**True Tales of Molly Driving Naked**

by mcmann.molly

**True Tales of Molly Driving Naked, Part 1**

Growing up, I always had the urge to be naked but did not have a lot of opportunity given that I lived with my parents and three older siblings. But by the time I was a junior in high school, my brothers and my sister were all out of the house so it was just me and the parents. They both worked downtown and they rode in together in one car. At the earliest, they’d get home about six, but often it was later – and they always called to let me know exactly when to expect them.

So this meant I had 2-3 hours to be naked every afternoon, and although I had been sneaking naked moments ever since I was 14, now I was feeling completely relaxed knowing I would not be interrupted. I would come home from school, go up to my room to undress, and then come downstairs naked to do my homework at the dining room table. If the parents were running late, Mom would call with dinner instructions – get the water boiling for pasta or whatever. I imagined I was having a dinner party and people would be arriving any moment. I pictured myself opening the door naked and welcoming my clothed guests inside.

We had a privacy fence, lots trees and most of the neighboring houses were one-story ranches, so there was a nice chunk of backyard where I knew I could not be seen. All the houses in our subdivision had about an acre of land, but because our house was on a cul de sac, our yard was extra large and elongated in a wedge shape. Way, way, waaaayyyy in the back of our property we had a little garden shed. If I chose my path carefully, I could make it all the way back there and busy myself with little tasks.

By mid-October the air was chilly but I loved it. One of my chores was to rake leaves, and I was happy to do so – wearing only my sneakers and a ball cap on backwards. Even when all the leaves had fallen and winter set in, there were still certain portions of the back yard where I could stroll. I still remember the first time I was outside when giant flakes of snow were falling. It didn’t even feel cold and the snowflakes collected in my hair but melted against my skin,

That year Christmas break was longer than normal and my siblings only came home for the week of Christmas, so I had entire days when I could be continuously naked. Three days a week I had a part-time job at the mall, but I didn’t have to go in until afternoon so I still had the mornings. As I got ready to leave, I would pretend that I was going to work naked – even going out to my car naked carrying my purse.

Our garage door faced the back of the property, so the driveway came around the house and there was a big paved area where you’d turn your car around to enter the garage, room to park an extra car or two. On days that I worked I would exit the back door wearing only shoes and carrying my purse. I would lock the back door behind me and saunter casually to my little Honda and get in – loving always the shock of sensation as my bare butt made contact with the oh-so-cold vinyl seat. I would place my purse on the passenger seat, put on my seatbelt, and turn on the car.

I would begin to drive down our long driveway . . . but then I’d back up and enter the garage in the space left by whichever car my parents had taken that day. Imagining now that I was now returning from a long day at work, I would exit my car, purse and keys in hand, and unlock the door leading from the garage to the kitchen.

As it happened, that year was more snowy than usual, and that Christmas Break it snowed enough need to be shoveled at least four or five times. My dad would trudge out early in the morning to clear the driveway before he and Mom went to work. However, he only shoveled the driveway itself and the parts of the turnaround area needed to back his and/or my Mom’s car out of the garage. My little car would still be buried in snow and he left it up to me to dig myself out.

But I liked that . . . because it extended my little fantasy. I would get the snow shovel from the garage and go out naked to dig out my car – meticulously working all around the car and not just the area needed to get into it. Eventually, I would open the driver’s side door, again experiencing the luscious pleasure of sitting on the cold vinyl and only then turn on the car to warm it up. Then, of course I’d have to finish brushing off the windows, and on a couple days I had to scrape ice off the windshield.

When I finally got in my car and started driving, I usually never made it farther than to circle around our cul de sac and go back up the driveway to the garage. But sometimes I just could not resist and kept going. I felt a mixture of panic and desire as I drove through our subdivision, rounded my way back and entered our driveway again. I always promised myself I would NOT do that again because it was just too much of a risk. The windows of my car had no tinting so anyone who came close enough to even catch a glimpse of me would notice that my arms and shoulders were oddly bare in mid-winter.

One day it was bitter cold and as I puttered nervously through my neighborhood, I hit an icy spot and my rear wheels started spinning. Panicking, I made things worse by trying too hard and also called attention to myself. In my rearview mirror, I saw to my horror a guy out jogging in his winter regalia and he was coming right up to me as I desperately tried to free myself.

Luckily for me, he did not come up to the driver window, but stopped at the back of the car and gave me a little push. Suddenly I was moving again and I beeped my horn in gratitude as he now jogged along behind me giving a comradely wave. But now I was near the main entrance to our subdivision and I could not just turn around, nor could I afford to wait too long at the stop sign because he was gaining on me. The cross street was clear and so I quickly turned right and sped away from our subdivision.

Although our subdivision was quietly tucked away behind a bit of woods, the entrance to it was on a very busy street, and so immediately I was at a big intersection with two lanes of traffic going both ways and I scrunched down in my seat trying to avoid being seen. When the light changed I was in an even worse situation because I was headed towards the mall and on both sides of the street there were fast food places and gas stations and shops of all kinds.

