**Torre’s Real Exposure – the Fremont Parade, Part 1**  
BY: Torretxt and Hooked6  
  
This may not be as exciting as some of the fantasy stories posted here on this board but I wanted to share something that I managed to do a few short weeks ago. What you are about to read really happened. I promise that what follows is the actual account of my experience. I have not embellished or exaggerated at all. I am grateful to my husband Hooked6 for helping me with my grammar and for his loving support.  
  
My name is Victoria but I go by Torre. Some of you may know me from previous postings. I’ve done a few risqué things in the past but nothing and I mean NOTHING compares to what happened June 16th of this year.  
  
I guess I should start at the beginning. Several months ago I started corresponding with a very kind gentleman and marvelous photographer who goes by the name of “Klondike”. He had posted some images on a website (OCC) of something called the Fremont Solstice Parade. The images were of naked men and women, many wearing body paint, riding bicycles in a big city parade. I was intrigued. I marveled at the courage of the nude participants and tried to imagine what it must be like to be naked in such a public setting with all those clothed people watching. The idea of sitting on a bicycle also made the whole idea of public nudity appear somewhat safe to me. I wrote Klondike and told him how much I admired his photos. He was very kind and told me about the event which is held in Seattle each year and sent me some images of the parade route. He suggested that I try it.  
  
I immediately dismissed the idea but it wouldn’t go away. It kept bouncing around in my head and the more I thought about it, the more I knew I just HAD to attempt it. I live on the East coast and the parade was clear across the continent. In my free time, just for the heck of it, I started checking out airfares – talk about sticker shock! On top of that there were hotels to book, food, and local transportation costs to consider. The whole thing seemed out of hand and darn near impossible on our limited budget. Even “IF” we could find the money, where was I going to get a bike to ride? I couldn’t very well take one over there on the plane and we certainly couldn’t afford to buy one in Seattle just to leave it back in Washington after the parade. When I mentioned this to Klondike, he sent me some websites about the parade and through one of them I met Elaine.  
  
Elaine was an experienced participant who seemed very knowledgeable and supportive and also encouraged me to go for it. When I first started e-mailing her I wasn’t sure she was real. I mean I had all sorts of doubts about her, like in real life she was actually a guy or worse maybe an ax murderer or something just trying to lure a naive, innocent female into his trap. I finally confessed to Elaine my fears and she actually wrote back and gave me her cell number with an invitation to call her. I held onto the number for over a week before finally dialing her number. To my relief she was the real deal. We talked about the parade and she said she had even found a friend of hers, Paul, who would lend me one of his bicycles so I didn’t have to worry about how to get one.  
  
I still wasn’t sure how to pull this off though and it continually occupied my thoughts. Eventually, I took my husband Hooked6 into my confidence and told him what I had been up to and what I secretly wanted to do. His eyes lit up and he smiled and said, “Honey, if that’s what you want we’ll FIND a way to pay for it. You just make all the arrangements and leave the rest to me.”  
  
Such an understanding guy, I thought. Of course if you’ve read any of his works on this board you’ll know he really is a pervert at heart (of course I mean that in the most kindest and loving way possible) and I was sure his supportive attitude was due mainly to his wanting to see me naked in public!  
  
I was a mess the next few weeks as I tried to make up my mind.  
  
Shortly after that conversation with my husband, Klondike sent me some suggestions as to “safe” areas that I might consider for lodging as well as some areas to stay away from. That helped and soon our flights were booked and lodging reserved and I registered with the Fremont Arts Council as a participant. Now all that remained was waiting that painstakingly long few months for the parade date to finally get here.  
  
The closer it got to the time to leave, the more apprehensive I became such that I was ready to bolt back to the car and forget the whole thing as we stood at the airport check-in. My husband had to literally scold me, rather forcefully I might add, just to remind me of how much we had invested in this whole trip just to trash it all because I changed my mind at the last minute. I reluctantly boarded the plane.  
  
Once in the air I calmed down. My husband kept telling me to just think of it as a vacation. That I wasn’t really committed to anything and I should wait until after arriving and checking things out before making up my mind. Sensible as usual I had to agree.  
  
