**The Adventures of Jamie and Sally**

by Dormouse

**Chapter 1 - The Beginning - Part 1**

Jamie met Sally when they found themselves studying on the same course at university. They hit it off, became best friends, and worked together as lab partners.

Aneta, another girl on the same course had a suggestion for them.

“You’re both complaining about how expensive living in hall is,” she said in her eastern European accent. “I know a house that’s free on the outskirts of town. Very cheap. Two bedrooms. Why don’t you move in together? It’ll save you money.”

They went and took a look at the house. It was Spartan, and a bit off the beaten track but there was a bus route to the campus and it was walkable if you had the time. They quickly moved in – they had little in the way of possessions to move.

All went well. They settled in. Then, one morning soon after they moved in, Jamie went to have a shower. She had been sleeping naked. She had been sleeping naked for some years now, finding nightwear too restricting in bed. Without thinking about it, she picked up a towel and walked out of her bedroom into the bathroom.

After she had finished, she wrapped the towel round her hair and blithely walked out of the bathroom and straight into Sally – who had just come out of her own bedroom with a towel slung over her bare shoulders.

The two naked women looked at each other. Their eyes explored each other’s bodies and then met. The both burst into nervous laughter.

“Well, this is embarrassing,” said Sally. “I always sleep in the nude and totally forgot that you might be walking around.”

“I always sleep in the nude, too,” said Jamie. “And I wasn’t expecting to bump into your, either.”

“Well, I think we’ll have to establish some house rules,” said Sally. “We obviously have no problems about each other seeing us naked. Neither of us is trying to hide. We have no hang-ups about nudity, I assume. If you want to walk around the house naked, that’s fine by me.”

“And fine by me,” said Jamie. “I have no problems with you being naked. If I had a body like yours, I’d be proud to walk around naked.”

“Nonsense,” said Sally. “My tits are too big, for a start.”

“But mine are too small,” retorted Jamie.

“But they stick out better than mine. If I had to define ‘perky’ in a dictionary, I’d illustrate the entry with a photograph of your boobs. Mine are all floppy. I mean, look at this.” And with that, she leant forward and her large breast swung from side to side.

“This is getting weird,” said Jamie. “Shall we start comparing pussies next? I see we are both shaved. Or maybe we should discuss our bums first.” She turned round and stuck her backside out. They started giggling again.

“OK,” said Jamie, finally. “Deal. I’ll walk around the house naked when I want to, and you can walk around the house naked when you want to.”

“Deal,” responded Sally. “Shall we hug on it?”

“I don’t think I’m ready for a naked hug just yet.”

And so it happened. Over the next few days, they got dressed to leave for lectures in the morning and as soon as they returned to the house, they stripped off. If the wardrobes had not been fitted into the bedrooms, they might have considered putting one of them in the hallway so that they didn’t have to go upstairs to get dressed. Even so, there was often a pile of discarded clothes next to the front door.

One evening, they were sitting in the living room, both naked. Sally was in one chair, a laptop on her lap. Jamie was curled up in another chair reading a book. Suddenly, Sally looked up from her computer and made an announcement.

“I want to take this nudity experiment to the next level,” she said.

“What do you mean?” asked Jamie, worried as to what Sally had in mind.

“This morning, I picked up the post from the porch,” said Sally, starting her explanation. “I opened the front door and picked the mail up from the porch mat. I was still naked. I’d forgotten the porch door is all glass. Anyone on the street could have seen me. There was no-one there, but the thought that I could have been seen gave me a thrill. The world didn’t end by me being visible from the street. The police didn’t appear out of nowhere and cart me off to the nick. It’s late now. This street is usually quiet at this time. I want to go outside and see what it’s like.”

**Chapter 1 - The Beginning - Part 2**

“Well, I think that’s the maddest thing I’ve ever heard you say, but if that’s what you want to do, I want to watch you do it.”

They got up and went to the front door. As Sally had pointed out, the front door proper was a solid wooden artefact but at some point in the history of the house, a front porch had been added. This was mainly glass with a further lockable door out to the front garden. You needed two separate keys to get into the house.

Without stopping to think about it, Sally sailed out the front door, opened the porch door and sauntered along the path to the road. Then, as if it was a perfectly normal thing to do, she walked casually down the street. Jamie remained in the porch, where she could hide behind the front door if she felt the need. But the further Sally went along the street, the more she had to leave the shelter of the porch so that she could see her friend.

Sally got as far as a street light and stood under it. Her dark skin absorbed its rays but she was still very visible. Maybe you’d have to get up close to realise she was actually naked, but there was no-one around who could see that apart from Jamie. After a few minutes standing there on display, Sally turned round and walked back to the house.

“What was it like?” asked Jamie.

“Why don’t you find out for yourself?” countered Sally.

Jamie was wary of the idea at first. Sally had looked so confident. But she didn’t want to be shown up. Trying to look as confident as Sally, she walked down the path and into the street.

This is OK so far, she thought. There was still no-one around, but the thought that someone could look out of their window and see her excited her. She reached the lamppost that Sally had displayed herself under and stopped for a moment. Well, if Sally got this far, I’ll have to go farther, she thought, so she started walking again, reaching a point where there was a side street. The side street was also deserted. Jamie remember that about half way up this street, there was another turning, a footpath that went round the back of some houses with a few trees and a grassy area on the other side. And that footpath led to another side street that led back into their street. She could do a complete loop, most of the time out of sight of her house – and also out of sight of Sally. She kept walking.

She was half-way to the footpath when she heard a car engine behind her. Her first instinct was to hide, but another part of her willed her not to. The whole point of being out here is that someone might see me, she continued to herself. I have to see what happens if someone does.

By now, she realised, the car’s headlight must be illuminating her buttocks. Her skin was not dark like Sally’s. It must be obvious to the driver that there was a naked woman walking up ahead. Would they stop and ask her if she was OK? Or would something worse happen? The risk of it thrilled her body. It was all she could do to stop herself from fingering her pussy.

The car passed and kept on going. She wondered if the driver was looking at her in the rear-view mirror, and whether they liked what they saw. I really hope they saw all of me, she thought.

She turned down the footpath and started walking on the grass, which was more comfortable on her bare feet. Then she heard a snuffling sound ahead of her. An Old English sheepdog was approaching and behind it there was a man, presumably the owner of the dog, taking it out for its late night walk.

Now I’m well and truly seen, thought Jamie.

“Good evening,” she said to the man as she passed. “A fine dog you have there.”

“And good evening to you. A great night for a walk.” He made no comment about her attire, or lack of it, but she could see his eyes travelling up and down her body. She found she liked that. I must be an exhibitionist, she thought.

She reached the end of the path and turned down towards her street. Much to her disappointment, she saw no-one else. Secretly, she hoped people were watching her from their windows, but she had no way of knowing if this was so.

Sally was standing in their front garden anxiously waiting for her to return.

“Well?” she asked as Jamie approached.

“Well, it was bloody marvellous! I’m so high I feel like I’m drunk. If everyone knew walking naked in the streets felt like this, everyone would be doing it. I think I’m ready for that naked hug now.” They embraced still standing in the front garden.

After a few moments, Sally whispered in Jamie’s ear. “Someone’s watching us.”

Jamie heard a familiar snuffling sound.

“Is it a hairy dog with a man in a raincoat following?”

“A friend of yours?” ask Sally.

“Well, he’s seen me naked from up close. Does that make him a friend?”

“I’ve a good idea what he wants to do next,” said Sally, still hugging Jamie closely. “And I don’t think he’s friend enough to watch him do it. I think we’ve put on enough of a display for him. Let him go home and he can do it there. Or maybe he’s married and we’ve done his wife a favour.”

They broke off the hug and hurried back inside holding hands, and it seemed totally appropriate that they both ended up in Jamie’s bed. The next morning, they woke up still entwined around each other.

“That was fun last night,” said Sally. “We’ll have to do it again.”

“Yes,” replied Jamie, “And also we’ll have try another naked walk.”

**Chapter 2 - Going Farther - Part 1**

But for the next few days, they had no more outdoor adventures. They were too busy exploring each other. Neither of them had been in a serious relationship up till then and they had much catching up to do. At the backs of their minds, however, was the thought that they had to have more daring adventures.