I needed to turn around but the only way to do that was to turn left and sit there at the light waiting for the green arrow as cars and trucks went past me. My little Honda was low to the ground so anybody in a pickup truck or an SUV had the opportunity to look down into my car.

To this day, I have no idea if anyone noticed I was naked. I finally turned left into a congested shopping area, turned around and crept my way back to the street, going in the opposite direction this time and made it back home without further incident.

Oh crap, this vignette wasn’t particularly exciting, was it? That’s the trouble with real life. It is a very lovely personal memory and still quite thrilling to me because I recall how alive I felt at that moment, yet when I write it down I realize not much actually happened. Stick with me, though -- my next tale has a little more drama to it, and also sex on the grass in the rain (no, wait, that’s a spoiler; forget I said that).

**True Tales of Molly Driving Naked, Part 2**

It was a sweaty, humid summer night the summer I turned 19, and I was driving crazy-fast down curvy country roads in a convertible. My high beams on the twisty road ahead were the only source of light aside from random country porch lights and the barest sliver of moon soon to disappear behind fast-moving clouds.

The time was about 3:15 a.m., but did not know for certain because I was not wearing my watch – nor anything else. I had sneaked out of my parents’ house completely naked and carrying only my car keys. I had no purse, no money, no phone and nothing whatsoever with which to cover myself except the seat belt -- which I also was not wearing.

When the first fat raindrop splashed against my bare chest I knew I wouldn’t be able to put up the top if it rained. The little motor that operated it had stopped working early that summer, and my parents had said it would cost more to replace it than the car was worth. Time to get rid of the old girl, they’d said, but I resisted. I was the youngest of four kids and as with everything else in my life, my car was a hand-me-down. My twin brothers had hogged the car’s best years before passing it down to my sister and then, at long last, to me. I was determined to have my turn with it, so all that summer I had watched the weather forecast and kept a mental note of the locations of parking garages, gas station overhangs and whatever else would provide shelter when needed.

On this particular night, however, I had not been so practical. What little sensible thinking I possessed had been supplanted by raw desire. Nik would be gone in two days – flying back across the country where her real life was – so if anything was going to happen between us it had to be now, on this very night.

Another raindrop landed on cheek and two more on my shoulders. I glanced up where the moon had been but it was now entirely behind the clouds with only a faint glow to show where it still was. Thunder rumbled low above my head and the rain began to fall.

I had driven through light rain before and knew that if I kept up my speed most of it would fly past me. But this was no light rain and soon I had the windshield wipers on full and water was trickling up over the windshield and dribbling in an intermittent little waterfall onto my lap. Yes, it did occur to me to turn around, but I convinced myself it was too late for that anyway. I was already perhaps a third of the way so turning around wouldn’t help that much – and I remembered their house had a big porch roof overhang a brick drive in front so I would have shelter. From the road the fat white pillars holding up the roof look like marble, but they were actually aluminum. I had been there a couple of times back in high school because one of Nik’s younger sisters had been in my grade. Nik herself was four years older (in my brothers’ grade) so I was still in the 8th grade when she was the star senior on our high school girls’ basketball team. My sister, Mona, was a sophomore then but had made varsity so she and Nik were teammates, and I’d gotten to meet her a few times.

Nik was the first girl I had an actual romantic crush on, or at least the first one I’d admitted to myself. She was physically amazing – nearly six feet tall with muscular arms and shoulders, yet still feminine. Her ethnicity was part Italian and part Egyptian, so her skin looked tan year round. If you’ve read my Queen Jamie story, my description of the Samantha character was modeled on Nik. Although I was only around her a few times she always made me feel at ease and not someone’s punky kid sister.

I’ve been conflicted about my sexuality all my life, but my sister was so certain of her own that she came out to everyone at age 13. She told me first because I was only eleven and she wanted me to understand, but at that age I still considered boys icky so the notion of lesbianism sounded rather sensible to me. Within a couple of years, however, I came to appreciate boys -- if they had natural muscles, nice smiles and great hair.

And yet . . . I liked girls too. My first kissing/fondling experience had been with my best friend the summer we were 13. We would have sleepovers and go to bed wearing nighties with nothing underneath, and as we wrestled and tickled each other under the covers somehow our nighties would creep up to our armpits while our bare torsos became entwined. We joked about boys we knew and whether they were good kissers, so we would play-act and one of us would be the boy who planted a stupid-messy kiss on the girl. The joke was supposed to be that it was a bad kiss, but we had tongues and open mouths involved, sucking on each others’ lips in supposed dorkiness. Then we made up imaginary boys who kissed well, and so we demonstrated to each other just how well these boys could kiss. I no longer recall how many times we did this, but it only lasted a little while, and then school started and we both turned 14 and got boyfriends – never speaking of it again until adulthood.

