

In the Nuddy

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A DAY AT MY CLUB

Kirstie had the day off today, and the sun was shining, so she decided to go to her Naturist club today, which was just half an hour on the train, then a short taxi ride.

She arrived there about 11.30, signed in and went and found a changing cubicle. She pulled off her dress, and took off her bra and panties. Just carrying her towel over her shoulder, she walked out of the cubicle, heading towards the pool.

She passed a young man coming in the opposite direction (still fully dressed). He was heading for the changing cubicles. She smiled at him. He looked a bit embarrassed. A newbie, she thought.

She carried on until she reached the side of the pool, and took a seat. It still being early,

there weren't that many people around yet, and most of them were much older than her (she was 26).

Also she was footloose and fancy free, having finished with her last boyfriend 6 weeks previously.

There wasn't anyone in the pool yet.

Tom waved at her. He was a man who had got to know her a bit, having sat next to her in the club a couple of times. He was in his mid-forties. She waved back. She hoped he wouldn't come over and start talking to her, as she didn't feel like conversation at the moment.

Fortunately he didn't.

Then a man, must have been about 30, came out of the changing area and immediately

dived into the pool (naked of course). She looked on with interest.

He was a good swimmer, and seemed to have a good physique. He had dark brown hair, and was quite tall. Broad shouldered too. After a quarter of an hour he got out of the pool.

Kirstie caught his eye, and smiled at him. He smiled back, and called over to her, obviously admiring the view.

She said to him:

“Are you new here? I haven’t seen you before.”

“Yes I am,” he replied, “last Friday was my first day here.”

“Oh – I’m Kirstie. What’s your name?”

“Phil,” he replied, “Mind if I join you?”

“Please do.”

He sat down beside her.

She did feel that he was looking at her a bit too intently for a few minutes, which made her feel a bit uncomfortable. Still, perhaps he was new to this kind of set-up – didn’t realise yet that that sort of behaviour was regarded as a bit unacceptable.

She said to him:

“Have you seen many naked women before?”

“Oh, well, you know, on the nudist beaches and that – quite a few. I’m a bit new to clubs like this though.”

“Yeah, I thought maybe you were. I expect you want someone to show you the ropes a bit? Perhaps I could help you there.”

“I’d be delighted if you did.”

“Rule number 1: Try not to get an erection when you see a woman – you know – showing her bits.”

“Yeah, I thought that was probably the case.”

“Rule number 2: Try not to make it too obvious that you are ‘looking’. Obviously you will look – because I can see that you are a red-blooded male. But just try not to make it too obvious.”

“Yeah, I see – that does make sense.”

“Oh, you’ll be fine,” Kirstie said.

Kirstie was thinking that she had better not make it too obvious that she was looking at him – as well. Because he did have quite an impressive physique.

“What do you do for a living?” she asked.

“I’m a video editor – we prepare film and video tape for the production of the final version of a film or television programme. We arrange shots, adjust and enhance the quality of pictures and add special effects.”

“I suppose, with a job like that, you went to university?”

“Yeah, I was at Southampton University.”

“Well, I’m an NVQ Assessor – in the town in which I live, which is Poole.”

“What does that involve?”

“We have to help and assess people who are completing NVQs in the workplace. We have to guide people through the qualifications

and make sure that it's being completed satisfactorily."

"Have you got into Naturism since your time at Southampton University?" asked Kirstie.

"Yeah, since I was about 25. I'm 32 now."

"Have you had any girlfriends who were also naturists?"

"No. The girlfriends I had weren't interested. In fact it was only a couple that I actually told I was a naturist – and they weren't interested. They wanted to keep their knickers on when they were in company."

"Yeah, that's quite common."

"But you don't mind then – men seeing what you're made of, like?"

"No, I don't mind. I'm not shy."

“No, I can see that.”

“Do you go to the gym?” asked Kirstie.

“Yeah, I do actually.”

“Yeah, I thought so. You have quite an impressive physique.”

“Thank you. I’ve been going to the gym for 5 years – 3 times a week without fail.”

“I do go to the gym too – but I’m afraid I’m not so dedicated as you. And in my spare time I like to come here.”

“Do you come here often then?”

“Fairly often, yes.”

“Is it a good place for meeting boyfriends?”

“That’s a bit of a leading question, isn’t it? Actually I’ve only had 2 boyfriends who were naturists.”

“But you haven’t got a boyfriend at the moment, then?”

“No, I’m single.”

“I’m very surprised about that.”

“Oh – why do you say that?”

“Well, you’re very attractive, aren’t you – and as you say, you’re not shy.”

“Thank you – No, I’ve just not met the right man.”

“I suppose you’ll have to meet someone who doesn’t mind you being a naturist?”

“That’s right. It’s not that easy, you know. Most men get upset if another man even sees their girlfriend’s knickers.”

“Let alone their fanny. Yeah, I see what you mean.”

“Would you mind? If your girlfriend was a naturist?”

“I haven’t really thought about it – No, I don’t think I would, actually.”

“Just one thing.”

“Yes?”

“You’re beginning to look at me a bit too intently again – I did tell you that’s not really on.”

“Oh, sorry.”

“I’m going to go for a swim. Do you want to join me?”

“Yeah – sounds like a good idea.”

So they both dived in, and came up laughing.

“It’s quite cold in here,” said Kirstie.

“Yeah, I don’t think they probably spend all that much on heating it. I wonder if it’s a profitable venture – running a place like this?”

“I expect so. Their membership fee is quite high.”

“Yeah, I know.”

“Are you sporty? Swimming isn’t one of your sports, is it?” asked Kirstie.

“Not really. I play football sometimes, for a works team – not good enough to play professionally or anything.”

“No – I’m not much of a sports woman either.”

“What are your interests, then?”

“One of my interests is singing – I sing at karaokes, you know,” said Kirstie.

During this last conversation they had to raise their voices – being in the water.

“I’d like to come and hear you sing,” said Phil.

“Are you asking me out?”

“I suppose I am, yes. Let’s get out of this pool and dry ourselves off.”

Which they did.

“Well, in answer to your question,” said Kirstie, “I’d like you to take me out – and you can come and hear me sing too.”

They spent another hour together by the pool, before Phil said:

“Well I have to go now. I have an appointment to do with my work at 4.”

“Oh right.”

“Well then – your town is quite easy for me to get to – how about this pub evening where they have karaokes – how often is that?”

They arranged a time and place, then said their goodbyes – and got dressed.

TRYING A NEW CLUB

I saw an advert for a Naturist club that was fairly near to where I lived, and one Thursday during the summer months I thought I'd go there and give it a try. I took public transport for most of the way, and a taxi for the last part – so I wouldn't get lost.

When I got there it was just approaching midday – and the sun was shining.

I went into the reception and asked if visitors were welcome. I was told that they were – that temporary membership for the day was £15, but I'd need I.D.. That was no problem as I had my driving licence. I asked them if they had a swimming pool. The man said that they had, and directed me to it.

I went there, and found the men's changing rooms, and went inside. There was no-one

else in there. I dis-robed – I had brought a towel, but no trunks – why would you need trunks in a nudist club?

I wrapped the towel round my waist and went outside to the pool area. There were sun-loungers round the perimeter of the pool. Most were vacant, but there were about half a dozen people sat on some of the sun-loungers – mostly middle-aged – 2 women and 4 men. There were also 3 people swimming in the pool. All these people were naked, though one of the women had a towel covering her front and you couldn't see her 'privates'.

I sat down in the middle of a row of 5 sun-loungers that were vacant, taking my towel off – though I did notice that there was a towel draped over a sun-lounger next to mine.

I took in the scenery. As I have implied there was one naked lady sitting on a sun-lounger

about 25 yards away. She must have been about 50, I suppose. The naked men I wasn't so interested in – me not being gay.

I watched the 3 people who were swimming, for a bit. There was one woman who looked fairly young – early 30s I thought, and 2 men, quite a bit older. I was not sure if they were 'a group together' or not.

After about 10 minutes the woman got out of the pool and walked towards me. She was naked, had blond hair and was sporting a Brazilian. She was attractive too. And she sat down on the sun-lounger next to mine, that had the towel on – I suppose I should have realised that that one wasn't vacant.

She smiled at me.

"I haven't seen you here before," she said.

“No,” I replied, “I am only a temporary member – here for the day. It seems very nice.”

“Yes,” she replied, “it is.”

We were then silent for about 5 minutes. I knew it wasn't good to stare, but I managed a few sideways glances, and took in her nakedness, which was very pleasing – very nice on the eye.

Then I said to her:

“Are you a more ‘permanent’ member than me?”

“Yes,” she said, “I have a year's membership, though nothing much happens in the winter.”

She went on:

“I am married, actually, but my husband isn’t a naturist, so I come here on my own. Well, I enjoy it.”

“You seem to be a good swimmer,” I said.

“Yes, I have been a good swimmer since I was quite young. My parents made sure I learnt how to swim well. (Though they’re not very keen on me being a naturist, actually. My mother thinks that some things ought to be covered up [with knickers, obviously]).”

“Yeah, that’s quite a common opinion,” I said.

“I must admit I admire women who have the nerve to ‘let it all hang out’.”

“Thank you.”

“What’s your name, by the way? I’m John.”

“Sadie.”

“Well, nice to meet you – rather informally, shall we say.”

“Very.”

Then we were silent for a few minutes. Then I turned to her and said:

“Your husband must be an understanding sort of chap?”

“Oh yes, he is. He’s a Chartered Accountant, you know. And I only work part-time – that’s why I can come here, usually 2 afternoons a week, if the weather is nice.”

“Well I’m glad you could make it today. Quite often at places like this, people are a bit more ‘reserved’, you know.”

“Yes, I’ve heard. Anyway I think I’ll have another swim.”

With that, she got up, and walked towards the pool. This was the first time I had seen her rear. Very nice.

She dived in – quite a sight to behold – and I watched her swimming again for about half an hour. Then she got out of the pool and walked back to where I was again. She dried herself off with her towel, without bothering to hide anything. I got a thrill from that.

“I certainly chose the right seat to sit on today,” I said.

“Yes, looks like you did. Well, I think if you’re going to be a naturist, you should try to be friendly to those you meet who are around you – and not be too stand off-ish – if you know what I mean.”

“Quite agree. Not that many women are as generous as you, if I may say so.”

“No.”

“Well,” she said, “I’ve been here since 11, it’s now nearly 3, and I must be getting home to prepare my husband’s tea, amongst other things. Very nice to meet you” – and she held out her hand.

“Nice to meet you too. Perhaps I’ll see you here again.”

“Oh yes, I’m here a couple of times a week, usually.”

“Goodbye.”

“Goodbye.”

[And she headed towards the Ladies changing rooms.]

SEEING SOMEONE I ALREADY KNEW ON THE (NUDIST) BEACH

My name is Mark. I am 19 years old and I have just discovered nudism (on a holiday to Spain earlier in the summer). And I live in Brighton.

It is early September and I go back to Uni soon. But right now I am still on my hols. And it's going to be a hot and sunny day. What about a trip to Brighton's nudist beach, I thought.

Wah – heh, why not?

So I packed a picnic, changed into my white T-shirt and blue jeans and walked, first to the 'normal' beach, and then the extra half mile or so to the nudist part. I put my red towel down and disrobed. It was still quite early – about 11. There weren't that many people yet and

those that were there were virtually all men.
Oh well.

I was sporting my new beard which I had grown about 6 months previously. Also I was wearing a beige baseball cap and sunglasses. That's all!

I watched some people walking around, a few went into the sea, mostly wearing flip flops (and nothing else, of course). There were no women amongst them.

It being late summer, most of them were quite tanned. You could tell who was, and who wasn't a regular nudist by whether it was an all over tan. I played my game of counting how many of each. Yes, about three quarters were regular nudists.

Just then, who should turn up but Liza Gibbs, a girl who had been in my class at _____

Academy. We both had done Physics, Maths and Chemistry A-levels.

Blimey.

I knew Liza very well. We had spent hours going over A-level maths past papers together. She was right at the top of the class and had got to Cambridge. So was she a nudist? Good grief, she wouldn't even let me see her knickers when we were at school!

She put her towel down, a green one. She was only 6 feet away from me. She looked round. Good, she hadn't recognised me. She put her bag down, which I assumed contained her lunch, and took off her red top. She was wearing a white bra. Then she took off her blue trousers. She was now standing, just a few feet away from me, in red knickers and a white bra. Hopefully she would be going even further in just a couple of minutes. I couldn't wait. And she still didn't recognise me.

She had blond hair. I had only known her since the beginning of the sixth form and she had always had blond hair. Was I about to find out if she was a natural blond?

She took off her bra. She had ample breasts, something I knew, of course – her normal clothes couldn't hide that. She really was a very attractive girl.

Then she pushed her red panties down her legs and – By Jove – yes, she was a natural blond. I felt like introducing myself: that would be a laugh. Her face would then match her discarded red panties, no doubt. But I thought 'why should I'? I could perhaps enjoy hours of this.

And so it turned out.

She was to my left – just about 6 feet away, as I said. For about half an hour she lay serenely

on her towel. I took the opportunity to glance over at her quite a few times, but obviously it wouldn't be good to 'stare'. All those occasions when we had encountered those problems of calculus together went through my mind, as she lay there as naked as the day she was born.

After about half an hour she raised her left leg, and I had an even better view of her blond mound. How long would she stay like that though? It was at least 20 minutes.

Then she sat up and rummaged in her bag. She took out a couple of tuna sandwiches and ate them.

It wouldn't be a good idea to engage in conversation, I thought – she would almost certainly recognise my voice.

She also had some tomatoes and then, for afters, an apple pie.

After she had finished her lunch she put the empty containers back in her bag, then she stood up. She turned to her left and apparently looked into the distance. This gave me the opportunity to examine her rear view, in particular her rounded cheeks. I hadn't really noticed it before but her nether regions weren't nearly so tanned as the rest of her body. She certainly didn't have an all-over tan. Cripes, I thought, she had obviously discovered naturism even more recently than me – probably in the last couple of months. Well I never. In her past life she had been the height of modesty. As I said, she didn't even let anyone see her knickers – which I assume she wore. Now, well it was almost too much to take in. Her rounded breasts, pointing slightly upwards. Her blond patch where her legs met; and her backside too. What a view, I thought, as she continued to stare into the distance. Things almost got the better of me and I almost shouted out

“Hi there, Liza.” – but then I thought – no, there could still be so much to see today. There were still several hours before she might be inclined to make her way home. It was only 1 o’clock.

Then she put on some flip flops (out of her bag) and headed over to the sea. Like a child she felt the temperature of the water with her outstretched hands, then entered the water. For another half a minute her arse was still visible as she waded in deeper, then only the top half of her body, and then she started swimming. She was a good swimmer, I knew, but prior to then, whenever I saw her swimming (in the swimming pool at school), she had of course been well covered up, though admittedly only with one item of clothing. And now even that was not there.

She was in the water about 15 minutes, then got out and walked back towards me, water

droplets dripping from her legs and between her legs. For a moment, as she looked over in my direction, I thought she had recognised me. But then I realised that of course she hadn't – there would have been quite a commotion if she had of done, I was sure of that.

She got back to where her towel was (and me), picked up the towel and rubbed herself dry with it. Then she turned to face me in her nakedness.