So, come Saturday night, nearly midnight, they set out for a long walk. They decided that being naked was one thing, going barefoot was another. Jamie’s feet were dreadfully sore from walking on the hard pavement, and she also realised she could easily have trodden in a dog turd during her encounter with the dog walker. They also had fashioned small pouches that they wore round their necks containing their keys and a credit card and a phone for emergencies.

They had decided their route in advance. There was a park nearby, probably deserted at this time of night. Their aim was to walk to the park and then cross it to the main road. Then – the most daring part of the walk – they’d come back down the main road back to their street. The main road was brightly lit and there were always cars along it even after midnight. They were planning to be seen and were curious what would happen when they were.

The first part of their journey was almost boring but walking totally naked down residential streets can never be totally boring. There were no dog walkers this time, but a few cars did pass them. Several of them blasted their horns as they went past, and one woman shouted, “You’re beautiful!” at them as she drove past. This made them both feel really proud. Although they had complimented each other on their bodies over the last few days, this was the first time a complete stranger had given an opinion off them.

They got to the park. The park was not surrounded by a fence so there were no locked gates to negotiate. They could walk down the paths until they came to a lake in the middle. They sat on a park bench next to the lake under the light of a lamppost, arms around each other in their new familiarity with each other’s body.

“Who’s for a midnight skinny dip,” said Sally, taking off her shoes and running down to the lake. Jamie followed. This turned out to be a bad choice. The lake was not only cold, it was also slimy. It was not designed for swimming. They hurried out, shivering and tried to scrape the slime of each other.

“I think I know a way to warm us up again,” said Jamie, pulling Sally down onto the grass on top of her, in the light of the lamppost.

When they stopped being engrossed in each other and became aware of their surroundings, Sally heard something.

“Do you think there’s someone in that bush over there watching us?” she asked.

“I hope so,” replied Jamie. “We might as well have been doing this in our bedroom if we’re doing this without an audience. Let’s hope he enjoyed the show.”

“That’s sexist. It could be a she, you realise.”

Now warm again, they got up and found their shoes and continued walking till they got to the main road. The street lights were much brighter here, and cars went past every couple of minutes, but they were going faster than on the side streets and whooshed past on the whole without really seeing them.

However, up ahead of them they could hear music, and there were people on the pavement outside a house. It was a Saturday night. It was a university town. Of course, someone was having a party, and the party had spilled out into the street. This was the exposure the two women had been hoping for.

They held hands and walked nonchalantly towards the sound as if oblivious of both their own state of undress and the people who were about to see them.

**Chapter 2 - Going Farther - Part 2**

“Hey up! The strippers have arrived,” said a voice from the front garden. Jamie thought this was silly thing to say. If they had been strippers, they would be arriving fully clothed and leaving naked.

“Come on in, ladies,” said another voice. Sally turned round and feigned a “are you talking to me?” attitude.

“But we don’t have invitations. It would be rude of us to intrude. And besides, we haven’t brought a bottle.”

“Dressed like that shows you have plenty of bottle,” replied the voice.

They decided to join the party, and a great cheer went up as they entered the house. Cups of something decidedly alcoholic was thrust into their hands and they circulated, giving off-hand answers whenever someone asked them why they were naked, as if turning up at a party naked was something they’d done hundreds of times.

They noticed two spaces on a couch and squeezed into them. All the people looking at them was proving a huge turn-on for both of them. They started making out on the couch. Vaguely, they heard more cheering in the room. They were definitely the hit of the party.

“Jamie! Sally! Is that you?” a voice said close to them. They moved their heads apart and looked up at a woman’s head hovering over them.

“Oh, hello Janet,” said Jamie. “Didn’t know you were here. Nice party.”

“It’s livened up since you two arrived,” said the woman. Janet was another person from their course. “When I was told there were two naked women making out on the couch, I thought someone was winding me up. I didn’t know you two were an item.”

“It’s recent,” admitted Jamie. “We’re still exploring.”

“Yes, I could see that,” said Janet. “It looked fun. I hope you don’t mind, but I filmed your show just then.” She brandished her smartphone.

Jamie looked around the room. The perils of exhibitionism in the modern age. Everyone was holding up smartphones. They were going to be an internet sensation in the morning, she knew.

“I’m going to have to get a picture of the three of us,” Janet continued. “Here, will you take our picture,” she said, passing her phone to a random partygoer. “Not yet. I have to get ready.”

With that, she quickly pulled her dress over her head, reached behind her back to unclip her bra, and then pulled down her knickers.

“Now I’m ready,” she said. “Everybody say ‘cheese’. I’ve always wanted to do this at a party but I never had the courage till you two showed up. Thanks for providing the example.” With that, she gave the two of them pecks on their cheeks, picked up her clothes and carrying them under her arm went off to mingle.

Jamie and Sally stayed at the party for several hours. Finally, they thought it time they headed home, despite offers of being put up for the night. They set off down the street, somewhat unsteadily due the amount they had drunk. It looked as if the eastern horizon was showing the first glimmer of dawn as they staggered in through their front door. By this time, the roads were even more deserted than they had been when they set out. They were slightly disappointed that no-one was around to see them walk home.

Jamie woke up the next day feeling definitely the worse for wear. Sally was snoring next to her. She looked at the clock. It was nearly noon. Something was niggling her. How many people had seen her the night before? There must have been at least fifty people at that party, plus all the cars that had passed them on the way there, not to mention the possible voyeur in the park. But still she was not satisfied. She knew what she had to do next. She found her trainers and put them on. As she exited the bedroom, Sally started to stir.

“What y’ doin’?” Sally asked, still half asleep.

“I’m going for a run,” Jamie replied. “Are you coming?”

She didn’t wait for a reply. She dashed down the stairs and out the front door. The bright light at first hurt her eyes, but the fresh air soon revived her. It was a bright sunny day, typical of late spring in the south of England. It was a Sunday, but the streets were much busier than they had been the night before. People looked in astonishment as she jogged down the street. She was sure more pictures were being taken. In for a penny, she thought.

She headed to the park, scene of the previous night’s first escapade. There was a family sitting on the grass. They don’t know they are sitting exactly where Sally and I did it last night, she thought. What would they think if they knew?

Near the lake was an area set aside by the council in an attempt to get people fit and healthy. There were climbing bars and even one of those machines where you pull ropes to raise weights. Jamie headed there. It was deserted. However, after a few minutes of vigorous exercise on Jamie’s part, quite an audience materialised to watch her.

“Showing off again!” said a familiar voice. Sally emerged from the crowd. She, too, was wearing just trainers.

“I’m an exhibitionist, and I’m proud of it!” Jamie said in a voice loud enough for her audience to hear it.

“Good for you, girl,” said a female voice from the crowd. “But you might want to scarper. I can see the parkie approaching.”

Not sure if they would be in any trouble of the park-keeper apprehended them, they beat a hasty retreat.

“Not so fast,” came Sally’s voice from behind Jamie, as they jogged down the street. “Turns out that running for me without a bra is not as easy as it is for you. I nearly gave myself a black eye.”

There was no sign of anyone official following them when they reached the house. They dashed inside. They had no thought of breakfast yet. They didn’t even make it up the stairs. They fell in a tangle onto the living room couch.

**Chapter 3 - Discoveries - Part 1**

For the next few days the two women kept a low profile, only leaving the house decently dressed, just in case. Even so, they got some good natured taunting from neighbours who had seen them. “I didn’t recognise you with your clothes on!” was often shouted at them as they walked past.

Indoors, it was another matter, and Sally was leaning over her computer, her bare breasts in danger of brushing the keyboard and entering gibberish into the search engine she was using. She had been researching just what the legality was for public nudity.

“It’s complicated,” was her conclusion. “For a start, being naked for reasons of having sex in public is a complete no-no. So our escapade by the lake the other night was probably illegal.”

“How about being naked in public turning you on? I get so turned on when we’re out. You do too, don’t you? Please tell me it’s not just me.”

“I get so turned on that just thinking about it now is turning me on. But I’m trying to concentrate here. Another problem is that if nudity causes the public to get so excited that a riot breaks out. I’m not sure how we can deal with that.”

Sally’s researches had also turned up other things.

“There’s quite an internet community devoted to talking about public nudity,” she said. “People write stories about it. There are even sites devoted to pictures and videos of women walking around naked in public. And look what I’ve discovered.”

