The Naturist

By lilmissstickykiss

Published on Lush Stories on 23 Sep 2011

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/exhibitionism/the-naturist.aspx

Nudity has always sent waves of shivering, pussy moistening thrills through my body, and forced my fingers between the folds of my tender slit like a thief in the night. Just the thought of being nude in front of others made me so excited. But nudity, for a girl, is complicated; to say the least.

Take, for example, the first time I attempted nudism. I stood in front of the bathroom mirror naked, I had the devilish idea of walking through my house completely exposed. It was the thrill of it that attracted me more than the nudity. After all I was grown. Technically I was an adult. It was high time I started to do what I wanted. In my mind, I may have been brave, but in reality, I was trembling and afraid. I took a last look at my petite virgin nakedness, and decided to do it.

The dark hallway seemed like a long gaping maw waiting to gobble me up. At the far end, the lights of the television flickered and flashed ominously. My family was there, sitting in front of the tube, completely unaware a teenage girl was about to do something life changing.

I stopped.

I covered my breasts and crotch with sweating hands like a Botticelli painting, yet the thrill of exposing my naked body drove me forward. I took another step. I shivered, even though I was burning up. I spun around and walked back to my room.

No! I stopped myself again, spun around again and moved forward. I clenched my fists and threw my hands down to my sides in determination. I would brave this new adventure! I took each step like a Gnostic Jesus carrying the cross to his own execution.

I stopped just shy of the doorway. I had no towel, no panties, no shirt, nothing to cover my exposed naturalist teenage body. Whatever the reaction from my family, I had no escape. They would see my body in all its young almost seventeen years glory. Gravity had yet to ravish my breasts and they were perfect unmoving small mounds. I had the sensual rounded stomach of the beautiful actress Nastassja Kinski, in Richard Avedon's famous photo. After all, Nastassja and I share some of the same bloodline, and it was the movie “*Cat People*” that first inspired my desire for naked romps. I wanted to creep out into the world naked like an animal prowling for prey, just like beautiful Nastassja.

A sprout of thin blonde hairs barely concealed the tender pink lips of a woman about to reach out on her own. I ran my hands over my smooth Nastassja-esk belly. I could smell the excited juices of my late teenage sexuality. I was turned on to the point of near orgasm.

I walked into the room.

Minutes later, I was back in my room with the covers over me and holding a shirt against my deflated and heaving chest. I wept like I had just been to my own funeral. My mother towered over me, standing like an evil ogre and barked out nonsensical accusations from beside my bed, “What was I thinking? Who was I trying to impress? Was I sexually active? Was I a slut? Did I do “the gang bangs”?” The torrent of silly, baseless incriminations continued until she had me sufficiently beaten down. I hugged my pillow and soaked it with tears like a silly child.

Why was this so horrible? Why was my exposed and, ok... I'll give them this, completely vibrantly thrilled, naked body so terrifying? How had I transformed from innocent virgin daughter to loose cock-sucking whore in only moments? It made no sense. My father simply stood behind my mother with arms crossed. The two of them wouldn't leave until they were positive I was never going to do anything like this again.

A mere two days later, my brother walked completely naked through the kitchen. Apparently, he had forgotten his shampoo in the grocery bag. He was very particular about his shampoo. His flaccid member bounced and flopped around like a untethered side arm. The thick mat of wiry, dark hair around his flesh pistol, only brought more attention to his pale, white dancing dong. My parents reaction? Oh... my mother frowned and hit him with her apron string, and my father pulled the paper up higher to keep from seeing him, but I swear I heard my father chuckle. Nothing more! Oh the horrors my brother suffered for virtually the same thing I had done.

To make matters worse; my brother, the asshole, made a point of stopping in front of me and winking. Yes, winking! I sat like a terrified virgin, and my teeth froze mid bite into the juicy apple I held in my trembling hand. A trail of juice ran down my chin. Then, and I wish I were lying, then that long extension of his, that loaded gun, stirred and slowly rose like a bear waking up from hibernation. It pointed at me accusingly, mockingly. I swear I even saw a smile on the end of that red capped cock. Before anyone else could see the violation of brother and sister, he bumped me with his hip and let go a fart. He ran away laughing. My father fanned the air and burst a string of obscenities.

“Aren't you going to yell at him? Did you see that Mom? Really?” I protested. The best I got was a smile and, “He's a boy.”

