**Absolute Nudist Series 1 Kimberly Life as an Absolute**

A story in the Absolute Nudist Universe

by BareLin

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**Chapter 6**

I was almost out of the back door of the office, when I saw two of my colleagues: Stacy and Rhonda. I knew both of them had attended the conference that was held last month downtown, so I thought I would ask them if they saw anyone from the other agencies attending it naked.

So I just walked up to them as they were smoking and asked them if they remembered seeing anyone naked at the last conference.

Stacy, who can be a b..., said, “No, Kim, I do not remember seeing anyone naked. Now come to think about it, I do remember seeing signs in the lobby area that said, ‘clothes only’,” with a big smirk on her face.

After listening to her tell me about those clothes-only signs, I turned around and started walking toward my car, not even looking back at her to see if she was serious or not, I didn’t care. I just knew that there wasn’t any chance I was going to get dressed again for a stupid conference.

I had managed to spend close to every living minute naked for close to two weeks now, and no conference or anything else will convince me to wear any of those unconformable outfits that I used to wear. It’s not going to happen.

Then, as I was almost at my car, I heard someone running toward me. When I turned around to see who it was, I saw Rhonda coming toward me pulling her dress over her head and letting it fall to the pavement.

Once she was in my car, she said, while she was catching her breath, “Kim, don’t pay any attention to Stacy, she can be a bitch at times. I don’t know what conference she was at but I don’t remember seeing any of those signs she was talking about. But she was right about one thing, there wasn’t anyone there last month that was naked. But I am almost certain Mary would have told you by now if you had to be dressed.”

I must say that I was quite upset after hearing what Stacy said and I am pretty sure if Rhonda didn’t run over here as she did it would have bothered me all night. I looked at Rhonda, who now had her shoes off and was standing next to my car carrying only her purse.

“Rhonda thanks for running over here as you did. I was a little upset when, as crazy as it sounds, I thought I would have to get dressed again.”

I could tell she was a little puzzled at that by the slight smile she had on her face as she said, “So, you are serious about going naked everywhere.”

I just looked at her, while still holding my purse and keys in my hand and said, “Yes, that’s true. Wednesday night after I undressed at the office was the last time I have worn any clothing. That night both of my daughters, who have been absolutes for over four years, stripped my closet of clothes.” You should have seen the expression on her face as she listened to what I said.

Then as I leaned against the car door looking at her sway back and forth kicking her high heels around, she looked up at me and said, “Don’t worry about what Stacy said. Tonight when I get home, my husband will be jumping up and down when he sees me walk into the house butt-naked. He has wanted me to give up wearing clothes ever since I told him about your little speech the other week about being an absolute naturist and now he is going to get his wish.”

After hearing what she said and seeing Stacy still standing by the door, having a smoke and giving us both dirty looks, I dropped my purse and keys to the ground and put my arms out for a girl hug. When she responded with a fully naked hug, I could feel her flesh on me as we stood there embracing her new freedom from clothes.

Soon, we let go of our little embrace and she reached down to pick up her shoes as I was doing the same for the stuff that I dropped. She looked over at me and gave me the biggest smile in the world as she turned and started walking toward her car on the other side of the lot. Then after I was in my car and had started the engine, I noticed Stacy opening her car door. I managed to glance over at her as she was giving me another dirty look as I drove off.

As soon as I turned onto the freeway and was in the fast lane, I started thinking about what had happened at work and about that two-day out-of-town conference tomorrow and what I will be wearing or actually, what I won’t be wearing.

Then, as I was getting closer to my exit, I started thinking about my past clients, the nudists. I kept going back to how excited they knew that they could move into that place without extensive improvements. They would be visible to anybody that comes close to the house or more like I thought as I was showing it to them, the glass fishbowl.

Then I thought back to what that Stacy said as I was leaving the office, and what Rhonda said about not seeing anyone there naked. I would be lying if I told you that I was not scared of being the only one there fully undressed while everyone else was wearing his or her Sunday best out there on the conference floor.