“Feel better for that,” she said.

I put my hand to my mouth, and muttered “Good” (trying to sound as different as I normally sounded as possible).

Then she laughed:

“Do you know, I've only been doing this for a couple of months – taking my knickers off in front of everyone. You wouldn't have guessed, would you?”

“Not wearing knickers is no big deal. Loads of women do it these days.” (It was 2014 – in the middle of the ‘no-pants’ craze.)

“Yes, but those girls, even if they wear a fairly short skirt or dress, only normally ‘reveal everything’ for a few seconds at most. I’m standing in front of you with no knickers on – and I haven’t even got a short skirt or dress. You can see my ‘Private Parts’ – continuously, like.”

“Yes, well, you can see mine.”

“Yes, I suppose so,” she said.

She got down on her haunches. That was almost too much for me. I knew it was ‘bad form’ to stare – but I almost couldn’t resist it. Her posture, her nakedness, was so – inviting. I knew that it didn’t actually ‘mean anything’ – the fact that she was crouching down in front

of me, totally naked, and talking to me, like this – didn't mean that she wanted to be my girlfriend or anything. It was just that, if you were a naturist, different rules applied. As long as you didn't actually stare, you were allowed to look. You could take in the fact that she was totally naked (so were you, of course). You could take in the fact that (in this case) she had the 'airstrip design'.

In the pubs and nightclubs, where some of the girls didn't wear knickers, if you were actually caught 'looking', the bouncers would evict you. That was a different thing altogether.

"Well," she said, "the show's nearly over. I've arranged to meet my Mum in a little while. In fact, I'm going to put my knickers back on now." With that, she put on her red panties again, her bra and red top, and lastly her blue trousers, and disappeared as quickly as she had arrived.

Well, I must admit it hadn't been a bad couple of hours at all.

MAINLY ABOUT 3 YOUNG WOMEN ON A NUDIST BEACH

My name is Daniel, I am 30 years old, and I live in the North of England. And I have been a naturist for 2 years.

Today is Saturday, and I'm going to spend a day at Bridlington nudist beach – it is about half an hour's bus ride away. I arrive there about 11. I walk up and down the beach looking for a suitable spot.

Perhaps I should inform you of my method in this. Being heterosexual, I would prefer to look at naked females, rather than naked males.

My method is to arrive quite early, before that many people arrive, and find a place near some woman. It is not really important what

that woman is like – she may well be 25 or 30 years older than me, for instance – it really doesn't matter.

It's just that when other women arrive, 9 times out of 10 they will choose to sit near some other woman.

Today the woman I choose to sit near actually is quite nice. Though considerably older than me (about 50, I would say), she is quite slim and looks as though she has 'looked after herself quite well'. She isn't yet naked though. She is wearing bikini bottoms (though not a top). This often happens. Even though this is the nudist section of Bridlington beach, not all the women on it get naked. (Most of the men do, but not all the women.) Oh well.

So I put my towel down about 8 feet to the right of this woman, and sit down on it, after stripping off. I have a coffee out of my flask, and have a look round.

There are a few naked people around, nearly all men, and one couple. All the men are naked. There are 3 naked men in the sea, within 50 yards or so.

About 12 o'clock another woman arrives – who is about 40 and quite attractive – with long dark brown hair. She is wearing a red jumper and maroon tracksuit bottoms. As I thought she probably would, she sits near the first woman I mentioned – in other words quite near me.

She puts her towel down, sits on it, and has a cigarette. Then 10 minutes later she stands up and starts to undress. She takes off her jumper. She has a white blouse underneath which she also takes off. Then she removes her trainers and takes off her tracksuit bottoms. She is standing there in her bra and panties. She looks round, as if to check that there are no 'undesirable types' around.

Apparently satisfied, she takes off, first her bra, and then her turquoise knickers. I get a bit of a thrill from this, I must admit.

She sits down, with her knees up, and rummages through her bag. She gets out some biscuits and a flask and pours what looks like coffee into a cup. I continue to watch, admiring her naked body. She is almost facing me.

I also look at what is going on around me, further afield. There are more people now, still mostly men. Within 50 yards there must be about 20 men and only 4 women – and only 2 of those 4 women are naked (Such is life) – that is, excepting the naked woman who is sat near me. About 1.20 this woman with the dark hair gets some sandwiches out of her bag and eats them, then has another cigarette.

Then about 2 o'clock 3 young women turn up. They are a bit indecisive about where to sit. At first it looked as though they were going to choose somewhere a considerable distance from me, but then changed their mind, and chose a place right near me – only about 10 feet away. This was getting interesting.

They were in high spirits. I think (from their conversation) they had probably been to a pub.

They sat down, at first still fully clothed. Then I heard one of them say:

“Well, shall we strip off, then?”

Another said “Yes, let's – You go first, Nina.”

.

So Nina got up, and started to remove her clothes. She got down to her underwear. She then had a black bra and black panties on, which she took off, one after the other. She

turned round to talk to the others, so I got to see both her fanny and her bum. Then she said:

“Your turn, Sophie.”

So Sophie stood up. She said “I don’t know if I will – looks like there are some strange men around.”

“Oh, go on Sophie,” said the shortest girl.

So Sophie, who had a yellow dress, with shoulder straps, slipped it off. She was standing there in a white bra and white panties. And then she took off her panties, and then her bra. Butt naked now, she turned to the others and said:

“Do you think I’ve lost weight since the last time we were here?”

Nina replied, “I think you may have done, yes. A bit off your stomach, I think.”

Lastly, the 3rd girl got up. She also had a dress on. When she took that off, it was revealed that she had no bra – but she had red panties on – which she then took off.

All 3 girls were then naked. Part of the time they were talking about work, and I think they worked for a supermarket.

I must admit I found the view a lot more interesting than the conversation.

They got out a pack of cards and played rummy for about three quarters of an hour, totally naked.

The (approximately) 40 year old woman was also still there, naked.

On the whole, it really didn't matter that overall, there were far more men on the beach, than women. My 'method' had paid off.

About 4.30, the 3 girls got dressed and they left soon after that – and so did I.

A DINNER / DANCE AT THE CLUB

The Master of Ceremonies comes on:

“Welcome to this Dinner and Dance at the _____ Naturist Club – I am your Master of Ceremonies

Ladies and Gentlemen

There are 45 of you here tonight, quite a good showing. It is just gone 7.20. In about 20 minutes your dinner will be served – Soup and then Roast Lamb tonight. A 2 course meal tonight, plus coffee.

Then at around 9 we have the dancing – to our own House Band. For the men the dress code is lounge suits or DJs – for the women evening dresses. BUT because this is a Naturist Club – for the dancing (from 9 onwards) those who

wish – either Ladies or Gents – may dis-robe. It is not essential – just those who wish to.

ENJOY YOUR EVENING!”

I turned to my right – on my right was a lady I didn't know very well, named Emily. She was early 30s. [Probably at most Dinner / Dances, at most types of places, you have alternating men and women all the way through – because there is (more or less) an even number. For us this could not be so, because there were more men than women. I, for instance, didn't have a wife or a girlfriend with me. As I said, by chance I found myself sitting next to the rather attractive lady Emily. And on my left was a gent called James, who I knew very well.

Anyway, I decided I'd try to get to know Emily much better.

She was wearing a mauve evening dress (I was wearing a brown lounge suit).

“Hello Emily, how are you? I think we have met a couple of times before, but not often.”

“Yes. that’s right. You’re a Picture Framer, aren’t you, if I remember rightly?”

“Yes, I am a Picture Framer. I’m afraid I’ve forgotten what you do.”

“I’m a Paper Technologist.”

“And what does that involve?”

“We work in the paper processing industry, which converts waste paper and wood pulp into lots of different grades of paper and board. Paper technologists apply scientific and engineering principles to paper manufacture.”

“Are you married?”

“Yes I am, but my husband isn’t a naturist, so he isn’t here.”

“Yes, well, I’m not married.”

[At that point, they were interrupted because the first course was served – it was soup – a choice of Oxtail soup or Vegetable soup (I was having the Oxtail)]

After that our conversation carried on:

“What other evening events have you been to, Emily?”

“Oh I came to the karaoke 2 months ago, it was very enjoyable.”

“Did you sing?”

“No, I’m afraid not.”

“Yes, well, I came to the cards evening back in January – we mostly played whist,” I said.

“Oh yes.”

“Tell me, Emily, what do you do here when you come during the day – in the summer?”

“Well, often I relax by the pool (I go in the pool sometimes). And if the weather is inclement I go in the clubhouse and maybe play table tennis – with whoever will take me on.”

“I see – I’d like to give you a game of table tennis one of these days – I’ve played it a few times.”

“That would be nice,” said Emily.

[We had come to the end of our soup, and the waiter came round to carry it away.]

We carried on talking.

I said: “So your husband isn’t a naturist. What’s that like? Do you keep quiet about what you get up to here?”

“You mean about taking my knickers off in front of loads of people?”

“Well yes, that was one of the things I meant. Some husbands might get a bit jealous about that.”

“Oh no, my husband doesn’t get jealous about that – he’s very easy going.”

“I see, that’s good.”

[At that moment the conversation is interrupted again because the waiter brings in the main course – Roast Lamb, with potatoes and vegetables.]

After he had gone, we carried on:

Emily said “I understand you are without a girlfriend at the moment. How long have you been single?”

“Oh, about a year, I suppose.”

“Was your last girlfriend a naturist?”

“No, she wasn’t. I met her in a pub – I haven’t been very successful at meeting girlfriends at places like this – naturist places.”

“No – I see.”

“Do they know about you being a naturist at work, Emily?”

“Not really. I keep a bit quiet about it. They would probably make jokes about fannies and things if I told them.”

“Yeah, that could be the case, I suppose. Are you going to dance later?”

“Depends if anyone asks me, I suppose.”

“Well, I might,” I said.

“That’d be nice.”

“What do you think about this ‘no-pants’ craze that’s going on at the moment?” I asked.

“Oh, I’m all for it. These girls that do it – they’re almost as naughty as us, who come to this club, aren’t they?”

“Yeah, I suppose so. Do you ever do it – in the pubs and so on?”

“That’d be telling. No, actually, yes I do – I did it the other day.”

“Oh, tell me about it.”

“It was at my friend’s birthday party. Her 30th. I went in a denim skirt and no drawers. My friend, who’s birthday it was, was knickerless too.”

“Does she know you are a naturist?”

“No, I’ve never told her – but she knew I was pantieless at her party, though. And I am tonight, actually. I’ve got no knickers on. You might be able to tell if you dance with me.”

“Yes, I might.”

It was 8.45 and we had come to the end of our main course. The waiter came round and took the plates away. There was just the coffee to come.

Ten minutes later the Master of Ceremonies got to his feet.

“Well, Ladies and Gentlemen.

I think everyone has finished their main course, and most of you have got your coffee. The band will start now. And anyone who wants to may dis-robe.”

Emily tapped on my shoulder. “Excuse me, Rob, this is the bit I’ve been waiting for – time to take my dress off.”

I stared at her – “You’re joking.”

“Not at all.”

With that she rose to her feet and slipped her dress off. As she had said, she had no knickers on.

“Well, I’m seeing you in a new light, Emily,” I said.

She turned to face me, and I had a good look at her nicely trimmed muff.

After letting a few of her friends who were sitting at various places, take photographs of her, she sat down, now totally naked, and said to me:

“Well, where were we?”

“Er – I think we were talking about the ‘no-pants’ craze. And you are certainly proof of the pudding – that is, you’ve proved you’ve got no pants on.”

“Yes, I have, haven’t I? Well, do you prefer me clothed or unclothed?”

“Oh, unclothed I think. It’s less taxing on the imagination.”

“I thought it might be. Now, what gives you the most thrill – seeing my front side or my

back side?” – and she twirled round a couple of times to make sure I got a view of both.

“It’s hard to decide really – it’s like comparing apples with pears.”

“Well, I don’t like a man who can’t make decisions.”

“Well, if pushed, I’d say I like your front side best – but your backside comes a close second. Are you sure your husband doesn’t mind about all this sort of thing?”

“All what sort of thing?”

Well, you not only coming here without your knickers – but then taking your dress off to prove it.”

“No, I don’t think he’ll mind - at least he won’t if he doesn’t find out about it – and I don’t intend to tell him. When I get home, he’ll say

“Anything interesting happen at that dinner and dance you went to?” And I’ll say “No, not really – it was quite boring really.” [with a twinkle in my eye.]

“How long have you been married, by the way?”

“Nearly a decade.”

“Wow.”

BLIND DATE ON A NATURIST BEACH

Andrew and Megan had met each other on one of the Dating sites. They had exchanged quite a few messages telling each other quite a bit about themselves.

Then Andrew had let slip that he had been on a nudist beach a few times.

Megan had responded immediately. “Well guess what? I’m a naturist. Have been for 5 years.”

With that they came up with the idea that they’d meet for a Blind Date – on a nudist beach!

The Blind Date

(Told through the eyes of Megan)

I took the bus to the centre of Brighton, and walked to the 'normal' beach. Then I walked the three quarters of a mile to the nudist bit.

Andrew hadn't described himself very well. He had said he was quite tall (and not overweight). He had dark brown hair. He was 32. That's really all I knew.

He had told me that from 2 o'clock he would be on the beach, naked, on a dark green towel, with a black medium sized bag at the end where his head was. I wasn't sure if that was enough information to be able to find him. I hoped so.

(And of course I had told him what I would be wearing as I approached – it was agreed that he would be there first.)

So I got to the nudist part of the beach, and walked along the promenade, looking down. There were quite a lot of nude sunbathers, a lot more men than women. And they were all ages. Quite a few were quite old, I noticed. Obviously Andrew wouldn't be one of those.

There were quite a few in the sea too – I assumed that Andrew wouldn't be any of those either – as he would be expecting me on the towel (as agreed).

All these cocks – and not many fannies at all, I noticed. Oh well, I would soon be adding to that number.

I walked along about 300 yards, it must have been. It really was easier to find him than I thought it might be. There he was, it must be

him. About a third of the way from the promenade towards the sea. Lying on a dark green towel. And the black bag was there too. In fact it was obvious that he had spied me at about the same time, because I saw him starting to wave.

I made my way to the nearest steps down to the beach, and descended them, then made my way over to Andrew.

As I walked towards him, my impressions were that he had a fairly impressive physique. Although not that muscular, he was quite toned, and as he had said not overweight (he had a flat stomach). And he had an all-over tan – and quite a big cock! And he was smiling as I walked towards him, and it was a nice smile.

I thought that I wouldn't undress quite just yet. I sat down beside him. "Hello," I said – "Well, you were easy to find at any rate. I had

visions that I would be approaching the wrong man.”

“Oh no, I knew it would be okay,” he said. “You look great.”

“Thanks. You don’t look so bad yourself.”

“I try,” he said. “Have you been looking at the scenery?”

“How could I not?. So many men. So many cocks. And not many women.”

“No, you’re right there. Would you like some crisps?” – he held out a packet.

“OK, thanks.” I didn’t feel so embarrassed as I thought I was going to be.

“You’ve got the day off then, I presume,” I said.

“Yeah.”

“Me too,” I said. “Well, I suppose I’d better join you in a bit – you know, disrobe.”

