**The Fun of Being Naked Outdoors**

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*A personal memoir about discovering the joys of not wearing clothes*

From the age of about sixteen, I began to discover how much I enjoyed not having any clothes on; and not just in a sexless, healthy, naturist sort of way, I’m ashamed to admit.

It began by just sleeping in the nude. Once I’d shut my door and turned on my bedside light, instead of hopping straight into bed in my pyjamas, I’d pull my pyjama top over my head and kick off my bottoms. Sometimes I’d stand in front of the full-length mirror that hung on the wall and stroke my breasts, wondering if they were ever going to get any bigger, but enjoying the way in which my pink nipples used to get hard as soon as my fingers touched them. I liked the light covering of hairs that had sprouted on my plump pubic mound, although I’d already started trimming it round the edges to stop it sticking out from the sides of my swimsuit. After a bit of this, I’d slide under the duvet and enjoy the feel of the clean cotton against my body. I’d peep down and see the gentle bulge of my breasts, and slip my hand down between my legs, enjoying the sensation of putting a finger up inside my vagina and making a gentle squish, squish, squish noise as it dabbled in my wet juices.

Sometimes, if I needed to pee in the middle of the night, I’d risk running naked down the corridor to the bathroom. I’d listen at my bedroom door to make sure there was no-one else with the same idea, then open it slowly and peep round. Then I’d flit light-footed along the landing, bare breasts bouncing slightly, and sit naked on the loo listening to the stream of my pee splashing into the bowl. After a brisk wipe between the legs, I’d then listen even more carefully at the door. This was always the risky bit, wondering if the sound of me peeing had woken up someone else who might then decide they needed to go as well. My heart always began to beat fast at this point. What if I heard someone padding down the corridor and rattling at the bathroom door? I knew that I could easily wrap a towel round me to cover me up, but I was weirdly worried at that age that sleeping in the nude was naughty, and whoever it was would therefore guess that I’d been flitting about with nothing on, like a naughty little fairy.

I’d open the door quietly, peep round, then run back again. I’d then slip back into bed and lie there, feeling my heart beating faster. I’d sometimes touch myself and notice how much wetter I often was. I sensed that it was the danger of being caught that was getting me excited, as well as the thrill of being naked when I knew I shouldn’t.

I’m afraid to say that this tendency to enjoy taking my clothes off got more pronounced rather than less. I looked forward eagerly to occasions when I was left in the house by myself, and I’d strip off and walk around naked. I’m ashamed to admit that I got frightfully aroused by this; like I said, it was much more than just a healthy enjoyment of not having to wear anything.

Often I’d end up sitting on the sofa with my legs apart, masturbating, discovering how to bring myself close to orgasm without quite coming. Again, there was always that fear that someone might see me, and I always kept a bathrobe handy in case someone came to the door and I had to answer it. In my mind, I’d be about have a bath or something, to explain being in that state of undress.

One summer evening, my parents had gone out and my brother was away for some reason. Anyway, it was really warm and being naked was even more pleasurable than usual. The heat just made me hornier, and I’d been teasing myself with my fingers all evening. By 10pm, it was already dark but it was still very warm out, and I had the back door open into the kitchen to let some air in. Standing there naked I wondered what it would be like to be outside. The thought made feel all trembly, and of course I really wanted to do it. We had a little overgrown area at the bottom of our garden, with a couple of sheds, and it was pretty secluded. I slipped on a long t-shirt and some shorts, and walked out, barefoot across the warm grass. I looked round and could see the lights in the nearby houses. If any of them looked out, they’d just see me walking innocently in the garden, getting some air.

As I got past the bushes, I felt so excited it was ridiculous. Looking round nervously, I took hold of the bottom of my t-shirt and began to pull it up. For a moment I hesitated as it reached the bottom of my little tits, and almost chickened out, but my horniness kept me going. With one smooth movement, I pulled it right up over my head. I felt the warm air on my breasts - and there I was - topless in our garden! My bare skin looked pale in the darkness, except for the darker pink of my areolae and budding nipples. I touched the hard little buds, stroking over the rough aroused dimples on my areolae. Did I dare take any more off?