But I know, regardless of my nerves, there is no chance you will find me pulling some uncomfortable garment over my shoulders. I just cannot look into the mirror at myself knowing that I threw away almost two weeks of wearing nothing for a stupid conference.

I vowed, as I was pulling off the freeway, that no matter what, even if Mary is fully dressed when I see her tomorrow morning, I will be walking into that airport wearing the best outfit I own and, no matter what, that will be the only thing I wear from now on.

Then as I was coming to a red light, my cell phone rang and it was my oldest daughter Tammy and I lost what I was thinking at the moment. When I said hello, she told me that she and her sister were going to be spending the night at one of their friend’s houses. I then told them that I loved them as they both wished me the best of luck at that conference and the last thing Maria said as she hung up the phone was, “Mom, whatever happens, stay naked for us”

As the light turned and I started making my way to the street I normally turn on to go to my neighborhood, I kept on repeating those last few words in my head. I knew right then how my girls felt about being naked and I was now more convinced than ever that I probably would never see my girls with a piece of clothing on their bodies again in my lifetime and, if I can help it, they will never see any on mine, either.

When I got home, Jerry was already in the kitchen fixing up some salad and I could tell he already had something in the oven for dinner. By the fact that there were only two bowls out on the counter, I figured that one of our girls must have called him and told him that they weren’t going to be home tonight.

As I jumped up into his arms and we embraced, I told him how much I loved him. He gently picked me up and carried me to the kitchen chair and, as I waited for him to finish preparing the meal, we went on and filled each other in on how our days had gone.

After we had the kitchen cleaned, we went and sat in the living room watching some old home movies. We started kissing, putting our hands all over each other like we always do when the girls are gone. Soon, we all but forgot about what was on the TV and only thought about what was not on each other.

It wasn’t until it was almost ten, that I realized what time it was and that I hadn’t even started packing for this little trip. I know that my suitcase will not be carrying any clothes, but I just can’t bring anything, or can I?

As I was looking through the bathroom and bedroom thinking about what I should bring with me, I laid out on the bed what I decided on. Then as I came out of the bathroom carrying my shampoo and conditioner, Jerry walked in carrying the suitcase I took on my last two or three-day trip. It is big enough to hold the state of Texas and the small pile of mostly cosmetics and toiletries will only fill up a small carry-on if that. Now looking into my very empty closet and back to that suitcase, I cannot believe I brought that many outfits with me last time

After Jerry put that tank away, we both went to sleep since I had to be at the airport at five in the morning for the seven-thirty flight. See you tomorrow bright and early.

**Chapter 7**

It seems like I had just climbed into bed when the alarm clock started going off and I had to get cleaned up and out the door to meet up with Mary in the check-in area and catch my flight.

After waiting for Jerry to get ready and dressed, we were out the door. As he pulled up in front of the departure area, I grabbed my tote and cosmetic bag, gave my husband a big kiss and hug, and I exited the car to meet Mary.

As I walked into the terminal, I just happened to look down at myself after workers carrying some luggage gave me a funny look. What I saw was kind of embarrassing. I must have rubbed up against something this morning because on top of my right foot is a dark smear. Now I don’t remember rubbing my foot against anything, but whatever it was, I was pretty sure it would wipe off when I got to the ladies’ room.

Once I was in the check-in area I saw Mary sitting there reading some magazine waiting for me. When I realized that she still hadn’t noticed me as I was walking toward her, I kept on telling myself ‘Kim, do not be upset that she is dressed, maybe there will be others there naked.’ It wasn’t until I was almost at her feet that she looked up at my naked glory and put the magazine down and got up.

Then as I noticed her spending some time looking at the two very small bags that I was holding. When she said, “Kim, in this Regional Real Estate Conference, that I invited you to attend with me, it does say in the brochure that it is clothing optional. It’s just that I just wasn’t prepared to see you naked and from the look of your luggage or the lack of it, I see you have dedicated your life to living that absolute naturist lifestyle you told me about two weeks ago.”