She passed the laptop over to Jamie, who gave a gasp of surprise when she saw the picture on the screen. The picture showed a blonde woman walking down a crowded shopping street completely naked, which was surprising in itself. What was more surprising was who the woman was.

“Isn’t that Aneta!” exclaimed Jamie. There were a large number of pictures of her on the site, usually walking along crowded streets wearing nothing but a big grin. “Looks like she’s enjoying it. We will have to have a talk with her about this when we next see her. She’s obviously not trying to hide her identity, so she can’t be worried about people seeing these pictures.”

“Most of these sites are in mainland Europe,” continued Sally, “but I’ve found some sites that appear to be based in the UK. Not all the models are our age, either. There seems to be what they call ‘mature’ as well. And some of the models have been doing this for a long time. There’s a woman here who started doing this as a teenager twenty years ago and still seems to be happy to be photographed naked in the street.”

Jamie looked at the pictures and her jaw dropped. Her eyes opened wide and it looked as if she was going into a state of shock.

“That’s my mother!” she said when she had regained the power of speech.

Once she had calmed down, they discussed what they would do with this new information. A public holiday meant that a long weekend was coming up, and it wasn’t unusual for Jamie to go home and visit her mother for a weekend.

“I think it’s time you met my mum,” she told Sally.

“What are we going to tell her? Do we tell her about our nude hikes? Do we tell her we’re having sex? How open-minded is she?”

“Well, she obviously doesn’t mind nudity. But I don’t want to tell her we know about this. Let’s see if she tells us about it. Maybe we can catch her in the act, as it were. And we’ll see if she lets us share my bedroom. I’ve just thought. Maybe this nudity thing is hereditary. Is that why I’ve been doing this?”

“Sure,” replied Sally. “And maybe I’m your long-lost half-sister with a Caribbean father.”

**Chapter 3 - Discoveries - Part 2**

And so it was, on Friday evening, Jamie and Sally turned up on the doorstep of the house Jamie grew up in.

“Mum, I’d like you to meet Sally, my housemate and best friend at uni,” Jamie said as an introduction.

“Pleased to meet you, Mrs Watkins,” said Sally.

“Please, call me Helen,” said Helen. “I’ll make up the bed in the spare bedroom for you.”

“Don’t bother, mum,” said Jamie. “She can sleep in my room.”

“Are you sure? There’s still only one bed in there.”

“Oh, I’m sure we’ll cope.”

Helen look at her daughter with a quizzical expression.

Jamie was not sure how much to tell her mother about her relationship with Sally. It would appear from the pictures they’d seen of her online that Helen was no prudish mother, but did being tolerant of nudity also mean tolerance of a gay relationship? Jamie was worried that they might give the game away if they got too loud during the night. But, in the end, Jamie got not bring herself to have sex in what had been her childhood bed. It just felt wrong. So they slept together – nude, of course – but that was all they did – sleep.

Jamie was woken up in the morning by the sound of the doorbell ringing. Her mother shouted up the stairs to her:

“Got to go out this morning, dear. I’ll see you this afternoon. Have fun, the two of you. Bye.”

Jamie heard a car drive off outside.

As they were now awake, Jamie and Sally got up and went down stairs to the kitchen to have a nude breakfast together, just like they did every day at home. It felt odd for Jamie to be wandering around her childhood home in the nude, and even odder to see Sally wandering around similarly undressed. Still, they weren’t planning to spend the whole day in the house. Jamie wanted to show her partner the town she had grown up in, and for that they’d have to put on some clothes.

So it was, an hour or so later, Jamie was showing Sally the main shopping centre in the town. She had spent much of her schooldays hanging out with her friends here, and buying clothes. For some reason, she didn’t seem to buying so many clothes lately.

There seemed to be some sort of commotion at the entrance to a small mall in the high street. A man with a video camera was standing the doors and then the doors opened and an Asian woman emerged, carrying a camera. She was totally naked. And then another naked woman emerged, and this was someone they both recognised.

“Isn’t that your mother?” asked Sally.

“Now we know what she was doing this morning,” replied Jamie. “Let’s give her a surprise.” But instead of walking over to confront her mother, she beckoned Sally into a side alley and started undressing. “And I mean, really give her a surprise. I have to tell her sometime what we know, and also what we’ve been doing, and this will be a fun way of doing it.”

They stashed their clothes behind some bins and casually walked out of the alley towards the photography session still in progress. Jamie’s mother and the other woman were walking along the high street, occasionally stopping when shoppers stopped them to take their own pictures. The more daring asked to have selfies taken with their arms round the two. All the while, the man was videoing the pair of them. They appeared to be having fun.

As Jamie and Sally advanced, the people who had been staring at one pair of naked women were surprised to see another pair passing them. Helen and the Asian woman suddenly noticed the pair of them approaching and stopped open mouthed.

“Hello, mum,” said Jamie. “I wasn’t expecting to see you here.”

“Hello, Mrs Watkins,” said Sally. “Are you going shopping?”

Helen’s mouth was moving, but no words were coming out. She looked at her daughter and Sally. She looked at the woman with the camera. She didn’t know what to say. The woman with the camera burst out laughing.

“Well, they’ve got us,” she said. “I think you’d better introduce us.”

Finally, Helen was able to speak.

“Sanjita,” she said, “This is my daughter Jamie and her friend, Sally. They’ve been visiting me from university. Jamie, this is Sanjita. She’s my girlfriend. Well, fiancée.”

Now it was Jamie’s turn to be surprised. Helen had been married to a man – Jamie’s father – but he’d left the picture when Jamie was still small. And when Jamie was young, she wasn’t aware enough to know whether there had been any other man in her mother’s life. But there had been female friends and now Jamie was wondering how friendly they’d been. She couldn’t remember if one of them had been Sanjita.

“Let’s sit down,” said Jamie. “I think we’ve all got a lot to talk about.” There was a bench nearby, opposite a raised ornamental construction containing growing plants. Helen and Sanjita sat on the bench and Jamie and Sally perched on the edge of the plant display. The man with the video camera, introduced as ‘Jerry, Sanjita’s assistant’ lurked at a distance far enough that he couldn’t eavesdrop on their personal conversation.

“Sally and I are lovers,” Jamie started. “But I think you guessed that last night.” She went on to detail how their love of public nudity and drawn them closer, and how they had seen photos of Helen online and had visited this weekend specifically to confront her about it.

Helen replied with her story. She, too, had started her nude adventures as a teenager. She had come to the attention of a local photographer who had discovered some of the European nude-in-public websites and was trying to start a British version. Helen was one of several models he’d recruited, as had been Sanjita, and they’d started their relationship them. But life had intervened and Helen retired from modelling and married Jamie’s father. The marriage hadn’t lasted, unfortunately, and she’d spent the next few years bringing up Jamie and her naked adventures had faded in the memory.

Then, not long before Jamie went up to university, Sanjita had contacted her out of the blue. The original photographer had long retired and Sanjita now owned the company. She had recruited a number of new, younger models. She also still took part in shoots herself, still stripping off for the camera but also taking pictures herself. It seemed there was a market for older models like her, and she wondered if Helen was interested in doing nude in public again. And once they met up again, their relationship restarted and now they were planning on getting married, even though marrying your boss is not usually thought to be a good idea.

“And if you girls are interested,” added Sanjita, “I can offer you some modelling jobs with my company, if you don’t mind working for your step-mother. I can see you have no trouble with public nudity.” And indeed, all four of them had remained naked for the whole series of explanations. A crowd had gathered around them.

But before they could consider matters further, a man in a smart dark suit approached them.

“Would you ladies please come with me,” he said.

**Chapter 4 - An Encounter with Authorities - Part 1**

“What’s the matter?” asked Sanjita, who over the years had got used to being harassed by police and other busybodies. “We aren’t doing anything wrong.” Actually, she wasn’t entirely sure about that, but her lawyers had usually got her off the hook in the past.

“No, you’re not in trouble, there’s just someone who wants to meet you,” said the man. “I have a car waiting.”

“I think we’d better go with him,” said Sanjita. “We don’t want any trouble.” They got up and started following him.

“Just the ladies,” said the man, as Jerry started to come along, too. Sanjita told him to go back to the office where she’d be in contact with him later.

The man led them to a very smart limousine parked off the high street.

“Twenty years I’ve been doing this and I’ve never been arrested before,” said Helen, “and then you two come along.”