By the time I was 15, I had gone through a couple of boyfriends, but kissing was about as far as I was willing to go with them. Well, I did also let one boy clumsily squeeze my braless breasts through the thin fabric of my oldest and most threadbare tshirt. There was a little hole in the shirt just below my right breast and I would tug the shirt up a little until the hardened tip of my nipple poked through the hole for him to touch with his fingertip. And well, that one time my shirt came off.

I liked that, but there was something else inside of me. . . something about me that I knew was different from everyone else. I had a secret desire that I fantasized about as I was kissing my boyfriend and also later when I was alone in bed giving myself a much needed orgasm. I wanted . . . to be naked. I imagined myself going naked in school and having everyone accept it as normal for me – and yet it made everyone horny, boys and girls alike. There was never any actual sex in these fantasies – just the situation of me being naked in public yet having no worry about being arrested or attacked or ridiculed, but only desired and adored by all who saw me.

Sometimes at night when I was sure everyone in the house was asleep I would sneak downstairs and out the back door where I would slip out of my nightie and run naked through the night like a wild wolf girl way back to the garden shed at the farthest end of the property. There, I had to touch the shed door before I could turn back, running around the treehouse tree and back up onto the deck where I would slip on my nightie and silently step back indoors panting, but not from the run.

I had to be super-careful when the boys were home because one could never guess their sleeping habits, but once they were off to college my world opened up. The parents were easy to predict because they were always asleep by midnight and they both worked downtown so they drove in together. If one had to stay late, the other did too and they would dutifully call to let us know when to expect them.

This left only Mona, but she rarely got home before dinnertime because she played every team sport possible and was nearly always at some practice or other after school. And even when she was home, it was okay because she was the one person in the family who knew all my secrets.

My sister and I look so much alike people often assume we are twins (especially when they see us with our actual-twin brothers), but she and I are yin/yang opposites in every other way. Mona has an athlete’s locker-room ease with her body and gets no particular thrill out of her own incidentally nudity. However, as she came to understand how I felt about my own nudity, she discovered something about herself. Later in our lives, as I cultivated friends with whom I could go casually naked, Mona sought out girlfriends who were comfortable going naked themselves. When she found a girl who was even more of a nudist than I am, that’s the girl she married (several times, the last one finally being fully legal in our state), and they have now been together more than a decade and have a daughter.

When Mona was a senior and I was a sophomore, her two best buddies were a couple of sweet butch chicks who had abandoned their girly given names and adopted the androgynous nicknames of “JB” and “Robbie.” On rare afternoons when there was no sports practice, I’d hear Mona come zipping up the driveway in the convertible and I’d look out the window to see if they were with her so I’d have time to run upstairs to get dressed before they came in the door.

But Mona had told JB & Robbie of my nudity obsession, and she teased me relentlessly about it in front of them. She knew I really wanted to go naked in front of them, but for the longest time I could not quite bring myself to do it. Finally one afternoon when I saw them drive up, I decided to just sit back down naked at the dining room table where I’d been doing my homework. When they came in, I pretended to be surprised and made a show of trying to run upstairs, but Mona blocked my path – knowing I wanted her to.

So I shrugged as if it were no big deal and walked into the kitchen to get a coke, and they all followed making such a fuss over me and I loved it. Soon we were all just hanging out in the kitchen with them making sandwiches while I casually leaned against the counter, standing there so exposed, sipping my coke. I knew in that moment that this was what I wanted sensually. I still didn’t know if I was gay or straight (and eventually just accepted being somewhere in between), but I knew I wanted this.

Not long after this happened, the parents announced they were going out of town for a night to watch the boys in some Big Important Game. Mona and I were invited too, but we quickly made our excuses, having seen enough of our brothers’ Big Important Games. Besides, having the parents gone for a night gave us both something we wanted. I would get to be naked and Mona would get to drink.

I briefly fantasized that we’d have a big party at our house with all of Mona’s teammates and I’d be naked among them all, but instead Mona went out to a party and I stayed home – but at least I got to be naked longer than usual. My job was to answer the phone when the parents called around 11 p.m. Mona’s plan was to be home by then and be just sober enough to talk on the phone coherently and then after the call she’d go back out again and get truly blasted.

Although I did not yet drink or get high, on this special night I poured myself a glass of wine and pretended I was expecting dinner guests. I did not much like the taste of the wine, but I drank most of it and twirled myself around my imaginary ballroom. I did not have time to think about being naked because I was preoccupied with hiding my not-quite-empty-after-three-hours wine glass.

Mona came staggering in the kitchen door from the garage, carrying a half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels. JB and Robbie followed, looking more stoned than drunk, and I loved how they grinned and lightly ogled me – clearly appreciating another opportunity to see me naked.