Andrew laughed. “It will be a pleasure watching you,” he said.

(I thought it probably would – I wouldn’t really expect him to look in the other direction!)

Of course, it being a hot day, I didn’t have a coat on. (I had already got my towel out.)

I lifted my red top over my head. I had a black bra on.

“Nice tan,” said Andrew, “and I see you go to the gym.”

“Thank you,” I replied.

I was aware that there were quite a few other men watching me as well. (I don’t think they

got all that many women in their early twenties on this part of the beach – the nude section.)

They were all waiting with anticipation.

I looked down at Andrew.

“I see a few other men have noticed me,” I said.

“Not surprising really, is it?”

“S’ppose not.”

So I removed my black bra. My tits were also quite tanned. Well, as Andrew knew, I was also a nudist – though not often on this beach.

“I think before I go on, I’ll have a glass of wine,” I said. “With all those people looking at me, I need a bit of Dutch courage.”

“By all means,” said Andrew.

So I sat down, and poured myself a glass of red wine (from my bag). Some of the men looking on looked a bit peeved – perhaps they thought I wasn’t going to go any further – at all.

Rather self-consciously, I drank my wine fairly quickly, then got up again.

“Well Andrew,” I said, “Are you really really ready for this?”

“You bet.”

I pushed down my blue jeans and black panties at the same time, revealing my nakedness to (it seemed) the whole world, but especially to Andrew. I could see that he approved. That was a relief.

I sported a Brazilian – no-one could tell if the hair on my head – which was dark brown – was dyed or not!

Andrew whistled.

Taking in the sight of the quite a few (mostly) men who were obviously looking on, I sat down quite quickly, and smiled at Andrew.

“Well, that wasn’t so bad,” I said.

I could hear quite a bit of conversation from round about – quite possibly largely about me! I expect I had already made a few peoples’ day.

Andrew was looking at me. I could see where he was looking, the naughty man. Well, in return, I let him realise that I also was rather looking at his crotch area. I think we were both appreciative of each other, in that department!

“Well,” I said, “how’s work been going? I presume you went in yesterday?”

“Oh yes – getting on much better with my boss now.”

“By the way,” I said, “would you like some of my wine? – I’ve still got over three quarters of a bottle left.”

“Why not? – I’d love some, actually.”

Megan’s bag was right near Andrew. She moved near to where her bag was, right by Andrew, got down on her haunches, opened the zip, got out the bottle of wine and 2 glasses. All this had taken well over a minute.

And Andrew really didn’t know where to look. Talk about a good view! He couldn’t decide whether to say anything or not. Finally he decided to.

“You know,” he said, “You’re not very modest, are you? You’re showing me things I haven’t seen with any of my girlfriends before, believe it or not. Don’t think I’m complaining – I love it actually. I’m just saying.”

Megan laughed. “OK, so you’ve really seen what I’m made of, haven’t you? Well, we’re all made of the same stuff. Just that I’ve got a fanny and you’ve got a cock. And you’re not hiding anything either, are you? I’ve had a great view of your cock practically all the time I’ve been with you. (And you’ve got yourself a bit excited a few times, haven’t you? I did notice you know.) So it works both ways, doesn’t it? I’m not hiding anything. And neither are you, at the end of the day.”

“Point taken. It’s just that – I’ve only been a naturist for 3 years, you know. And I haven’t had a serious girlfriend in all that time. And it normally takes me 6 months to be ‘as

intimate' with a woman as I already have been with you."

"I know what you mean," said Megan. "I've been a naturist for longer. And basically – well, I'm not shy! (And actually I fancy you quite a bit.)"

"Me too."

"Anyway, let's get that wine down us. I think I need it."

"Yeah."

"Cheers."

"Cheers."

Megan rummaged in her bag again and brought out some biscuits. This time, Andrew had a really good view of her arse as she bent over, which he enjoyed immensely.

She smiled at him.

“Well,” she said, “are you pleased you had a blind date with me? – but one a bit out of the ordinary.”

“I’ll say. So – tell me about your job.”

“I’m an Advice Centre worker. We help people to cope with a variety of problems, and to find out what their rights and responsibilities are. People contact advice centres to get free, impartial and confidential advice on a range of issues, including employment rights, welfare benefits, disputes between tenants and landlords, and consumer law.”

“I think, you know, that women should be a bit more ‘generous’, like you are. You allow me to see your fanny, and your bum, with no ifs and buts.”

“Thank you. I’ll take that as a compliment.”

She now sat facing him, with her knees up, and her arms clasped round the top of them. This didn’t, however, interfere with Andrew’s view, which was still out of this world. He could feel an erection coming on. Oh oh.

“Tell me about how you got into naturism,” said Megan.

“I went abroad, on holiday, to a Greek island. Just about half the beaches were nudist, and it was inevitable that I would come across one, before my 2 weeks was up. When I did it was like a new world opened to me. In this country, men naturists far outnumber the women. It’s also quite a lot of ‘older people’ that do it. But abroad, like in the Greek islands, it isn’t like that. At this island I was at, on the nudist beaches, there were generally lots of young women, as naked as the day

they were born, sitting around, and going in and out of the sea. There were quite a few German girls I think – I believe Germany is much more into naturism than we are.”

“Yes, I think so. I got into it through a boyfriend, who was keen on it – and got me interested.”

“You must have been very young?”

“Yes. 18. I had just started university. My friends thought I was mad.”

“That must have been a bit strange, with possibly your girlfriends – you know – talking about their ‘conquests’ perhaps (as I know women do these days) – and you, from another angle, being a naturist.”

“Tell me about it.”

“What did your parents think about it?”

“I didn’t tell them for years. When they did find out, they were shocked, of course. But they never talk about it now.”

“Shall we go in the sea?”

“Good idea. Have you got any valuables in your bag or anything?” asked Megan.

“No. Twenty quid would cover everything.

“Me too. Come on then.”

They walked down together to the sea and waded in. They spent 20 minutes splashing about. Andrew had never learnt to swim very well, whilst Megan was a good swimmer.

Twenty minutes later, they were back at their place, drying themselves with their towels. Megan noticed that she was still the centre of attention, with the others around them being

mostly male – there were relatively few women. And Megan herself hadn't been very successful in getting her girlfriends interested, for instance.

“Are you enjoying this?” she asked.

“You bet I am. Can we do it again?”

“Be delighted to. Shall we see each other in other ways too – you know – pubs, restaurants, that kind of thing?” asked Megan.

“If you're willing, then so am I. As I said, I haven't had a girlfriend for quite a while.”

“What are the pubs like in your neck of the woods?” asked Megan.

“Well, there are the pubs for younger people, which are only really busy on Fridays and Saturdays – with bouncers outside. I think

their main pastime is to make sure the lads don't look up the girls' skirts!"

Megan laughed. "When I think of that – and then I think of us, here – it's funny really."

"It sure is."

"Well, it's 5 o'clock now. The sun's going down a bit. Do you fancy a couple of drinks out – if we can find a nice pub?" asked Andrew.

"Yeah, I think I do. And I tell you what."

"What's that?"

"I won't put my knickers back on."

Andrew leant over and kissed her.

ANOTHER BLIND DATE

Marty and Lizzie were 2 naturists who met on the dating site www.naturist-dating-agency.co.uk. There was basically just one rule for people who met on this site – the first ‘Blind Date’ had to be naked!

When the 2 had been matched by the site, they discussed how they could achieve this. One possibility was they could meet on a nudist beach. But it was now past the summer and really nice days suitable for naked sunbathing were few and far between.

Obviously they couldn't meet in a pub or anything like that.

In the end they decided that their date would have to be in one of their homes – in fact it was decided that it would be in Marty's home, which was a 2 bedroom flat.

And it was decided that Lizzie would turn up at the flat wearing just a raincoat – and Marty would answer the door in a bathrobe. And then, once they were both inside, they would take these off together.

So, on the day, before she left her home, Lizzie took off her dress, then her knickers (she wasn't wearing a bra), and put on her raincoat. Getting to Marty's flat involved a half hour's train ride, and then a bus journey (she didn't have a car), so this provided quite a few potential hazards. She was able to walk to the train station from her flat – it was only a 20 minute walk – it was at the other end that a bus journey would be necessary.

So – taking care not to trip on the (quite a few) upraised paving slabs on the way, she did the 20 minute walk to the railway station. It actually took her a bit longer than it normally did (25 minutes) because of the extra care she

felt she had to take. She was carrying a set of clothes in a bag on her back – she certainly wasn't going to go through this obstacle course on the way back as well!

She bought her return ticket at the railway station – the man at the ticket office did look at her a bit askance because it wasn't actually raining today. She had to wait about 15 minutes for the train. There was quite a strong wind and she was afraid that her raincoat would perhaps open out at the front due to the wind, but on this occasion that fortunately didn't happen.

She boarded the train when it arrived, and took a seat. And would you Adam and Eve it, but a young man chose to sit next to her and started to chat her up. However she was able to make it clear that she wasn't interested in him.

She alighted from the train at her station, and fortunately the bus stop at which she had to catch the bus was close by – so that was done without further problems.

She got on the bus and sat near the front. Then a man got on and sat on a seat that was facing her – and she wasn't all that sure that the man couldn't see up her raincoat! Still, she hoped for the best.

She had researched her journey well, and she got off at the right stop, and it was only a short walk to Marty's flat.

She rang the bell.

As she expected, Marty answered the door wearing a bathrobe – a cream one. They smiled at each other.

“Hello, Lizzie. Come inside. Shall we have some Dutch Courage before the great reveal?”

“Yes, I think that would be a good idea.”

So, with Lizzie still in her raincoat, and Marty still in his bathrobe, he poured both of them a glass of red wine.

“I tell you what,” said Marty, “let’s shut our eyes as we take off our things.”

So they both removed what they were wearing without looking, and when they opened their eyes they were both facing each other naked!

First impressions, from the point of view of Lizzie were quite good - Marty obviously went to the Gym and had quite a good physique, and also was well endowed. And looking at his face, she felt that he was probably pleased with her too. She had a Brazilian, so

in fact Marty couldn't tell if her blond hair was dyed or not (it was).

Lizzie had been on a diet for the past 3 months, and she was quite pleased that she knew that now she didn't have a protruding stomach. And she saw that neither did Marty have a pot belly.

They both had an all-over tan – well, it was just past the end of what had been quite a hot summer.

Marty said: “Do you want to stick with the red wine? – I do have other choices – I have vodka and rum, with mixers.”

“Yeah, actually, I wouldn't mind some rum and coke.”

So Marty did the honours, and gave himself a vodka and coke.

They were still getting used to each other's nakedness.

"Where's the bathroom?" asked Lizzie.

"Oh, just behind you, the door on the left."

So Lizzie got up and went there, and Marty took the opportunity to look at her arse (Yeah, at least 9 out of 10 for that, he thought).

And when she returned from the toilet, he had a very good view of the front side of her as well – as she realised.

"I hope you're hungry," said Marty. "I've got some spaghetti Bolognese."

"Oh really," said Lizzie. "Yes, I like that."

However, Marty hadn't realised that it probably wasn't the best choice to eat if you were naked – lots of spaghetti and mince were

inclined to fall off the fork and end up on one's naked front – particularly in the case of Lizzie. She was a bit embarrassed about that.

Marty asked her what she did for a living.

“Oh, I’m a Primary School teacher,” she said.

“Really.” Marty almost choked. “It’s a good thing it’s the children that have to write essays about what they did at the weekend, and not the teachers, eh?”

“You could say that, yes. Still, if I did have to, people would probably just say I had a good imagination.”

“Yeah, I see.”

“I’m just going to go to the bathroom again and get a flannel – I’m afraid I’m a messy eater, especially with spaghetti Bolognese.”

“Oh yes, right.”

And Marty got another look at her arse.

When she came back, she asked him:

“What do you do for a living, by the way?”

“Oh, I’m a patternmaker

“What does that involve?”

“Patternmakers design and construct patterns or shapes that are used to make metal casting moulds. The moulds are then used to make metal parts, such as engineering machinery.”

“You know,” said Lizzie, “Being naked here with you, I feel like getting just a bit drunk, especially as I’m not driving.”

“Let’s down 3 or 4 of these, shall we?”

“Yeah, sounds like a plan.”

So for the next hour and a half the 2 of them got quite a bit sozzled. At the end of it Marty was sure he could see 2 fannies!

But the last bus for Lizzie was about 10 o'clock, so the evening couldn't go on indefinitely. So about 9.30 she said

“I'm afraid I've got to go – I've brought some clothes along with me for the return journey – I don't want some lecherous so and so trying to look up my raincoat again.”

So Lizzie put on her knickers and her dress, and for Marty, the show was over. Still, they both agreed it had been a success – and they wanted to see each other again.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY

It had been a hot day, and I had spent most of it at my naturist club, nearly all the time by the swimming pool. That had been interesting enough, with 2 naked women, probably in their early forties, in the pool for a couple of hours. Unfortunately they weren't very near me when they weren't in the pool. (Well, you can't have everything.) When they got out of the pool in order to dive in, I had a very good view of them, both front and back, several times during the afternoon.

About 4.30 I started thinking about making a move. I thought I'd just make myself a coffee in the (relatively small) clubhouse. First of all I went to the changing cubicles and got dressed – it was usual to be dressed in this particular clubhouse.

So I went in the clubhouse. Quite a few people had obviously had the same idea, because it was quite full. I poured a latte from the machine and then looked around for a table to sit at. There weren't any completely free tables, and I found a vacant chair at a table where there were already 5 people sat round – a couple, a woman and 2 men, mostly in their 30s I would guess.

I couldn't help overhear their conversation, and the man of the couple, and one of the other men, were talking about their work. It transpired that the man of the couple, Mark, was a marketing man. And so was I. This interested me greatly.

During a lull in their conversation, I turned to him and I said:

“Oh, you're in marketing, are you? That's funny, that's what I do for a living too.”

“Really,” said Mark – and we had a 10 minute conversation centring around the technicalities of our work. During this period, I introduced myself, of course, and he introduced his wife, and the other 3 members of the group – the 1 woman and 2 men.

Then the first man, Mark, said:

“It’s my birthday today, and the 5 of us were going back to mine and Kimberley’s place for a few drinks. You’re welcome to come if you like – it’s only a 10 minute drive down the road.”

That sounded like a good idea, and I was pleased to accept.

From the car park I followed his car, and as he had said it only took about 10 minutes.

So we went into the couples’ flat. There were 6 of us now – 2 women (including Mark’s wife,

who was very attractive), and 4 men, including me.

“I have red wine and I have lager,” said Mark.

“Lager’s fine by me,” I said, and he poured a can of Fosters into a glass, and passed it across to me – I noticed there were quite a few cans.

“What made you get interested in naturism,” he asked me.

“Oh, I said, “it was through a girlfriend. She was interested in naturism and got me interested. Since then I haven’t looked back.”

“What about you?”

“Well, I started going to nudist beaches when I went on holiday abroad, every year. Then one day it wasn’t enough to be a once a year thing, so I got involved in this country as well.”

“I tell you what,” said Mark, “shall we get naked now – is everyone up for that?”

I must admit, now that he had mentioned it, I was very keen to see his wife naked, so I said I was in favour of the idea.

And the others were too.