“Actually, that’s not true,” correct Sanjita. “I can remember several times in the old days when the police got involved, although we never actually ended up in a cell.” She thought for a moment. “Hmm, that might have been fun, the two of us locked up together naked. But I’m sure he’s not a policeman. And this car is certainly not a police car.”

The four women got in the back of the car and the man joined the driver in the front. He was speaking into his phone.

“I’ve found them,” he was saying. “I’m bringing them in now, we should be there in ten minutes. And there’s four of them, not two.”

They sat in silence as the car drove off. The silence was broken when the car turned into the car park behind a large building.

“I know this place!” said Helen. “This is the town hall. Why are they bringing us here?”

The man in the suit led them in the back entrance to the building. Jamie had rather been hoping that they’d be led up the big set of steps at the front. That would really put them on display. The man flashed a pass at a security guard who opened the door for them. There was a big grin on the guard’s face as they walked past. And the corridors of the building were busy, even though it was a Saturday, and many of the workers stared as the strange party went past.

They entered an antechamber where a secretary/receptionist/PA was sitting behind a desk. She looked up from a computer screen as they entered, her face a mixture of amusement and astonishment.

“Well, well,” she said. “I didn’t believe it when the boss told me what to expect. But here you are. I must say I admire your courage, but you wouldn’t get me wandering around like that. She’s expecting you,” she added to the man. She pressed a button and announced “They’re here” into the intercom. The man directed them to a door and they went through.

A smartly dressed woman, a few years older than Helen, was waiting for them when they entered. She rose to meet them and shook each of them by the hand.

**Chapter 4 - An Encounter with Authorities - Part 2**

“In case you don’t know,” she said, “I’m the mayor of this town and I’ve been dying to meet you. Sit down, all of you. I’ve got something to discuss with you.” She indicated a couch and some comfy chairs. They sat down in a circle. The man in the suit stayed standing by the door.

“I believe you are the person in charge of this photographic enterprise, Ms Chopra,” she said to Sanjita. “I’ve been following your career over the years. Well, not personally, but my husband subscribes to your website, and whenever he’s been viewing your pictures, well, let’s say it’s fun in the bedroom afterwards. I’d like to thank you just for the contributions you make to my sex life, but that’s not the main reason you’re here.

“The thing is, our town is easily identifiable in many of your pictures, and this is getting us a reputation. I’m told by our tourist office that people are visiting just in the off-chance that they’ll witness one of your shoots. So, I’m proposing that we make some sort of formal arrangement. For a start, I’ve ordered the police not to harass you when you are walking around naked – so long as you don’t go too far, that is. We can also pay your company a retainer out of our tourism budget, which I’m sure will be of use. Hire some more models, do more extravagant shoots. I’ll leave the details up to you.”

Sanjita sat there in astonishment. She had not expected this. Although her company was not in any financial difficulty – yet – extra money was always useful as a cushion.

“And another thing,” continued the mayor. “My spies tell me that you and Ms Watkins here,” Jamie realised she was talking about her mother and not herself, “are planning to get married. May I offer you the facilities of the town hall for your forthcoming nuptials?”

“Done,” said Sanjita, “As long as I retain the video and photographic rights. We were planning to combine the ceremony with a shoot.”

Jamie had an idea. She turned to Sally and went down on one knee.

“Sally, will you marry me?”

Now it was Sally’s turn to be astonished. But she didn’t hesitate. She pulled Jamie up on to the couch, embraced her, and gave her a big kiss.

“Of course I will, you romantic fool!”

“Fine,” said the mayor, looking on. “A double wedding. Even better. Now, we need to get a photograph of the five of us together. It’s for my husband. And then Henry will drive you back to where he found you.” The man in the suit had been lost in thought watching the pair of naked young women embracing, but hearing his name brought him back.

Of course, Jerry had long gone by the time they got back to the high street. Sanjita still had her phone, along with her camera, and she phoned Jerry to tell him what had happened. He told her that he’d left her car where she’d parked it.

However, when Jamie and Sally went to the alley in which they’d left their clothes, they found that the bins they’d hidden them behind had been emptied, and their clothes had gone. Sanjita offered to drive them and Helen home.

When they got to Helen’s house, her neighbour, old Mrs Jenkins, was working in her garden. She said hello as the four naked women walked past.

“Hello, Mary,” said Helen. “Have you met my fiancée, Sanjita? And do you remember my little girl, Jamie. She’s all grown up now. And this is her girlfriend.”

Before Helen could introduce Sally, Mrs Jenkins looked at Sally with wide eyes.

“Doreen! Is that really you?” said Mrs Jenkins. “No, it can’t be. Doreen was my age, but you look just like her. Sorry, forgive an old woman for her foolishness. You look just like someone I knew back in the sixties. This was before I met Mr Jenkins, of course. Doreen and I… Well, it was the sixties, we did wild things together, she and I. I think we were in love, but that wasn’t accepted so much then. And we used to spend time together naked, just like you are now.” And at this, Mrs Jenkins began to cry. Sally realised there was only one thing to do. She went over to Mrs Jenkins and gave her a hug and kissed her on the forehead. Mrs Jenkins wiped her eyes.

“Thank you, my dear,” she said. “You’ve just made an old women feel young again.”

Once Mrs Jenkins appeared to have recovered from all the excitement, the four naked women proceeded to the house. When they were out of earshot, Sally turned to the others.

“Now that’s spooky,” she said. “My grandmother was called Doreen. She’d be about her age. Do you think…? No, it can’t be. Then again, we did wonder if exhibitionism is hereditary.”

The four of them sat in Helen’s living room, not sure what to say. Finally, Jamie had a question.

“Mum, does it worry you that the mayor’s husband is probably by now wanking off to pictures of us?” she asked.

Helen snorted in astonishment at the question.

“Most of the time, I don’t really think about it. But I suppose men all over the world have been wanking over pictures of me for the last twenty years. And I enjoy showing my body off in public, and Sanjita enjoys photographing me in public, and all these men – and not a few women, I guess – enjoy looking at the pictures and videos. A philosopher once said something to the effect that anything the increases the net happiness in the world is a good thing, and me increasing the net happiness in the world increases my happiness.

“Besides, it’s using my talents to make a living. Is it any different from an actor or a singer using their talents? I have a friend who’s an opera fan. He said once that he saw a famous tenor sing an aria on stage. He’s not even gay, and that gave him an erection, it was so sexy. Similarly, I know someone who so enjoys chess, he gets turned on when he wins a game. Should opera be classed as erotic entertainment? Should there be an age requirement on reading chess books? You tell me.”

Jamie wasn’t sure this was an answer, but it gave her something to think about. She remember the incident in the park. Was there a voyeur in the bushes, as they suspected? If so, had he been playing with himself? Or even herself? She knew she’d be turned on if she saw two naked women having sex by the side of a lake.

In fact, she was turned on right now, and when she and Sally finally went to bed, she no longer felt inhibited in her old bed. And she didn’t worry about her mother hearing them. Sanjita had stayed the night, and there was quite enough noise coming from their bedroom.

**Chapter 5 - The Wedding - Part 1**

Jamie and Sally had confronted Aneta about her pictures and she had come clean about it. But she had also a further revelation.

“I wondered when you two were going to come out,” she said.

“What, you knew we were lesbians?” asked an astonished Jamie.

“Oh, I could see that from when I first met you. No, I meant coming out as exhibitionists. Janet told me about seeing you at that party the other week. You might be interested to know that there’s a university society for exhibitionists – all unofficial, or course, and women only – which I’m now inviting you to join. I don’t think you’ll have any trouble with the initiation. You had such an effect on Janet that she’s joined already.”

So, it was decided. They weren’t entirely sure if you have bridesmaids and best men at lesbian weddings, but Aneta and Janet agreed to fill the offices between them. And it was agreed it was going to a nude wedding. Helen and Sanjita had asked other models at the company as their bridesmaids. It was going to be an interesting afternoon at the town hall.

One advantage of a nude wedding was that there was no tedious fitting of the dresses for the bride and the bridesmaids. There was also a confusion about the hen party. Obviously, there’d be no stag night, so they decided that all four of them would have a joint party. The mayor had found a pub that was willing to host it where there’d be no trouble if there were several naked women present. The party was to be in a back room.