After checking into our hotel my stress levels began to rise. We had arranged to meet Elaine the night we arrived for dinner. Meeting her in person was really the turning point. What an amazing person! She was non-judgmental, out-going and fun to be with. She had so much energy and enthusiasm for this parade that I couldn’t help get caught up in the whole idea. She was brave and confident – two things I clearly wasn’t. After dinner she suggested that we accompany her to the area the parade would be held so she could show me around.  
  
I must admit all my new found excitement seemed to vanish when we drove the parade route. The area was - how should I put it? Well, somewhat old. It looked like one of those borderline slum areas (sorry to everyone in Seattle) that are in the process of being redeveloped into a quaint, artsy district or something, you know with converted warehouses and older styled buildings and such. I didn’t feel safe at all knowing that I’d soon be completely naked roaming around out there. The fact that it was a strange town and it was almost dark outside when we drove through probably influenced my first impression. Elaine assured me that I’d be perfectly safe.  
  
On the day of the parade, Elaine had arranged to pick us up and drive us to the area the cyclists were going to get painted up. I was shocked to find out that she wanted to leave our hotel at 5:30 AM!! I thought she was nuts but as I discovered later she was right on the money. We probably should have left even earlier!  
  
First we had to drive to her friend Paul’s house and pick up my loaner bicycle, then drive clear across town to this staging area as she called it. Staging area indeed! I was shocked to discover that it was nothing more than a residential neighborhood! She found a place to park and we walked to a house belonging to someone I haven’t a clue. In the small front yard there were already several people naked in the process of being painted. That’s when my first of many reality-checks set in. At that point, most of the people naked were guys! Naturally my eyes went right to the good stuff. There I was standing not three feet away from 5 naked guys – pretty good-looking guys at that. It wasn’t that I was trying to be rude or act like a sl\*t, but I just HAD to check them out. I must have been pretty obvious doing it as my husband had to elbow me in the side as Elaine introduced me to the group. It was embarrassing to be caught in the act and because of that I was determined not to make that mistake again. Do you know how hard it is to try and carry on a conversation with several naked guys and not look down? I have more sympathy for you men now and I won’t be too quick to judge in the future when I catch one of you staring at my chest instead of looking me in the eye when you are talking to me (grin).  
  
Elaine asked me if I had given any thought as to how I wanted to be painted. I shrugged my shoulders. “No, not really,” I replied.  
Why don’t you just watch as some of the others get painted before making up your mind? We’ve got plenty of time. People can get VERY creative. You might get some ideas that way.” Elaine suggested. It was then I had my second realty check of the morning. All of the people doing the painting in that particular yard were guys! The very thought of some strange man painting me made me even more nervous. Looking at my naked body was one thing . . . but touching it was quite another! I know, I know, what the heck was I thinking? How else can one get their body painted? Reality is often a great eye-opener.  
  
All my fears soon vanished though. As the sun continued to rise, the surrounding neighborhood began to get filled with people – LOTS of people, all getting ready at several houses on the street. Everyone was so at ease and made me feel so comfortable. Elaine was right. You wouldn’t believe how creative people were in their paint jobs! I even saw a whole group painted up like the “Where’s Waldo” dude in the kids book with red-striped painted shirts and blue pants. What a hoot! I stood around and marveled at it all.  
  
My husband suggested I gradually get naked in order to get more comfortable. He was right. I needed to work up to total nudity. I couldn’t just strip off right away and get painted. In fact, to be totally honest I wasn’t sure I could even do it gradually! I fumbled with my blouse and took it off and handed it to my husband followed quickly by my bra. I stood there topless in the guy’s front yard only a few feet from the street! Of course for the first, like, half hour I kept my arms across my chest trying casually to appear comfortable while maintaining my modesty. Its funny how for years I have looked at photos of public nudity events fantasizing about doing them and had even done some fairly tame, dare-like challenges. But when it comes down to really being there in a strange city and actually going through with it, you can forget about all that excitement and confidence. They’re history!  
  
Eventually I stripped down to just my panties, my last vestige of security and talked with other participants. That helped as they were already naked and looked great. As the numbers of naked people grew, I was one of the few still partially dressed. I’m not sure what spurred me on but I finally tossed my panties to my husband. I must tell you that it was cooler than I cared for – in the low 60’s I’m guessing and for this little old Southern girl that’s cold to be without clothing. I’m used to 90’s outside.  
  
