**Such A Tease**

When I was in high school I discovered how much I enjoy being nude. My mom's work schedule meant that I was usually home alone--she'd leave a little before I'd get home and wouldn't return until after I was in bed. So I'd come home, strip, and go about my business--homework, maybe a swim in the pool, preparing dinner, watching TV--all naked. Then I'd get ready for bed and, ironically, put my PJ's on as I climbed into bed. My mom's pretty conservative and I didn't want her to find out about my nudist ways as I was afraid she wouldn't approve.

Another thing happened while I was in high school. That's when I discovered that I am "hot." That sounds a little conceited, so let me explain. I was always kind of the awkward girl growing up. I was taller than all of my friends. I, of course, wanted to do the girly things my friends did, like dance and gymnastics, but I was less coordinated at them than everyone else. I was also the girl in my class to start developing, so I was always getting my bra snapped by the boys and teased because I had big boobs.

In high school, I discovered my sport--volleyball. As it was a fall sport, we'd start practicing in August and since our gym didn't have air conditioning it would often get pretty hot, prompting most of the team to practice in only our short spandex shorts and sports bras. Since I lived close to the school, I'd often jog to practice and wouldn't bother bringing any extra clothes with me.

One day a bunch of the team decided to go to McDonald's after practice and I decided to go with them, despite the fact that I didn't have even a t-shirt to put over my sports bra. It didn't really bother me--after all, you see women out jogging in sports bras all the time. So we got to the restaurant and one of my friends pointed out that two guys were following my every move. Everyone seemed disgusted by these guys, so I played along, but secretly I was enjoying the attention and was even a little turned on by it.

I wasn't sure if the guys were attracted to me or just the fact that I was wearing a sports bra, so I decided to do some testing. That weekend my mom happened to go out of town for work, so I decided to test things out and decided to head to the mall in a pair of short shorts and, if I remember correctly, a belly-revealing tank top with no bra. I wasn't dressed overly skimpy, just different enough to draw attention from anyone paying attention. It didn't take long for me to notice that I was being noticed and that turned out to be a huge turn-on. It also didn't take long for me to realize that I could use my features--ample cleavage, long legs in short shorts/dresses/skirts, and overall toned body--to get my way almost all the time.

So maybe it was just my teenage cry for attention since my mom was never around, but I quickly decided that I could easily combine my preference for nudity in private and my enjoyment of getting attention and getting my way in public. By college I had adopted the philosophy of "nude or almost nude," meaning that I would be nude whenever it was acceptable to do so and, when not, I'd wear only the minimal amount of clothes necessary to be comfortable and "decent." That meant that I quickly abandoned wearing anything bulky unless it was cold and all but stopped wearing bras and panties unless it was...well...you know.

I now work in a very male-dominated industry. The small company where I work is very casual, so I can get away with wearing skimpy sundresses all summer (that's when I'm not working, buck naked, from home, which I do for most of the summer). It is no coincidence either that one strap of that sundress just happens to fall off my shoulder while I'm asking my boss to approve something. As one of just two women in the company, I know I can work my femininity to get my way and I'm not ashamed to do it. Its a huge turn on to know that I have that kind of power and that it was my boobs, legs, and bare shoulders that got me my way. A turn on that often leads me back to my office to remind myself, under the protection of my desk, of one of the reasons why I don't bother with panties...