When several of Helen’s fellow models turned up as did Aneta and Janet along with several people Aneta said belonged to the university exhibitionists’ society, it was decided that all women in the party room would be naked. The only man present at the party was Jerry with his ever-present video camera. Sanjita also had her camera and was taking photographs. She was a businesswoman and wasn’t averse to making a bit of money out of her own wedding.

Although they had the back room to themselves, they were all exhibitionists, so they didn’t stay in the back room. So it was that Jamie and Sally were wandering through the public bar when two young women came up to them.

“Why are you naked?” one of them asked. Probably schoolgirls from the local school, Jamie thought. Sixth formers, if they were old enough to be drinking in pubs.

“Because I like looking at her big breasts,” said Jamie.

“And I like looking at her perky breasts,” said Sally.

“And if we’re both naked, it saves time when we want to have sex, as we don’t have to get undressed first,” continued Jamie.

“Cool,” said the girl.

A few minutes later, Jamie and Sally were back in the party room when a head poked round the door.

“Can we come in?” It was one of the girls they’d been talking to at the bar. A pair of bare breasts followed the head into the room, and finally both girls’ naked bodies were revealed. “We guessed there was a dress code,” she continued.

Nobody objected to them joining the party. But, it turned out, there was a legal hoop for them to go through first. Sanjita had come prepared with a number of release forms for people to fill in, allowing her to display any pictures she took of them.

“Well, is this your first time naked in public?” Jamie asked.

“Yes, but when we saw all you in here doing it, we had to give it a try. I’m Sam, and this is my best friend, Rachel. Rachel said nothing. She gave the impression of being shy, even while she was standing there with her naked body totally on display.

“It’s quite a rush, isn’t it,” said Jamie. “It’s changed my life like you wouldn’t imagine since we’ve started doing it.” And, thinking about what she’d just said, she turned and gave Sally a passionate embrace.

Sometime later, they saw Sam and Rachel in a corner, canoodling – there was no better word for it.

“Ah, young love,” said Jamie. “Just think, we were like that once. Was it only three months ago? I think we’ve started something.”

Another person stuck their head round the door.

“Sally, are you in here?” the person asked.

“Alison!” said Sally. You made it.”

The woman looked around at the assembled company.

“Wow, you really are all naked!” she said. “Do I have to strip to come in?”

“Only if you want to,” said Sally. She turned to Jamie. “Jamie, I’d like you to meet my sister, Alison. Alison, this is Jamie, my intended. No, that sounds like something out of a Victorian novel. You know what I mean.”

“Mum isn’t coming,” said Alison. “You know what she’s like. She thinks it’s wrong on both counts.”

“Very religious,” explained Sally, in an aside to Jamie.

“I have to admit, I couldn’t believe it when you told me about this. I knew you were a show-off growing up. And I think I could tell you weren’t into boys. But this came as a big surprise. But I decided I had to be with you for your big day, my little sister getting married, even if it isn’t how I imagined it would be. You’re not going to be wearing a white dress, for a start.”

Even though she was fully dressed, Alison seemed to get on with everyone else at the party. Eventually she came back over to Jamie and Sally.

“Okay, I’m going to regret this, I know, but I’m going to join in. She pulled her arms out of her sweater to reveal a tee-shirt underneath. It was filled out enough to suggest that she and her sister were similar up top. This was soon confirmed when a well-filled bra was revealed. She dropped her jeans and stood before them in her underwear. She realised that everyone was looking at her.

“Well, here goes,” she said, and removed her underwear. Her audience applauded, and she felt very embarrassed. She did the classic action of trying to hide behind her hands, although her breasts were too big to keep in place with just one hand.

“Well, done,” said Sally. “I’m proud of you.” And she went over to give her a big hug.

“Stop it!” said Alison. “It’s weird enough I’m standing here in the altogether, but being hugged by my naked sister is too much.”

As the evening went on, it got blurrier in Jamie’s memory. She did remember that around about midnight, someone decided it would be a good idea to go out for kebabs, this being the recommended way of soaking up too much alcohol. Everyone trooped out of the pub and a procession of naked women wended its way down the street. Even Sam, Rachel and Alison joined them. They formed an orderly queue outside the kebab shop and the server couldn’t believe his luck.

**Chapter 5 - The Wedding - Part 2**

Jamie woke up the next morning with her head pounding, but it was resting on something warm and soft. She opened a gummed up eye and saw it was a bare breast.

“Sally?” she murmured. But then she realised the breast was the wrong shape and colour to be Sally’s. She forced herself up and realised to her horror that she had been sleeping on top of her own mother. It was her mother’s bed she was in and looking around, there was Sally and Sanjita. All four of them were intertwined on top of the bed. Slowly the other three came back to life.

“We didn’t, did we?” said Jamie, worriedly.

“I don’t remember a thing after leaving the kebab shop,” said Sally.

A figure appeared at the door. It was Alison, now fully dressed again.

“They’re alive,” she said. “You’ve still got a couple of hours before we’re due at the town hall. I don’t suppose it’s going to take you long to get dressed.”

“How did we end up here all together like this?” asked Jamie. “What were we doing together in bed like this?”

“I helped that guy Jerry get you back home after the party last night and he thought it would be fun to put you all in one bed.”

“I’m going to have words with Jerry when I see him next,” said Sanjita.

“You’re going to see him soon,” replied Alison. “But first, anyone for breakfast? I was wondering about bacon and eggs.”

At that suggestion, Sally suddenly got up and shot into the bathroom where strange sounds were heard echoing around the toilet bowl.

Two limousines arrived to take the two couples to the town hall. Coffee and painkillers ensured that the four of them were in a fit state to proceed. Alison got in the limo with Jamie and Sally. She was still fully dressed.

“It was an interesting experience last night,” she admitted. “But it doesn’t excite me the way it seems to excite you two. I’m prepared to strip for the ceremony, but the rest of the time I’m keeping my clothes on.”

This time, the limousines did pull up outside the main entrance to the town hall and word had got around that something was going to be happening there. There was a throng at the bottom of the wide steps leading up to the ornate doors. There even seemed to be a television news crew. This was not going to be a quiet wedding. Jamie suspected that the mayor had surreptitiously spread the word around. The crowd erupted when the two drivers opened the rear doors of the cars and the four naked women emerged and started walking up the steps. This gave Jamie the most extreme thrill she had experienced since starting her life as an exhibitionist. This was no walking past dog walkers late at night on a back street. This was exhibitionism on a global stage. Well, a local news stage, anyway.

Once they were away from the crowd, Alison hid in a corner to strip off and shyly went to join the rest of the guests at the service. She was not the only naked woman to be sitting in the room, and at the front of the room, there was Janet and Aneta waiting for Jamie and Sally, and two models from Sanjita’s organisation waiting for her and Helen. Jamie recalled that one of the women went by the name of Lola. Jamie suspected this was not her real name.

It turned out that the mayor herself was authorised to perform the service. She remained fully clothed. Jamie wondered which of the men she didn’t recognise in the audience was her husband. Jamie thought that the mayor would be having fun back home that night.

The dual service went without a problem and then there was a meal laid on by the town hall’s caterers. Jamie had by now recovered her appetite and Sally seemed to have got over her early aversion to food. Then came a disco. Many of the naked women present proved to be expert dancers, some with very provocative moves.

At some point in the evening, Alison went off and got dressed again. She came over to say her goodbyes to Jamie and Sally.

“I won’t say it wasn’t fun. It was certainly weird. But I don’t think I could do that again. And don’t forget to visit mum. But put some clothes on first.”

**Chapter 6 - The Honeymoon**

It was by now the university summer vacation and Aneta had arranged for Jamie and Sally to travel with her to her home country. There they’d meet Vaclav.

Vaclav, it appeared, may or may not be Aneta’s boyfriend. It was difficult to work out what their relationship was, but what was clear was that he ran the company whose pictures had first alerted them to Aneta’s involvement with nude in public websites.

The deal would be that Aneta would be their tour guide, showing them round the many famous sights of her home city. The catch would be that all three of them would be naked and Vaclav and his team would be photographing and videoing them. They would be paid, however.

“A sort of busman’s honeymoon,” suggested Jamie.

“That’s a book by Dorothy L. Sayers,” replied Aneta, who turned out to be a fan of English detective fiction.

Vaclav turned out to be a likeable character who could say outrageous things with such a straight face it was often difficult to tell when he was joking.