There is no justice.

College opened a world to me that was mind-blowing, numbing, exciting, erotic, and insane. Suddenly I was able to do anything I wanted. So naturally I did nothing. I was a wimp. I was a coward. The life sucked from me just as my mother had intentioned. My roommate, however, was anything but shy and far from a virgin. She often walked down the hallway with nothing but a towel loosely wrapped around her waist. Her large, drooping breasts hung like jellied sacks with hard nipple spouts. Obviously proud of her waist huggers, she rarely covered them with a bra. In contrast, I tried to make sure no one would see my unripened peaches for fear of certain death. I would even turn to a corner to put on my bra. Mother had done her job well, she would be proud. No one would accuse this girl of being a slut, and so I remained pathetically and karmically a virgin.

Don't get me wrong. I was horny. My pussy ached for the touch of another human being. But the fear of slut-hood was far stronger than my burning desire to have a thick cock buried inside me (be it real or not). So strong was my fear and shame, I wouldn't even penetrate the tight folds of my puckered slit with more than the tips of my fingers. Almost as if eyes constantly watched and knew the state of my hymen. Each time I slipped my hand under the huge panties purchased at Wal-Mart, and rubbed circles around my tiny clit, I was biting my pillow and praying for forgiveness from an unforgiving God.

I was in hell.

My life changed with an innocent question posed to a girl I barely knew. I sat across from a sweet girl in the cafeteria and, in the simple interest of conversation, I asked, “What do you do?”

I chewed on the tasteless styrofoam textured food waiting for her answer. The answer contrasted sharply with her sweet, angelic features; she was a nude figure-drawing model. My pasty, starch laced mouthful of school food went uneaten. I listened, and fantasized while she explained her simple “job”. Immediately after, I found myself standing in the office of the *School of Art* with a completed application hanging from my hand. I watched the secretary for some condemnation, but there was none. She seemed bored, yes, actually bored, as she told me the schedule of classes and explained how to sign up. Was it really this simple? My heart hammered in my chest. Butterflies gave way to a flock of birds beating their wings around my insides.

I was going to model nude. Me...nude.

The first class came and students filled the room. The more that came in, the more I felt like the world was spinning out from under my feet. The instructor was a kindly man in his mid-forties. He could tell that I was shaking in my flip-flops. His touch on my arm sent electric jolts of excitement through my body. He motioned for me to disrobe behind two display boards, jammed together against a paint and dirt smudged wall. I expected some privacy, but, to my horror, he stood at the opening

and watched. Was he really going to stand there while I undressed? What if I waited? Would he eventually let me undress in private? Well, why would he? I was about to pose completely naked in front of him, and a room full of students my own age. None of them knew the monumental leap I was taking.

I inhaled a deep and shaky breath, and took off my clothes. I felt the teacher's eyes burning into my skin. After stripping to my undies, I felt horrible for not shopping for better fitting underwear. I dropped the huge panties quickly, unceremoniously, and peeked over my shoulder to see him staring at my ass. Now the moment of truth, my bra. No corner to hide in. No justified reason to cover myself. Soon everyone would all see my small bits and curves. I dropped my bra and flashed a nervous smile in his direction. My face reddened.

I quickly shoved all my clothes inside my gym bag. I felt like I was floating in an odd dream. Never in my life had a man watched me undress. Never in my life had I believed that a man his age, would be staring at my naked body. I snatched up the robe I had purchased just for this occasion. It already had smudges of black, brown, and yellow on it. Everything in the room seemed to be covered in some sort of paint, or charcoal, or other medium. He motioned for me to walk out, and I pulled the robe tightly around my naked body, and realized I had to push past him. Walking past him, I felt heat rush from my chest down into my heated thighs. It had nothing to do with being attracted to him, he was just so close to me. His hand could reach out and touch me as I passed. I couldn't stop him. A part of me wished he had.

The students seemed unfazed by my presence. I mounted the platform decked with chairs, a table, a lamp, a large patterned blanket, and part of an old bicycle. I hardly had time to think or look around me, before the instructor stepped on the platform with me.

“Are you nervous?” he asked, obviously sensing my terror. I said “no,” with a barely perceptible shake of my head.

A lie.

“Then let's begin. You can disrobe any time you feel comfortable. I will help you into the poses, and after you've done this a few times, you'll get what we need without me even having to say it,” he said.

