**The Day That Changes Emma's Life**

by HappyComet

**Chapter 1**

When my mom woke me up that Saturday morning, I had no idea my life was about to go from “Same stuff different day, with its high points” to “Unending living hell”.

Look, I can already tell what you’re thinking. It’s like you’re in a comic book and you have a thought bubble over your head. “This Emma girl is crazy”, is what it says. “She’s just a high school girl, clearly she’s exaggerating.”

I get where you’re coming from, I do. And in all fairness, you’re not that wrong. If this was the week prior and my mom had bought me a new purse and thrown my old one out, I probably would have said the same thing, but on that Saturday everything was put into perspective for me.

I was sitting in the back seat of the car, my dad was driving, my mom was riding shotgun, when I remembered that my mom didn’t just drag me out of bed telling me we were going to the beach today, she dragged me out of bed telling me that we were going to the beach today and that she and my dad would have a surprise for me when we got there.

“Hey mom,” I piped up over the radio. “What was that you were saying earlier about a surprise at the beach?” I was cautiously excited. My parents usually mean well but seem a little bit disconnected from what makes a teenage girl happy, so it could be anything from them planning to rent a jet ski for a few hours (awesome!) to my dad wanting me to fish with him (lame!).

Almost in synch with each other, my mom and dad both turned towards each other (keep your eyes on the road, dad!) and something seemed to pass between them. My dad turned his head forward again and said “We may as well tell her now. There’s no sense keeping it a secret any longer.”

“Well,” my mom said, “we aren’t going to the beach we usually go to. We’re going to one that’s a little further away”.

“Oh. That’s weird. And not really a surprise. Why are we going to a different beach?”

The next string of words exploded out of my mom’s mouth at such a speed I almost didn’t understand them. “We’re going to a nude beach today and your father and I have been talking and we intend to have our family live as nudists from now on because we think it would be healthy for us as a family and for you as a growing woman!”

“Whoa, calm down, Deb,” said my dad. “We talked about this and you have nothing to be nervous about, remember?”

“Oh, Jack, I know,” my mom replied.

“Wait a second,” I said, sounding surprisingly calm. I should have been terrified, but at that point I was mostly confused. “You guys want to be nudists? Like, people who are naked all the time?”

My mom started to say something, but my dad put up a hand to silence her.

“Well, sweetheart, yes, but I don’t think you’re fully understanding us. We’re going to a nude beach and, starting today, your mother and I expect our entire family to engage in the nudist lifestyle. And yes, that includes you.”

At first I laughed, thinking it was some kind of a joke. Then I started screaming, until my dad gave me one of those looks. You know, the kind of look that lets a kid know she should either start behaving differently or something awful would happen, so I shut up and just cried quietly for the rest of the ride.

We got to the beach parking lot and unloaded the trunk of the car. A chair for each of us, a cooler, towels, sun screen, and everything else a family might need for a long, humiliating day at the beach. I took what I was handed without a word.

My parents had been chit-chatting about nonsense the whole time, as if they weren’t actively trying to ruin their only child’s life, but as we started walking towards the sand-dunes obscuring our view of the shore my dad finally addressed me.

“You know, Emma, it’s not going to be that bad.”

“What are you talking about, dad. This is going to be a nightmare. Literally, I mean, isn’t being naked in a public place nightmare 101?”

“Well, yes and no. Tell me, would you be embarrassed to wear a bathing suit to the mall?”

“Is that a joke? Of course I would be.”

“But you wouldn’t be embarrassed to wear one to the beach, right?”

“Of course not. It’s the beach that’s what you’re supposed to wear when you- ohhh, I see what you’re doing.” I looked at my dad and he had a stupid grin on his face.

“So does that make you feel a little better? You don’t have to be embarrassed to wear nothing at this beach because being naked is normal here”.

I can’t lie, it did make me feel a little bit better. Nowhere near as much as the words “Actually, beloved daughter of mine, let’s go to a normal beach like a normal family and wear bathing suits like normal people!”, so I was still miserable, only a little less so. I couldn’t let my dad know that, though, so I simply said “No” and stayed silent, but from his smile I think he knew his words had had an effect.

We got to the sand dune and there were wooden stairs that led up to a boardwalk that went over it. At the base of the stairs there was a sign that said “Beyond this point you may encounter nude sunbathers”. My parents gave each other stupid looking smiles and we kept walking.

Eventually we got near the end of the boardwalk, and we were rapidly approaching the point where I’d be able to look at the beach an see a bunch of naked people. The whole time I’d been too worked up over having to be naked that I forgot about the other half of the situation; that I was about to see a bunch of people naked. Would there be naked men there? Naked boys my age? Naked girls my age? I was still a virgin, and the sudden realization of the situation I was about to be in, sent a tingle between my legs. It was almost enough to make me forget the dread I was feeling at having a bunch of strangers, not to mention my own parents, see me in the naked.

We were almost at the point where we’d be past the sand dune and I’d be able to see the beach, and more importantly, the people on the beach. My heart was hammering in my chest. I unconsciously started walking faster than my parents. I was almost there. A few short steps away and I’d be able to see, nothing. Well, not nothing, but nothing out of the ordinary. With a stab of disappointment I looked down over the beach and saw a bunch of normal families, normal men, normal women, normal kids, and normal teenagers enjoying the beach wearing normal bathing suits. After looking for a minute I did realize that there were some people naked. Here and there, maybe one naked person for every ten in a bathing suit, and among them maybe 4 naked men for every naked woman, and not one of them was under forty.

