**Total Nudity
The realistic account of a holiday experience
by Cornelius**

## Arrival

The taxi driver politely said good-bye and drove away, leaving us right in front of the hotel gate. There we stood, close to the entrance of the Hotel Eve in Cap d’Agde, France. The preceding week and also last night in the train, we had prepared us for this very moment, eagerly looking forward to it. My wife searched her bag and produced a large pair of scissors.

"Please, hand in," she said to me, holding out her hand. I put down my bag, took off my T shirt and passed it to her. Immediately she started cutting the shirt into pieces. "Go on, please," she continued, when only some small parts remained. Slowly, I took off my shorts, looking around. As I was without any underwear, my penis and bottom became uncovered. The piece of clothing was treated in the same way, ending up in small pieces. Spontaneously I removed the tiny flipflops from my feet and presented these to her. The strips were cut radically and she even went on breaking the soles of the footwear. She handed over the scissors, leaving the remains of my clothing before her on the ground.

"It’s your turn," I said to her but she had already started undressing, removing her top and baring her breasts. Without delay she removed her pants, which showed she also was without underwear. The clothes were handed over and I immediately started cutting, fully destroying these pieces of clothing. In addition, her tiny sandals were also effectively rendered useless. I took up all the shreds and started walking to a container, close to the road. While walking I felt my bare feet on the warm surface and upon returning to my wife, I was struck by the sight of her complete nudity. I noticed some people watching although they did not seem too interested in the scene.

My wife smiled, took up her bag again and produced some papers, saying, "Now for the final thing. You sign this one". She handed over a sheet of paper and a pen. Leaning toward the wall of the fence, I signed the paper that was prepared with much excitement in the last days. I presented it to her and subsequently received the second paper signed by her. Essentially, the content of these letters was a solemn promise that for the next three weeks, we would not wear any piece of clothing, thus observe total nudity at all times. Neither would we wear any type of shoes or footwear nor would we try to hide our nudity at any moment by any other means, like towels. We had phrased it like this "...in this period, never deliberately obstruct the free view of our total nudity to anyone, by covering our body by any piece of clothing or other attribute, with the sole exception of an explicit order to do so by authorities employed by the French government." Our intention was to force ourselves to maintain complete nudity during our entire holiday time. We were rather experienced naturists but too often we were tempted to dress up for some time, which prevented us from remaining nude and barefoot.

Now, we had thought of this solution: to stay in the large naturist quarter of Cap d’Agde in the midst of summer and to ensure upon arrival that we did not even possess any clothing anymore. This would effectively prevent us from covering up too easily, which we also tried to discourage by signing the declarations. We really liked the idea of remaining totally nude, we wanted to demonstrate that we were completely unashamed of our bare bodies. It had been exciting, when we packed our bags, without including a single piece of clothing. We left home wearing only some tiny cheap shirts, shorts and sandals and were sure to bring a pair of scissors, to destroy these items directly upon arrival. We were exactly at this point now: standing naked and barefoot in front of Hotel Eve.

For a moment, we looked at each other and at our bare genitals in particular. My wife kissed me, while I asked her, "You know what this is about: remaining completely nude for all three weeks. Are you ready?"  I looked down at her scarce pubic hair with her slightly opened pussy clearly visible.

"Sure I am. And, you know: you can’t hide your penis and balls from anyone anymore, for the whole the three weeks."

"No problem I said just what I want." My penis also reacted to some extent, appearing somewhat larger than usual...  We decided to check in and entered the hotel, which was right at the border of the large naturist quarter.

The young lady at the desk smiled at us when we entered completely naked and barefoot. "Vous êtes déja nus?" she asked. We explained that we did not posses any clothes anymore and would like to remain in this state during our stay but she did not pay too much attention to our intentions, just confirming that we could be nude everywhere in the hotel. We went to our room, with a fine view on the pool, surrounded by naked people and decided to leave for a first walk. "Changing our clothes isn’t possible anymore," my wife concluded. We just took some money in a purse carried around the neck.