We didn't even go into the bathroom to remove our clothes – we stripped off there and then, in Mark and Kimberley's lounge.

Of course I was keen to watch Kimberley strip. She first took off her grey skirt, then took off her yellow panties, so she was standing there in just a T-shirt, naked from the waist down. Of course, she got to see my cock too, so it was quits I suppose – though she was a good 10 years younger than me, I would guess. I had to be careful not to actually stare – that probably wouldn't have gone down well with

her husband I don't suppose. The other woman was quite attractive too, though quite a lot older – more my age probably.

Naked, Kimberley went into the kitchen and came back with a birthday cake which she had got for her husband, and we all had a piece.

After I had finished the first, Mark passed me a second can of lager. This was turning into quite an evening. Mark and I continued our conversation about our work.

I turned to his wife:

“What do you do for a living,” I asked.

“Oh, I'm an upholsterer,” she replied.

“What does that involve?” I asked.

She spent about 5 minutes telling me this:

“Upholsterers attach the padding and soft covers on to furniture, such as sofas and chairs. There are actually 2 types of upholsterer – production and craft. I am a production upholsterer. Production upholsterers carry out skilled work in factories or workshops upholstering new pieces of furniture.”

She was telling me this completely naked, of course. I tried to take in what she was saying, and make intelligent comments about it, but it wasn't easy.

They suggested that I stay and have a bite to eat – that was about 7. Well, how could I refuse? So we tucked into soup and then bangers and mash – one of my favourites – still naked, of course.

The other 2 men didn't really say very much, I think they weren't very pleased that I had

been invited to this naked soiree – still, they didn't actually say anything negative – I just sensed that they weren't all that happy. But anyway the other woman was very friendly.

About half an hour after our meal the lagers ran out – he had had 8 cans, I think. (Also there was no wine left either.) And it was clear that this evening out was drawing to a close. I didn't want to overstay my welcome, so I said I'd better make a move. I got dressed – but the others stayed naked.

We swapped phone numbers, promising to do the same thing again – whether we would or not I wasn't sure. Anyway, I said goodbye and walked out the door and drove away, back to my own flat. A very enjoyable evening, I had had.

A UNIVERSITY NATURIST SOCIETY EVENT – THE COFFEE SHOP

We were having a meeting at the _____ University Naturist Society, and everyone was getting worried, particularly the fellas.

Mike said:

“Our members are dwindling. We’ve lost a third of our women members in particular, since this Me-Too movement began.”

Tina then said:

“Well, my brother’s suddenly got religion, and at his church they have this thing called ‘Outreach’, where they try and get other people interested – why don’t we do the same?”

“Sounds good to me,” said Harry. “Can anyone suggest anything?”

“How about a naked coffee shop – where all the baristas, recruited from our club, are naked?”

“Yeah, sounds good. And we could give anyone who isn’t yet a Naturist half price coffee if they join the baristas and get naked too – how about that?”

“Yeah, not bad. No wonder you got a First and are now doing a PhD.”

“Well,” asked Serena, “what funds have we got available?”.

“About £1500,” said Mike.

“That’ll be enough to get quite a decent coffee machine, I should think – and still have some left over for other projects,” said Rebecca.

“And we can book _____ Hall, say 2 evenings a week. That has quite a few tables and chairs. Use one of the tables for the cakes and Bob’s your Uncle.”

“Yeah, and we’ve still got that till that we used for that other project,” said Tina.

“So – who’s up for it – who wants to be a naked Barista for 2 evenings a week?” asked Mike.

“Well, I wouldn’t mind,” said Tina.

“Me Too,” said Phil.

“And me as well,” said Joanna.

“Great, that’s 3 of you – 2 girls and a fella. That’ll do fine, I should think. Leave it with me. I’ll book the Hall and purchase the Coffee machine,” said Mike.

“Now, how shall we advertise it?” said Beth.

“We could put an advert in the Uni magazine for starters. Undercut the Costa that’s in B Block, of course. And we can put posters up in the various departments,” said Howard.

“I can do that,” said Sean.

“Thanks, Sean.”

“Let’s try and get this thing going by the end of the 3rd week of term – do you think we can manage that, Bill?” asked Mike.

“Yeah, should be okay.”

“That alright with you, Tina – and the other 2?”

They all said it was.

2 weeks later: Tuesday evening: (Coffee shop opening)

Tina, Phil and Joanna were getting ready.

First of all they got down to their underwear, and took care of the final details.

“Are we all ready then?” asked Tina. - “We could have customers in about 10 minutes.”

Tina took off her white bra and her red panties. Joanna did the same, and Phil pushed his Boxers down his legs and stepped out of them. They then took their positions – Tina and Phil behind the counter and Joanna ready to circulate.

“Tina, I see you’ve got the airstrip design now – that’s new isn’t it,” asked Phil.

“Cheeky,” said Tina.

5 minutes later 2 lads entered.

“Hey Kieran,” one of them said, “we’re now entering the knicker-free zone. Won’t be able to get these girls knickers in a twist even with your best jokes. What a shame!”

“You’re joking, aren’t you? – just as long as our birds don’t find out about it we can have the time of our life – and the coffee’s cheap too.”

So they sat down at one of the tables.

Joanna, who had been waiting in the corridor, came out and approached them.

“Hi guys – what coffees are you having today?”

“Well, I’ll have a latte, thanks,” said Kieran. “But can you give us a twirl first – I haven’t seen your bum yet?”

“What about if you started taking off your own clothes too,” said Joanna. “Then I might be a bit more amenable to your requests.”

“Not yet,” said Kieran, “the heating’s not turned high enough for me yet.”

“Well, I can arrange that,” said Joanna.

“I bet you could.”

Just then Phil came out from behind the counter.

“Hello, Phil isn’t it? I believe you do the same subject as me. Have you come out in case we’re a bit gay?”

“Not really. I’m just here to look after Joanna. She’s only been a naturist for 3 months.”

“Oh, a newbie, eh? You still remember what it’s like to wear knickers, then, do you?”

“S’ppose so, yes,” said Joanna.

“How about you, Tina. What do you look like in the nuddy? You’re half covered up with that counter in the way.”

“Oh, same as everyone, I suppose.”

“I’m sure that’s not true. Come here – I need some sugar in my coffee, which I see is right by you.”

Reluctantly, Tina appeared, carrying the sugar.

“Well I say. That’s the airstrip design, isn’t it?”

“Yeah. Phil’s already said that, actually.”

“OK, thanks very much for the sugar, honey. It’s okay, you can go back now - partly because I want to see your rear.”

“Yeah, not bad – I must say.”

“Glad you appreciate it.”

“Oh, we do, we do. We love a bit of tit and bum – and fanny.

“How’s your cappuccino, Howard?”

“Yeah, pretty good. Shaken, not stirred I think. As am I. Very shaken.”

“Good. Good value, this coffee, isn’t it? Cheaper than Costa, I see. Of course, we miss out on the uniforms, but you can’t have everything, can you?”

“It could be even cheaper. If you get rid of those rags, and show us your cocks, it’s half price coffee,” said Tina.

“Rags! This is a designer sweatshirt, I’ll have you know. Cost me 95 quid.”

“Oh, sorry about that.”

“Of course, I’m not wearing a suit. Not like you lot – your birthday suits.”

“Funny ha ha.”

“That’s what I thought.”

“Well, Joanna, you’ve certainly trimmed it nicely. Must have taken you quite a bit of time, that?”

Joanna’s face reddened – well, she was a newbie.

The lads’ drinks were nearly finished.

“Who do we pay, then,” asked Howard. “Good value for money, that.”

“I’ll say,” said Kieran.

“And the coffee!”

And with that they were off. And the place was empty again. Apart from our naked troubadours.

5 minutes later 3 young women arrived.

“Hello, we’ve come to sample some of your cheap coffee – at the naturist coffee shop. Ooh I say, you don’t leave much to the imagination, do you? Well, I must say, I don’t wear knickers myself these days, but that really takes the biscuit, that does. At least I wear a skirt.”

“Does your boyfriend mind?”

“Oh no. He’s a naturist too.”

“Well, share and share alike – that’s what I always say.”

“Well, er, what would you like to drink?” asked Joanna.

“I think I really need a treble rum and coke, but I’ll make do with an Americano – with a bit of milk please.”

“By the way, can I introduce you – this is Erica. She’s a bit bi, you know.”

“I told you not to mention that,” said Erica.

“Now you’ve given the game away.”

“Game. What game?” asked Joanna.

“Oh nothing really. Just that Erica – over there – is probably enjoying this even more than the other 2 of us.”

“Perhaps I’d better stay behind the counter, then, shall I?” said Tina – from behind the counter.

“Oh no, you can come out here if you like, luv. Erica is quite healthy. She can take as much excitement as there is going. The more the merrier. By the way, can you bring that sugar over here. My Americano is a bit bitter.”

So for the second time Tina carried the sugar out.

“Oh I say. That’s nice.”

“Thank you.”

“I bet all the girls say that. And the boys, of course.”

“Now, how about you, young man? How are you today? Do you measure up?”

“I’m fine thanks.”

“Well, come on then. Let’s have a look at you. It’s only Erica here that’s bi, you know.”

“Yeah, not bad.”

“Do you do sausage rolls, by the way, Tina?”

“Er, yes we do.”

“We’ll have one each then, please?”

That meant they stayed to enjoy the scenery for another 20 minutes.

Finally, all 3 girls had eaten the last crumb, and it was time to leave.

“Do you want a review in Trip Advisor?” asked Grace.

“Er, I don’t think we’re registered for that,” said Tina.

“Pity. I was going to give you full marks.”

“You don’t do Sunday lunches, do you – with all the trimmings?”

“Fraid not,” said Tina. “We’re only open on Tuesdays and Thursdays.”

“Oh well, cheerio, then.”

“Cheerio. Come back soon.”

Next in was a middle-aged man, believe it or not. Then Tina recognised him as her Professor, and her face reddened.

“Oh hi Tina,” he said. “I didn’t recognise you at first with your clothes off. I saw your advert in the magazine, which I read sometimes. And I thought I’d come along. I’m a naturist

too, you know. Had quite a few trips to Studland Bay. Like to see it all hanging out, you know.”

“Right – well, what would you like?” said Tina.

“Oh, a cappuccino, I think. But first I’d like to see some more of you, Tina. Come out here, woman, and stop hiding behind that counter.”

So Tina came out from behind the counter, and revealed her wares.

“I hope you put some clothes on when you do my homework,” said the Professor – “or you might put the decimal point in the wrong place.”

“Oh yes, sir – I’m well covered when I do that.”

“Good, good.”

“I suppose you don’t allow photography in here? I rather fancied a group photo – so I can show my grandchildren in a few years.”

“Fraid we don’t allow photography in here, sir. Not all our mothers and fathers know we’re naturists, and they might get a bit of a shock if they see it on Facebook.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I’m not on Facebook. I’m not that trendy. Still, okay then – I won’t take a photograph.”

The Professor was coming to the end of his cappuccino. The 3 naturist students really didn’t feel comfortable about asking him if he’d like to disrobe – so he’d get a half-price coffee – as they were supposed to. So on this occasion they ‘forgot’ to do so. So the Professor paid for his coffee – the full amount – and left.

Next, a young couple entered. The girl said to Tina:

“Hello, we’ve come to try the cheap coffee – at the naturist coffee shop. What does naturist mean, by the way? – does that mean you like going out in the country, and experiencing the fresh air?”

“Shall we sit down?”

Then Joanna approached them.

-

“Blimey, you’ve got no drawers on luv – you’re certainly experiencing the fresh air, aren’t you?”

“Well, it’s like this. Naturists like not to wear clothes. They believe it’s healthier.”

“I am sure that Nick here won’t know where to look. I don’t even allow him to see my knickers until he’s done the chores.”

“It’s alright dear,” piped up Nick, who did seem to have suddenly come a bit alive – “I’m quite enjoying it actually.”

“I bet you bloody are.”

“Can you get Nick a milkshake – he’d better not have any more caffeine now that he’s got himself so excited. And I’ll have one too, come to that.”

“Right oh, madam – Coming up.”

“Yeah, he will be in a right state, if I know him.”

“You’re getting me a milkshake, then?” asked Nick.

“That’s right.”

“Can I have a straw please?”

Tina came over with a straw.

“Good grief. She’s got no knickers on either.”

“I can see her what-do-you-call-it – just like the other girl.”

“Yeah, minge,” said the girlfriend.

Nick did make quite a bit of noise as he slurped up his milkshake. In his excitement he seemed to have forgotten his table manners.

Then Phil came out from behind the counter too.

“Oh no,” said the girlfriend. “Cock-a-doodle-do – there’s a naked man around here too. I think we’d better finish our drinks, Nick. Gawd knows what will turn up next.”

“Come on, hurry up – you’ll be late for bed.”

That brought the time to 10 o'clock – time for them to shut up shop.

“Well,” said Tina, “I’m tired. I just can’t be bothered to get dressed yet.”

So she made herself a coffee and sat there drinking it, naked, till 10.30, much to Phil’s delight – he had decided that he had a crush on Tina.

A UNIVERSITY NATURIST SOCIETY EVENT – THE BEGINNER’S GROUP

Hi Folks

We are in one of the main bars of the University (for the students). All 5 of you – 3 women and 2 men – are ‘newbie’ naturists (taken it up in the last 3 months). Some of you have already gone nude at an event; others of you haven’t yet. And this is a special event (for newbies) where you can ‘dip your toes in the water slowly’ (figuratively speaking).”

“So – we are in the bar – it is now ten past 8. For nearly 2 hours we will have a few drinks and chat amongst ourselves. Then at 10 o’clock, we will make our way to a ‘side room’ which we have booked (actually we have booked it from 9.30 to 11.30). There we have

quite a bit of alcohol (3 choices: vodka and coke, cider, or wine) and there the ‘action’ will really be. Because we will have an initial drink, and – in this side-room – you will get down to your underwear. Then you will have another drink – and this time you will remove your underwear (whether your panties or your underpants). After that there will probably be another hour or so where we can ‘toast our nakedness’ – and have a few more drinks.”

“Well, we hope that is clear. Come on then; the night is young.”

The 5 were sat round a table in the bar:

“Shall we introduce ourselves?” said Simon, “I’m Simon and I’m studying physics. I’m in the 2nd year.”

“I’m Tim, I’m studying maths and I’m in the first year.”

“Well, I’m Maria, I’m studying English, and I’m in the first year.”

“I’m Victoria, I’m studying modern languages and I’m in the 2nd year.”

“I’m Stephanie, I’m studying chemistry and I’m in the first year.”

“Well, Stephanie, this is exciting isn’t it?” said Simon. “Are you looking forward to taking your knickers off? – that is the real point of it really, isn’t it, at the end of the day.”

“That is a bit blunt, isn’t it? How do you know I’m wearing any?”

“Well I don’t actually. I haven’t seen them yet, even though you’ve got quite a short skirt on.”

“Well, I am actually. Blue ones.”

“Well, I’ve got a fluorescent pair of maroon trunks, said “Which no doubt everyone will see later – before the great revealing.”

“We’re not going to go round each of us saying what kind of underwear we’re wearing, are we?” asked Victoria.

“No. Perhaps not. ‘The boss’ said some of us have already ‘gone naked’, and others haven’t. So hands up who has?” said Simon.