Basking in this moment I was late to notice that a fourth person was walking in the door. It was Nik. She had graduated the year before and went off to college and I didn’t think I’d ever see her again, but here she was standing there grinning at me and saying, “ooooh look at Molly all naked. Aren’t you adorable!”

I was so not prepared for this. Nik was in my mind the coolest, most attractive person on the planet and I was thrilled that she even knew my name. But I was standing there naked in front of her, stricken speechless. JB and Robbie spoke for me, giggling in their high state, as they explained to Nik that I was like, you know, a nudist or something.

“Cool,” Nik said to me, nodding with approval, her eyes quickly scanning me up and down. “Very cool, Molly. That’s a good look on you.”

She called me by NAME an said I was ADORABLE and that I was COOL because I was NAKED. My head almost exploded. Or maybe it was my clit that almost exploded. I’m not sure. JB and Robbie, however, had lost interest in the conversation and started asking if we had any cookies or cake or Hostess Ho-Hos. They were definitely high. After noisily ransacking our pantry, JB and Robbie left in Mona’s car to go to the nearest convenience store for appropriate munchies, and about the same time Mona passed out on the couch.

That left me and Nik . . . alone. Mona’s inert body took up the entire couch so Nik sat down on the facing love seat and patted the cushion next to her, inviting me to sit down right next to her . . . and I did. Our bodies were only a few inches apart, but not yet actually touching. I was so electrifyingly aware of my nakedness and Nik, who I now realized was both drunk and high, started telling me how pretty I was, how beautiful my skin was, that I had the perfect assortment of freckles and so on. She reached up to delicately brush a strand of hair out of my eyes and in that motion her hand was now on my bare back, and her fingertips traced the line of my spine from my neck down to my butt crack. And then her hand traveled around my waist and she counted up my ribs until she reached the underside of my left breast. With her other hand she held my face and kissed me. I opened my mouth to her tongue and we kissed for a long moment as her fingers gently cupped my breast and squeezed. And the phone rang.

The sound was so jarring we leaped apart from each other and Mona stirred in her stupor. It was The Call – the parents’ call. I let it ring four times while I composed myself and then finally answered. I had practiced this call and somehow remembered my lines – something about what happened at school today and a funny thing the dog did, and how Mona was in the shower but I was walking up the stairs to let her say hi. The real Mona had by this time roused herself and I met her at the kitchen sink where she had turned on the faucet to fake the sound of the shower. “Hey ‘rents!” she called as if soaped up and then I was back on the line talking about the movie we were going to watch on TV and that I was about to make popcorn.

JB and Robbie came in the door midway through my performance and Nik rushed over to shush them. When I finally hung up the phone everyone applauded and cheered, but the spell was broken and Nik only grinned at me and raised one eyebrow. After a while longer she and the others left and Mona passed out again, done for the night. I drank the last of my wine in one gulp, rinsed out the glass and put it back where it belonged so there would be no evidence. Then I went up to my room, gave myself a very satisfying orgasm and fell asleep on top of my covers.

That was near the end of Mona’s senior year so suddenly everyone was gone and soon, JB and Robbie were all gone. For reasons I still do not quite comprehend, I could not bring myself to reveal my secret to friends my own age so for my last two years in high school I mainly indulged my desire in private.

So when I went off to college I resolved to “come out” about nudity, at least among girls in my dorm, so I intentionally chose to live in an all-girls dormitory where boys were not permitted beyond the lobby. Every floor had its own kitchenette and common room and by mid-year I was going to those places naked. The kitchenette was drafty in winter, but I would sit there naked eating my cereal in the mornings, and in the evenings I would study in the common room wearing only socks to keep my toes warm. Sometimes very late at night I would go all the way downstairs to the main lobby on the excuse of using the vending machines and if the RA staffing the desk was one of my favorites I would drift over to share my candy and flirt.

When summer came and I was living at home again I felt constricted. I still had some daytime hours to be naked at home alone, but it wasn’t enough anymore. I did finally have the convertible, whose parking spot had become the bricked-in area next to the garden shed where my father had put in a greenhouse-style shelter that served as a carport. This became essential when the top broke and I could only drive the car when it wasn’t raining.

It was late summer, already August, and I was focused on getting back to school but still working my summer job as a barista at a Barnes & Noble bookstore at the mall. I looked up one night and the grin of my next customer looked familiar. It was Nik.

“Look at Molly all grown up,” she said. “And still adorable.”

Adorable. She called me adorable.

She ordered a latte and because we had no other customers my co-workers didn’t mind that I left my post and sat at a table with Nik for a few minutes, chatting oh so casually about what was happening in our lives at that point. I was going into my second year of college, but Nik had already graduated and had a great job out on the West Coast. She had been back home for a week, watching her parents’ house while they were on vacation, and was leaving again in two days. She was wearing a sleeveless blouse that showed off her still-fantastic biceps and shoulder caps. I was absolutely drawn to her and began to flirt shamelessly. She flirted back and finally asked me if I still liked to run around naked, and I told her how much I went naked in my dorm at college, and she grinned at me in a way that made me tingle.