## Being totally naked

The feeling was great, being totally naked, knowing that we would not even have the choice to do otherwise. We forced ourselves to remain nude and we were determined not to cover up for any reason. We did not even possess clothes anymore! Moreover, we experienced the additional effect of our bare feet, touching the streets with every step. This remarkably added to the feeling of being totally free of clothes. A bit strange and exciting, this fully natural state in such an urban environment. We were completely uncovered, our genitals visible to everyone. We did feel a bit like animals, though it definitely was a pleasant sensation. After walking around for some time, passing many other naked and clothed people without anyone noticeably reacting on our appearance, we liked to have a drink. A practical point in this regard should be mentioned: naturists often carry towels all the time, in order to be able to sit down anywhere. There may be some hygienic reasoning behind this ritual, however we had decided beforehand also to refrain from towels for that purpose. First of all, because it is rather unpractical and also because a towel always remains something like a piece of clothing, right at hand. And we tried to be as nude a possible, all the time. The issue could be solved easily by using any type of disposable paper to sit on in bars and restaurants, if necessary. The personnel always smiled friendly when we arranged this before sitting down.  And we simply had to solve issues like this in bars and restaurants. We were staying in a hotel room, without facilities for cooking and the hotel itself had no restaurant.

We would have a nude breakfast at the hotel’s roof terrace but otherwise we had our meals in restaurants, remaining totally nude. At daytime, this was not much of an issue, with many more naked people around total nudity was rather easy and uncomplicated. We experienced no limitations in this respect: we did all kinds of shopping in the shopping malls just as we were, fully naked and barefoot. The warm weather stimulated nudity, sometimes a majority of customers in the groceries or supermarkets were naked. In the bakery, early in the morning, we were always served friendly, in our natural state. It is really wonderful that most of these shops are well-furnished and were decorated with a wealth of mirrors. This provides a really unique and exciting view of your nudity.

The only thing we avoided were the clothing stores, maybe because we did not like to be reminded of the fact that so often you are forced to wear clothes. Interestingly, many naked people were to be found there. Admittedly, it is real fun to try clothes in a boutique when you are naked: there is little need for a dressing room; even underwear is simply tried on the spot...  We also liked playing tennis in the nude and on bare feet, which is a great sensation. Obviously, swimming and sunbathing are simply universally done in the nude. Apparently, nudity is strictly compulsory in the pools, everyone was naked inside and outside. We really liked the clear signposts stating "Nudité integrale obligatoire" or total nudity is required, as we put it. But, already in the early stages of the preparation for our trip, we considered that the evenings would be less uncomplicated. Several of our naturist friends had told us of the strange phenomenon that most people dress up in the evenings here. Still we were convinced that this should not be too much of a problem. After all, there is no formal rule at all forbidding nudity in the evenings; it is just the force of habit. And being nude in a naturist center can never be an offense. Indeed, it turned out to be possible to remain nude also in the evenings without too much hassle. For dinner, we simply asked before when we entered a place whether it was all right to be naked. Of course it was, they usually stated "pas de problème" and as explained before, even the fact that we did not carry towels to sit on never caused problems. It felt more relaxed when you were authorized in this way. It should be added that we usually had dinner rather early in the evening, when lots of naked people were still passing by. It rarely happened that there were other nude guests in the restaurants late in the evening. Clothed guests never made any problem on the presence of us, totally nude people. Any objection would have been incredible indeed, considering the extremely widespread nudity at other times of the day. We did have some friendly conversations on the subject and we found a very convincing, valid argument was to put it just as it was: that we decided not to have any clothes with us during our holiday and consequently we were nude. "Oh yes, of course, how interesting" was the common reaction. So, we wished this was always accepted as easy as that. And we even got followers, as one couple to we had explained our attitude, showed up naked another late evening, greeting us with enthusiasm.

## In the club

Strolling around in the evening in the busy streets totally naked between a majority of clothed people is a wonderful experience: you do get some additional attention. Still, there were people getting more attention, those who were dressed up in very special ways, in leather and latex, or displaying piercings in any body part and in the genitals in particular. Our plain nude variant was just considered another way to attract attention, not even the most original (also, because nothing special was to be seen on or around our unpierced genitals). We noticed many people looking at our sex organs, probably by habit. By then, we were not even shaven in that area. The only limitation we felt in these evening periods was in our intention to visit one of the swingers’ clubs, as we were rather curious about these ‘club libertins’. We saw guards at the entrances who would probably start discussions when we would present us in our nudist ‘outfit’. Still, we managed to enter one of these, also by inquiring beforehand. We asked the owner of a club in the afternoon and he stated it should be possible to enter nude late in the evening if we referred to this permission. In this way, we were indeed easily admitted to the club, one of the smaller ones in the center. When spending some time at the bar, we recognized that our nudity was leading to increased attention of other couples and when we proceeded to an adjacent erotic room somewhat later, it is needless to say that our complete nudity was just to a great advantage. We had a great time, enjoying the attention of several other couples and we were the only ones not at risk of losing some expensive piece of lingerie. We had a good laugh when I indicated to my wife that a condom was not to be considered a piece of clothing and she agreed. Also, the temporary disappearance of my penis after we engaged in real intensive contact with another hot couple, was not to be considered an attempt to hide this organ, as it remained clearly felt inside by the woman!