One girl (Maria), and one boy (Tim), raised their hand.

“Well, Tim, you go first. Tell us about it:”

“Yeah well, I went to Spain, and I found myself on a nudist beach. It was pretty cool because there were quite a few naked women there. And half way through the afternoon, I removed my trunks too.”

“What about you, Maria?”

“Well, I was at a ‘get to know the naturists event’. A few of the naturists got naked and guess what? - I took my knickers off too, though at first I kept my skirt on (It was no big deal, because I sometimes go out without knickers anyway.) Then before the party was over, I removed my skirt too, so I was standing there in just my white top, which only came down to about my waist.”

“Oh well, you’re really experienced then?”

“I suppose.”

“And you, Victoria. So you haven’t done anything like that yet?”

“Oh no – I always wear knickers, and keep them on. I’m quite looking forward to later on tonight though.”

And so it went on.

There was a karaoke on in the bar, and Victoria and Stephanie went up and sang. Both had quite good voices - Victoria especially.

“Well, Victoria, you’ve been the star among us in the bar. Will you still be the star at the end of the evening?”

“Oh well, I’m not going to back down, if that’s what you mean. I will be taking off my knickers without a doubt.”

Finally, the time arrived. It was 10 o’clock – time to move to the side-room. Which they did.

“OK then, lads and lasses,” said Aaron. “Help yourself to a drink.”

“Now then – down to your underwear, please.”

Maria was the first – she quickly removed her skirt and her top.

“Wow, you’re quick off the mark,” said Tim.

“Oh yes, I don’t hang around,” she said.

By the end of the first drink, they were all in their underwear. Stephanie had knickers on that were just about see-through (something that didn’t go unremarked) – so presumably the next bit was going to be particularly easy for her.

And so it proved. When they poured their second drink, she was the first to strip them off (and her bra), so she was already standing there naked.

Tim was next. He took off his Y-fronts, and there were a few cheers.

“Oh well,” said Victoria, “Why hang around?” – she pushed her panties down her legs and stepped out of them: “Voila!” she said.

“Yeah, not a bad quiff,” said Simon.

Then the second lad and the last girl joined everyone in getting naked too.

“Isn’t this fun?” said Tim. “Before I became a naturist I’d only seen 2 fannies in my life – now I’ve seen 3 in 1 night. Can’t be bad.”

They had a few more drinks and then it was nearly 11.30. Time to put their clothes back on. 2 of the girls - Stephanie and Maria, who had skirts, didn’t bother to put their panties back on – they put them in their handbags.

And so the University Naturist Society
Beginners group meeting, came to an end.

SHOW NOT TELL

My name is Louise. I am 22 years old. This last summer I had been on holiday to a Greek island near Athens, and I had been on a nudist beach. I enjoyed it so much that I decided I wanted to be a naturist.

When I returned home I remembered I had a friend who I knew was also a naturist. I decided to go and tell her. I knocked on her door and she let me in.

“Hello, Louise – what brings you here?”

I said “I wanted to tell you that I have become a naturist. I went on a nudist beach in Santorini, and I liked it so much that I am going to be a naturist even in England.”

Jennifer was delighted. She took off all her clothes there and then, and invited me to do

the same. I noticed that she hadn't been wearing knickers anyway.

So I took my clothes off too – my white T-shirt (I was not wearing a bra), my blue jeans and my light blue panties.

Giggling, she poured each of us a double vodka and coke, and said “Let's play cards, shall we?”

So for 2 hours we played all the card games we knew, totally naked.

Before I put my clothes back on and got ready to leave, Jennifer said:

“You know what you should do? You should tell someone else that you're a naturist – but someone who isn't one themselves. That will be a bit more difficult than telling me.”

I thought about this on the way home. Who should I tell?

I then had an inspiration: I wouldn't tell someone – I would show someone (or in fact a group of people).

The next morning I put a few clothes into a carrier bag and walked to the launderette – the only launderette that remained in our town, as far as I knew. There were 5 people seated inside. A couple, 2 lads and 2 women in their 30s. That'll be fine, I thought.

I had brought some washing liquid and some coins. I put the clothes from my bag into the empty machine. I then looked round at the people sitting down and smiled at them. I then proceeded to remove every last item of clothing I had on; finishing with my navy blue panties, and put them all in the machine. I put some washing liquid into the container, put

the correct number of coins in the slot, and turned the machine on. I then looked round.

Everyone was looking at me open-mouthed, particularly the lads.

I nonchalantly started a conversation about the weather with one of the lads. He didn't take in what I said, I don't think – he was too busy looking at my fanny.

The other lad came to his senses a bit quicker. He said:

“It's alright for you women – you can take your drawers off in here and nothing happens – except us lads have a good look at your snatch, of course. But if I came in here and took off my Boxers, I'd be carted off to prison. Is that Equality or what?”

I smiled. “Stop complaining. I bet you love it really.”

“You bet I do,” he said. “Just make sure my bird doesn’t find out, will you? By the way, do you come here often? When are you coming next?”

“Wouldn’t you like to know?”

I then sat down on the bench, still naked of course, and started whistling.

Half an hour later my machine had finished. I noticed that everyone else was still there, even though for most of them, their washing was done – they were enjoying it so much, even the women (must be a bit bi, I thought).

When my machine’s cycle had finished, I thought I’d better dry everything in the dryer – after all, I didn’t want to put on my soggy knickers!

So I found another 5 pound coins and was there another 20 minutes.

Finally, I got dressed. I noticed the 2 lads were still there, watching me. I smiled at everyone.

“Cheerio then,” I said, and walked out, and walked down the street.

Wait till Jennifer knows about this, I thought.

A UNIVERSITY NATURIST SOCIETY EVENT – A NAKED SWIM

Told through the eyes of Jane.

I have been excited all day because this evening, between 5 and 7, our University Naturist Group is going to have a ‘Naked Swim’, and I am attending. We have booked the Universities’ ‘Smaller Pool’ – as there are only going to be, probably, about 6 of us.

We met up just before 5: there were 3 girls – Virginia, Ada and me; and 3 lads – Colin, Sam and Nigel.

Colin was the ‘Responsible Leader’. We all went to find a changing cubicle to change in. I went in mine and took off my jacket, then my dress and bra – I wasn’t wearing panties

today. With my towel wrapped around me, I joined the others.

They were all naked, without a towel wrapped around them, so I took mine off too. One of the lads,, was new, and I looked at him. I saw that he had an all-over tan. He looked quite nice actually, and was quite well-endowed. I noticed he was looking at me too.

Colin, the Responsible Leader, spoke:

He said, “Good evening, glad you could all make it. Today we have a new lad in our group, Sam, so will you all introduce yourselves to him?”

The other 2 lads started off:

“Hi Sam, I’m Colin, I’m a 2nd year history student.”

“Hi Sam, I’m Nigel, a first year maths student.”

Then it was us girls turn.

“Hi, I’m Ada, a 2nd year Physics student;

“Hi, I’m Virginia, a 3rd year Marketing student,”

and lastly me,

“Hi Sam, I’m Jane, a first year student studying English.”

“Right then,” said Colin, “let’s get in the water. We’ll have an hour basically swimming around, then we’ll have some racing.”

We got in the pool. I went over to Virginia because she was my ‘special friend’. Though she didn’t realise it, I was a bit ‘bi’ and I found her quite attractive. She had quite big tits; and, though I couldn’t see much of it at the

moment, the 2 of us being submerged in the water, a nice arse. “What do you think of the new boy?” I asked.

“Yeah, seems alright. Quite good looking, isn’t he? I noticed he was looking at you a lot, as well.”

“Yeah, I did sense that he was looking at me – sometimes you just sense that, don’t you?”

“Yeah, and with us being the naturist group, you can guess where he was looking the most, can’t you?”

“Yeah, our fannies.”

“Precisely.”

Sam saw me looking over at him and waved, then he swam over to where we were.

“Hi, Jane and Virginia,” he said:

“How long have you been coming to this Naturist swimming group?”

“Just over a year,” said Virginia.

“6 months for me,” I said.

“Yeah, it’s pretty cool, isn’t it? Can you both swim very well?”

“Not bad,” said Virginia, “I’m not very good at the Butterfly, though.”

“For me, probably not so well as most of the others – I don’t think I’ll be that good at the racing,” I said.

“Well I like swimming,” said Sam, “it’s my best sport.”

When he had gone, Virginia said:

“Shall we practice our diving, do you think?”

“Yeah, why not?” I was pleased about that, because it meant we got out of the pool for periods of time, and I had a better look at Virginia. So I looked at her when we both got out of the pool. I hope she doesn’t realise I’m looking at her, I thought.

One after the other we dived in and then swam to the exit steps. And then did it again. In fact we did it 4 times.

“Let’s have a breather,” I said – so we both sat on the edge of the pool, looking down into the water. This is turning into a better evening than I expected, I thought.

Then we were joined by Nigel, who plonked himself down beside Virginia.

“Hi Virginia,” said Nigel. “How are you?”

“Fine,” she said.

“I don’t actually have a girlfriend, but it seems like I have a lot of girlfriends since I joined this naturist club.”

“Yeah, you could put it that way,” I said.

“My 2 best friends, that do the same subject as me (so I see them a lot), would be very jealous if they knew how many naked women I get to see, now that I am in the Naturist club – but I don’t actually say much to them about it,” he said.

“No, I don’t blame you really,” said Sam.

Then Colin, the leader of the group, spoke up quite loudly, to be heard above the various conversations that were going on.

“That’s our first hour,” he said, “now it’s time for the racing. So to begin with, get out of the water, please.”

After we had all done so, he said:

“OK then, let’s have a race for the girls first – 2 lengths of crawl.”

So the 3 of us moved to the top end of the pool, and stood there, ready to dive in, exposing our 3 pussies, of course. The boys looked on.

“Ready – Steady – GO,” Colin shouted, and we all dived in. Out of the 3 girls, I was probably the worst swimmer, and I was soon getting behind. I could see the other 2 quite a bit further ahead. By the time the 2 girls in front had finished, I was still only half way through the second length. I got out of the pool and said that I was not doing this again:

“I admit I’m not a very good swimmer,” I said. So I went and stood by the 3 boys. I think they were pleased to have me near them, actually.

5 minutes later, Colin said, “Time for the 2nd race. This time it’s the 3 lads, crawl again.”

So they lined up. And it was Ada who said “Ready – Steady – GO,” and they were off.

The new lad was a good swimmer, actually, and he was soon in the lead – and he ended up winning comfortably.

Comparing the situation with when I had gone swimming with my 2 brothers when we were growing up, it was amazing to notice the difference – that these lads were all showing their cocks. Well, of course I was similarly different too – minus my costume.

I was fully aware that the lads were having a good look at me ‘showing what I was made of’.

Altogether we had 8 races. They were a bit boring really because the same girl, and the same lad, won most of them – and by a considerable margin.

When the last race was over, our time was nearly up. We just had 10 minutes remaining to all get in the pool together again, and splash around. I thought I'd try and go swimming by myself – away from this naturist group, and try and improve my swimming.

Whether I really would or not, I'm not sure.

A NON-FICTION ARTICLE (1)

I was 25. With 2 friends from work, I arranged a 2 week holiday in Greece and the Greek Islands. We spent a few days in Athens which was quite exciting; then we went by boat to the island of Paros.

The morning after we arrived there, there was quite a strong wind blowing. After breakfast in our hotel, and before going out for the day, we asked the person on reception for guidance about where there was a 'secluded beach' – meaning really 'secluded from the weather – this strong wind.' He gave us quite specific directions of how to get to a beach – what bus to catch, where to get off etc.

We did so, and put our towels down, and prepared to spend much of the day there. But the person on reception at our hotel must have misunderstood us when we asked for a

‘secluded beach’ – for it was soon clear that he had led us to a nudist beach.

And unlike most nudist beaches in the UK (which I was yet to discover), most of the nudists on this beach in Paros were a) women and b) young – most of them in their 20s, I believe.

I spent all day watching (mainly) half a dozen or so extremely attractive young women go in and out of the sea, as naked as the day they were born. I loved it actually – though my 2 friends were a bit embarrassed about it.

I think most of these young women were German, actually. [There were also some men who were naked, and a few couples – but I took more notice of these (apparently) single young women.]

However, on that first day, I didn’t remove my trunks.

On the second day there, my friends said they wanted to go shopping, and I said I didn't want to go – I'd have another 'beach day'.

So I went back to the same beach. This time, on the second day I was alone, and this time I removed my trunks. And I enjoyed it too (but I didn't tell my friends till several weeks later).

There were some of the same young women that there had been on the previous day, again totally naked, going in and out of the sea. It was wonderful!

During that holiday, I went there 2 or 3 more times, again removing my trunks.

Since then, I've tried to get away once a year (it's all I can afford – and anyway I couldn't get any more time off from work) – to somewhere that guaranteed experiences, if not on a par with that first nudist experience in Paros, then

not far off it. And in between times, have fairly frequently made the best of the admittedly inferior nudist beaches in the UK – see the next story / anecdote, which is also by me.

I am now considerably older than 25.

A NON-FICTION ARTICLE (2)

Quite a few times I went to the nudist beach in Brighton (it was the nearest one to where I lived). I would leave home quite early, and arrive there about 11, before there were that many people there.

It was true that most of the people there would be men – the men naturists vastly outnumbered the women naturists at Brighton.

Not being gay (as quite a few of the men there were, I believe), I would have preferred it if there were more women.

However I had a ruse that made the situation not so bad as it otherwise would have been.

As I said, the people there were nearly all men when I arrived. But there were usually a

couple of women. And even if those couple of women were, say, quite a bit older than me (for instance), I would always sit near one of them.

And when, later in the day, a few other women arrived (about half a dozen, perhaps) they too would always choose to sit near one of the women who was already there – in other words, near me too.

So though overall on the beach men vastly outnumbered the women, I would quite often find there was ‘a bit of a cluster’ of women near me.

(Not that I ever chatted them up or anything.)

A NIGHT AT A NATURIST CLUB (BIRTHDAY SUIT SOCIETY)

It was a Wednesday, one of the days Birthday Suit Society was open for the evening between 7pm and 10pm. Between 6.40 and 7 my 5 workers arrived. I let each of them in, wearing my bathrobe. There were 3 young women and 2 fellas. The 3 young women and one of the fellas were Baristas, and the other man was a sort of handyman and was particularly involved with making sure the Hot Tubs worked OK.

It was a unisex changing room – well they were going to be naked all evening so there was no point in hiding anything. Usually by 6.55 there were the 3 girls and 2 fellas (and me) completely naked, and ready to have customers. Customers turned up from 7pm onwards,

When someone turned up, there was a naked Barista to welcome them and show them to their seat, after they had dis-robed in the changing area. There were 3 main rooms in the flat, also a kitchen area and changing area (and bathroom, of course). Two of the main rooms had Hot Tubs in the middle of them; and there were large cushions round the periphery of the room (both rooms) for people to sit on. In the third main room there were some tables and chairs. All of it was a 'sort of' coffee shop. People not only ordered their coffees and cake when they were in the main room with the tables and chairs, but also when they were in the rooms with the cushions (and Hot Tubs). In fact it was waiter service (or more likely waitress service). And the coffees were very reasonably priced too – under £2, considerably cheaper than the main coffee chains. (The club got most of its money from Membership Subscriptions.)