After hearing what Mary had said as I just stood there with a stony look on my face, staring at her, thinking about that contract that I had signed. I was just about to say something when I saw her secretary, Jan, walking toward us. “Kim, you are one of the top agents at my agency, and the day after you checked what I believe was the last piece of clothing you have had on your body, you have managed to close on a few properties. I cannot allow you to attend this conference being the only one naked there. So I have asked Jan to take back with her the clothes I am wearing along with my entire luggage and donate it to a local charity of her choice.”

Some of the other passengers were staring at us as I watched Mary pull her business suit off her shoulders and then with the rest of her expensive outfit until she was standing there before me as naked as I was, with the small exception that she was fully shaved down there.

Then, as I watched, her naked secretary, Jan, push the cart containing the majority of her old stuff out the door I came in. I turned to Mary as she said, “Are you ready to get our tickets and have fun at the conference?” I could only smile at her as I pulled my identification out of my purse and after we both had our tickets, we were off to the airport security screeners’ counter.

Once we glided through the security check, I started noticing all of the eyes that were looking at me and especially down at my feet when I realized that I had forgotten about that mark on my foot. I excused myself as I walked to the bathroom looking for which of them was the female’s restroom. I guess it wasn’t until I looked down at my watch that I noticed the time, so I walked into one of the shops and asked the clerk where the female restroom was.

All I know is after she told me, “Unisex”, all I could say was, “You have got to be kidding me!” as I walked out of there and back toward my gate. By the time I was finally back to the first restroom that I passed, I noticed the time and I kept on walking until I was in the line with Mary as the clerk was taking her ticket stub.

Then as I was walking down the gangway to the craft, we both were stopped by one of the attendants and handed a small bag with the airline’s name on it that said, ‘For sanitary reasons, please use the enclosed provided seat protection while flying with us.’

After we both finished covering up our chairs with the provided paper and a towel to sit on, we both started getting ourselves situated in the seats. Mary said, “I see you still have what looks like some kind of dirt or chalk on your foot where you must have rubbed against something on the way to the airport.” I just looked down at my foot and shrugged my shoulders and said, “I would have had time to clean it off if I didn’t walk past two perfectly good unisex restrooms before I stopped to ask where the lady’s room was.”

After I told her that, she gave me a smirk of a smile and she said, “I’m sorry, I thought you knew. Four or more months ago there was an article in the newspaper that read that the airport would be removing all the gender signs and over the next year, they will be fully converting both old gender-specific facilities to a full unisex. I believe that decision to do away with all of the gender-specific bathrooms goes back to the Equal Rights Act that allows everyone to be given the same access and will not be discriminated against, along with that Supreme Court ruling that stripped away all of the nudity laws around the country that we are both enjoying now.”

For the rest of the flight, until we landed, we both sat there reading until the plane started getting ready to land. Then as I looked at her, I could tell that she looked scared and I had a funny feeling I knew what was bothering her. So, I reached my hand out to her and she grabbed it and looked at me with a terrified look that I haven’t seen before.

After the plane was safely on the ground, I could see she was still looking nervous. I put my other hand on top of her arm as we just sat there while the other passengers were busy grabbing all of their stuff and getting off the plane. Nobody paid any attention to us sitting there waiting for her to calm down a little.

While still consoling her, I watched the last of the passengers walk off the plane to the terminal. Then I soothingly said to her, “You ready?” When I saw a slight nod, we both got up and walked out as the crew thanked us for flying with them.

As we both walked through the terminal, I think it was the first time since I stripped that I wasn’t thinking about my nudity, only about hers. We headed for the nearest restroom, which was still for females.

Once inside, she finally calmed down a little and looked up at me, and said, “Thanks.” And then she looked down at my foot and said with a smile, “What do you want to do with that mark on your foot?” I just smiled back as I walked to the sink and started washing it off as she got up and walked to the open stall.

