**The First Time by Clair**

by [Bare-Belly](http://cmnf.coccozella.com/board/memberlist.php?mode=viewprofile&u=1575)

I've always had an adventurous streak in me, and when the subject of naturism came up at one of our weekly card parties, it got me thinking. Jane my neighbor had said that she couldn't see how anyone would want to be naked all the time, she said she'd be so embarrassed for some strange person to see her like that.   
  
After all the girls went home I kept thinking about what we had talked about, and the more I thought about it, the more exciting it seemed. Would it be possible to stay naked for a couple of days or longer. Not when my husband was home, he'd think I went completely nuts, but he traveled for business alot and he had a four day trip comming up. I didn't know if I really wanted to try it, but I kept it in the back of my mind.   
  
Two weeks later I took him to the airport, he'd be gone for at least four days, maybe longer. On the trip home I thought about spending those four days nude, but not really knowing if I'd do it or not. At home I made myself some supper then took a shower before going to bed.   
  
The next morning I got up and instead of dressing went downstairs and made some coffee in the nude, something I'd never done before. I took my time with breakfast and then started on the wash staying naked. I was beginning to enjoy this and decided to try for the four days. I didn't have to go out for anything, so there was no need for me to get dressed.   
  
The first two days went fine and I didn't have any problems, but on the third morning the doorbell rang. My heart raced for a minute until I looked out the side window, and saw it was a middle aged woman carrying a suitcase. At first I wasn't going to answer the door, but then for some reason I got adventurous and decided to see what she wanted. I opened the door slightly, just enough to peak around it and asked what she wanted. She was selling household products and asked if she could come in and show them to me. I said I was just getting ready to take a shower, but she said it would only take a few minutes. I thought for a second that I should tell her I didn't have time, but then if I was going to do this I might as well do it all the way. When I opened the door and invited her in, I think I was more flustered than she was. Neither one of us said anything but she followed me into the living room and started her sales pitch. Actually it was kind of funny, her trying to sell me cleaning products and me standing there listening without a stitch on. It was natural and exciting at the same time, and after fifteen minutes or so she was done and I placed an order. I walked her to the door and just before she left she said maybe she'd see me again some time. We both had a little laugh about that.   
  
The rest of the day I kept thinking about how exciting it was to be nude in front of a complete stranger like that, and actually wished I'd have another chance to do it. Later that afternoon my husband called and said he'd have to extend his trip another two days, and he'd call later with the flight number. That gave me another couple days of nudity, but it also brought up what could be a problem. The girls would be over for our weekly card game in two days, and I'd have to be dressed for that... or would I.   
  
The six of us had been friends for years,all belonging to the same clubs and organizations.A few of us had even seen each other naked at the health club.What would happen if I just stayed nude while they were here.After all we had spent a couple hours talking about nudists, I could just say that I had been one for years, and decided to finally let them in on my little secret. The morning of the game I spent quite a bit of time getting ready. I made sure the house was spotless and the food and drink were ready. In the shower I made sure I was thoughally groomed, trimming and shaving especalally close.   
  
Finally the time came and the girls started arriving, at the last second I had decided to put on a lightwieght dress not wanting to have to greet them at the door in my birthday suit. After the usual greetings and they all got comfortable I said I had a suprise for them and went into the kitchen. I took off the dress, gathered my courage, and asked if they remembered the conversation we had had a couple of weeks ago about nudism. When they said they did, I picked up the tray of drinks and, taking a deep breath, walked out into the living room. Five sets of eyes immediatly focused on me as I walked up to the table. It was too late to back out now and there I was standing naked in front of my friends.   
  
Before anyone could say anything I said that I hoped they didn't mind but that I was a nudist and I just wanted to show them how natural it really was. I told them that I spent alot of time nude, but that if I was embarrassing any of them, I'd put something on, but I really didn't want to. Suprisingly, I wasn't as embarrassed as I thought I'd be, actually I was really enjoying this. Being the only one naked in a room full of people that were dressed was really a rush. They all looked alittle shocked but nobody said anything about my nudity so after I passed out the drinks I sat down and started dealing.   
  
For the next hour or so as we played some of them asked a few questions and I tried to answer as best I could. Most were about how come I wasn't embarrassed about being nude in front of others. I kept the lie going, I couldn't admit that this was only the second time I'd been nude in front of anybody but my husband. I said it just felt great and that they should all try it sometimes, that they might like it.   
After the initial shock of seeing me nude wore off, and all the questions got answered everything got normal again and the game went on as it usually did. I was the hostess and got refreshments as needed, filling classes and acting like a hostess should, except I was nude and loving it. As I moved around I knew they were all sneaking peaks. I didn't try to hide anything, it was to late to try to be modest, and actually I liked them looking at me. Maybe I was vain, but for today I was the center of attention, and it felt incredible!   
  
Around four the game finally broke up, two hours after it usually did. As each of the girls left I walked them to the door not really caring if any of the nieghbors across the street happened to see me at the door. Jane ,the neighbor that said she'd be to emmbarrassed to be a nudist was the last to leave and at the door wanted to talk about a dinner date that we had comming up. For the next five minutes we talked about the arrangments with me standing just inside the door with nothing on. It seemed Jane didn't want to leave and I found it extreemly exciting standing at my front door naked at four in the afternoon with the chance that anyone driving or walking by could see me. Finally she turned to leave and for just a second I went outside the door to say goodbye. We both smiled and then she was gone.   
  
Back in the house I cleaned up and started supper. I was just about to sit down when the back doorbell rang. Glancing out the window I saw Jane standing there, so I didn't bother slipping on the dress that was still in the kitchen. I invited her in and she said her husband and kids were gone for the next few hours and she didn't want to sit home alone. She hoped I didn't mind her comming over like this, but she had a few more questions about going naked. She asked and I made up most of the answers, not being a true nudist. It seemed she was really interested and almost wanted to try it. Finally I told her to stand up and just take her clothes off if she really wanted to feel what it was like. She hesitated, but then to my suprise, Jane stood up and stripped.  
  
After she was nude she just stood there so to make her more comfortable I told her to just walk around and explore the house.F or the next hour she just moved around getting used to being nude in front of some one else. At first she was hesitant but then got used to it and seemed to be having fun.   
  
Finally she said it was time to go home. She picked up her clothes and started to get dressed but I got an idea and told her to stop. It was dark out by now so I told her I'd walk her to her door just the way we were. We went out my backdoor and walked across the yards to her's. After she went inside I went back and sat on my patio for awhile thinking about how much fun the last five days had been. Except for the half hour I had had the dress on today I had stayed naked the whole time. I had stood nude in front of a complete stranger for an hour, and had been the only one nude in front of five of my friends for six hours, and with my neighbor for another hour.   
  
My husband was due home soon but I knew he had an overseas trip comming up that was going to be at least three weeks. Three weeks of being naked, what else would happen to me then?

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