## The campsite

While maintaining our totally nude state in this way in the urban part of the naturist quarter, we also liked to explore the immense naturist campsite in the center. Often, we took showers there in the sanitary blocks after we walked along the beach. In the evenings we liked to stay around for some time and as we did not carry a towel, to dry a bit. At the campsite nudity is still very common also late in the evenings. In the communal showers, we sometimes noticed couples touching each other and looking at other people. And indeed, when a couple was caressing each other rather conspicuously and we were watching the scene, the woman apologized to us. She spoke Dutch, probably after recognizing that we did the same. Quite rapidly, this conversation ended up in an invitation to have a drink in their tent. We immediately understood what this could mean and my wife was a bit reluctant at first. She was convinced by some friendly remarks from the man, who apparently was well educated. Their tent was close by and after we entered with four naked people, we all sat down on a large mattress, filling nearly the compete surface. There was a small light, a bottle of wine and many pieces of clothing scattered around.

"What do you use these for," we asked, explaining that we did not have anything like that anymore. This made some impression and rather soon, the subject was on the sight of our bare genitals, the woman saying that we should, like her, remove all our pubic hair, although we did not have too much of it left. After getting some more wine, she sat down next to me and without much ado, she started touching me. This is always surprising: while naturism and sexual activity essentially are unrelated, there is a remarkably accelerated transition into sexual behavior, once you really decide to start this. Maybe it’s because you have nothing to hide and you can't hide anything. I could not resist responding to some gentle strokes between my legs and a final exchange with my wife made clear she did not have any objection, too. She was already reached by the hands of the naked man next to her, who was holding her nipples between his fingers from behind. Again, there was a need to dress up my penis in a condom and the action that followed was impressive, as this couple was really steaming. My wife became exceptionally aroused by the intensive intercourse she experienced with the man and although I did my best, the woman I made love to seemed nearly inexhaustible. I finally ejaculated after she had removed the condom and was using her mouth, doing so she managed to get the full load on both our bodies. Her man did the same, covering my wife with his ejaculate. "We like it this way," they said, when we laid down dripping with the ejaculates. "We’ll go to the shower again, maybe for another adventure."

We said goodbye, the woman just managed to recommend a very good address in one of the shopping centers "to deal with our pubic hair". When we walked back in the dark from the campsite into the naturist center, somewhat difficult on our bare feet, we suddenly were in clear lights again. We were used to some attention, because of our complete nudity at night but this time we noticed getting even more attention than usual.  Suddenly, my wife realized  the reason for this: extensive traces of sperm were clearly visible on our naked bodies and even on her face. "This is not like coming out of the pool, everyone recognizes the effect," she said, trying to remove some of the fluid with her hand. Anyone still in doubt on the nature of our activities just had to look at my wet and reddened penis to be sure we had been having sex just a few moments before. We felt a bit aroused by this situation, being unable to hide our sexual activities...

## The beauty shop

It was the next morning when we discussed the suggestion of removing our pubic hair. Indeed, quite a lot of the so-called "modern naturists" were completely smooth around their genitals and daily shaving wasn’t a perfect solution. We decided to have a look at the address we had heard about. This appeared to be a beauty shop, clearly advertising depilation of the pubic area for both women and men. Naked as always we entered the shop and a woman aged 35 or so, barefoot in a white dress received us. After we just pointed without any shame to our genitals and our pubic hair, she started explaining us the advantages of depilating the hair with warm wax. She told us that she believed that any woman who spends a week or longer in total nudity with thousands of other nudists has nothing to hide and should also remove the pubic hair completely. Over the last two summer seasons nearly all her female clients wanted to be fully depilated, a few wanted to leave a small line or a little triangle. As she had no client at that moment, my wife agreed to have it done right away and completely. We followed her to a room behind the counter, where my wife was invited to take a shower before lying down on a massage table. The beautician started to depilate the pubic hair and just after half an hour or so my wife was really smooth. She definitely was happy with the result although she said that the procedure was a little painful.

I followed her example, also took a shower and got my balls and skin around the penis depilated. However, this procedure was a bit different from the former one. When I lay down, she stated, "Men often need some additional treatment; that will be free of cost." She pointed to my penis, which clearly demonstrated that the treatment of my wife’s genitals by this lady had not failed to make me somewhat excited. She then took off her dress, immediately showing that she wasn’t wearing anything underneath.