My break was way over and she was meeting friends that night, but we agreed that she’d drop by the house the next day at lunchtime. That night as I tossed and turned in bed thinking about what I knew I wanted to do when she came. I wanted to be naked when I opened the door. The next day I was already awake when heard my parents drive away together. After a while I got up and came downstairs naked as I always did, but today was different. Today I was having a guest.

All morning I was bouncing-off-the-walls nervous and showered twice in preparation. When I answered the door I did my best to be oh-so-casual about it. She laughed and said she’d been hoping I’d do that. I led her into the living room and invited her to sit on the love seat, and I sat down next to her – exactly as we’d been four years earlier.

“So,” I said, having practiced the line, “where were we when we were interrupted?”

Nik laughed and put her arm around me, but instead of kissing me she said, “and it’s a good thing we were interrupted too! You were only 15 and I was drunk.”

“I’m grown up now.”

“I can see that, “ she said looking at my chest, and then her eyes went farther down. I felt myself blushing, and being a white-skinned redhead when I blush I go red halfway down my chest and this just made her laugh some more, but now her hand was on my bare back sliding up and down. I put my hand behind her neck and pulled her towards me, kissing her. She kissed me back and now her other hand was on my ribcage and our tongues were renewing their acquaintance.

She pushed back and looked me in the eye. “We really shouldn’t be doing this, Molly,” she said. “I’m going back the day after tomorrow.”

“I don’t want to be your girlfriend,” I said, using another practiced line. “I just want to be with you right now.”

And then I basically threw myself at her. We kissed and kissed and her fingers went everywhere except where I most wanted them. I tried to put her hand there, but she resisted.

“We shouldn’t do that,” she said again, still kissing me and touching me everywhere else. I gave up and relaxed, just letting it happen the way she wanted – and maybe I was a little bit relieved. I let her run her fingers through my pubic hair and caress the insides of my thighs. They would come so close it nearly drove me insane, but I managed not to grab her hand and press it against myself. I just let the moment become what she wanted it to be.

Eventually she had to go and I walked her outside. She was surprised that I stepped outside naked so casually, but we were in the back yard and I knew no one could see. We kissed for a lovely long while and then she walked to her car and drove away while I stood and watched her with my hands on my hips.

I spent the afternoon alternately masturbating and resisting the urge to call her. Then it was time to go to work and I reluctantly got dressed and drove to the mall. All that evening I expected her to walk into the bookstore again and come up to order a latte. At least we could talk again. But she didn’t. I left the store and lingered at the entrance, hoping she was waiting in the parking lot, but she wasn’t.

When I got home, the parents were just turning off the TV and starting their going-to-bed routines. We chatted a little and then they were in their room and I was in mine, sulking.

I did not yet have a cell phone, but I had my own line in my room. A zillion times I picked up the phone to call her, but stopped myself. And then, just as I’d put the phone down it rang. It was her. She said she’d meant to come by the bookstore again, but she had been out with old friends and the evening had slipped away from her. Now she was back at her parents’ house having just fed the dog. We talked and talked and made each other laugh and said sexy things to each other. She asked if I was naked, but I wasn’t and she seemed disappointed. So I started to undress, telling her exactly what I was taking off as I did so. I was surprised how sexy that was, and by the time I was naked we were both pretty turned on.

She said she had been kicking herself for not making love to me when she’d had the chance, and I said there was still time – that we were only 45 minutes away from each other. We shouldn’t, she said again, but I could tell she no longer meant it. I said nothing, and waited.

“I wish you were here right now, “she whispered.

“What would you do if I was?”

“I’d take you to my bed. And I’d make love to you.”

“Promise?”

“Yes.”

“Then I’m coming right now.”

“I hope you do.”

“And I’m coming naked.”

She laughed. “That would be amazingly sexy, but—“

“See you soon.”

“Molly, wait I hope you’re not really going to—“

I hung up and turned off the ringer in case she called right back. Suddenly in my mind this was the absolute perfect thing to do and I didn’t want to be talked out of it. I did not even go to my bathroom to primp or even brush my hair. My purse was right there, but instead of taking it (with my wallet inside), I reached in and grabbed my keys. I stepped out of my room, quietly closed the door, and slipped silently down the hallway past my parents’ bedroom door, down the stairs and out the back door.

I walked across the long back yard in the moonlight to the garden shed where my convertible was parked under the Plexiglas greenhouse-style shelter that served as its carport. I got in and started the car, turning on only the yellow parking lights. Slowly I drove across the bumpy bricks and stones across the yard to the asphalt driveway.

So many times I had done this only to pull the car in next to the house or drive into the garage to end the game. But this time I continued down the long driveway to the cul-de-sac street, and from there to the main street of our neighborhood. We were just on the edge of development so if you turn one way you head toward the mall and the interstate that goes downtown, and if you turn the other way it doesn’t take long before you are in the country.