When we were both freshened up a little and had our few bags on our shoulders we end up passing the baggage turnstiles and made our way out to the taxi stands.

As I climbed into the taxi, I pulled out a small towel I had brought from home to sit on; I looked at her as she watched me sit down. I then wished to myself that I grabbed another towel, as I originally wanted to do as I watched her plant her bare butt down on that dirty leather seat.

Fortunately, the hotel that was holding the two-day conference was only a few blocks or so away from the airport. There, as I remembered to grab my towel we both got out and paid the driver. We went up to the reception desk and got our room keys and a pin-on name tag.

You should have seen the look on Mary’s face as she looked at the clothing clip on the back of our name tags. The clerk noticed it as well and she handed us each a neck strap to clip our name tags to.

We decided to go up to our rooms and put our bags down and freshen up a little. When we were in the elevator, she said, “Kim, I am sorry about what happened on the airplane, I let my nerves get the best of me. I am so sorry about breaking down in front of you. I just figured if you could handle the sometimes brutal business of real estate naked and were willing to leave all of your comforts to attend this conference like you are now, I could do the same, but as you saw back there, I am still scared to death about being out here completely naked without a single thing to cover up with besides my hands.”

While she was talking, the door opened on our floor. But since I was listening to what she had to say, I just let the door close as I stood there waiting for her to push the button for the elevator to move again.

Then, just as she got her composure back again and I noticed her reaching out to push the “Door Open” button the elevator started moving again. I could only smile as I heard her give a small chuckle as the door opened on the floor above us. I grabbed her hand and pulled her out as the door was closing and said, “Let’s go down the stairs and get ready for a fun two-day meeting with some of our other colleges.” We both walked to our floor and then to our rooms. Once I was in my room, I started reading the paperwork the front desk had handed us. I read that the conference would not start until noon which meant that I had close to an hour to relax and get my mind together before I met up with Mary again in her room or down on the conference floor.

**Chapter 8**

Soon, I took a quick shower to get all of that grime off me from the flight. I dried myself off and flopped down on the bedspread looking for something to watch when my cell phone rang. Once I picked up the phone and said hello, it was my oldest daughter asking me how my flight went.

I must have been on the phone for twenty minutes or more when I hung up because whatever was on the tube was scrolling the credits. Well, I did manage to leave out the part about my boss flying naked with me and what happened as soon as the plane landed. I didn’t want to talk about that until I see if she backs out and meets me in a half-hour dressed or not.

I did manage to get back to looking for something to watch until I had to get my things ready to meet her either in her room or wherever she requests me to meet her.

Then just as I was getting off the bed to give myself a good look over, the room phone rang and it was Mary asking me to meet her out near the elevator door in five minutes.

After hanging up the phone, I picked up my tote bag and name tag strap that the receptionist gave me and dropped it over my head, and then attached that dorky name tag to it and walked out the door into the hallway.

On the way to the elevator, the only thing I could think about was if she was going to be dressed or not. I know it is her company and she could wear anything she wants. It’s just that I was deep down hoping that she was still naked and I wouldn’t have to face all of those people naked alone.

I guess that I must have been too caught up in my thoughts that I didn’t even notice the young couple walking behind me staring a hole through me as I walked. I have to say that I didn’t notice them until we were just about at the turn to the hallway the elevator is on. It was then that I saw them both staring at me until they saw me looking back at them and they both shyly turned their heads away when I saw Mary standing in front of the elevator still naked.

Luckily, or not, I didn’t see them again after I started walking toward Mary and joined her at the elevator door waiting for the door to open. Soon we both were packed in there trying not to touch the others with our bare bodies as the box started descending to the second floor where the hotel ballroom was located.

Once the elevator stopped on the second floor and the majority of everyone in there exited, I followed Mary to a row of portable tables to get the both of us signed in and get the schedule and some other important paperwork.