"I’m also a naturist, you know." She was naked like we were and demonstrated that she was completely smooth, striking over her labia. In addition, she definitely had beautiful well-tanned breasts. This scene was not without effect on the condition of my penis. She then started to gently stroke my penis, which rapidly was in full erection. Subsequently, she licked the back in a subtle way with her tongue, proceeding with some stronger strokes... This was such a strong stimulation that I could not hold an orgasm any longer and she just managed to avoid my forceful ejaculation. Both women laughed and the beautician simply said to my wife, almost apologetically, "It usually is inevitable, I often treat couples and it is just more practical this way." My treatment took a bit longer but subsequently was finished and I also was happy with the result.

When we left the beauty shop, we were confronted again with our total nudity. We stood rubbing our bare genitals, which were a bit reddened by the treatment. By chance, some clothed people were passing by; all were looking at the completely bare penis, balls and labia.

"Oops, now we really can’t hide anything," my wife said. She looked at herself in a large mirror in one of the shops and was rather surprised. "This really looks very naked, doesn’t it?" Indeed, her outer and inner labia were clearly visible, something which may differ between women. Although we did feel slightly embarrassed at that moment, with conspicuous genitals, barefoot, nothing to cover any part, this rapidly made way for a strong feeling of excitement and pride, that again we had lost even more of our shame. It was a great feeling to be smooth and it added considerably to the sense of being completely uncovered.

## The carrousel

The warm weather surely helped us to achieve what we intended: to remain totally nude all three weeks. The hot surfaces were causing more problems, for us walking barefoot, than the occasional windy evening but neither of these circumstances was really an obstacle to our total nudity. The final week we really did not even think of wearing clothes anymore. We had overcome any inhibition and felt really free without clothes, shoes and pubic hair, at anytime of the day. The last nights were very warm. One evening, still before dark, we walked along the beach reaching a part with some dunes where some naked people gathered. A couple was waving to us, we recognized the Dutch couple who had invited us in their tent. When we were closer, we noticed the naked couples were standing close together, some of the men with an almost horizontal penis. "You could have some fun here," they said, "by the way, your pubic hair has been done beautifully."

It was a rather mixed company of different ages and nationalities that was assembled here, consisting of six couples, including ourselves. "We will be doing a carrousel," he said without explaining what that would mean. "Let us start!" The six fully naked men, including me, assembled in a circle, the women were standing each in front of their man. Then each woman took the penis of the man right in her mouth. My wife, looking around to her neighbors, just did the same. The women started licking and sucking but after some time, when one of the man yelled "changer, si’l vous plait," all the women changed their positions and took the penis of the next man in their mouth. A somewhat older woman was treating me now, she was really fanatic and a strong erection resulted from her action. The women were allowed more time now, probably until all men were fully erect. Then the women changed positions again but now they turned their backs to the men. They pushed their bare bottoms against the erect penises. A bag of condoms was in the middle of the circle, I noticed, and condoms were passed among the men. All men put on a condom and then simply started to penetrate the women’s vaginal entries in front of them from behind. A rather young girl was standing before me, with two small labial piercings around her widely opened pussy. I looked at my wife, who apparently was learning quickly and smilingly offered her bare vaginal opening to the man we had met before at the campsite. So I decided not to hesitate either and slowly entered the body of the young woman before me with my erect penis. I clearly felt her piercings, which I had not experienced before and must admit it was a remarkable feeling, while I moved in and out her extremely wet opening. So, the six couples were having intercourse, all standing in the same position, with some of the women embracing to support each other. The men did not yet come in this round, some more rounds followed in the same way, after changing the condoms. Consequently, I also continued to fuck all the six women in this carrousel. Without noticing how this was arranged, I finally found the naked body of my own wife standing before me; apparently the last round was reserved for your own partner, without a condom. I entered her pussy in the same position again, while I noticed several people were watching the scene. My wife also had noticed this but it felt so completely natural what we did, that this only excited us even more. Most of the men ejaculated in this round and rather exhausted we fell down in the sand. Some of the people started to dress at this point, it was getting dark already but we again realized that we simply had nothing to dress and would remain naked. So we walked back, again my penis clearly demonstrating the intensive use of this organ shortly before while my wife had sperm dripping between her legs. We could not hide anything, neither did we want to hide anything. One of the couples, clothed again in skimpy erotic lingerie, offered us a drink and we gladly accepted. We entered an erotically decorated private bar, close to the beach. At that moment, we really were without any shame. My wife sat down on a high bar stool, right under a clear lamp, spreading her legs and putting her bare feet on a support. Her naked body was beautifully tanned, after nearly three weeks of walking around without even once covering any part. It was a wonderful sight: her uncovered labia were still wide apart, with a somewhat circular opening in between, as evidence of the repeated intercourses she had just enjoyed. Her own juices mixed with my sperm were visibly dripping from her vaginal opening on her inner thighs.