Another fear that quickly vanished was my concern about my pubic hair. You see I have my natural hair down there. I prefer it that way, yet I know that most girls my age are bare. That’s the current trend. All my friends are constantly talking about how their boyfriends or husbands like it that way and how much trouble they have keeping it stubble-free and smooth. I worried for days about people making fun of me for still having my hair. My fears were groundless. I’m happy to say that, on the West coast anyway, there were plenty of people with full triangles. I fit right in, thank heavens.  
  
No sooner had I stripped bare I was interrupted. “Excuse me, mind if I take your picture?” I turned around and came face to face with a man with like the biggest camera lens I had ever seen! In fact he had several cameras wrapped around his neck. I was about to politely decline when my friend Elaine spoke up and said excitedly, “Oh, take mine too!” and wrapped her arm around my waist and posed. That was permission enough for the man and he began snapping away. I wanted to die! I knew people would be taking pictures. In fact Klondike had warned me about it beforehand. Still, when it happened I wasn’t mentally prepared for it. Prior to this as far as I know, no picture of me naked has ever appeared on the Internet before. Well, I’m sure there’s one on there now I can assure you. Probably hundreds based on the huge number of people taking pictures that day! That thought alone even now can turn my stomach inside out when I think about it. I could have prevented it by just not riding in the parade, yet I did it anyway. Some kind of morbid self-destruction I guess – or maybe it was just for the THRILL of taking the risk. Whatever, deep down inside I was driven to finish this.  
  
After that first photographer I became acutely aware of how many people were about taking pictures. In the painting area it was mostly men. Many were extremely polite and those that were close enough asked before taking a picture. I liked that. Made me feel in control a little bit, though they could have taken it anyway whether I wanted them to do it or not. There wasn’t really anything I could do about it anyway. Still it was nice to be asked. Then of course there were the few jerks that would dropdown on one knee and aim their lens directly at my crotch. One even had the nerve to rudely demand that I spread my legs because keeping them closed was ruining his shot! Paul, Elaine’s friend, soon chased him away. That little episode made me feel cheap. I hated that. I didn’t have time to dwell on that though, as there were plenty of nice people to make up for the idiots.  
  
I kept hoping that I would run into Klondike and speak to him. I had no idea what he looked like but he said he was going to be there. That thought alone made me accept just about any photographer’s request for a picture. I kept thinking that maybe he was the one taking the picture right then. I could only imagine what he looked like – this deeply mysterious man who exerted such influence over me. I was too cautious or too chicken to speak up and ask though and I never did know for sure. As it turns out, he WAS there and took some pretty marvelous pictures of me though he didn’t know it at the time! He sent me several via e-mail. I must tell you that it is pretty unnerving looking at a naked picture of yourself that someone you don’t really even know took of you! It’s all so intimate somehow – VERY intimate and oh so revealing. There are no secrets among the nude, Hooked6 always says.  
  
Finally it was time to get painted and I still didn’t have a clue what I wanted to look like. My husband suggested I stay away from any complicated designs. His point being that with a “busy” design no one would be able to tell that I was naked and that was the whole reason I made this trip to begin with. Once again, it was Elaine to the rescue. She suggested I start by painting myself all over with a light color. So this guy took a sponge and dipped it in paint and began rubbing it all over my body. I was about to freak every time, out of necessity, he had to touch my personal spots. When he was done I looked down. The light color didn’t do much to hide my nudity. I was too exposed for my level of comfort. Elaine suggested an occasional mark here and there in a darker color. It worked and though I wanted to be hidden more, I decided to run with it. Elaine did a similar design. I think to spare my feelings. I’m sure she could tell I was nervous and uncomfortable with all this. It was her way of showing her support.  
  