Soon we both were standing over by some vendors and I was looking over the schedule. Then she said, “I think we should get some seats in the main exhibit section first.”

“Sure,” I said as I was pushing some paper into my bag.

Then just as we were just about to be seated she said, “Kim, I think you might know one of the speakers.” I looked back at the schedule that was handed to us a few minutes ago and noticed one of my college buddies’ names. I just looked at Mary and asked her if she was talking about the same person and after I pointed out the Paris Watson name she told me that was the person that she was referring to. I didn’t have the chance to ask her because before I could four individuals started walking onto the stage along with Paris.

Before long all of the lights in the section were dimmed and I started paying attention to the speaker as well as watching the side door to see if anyone slipped in dressed like me.

I know so far no one has mentioned or made any comments that I could hear about my lack of outfit. But, I kind of wish there were others here that were as willing to ditch their clothes and go au naturel.

As you know from my last rambling, I wasn’t paying any attention to what she was saying until I heard the guy speaking mention Paris’ name and she started walking toward the podium wearing what looked like a silk robe-like dress. I couldn’t tell from where I was sitting. Only that the closer she got to the podium the more of her cleavage started showing until her left nipple was on the verge of coming out. Then her left breast came out of her outfit, and you could hear the whole room make this huge gasping sound which for a second was almost as loud as clapping.

All I know is after the room started settling down; Mary leaned over to me and said, “No one made that reaction when we walked in.” I just looked at her and shrugged my shoulders as I turned to Paris up there before the podium with her breast hanging out.

Then she picked up the microphone and put it back in the holder and said, “Welcome everybody to the Regional Real Estate Conference. Some of you might have noticed my little wardrobe malfunction.” After she said that some jerk made a whistling noise and some laughter. “Well, I can see some of you might be ready for what I am going to say next. I can see from the way you all reacted when my breast fell out you might not be ready for this.”

I just smiled when she moved away from the podium and let her dress fall to the stage and very casually picked it up and turned around and handed it to one of the others on the stage.

“The reason that I am now standing up here on the stage before you is to show you what is slowly becoming expected wear in our profession as well as some of your customers. Now I want everybody in this audience that has in the last month been dressed like me or have had one or more customers who were naked to please stand.”

As she said that I was fully expecting Mary and me to be the only ones in the audience standing. Then I looked around and saw several people in the room start standing up. And after I’d say either ten to twenty were standing up we joined them.

“Jack,” as she turned around, “would you like to say something?” As he was standing up I noticed that he was looking directly at me.

He then went up to Paris and hugged her and said, “I see that at least two of you besides Paris decided on the natural dress, now how many of you didn’t bring anything else to wear?”

All I know is after he said that I wanted to crawl out of there right then and there when Mary grabbed my hand along with hers and pulled it up high.

“Ok,” he went on, “how many of you have had some customers naked?” About ten hands went up. Then he asked, “How many of you have been naked yourself?” A few more hands went up and he told everyone thanks and he turned around and sat down again.

I really didn’t know what that all was about until Paris got back up to the podium and said, “As you can see from the people that were standing up that more and more of you will be encountering different people of all sizes and ages who might not be wearing anything more than what you would wear in a shower. And that (as you all might know) isn’t only affecting our profession. We all need to become more accepting of this type of change that is happening. Now thank you for your attention and I hope you all have a great time at the convention. Oh, one more thing. I would like the five individuals who are naked to please come to the front of the stage area.”

As I was following Mary to the front, I was kind of relieved that we weren’t the only ones who were naked. Then when the room was almost empty, I saw the others that were naked as well. One was a middle-aged male as well as two younger ladies and the last one was some lady who looks like my mother.

Once the room was empty Paris very casually sat down on the edge of the stage and let her legs hang over and was showing everything. Then as Mary and I took our seats next to the other three, Jack (I believe) walked out onto the stage equally as naked as the rest of us.

“Alright,” Paris said. “How is everybody feeling?” I said just about what everyone else said, “Great” or some corny thing like that.