“Huh,” I heard my dad say from behind me. “It’s not exactly what I was expecting.”

“Well it is clothing optional, not nudity mandatory,” said my mom.

“Oh well, we can still make the best of it. Come on everyone, let’s go.”

We walked down to the beach and my dad picked out a spot for us to set up our stuff. The beach was really crowded and it was difficult to find an area to sit. To our right was a pretty decent sized, clothed family who seemed to be trying to organize lunch with countless kids under ten and a few teenagers of both genders. To our left was a nude couple in their forties with dark, tanned skin laying in the sun. I tried not to stare at him, but it wasn’t easy. Right there, on display, was his penis. This was the first time I’d ever seen one that wasn’t on a boy still in diapers, and there he was, just letting the world see it all. I would never have called him attractive if I had seen him walking down the street, but seeing a naked man close up for the first time made me feel ... weird. I’m no stranger to my own body, and I felt myself start to moisten up between my legs, which only made me more nervous, until I realized-

“Hey dad!” I spat out, feeling true hope. “What you were saying before, about us getting naked here because it’s normal? That doesn’t apply anymore, right? I mean, look around, everyone is clothed. So I guess I can keep my bathing suit on, right?”

I had a big, triumphant smile on my face, but my dad just looked at me and shook his head.

“Nice try, Emma. This is a nude beach, there are other nude people here, and you’re about to be one of them.”

“You should really be more appreciative, young lady,” my mother added. “I’ve been spending a lot of time on the internet doing research, and apparently children who grow up as nudists have much healthier self-image and views on sexuality.”

I would later find out that literally everything on the internet about introducing you kid to the nudist lifestyle says that you need to make sure you let your kid make the choice, but I didn’t know that at the time. Not that it would have made a difference in my parents’ minds. They know best, after all.

So rather than coming back with a witty retort, I just stood there in stunned silence.

“Here’s how it’s going to go, Emma,” my dad said, sounding almost scarily stern. “Your mother and I are going to set up the beach blanket, the umbrella, and the chairs, and then we’re going to take off our clothes. We’re going to take our sweet time with it, and if you aren’t nude by the time we are, there’s going to be trouble. Do you understand?”

My heart was pounding almost too hard to hear him. I tried to say something but my throat wouldn’t work, so I just nodded and faced away from him. How long did I have? Two minutes? Ten? Oh god, was this really happening? Me, naked? My dad, seeing me naked? I looked back at the family that was eating lunch next to us. There were plenty of men and boys there, and the thought of any male seeing me naked for the first time was mortifying, but there were three I couldn’t help but focus on. Three teenage boys, right around my age. If I had to guess I’d say two of them were 14 or 15, and the third looked a bit older, probably in 12th grade. And there I was, about to be naked in front of boys who could have gone to school with me.

I took a deep breath and tried to relax, but I couldn’t. I was still facing away from my parents, but I knew it couldn’t be long before they had our stuff ready and they took off their clothes. I had my bathing suit on under my clothes (silly me, thinking I’d need a bathing suit at the beach!), so I had no issue kicking off my skirt and taking off my tank top.

I tried to work up the courage to keep undressing as I stood there in my blue one-piece. Yes, I was wearing a one-piece. Before that day I wouldn’t have even been comfortable showing off my belly at the beach. It wasn’t that long ago that puberty started and I still wasn’t used to having breasts or a butt that curved out, and even when swimming I liked to stay covered up.

I looked back at my parents and saw them sticking the umbrella into the sand. The chairs were unfolded, and the blanket was laid out. I didn’t have much time before they started taking off their clothes. I couldn’t stand to look at them while I stripped, so I turned back towards the ocean.

I put my hands on the straps of my bathing suit, but they wouldn’t listen to me. I wasn’t like other girls my age. I was never rebellious or disobedient to my parents. If they told me to do something, I did it. So while another girl might have told their parents to suck it, thinking to disobey my parents (or specifically, my daddy) just didn’t come naturally to me. So I was as shocked as either of my parents when, instead of taking off my bathing suit, I made a mad dash for the ocean.

My dad called out after me but I kept running and he didn’t follow. I hit the water and didn’t stop until it was up to my chest and the waves were breaking between me and the shore.

I looked back at the shore and felt triumphant for a full moment before my heart felt like it dropped out of my chest and I’d realized I’d just messed up even more. Who was I kidding? My dad probably wouldn’t make a scene by trying to drag me back to the beach, but I couldn’t stay in the water all day. Now I was at a nude beach with my parents who expected me to get naked, and on top of that I had disobeyed them.

I swam around for probably about fifteen minutes trying to figure out what I could do or say to make my parents not be mad at me, before I realized I was only making it worse for myself. I swam back to shore and walked to where my parents were.

I shouldn’t have been surprised to find my mom and dad naked, but I was. They were both sitting in their beach chairs but stood up when they saw me.

I always thought my mom looked good at her age, and this confirmed it. She was about 5’8”, and still athletic despite being 40. Her breasts were fairly large and sagged a bit, with large, puffy nipples, and I was shocked to see she had no hair on her pussy. Where were her pubes? I’d only gotten my period two years earlier, and even I had curly black hairs covering my mound.

