[Sunbathing Nude at School](http://nudeinpublicstories.blogspot.com/2008/12/sunbathing-nude-at-school.html)

By Claire

I'm up in the kitchenette having a bowl of cereal before my first class
of the day. And yes, of course I am naked. I have about 15 minutes
so I'll write a bit about what has been happening to me.

After my wonderful first night at the dorm I hated having to put
clothes on in the morning to go to class. I wore capris and
sleeveless tee shirt, but nothing underneath. Even back home
I often went without panties because it could be my little secret.
Going without a bra was a little harder to hide. Not that I'm all
that big but I've got enuf to be bouncy and besides I have unruly
nipples that decide on their own to jut out thru my shirt whenever
they hear words like "Say Cheese!" or "Claire come to the front
of the class to give your presentation."

But I figured being braless would be no big deal in college --
and boy that's true. Not only do plenty of girls go braless but
I saw some wearing halters, tube tops and the lowest of low cuts.
In high school we weren't allowed to show much midriff and even
around town I couldn't show too much skin because you never
know when you're going to bump into your aunt or your math
teacher at the mall.

But now, hmmm, I realized as I walked to my morning classes
checking out the fashion scene, I could be a lot more daring
that before.

I had three classes in a row and then a break from noon to 3:45
so I went back to the dorm and ditched my clothes as soon as I
got in my room. Amy wasn't there so I decided to go walk the
halls of the dorm naked and meet people. Our dorm has four
floors and I strolled down the halways, took the stairs to the
next level and strolled some more, cheerfully saying hi to
everyone I came in contact with. And if they seemed willing
to chat for a minute or two I did, learning names and making
friends.

A few girls seemed standoffish or a bit shocked by my nudity
and a few others avoided looking at me and didn't even say
hello, but nobody was truly hostile.

On the top floor there's a doorway leading out to a sun deck
with built in picnic tables and there were some girls out there
in bathing suits laying out on towels on the deck. Some of
them had their tops off. So I went out and stretched out on
the bare wood and closed my eyes, which felt very nice.

"They can see you when you're standing up," someone said.
I opened my eyes. One of the girls pointed to a boy's dorm
across the courtyard, built the same as ours but standing a
bit taller because it's on a hill. I had to sit up part way to see
over the brick wall that goes around the edge of the deck.
There were two guys over there tossing a football and a few
others sitting along the railing looking our way. If they were
looking they'd have seen me walk out there. I sat up so I could
check them out and they could see my head and shoulders.
I really wanted to stand up and let them see me, but I didn't
because first I wanted to make friends with every girl out there.
So I just started chatting with the girl who spoke to me and
introduced myself and pretty soon others joined in the conversation.

"So you came all the way out here naked?" one girl asked. "You
didn't even bring a towel."

"I'm pretty comfortable this way."

Another girl raised herself up on her elbows. "You're the nudist from Floor Three aren't you? My friend, Danni, lives on your floor."

"Danni from Pennsylvania? Yeah, I really like her."

"So if you don't care if those guys see you?" someone else asked,"
why don't you stand up?" It was a dare.

I shrugged like no big deal, but suddenly I felt shy. It was one
thing to go naked in front of other girls, but guys? I'd imagined
it of course -- imagined mingling naked at a party with guys all
over the place checking me out. I had imagined rollerblading
nude down a busy downtown street at lunchtime past construction
workers and men in expensive suits. But that was all within the
safety of that happy little corner of my brain where the me who
lives there doesn't even own any clothing.

But these were real, actual guys over there and they were already
standing on the picnic tables trying to see my chest as I sat there
not quite facing their direction.

Pretending not to notice them, I stood up and stretched. I heard
a couple of hoots and cheers but in the corner of my eye I could
see the guys shushing each other, apparently thinking I didn't
realize they could see me and not wanting to blow the opportunity.
So I kept talking to my new friends and walked around the deck
in a natural way.

"You are so nuts!" laughed one girl (Marla, from Cleveland who
misses her boyfriend, Nick, because he is studying this semester
in Antrctica).

"Yes, I am," I declared proudly. "Well, nice meeting you all. See
you around!" I walked slowly back towards the doorway, but
paused and turned right towards the guys' dorm and waved to
them. I could hear them cheering and yelling "don't go, baby!"
as I went through the door.

When I got back to the dorm room Amy was there and I was
happy to see her. I told her about the sun deck and she thought
it was great. But she was in a hurry to get to her next class and
was soon out the door. I had another hour and wanted to go
do some more exploring, but I also had another urge. I lay down
on my bed and thought about everything I'd done in the past day,
how wonderful it all had been and I pictured myself at some
future party dancing naked as those guys from the dorm watched
me. And I had a fantastic orgasm that left me sweaty and I lay
there a while and sort of dozed as the breeze came in the
window across my damp skin.

After a while it was time for me to get moving again. I went
down the hall to take a quick rinse-off shower, holding my hair
up to keep it dry. I had forgotten to bring my towel so I walked
back down the hall dripping, passing Jenna, Krista and Hannah
and exchanged a few words with them as they teased me about
my dripping body.

In my room I ransacked my drawers looking for skimpy things.
I put on a halter that I had in the past nearly always worn over
a tee shirt. By itself it doesn't cover much. And with this I
chose one of my lightweight cotton skirts with elastic waistbands.
I'd always worn them with panties before and I'd always wore
them about halfway between my belly button and my pubic hair.
This time I tugged it as low as I could, especially in back,
checking myself out in the mirror until I had a little butt cleavage
going.