I had dreamed this moment a hundred times. I was in love with the idea of other people looking at my naked body. What would they think of me? Would they laugh? Would they like what they saw? Would they think I was beautiful, or just see me as I saw myself, a slender little geek with tiny breasts. I dropped my robe, and he started talking to the class. I should've waited. He wasn't ready to begin and this forced me to stand beside him naked and exposed to everyone. I became acutely aware of every

detail of my naked flesh. The blonde hair that cascaded over my small bare shoulders. My tight breasts with dime-sized areola. My nipples remained constantly hard but extended like little bullets when I was afraid, excited, or both. My small roundish Nastassja stomach. My pubic area made me the most self-conscious. The pale, whisper thin blonde hair always made me feel like a little girl rather than a woman. It did nothing to hide the pouting pink labia of my pussy. In the right light, I looked as bald as the day I was born. I was cursed with the body of a virgin.

“Are you ready?”

The teacher smiled and held my arm again. His hand was recklessly close to my bare breast. My breathing was rapid and short. My body responded to his touch, and my pussy ached to have his cock inside me. My GOD! Why would I think that? Thank God he couldn't read minds. My fear thought maybe he could. He had to know the petite nerd-ish girl standing before him was simply terrified, but could he tell there was more?

Then something amazing happened. Drawings appeared on paper. The drawings weren't of an insecure and terrified little girl. The drawings were beautiful, gorgeously rendered sketches of a lovely young woman, with a beautiful body. Sure, some of the boys had spent far too much time on my nipples and naturally bald vagina, but overall the room filled with sensual and lovely works of art. Artwork of – ME!

Nothing mattered now but the next time I would model. Each class was a drug and the professors were my dealers. Other classes didn't matter to me. Somehow nothing was real when I wasn't nude. The only thing that made me happy, the only thing that gave me any peace of mind, was to drop my robe in front of a room full of students, and have them study and draw every inch of my body. Oh joy and trembling shivers! After each class I masturbated furiously. Orgasms had never felt so alive and fully satisfying.

My original figure drawing professor invited me to an evening drawing club. Because it wasn't part of the regular school, people outside the college could attend. This made me extremely nervous, but not half as nervous as being around the first older man to see me naked. I still remembered his touch and how it sent heat through my body. Now that we were outside of the normal school situation, he was friendlier and more talkative. He also touched me more. A little touch on the shoulder, the hand, my waist, and once he brushed my rear with his finger tips, or maybe I imagined it.

Something happened while I was posing. I was charged with sexual energy. My poses became more suggestive. My legs opened more than they should have. My final pose of the night was a long one. They requested of me, to sit for forty minutes. I found a comfortable position, and sat directly on the platform with my knees bent, and my feet on the floor. My elbow rested on my knee and my head

leaned against my hand. My legs were open. My pussy clearly visible for a **full** forty minutes.

Thrilling!

After the class I remained naked as long as I could manage. Something was alive inside me this evening. I never wanted the stares and the attention to end. The instructor was unusually quiet after the last pose. I wondered if I had gone too far. I put my robe back on, with the first sense of shame in a long time. It was late and the artists left in waves. I noticed one girl leaving, and she caught my eye. I swear for a moment, it was Nastassja looking back at me. Then she was gone, and I decided it was my mind playing tricks on me. It was time to get dressed before I was left completely alone. My clothes weren't in the usual place. I had left them lying casually over a chair. My wicked little pink cotton panties (newly purchased from Victoria's Secret instead of Wal-Mart), peeked out from under my silky, new blouse like a dirty little secret.

“Wait,” the professor began, “Would you do one last pose for me?”

“Ok, sure,” I said, trying to sound casual, but it was really late. I thought the request odd, but I had seen his work, and I knew he was an amazing artist.

We walked back on the podium, and he moved me over to the location of my last pose for the evening. He touched my arm, and I felt the same electric-hot thrill from our first meeting.

“Look down,” he said, in a voice tinted with something slightly hostile.

I followed his gaze down to the gray and burnt ochre wood beams of the platform... and there it was. I nearly lost my balance. Actually, I think he did reach out and hold me up by my elbow. I couldn't believe what I was seeing!

