Sarah - written by Sarah

I sort of weened my parents on to the idea that i was a nudist and you wouldn't believe how supportive they were! I'll just tell you the whole story of my becoming a nudist (and I'd love to hear yours). I had been interested in it for a long time. I started sleeping nude at about 11 or 12 because it was so comfortable. My door has a lock on it so i was never caught. This led to me wanting to be naked in other situations. Right around that time was when we were starting to be forced to change for gym class. I never had any problem with this and even used it as a venue to explore nudism. Almost all of the other girls would change into/out of their bras under their shirts and change their shirts with thier backs to everyone. Some girls even went so far as to bring towels for when they had to remove their bottoms too. I thought this was pretty silly. I mean, we barely even had boobs back then! Well, at first i admit to fit in i did the same. pretending i was ashamed of my body like the other girls. but after a wile i got sick of the charade and while talking to my friend (i think it was my friend suzie, but i don't really remember) i just whipped off my shirt, unclasped my training bra, and slipped it off without even breaking into my sentence. needless to say i got some stares so i figured, what the heck, might as well go all the way so off the rest came too. after a few days i got some questions about it and just responded with "we're all girls, it's no big deal" eventually a few other girls followed suit (or lack of suit, hehe) and by the end of the semester, almost everyone would change at least their tops openly. it was no big deal and we got the job done quicker. After such a positive, I was hooked.

i started walkinga round the house naked when my paretns and brother were out (which was to say not often) and even made a few outings (mostly just skinny dipping in our pool at night). As I'm sure you know, while i love to be naked, i need to be barefoot. i can'te ven remember the last time i've warn socks or close toe shoes. anyway, at about the age of 14, i was at a slumber party (4 girls including me) and we were painting each other's toe nails (each girl would put her foot on the leg of the person to their right and you'd paint the toes of the girl to your left). well, we were just sitting there talking about whatever and my friend (marissa) was telling a story about something and at one part she said her parents were expecting company so she went upstairs to go put on socks. i was totally confused but the other girls didnt' seem to be, so i said "what? why?" marissa said "your parents let you stay barefoot in front of company?" and another girl chimed in with "are you kidding? when isn't Sarah barefoot?" at this point i was so confused. "you mean you're parents make you put on socks whenever company comes over?" and she said "not all the time. if it's just a neighbor or something they don't care but they say it's rude to be barefoot in front of guests you don't know well" So i said something to the affect of "wow, i'm glad i don't live in your house. I hate wearing socks" and another girl said "well, you're lucky your parents let you stay barefoot all the time. mine make me wear socks sometimes too." and someone else said "yeah, you'r parents are so cool. i bet they let you do whatever you want."

I'm sure you can imagine what went through my head at that point.

SO i was determined to test the limitations of my parents "coolness". The next day was saturday which means my dad took my brother to his baseball game. Perfect. That day I came downstairs wearing some jean shorts and my bra. my mom asked me where my shirt was and i said i couldn't find a clean one and went to watch TV. after a few minutes, i took the shorts off and sat their in only a white bra and knickers. my mom passed through the living room and didn't really say anything. SO far so good. So after a little while still, i slipped the bra off hid it under my chair (a big, black leather comfy chair, i might add. i love that chair). after like 20 minutes or so my mom came through again and gave me a funny look. "I was hot" i told her and she just laughed so I asked "this is ok?" I'll never forget her response as long as I live as it is probably the best sentence I've ever heard. She said "Honey, you can go completely naked for all I care." YES! EXPRESS VERBAL PERMISSION! I thought this was too good to be true so i said "Really?" and she just chuckled again saying "of course. we're all family." I sitll didn't believe her. SO i called her bluff! I stood up slowly eying her the whole time waiting for her to break out laughing. She didn't. So i turned my back to her and put my thumbs in the sides of my knickers. I slid them down just and inch exposing my tan line and probably a little bit...well, cleavage. "last chance. if you're joking, say so now" she just smiled. Here goes, i thought and i slowly slid my knickers down, bending over. I paused when i reached my toes and looked up and back at my mom. Still nothing. It was all so overwhelming and lasted what seemed like an hour. However it was probably only like four seconds. I suddenly realized that for that 4 seconds i was totally mooning my mom (and as far down as i can go, i was probably showing her more than just my bare ass) so i quickly stood up, took a deep breath, and turned around. "feel better?" she asked me and I gave a quick nod and she just laughed and walked out of the room. it took me a minute but i finally realised what happened. I was officially a nudist! I giggled and pranced around the room a few times (at first i didn't realize what our big glass doors facing the back offered my neighbors as far as a view. After a moment of giggling like a maniac, i sat back down. The leather felt cool against my bare bum, but i was comfortable. I turned off the TV and pulled the recliner lever and just started thinking about what all this meant. after a few minutes i heard the sound of my mom's bare feet on tile and she came in and i sort of repositioned myself so she wouldn't be looking right down my vagina. "it's ok honey, we're all family and we're both girls" and I just sort of smiled, still very uncomfortable. it went on like that for like 20 minutes as my mom passed through the living room (our house is set up so that the living room is like the center of everything. it's a pain in the ass when it comes to watching TV as people are always walking through). I flicked the TV back on and the last time she came through she was wearing her bath robe. She grabbed my big toe and kind of shook it a bit saying "hey, i'm going to jump in the shower but first i want tos how you something, so when you get to a commercial break, come back to my room. Not long after a commercial came so i headed back to my mom's room. she wasn't there so i called her name. "In here! C'mon in!" she called, her voice coming from the bathroom. I opened the door and couldn't believe what i saw. My mom was standing there completely naked! before i could say anything she said "see? i've got them too. now relax! i know you've been wanting to do this for a while." "what? how?" i asked shakily. I was still kind of nervous standing there talking to my mother completely starkers. "your night gowns" she said "you always took them out like you had worn them but they were never wrinkled like they would be if you actually wore them to bed. plus, Dad caught you skinny dipping a few times but we didn't want to embarass you." this was a bit much for me and i started to cry a little bit. "mom, i'm a nudist" i said guiltily. Do you know how my sweet (naked) mother responded? She gave me a big hug and said "it's ok sweetie. don't appologize or anything. just be yourself." She also talked to me about how i should be careful when i'm nude so that i don't offend anyone or put myself in a dangerous position. we talked for about 10 minutes and in that time, i totally forgot i was naked! It was like the most natural thing in the world. Eventually, though, my mom said "well i'm glad we did this. Now if you'll excuse me, i am not a nudist and would like to take a shower and get dressed." I gave her a big huge and said "thank you mom." How many parents would do that for their kid? Strip completely naked just to make them comfortable. My dad was similarly supportive, but he was a bit more protective of me. He didn't want me to be nude around any of my guy friends (didnt' want me nude around my brother at first but my mom convinced him it was harmless) and certainly not if they were having company (hehe, they said i could still be barefoot in front of anyone, i asked just to spite marissa and i teased her about it later).