I looked up at the bright crescent moon and noticed for the first time that most of the stars were now covered by clouds and wisps of them were passing in front of the moon at a speed that caught my attention. The practical part of myself told the crazy part of myself that it looked like rain, but neither of us was very worried about it. I’d get there before it rained, I decided.

Fifteen or so minutes into my trip, the first fat raindrop splashed against my bare chest, and I told myself it was okay. Nik’s house was on that very road, I reminded myself – as if that made a lot of difference. For a little while longer I managed to outrun the rain, but then if fell even heavier and I’d forgotten about all the little towns I’d have to drive through. Most are little more than a few blocks on either side of an intersection, but the speed limit drops to 30 mph as you get near them. Not that I expected the state police to have a speed trap set up in the middle of the night, but I didn’t want to attract attention so I slowed down to about 40 as I cruised through. I felt a lot more of the rain at that speed, and even more when I came to the stop signs.

The biggest town is Edwina which has a bunch of stop signs and a real downtown with shops and a square and everything. A few window lights were on here and there, but I saw no one until I hit the main stop light. It was red and I came to a complete stop, but I wasn’t planning on just sitting there waiting for it to turn green. But I stopped for several seconds just to be cautious and took that moment to lean my head back so my face was in the rain and I let it pour all over me. The car upholstery was already squishy wet beneath my butt so it didn’t make much difference anymore.

And then I heard a voice, simply say “hi.”

There was someone on a second-floor porch right above my car – a girl probably 13 or 14. She was on my right and high enough up to look down right into the car and see that I was completely nude.

“Hi,” I said back.

“Why are you naked?” she asked.

“Because I like to be naked,” I said – as if that explained everything.

“How come your top is down in the rain?”

“I like to be wet too,” I said. The light by this time had turned green so I blew her a kiss and drove off into the wet and naked night feeling like a pagan goddess of nature who had somehow learned to drive.

I was feeling fantastically good about my little adventure until the dashboard lights fizzled and went out. The headlights were still working and the car was still running, but it was freaky having the dashboard completely dark and I started worrying that something would short-circuit and the car would konk out.

On top of that, I realized I wasn’t remembering quite right where Nik’s house was. I thought it was just a few miles outside of Edwina, but I wasn’t seeing it. Maybe it was farther out than I remembered. Maybe I’d missed it behind the trees. I also realized that I hadn’t even glanced at the gas gage the whole trip and had no recollection whatsoever how full it had been before I left home. And now I could not see it, so I was worried about running out of gas and not being able to find Nik’s house in time.

This was really putting a damper on my sensuous good mood, but then like a miracle I saw it – Nik’s house. It was just as I remembered it – set way back in an open field with those big fake columns. Elated, I pulled into the long driveway and slowed as I got close. I rolled slowly under the porch overhang and out of the rain. I stopped in front of the front door but was afraid to turn of the car because it might not start again.

I waited until I saw Nik standing there in the doorway wearing a robe. I turned off the car and opened the door and got out in front of her so she could see I really had driven all this way naked in an open convertible. All of the eroticism that I’d felt before my bit of panic rushed back into me and I felt in that moment like the most beautiful woman in the world, and in my mind it made perfect sense that I could decide never wear clothing again.

Nik reached into the doorway and flipped off the porch light. We could still see each other by the light from the windows, but it was dim and intimate. She untied her robe and let it fall to the ground and she was naked also. We walked towards each other and embraced in a long kiss during which my cold wet body rubbed slipperily against her warm dry skin. She led me inside and upstairs to her bedroom and where in the shadows her many sports trophies looked down on us from their shelf as we made love.

I am not going to go into details about this because my story is not about sex, but I will tell you one small part of it. By the time I had arrived it was practically dawn so after we had each had a lovely orgasm and were holding each other in the growing light. I looked out the window and realized there was a dense fog enveloping the house.

Nik said it happened all the time but to me it was enchanting and I wanted to go outside in it. I ran out into their backyard and she followed. The sun was coming up, but we couldn’t see it, and all of the birds were chattering to the morning. As I twirled around looking at nothing but white I realized I was splashing ankle deep in pooled rainwater. I lay down on my back with my hair in the water and splashed my arms and legs up and down as if I were making a snow angel.

Before I quite realized what she was doing, Nik crawled between my legs and began kissing me there. She was very skilled at this, as I had recently learned, and now I surrendered myself to her dancing tongue as I seemed to float in the shallow water listening to the cacophony of morning birdsongs. My fingers gripped handfuls of submerged grass as I held onto the spinning earth and cried out with the birds.

Afterwards, we changed positions and my chin was underwater as I kissed her deeply, trying to be as good at this as she was. I had to wrap my arms around her legs and hold on, my toes digging into the muddy earth as she arched her back and lifted out bodies out of the water a few inches and then splashing back down again.