I only had a second to be shocked before I noticed my dad. My tall, muscular dad who, despite his age, had never developed “the dad bod”. My tall, muscular dad who was standing in front of me completely nude with his penis on display for me to see. I did NOT know how to react to that. Then I saw his face, and how angry he looked, and I did know how to react to that. With terror.

My dad pointed to the ground directly in front of him and I walked up to him and stood where he was pointing.

“Do you realize what you did?” he asked. He wasn’t screaming, which was bad. He was talking in a quiet, angry voice that parents use when they’re pissed at their kid but don’t want to make a scene by screaming in public. Screaming would have been better. Screaming is part of the punishment, and once that was over, the anger was done with. Daddy using his angry voice didn’t make him less angry like screaming would. I felt a tear run down my face.

“Yes, daddy. I disobeyed you.”

“That’s right. And do you remember what happened the last time you disobeyed me?”

My mind drew a blank. “I’m sorry daddy, I don’t remember.”

“That’s probably because it’s been so long. Emma, you’ve been such a good girl for years, and then when your mother and I try to do something that should be good for your development, you disobey me. I’m very disappointed in you.”

My heart broke when he said that and I started crying. I’m a good girl, I don’t disappoint my parents!

“I’m so sorry daddy. I’ll get naked like you told me to. I’ll be good, I promise.”

“It’s a little late for that Emma. Your mom and I already discussed it while you were throwing your little tantrum. If you’re going to act like a child, I’m going to treat you like a child.”

“What do you mean?”

“What he means,” my mom said, apparently feeling left out and deciding to chime in, “is that since you decided that you’re going to act with the maturity of a little girl, he’s going to undress you himself like you’re a little girl and then he’s going to spank you like you’re a naughty child.”

“But I’m too old for you to spank me. You haven’t done that since I was a little girl.”

“I didn’t stop spanking you because you were too old, I just haven’t had a reason to because you’ve been such a well behaved child. Now,” my dad said as he sat back down on his beach chair, “come stand in front of me.”

As it was apparently the theme of the day I was too shocked to say anything, so I silently complied. It felt like I was standing in front of my father forever, but it couldn’t have been more than a couple of seconds before I felt his hands on my shoulders. He pushed my blonde hair back behind my shoulders and I felt him pull at the straps of my bathing suit. I didn’t put up any resistance as I felt him slide the straps down my arms. I couldn’t breath as my whole bathing suit slid down with glacial slowness until it passed over my chest and my breasts popped into view.

My boobs weren’t huge, maybe about the size of my fist each, and they were each topped with a soft pink nipple. And there I was, breasts on display for the world to see. The first time anyone besides me had seen them and I was on display for a whole crowded beach to see with my dad’s face all of six inches away. It could have stopped then and been the worst experience of my life, but it didn’t stop.

My dad kept sliding my bathing suit down past my breasts, past my tummy, past my hips, until I felt it at my waist. I wasn’t going to disobey my parents again today, but I did manage to quietly whimper a simple “Please, daddy”.

He hesitated, and for a moment I thought he might have mercy on me, but then, like ripping off a Band-Aid, he yanked on my bathing suit and it crumpled to a heap on the ground.

My dad was staring directly at my short, dark pubic hair. I could feel my ass now exposed, and I could feel the wind and sun in places I’d never felt either. I was naked. Oh god, I was naked in front of my dad and who knows how many strangers. My first time since hitting puberty being naked in front of anyone besides a mirror and it was on a crowded beach.

“Don’t forget her spanking, Jack,” said my mom, which seemed to snap my dad back into reality. Had he been staring at my body? How was I supposed to think about that? No, that wouldn’t make sense. He probably just got distracted by the horrible abuse he was inflicting on his daughter.

“Of course not, dear,” he said. I’m not sure how he did it, but one second I was standing in front of him while he was sitting down, and the next I was draped over his leg facing the sand with my butt sticking up in the air. My dad didn’t waste and time and I immediately felt a sharp pain on my butt, which was immediately followed by another. And another. Within a few seconds I had lost count, and the smacks kept coming.

I tried not to resist, but I couldn’t keep still and was wriggling back and forth as my dad smacked my bottom, my body taking over and trying to escape the pain. As my legs were flailing around I felt air on my pussy lips and realized that, while I was just standing around, my pubic hair would have left me with one final layer of modesty, but bouncing around on my dad’s leg my legs were opening and my most private location was being spread for the world to see. I tried to keep my legs closed, but I don’t think I succeeded.

This isn’t fun to admit, but I was also crying. Bawling, really. And screaming. I couldn’t see past the tears, and I was facing the ground anyway, but I was sure I’d attracted a lot of viewers. That should have mortified me, but I couldn’t think of anything past the pain.

After my dad had spanked me for what seemed like hours and I had flashed my pussy and butthole to anyone who noticed my screaming and looked over, which was probably everyone, my dad finally stopped and stood me up. I wobbled for a second, but he wrapped his arms around me and I felt his whole body pressed against mine.

“I love you, Emma. I hope you understand why I had to do that.”

“Yes, daddy,” I sniffled. He let go, but I wanted him to keep holding me. I felt so safe wrapped in his arms.