Their first night in the city, Vaclav arranged for them to meet his “girls” as he referred to the models he had working for him. They met at a bar which he often used for his shoots. Jamie was convinced that many of the bar regulars only drank there in the off chance that Vaclav would be doing a shooting that evening, involving models doing strip games, or serving at the bar nude. So nobody objected when the “girls” started stripping off as the evening progressed. And, as seemed to be the new normal for Jamie and Sally, when the evening came to an end they followed Vaclav and Aneta back to the house in which they were staying, still naked. Great, thought Jamie, I’m walking around a foreign city in which I don’t speak the language, stark naked. Supposing I got arrested.

But she didn’t, that night.

It was certainly a beautiful city, and Aneta certainly knew all about it. She had actually trained as a tour guide once, but found posing naked paid more. After a while, they forgot they were naked and just took in the sights. Occasionally, people would say something to them, or ask them to pose for selfies, but usually they were left alone.

They were looking at the magnificent edifice that was apparently the opera house when someone said something to them.

“I’m sorry, I’m English, I don’t speak the language,” said Jamie. She turned to look at the speaker, and her heart dropped. He was wearing a uniform, and Jamie was rather sure it was a police uniform.

“English! Ha! You come with me!” said the policeman. Jamie looked around for the others but Aneta, Vaclav and the team had vanished. They were on their own. She thought of making a run for it herself, but there was another policeman blocking the way. The two Englishwomen thought it better not to make a fuss and let the policemen lead them away. They were not taken to a police car, but continued to walk through the street until they came to the police station. There was a cheer from the policemen on duty in the station as the pair of them were led through the corridors to be locked in an empty cell.

They were left on their own to contemplate their fate. They could see that there was someone in the cell opposite who was asleep, although at one point he woke up, saw the naked women opposite, said something they couldn’t understand, and then went back to sleep again.

“Now what?” said Jamie. “Are they going to arrest us, let us off with a caution? I don’t know what the laws are like here. Maybe we should had done some research before agreeing to Vaclav’s offer.”

After about half an hour, they heard someone coming. Much to their surprise it was Aneta. What’s more, she was on her own and still naked. She had a big grin on her face.

“Who’s been a pair of naughty girls?” she said.

“I don’t understand,” replied Jamie. “How come you haven’t been arrested? Do they let you walk around the police station naked?” Aneta burst out laughing.

“Thing is,” she explained, “The police here know us. We have an arrangement. But they do like to play jokes on new girls when they go out for the first time. They’ll be along to let you out in a minute.”

“A strange sense of humour you have around here,” said Jamie.

But they were released from the cell. However, before they were able to leave the station they were told they were going to have their pictures taken.
“But I thought we hadn’t been arrested!” protested Jamie.

“This isn’t for a police record,” explained Aneta. “This is for their personal collection.” And she pointed to a noticeboard on which were dozens of pictures of naked women, many of whom Jamie recognised from the night before and also from their researches on the internet.

They posed for their pictures singularly and together and finally a group shot of all the policemen lined up behind Aneta, Jamie and Sally. Then they were allowed to go.

Back at the house, Aneta explained she was spending the night with Vaclav.

“Walking around naked makes me as randy as hell,” she said. “I bet it’s the same for you two.”

“Oh no,” said Jamie. “We usually have separate cold showers, and then sit silently and meditate.” But she was unable to keep a straight face and her laughter escaped as a snort. “No, really we go at it like rabbits. Furless lesbian rabbits. Eew, no, that’s a terrible image. Forget I said that.”

**Chapter 7 - The Society**

Officially, it didn’t exist. Unofficially, it was known as the Gymnophile Society, as if putting the name into Greek would confuse at least some of the people at a university, where being educated was thought to be normal. And they did meet in a university seminar room. One of their members was actually also a member of a faculty and she was able to book rooms for them. Dr Hu was therefore ex officio president of the society, and she was sitting in the seminar room along with several other members of the society. Each member had arrived fully clothed but when in the room they had each disrobed. There were piles of clothing on one of the tables.

It was the first meeting of the academic year and they were awaiting the arrival of their two newest recruits. A discreet knocking at the door told the assembly that they were here. Aneta went to the door and opened it a crack so that she was not visible to the corridor outside.

“Who’s there?” she asked.

“Jamie and Sally,” said Jamie through the crack. “Reporting as requested.”

“Come on in and take your clothes off,” said Aneta, opening the door enough to let them enter whilst making sure that nobody in the room was visible outside.

But Jamie and Sally were unable to comply. They were already naked!

“Where did you leave your clothes?” asked an astonished Aneta.

“At home of course,” said Jamie.

“But your house is two miles away. You walked all the way here in broad daylight?”

“We took a leaf from my step-mum’s book,” said Jamie holding up a video camera. “We were filming the whole way. If anyone asked, we said it was part of an art project for our degree.”

“But you’re both reading physics!” exclaimed Aneta.

“Shh! They didn’t know that. Anyone got a computer? We can download the video if anyone wants to see it.”

It was a requirement of the society that all prospective members should perform some act of public nudity before being accepted. Watching the video convinced everyone that that criterion had been met. They had walked through a busy shopping street, photographing each other all the way. They’d stopped to pose for photographs with enthusiastic passers-by. This was a display of public nudity of the first order!

“The other item of business is arranging our start of term party,” said Aneta. “Now, I happen to know that our two newest members have a house that is suitable for holding the party.”

“I’m not sure what our landlord has to say about that,” replied Jamie. “We’ve been paying our rent but we’ve never actually met him.”

“Well, actually,” said Aneta, “I know who that is, and they’re not going to complain. When Vaclav found out that I was coming here to study, he decided to invest in the property market in this town and gave me several houses as a gift. He reckoned that the rents I’d get would help me pay for my tuition fees. So I’m your landlord and as such I insist that you host our party.”

Thus, a couple of weekends later, the society gathered at Jamie and Sally’s house for the grand party. They had decided that although it was getting on towards autumn, they’d hold a barbecue. And such was the layout of the house, the best place to set up the barbecue was in the front garden. This, of course, attracted the attention of the neighbours, but by now they had got used to the displays of naked flesh coming and going from the house. Jamie had warned them this was going to be happening, so everyone came out to watch, several bringing over bottles to add to the party. Nobody complained about the nudity and nobody called the police. Now, if we were doing this in my home town, Jamie thought, the mayor would make sure the police didn’t interrupt, and Sanjita would be filming it for her website.

Late in the night, when most of the neighbours had disappeared, they were all sitting around on chairs that had been brought out onto the front lawn.

“It is traditional,” announced Dr Hu, “that we finish the annual Gymnophile Society party with the traditional hike to Devil’s Hill to watch the sunrise.” They had all been warned to bring stout shoes with them – several were prepared with hiking boots – as Devil’s Hill was some miles away. They set out along the empty roads. Jamie had thought to bring her camera to record the walk, although it was too dark to show anything.

Soon they left the main roads and were wandering along country tracks past fields of sleeping cows. Janet needed to relieve herself of some of the excess alcohol and went to squat behind a bush. No problems with getting your knickers dirty on the ground when you’re not wearing any knickers. However, she got the shock of her life when she disturbed a bat that had been roosting in the bush.

The track started to ascend, and as they reached the top of the hill, there were the first glimmers of light on the eastern horizon. Devil’s Hill was an old Iron Age fort on top of a hill and they all climbed to the top of the mound to watch the sun rise, and to generally commune with nature.

They were lucky. The weather was perfect. No clouds as the first flash of brilliance appeared.

“It’s beautiful!” exclaimed Jamie and she turned and gave her wife a passionate kiss. They sunk to the ground, their hands exploring each other as the orange rays played over them.

“I think we ought to give them some privacy,” whispered Dr Hu.

But Jamie had heard.

“You can watch if you like,” she said. “We work better with an audience.”

**Chapter 8 - The Play's The Thing**

Jamie received a phone call from her mother.

“We’re looking for some thespians,” said her mother’s voice.

“Are you saying that right?” asked Jamie.

“I knew if I gave you a straight line like that, you’d make the right response. No, we are actually after people to act. The mayor saw this news article about a group that put on a Shakespeare performance in a park in New York with an all-female, all-nude cast and she thinks our town should have one. She reckons it’ll attract tourists.”

