. The next step was to stand up without bothering to do anything to

keep her bikini bottom in place, absent mindedly allowing it to fall down to

her feet. After that, it went almost unnoticed when she ambled over to the BBQ

or the icebox.

My wife has always been an extremely extroverted type of person. She is

chatty, a bit flirty. She attracts friends, both women and men. Her bikini

"fashion statements" did not happen at the side of the crowd. She was the

centre of attention, always in the midst of a group. Whatever she did was

noticed, and, copied.

I admit that I have a jealous streak in my personality. I think that I may be

a normal husband in that regard. I get anxious when my wife is showing off her

body to other men. However, every time my jealousy started to take over, there

would soon be other woman who were wearing as little, and shortly that level

of nudity became the accepted norm for our group.

All the men in our little group of friends had spent hours and hours with my

naked wife when we were on the apartment roof. I got used to it. By the time

that cooler weather rolled in it didn't unnerve me that my wife didn't put on

any clothing when those same friends were visiting us in our apartment.

Due to my wife's outgoing nature, we had lots of visitors. For example, there

was a couple who came to our apartment for breakfast most week days. We shared

the cost of the food, and the women took turns doing the cooking. On the days

that the other woman was the cook, my wife slept late, then when breakfast was

nearly ready she got up and had a shower, not bothering even to get dressed

when she joined us for the meal. She was naked in front of our visitors, but

they had seen her without her clothes plenty of times during the summer,

therefore it didn't arouse my jealousy.

It wasn't as if my wife was the only woman in our circle who exposed her body.

Some of the women who lived in our apartment building seemed not to feel any

requirement to put on clothing except when they were going outside the

building. It became commonplace to have naked women in the laundry room

located at the end of the hallway on each floor. Some women even - especially

the youngest residents - went down to the lobby, topless, or naked, when they

were checking for mail.

Of course, people who didn't live at our apartment were sometimes present, the

mailman, or perhaps someone who was just visiting. The women from our

apartment building got a few dirty looks from these people, and once in a

while a crude comment, but it happened only rarely. Apparently the people who

didn't actually live at our apartment building felt slightly ill at ease,

being in an unfamiliar environment. The visitors behaved as if they were

invading other peoples' privacy, and they usually tried to make a show of not

noticing that other people were naked.

It was amusing when the painters were touching up our apartment. My wife

wandered around, indifferent to the men being there. Sometimes she was

dressed, sometimes topless, often naked. The workmen were wide-eyed, sweating,

obviously tongue tied. Whatever my wife was wearing, or not wearing, they made

a great show that they were paying attention only to their work and not to

her. She would stand behind the men, naked, legs apart, sipping from a cup of

coffee, talking about how much time the men expected it might take them to

finish their work. They responded to her questions, never turning around to

look at her. Most of what they said was nearly impossible to understand. At

one point she asked, "Is English your second language?" They answered that

they were from London, both of them.