Well, Emma,” my mom said. “I hope you learned your lesson. As long as you don’t have any more outbursts, that will be the end of your punishment.” Not having anything to say, I just nodded.

For the first time since my dad had started stripping me, I let myself look around at the other people on the beach. Nearly every man, and some of the women, were looking at me. Worst of all, all of the kids, even the three teenage boys, that I’d noticed earlier, were staring at me. Two of them were staring at my breasts, and one had his eyes glued on my bush.

I wanted to scream, cover up, and grab a towel, but I knew that would only earn me another spanking. I thought about going back to the water where I’d be mostly covered up when my mom interrupted my thoughts.

“Emma, remember to put on a lot of sunscreen. I don’t want to imagine the kind of sun burn you could get today.”

I accepted the bottle of lotion and started applying it to myself. I still had way too many men staring at me, so I didn’t rub it on my (formerly) private areas. Once I’d gotten everything I was willing to have people see me touch, I went to put down the sunscreen when my dad surprised me by pulling the bottle out of my hand.

“I’m getting really tired of your attitude, Emma,” my dad said, squirting lotion into his hands. “But if you insist on acting like a child I will continue to treat you like one.” With that he smooshed his two lotion covered hands right about my breasts and started rubbing lotion into my skin.

Before long my dad’s hands were on my breasts and he was roughly massaging sunscreen into them. I had never thought that having your breasts touched could be arousing, but I quickly found myself getting horny and becoming very wet between my legs. Oh god, what was wrong with me? Was I being turned on by my father?

Eventually he moved on from my breasts, which, to my disgust in myself, left me feeling dissatisfied. Once he’d made his way down to my bush he started rubbing the lotion in near my lady parts. Was nothing off limits anymore? As he did so I felt his finger brush against my clit and it felt like a lightning bolt went through my body. I was no stranger to masturbation, but it never felt that good when I did it myself.

When my front was done he had me turn around and started working on my back. This was much better since he was no longer staring at my bush and small boobies, only my butt which was a lot less embarrassing.

“Emma, lean forward a bit and spread your legs a bit so I don’t miss anything while I do your butt”.

I almost started crying again, but I remembered the spanking and listened. My pussy was on display for anyone behind me to see when my dad started rubbing lotion into my butt. He had a hand on each cheek and was rubbing in circles, which meant that he was repeatedly spreading my cheeks and exposing my butthole to anyone who cared to look.

“Here, give me your hands.” I did, and he placed one on each butt cheek. Then, to my horror, he made me spread my ass and pussy open. “Hold your hands just like that, I don’t want to miss anything.”

I knew there was no point arguing. From where I was I could see the boys who had been watching me since this whole ordeal started staring right at my butt. They could see everything! Then I felt my dad’s cool fingers rubbing up and down between my butt cheeks. He was massaging sun screen around my butthole, and I could even feel his fingers rub against the outside of my pussy a few times. God, I was getting so wet. What was wrong with me?

I was terrified he would notice and mention my wetness, but eventually he stopped rubbing my private areas and finished putting sunscreen on me.

“Alright, Em, you’re good now.”

“Thanks, dad,” I said, but I was anything but grateful. This was the most mortifying day of my life, and I didn’t think it could possibly get any worse.

I was wrong, though.

**Chapter 2**

I didn’t know what to do. I was standing on the beach naked. I had just spread my butt cheeks for my dad to apply sunscreen and a trio of teenage boys just got a better look at my most intimate areas than I had ever gotten.

I decided to just sit down on my beach chair and wait for the day to be over. At least while sitting down I’d be mostly covered.

I did so, and after a bit I even started to relax. Being naked in public was the most horrifying experience of my life, but being naked in the warm sun was wondrously relaxing, and without realizing it I fell asleep.

I’m not sure how long I was asleep before I woke up to my dad saying my name. When I woke up I had a few seconds of bliss before I remembered I was naked on the beach. After that, I had a few seconds of only mostly hating my life before I realized that my legs were spread wide open and those same boys from earlier were all looking straight at my pussy. I yelped and slammed my knees together so fast I think I got a bruise.

My dad laughed and said “See? If you hadn’t put on enough sunscreen you’d be regretting it now.”

“Yeah dad, thanks, I guess. Couldn’t you have woken me and told me to close my legs?:

“Now Emma, don’t be silly,” said my mom. “Or does your dad need to have another ‘talk’ with you about your modesty?”

“No, ma’am,” I mumbled quietly. “So why’d you wake me up, dad? Is it time to go?” I asked that with an actual smile on my face.

“No, Em, I just realized we left the iced tea in the car and I wanted to ask you to go get it for me. I’d go myself but I don’t feel like getting dressed.

Hah, a chance to be dressed again, even for a little bit? “Of course I’ll get it, daddy,” I said. I started picking up my clothes but my dad interrupted me.

“Oh, leave that. You’ll be fine going to the parking lot as you are.”

“But that’s not fair. You just said you would have put on clothes if you went.”

That made him laugh. “Come on Em, you’re being silly again. No one’s going to care about a naked kid in the parking lot of a nude beach. The same can’t be said about a dirty old man.”

“Well I’m not a kid and you aren’t a dirty old man.”

“That was sweet Emma, and if you start walking towards the parking lot right now without another word I’ll pretend like it was just sweet and you weren’t also talking back to me.”