Eventually it was time to go and get to the embarkation point or assembly area. Elaine told me the name of the place but I can’t seem to recall that right this minute. We got on our bikes and rode down the sidewalk as cars passed us on the street! At that point it wasn’t the real parade. It was just a bunch of naked people next to a public road! People were in their yards watching us pass by and many waved. I couldn’t help but wave back. In fact I did so much waving that day my arm felt as though it was going to fall off. This may sound strange, but I have never been in a parade of any kind. I have watched many, but never participated. Now, my first ever time IN a parade and I was NAKED! Go figure! How ironic is that? Now I’m not an exhibitionist in real life. In fact I dress really on the conservative side and appear quite modest in my appearance. So why ride naked? It’s just that I have this secret side of me that likes (my husband says “gets off on”) taking an occasional risk or two with my body in public, but usually these are under strictly controlled situations. This was totally different.  
  
My next reality check came when the parade got underway. To my chagrin, there weren’t just naked cyclists in this parade. Though I’m guessing there were maybe 100 or so naked people, heck we were the MINORITY and at the end to boot! I don’t know for certain but I’d say there were at least TEN times that many costumed people ahead of us. You wouldn’t believe how ornate and clever the clothed and decorated people were! They were extravagant to say the least! I had no idea! This wasn’t some little parade – it was HUGE! The fact that I was in the naked minority only reinforced how out of place my nudity was. The route wasn’t short either. I’m not really sure but I’m thinking it was at least 7 or 8 miles long! Neither did it move very fast with a lot of starting and stopping because of all the walking costumed participants ahead of us so those of us on bikes had to do a lot of riding back and forth at times, covering the same ground to keep from having to come to a complete standstill until the parade got going again.  
  
That little detail was important. You see there were literally thousands of people watching on the sidewalks for mile after mile and they were at times VERY, VERY close! What unnerved me most was the composition of the onlookers. There were kids, teenagers, young, old and extremely old. People in wheelchairs, on crutches; in fact entire families were there! I felt bad being naked in front of kids – especially the young boys - but then after seeing literally hundreds of families – every one of them enjoying themselves it all felt perfectly natural.  
  
What I loved most was the smiles! When someone looked directly at me, smiled and then waved appreciatively, it made me feel like a million dollars! People were clearly having fun and so was I!!!!!  
  
People were also close enough to talk to. The times I had to slow down or stop my bike, people would often talk to me! It was weird having people see me naked. But it was really awkward TALKING to them as they stood there completely clothed. Many said how BRAVE I was. I didn’t feel very brave. I felt like an idiot. But still I was excited by all the attention. Many asked where I was from. When they found out how far I traveled to ride in the parade they were amazed. Okay, I’m lying, what I really, REALLY liked was when a cute guy said how beautiful I was and I could tell by the way he looked at my body that he was serious. People don’t normally say things like that to me so when it happens I LIKE it. I LIKE IT A LOT!!!!  
  
I too was surprised at the number of women in the crowd who eagerly took pictures – especially of the nude women! For some reason I found that odd, but I didn’t dislike it. In fact some of my biggest compliments, the most genuine of smiles and the sincerest supportive remarks came from clothed women in the crowd. Looking back I’m guessing that they too wanted to be out there but didn’t have the guts to actually do it so talking with someone who was out there naked was the next best thing. Of course I’m only guessing here. It could also be that they just liked looking at naked women, who knows.  
  
The next reality check for me was the police officers. Can you imagine riding by a man in uniform completely naked on a public street and he didn’t frown at you or arrest you? Throughout the whole parade I passed hundreds of officers and even though nudity was supposedly accepted, (no one ever said outright that it was, it was just sort of understood) I felt scared and wanted to hide! I never got over that feeling that day, NEVER! There was something about a badge and my bare boobs that just didn’t seem to go together.  
  
When we reached the end of the parade route my biggest challenge was to find my husband as he had my clothes! The suddenly reality was that the parade – my excuse for my nudity was over and I was miles from any covering to get dressed with! I was naked and stuck like that. That was a weird feeling I can tell you! I just mingled for a bit with the crowd as it was mass chaos for a while as people started to leave.  
  