"I feel shameless now," she stated and continued, "oh, I really like it, to be taken from behind but this was rather heavy, six times in a row. Did you enjoy it?" She was asking the other woman.

"Sure, it was great, men always go so deep in that way! And all their penises were all a bit different."

I added that all their vaginas also felt different. We had never before done such a gang bang-like thing, but this was wildly exciting. We also liked that people had been watching us and became excited by thinking of the event again. The woman then pointed to my wife’s genital opening. "It looks so smooth, may I feel?"

"Of course", my wife said, "your man has felt it on the inside and I had an orgasm when he was in there."

The woman started to stroke my wife’s hairless pussy slowly, after some time she even entered the vaginal opening with her fingers. Fully visible at the bar, she continued to stimulate my wife in this way. Inevitably, my bare penis reacted by swelling considerably. Her man, experiencing the same reaction had some more problems with this, as his penis was covered by a small string. "I‘ll take it off", he decided. He also removed his wife’s bra and string, while she kept stimulating my wife.

The four of us were standing naked at the bar, my wife simply announcing "Oh, I come," when she reached an orgasm again. The scene was not entirely out of place in this bar, several other people had also already uncovered their genitals. While the two women were still caressing each other, their partners had erect penises again and decided to take their wives from behind, once again. "This is what we always wanted," my wife said finally, being screwed in public again. "Not hiding any part of our body and not hiding any sexual activity either. We are totally shameless, aren’t we?"  I could only agree...

## Departure

Finally, we prepared for our departure and decided to take the bus to the train station in Agde, after looking at the timetable in the bus stop right outside the naturist quarter, still naked. We would leave the next morning. So, by that time we would have we to cover up, which we postponed to the latest moment. In the early morning my wife started to look in the shops, though not all were yet opened. She found a colorful pareo and wondered whether that would do. I confirmed that a pareo is quite sufficient clothing, to cover both the lower parts and breasts. I found a naturist logo T shirt and a pair of shorts. We took our small bag and left for the bus stop. Only after arriving at the bus stop of the ‘Quartier naturiste’ we dressed up in our small pieces of clothing, while the other people standing there didn’t pay attention at all. At that moment, my wife realized we had not yet bought any footwear. It was getting late, the bus already showed up, so we had to leave barefoot. Fortunately, this turned out not to be a problem at all, when traveling by bus and train. It felt great and made us feel less "clothed".

In the train, a young couple was sharing the cabin with us. We had some pleasant conversation and they also quickly removed their sandals, so all four we were sitting barefoot. We would spend the night in the cabin too, sleeping on couchettes and rather early in the evening we simply asked whether we could be naked during the night, ‘since we are naturists’. There was no objection from their side, they told us they also had visited the nude beach at Cap d’Agde, only once "but we did like it."

My wife then simply loosened the knot of her pareo at the back and let it fall down. Her naked body without any tan lines was visible again and I also decided to disrobe. The young couple was a bit surprised. The girl noticed we "didn’t really look naked with those fully tanned bodies." This is indeed is often surprising, the kind of "body paint" effect caused by a totally equal sun tan. After some time had passed, the young man announced he would like to join us. Maybe the wine the couple had been drinking made his decision easier. He slowly removed all his clothing and smilingly looked at the girl. She apparently was in doubt but finally concluded she could not stay behind and also took off her dress and underwear. We were laughing and had a lot of fun, sitting naked in the train in this way, while we explained that we had been without any clothing for three weeks. They were impressed by that and also by our hairless genitals, we noticed. Their bodies had white parts exactly showing the extent of their swimwear, although the girl had tanned breasts, confirming she had been topless at the beach. We remained naked the whole evening, only covering our genitals when a conductor passed. Later that night we went to sleep and again we asked politely whether they would have a problem when we would make love a bit. They had no problem with that, announcing they would probably do the same. So we ended up, as two couples fucking intensively side-by-side on the train beds. First, the other couple was covered by a sheet but soon they removed this.

*Why bother, why be ashamed of your body? Total nudity and total freedom go hand in hand. Make clear what you like and stay by that as long as you can! Just enforce your freedom.*