My bottom was still aching and red from my earlier spanking, so rather than make him angry again I started walking without saying another word.

The walk to the parking lot was agonizing. At least when I was staying still mostly everyone around me had seen everything and gotten bored. I drew so many stares while I walked. It was clear that I was still by far the youngest “nudist” at the beach, and I feel like I was every bit the novelty I would have been if I was parading around with everything on display on a normal beach.

After about a minute of it I wanted to cry. Every step brought me into the line of sight of more people. Men and boys were staring at my breasts and bush. Some were trying to be stealthy about it but plenty more were unabashedly staring at me, and I was sure that everyone behind me was staring at my red buns. I even heard a few people quietly comment on how red my butt was. I wanted to break into a sprint but that would only lead to more people noticing me. It was taking all my willpower not to just lay down and cry when I heard the only five words that could have made my situation worse.

“Hey, is your name Emma?”

Everything seemed to go white for a second and I froze in my tracks. That voice wasn’t my mom. Or my dad. Oh god. I turned to look at the speaker. It was one of the younger boys from earlier, with a girl that I’d seen near him. They both looked to be about my age.

I hesitated for way too long to sound at all believable when I said “Umm, no, it’s not.”

“Yes it is,” said the boy. “You’re Emma Smiali. We were in the same math class last year.”

Once he mentioned it, he did look sort of familiar. I went to a pretty big school and didn’t know nearly everyone in my grade.

“Anyway, I’m Kenny, and this is my cousin Rebecca. She goes to Memorial High too, but she’s a grade above us.”

“Hi, Emma, it’s so nice to meet you,” Rebecca said with a smile on her face and a hand out to shake. I shook it without a word. I was too scared to speak. This was my worst fear. People from my school seeing me naked. What if they told their friends? What if the entire school found out?

“I’ve never known anyone who was a nudist before,” Rebecca said as she let go of my hand. “What’s it like?”

“Uhm, I don’t really know. This is something new my parents sprung on me this morning.”

“Oh, that would explain why your cheeks are as red as your ass is right now. I thought it might just be sunburn. Anyway, you were going somewhere? Don’t let us interrupt you, we can walk and talk.”

“Okay, thanks,” I said as we started walking towards the parking lot. My heart felt like it was going to explode out of my chest. These two could easily ruin my life. A couple conversations and I would suddenly be the school freak. Or maybe the school slut. What could I do? Transfer schools. No, mom and dad wouldn’t go for that. Run away? No, that would be a terrible idea. All I could do was be nice to these two and hope to convince my new friends not to ruin my life.

“So what’s it like?” Kenny asked. “I’ve probably been to this beach a hundred times, but I’ve never been naked on it. Aren’t you embarrassed?”

“Well, yeah. Today is the first time anyone has seen me naked since I was in diapers. I never thought I could feel this humiliated.”

“What, you don’t want to be naked?”

“No, my parents said I had to.”

“Oh, that explains your dad spanking you. God, that must have been worse than being naked. I’m not sure if I’d have been able to survive that embarrassment.”

I didn’t know how to answer that without crying so I just laughed and said “Haha, yeah.”

“So Emma,” Rebecca said. “This is sort of a big day for you, huh?”

“Well that’s not how I’d phrase it, but I guess so.”

“Wouldn’t it be great if you had something to remember this day by?”

“What do you mean?”

“Kenny, show her!” I did not like the look of the smile on Rebecca’s face when she said that.

Kenny was also smiling when he took his phone out of his pocket and held it in front of me. When looked at the screen and saw a picture of me in my bathing suit in front of my dad I was confused. Then when he started quickly cycling through pictures I felt nothing but very afraid. It was like reliving the day in the span of 30 seconds. I saw a series of pictures where I was stripped, spanked, and had my dad rub sun screen on me. He caught everything, even me spreading my own butt cheeks. Near the end he even had pictures of my asleep in my chair, with my legs spread wide open.

“Oh god, Kenny, please, you have to delete those!”

“No way,” said Rebecca. “This was a huge day for you! Do you want us to email them to you?”

“No, guys, please! Just delete them, I’ll do anything! If anyone saw those I would die!”

“Aww, Emma, that hurts. Don’t you want to be friends with us?” Rebecca asked sounding sincere, but I felt like there was a bit of a mocking tone in her voice.

“Yeah, I guess. I mean, you guys seemed cool before Kenny showed me those pictures.”

“Well if we’re your friends,” Rebecca replied, “we would never hurt you by sending those pictures to everyone in school. We could never hurt a friend like that.”

“Of course,” Kenny chimed in, “if you didn’t want to be our friend, I wouldn’t care if those pictures got posted online somewhere that every guy in our school could see.”

“Wow, Ken,” Rebecca said, flatly. “Way to be subtle. Anyway, Emma, we want to be your friend, and as long as we’re all friends I’ll make sure no one but the three of us ever sees those pictures, because what are friends for?”

I had to swallow heavily before I could make myself talk. “Of course, Rebecca. You too, Kenny. I’d love to be friends with you guys.”

**Chapter 3**

I made my way back to the beach and gave my dad his iced tea. We sat around for a couple more hours, with very little said. And then I heard my mom say, “Time to clean up.”