Somehow we made it back inside and had a really good sleep. I spent all of that day with her, calling in sick at work and leaving a lie on my mother’s answering machine. Nik’s parents had a wet/dry vacuum in the garage and so we did our best to dry out my car’s interior, but it would take a week of baking in the sun to really dry it out. Although we were outside in the daytime, I felt comfortable staying naked since we were so far back from the road. Nik was not, so she slipped on an oversized basketball jersey that came down below her waist far enough to barely cover her lady parts. The arm holes were so big I could see the sides of her breasts and this image stuck with me over the years and eventually became part of my description of “Sam” in the Queen Jamie story.

But I stayed naked throughout the day, not having a lot of choice since I had no clothing. Nik played along with my fantasy, insisting several times that I was not permitted to wear anything of hers and would presumably have to drive back home naked.

Our time together was brief. We had that one day and the following night and then she would be leaving. I did worry a little at first that I might lose my heart and not want to accept letting her go, but as we talked it became pretty clear that we were not exactly made for each other. We disagreed about pretty much everything that was unrelated to having orgasms – politics, religion, dogs, kids, you name it.

So the next morning when our time was up, I felt okay about it. I liked her a lot and still do to this day (we are Facebook friends; she has a spouse and two kids), but I did not fall in love with her.

On our last morning, I knew that someone else was going to pick her up and take her to the airport, so all I had to do was say goodbye and drive home. There was still the issue of my lack of clothing and as much as I wanted to drive back home naked, I knew this was not possible – it being 10 a.m. instead of 3 a.m.

Nik toyed with me a bit, pretending she might not loan me anything to wear, and then she stripped off that oversized basketball jersey and handed it to me. So now in that final moment she was naked and I was not. On me, the jersey went down a little farther, but the gaping arm holes came halfway down my ribs. But it was perfect because I still had the feeling of being almost naked as I puttered through those little towns on my way back home. In Edwina, I glanced up and the porch where I’d see the girl, but no one was there now.

The car upholstery was still very wet and the jersey quickly became saturated under my butt and back, but that was okay with me since it simply added to the sensuality of the experience. When I got back home I backed the car into its usual spot, glad that it was under a clear Plexiglas shelter so the sun could do its job drying things out. When I got out of the car I pulled off the jersey and draped it over the garden fence to dry. Then I sauntered naked carrying only my keys across the yard and let myself in the back door – just a naked girl coming home.

**True Tales of Molly Driving Naked, Part 3**

After college I moved with my then boyfriend to a new city where we both got jobs and lived together for about a year until we fell apart. We had never actually been that good of a couple and it was a mistake to move in together, but as it happened, our romance was at its peak when we graduated and I was temporarily unable to see the obvious.

I didn’t much like the job either, but it gave me a chance to make new friends. I am by nature pretty social and can walk into a crowd of strangers and start up a conversation with just about anyone. I did this a lot in the company cafeteria where I would scan the room holding my tray and pick someone to sit with. If I spotted a woman who looked a little butch and possibly lesbian I would pick her. I wasn’t looking for romance or sex, but just that comradely familiarity I had become so comfortable with. And so I pretty quickly found some gay chicks to hang out with and through them I started playing on a softball team managed by a very dyke couple who were outrageously fun to be around. They were over 50 and had been together most of their adult lives. Both had short-short-short hair, tattoos and some bad-ass sports competitive attitude. They were both from the Tennessee and cussed with a hilarious combination of raunchiness and quaintly Southern expressions.

These women owned a peeling-yellow Victorian house in the heart of downtown and they rented out rooms – but only to women they liked. There were six or so residents of the house at any given time, but other women would always be there hanging out so whenever I visited them it was like there was a little party going on. Slightly more than half of the women were openly gay while the rest were an amalgamation of straight, bi, curious and closeted. (At various times, I have self-identified with each of those four variants).

About a year into my job I decided to make two big changes in my life . I quit my job to get my masters degree, and I decided to quit the boyfriend too. The second decision was bad timing financially because the boyfriend made a lot more money and his name was on the lease. I was desperate for a cheap place to live and The Roommates made a spot for me. The spot in question, however, was a teeny-tiny room on the third floor of the house that had previously never been rented because it was so small. But it was big enough for a bed and a desk and the rent was cheap so I gladly took it.

By the time I moved in, the women of the house already knew me fairly well and they had heard me talk about my nudity habits but had not actually seen me do it. It took me a little while, but eventually I was comfortable enough to be nude in the common areas downstairs. I’d come home from class or work or whatever and go upstairs to my tiny room and undress and then come way back downstairs to the first floor where The Roommates and some visitor or other would be hanging out in the kitchen drinking, cooking and talking while great music was coming out of about eight speakers they’d wired up around the house.