Jamie and Sally asked around and of course Janet and Aneta were up for it. So for several weekends the four of them travelled to and fro to Jamie’s home town for rehearsals. The play they chose to do was Romeo and Juliet, with Jamie and Sally in the title roles. It seemed appropriate. It turned out that none of them really knew the play, except for the general outline, but they cobbled together a script which seemed to hang together to tell the story without being too long.

“Now that’s interesting,” said Helen to her daughter. “That bit where Juliet says, ‘Wherefore art thou Romeo’, she’s not wondering where Romeo is. Turns out that ‘wherefore’ is an old way of saying ‘why’.”

“I knew that,” said Jamie. “It was on that sitcom about Shakespeare.”

They rehearsed at first at Helen and Sanjita’s house, which was really too small as by then cast had grown to twelve with the addition of models recruited from Sanjita’s company. To familiarise each other with working together naked, they rehearsed naked and the house was so crowded that it got very intimate. You couldn’t put a hand down to steady yourself without accidentally grabbing a bare breast, and as there were not enough chairs for everyone to sit on, it was difficult to walk around without tripping over a naked body. Jamie tried to move across the room and tripped over Janet. She fell spread-eagled across her mother.

“I love you too, dear,” said Helen, “but it’s not really appropriate.” Meanwhile, Janet let out a squeal as Jamie’s big toe came to rest in her pussy.

Jamie and Sally found themselves incredibly horny at the end of each day’s rehearsal and had to retire to Jamie’s room for relief. What the others did, they didn’t ask.

Further rehearsals were held in the park in the area the mayor had allocated them, but these were done fully clothed. They didn’t want to attract too much attention before what everyone was now calling the “grand unveiling”.

There were to be two performances in the park over a weekend. Saturday afternoon, the cast gathered at Helen’s house. Cars had been arranged to take them to the park. As there were only limited facilities in the park, it was decided that they would take only essential items with them to the performance. That did not include clothing. A dozen naked women started packing props into the cars and then got in and were driven to the park.

They assembled at the service entry to the park, where all the gardening machinery was housed. An acting area had been cordoned off, along with an access path for the cast and stagehands to get to it. A quick pep talk from Sanjita and they set off to start the play.

There had been advanced publicity and there was quite a crowd gathered around the acting area. And everyone seemed to have cameras. Of course, Jerry was there with a team of cameramen to make the official video of the performance.

A cheer went up as the large group of naked women came in sight of the crowd. Jamie, long used to being seen naked in public, suddenly got stage fright, but Sally gave her a re-assuring hug and suddenly, they were on.

The whole performance was just a blur to Jamie. The only part she had a strong memory of afterwards was the final scene, after the two lovers have both died. She had to lie on the ground, her arms intertwined with Sally’s, as her mother, in the Friar Lawrence role, gave a long speech about the reconciliation of the two warring families. Jamie was finding that lying like this, and with both their pussies pointing at the audience, was getting her very turned on. It was all she could do to keep still and play dead.

Finally, her ordeal was over and they could get up to acknowledge the applause. She kept hugging Sally all the way through. Then, when they could at last get away, she turned to Sally.

“I’ve got to do something soon, or I’m going to explode, and I think you feel the same way,” she said.

“Quick,” Sally replied, “let’s find somewhere private in the middle of those trees over there.” They rushed over.

When they had finished, and they were lying in each other’s arms again, they heard a little girl’s voice.

“Mummy, what are those ladies doing with no clothes on?”

“When two people like each other very much, that’s what they do. You’ll understand when you’re older,” said the mother’s voice.

After that, doing the second performance the next day was easy. Afterwards it was decided that the whole cast would go down the pub to celebrate – naked, of course. This all went well until Janet looked at the time and let out an exclamation.

“Damn! We’ve got a train to catch in ten minutes.”

“If we hurry, we can get to the station in ten minutes,” said Jamie. “Let’s rush.”

“But our clothes are back at Helen’s house,” complained Janet.

“We’ve got our tickets, we’ve got money. Mum can send out clothes back to us later.” At that, Jamie rushed off down the road, the three other naked students following her.

They could see the train pulling in as they reached the station. They dashed through the gates in front of a surprised member of the station staff who didn’t try to stop them. Fortunately, the train was coming in to the platform next to the gates so they didn’t have to rush over the bridge. The found a carriage with room and climbed aboard. A cheer went up from the people already on the train.

They found four seats together and got their breath back. The two teenage boys in the seats across the aisle looked up from their phones and their eyes widened. At first, they didn’t say anything as the train pulled off but after some minutes of ogling their travelling companions, one of them finally plucked up the courage to ask a question.

“Miss, why don’t any of you have any clothes on?” he asked.

“Because we were late for the train and didn’t have time to get dressed,” replied Jamie.

“But why didn’t you have any clothes on before that?”

“We were in a play, and we had to be naked for the play.”

“Ooh, are you actresses?” the boy asked. “Are you famous?”

Actually, Jamie had realised some time ago that she and Sally were famous, for certain values of famous. Her mother had forwarded her comments that had been sent to Sanjita’ website. They had quite a following. And Aneta’s fame on the web was what had led them to where they were now.

Before she could answer, the other boy interrupted.

“They are famous,” he said. “Look!” He brandished his phone and there were pictures taken from that very day’s performance already posted on the web.

“Can we have some pictures with you?” he asked.

It was at that point that the ticket inspector entered the carriage. She did not seem to be fazed by the four naked women talking to the two clothed teenagers. And when she started speaking, Aneta realised that she came from her own country and she explained in their language what was going on, which made her laugh. Therefore, they had no trouble persuading her to take pictures of the six of them together for the boys. When it was suggested that she strip off and join them, she refused. She had an official railway company uniform, and she had to wear it at all times whilst on duty.

“Well, I know what those two boys are going to be doing when they get home,” Jamie conjectured.

As the mayor had been paying their expenses, they decided to get a taxi from the station. Several drivers competed to take their fare.

**Chapter 9 - The Holiday - Part 1**

When summer came around, Sanjita had arranged a treat for them. She was doing an extended photoshoot at a resort island with several of her models, including Helen, and she invited Jamie, Sally, Aneta and Janet all along. The only condition was that they were to remain naked for the entire length of the holiday. She insisted that nobody going on the trip was to pack any clothes. The only clothes they were to bring were for the flight to the island. When they were on the plane, Sanjita explained further.

“I’ve hired a minibus which we will use to travel around the island. We’ll pick it up at the airport. But before we do, you are all to get undressed and all your clothes will be stored in lockers I’ve arranged for us at the airport.”

And so it happened. When they got through customs and they were in the arrivals area, Sanjita herded them to the left luggage lockers where they all had to strip. All except Jerry, who nobody wanted to see naked. And then they paraded through the airport out to the hire place where they were to pick up the minibus.

As it happened, it was a holiday island, the sun was shining and the temperature was in the upper thirties, so although they were the only ones naked, there were several people around in just brief swimwear and almost nobody noticed them as they walked over to the waiting vehicle. Then Jerry drove them to the villa Sanjita had rented for the holiday.

There were ten of them staying in the villa, plus Jerry, so it was necessary for some doubling up. Of course, Jamie and Sally shared a room (and a bed) as did Helen and Sanjita. It turned out that Jerry and Lola were a couple, which Jamie had totally failed to notice, so they had another room. Jamie did wonder what it must be like for Jerry being the only man in a house full of naked women, but then she realised that she herself wasn’t immune to the large amount of naked female flesh on display.

The stay was pleasant, but Jamie thought there was something missing. They sat around the pool, they ate, they drank, all the time naked, so much so that being surrounded by naked women had become the new normal. They went to the beach, but this was a holiday resort. Many women were at least topless on the beach and there was even a nudist beach nearby. Even walking the streets of the resort naked caused hardly a stir. Jamie realised now how much she cherished the incongruity of being naked in a place where it was not normal to be naked, like the average English street. Lazing around with other naked women, even if one of them was Sally, was not a turn on for her. And to cap it all, she was finding it too hot most nights to have sex with Sally.

Sanjita and her team had no trouble with things. They filmed them lazing by the pool, they filmed them eating and drinking and sunbathing on the beach and walking the streets. Jamie asked her about this.

“This is exactly what my subscribers like,” she explained. “They like watching women being naked.”

“But it’s not as if we’re doing anything exciting!” Jamie exclaimed. “I mean, were not having sex or anything.”