Most people came for most of the evening – they could either be in one of the Hot Tubs, or sitting down. And usually several times in the evening they would give an order to one of the naked Baristas, who were trained to be as friendly as possible.

We'll describe an evening through the eyes of one of the young women Baristas:

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I arrived at 6.45 and George let me in. I went straight to the changing area and took off first my dress, and then my bra. I usually don't bother to wear panties at all – so I am then naked. I then go and say hello to George and whoever is already there. We are all naked. It is quite normal for us to be naked now and we are still able to do our work quite normally – though we are aware that most of the men (particularly) keep on looking at us very intently – they can hardly believe it. (Well, it is

par for the course.) I think, to be honest, that most of the men order more coffees than they otherwise would, because they have interactions with me (and the others), who are naked. I try not to think too much that the men are probably looking mainly at my pussy. And there are usually a lot more men than women – that is why we have 3 female Baristas and only one man.

Sometimes one or two of the men are a bit cheeky – for instance asking if they can spank me. Actually no touching is really allowed, so I always say no to something like that. Usually the men accept it good humouredly.

Of course the men (and women) customers are naked too. Though of course we are all used to that - well it is a Naturist club.

I'll just give you a 'snapshot' of what it's like:

“Hi there, Caroline, you look nice tonight, can I have a latte please?”

“That’ll be £1.50 then. Have you got the cash – we only accept cash.”

“OK thanks.”

I walk to the kitchen and pour the coffee. Then walk back to the man. I can see some of the men looking at me – some of them are possibly wishing I was their girlfriend.

“Caroline, you look great tonight,” says Ronald, who is a regular.

Danny calls out “Can I order a coffee, too?”

I tell him he’s got to wait a minute, and carry on to the first man and give him his coffee. He tries it on a bit – “Can you get me some sugar, luv?” I’m too busy to run errands like that for

the guys so I tell him: “You’ve got to do things like that yourself – it’s over there.”

I serve a few people some coffee, and some of them some cake too.

Someone says “You can’t have your cake and eat it, can you?” and laughs at his little joke (I hear that one several times a night, actually).

Actually it’s probably a good thing we don’t serve alcohol – if some of them got pissed they’d probably come out with worse than what they do.

“Are you a bit cold without your knickers on?” says Chris.

“No, I’m not – the heating’s on as you well know,” I reply.

“What does it feel like, being naked with all us fellas about,” asks Rob.

“Oh I’m used to you lot by now,” I reply.

MEETING THE LIKE-MINDED NEIGHBOUR

My name is Patricia and I am 27 years old. I live in a block of 6 flats. My flat's number is 21, which is on the first floor. My firm has put their workers on a 4 day week, so I have 3 days at home. And – I am a naturist. So in fact, I spend most of my time indoors, naked. I prefer it that way (and I get few visitors – when I do, obviously I have to put something on).

This week, I have Friday, Saturday and Sunday off. On Friday morning, I got up quite late (I had had a late night Thursday night). It was about 10 o'clock. As I was sitting down to breakfast, I realised that I had run out of sugar. That was an important ingredient in my coffee. I had an idea that my next door neighbour, a man a few years older than me, didn't work on Fridays. So I threw on my blue

dress, not bothering with any underwear, and knocked on his door.

He answered in his bathrobe.

“Oh, hello James. Hope I haven’t disturbed you. You haven’t got any sugar I could have, have you? Just realised I am short and the coffee is ready, apart from that.”

“Yes, no problem,” he said, and went and got some. After breakfast, I got on with my chores, naked of course. And I had lunch at 1.

About 2pm the buzzer sounded. That’s funny, I thought – I wasn’t expecting anyone. “Hello,” said a voice, “parcel for number 24, he appears to be out – can you take it in, please?”

“Oh okay, just a moment.” Again, I put my dress on (again, no panties), opened the door and took the parcel.

About 6 o'clock I thought I'd try James's door and see if he was in. I put some clothes on again and knocked on his door. Again, he answered in his bathrobe. I gave him the parcel. Thinking nothing of it, I went back indoors and took my clothes off again.

On that Friday night, I had an early night, going to bed at 9.30, after my favourite programme 'Have I got news for you'.

I got up on the Saturday, and about 10.30 the buzzer went again – another parcel for number 24.

A little bit irritated, I agreed to take it in again – necessitating a quick dressing again. I thought I'd try James's door about 1. Putting some clothes on again, I knocked on his door again. And again he answered in his bathrobe – the third time. I did a double take.

Excuse me for asking, James, but – either you have a lot of baths, or you're not a naturist, are you?" It's just that you keep answering the door in your bathrobe, that's all. Don't worry at all. I'll let you into a secret – I am too."

"Good grief – are you really. Well, delighted to meet you. Well, of course I've already met you, Patricia."

"I say, how about a trip to a nudist beach together?" he asked.

"Yeah, I'm up for it," I replied.

"Well, the weather's really nice at the moment – how about tomorrow?" he said. "Would Studland Bay be alright?"

"Yes and yes," I said.

So, at 9.30 the next day (Sunday), I knocked on his door again. This time he was dressed – ready to go out. We both had bags, with everything we needed for a day at the beach – minus our costumes, of course. We were going in his car. It was about a three quarters of an hour's drive.

So – we arrived at Studland about 10.30. It was already very warm, and there were a few naked sunbathers there. We chose our place, and put our towels down.

“Well, who's going first?” said James.

“You can,” I said.

So, first James took off his sweatshirt, then his blue jeans, and finally his boxers, revealing quite a toned body, not particularly muscular (I don't think he went to the gym), and an all-over tan.

Now it was my turn.

I was wearing the same blue dress that I quickly put on the day before. I took it off. This time I had underwear on – a green bra and red panties – but not for long!

I took my bra off, then, with James watching intently, slipped my red panties down my legs and stepped out of them. I could see that James approved.

He had quite a big cock, which I remarked on. He seemed pleased. He kept looking at me too, and I must admit I felt just a little bit embarrassed. But, I suppose, I couldn't blame him really. (Boys will be boys.)

“Well Patricia,” said James, “how long have you been a naturist?”

“Oh, about 4 years – since I was 23.”

“What made you start?”

“I had a girlfriend who was a naturist, but I didn’t find out for quite a long time. I found out when we arranged to go to the beach for the day (without specifying the beach), and she drove to a nudist beach. I was a bit surprised. I was even more surprised when she removed all her clothes, including her panties. She just laughed at my surprise. That day I didn’t join in, though I must admit it excited me a bit.

Then a few weeks later she wanted me to go with her to the beach again, and I was surprised about how quickly I accepted. She drove to the same beach again. And again she took everything off. And this time I followed her – first I took off my dress, and then I removed my bra and panties. Kate laughed because of course I had a white patch round about my fanny and my bottom, but after a few weeks (I must admit it became

a regular thing to go to this beach with Kate), that white patch by my vag and bum disappeared. I still go to that beach with Kate sometimes. We are still friends. She lives about 20 miles away.”

“Interesting,” said James, “I became a Naturist after going on holiday abroad, and going on a nudist beach with a couple of friends ‘just for a laugh’. I ended up really liking it.”

I was aware that James was looking quite intently at my fanny. Oh well. C’est la vie.

I said:

“What do you do for a living, James? I’ve been living next door to you for nearly a year and I don’t even know that.”

“I’m a physiotherapist. We assess and treat people whose movement is restricted by

injury, illness or old age. We can use exercises or equipment, for example. And at the moment I am working in the health promotions area – which is part of it too.”

“Well I’m a Market Analyst,” I said – “we study the performance of companies, industries and regions, and make recommendations about the best investment opportunities. We have to build up a profile of the performance of companies and industries.”

“Yeah, sounds impressive - You don’t mind me looking at you, do you?” said James. “Even though I’m a naturist I’m not usually that close to a naked woman – especially a really attractive one like you. I do go to a naturist club sometimes, but most of the people are a bit stand-offish, you know. .

Most of the women in particular don’t seem to like it much if you get too close.”

“No, it’s okay. Come to that I’ve been looking at you a bit.”

“Oh, well that’s alright then. Have you had many boyfriends?”

“I had one last year. Lasted about 6 months. He was an accountant.”

“Like you, quite a good job, then.”

“Yeah.”

“Was he a naturist?”

“Oh no,” I said, “I met him in a pub, that I went to with a girlfriend. Actually I didn’t tell him I was a naturist till near the end of our relationship – which was partly what finished it.”

“Oh, sorry to hear that.”

“Shall we go in the sea for a bit?” I asked.

“Yeah okay. Will our stuff be alright here, do you think?”

“Yeah I think so. I’ve brought nothing really valuable. Have you?”

“No, I haven’t.”

I led the way. I’m sure James took the opportunity to look at my arse – but he didn’t say anything. We swam around for about 20 minutes and then returned to our place. We dried ourselves off. It’s strange really. When you go out with a boyfriend it’s sometimes weeks before you see each other naked. Yet here James and me were seeing each other naked straightaway, and we weren’t even girlfriend and boyfriend.

“I suppose with a job like yours you went to a good university and got a good degree?” said James.

“I suppose,” I said, “I went to Warwick, which has a good reputation for maths – that was my subject. I did get a First, actually?”

“Wow. I only got a 2:2 – that was at Southampton.”

“Did you do any sports or anything?”

“Yeah, I played cricket for the University team. I was a batter. I still play for a team, actually. You could come along sometime, I suppose.”

“Yeah, maybe. I’m afraid I’m not very sporty.”

“Do you have any friends who are naturists?” asked James.

“Well I said I was still friends with Kate. Do you have any.”

“Yeah, I do have one. I met him at the club I go to. He’s 2 years older than me – I think he will be jealous when I tell him about you.”

We decided to go in the sea again before we went home. This time James went first. I must admit he had rather a nice arse. We splashed around – this time for about half an hour. When we got back to our place, and had dried ourselves, it was beginning to get a bit late. Quarter of an hour later James suggested that we make a move.

We got dressed. My panties had somehow got a bit wet, so I didn’t put those back on. James made a joke about that.

At 5 o’clock we were in the car and he drove us home. We didn’t say that much on the journey home, I think we were too busy

thinking about the time that we had spent together on the beach – totally naked. He had some music playing – an album by Dido, which was very nice.

We arrived home before 6, and said we'd have to do it again – then we both went into our flats, having got to know each other much better than we had before.

ANOTHER NIGHT AT THE CLUB (BIRTHDAY SUIT SOCIETY)

(told through the eyes of one of the female Baristas, Lucy)

It was a Thursday, and I was working at the Club today. I arrived there about 6.45, and went into the changing area and took my dress and knickers off, and joined the others, who were also naked. We had advance bookings for 20 people tonight – 14 men, 1 couple and 4 women. And going from past experience, we expected most of them to arrive in the first half hour after the club opened (at 7), and I was on Welcoming duty.

We just about had time for a quick cup of coffee before we could expect people to start arriving.

About 10 minutes later the buzzer went for the first time. It was Alan, who was a regular (came about once a week generally).

I let him in. (There was a porch that he could get in anyway, so there was no need for me to wear a bathrobe or anything – I could greet people completely naked.)

“Hello, Lucy, you’re looking good today. I’d forgotten how good you look naked.”

“Oh, come on – you don’t see me in any other way, do you?”

“No, that’s true, I suppose.”

“Well, go in the changing area then – so I can see you naked too.”

“Will do, honey.”

No sooner had he gone into the changing area, than the buzzer went again. This time it was a man named Phil, who was new (it was his first time). Oh well, nothing like getting these chaps to jump in at the deep end, is there? So I was also naked when he went into the porch and came into this side of things.

He did a double-take at my nakedness, and looked very surprised.

I said “This is a naturist club, you do know that don’t you? One of the things is we tend not to wear knickers (or in your case, pants). I thought that was common knowledge.

So please go into the changing area and take your things off – then I’ll show you to your seat.”

He did so.

Then the next person to arrive was another regular (a man) – Marc.

He greeted me with:

“I think all women should be like you, all the time – no knickers should be allowed.”

“Yeah, but then you’d probably not get any work done – I assume you do work, do you?”

“Yeah, I’m a Records Manager.”

“Good for you. Go and get changed, then.”

Next, there was one of the women who was coming. She wasn’t exactly a regular, but she had been a few times. She came through the door and said:

“It feels very unequal, with you standing there naked, let me go and get my togs off.”

“Yeah, the men will be pleased, I expect.”

Another regular came next.

“Oh hello, Lucy, it’s you on the door today, is it? – I’m not complaining at all.”

(He was particularly well-endowed, so I wouldn’t be complaining in a few minutes either.)

Next it was the couple, who had also been a few times. The woman was actually about 5 years older than the man – she was about 35, and she had introduced him to naturism – usually it was the other way round.

They came through the door and Julia gave me a confident smile. Well, she should do – she had a very well paid job. The man was a little more nervous.

Next was another regular – Stephen. He was always a bit grumpy, I thought – but I still think he appreciated us naked women (especially).

“Oh hello, Lucy, you today, is it?” he said.

Next, another of the women arrived, Anne. She was a bit cocky, and also she liked the men looking at her, I think. I noticed that she was very careless with her legs when she was sitting around – and was very popular with the men, obviously.

Anyway, altogether there were about 20 who arrived. Greeting them was one of my favourite jobs, actually.

After about half an hour that side of it had quietened down, and I was able to see if anyone wanted a coffee or anything.

This evening, Katie is in charge of the music. It is music of the 90s tonight, and songs by

Radiohead, Oasis, Foo Fighters, Red Hot Chile Peppers, Pearl Jam, R.E.M., amongst others, are played. And there is a karaoke between 8 and 9 (Katie is also in charge of that.) [Sometimes I am in charge of the music.]

“Oh hello, finished being a doorwoman, have you? I’ll have a cappuccino, please,” said Marc.

“Coming right up.” I went into the kitchen and got him it – and said hello to the boss – who wasn’t doing much work, as usual.

The next time I went into the kitchen I had a bit of a chat with Rebecca, one of the other girls (it wasn’t all systems go all the time – with 4 Baristas and only about 20 customers usually, we weren’t exactly rushed off our feet. I think we were mainly there to look pretty, if the truth be told. So I could now relax a bit, now that that (admittedly quite hectic)

greeting on the door stage was more or less over.

Today there was a problem with one of the Hot Tubs – it overflowed a bit. Well, that was the work of the handyman to deal with, not me. Some of the customers got a bit wet, though – their cushions anyway.

The 30 something woman who was one half of the couple came into the kitchen, and started talking to me. The way she was looking at me I wondered if she was a bit ‘bi’ actually. Oh well.

We were expected to keep a tally of how many coffees each of us had orders for (and the cakes too). Not that I think we made that much profit from that. Personally I thought it would be a good idea for the boss to put the prices up a bit.

At 8.30 I personally had had 10 orders for coffees. That was about par for the course – I could usually count on about 20 orders throughout the evening (and the other girls, and fella, about the same).

I was pleased we didn't serve alcohol actually – some of the lads were cheeky enough anyway, without that.

One of the lads told me a joke that was a bit rude, and I didn't laugh very much.

“Don't get your knickers in a twist over that, will you?” he said.

“I shouldn't think so,” I replied.