As we were cleaning up, I started to get dressed and my mom told me that I did not need to get dressed and she packed away my clothes. My dad ask about my new friends. I told him their names were Kenny and Rebecca, and that they go to my school. He said I should invite them over sometime next week. I was curious about how he knew about my new friends. I guess he saw them walking with me to the parking lot and/or maybe he saw them staring at me while I was getting a spanking.

I was told to get into the car ... naked ... The ride home was very weird. Good thing we have tinted windows. My dad took this time to explain “ Em as you can see that things are changing around here. Your mom and I really believe that this new lifestyle is going to be really good for the whole family. We have met some really nice people so far and I am sure that we will met a lot more. There are some rules that you must follow.” And then my mom handed me a paper.

Rules for Emma

* First and foremost, when you are at home you will be naked. No matter who is over. The rule includes no covering up, your hands shall be by your side. You will only be allowed to get dressed, 5 minutes before leaving the house.
* From now on you will not close the door to your room or bathroom, no matter what you are doing.
* Your mom or I will approve of anything you wear, inside or outside of the house. Our decision will be final, you must wear whatever we choose.
* If and when you deserve a spanking you will be naked. You will present yourself every time. We will instruct you later as to what will be expected.
* Besides your head, you will remove all your hair. Yes, this means your pubes, arm pits, and legs. You will be inspected at least once a week, to make sure you are hairless.
* From time to time someone may wish to touch you, or tell you to do something, You will listen and follow want they want without any complaining or hesitation.

As I read this letter my stomach dropped, and my head starting spinning. Who were these people in the front seat of the car?!? Because these people are not behaving like my parents.

I was sure that my mom was going to give me my clothes once we got home. No such luck! Thankfully the garage was open and there were no neighbors outside. So I walked as fast as I could to get inside. Dad was having none of that. He told me to get the stuff from the trunk of the car and bring it in. Being naked at a nude beach was one thing, but here at my own house is something totally embarrassing and wrong.

I had to make 3 trips to get it all in the house, after I put all the stuff away. I was able to relax in my room for a couple hours ... naked of course...

About 530pm my dad called out to me.

“Em come in here please” my dad said.

As I entered the dining room my heart stopped once again. There was a couple in there that I have never met before. They were a little older than my parents, Very good looking and in good shape. What was very strange, all four of them were nude sitting at the table.

I turned to walk away but my dad raised his voice and said “ Just where do you think you’re going young lady. Come back in here and say “hi” to Mr. and Mrs Mathews.”

I stood frozen, did they really expect me to say “hi” naked? “But dad, I am not ... appropriate to met new people at the moment.”

Mom spoke up “ nonsense Emma, get in here right now! Or else”

I turned and walked into the room with my hands trying to cover my body and said” Nice to meet you Mr. and Mrs, Mathews.” And then I just stood there

My dad’s look told me that he was not happy with me. He said “Em that is not how we taught you to make a proper introduction, is it?”

With a shaking voice I whispered, “No dad.”

Dad replied. “Well, do it the right way, and do it now!” His tone was one I have heard before and I knew I had no choice.

So I stepped forward until I stood in front of them and reached out my hand to shake hers and said, “Nice to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, will you be joining us for dinner?”

Mrs. Mathews spoke up and said “ Hi Emma, it is finally nice to meet you, please call me Stacy and you can call him Wil. And yes we are planning on staying for dinner and dessert. I think your parents even mentioned playing a game later.”

After shaking her hand I turned a little and reached out my hand for Wil. And he grabbed my hand a spun me around so quick I did not even realize it for a moment. I was now facing away from them and facing my parents.

Wil spoke up. “Jack, you have a beautiful daughter, it looks like she got a lot of sun today. How long were you guys at the beach today?

My dad, said “thank you, I believe that she is really beautiful.”

Those comments made me blush a lot, I was naked in my dining room and these two old guys are talking about my body as if I was not even there.

My dad continued. “We spent about 3.5 hours out there today. I can see what you are talking about Wil. She is pretty red.”

Wil spun me around until I was facing him. Looked me in the eyes and said “ It is my pleasure to finally meet you, Your parents have spoke about you a lot over the past few months we have been friends.” As he spoke his eyes lowered and traveled down my body. His hand let go of mine and was reaching for the other one that was still covering my pussy. I just froze, are my parents really going to let this stranger do this?!? He grabbed my hand and in doing so, his fingers brushed across my pubes and the top of my pussy and pulled away my hand. He held my hand out by my hip for what seemed like an hour. I watched his eyes study my body and to my utter embarrassment he reached out with his other hand and tugged on my pubes and said to my mom “ Deb, I thought we talked about this and you agreed that all body hair was to be removed before you guys went to the beach?”

What!? I said in my head ... what is going on here, they talked about us going to the nude beach and that I should have shaved beforehand? Who are these people!?

My mom started to speak. When my dad interrupted, “Wil, as you know today was the first time that we have seen each other nude. And we were unsure how to break the ice to Em, so we though baby steps were in order. We just gave her the rules on the way back from the beach”

Wil, let go of my pubes and looked at my dad and just smiled, and said “of course, no worries. You can just take care of that right now, then ... Yes?”

I was not sure what was going on, did he just tell my dad that I needed to shave my pubes?!?

Stacy spoke up and asked my mom to go and the supplies and my mom got up and left the room without even saying anything.

Stacy, then asked me “ Have you ever shaved your pubes before. Emma?”