A creamy colored wet spot. My wet spot. The creamy white evidence of my earlier excitement. I had been dripping the entire time. Had everyone noticed? How could they not notice? Oh God! Oh Lord! I felt like a whore. I tried to run, but he pulled me back. Too weak to resist, I threw my hands over my face in shame.

“This isn't the first time either,” he said. He moved in closer to me. My face and body burned with shame. The bitter sting of tears welled up and threatened to release a torrential down-pour, like a storm heavily pregnant with rain. I bit my bottom lip so hard I tasted blood. Suddenly I was a teenage girl again, standing in my parent's living room, completely naked and ashamed. Only this time I had no covers to hide under. He leaned in so close, his hot breath blew across my ear. “Are you turned on now? Are you dripping wet? Yes – I could tell the office. All it would require is one word from me, and

they would make sure you never modeled again. If you were a male model and had an orgasm while modeling, what do you think they would do?”

There it was again. If I was a guy. If I was a guy, they probably would just shrug it off. If I was a guy they probably would laugh and slap me on the back and buy me a beer. If I was a guy –

“But I'm not going to tell on you. I'm not going to say one word, Sarah. Not as long as you and I have complete understanding,” he said, and his hands moved down around my shoulders and smoothed along the prickling skin of my arms. I closed my eyes. His touch sent savory euphoria through my entire body. I dropped my hands to my sides. Something inside wanted this. Give in, it said. Give yourself to him. Let him take you. This is it. Finally.

“I love small tight breasts like yours,” he said. His hands slipped down my arms and up my trembling belly. Both hands stopped at the undersides of my breasts. No one had ever touched my breasts. No one. He would be the first. This graying older man, this professor I barely knew, would be the first to touch me. I was hardly aware I was breathing. “You like this don't you? I mean, you really want this, don't you? You are practically shaking.”

“Yes,” I gasped. The word came out as a breathy whisper. The gasping word of someone hardly awake. I was dreaming. It felt like a dream. But unlike my dreams, his touch was real.

His hands moved over the swell of my breasts and cupped them. I gave a start, letting out a sharp gasp like a swimmer diving into cold water. His fingers closed over my nipples and tweaked them, rolling them around between index finger and thumb. My mouth was open, but I wasn't aware of breathing. I arched my back and thrust my breasts into his hands. Tingling jolts of pleasure and erotic waves of heat throbbed through me. I was dripping wet. I was –

Oh God, I was going to cum!

“Please no. Please stop,” I sputtered. The words came out half heartedly. I didn't want him to stop, but at the same time I did. The last thing in the world I wanted was for his fingers to stop twisting and pinching my hard nipples. But still, the orgasm would be the death of any hope I had to remain pure. When I came, I would give everything to him.

“Why? Do you like this? If you really want me to stop, I'll stop. All you have to do is sound like you mean it. But you don't want me to stop, do you Sarah? You want my hands all over you, you want me to keep touching you. Just...”

He wasn't able to finish. I came. Oh forgive me Lord, an orgasm so complete, my entire body

shivered and shook. My knees went out and cream clung to the insides of my thighs. I felt such horrible shame. My face burned and I cried.

“I'm sorry, I – I – it's just,” I tried to finish but he didn't let me. His hands thrust down between my legs and sank inside the soft flesh of my tender little thighs. My eyes flew open wide! His fingers were nearly inside me! He was touching my cream, my cum, and the soft hot flesh of my inner thighs. He was trying to gain access to the pouting raw lips of my glistening pussy. I actually let out a whimper like a frightened pup.

“I'm not going to fuck you,” he said.

“You aren't?” I asked. I was embarrassed by the amount of disappointment in my voice. But God damn!

“No, I'm a married man,” he said.

This confused me. Once again I didn't understand. What did that mean? A married man could touch a naked girl and put his hands all over her naked body. Make her cum, and put his hands between her cream soaked thighs, but he couldn't fuck her? Why do anything at all? If he was so damn concerned about his wife, why tease me like this? It didn't make any sense. To make it even more confusing, behind me I felt his erection through his pants. He was thrusting it against my ass. The ridge created by his thick rod rubbed in the crack of my ass cheeks. Up and down he pushed. Fucking me with his pants on, while his hands tried to gain more access to my precious slit. Just what the hell was happening?

“I can't believe you just came,” he said, “All I was doing was pinching your nipples and that made you cum?” The tone in his voice said he considered me like a child, just figuring out how to place the lid back on a candy jar. Was this who I wanted taking my prized cherry, my sacred virginity?