It was easy enough for me to become comfortable being nude around the actual Roommates, but you just never knew who else might walk in the door. There was an assortment of “Ex-Roommates” who had previously lived at The House, plus “Honorary Roommates,” which were women who occasionally slept on one of the many couches when they were too drunk to drive home.

My favorite place to hang out has always been the kitchen in part because there is a narrow spiral staircase next to the still-operating dumbwaiter. The staircase was originally used by servants, but it is my escape door when I need it. So when I’d be in the kitchen and hear the hubbub of someone coming in the front door and greeting everyone, I could take a quick peek through the swinging kitchen door and decide whether I was comfortable walking out there naked to say hello or sneak up the stairway to my little room. I rarely chose the latter.

So about a year into my residency with The Roommates, I was nearly done with my masters degree and got a new job that paid reasonably well. I desperately needed a car and went to some car lots to see what I could get. I ended up buying a used PT Cruiser that was burgundy with fake wood panels and a sunroof. Also, it had darkly tinted windows. As the car salesman drove it up their back parking area to the front of the dealership I noticed that I could barely see him in there and my first thought was: I could drive naked in that thing!

After I bought it and drove it back to The House and showed it to The Roommates everyone came to the same conclusion and began egging me on.

And so, that very first day that I brought home the car, I took my first naked drive. The House had a freestanding one-car garage, but it was perpetually occupied by an ancient sports car one of the Homeowners planned to fix up one of these days. As I write this, I have been an off-again/on-again resident of this house for 10 years and during that time no one has ever attempted to drive or repair that car. Just sayin’.

Since the garage was perpetually unavailable for actual operational automobiles, those were parked on a weed-grown bricked-in area beside the garage off of an alley. Although The House was surrounded by skyscrapers it still had a little outdoor privacy because of an ancient network of arbors laden with tree-like wisteria. So it was possible for me to walk naked from the back porch to my car and get in as The Roommates cheered me on.

So that afternoon, I walked naked and barefoot, carrying only my cell phone, from the house to my car and got in, the seat nice and cold against my butt (I love that moment). That first drive several of the roommates followed in another car as I drove down the little alley and into the city streets.

We live pretty close to the center of downtown, and even when you drive in the opposite direction it is a very busy place with traffic and people on bikes and pedestrians and tall buildings. Intellectually, I knew that no one could see me, but from my point of view looking out, it felt like I was very visible.

Nothing much happened that is worth writing about. I just drove around a little and worked my way back to the house where I got out of my car and sauntered up to the back porch as the others applauded.

For my next nude driving experience I wanted to take a trip without another car escorting me -- though of course the roommates were diligently "on call" to come to my rescue if need be. I wore sandals this time, and brought a small purse. I also had a destination, a lunchtime visit to one of the honorary roommates who lives out in the burbs with a husband and two kids. It's about a 20-minute drive, including congested spots when cars are jammed close together barely moving. I felt so exposed sitting there, the sun bright on my skin, but no one looked at me because to them I was just a vaguely humanoid shadow.

My friend, of course, was in on the arrangements so she left her garage door open so I could drive right in to the spot where her husband normally parks. She was supposed to shut the garage door after I pulled in, but she forgot that part so as I got out of my car I was briefly exposed to potential passers-by. And then we. . . simply had lunch in her kitchen and chatted. I stayed for an hour or so and then I left -- first phoning my rescue crew to let them know I was in motion.

Again, nothing spectacular "happened" and yet the thrill I felt was like being on the best drug possible. And like a drug, it was addictive -- if only in the way that, say, chocolate is addictive. So in the next several weeks I had many little trips to friends' houses. Meanwhile, of course, autumn turned to winter. The leaves were completely gone and the temperature not much above freezing, but I did not wear a coat nor anything at all, except warmer shoes and sometimes a hat.

I was in a monthly book club that met at a different person’s house each time and I went to one of the meetings nude, just carrying my book. Another time, I helped out a friend who was an insurance agent and was having a bunch of records digitized so she needed someone to just go through them all removing the paper clips and staples. Her office was in one of those “industrial park” areas in the suburbs, but it was like a ghost town on Sundays. So I was able to just drive right up, park in the lot in front and saunter from my car to her office door as if going to my regular job naked.

This would, I suppose, be a more interesting story if something finally went wrong and I ran out of gas or had a flat tire or something. But nothing like that happened and most of the time I went completely unnoticed – except a couple times.

While I was coming back from one of these little visits, one of the roommates called to tell me that one of the other roommates needed a ride home from work and I eagerly accepted the request to pick her up because now I had a mission -- a task to be performed naked. The workplace in question was in the heart of the city awash in people getting off work and/or going someplace to eat or drink. She was waiting on the sidewalk and I pulled up in front.

When she opened the door, though, she took her sweet time getting in and just stood there for several seconds with the passenger door completely open. There were probably a dozen people standing right there waiting for the crosswalk signal to change. One by one they began to notice me, nudging each other until they were all staring as my friend finally managed to get in and close the door.