Most of the customers had at least 4 coffees during the evening – well, obviously they enjoyed the interaction with a naked lady.

In the last hour I served another 8 coffees, and 6 slices of cake.

“Transparent knickers again I see,” said Andy, as I brought him his latte.

“Yeah well, what’s that little thing poking out from between your legs?” I replied. (You have to give as good as you get, in this job.)

Round about 9.30, things began to wind down, and a few minutes later people were beginning to get dressed again, and then leave (it wasn’t my job to say goodbye to them on the door, tonight).

There were 2 men who were still lounging around, completely naked, at 9.55, and we had to tell them to get a move on.

But by 10.05 at any rate everyone had gone. I put my knickers and dress back on, and I was off.

A UNIVERSITY NATURIST SOCIETY EVENT – A NAKED CURRY EVENING

(through the eyes of Natalie)

I put up on the noticeboard (of the University Naturist Society) that I was having a ‘Naked Curry Evening’ at my house (I live in a shared house), and 6 people have signed up for it – 3 lads and 3 girls (and I am female, so that makes 3 lads and 4 girls altogether). And tonight is the night.

I have decided on beef curry and rice – which I have cooked before so it shouldn’t be a problem.

I’ve asked people to turn up between 7 and 7.30 – and said that we’ll actually eat at 8.

I shall be wearing a bathrobe between 7 and 7.30 (because I have to answer the door), but will be naked after that. I will expect everyone else to 'get naked' as soon as they arrive – and I'll get a drink for then.

So – it is now 6.55. Someone could turn up at any moment, I suppose.

The doorbell actually goes at 7.05. It is Richard. I ask him to come in. I don't have 7 chairs, so I'm asking people to sit on cushions (I've also bought 7 trays – from Poundland – and containers for peoples' clothes.

“Well, I can't have the toilet continually used for changing for half an hour (at both ends of the evening) – so you'll have to remove your clothes in the main room. The containers for peoples' clothes are stacked over there.

So Richard took off his blue sweatshirt and black jeans, then his Boxers, and put those in

the container. He was now naked (I had seen him naked a few times because we'd both been to the same events a few times, so I knew what to expect).

“Now, what would you like to drink,” I said – “there’s bitter, lager, vodka and coke or white wine?”

“I’ll have lager, thanks,” he said.

So I gave him a can, and a glass.

The next to arrive was Amy. I told her the same that I had told Richard.

She looked a bit non-plussed, but anyway took off her jumper, then her skirt, then her blouse, then her bra and panties, and put all those in one of the containers, and sat on a cushion. I gave her the same choice of drinks. She went for vodka and coke.

Next to arrive was another girl, Jasmine. After getting the same instructions, she took off her red top, then her shoes and blue jeans, then her bra and white knickers, and sat down. She wanted white wine.

The next one to arrive was Paul. He removed his clothes too and sat down. He wanted bitter.

Then the last girl turned up. She took off her dress to reveal that she was wearing nothing underneath – no bra and no panties. It was quite a short dress too. Possibly she had got some practice in by (inadvertently) showing someone her fanny on the bus – you never know. Anyway she also wanted vodka and coke.

Finally, Dominic arrived at 7.25. He removed his clothes too and sat down on a cushion. He also wanted vodka and coke.

So everyone had turned up by 7.30. So I took my bathrobe off and I was then naked too. And I had a glass of wine and also sat down – though I would soon be getting up to do the food.

There were only 2 of them I hadn't seen naked before - Amy and Paul.

I noticed that Amy had a Brazilian, and Paul was quite slim but had quite a big cock.

Jannice and Paul were doing most of the talking – mainly about the recent local elections – they were into Politics a bit.

At 8 o'clock I got up and went into the kitchen. The food was on a timer and it should be ready round about now. It was. I went back into the main room with the trays, and gave one to everyone. I served the food up onto plates and carried them through, 2 at a time.

Soon everyone had theirs.

As they ate the curry and rice, the conversation died down quite a bit. Also there were less ‘sights to behold’, because most people had their tray on their lap.

But after 20 minutes everyone had finished their curry and the cocks and fannies became visible again.

“Come the election” - Paul was saying – “you could have Labour losing a lot of votes to Reform and, on the left, Jeremy Corbyn’s party, and the Conservatives losing most of their votes to Reform, and the Liberal Democrats doing well – and you could have either Reform or the Liberal Democrats in Power, and maybe the Greens overtaking Labour and the Conservatives as well – so you could have Labour and the Conservatives being 4th and 5th (or even 5th and 6th if Jeremy Corbyn’s party does well too).

And then, across the Pond, Trump would be a bloody comedian if it wasn't so serious, and about the only thing you can say about the mass shootings is that you don't usually get more than one on the same day – which is a bit of a surprise really since apparently people can walk the streets carrying machine guns.”

“Oh, Paul, you do look funny talking Politics with your cock bouncing up and down,” said Amy.

“Well,” I said (to Dominic). “Are you enjoying being a naturist – you were at the Beginners group 3 months ago, weren't you?”

“That's right. I'm still a newbie, I suppose. I'm still trying to get used to it. For the 3 years before I became a Naturist I only saw 1 fanny – now, today, for example, I'm seeing 4 in one night – and that includes yours.”

“Well, in return, we women get to see your cocks, of course. That opens one’s eyes quite a bit.”

“Yes, I expect it does.”

Over the next hour and a half plenty of alcohol was consumed – in fact for a moment I thought I had misjudged it and there wouldn’t be enough – but in the end it lasted till 10 when the evening event was due to finish.

We managed to get Paul off of talking about Politics. For a moment it looked like the thorny subject of religion was going to come up as well, but thankfully that was averted.

There was talk about the future events that the University Naturist Society was holding, including the naked gin party and the Air B & B cottage, and who was going to which: and also reminiscences of past events.

By 10 though, everyone had had quite a bit to drink and I thought I'd better wrap up the proceedings before people started seeing more than 4 fannies.

So we all got dressed and 10 minutes later it was all over – everyone was gone.

A UNIVERSITY NATURIST SOCIETY EVENT – A NAKED GIN PARTY

(through the eyes of Isabella)

I had volunteered to hold a naked gin evening in my flat – for the University Naturist Society – and there were 5 people coming – 3 girls and 2 men. It was taking place tonight, starting at 8.

I wanted to get a wide choice of the most popular gins – about 5 brands, but felt that 5 full bottles would be too much for 5 people (6 including me), so plumped for half bottles. The brands of gin I chose were Gordon's, Tanqueray, Bombay Sapphire, Beefeater, and Hendrick's.

And for mixers I had a choice of tonic water (of course), bitter lemon, ginger beer and orange juice.

People were expected to arrive between 7.30 and 8, and be naked and ready to indulge by 8.

Initially I wore my bathrobe, as I had to open the door to guests.

First to arrive was Bryan and he very quickly got naked – he seemed keen to show off his big cock (admittedly it was quite big).

Next to arrive was Lesley. Space was limited and we had to change in the main room, by the way, so Lesley took off her blue dress and then her bra and panties, and then helped herself to some Tanqueray gin and bitter lemon, and sat down on the red sofa.

Next was Jane, another girl, and she tried the Hendrick's (a Scottish brand), mixed with ginger beer, after taking off her red top, blue jeans and black knickers.

Next was the other lad, Spencer. He also was wearing blue jeans – but not for long! He went for Gordon's with tonic water, and sat in an armchair.

Finally the other girl, Christine, arrived. She removed her blue slacks and knickers, then decided she needed to go to the loo, which she did, and then came back and removed her yellow top – so then she was naked too. She went for the Hendrick's too, with ginger beer for a mixer.

So then I removed my bathrobe, so I was naked as well.

The conversation turned to some of the upcoming events in the University Naturist

Society, including the Air B & B cottage and the Naked in the woods event. And who was going to what.

Lesley said she may have to cancel going to the Air B & B cottage event next weekend because she was behind with an essay.

The talk got onto how much people talked to their other friends about their activities with the University Naturist Society.

Jane was completely 'out' and didn't hide it at all, though she did say that some of her friends thought it a bit strange that she didn't mind so many men seeing her pussy.

Lesley was at the other extreme – she had told absolutely no-one – she kept it very quiet.

One of the lads, Bryan, said that he was okay about telling his other friends because he

liked to boast about how many naked women he got to see – and another 4 today, he added.

Then there was talk about how the Barbecue event had been raided by ‘the authorities’, and they thought it was a ‘normal’ party gone wild because everyone was naked – before someone explained that it was the Nativist Society, and it was perfectly normal for everyone to be naked – it didn’t mean that they were having a ‘wild party’.

Christine then decided that she would ‘mix her gins’ and try some Tanqueray instead. “Yes,” she said, “I think I prefer this one.”

Then the topic came up about how the God squad were causing a few problems. They tended not to be very happy at all about the activities of the Nativist Society, and went on about men ‘exposing themselves’ etc. There was one man who was God Squad who was particularly vociferous, and said he was going

to put a complaint in to the Dean – then we pointed out to him that his girlfriend commonly joined in with the ‘no-pants’ craze and often didn’t wear knickers. He had no answer to that.

There was one hour left to go before the end of this party and we still had plenty of gin left, so I encouraged everyone to fill up their glasses – and maybe try a different type of gin, or a different mixer even.

With everyone drinking a lot quicker, the conversation got a bit more ‘fruity’ and it turned out that Lesley was a bit ‘bi’ – she liked fannies as well as cocks.

Oh well, I shall have to keep my legs crossed when I’m in her vicinity.

So 10.30 arrived and it was time to get dressed again. Very soon the ‘sights to behold’ were no more. 10 minutes after that I

had an empty flat again – apart from little old me.

A UNIVERSITY NATURIST SOCIETY EVENT – RENTING AN AIR B & B COTTAGE FOR A NAKED WEEKEND AWAY

At one of the last main meetings of the University Naturist Society, someone suggested that we book an Airb&b cottage for a ‘naked weekend’, and I volunteered to ‘look into it’.

So – I booked this 2 bedroom (+ 2 reception rooms) cottage in Weston-Super-Mare a few weeks ago for a weekend (Friday evening till late Sunday afternoon), and that weekend has now arrived.

We set off in about an hour. It is a 2 hour drive.

Yesterday evening I went to a supermarket and spent £70 on provisions and a further £40

on alcohol, which I hoped would be enough – there were 4 of us going on this weekend away.

The price of the cottage for the weekend was £300, so that meant that each of us needed to pay £102.50 (A quarter of $[300 + 110]$). I asked everyone to turn up at mine between 4.30 and 4.45 on the Friday (today) so that we could leave by 5, and be at the cottage around 7pm. They would also need to pay their share of the money this afternoon.

One thing that made it easier was that few clothes would need to be packed – the entire weekend was to be spent naked.

Everyone had indeed arrived at the specified time (4.30 – 4.45) and gave me their share of the money.

We were going in my car. We did manage to set off about 5. Not much was said on the

journey, though there was a general feeling of anticipation. The 2 girls who were going were Margaret and Nicola, and the other lad's name was Lou. It is coming to the end of the 3rd term in the academic year – it is June.

We arrived at the cottage, as anticipated, about 7pm and the place seemed to be in good order. No complaints on that score. (We had of course seen photographs of it.)

We decided to have 1 drink first before we got 'changed' – but the evening 'proper' would not start till after we had removed our clothes!

We 2 lads had a can of lager each and the girls opted for a glass of white wine.

"Well, just half an hour before we see you girls naked," laughed Lou.

"Likewise," replied Nicola.

We finished our drinks and it was time for the great reveal.

“Who’s going to go first?” asked Nicola.

“I will,” I replied.

So I took my togs off – my shirt, then my black jeans, then finally my blue pants, and I was standing there naked.

Next it was Margaret’s turn to ‘do the honours’.

She removed her blouse, then her grey jeans, and finally her bra and panties, and she too was naked. It was the first time I had seen her naked as we hadn’t been to the same event before. She did look quite nice, I must say, with her pert breasts – and she was sporting a Brazilian, as do most young women these days.

Next it was the other girl too to reveal herself naked. Nicola took off her yellow dress, and then her white bra and red panties. Now both girls were standing there naked. It was a real 'sight to behold'. (Nicola had the airstrip design.)

"Come on then Lou. Take those clothes off, like us," said Nicola.

So Lou also removed his togs.

Now the 4 of us were naked, and we laughed at our nakedness. We decided to have another drink before we had the main meal.

Which we did (we chose the same drinks as before).

I was particularly interested in seeing the 2 young women naked. It was nice to see them showing their fannies and their bums.

I remarked to Nicola “This is the first time I’ve seen your fanny.”

She looked a bit embarrassed, then said:

“Well, it’s the first time I’ve seen your cock.”

There would be 4 meals (+ 2 breakfasts – which wouldn’t be much). We decided to be responsible for 1 meal each.

It was to be Margaret’s turn to do the first meal, and it was to be burgers and chips.

“Come on then, Margaret, get cooking – no aprons allowed, we want to see you showing your credentials,” said Lou.

So Margaret got to it, first of all finding the burgers and chips among the provisions. It was an electric cooker and quite easy to use. She grilled the burgers.

We ate that first meal, washed down by some alcohol, of course.

Then, after that we played cards (rummy). We had decided that we would watch very little television over the weekend – we would find other things to do.

It's quite a nice experience, playing cards naked, especially when it's mixed company. Maybe you can't concentrate on the card game all that much though – a game of Bridge might have been a bit too much, in the circumstances.

We played cards till around 10.20, then decided we'd have another drink before turning in for the night.

Which we did.

Nicola said: "What shall we talk about? – No talking about Politics, I don't think. I don't

want to hear all your views on Keir Starmer and Kemi Badenoch, lads, with your cocks on display!”

I replied “I don’t think I want to talk about Keir Starmer and Kemi Badenoch anyway – even if I was fully clothed.”

“That’s alright then,” said Nicola.

Instead we talked about the upcoming event with the University Naturist Society – the group visit to a nudist beach, which 3 of us had booked for.

At 11 o’clock we decided to go to bed. We 2 lads were having one room, and the 2 girls the other room. The beds were already made.

When we had settled in our beds, I said to Lou:

“What do you think of this naturism lark, then? – You’re quite new to it, aren’t you?”

“Yeah, not bad is it – especially seeing all these naked women.”

I said, “Yeah, but in the naturist clubs, where you have to go when you get older, I believe there are quite a few more men than women – it’s not quite as good. It’s only at the University Naturist Society that the numbers are about even.”

“Well, let’s make hay while the sun shines then,” said Lou.

We were all up by 9 the following (Saturday) morning. I think we couldn’t wait to see each other naked again. We didn’t bother much with breakfast (I just had Weetabix and a coffee and toast).

In the morning we were mainly just messing about, taking photographs of each other and things like that.

Nicola said: “Is this alright, taking photographs of each other naked like this? – there’s not some software program saying that’s not allowed?”

“No, it’s fine – you can’t put the photos on Facebook though – especially with your legs apart like they are, Nicola.”

Nicola laughed.

I temporarily put some clothes on and went into town as we decided we’d need some more alcohol – at the rate we were going, £40 worth wouldn’t be enough. But I was soon back and got naked again.

We had lunch at 12.30. It was Lou’s turn to cook. We had Beef Hotpot.