Just as the doubt flashed through me, as effectively as a splash of cold, his middle finger sank inside the steaming depths of my soaked cunt. I let out a scream and stood bolt upright. A man I barely knew had his thick middle finger inside my pussy. Fear shot through me. Was this enough to rip open the gift I didn't want him taking? I pulled my hips in, trying to get away from his fingers.

“Just relax. Like I said, I'm not going to do anything you don't want. I just want to make you cum again. Relax and let me make you cum,” he said, the latter part a whisper. Behind me he was pumping his erection between my ass cheeks. He was leaning over me, his body consuming my body like a spider taking its prey. Damn it all, his fingers did feel good. He may not be the one, but he was making me hot in a way my own fingers had never been able to do.

No! I shouldn't let this continue. I wasn't a slut. I –

I came again.

“Yeeessss, there you go. Let it happen. Come on little Sarah, let's cum together,” he said and I heard his zipper drop.

My eyes opened wider still. I turned around and tried to face him. He kept one hand cupped over my small breast and the other hand down inside my pussy.

“I thought we weren't going to...you know,” I said, my voice sounding immature and weak.

“I'm not... I'm not. Don't worry. I just want to cum. I'm just going to push between your tight little ass cheeks and cum when you cum. Don't worry. It's totally safe sex and doesn't count as cheating,” he said. His voice was quick now. He was fumbling with his cock, trying to get it out before I could change my mind. In mere seconds he had his bare cock between my naked ass cheeks and was pumping my ass crack for all he could give it. I dropped my head and closed my eyes. This wasn't so bad I supposed. Maybe it was just like he had said, just harmless fun, we were just going to 'let it happen'.

His fingers worked my pussy and clit roughly. His cock slapped my ass in wet sticky thrusts. There were a couple of times he tried to press in deeper but I pushed my legs together. I may be a slut but I was damned if this asshole was going to be my first. It took me a moment to realize he wasn't as stupid as I thought, his efforts to get at my pussy where just a ploy to force my hips back and my ass harder against his throbbing cock. Before I knew it, he was jerking his body up and I felt the first hot sensation of his cum shooting up my lower back.

“Oh Sarah. Yeah, call me Daddy. Please call me Daddy,” he said.

I didn't.

More hot cum dripped down between my ass cheeks. His cock jerked and spasmed a couple more times before he slowed and backed away. I was a mess. Cum dripping down between my legs, my own and his. He tried to hold me there and slip his softening cock between my thighs but I wasn't going to have it. I pulled away.

“Now you aren't going to tell anyone about this are you?” he asked.

I didn't answer.

“Sarah?”

I walked over to my clothes. I picked up the robe and looked down. I opened my legs and used the robe to wipe up the cum mixing between my thighs. I leaned further forward and used the robe to wipe up my ass crack as well.

“No really. You can't tell anyone Sarah. If the school found out, I could loose my job. If my wife found out...”

I still didn't answer. I dressed and didn't look at him. I had no intention of telling anyone. Something about this evening hadn't settled yet, like too much food after a good meal. I just hadn't decided if I was going to go home and sleep or be sick.

“Sarah, I'll do anything. Pleeeeease. Just look at me and at least tell me that you wanted this. You did want this right?” he asked.

I looked at him, slipped my shirt on without a bra, buttoned the front of my blouse, never taking my eyes off him. He was weak now. Pathetic almost. His fly was still open. Inside was his flaccid cock still covered in his own cum. I had never even seen his cock. I was glad about that.

“I'm not going to tell anyone,” I said.

I picked up my bag and the cum soaked robe. A huge metal trash bin sat open and ready right beside the large double doors leading out into the hallway. I stopped, turned toward him, and threw my robe away. I whirled around and walked out of the room.

I never did figure drawing modeling again. However that event made something awaken in me. Shame didn't wrack my mind like usual. I just thought that somehow I had to push my nudity further. I stood in front of the mirror and looked at my naked body. I was petite, slender, tight nipples that tightened smaller when I twisted and pinched them. My pussy would never grow enough hair to look anything more than neatly trimmed, and certainly never enough to close over and hide the puckered kissing labia. No, it wasn't the body of a virgin after all.

I had to push my nudity further. But how?