“The subscribers don’t like that. They get turned on by the nudity; by people having sex, less so. But if you want someone to film you having sex, I have contacts in the porn trade who’d be happy to have you on board. Although I don’t think I ought to be pimping for my step-daughter.”

Jamie had to stop and think about this. Was what she was doing porn? She had no illusions about it being art. She knew men (and maybe women) were wanking over pictures of her. But did she want to take it to the next level? Looming on the horizon was graduation and then she’d have to start working for a living. The occasional session with Sanjita paid, but not enough to live on. Could she become a professional model and earn enough to live? Did she want to work in porn? The bright spot was that she was doing well at university and her tutors seemed to think she was on course for a good degree. Would that open the doors to a good job? Could she even do well enough to go into academic research, get a Ph.D.?

**Chapter 9 - The Holiday - Part 2**

Most of the time, the team had meals in the villa, and Jamie did find it amusing the sight of numbers of naked women trying to prepare a meal. Cooking in the raw turned out to have its problems, and after the third case of burned breast, Sanjita relented and allowed them to wear aprons when cooking, especially when frying bacon.

But occasionally they went out for a meal. For Jamie, this was more like it. Ten naked women sitting down in a restaurant was not something you saw every day. Certainly the staff enjoyed it. Sanjita insisted that they were not to be treated specially. The manager had asked if they wanted exclusive use of the restaurant the night they ate there. Sanjita said no, and so other diners were around, and of course the diners asked to have their pictures taken with them. What’s more, they were seated at a table that made them visible from outside so a crowd gathered, and enough realised that the restaurant was still open to others and still had tables available, which led to more people coming in to eat, which made the manager pleased she’d stayed open.

“You should have naked dinner parties here more often,” Sanjita suggested. “You could go naked yourself. You have the body for it.”

The manager said she’d think about it.

After the meal, it was off to a night club, although it was more a bar with delusions of grandeur. Sanjita had checked beforehand to see if they’d have any objections to ten naked women turning up, and the owner pointed out they were known all over the island for their wet t-shirt contests. This was actually a bit of a misnomer, as it was normal for the contestants to strip off completely in order to win, and maybe even engage in a bit of hanky-panky on stage. It sounded just their sort of place.

The owner had insisted that they arrive after the contest that night, as otherwise the contestants might be outshone by the audience. And indeed, not long after they’d made their entrance – to great cheering from the crowd – Jamie was approached by a young woman.

“They didn’t tell me I could stay naked!” she exclaimed.

It transpired that she had been that night’s winner and after the contest was over, the contestants had gone back stage and got dressed again.

“I had such great fun up there with everyone watching,” she explained. “Me and my friend Angie were crawling over each other, licking each other. It was a downer when we’d finished and had to get dressed.”

“Well,” Jamie suggested, “they’ve no objection to us lot going around naked, so they’re hardly going to complain if you strip off again.”

“Angie, come over here and meet these two,” the woman shouted. And while she was waiting for her friend she took her top off. “Angie and me have been spending our days sunbathing naked on the beach. No tan lines, see. And then we’d get turned on and we’d, well, you know.”

“Sally and I have had sex in the dunes by the beach, too,” replied Jamie, who was less coy about such matters. “You really feel in contact with the elements.”

By this time, Angie had made her way over to them, and their new friend was down to her knickers, which soon joined the rest of her clothes.

“These ladies say it’s OK for us to be naked in here,” she said, and without asking permission, she started undressing Angie, who seemed not to mind.

This started an avalanche, with other women in the place realising that if they didn’t want their boyfriends’ gazes to wander, or if they wanted to attract a man or a woman, they’d have to start showing more skin, too. The clothing flew off.

Jamie and Sally sat at the bar and viewed to results of their work. And, of course, the rest of their team were also around. Helen and Sanjita were on the dance floor, showing off their moves. They were probably the oldest women in the place. What could be more embarrassing, thought Sally, than watching your parents dance naked in a seedy night club.

“Friends of yours?” asked the barmaid, who seemed to be English and still had all her clothes on.

“One’s my mum, the other’s my step mum,” Jamie explained. “And this is my wife,” she added, pointing to Sally.

“Cool,” said the barmaid. “I’ve never done it with a woman. What’s it like?”

“Come round here, and we’ll show you.”

Jamie and Sally were walking back from the bar.

“I’ve never been thrown out of a pub before,” said Sally.

“Well, I didn’t know the barmaid was the owner’s daughter. And she looked over eighteen.”

They were walking back because although they’d been thrown out, the owner hadn’t objected to the rest of the team staying – as long as they realised his daughter was off-limits – which meant the minibus also stayed. Still, it was a pleasant night for walking, nobody objected to two naked women walking the streets, and they couldn’t wait to get home to work off some of their sexual tension. In fact, Jamie was wondering if they could find an excluded spot…

**Chapter 10 - The Journey Home**

Too soon, the holiday was over. They piled into the minibus and set off for the airport. When they got there, there was a surprise waiting for them. It appeared there had been some sort of incident and the contents of some of the left luggage lockers had been destroyed. Or maybe they’d been stolen, nobody could get a straight answer. Whatever had happened, they had no clothes, and no time to buy any before their flight departed.

What was to be done? Sanjita said she had an idea and went over to talk to the airline staff. The sudden appearance of ten naked females caused heads to turn all over the terminal. Sanjita was not a large woman but even naked she had a dominant personality, as to be expected from the boss of her own company. Soon she came sauntering back with a big grin on her face.

“We’re OK,” she said. “We can fly naked and the airline are going to treat it as a publicity stunt. Airline helps out ten stranded naked passengers sort of thing. Let’s get checked in.”

Check-in was quick. The advantage of a nude holiday was that they did not have cases of clothes with them, only hand luggage. Then they had to go through security.

Jamie was amused that they still had to go through the metal detectors. The security guards were waiting there just in case they had to pat one of them down, but no-one set the alarms off. Obviously the occasional piercing was not enough to set them off.

In the departure lounge, they caused another stir. Plenty of the other passengers waiting were taking pictures of them, many asking if they could pose for selfies with them. They were used to this by now. You cannot walk around naked for long before someone asks to have a selfie taken, and strangely, women are far less shy about this than the men.

The cabin crew on their flight had been warned about their special passengers and kept perfectly straight faces as they boarded, as if it was usual for ten naked women to board an aircraft. However, when they were in the air, there was a surprise in store for them.

When the drinks trolley came round, the flight attendant pushing it had removed her uniform, and everything else, and was as naked as they were. For once, they were the ones who were gawping.

“The rest of the crew dared me to do this,” she explained when the trolley reached them. “They didn’t think I’d have the nerve, but I’ve never been ashamed of my body. Now, can I have my photo taken with you lovely ladies? I want to show it to my girlfriend when I get home.

The problem with flying naked from a hot holiday island to the UK is that when you get off the aircraft, even while you are still in the terminal, the change in temperature suddenly hits you. All ten of them came out in goosebumps and started shivering. And then they had to walk through the crowded arrivals area, to much cheering, and out to the long-stay car park where those of them who had come by car gave lifts home to those who had come on public transport.

**Chapter 11 - The End**

Before they knew it, graduation was upon them. They had done well in their finals, and the head of department called them into his office.

“Excellent work from both of you,” he said. “However, before the degree ceremony, I’d like to have a few words with you. These pictures have been brought to my attention.” He turned his computer screen round so they could see what he was looking at. It was a picture of the pair of them, taken from Sanjita’s website. He clicked onto the next picture. Them again.

“I’ve heard much about your antics during your studies here,” he continued. “It hasn’t interfered with your course work, and your exam results speak for themselves. You are both adult women, and if you choose to walk around with your privates on display, that’s your decision. And it’s not as if I can complain to your parents. I see that your mother,” – he nodded at Jamie – “seems to be in the habit of doing the same.” He stared for a moment at a picture of Helen, apparently lost in thought.

“But the graduation ceremony is a different matter. Her Royal Highness will be presenting you with your degrees.” The chancellor of the university was a minor royal. “We do not want a scandal if you turn up at the degree ceremony naked. I saw enough American teen movies when I was your age to realise that might be something you’d do.” And, indeed, the thought had crossed their minds. “So, don’t forget, if there is any incident during the degree ceremony, we can still rescind your degrees. Keep your clothes on!”

They agreed to this, and they were as good as their word. But they hadn’t said anything about the party after the ceremony.