I pulled the front of my shorts out and looked inside. I could see the little nest of curly hairs. Looking round again, I slowly pulled down the shorts and stepped out of them. And that was it – I could feel the warm air on my fully naked body. It felt so naughty, and good at the same time. I looked round – what if someone was looking out of their bedroom window and saw me? What would they think? Even in the near dark, surely they’d be able to see the little dark triangle of hairs between my legs, the cute pert buttons of my nipples; I touched them and felt them rise up stiffly, the areolae dimpled and rough with arousal.

I leant against the shed and put my hand between my legs, running my fingers through the hairs that coated my plump little mound. I twirled a bunch of hairs round a finger and tugged gently, feeling them pull on the tender skin. I was so horny as I rubbed slowly downwards, finding the tight folds of my labia, themselves protecting the moist pink flesh inside. I knew that I needed to finish myself off, before I thought too hard about what I was doing.

Parting my legs, I let a finger slip inside my vagina. I hadn’t realised how wet I was: normally I’d need to play with myself for a while to get my juices flowing, but now it had just happened. It was easy to slip a second finger inside and exciting to feel how wet my palm was getting as the juices ran out over it.

I curved my fingers up and pressed them against my soft spot, breathing in sharply as I felt myself shiver delightfully. With my other hand, I rubbed up and down over my clitoris, small and hard and half hidden in its nest of pink flesh. Looking down over the mounds of my breasts and hard nipples, I could just see the shape of my fingers sliding in and out, and could hear the gentle schlup, schlup of my fingers dipping in and out of my juicy hole.

It didn’t take long. I’d masturbated enough to know what I needed to do to get myself off, and I felt my orgasm starting to build from around my clit. My fingers began to move quicker, and I held my breath as I reached the point of no return; holding off as long as I possibly, possibly could – before letting it roll over me and through me and up my body, and I had to breathe heavily to fill my lungs with oxygen again. The tingle continued, and I actually felt a second, smaller orgasm bubble through me.

My legs almost buckled under me as I got myself under control again. Now that I’d come, I felt a wave of fear and embarrassment at the possibility of discovery - quickly I pulled on my t-shirt and shorts and scuttled back to the house.

I think I probably masturbated in bed again that night; I was always playing with myself in those days! So no change there then.

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Having discovered the pleasure of being naked in the open air, I got all excited about wondering if I could take it further. Luckily, we lived right on the edge of a little English town, so it was only a few minute’s walk to be out in the country, walking by a river. As you got further away from the houses and out into the fields you could be almost certain of not being disturbed, especially if you got away from the official footpaths. I was always out with my friends anyway (in the summer we sometimes used to swim in the river), so I knew the area pretty well, and where the quiet places were.

I knew that if you walked up-river past a farm you were soon well away from other people. Once I’d discovered the pleasure of masturbation, I’d sometimes find a quiet spot and play with myself; but always fully clothed, just pushing my panties out of the way under my dress, or maybe pulling my jeans down as far as my knees. Once or twice I’d had to adjust my dress quickly when I heard a sound, but I’d never actually been caught. Of course, someone might have been spying on me, but I never saw them if they were!

But I began to wonder if I could get away with taking all my clothes off. I was sure I could. I knew where there was a little steep-sided field sloping down to a hollow, sunny and secluded, and far enough off the usual paths to be as private as anywhere. So I made plans to go for a walk that way next time there was a sunny day.

Looking back on that day, it was funny how I pretended to myself that I wasn’t going to do anything naughty at all. I remember setting out in one of my loose summery skirts and a matching blouse, carrying a book and a bottle of water in a bag, telling myself that I was just going to go for a walk, then sit in the sun and read all afternoon. I kidded myself that there was no reason why I shouldn’t go as far as that quiet little field, and that it was a nice place to sit anyway. The grass would be clean and dry, ideal for lying down and having an afternoon nap in the sun.

I kept up the pretence with myself right up until the point when I put my bag down and stood there. I could feel my heart beating like crazy. I knew I could just sit down and do something normal, like maybe just pull my dress up my legs to get some sun on them, but I told myself to stop being so silly. That wasn’t why I had come all this way.