I was so stunned that I could not speak ... until I heard my dad, telling me to answer her.

“I have never shaved before” I said with a very shaky voice.

“Well, we do not believe in shaving, we have a laser hair removal tool that works much better, and will keep your hair from growing on your pussy or anywhere for that matter, forever.” Stacy said matter of fact.

My mom returned, and had a towel and some clippers, and the laser hair removal tool, along with a bottle. My mom ask Stacy “where we were going to do this?”

Stacy looked around and said we should go into the living room so we had more room and so everyone could watch. I about died right there when I heard those words. I was proud of the hair that was growing on my pussy, it meant I was becoming a woman. And now my parents are leading me into the living room. To have it removed ... forever...

My mom spread out the towel over the coffee table and told my to sit on it. As I did the adults gathered around. The ladies sat right in front of me and the men were right behind them looking over their shoulders. I wished that I could have disappeared right then.

The words I heard next, made my heart stop and I could not breathe. My mom told me “Emma I want you to spread your legs as wide as you can, put each leg on either side of Stacy and I.” as I did, my mom finished her comment with “good girl, now let’s trim off this hair” without wasting any time. She moved the clippers into position over my now very exposed and soon to be hairless pussy. As she made contact I jumped a little, the clippers vibrated which sent chills throughout my body. In just a few very long minutes, I was left with stubble for pubes, and then it got even worse, she had me lay back and hold my legs up and spread out as far as I could. She inspected the area between my pussy and asshole. What really got me going was when she used her hand to feel the area to make sure there was not any more long hairs.

I was told to stay on my back and keep my legs spread. Stacy took over and started using the hair removal tool. She started at the top of my pubes, and took her time. It took about 45 minutes, which I do not remember, I guess I spaced out, until I felt fingers spreading some sort of liquid all over the area, the ladies moved away and I heard my mom offered for Wil to take over. Are you kidding me?!? it is one thing having these guys watch this humiliating process. Now Wil is going to participate?!? ugh, this day just can’t get any worse, can it?

Wil was now taking his time, getting a close up view of my revealing position. While one hand was on my belly his other hand was spreading the liquid all over, which included my clit, my asshole, and I even felt him slip inside of my pussy to his first knuckle. Just far enough to feel my virginity.

Once Wil was done, he moved aside and everyone else took a turn feeling how smooth I was. Each person took at least 2 minutes feeling all over my pussy and ass, I was so embarrassed, but even more so since I was getting turned on, and I started to feel my pussy juices start to flow. I was sure that everyone could see it, and maybe even smell it, I was hoping that because they had spread that liquid all over that it would cover it up ... My dad was last, and he too had his finger inside my pussy to his first knuckle, but what he did after that made me squeak and jump ... as he felt the area between my pussy and asshole, his fingers spent a long time around my little butthole, and then he slipped his finger what felt like all the way inside of me. I am sure it was only for a few seconds but it felt like he was there for many minutes.

Once they were done inspecting me, Stacy said that they would have to do that weekly for at least 5 or 6 more times to make sure my hair would never grow back. I was told to go and take a shower. and once I was finished to join the adults for dinner.

**Chapter 4**

I took a nice cool shower, since my skin was hot from being in the sun for so long. Exposing parts of me that had never been touched by the sun. I did spend a few minutes feeling my now hairless and smooth pussy. I have to admit that it felt wonderful, and it made it even more sensitive than before. I just don’t like the way it looks, like I am a little girl again.

I was not looking forward to joining the adults for dinner, but I was very hungry. So I dried off and put my hair in a ponytail then joined them in the dining room. Dinner was on the table, Chicken, mashed potatoes, and Green Beans. I sat down and started to eat.

When Wil asked me “ Hey, Emma. Do you like the way your pussy looks and feel now?

Really?!? Does this guy not have a filter? I just looked over at him for a few seconds, when I heard my dad speak up and say “Em I am tired of you not being polite to our guess, answer him now and from here on out, Do you understand young lady?”

I looked at my dad and said “yes daddy, I am sorry, this is just all so new to me” I turned to look at Wil and answered his question “I do not like the way it looks but it does feel pretty good” that got a chuckle out of all of them.

I did forget to mention that both my mom and Stacy looks like they had the same treatment done to their pussies. Even the guys looks like they used it on their backs and chest, They were all pretty hairless and smooth. Even the guy’s cocks and pubes were hairless.

Once we were all done eating I was told to clear the table and grab the dessert. As I walked around the table all eyes were on me. it took a couple minutes to clear the table. The adults went into the living room and I was told to bring the dessert in there. I brought the cheesecake and set it on the coffee table, along with some plates and forks. As soon as I was finished passes a piece to them. I got me a piece and started to sit down on the couch, but my dad told me to sit as I was earlier, on the coffee table and spread ... I was not happy about that and mumbled under my breathe. That was the wrong thing to do. My dad told me to get over to where he was on the couch. As soon as I got there he grabbed me.

“Em I am so tired of your attitude, now get over my knee for an attitude adjustment!” My dad yelled.