Fortunately the party I was with had already arranged to attend the extended festivities at Gas Works Park. Elaine said it would be fun and that it was something new. Paul took care of my bike. My husband eventually made his way there with my clothes. Waiting for him to arrive made me a nervous wreck as I was now without the safety of my bike and had to walk among the ever-increasing throngs of people. I was worried he would never find me. I had irrational visions of spending the rest of my life naked. Of course that was the fun part – seeing all the costumed people roaming around that I had missed at the back of the parade while I was still wearing only body paint. There were refreshments and entertainment and stuff. There was a pageant later that afternoon that featured a play about the summer solstice with costumed actors and stuff, but unfortunately we didn’t stay for that. As soon as he arrived I got dressed. All too soon it was over. Admittedly, I was depressed. I didn’t really want to get dressed. Secretly, I still don’t but sadly I HAD to. Will I do it again? My secret side says “HELL YEAH!” The reality is, I don’t know, maybe. Thanks Klondike for pushing me past my normal limits and for being such a gentleman! I’ll always love you for that! You’re my hero!  
  
Well that’s my story such as it was. I wanted to share it with people that might understand or would want know what it was like from a naked woman’s perspective. Thanks for reading and allowing me to post this here. And to all you guys out there, get yourself to these events, especially the little known activities. Be NICE not crude or rude and take lots of pictures and post them. Like Klondike, you’ll never know who you’ll inspire to take their clothes off - all because of you! I’m living proof . . . I did it for him!  
  
  
P.S. Now ya'll don't get the idea that I'll be posting lots of naked pictures of me at this site or taking requests because I'm not like that at all. Ask Klondike, he’ll tell you the same thing if you don’t believe me. I’m not looking for attention or a lot of trashy e-mails either. I just wanted to prove to myself that I could do this (the parade) and by posting my account maybe inspire some other woman who may be interested in public nudity to give it a try. If I can do it - anyone can. Thanks guys for reading my long account of my experience. I joined this site because of the exhibitionists here and I always admired women who had the courage to risk public exposure especially their courage. I guess now in some small way I am one of them. OH GAWD!!!!  
  
How long did it take to remove the body paint you ask? Oh gawd let’s not go there. It was awful - removing the paint that is. The dark colored designs on my front and back came off pretty easy. As for the base purple - forget about it. It only lightened up each time I washed myself. I must have showered 5 times that night. I got some pretty strange looks as I went back to my hotel. Even though I was dressed by then, I'm guessing pretty much all the employees and most of the people in the hotel lobby that saw me before I washed said to themselves, "There goes another naked girl from the parade!" The looks on their faces were even more embarrassing that when I was naked on the street for some reason. I had a slightly purple tinge for two days!! Actually it wasn't as bad as all that. My husband says it was hardly noticeable but I NOTICED! If you ask Hooked6 (yeah he was there too and saw my personal triumph) he'd say that it all washed off the first time. UGH! MEN!!! WHAT'S A GIRL TO DO?  
  
I guess I'm too critical about things like that. Most women probably are.  
  
Did I ever get past my awareness of being nude? In a word - "no". I thought that as time passed I would get more comfortable but truth be told I really never did. All it would take was someone looking at me smiling, or a gust of wind, the sound of clapping or laughter, seeing ordinary sights like a street corner with a recognizable business on it - any of those things would instantly remind me that I was unclothed in a place I wasn't supposed to be. It wasn't like I was at a party at somebody's house, I was out on a public street. Of course the fact that this was the first time I had ever done anything like this probably contributed to the fact that I was very aware of my body.  
  
Many people did seem quite comfortable; much more so than me. People did say I looked calm both at the parade and after. It was all an act, trust me.  
  
How long did I roam around at gaslight park before my husband found me? Not really sure but I'm guessing maybe an hour. That was really the hardest thing for me because I wasn't really sure what I was supposed to do - get dressed or was it okay to remain naked. It seemed like a totally different world to me. The fact that many people got dressed right away made me feel that I was supposed to do the same. I worried that I might get into trouble if I didn't. People did come up and talk to me or my friends about the parade which not only was exciting in a way but that also helped take my mind off my worries.  
  
Well that’s what really happened. I hope you enjoyed reading about it and that I didn’t bore anyone. I just wanted to do my part to support this site and hope it continues for many years!  
  
Perhaps if I get up the courage and feel welcome here I'll post a real account of how I first got started with all this interest in public nudity when I was younger.  
  
Thanks  
Torre