Looking round one last time to check there was no-one looking, I slowly unbuttoned the front of my blouse, revealing more and more of my chest – first my bra-clad breasts, then beneath it my nice bare tummy. I then slid the sleeves down my arms one at a time and dropped it carefully onto the grass. Standing there in my bra, I wasn’t showing any more than I did in my bikini, but it felt much naughtier. It was just an ordinary white bra, not especially sexy, just doing its job of holding my little tits in place. Taking a deep breath, I reached behind my back and undid the clasp, slipping the straps down my arms. With a little shiver of excitement I glanced around again, then pulled my bra right off.

I looked down at my little breasts. My pink nipples were standing up like firm little raspberries, and I touched them gently, sending a tingle down to my tummy. It felt good just being topless, so I sat down on the grass in my skirt, trying not to think about grass stains. I reached up my arms, and stretched like a satisfied cat, flattening my little boobs. The sun on my bare torso felt warm and relaxing, and I suddenly felt the need to feel it on the rest of me too.

I kicked my pumps off and undid the couple of buttons that stopped my skirt from sliding down off my hips. Feeling every more excited, I slid it down my legs too, and suddenly I was sitting on the grass in just my panties: plain white to match my bra, clinging tightly over the plump bulge of my mound.

This was it. I lay back, raised my bum, and pulled the panties down over my thighs. I could see the little curls of my dark bush as I paused with my panties round my knees. I looked round to check that I was still alone, and pulled them right off.

Now I was totally naked, sitting on the grass. It felt so nice not having any clothes on, the warm sun all over my whole body, the grass tickling my bare bottom. I laid down on my back and just lay there for a few minutes. Then I rolled over on my tummy and enjoyed the sun on my bum for a change. I could feel my breasts and pubic mound pressed into the grass, and wriggled about a bit just for the fun of it.

I wanted to just lie there and doze in the sun, but was a bit nervous in case someone came upon me unawares. In any case, I was feeling horny, and wanted to masturbate. I slipped my hand under my body and found the little bump of my clit. Rubbing it made me feel even more aroused.

Rolling onto my back again, I stroked my bare breasts some more, sliding my hands down my body, opening my legs to expose the folds of my pussy. I slipped a finger inside the entrance to my slit, feeling how wet I was.

I closed my eyes, and imagined what it would be like if Sam, my boyfriend, was here as well. So far, I hadn’t let him fuck me properly, but I’d taken my t-shirt and bra off and let him play with my little breasts. I’d also taken out his penis and rubbed him until he ejaculated, spraying his thick white stuff into my hand. I’d kissed his knob, just quickly, but hadn’t sucked him properly yet. I didn’t want him to think I was that easy! But I began dreaming of what it would be like to have his long, thin penis inside me, like in the videos I’d watched on the internet. I imagined him between my legs, his penis nudging at my entrance before slowly gliding in. I slid a second finger inside, and dreamt that it was him penetrating me.

As usual, thinking dirty thoughts like this really got me going. My other hand was pressed against my clitoris, rubbing and squeezing, faster and faster. Soon, quicker than I’d expected, I could feel myself getting closer and closer to orgasm. I rubbed a bit more, and then I was past the point of no return, holding my breath as I came, gasping and trembling and kicking out my legs.

As my orgasm subsided, I sat up and examined the gooey juices on my fingers, licking them and enjoying the sharp, tangy flavour. I looked between my legs and could see that more juices had been forced out of my vagina by my thrusting fingers, clinging to the curly hairs of my pussy. There were even a few small droplets glistening on the blades of grass.

And that was it really. I wish I could pretend that it all got exciting and porny, with some hot guy walking past and fucking me like mad on the grass, but that sort of thing doesn’t seem to happen in real life – or not to me anyway!

Oddly enough, even after coming, I still felt happy and relaxed being naked, so I lay there for a while, just keeping an eye out to make sure nobody saw me. I even saw someone in the distance walk past with a dog on a lead, but I decided they were too far away to see much of me. When it was time to go, I just pulled my skirt back on without bothering with tights and panties, and put my blouse on over my bare breasts. The dark circles of my nipples were visible through the material, so it was obvious I had no bra on, but I decided I’d take a chance on no-one really noticing before I got home.

I decided that next time I’d try and find a secluded place down by the river, and see if I couldn’t try a bit of skinny-dipping. I thought I knew of just the place – but that would have to wait for another day.