For the second time today I was getting spanked, and in front of an other audience. My dad only gave me about 10 swats. Them told me to stand up, and go over to my mom. My mom told me to stand about two feet from the back of the couch and to lean over and hold onto armrest. This position put my ass higher than my head. She got up and got behind me, and them told me to spread my legs as wide as I could. My mom hit my ass hard. Much harder than dad did. Mom landed around 5 swats on each cheek. The next 5 were right in the middle of my ass crack. Then to my surprise the last 5 came with an upward motion, and landed right on my hairless pussy.

I was hoping that my ordeal was over, but if I have learned anything today, I soon found that I was wrong. My mom told me to go stand in front of Stacy, I did without any hesitation.

Stacy said “Turn around, spread your legs and then bend forward and touch the ground”

As soon as I was that position, Stacy was inspecting and touching everything! Stacy complemented my parents “ Deb and Jack, you to gave her a good spanking. The spread of hits are done rather well.” With that she smacked my ass once pretty hard, then said “ Let Wil have a look”

I walked over to where Wil was sitting and started to get into the same position as I was just in, but after a few seconds he told me to stand up and get on the coffee table, but this time on my hands and knees. I did as I was told. Soon Wil right behind me looking over my very red ass.

Wil asked Stacy “ Hey can you please bring me over that lotion, she needs it all over her body to help with the sunburn and for her really red ass”

Once he had the lotion he applied it to my shoulders and worked his way down to my ass. He took his time and the other adults just watched as he touched me where ever he wanted. More lotion was applied and now his hands were focused on my ass and pussy. He only stayed there for a few seconds before moving down my legs. I was hoping this was over, but not a chance. He invited my dad over to help. So now I had 4 hands apply lotion all over my body. I had finger inside my ass once again. And others touching my maidenhood. This lasted for what seemed like 20 minutes. Both guys had erections and did not shy away from making sure they were close to my body, and face. I got an up close and personal look at each of their dicks. The men finished and sat back down in their seats, but I was told not to move.

The adults talked about our experience at the beach. My dad told the Mathews that I had made a couple friends. And that he knew they had taken photos or a video of me at the beach today. Stacy said that they needed to get a copy of that so we could have it for the record. Then my mom stood up and left the room. A few minutes later she came in and had her digital camera. And went right over to where I was I started taking photos of me. She got many close ups. Even had me roll over and get on my back like I was early. She must have taken about 100 photos the night. She even had me start posing in different positions. She wanted a few photos of the guys rubbing lotion on me, The guys were very quick to fulfill her request. Once again I had 4 hands all over my body. Within a few minutes my dad told me to reach back and spread my ass check as wide as I did at the beach. And then he applied the lotion right in my ass crack. And soon his finger was back inside my asshole, this time, mom was taking photos of it. They even got a few photos of Wil’s finger a knuckle deep inside my hairless virgin pussy.

Once the adults were done with my body, we all ate our dessert. Of course as I when eating I had to sit on the coffee table, legs spread and facing the adults. After I finished my dessert I asked if I could be excused and go to my room, since I was pretty tired.

My dad said. “ Sure honey, you have had a very long day, with a lot of new experiences. Remember you are to remain naked while you are in the house. Oh, and remember the other thing. You are not to close any doors, even the bathroom. Make sure you say goodnight to everyone.”

I got up and I cleared everyone plates and put them in the Kitchen. Then I went to Stacy and said goodnight, She stood up and gave me a hug. She squeezed my tightly and then she lowered both her hands and grabbed my ass and squeezed. What came next was such a surprise. She kissed me! and it was not just a peck on the lips. Once she was done, I went over to Wil. I was already thinking that he would do more than his wife, and I was right. He started with a kiss, his tongue pushed it’s way into my mouth. His hands were on my ass pretty quickly, then he spread my ass check apart, and then he slide his fingers down the crack, all the way down until he was probing my pussy. As he slide back up my crack he paused at my butthole and slipped it inside. This whole time he was kissing me.

He stopped his intrusion and said. “ Emma, thank you a wonderful evening you are everything your parents said you would be.”

That made me turn an even darker shade of red than I already was. My parents! Talking about me to these people ... Who are these guys?!?

I turned around and walked over to my mom, expecting more trauma, but she just gave me a hug and said, “ I love you baby girl, thank you for being such a good girl. I hope you sleep well. Sweet dreams.” And with a quick goodnight kiss, and a pat on my ass I made my way over to my dad.

“Honey, we started the day off a little rough. Just know that this will get easier for you as time goes on. You have a beautiful body and should not be ashamed of it. What is a shame is you not sharing it with the world. Now come give me a kiss.” My dad said as he reached out his arms.

I walked over to him and he gave me a kiss, and then another. Pretty soon his tongue was in my mouth. And his hands slide down to my chest and he tweaked my little nipple. That was new for me ... Then he slide his hands down my belly and found my hairless pussy. His finger slide right down my pussy all the way to the back. And as he brought his hand back he dipped his finger to his first knuckle inside of me. What he did next was so mind blowing. He brought his finger to my mouth and put inside and told me to taste myself. I froze, until I felt a little pain coming from my nipple. My dad had twisted my nipple again, this time a lot harder. I closed my mouth around his finger and used my tongue to taste myself. He withdrew his finger and turned my away from me giving my ass one last swat for the night. I said goodnight and kept walking.

I had to pee and remembered what my dad had just said. But they were busy in the living room, right?!? I closed the door and did my business. And went to bed. It was very weird for me to get under my covers, naked. I fell asleep pretty quickly.