“It’s a good job no-one here is vegetarian, or has allergies,” said Lou, “that would make the cooking more complicated.”

“Tell me about it,” said Margaret, “at one event I did a couple of months ago, a couple of people were vegetarian, and another had various allergies.”

“Yeah, well you’ve got to watch out for it, haven’t you?” said Nicola.

We tucked into our Beef Hotpot. (We weren’t bothering with puddings – too much like hard work.)

On the Saturday afternoon we looked through the various Board games that were on a couple of shelves in the cottage.

We ended up playing Monopoly for a couple of hours, discovering that Monopoly in the

nude is a lot more exciting than playing it clothed.

At first it looked as though Lou would win. He acquired the 'Orange' properties Vine Street, Marlborough Street and Bow Street, with hotels on them.

But half an hour later, Nicola had the upper hand, acquiring all the reds, the yellows and the blues, eventually having hotels on each. There was no answer to that and she was the easy winner.

Then we had a Draughts tournament. Firstly the 2 girls played each other, and then us 2 lads. Finally the winners of those 2 matches played each other.

Margaret was the overall winner.

Actually, we were all winners, because we got to see each others naked bodies

(continuously). None of us are 'bi', so obviously the lads got most pleasure from seeing the girls' 'naughty bits' and vice versa.

For the evening meal we had spaghetti Bolognese, which I cooked.

After the evening meal we listened to a few of Lou's favourite albums – he had brought a CD player. And then we did watch an hour and a half of television.

As usual there was no nudity in the Drama, even though the storyline was largely about sex. Lou was saying that his grandfather had told him that when he was young, there very often was quite a bit of nudity in the Dramas on TV. Alas, not anymore.

We all went to bed about 11.

On Sunday we first of all had cereal, toast and coffee for breakfast. There was a choice of cereals.

It was a very nice day, the sun was shining, and then we discovered that there was a high fence all the way round the garden, so we decided to do some nude sunbathing. I had actually packed sun loungers just in case that happened.

So we added a bit to our sun tan. Around 10 I got dressed (temporarily) and drove into town and got a couple of Sunday newspapers for us to read.

We had lunch around 1. It was Nicola's turn to cook. We had Beef Lasagne.

We had to make a move late afternoon (about 4.30), but for a couple of hours (2-4) it was the same as in the morning (nude sunbathing and reading the papers – after all, there's enough

to read in some of the Sunday papers to keep oneself occupied for days if you feel like it).

So our weekend away at the cottage came to an end, and we drove back to the University, arriving about 7. It had certainly been an enjoyable experience, we all agreed.

A UNIVERSITY NATURIST SOCIETY EVENT – NAKED IN THE WOODS, THIS TIME WITH VIDEO CAMERAS

(through the eyes of Terence)

I am keen on Photography and I have a lot of photographic equipment, and in particular I have 2 video cameras.

I offered for these to be used at an event of the University Naturist Society, and it was agreed that a group of us would go to the nearby woods near Whitchurch Village and we would get naked, and take some video film – with an opportunity for others (besides me) to use the cameras.

I put a poster on the Noticeboard about this, and we've got 7 people interested (including me) – 3 lads (4 including me) and 3 girls.

It was agreed that we do it on the next Saturday when the weather was good – and today is the day. We are going in 2 cars – it is about 10 miles away.

So at 10.30 we met, got in the cars and drove off. We reached the woods 15 minutes later, parked the car in a nearby car park and walked to a secluded spot. I was carrying one camera, and Andrew was carrying the other one.

The 7 of us were (the lads) Nick, Andrew, Bob and myself, and the girls, Maria, Zoe and Linda.

“OK then, lads and lasses – in true University Naturist Society style – let's get naked!” I said.

I was the first to take off my jeans, pants, and shirt. Next it was 2 of the girls, Maria and Zoe who (at the same time) took off their dresses, bras and panties. Then Rob Took off his sweatshirt, jeans and Boxers, and then Linda took off her skirt, top, bra and knickers.

Then Nick and Andrew undressed too.

So we were all naked.

“Right,” I said, “I’ll show you, on this camera, what to do. It’s basically just pressing a couple of buttons – one for focusing and the other is the on/off switch.

It’s best (for video) if we have some movement, so I’ll put this CD player on and who’s going to give us some dancing?”

Two of the girls volunteered – Maria and Zoe.

“OK, great,” I said.

“So you 2 start dancing to the music, and I’ll take a video.”

I found it quite erotic to watch the 2 naked girls dancing, and I was videoing them for over 15 minutes.

“Right then,” I said, “let’s split into 2 groups – a group of 4 (2 lads and 2 girls) and a group of 3 (2 lads and 1 girl) – and each group will have a camera. In each group you can take it in turns to use the camera.”

I was in the group of 2 men and 2 girls, and firstly I gave the camera to the other lad (Nick).

“Now,” I said, “how about climbing a tree – naked. I think that would make a good film.”

And one of the girls, Linda, volunteered to do the climbing. So we made a great film of her

climbing up a tree, naked (with some good pictures of her arse, in particular).

We also had some more film of one of the girls (Maria), and me, dancing (that film was taken by the other girl, Linda, using the camera).

Then to give Maria practice at using the camera, we got her to film a squirrel that we saw in the trees.

And some other suggestions were made about what we could film.

After an hour or so of doing this the 2 groups came back together and we showed each other what we had filmed (there is a 'Preview' button on the cameras where you can see the result).

Some of the footage brought some laughter, particularly of Linda climbing the tree.

We thought we'd try and get permission to show about 10 minutes of the film at the next main meeting of the University Naturist Society (which we did).

So a very enjoyable few hours in the woods with a couple of video cameras, came to an end.

A UNIVERSITY NATURIST SOCIETY EVENT – A GROUP VISIT TO A NUDIST BEACH

(through the eyes of Dan)

Today, on Saturday, the University Naturist Society is having a group visit to a nudist beach (actually Studland Bay).

There are 6 of us (3 girls and 3 lads), and we are taking 2 cars.

Our names are Nina, Margaret, Nicola (the girls); and Peter, Phil and me (the lads).

It is a 90 minute drive. We left the University at 9.30, arriving at Studland around 11. We walked from the car park to the beach, and found a suitable spot, and we laid our towels down on the sand.

Then it was time to undress.

Nina went first. She took off her blue dress, then her bra and knickers. I undressed next, taking off my sweatshirt, then my blue jeans and my boxers. Nicola followed – she removed her T-shirt, then her black jeans, then her bra and panties. Next it was the last girl, Margaret. She took off her grey skirt, then her red top, then her bra and knickers.

Finally the other 2 lads undressed, taking off their T-shirts, jeans and pants.

We sat down on our towels and looked around. There were 3 couples in the vicinity, one in their 30s, I would guess, and 2 of the couples were probably in their 40s.

Then there were quite a few single men, and just 2 single women (that we could see).

Quite a few of these people actually took an interest in our undressing, we noticed.

We had brought a couple of bottles of white wine, and some paper cups, and now I poured some wine into each person's cup.

After we had finished that first bit of wine (the first bottle), Nina said:

“Well, who's going to go into the sea?”

3 of us decided to – me and 2 of the girls, Nina and Margaret.

So we put on our flip flops (specially for the beach), and walked down to the water's edge, and waded in. I am not that good a swimmer, so I mainly splashed around; but both the girls are good swimmers, so they were going deeper into the water, and actually swimming. There were quite a few other

(naked) people in the sea too, mostly single men.

We stayed in the water for about half an hour. Then we returned to our place on the sand.

“We’re glad you’re back,” said Peter, “we want to have something to eat.”

We had brought some sandwiches, and a few other things – more or less a picnic. So everyone took a couple of sandwiches for a start – I chose tuna sandwiches. Some of the other things we had brought were sausages on sticks, celery, tomatoes and some fruit.

We had our fill of what was there, and by 1 o’clock there wasn’t much left.

I and one of the girls (Margaret), went for a walk along the beach. I enjoyed that particularly – it made me feel like I had a girlfriend, and a very generous girlfriend too –

showing me all her ‘bits’ (she was boasting the ‘airstrip design’ by the way).

We walked about half a mile along the sand, quite near where the water started, and then returned. We attracted quite a few glances – there weren’t many others as young as us on the beach.

When we got back, Phil said:

“I bet you were the centre of attention.”

“Yes, we were a bit,” I said.

There was a youngish man going round selling ice creams – he was dressed – and we bought an ice cream each, off of him. I bet he was enjoying himself!

We had a bit of a look round, and seeing who had all-over tans, and who didn’t. It was

about three quarters of the people did, we decided.

There was one couple where the man had an all-over tan, but the woman didn't. Funny, we thought – were they a couple, or weren't they?

Phil had brought a paper and read that for about half an hour. I was more interested in looking at the scenery, I must say.

It got to half past 4, and we decided to call it a day. So we all got dressed again – I noticed 2 of the girls didn't bother to put their knickers back on, perhaps they had got sand in them. We walked back to the car.

By just after 6 we were back at the University.

A NAKED BLIND DATE IN A CINEMA

John and Megan were introduced to each other on www.naturist-dating-service.co.uk, then they realised that one of the rules was that they had to meet each other naked on their first date. What a conundrum. It wasn't the right season to meet at a nudist beach, it being mid-November.

"I know," said John, "we'll meet in a cinema."

"How does that work?" asked Megan.

"Well, we'll choose a time when the cinema is likely to be nearly empty – I suggest a Tuesday afternoon, or something like that. Then we turn up at the cinema just wearing coats – nothing else at all, we'll be naked underneath our coats. Then we find space to sit on the back row, not very near anyone else, and then

after about 10 minutes or so of the film, open the front of our coats – so that we can see each other naked.”

“OK, right, you’re on,” said Megan.

“Leave it with me,” said John, “I’ll arrange a suitable film showing, and get back to you.”

So that’s what they did.

It was a Wednesday afternoon actually – on Tuesdays the cinema had a half-price offer, and there were likely to be quite a few people there.

The film that was showing was ‘*Clueless*’ – a 1995 film starring Alicia Silverstone and Paul Rudd, which is loosely based on Jane Austen’s novel ‘*Emma*’.

As agreed, they met outside the cinema at 1.30 (the film started at 2).

Megan was wearing a maroon coat down to her calves, and John was also wearing a long coat, but black.

They entered the cinema and bought their tickets.

“Shall we have popcorn?” asked John.

“Oh yes, I want the works,” replied Megan.

So they got popcorn, and entered the auditorium, and found seats in the back row, as planned. At the moment they had a bit of space to themselves.

(Remember they weren't going to open their coats till about 10 minutes into the film.)

Anyway, the film started.

They just about found out that Alicia Silverstone played a teen called Cher whose mother had died when she was young, and she had been brought up by her (very rich) father. They lived in Beverley Hills.

So – it was time for the great reveal. There was enough light for it not to be a waste of time.

“Who’s going to go first?” asked Megan.

“You can,” said John, “ladies first, I think.”

So Megan opened her coat. She was indeed naked underneath. John whistled. He could make out quite well her ample breasts and her dark brown fanny.

“Yeah, not bad,” he said.

“Well, go on – it’s your turn,” said Megan.

So John opened his coat and he too was naked underneath it. Megan could easily make out his pale torso, and his cock.

This 'double exposure' had taken a few minutes, and they had missed a bit of the film. But Cher apparently now had a friend (a schoolfriend), named Dionne, and they seemed to spend a lot of time shopping.

But from then on, to be quite frank, they lost concentration in the film a bit. They were both munching on their popcorn, and stealing glances at each others naked bodies.

It was 'bad form' to do much talking during the film, of course, but Megan could tell that John was enjoying it by the twinkle in his eye. Well, Megan was an attractive woman, and she was only 23 (John was 30).

John was trying to decide if any 'touching' was allowed, but in the end decided that he

had better not do that. It wouldn't be good if there was some sort of commotion, with both of them being stark naked, except for their coats.

However, Megan must have come to a different conclusion, and put her hand on his knee – which he enjoyed, he had to admit.

At the interval Megan did her coat up and went down the front and bought 2 ice creams – since John had paid for the tickets. But their secret remained intact.

In the second half another couple changed their seats and were now sitting quite close to them. Oh well, if they were discovered, they were discovered – they probably wouldn't go to prison or anything.

They did start to watch the film a lot more closely in the second half, and it turned out to be a bit of a biting satire on 20th century teens

– and there was a ‘love interest’ too, Cher’s step-brother Josh.

The film came to an end. All things must come to an end and so they did their coats up again and left the cinema.

But it had been a success, and they wanted to see each other again. The next time, though, it would be for a drink in a pub, and they would be (properly) clothed.

A UNIVERSITY NATURIST SOCIETY EVENT – BUILDING A CAMP MADE OF BALES OF HAY

(through the eyes of Mark)

We were having a main meeting of the University Naturist Society, and the leader said:

“What can we do – what can we plan, that would really be a laugh? Something just a little bit rebellious, I think.”

I said, “It’s the time of year when bales of hay are in some of the fields; let’s some of us carry some of these bales to the centre of a field, and make a camp out of them – that’s what me and my friends used to do when we were kids – and then we’ll get naked inside.”

“Top marks for imagination, I must say. What does everyone else think of that idea?” said the leader.

There were murmurs of assent all around. Clearly it was a winner.

“Well, you suggested it, Mark,” said the leader, “are you prepared to be the Project leader too?”

“I guess so,” I said.

So I got on the top deck of a double-decker bus that I knew passed by quite a lot of farms on its route to _____ton, and spied out a suitable field – with loads of bales of hay in it. That was our field.

A few days later we had got our group of 8 members of the Naturist Society together,

and we drove (in 2 cars) to the recommended field. It was only about 3 miles out of town.

With that many people it was no trouble at all to carry 32 bales of hay to a spot in the centre of the field – it was just 4 bales each.

It was only a job of about 20 minutes to build a camp. Of course, there was no roof, but it didn't look like it would rain.

Then we all climbed into the camp. There were 3 girls and 5 men.

We had brought some cider, which seemed an appropriate drink to bring:

“Cider with Rosie,” said one bright spark (except none of the girls were actually called Rosie).

It was time to get undressed.

“Girls first,” I said.

So the girls (Kimberley, Lizzie and Susanne), took off their dresses and then their bras and knickers, and then stood there, inside the camp, naked, waiting for us lads to get naked too.

Which we did – we were even quicker than the girls had been.

Then I got out the paper cups we had brought, and the cider, and poured each of us a good measure.

“Cheers,” I said.

So we sat down – the ground was a bit hard on our bare bottoms, but it was all good fun, drinking our cider.

In fact each of us had a second cup-full.

Rob had brought a CD player, and he turned it on, playing a couple of albums by Oasis, which we enjoyed.

“Isn’t this something Teresa May would have been proud of?” said Lizzie.

“I don’t think so,” said James, “her father was a vicar and she is probably God squad herself. In fact I know she is because she is on record as saying that ‘God led her’ when she was Prime Minister. I don’t think she would be the type of person to drink cider naked in a camp made of bales of hay – especially not with 5 naked men present.”

“No, you’re probably right.”

Actually we now had a third drink of cider – and we were beginning to get a bit tipsy.

So unfortunately we didn’t feel capable of carrying the bales of hay back where they

originally were – so when we left, the camp was still standing (as it always was when we were kids, if I remember rightly).