Paris said, “The reason I have asked you all to stay back with me was that I wanted to see how you all are handling this.”

I then almost without thinking about what I was going to say, raised my hand like a little schoolgirl.

“Kim.”

“I have been living this naturist lifestyle now for close to three weeks. Now I cannot say that I didn’t have moments when I wished that I was still dressed in something. But, overall I am very happy with my decision; so much so that I may never wear anything else again.” I did notice the others looking at me with bug eyes as I sat down, but at that moment I didn’t care.

That little bear talk went on for another thirty minutes and I managed to learn a little bit more about some of them than I wanted to. Luckily for me, we all had to move out of the room because the next speaker needed to set up.

After we both were back out in the vendor area, one of the naked twenty-something girls stopped me as I listened to a man’s sales pitch. “Kim, is it true you no longer own any clothes, and how is your family handling you being naked?”

As she said that, Mary smiled at me as I took the girl’s hand. And I pulled her away from the others and said, “I take it you are interested in taking on the naturist lifestyle.”

She gave me a shy smile and said, “Yes,” very softly.

“Just to let you know I have two girls who are probably a few years younger than you. And they both have been full-time naturists or what is called absolutes, for over four years now.”

All she could get out was, “Four years without clothes, high school.”

After that, she bombarded me with questions before Mary came back up to us and asked if she would mind joining us for dinner after we all listen in to the next presentation that will start any minute from now. Wendell (for that was the girl’s name) and I said sure and the three of us started looking for a seat.

**Chapter 9**

The last hour, or so, of the conference was, for the most part, very boring. Two of the four people up there on the stage had those monotone voices that could put you asleep.

Then the moment arrived when the speaker said what we all have been waiting for, “Thanks for attending and we were looking forward to seeing you tomorrow.” I, for one, was more than ready to get out of there after listening to them talk about ‘Environmental Issues and Trends.’

The three of us decided to wait until most of the others had left the room before we made our way out to the lobby area just outside the ballroom. I believe it was some five minutes or more we until all started making our way to the door when suddenly Wendell turned around in almost a panic. When she did that I quickly looked at Mary and we both, almost at the same time, asked her if she was alright, when we didn’t get an answer right away, Mary put her arm around her and pulled her closer to comfort her as we all took the nearest available seats.

Once she was starting to get her composure back, I reached for her hand as a sign of support. We all ended up sitting in silence for close to five minutes until she fully came back to herself and said, “Thanks, I don’t know what came over me, it’s just that I wasn’t ready to remain naked after the conference was over and when you two started getting up and we started making our way out, I got nervous and scared at the idea of being naked outside the hotel. I am truly sorry you both had to witness my little breakdown.”

I noticed that she looked more relaxed afterward, but I could tell that she was still a little nervous. So I looked at Mary and said, “Wendell, if you don’t mind me asking, how long you have been nude?”

I didn’t expect an answer right away, and, from the expression she was making, it looked like she was trying to find the right words to say as we remained sitting and the maintenance crew started cleaning. Then she looked up at me and Mary and said very softly, “Since this morning in my hotel room when I stripped off the clothes I was wearing because ... I am sorry.”

As she stopped, I quickly hugged her as a sign of support before she looked back up and then Mary did the same. “Sorry. At my agency, we only had room for one person to attend this conference and there were six of us that wanted to go. So, our boss made us a deal. He told the six of us that if one of us was willing to attend both days of the conference completely naked, we would be allowed to attend. And, if two or more of us still wanted to go, he asked us if we would be willing to give up all our clothes in the office after we got back.”

After she said the last part, the only thing I could do was just give her a blank stare and from the look at Mary, she was dumbfounded as well. I couldn’t believe someone would put that much pressure on someone else. Well, at least my boss is naked along with me right now and who knows what Wendell’s boss is wearing, but I am almost certain that he isn’t nude.

After a few minutes, just as I was about to say something, Mary spoke up, “What a creep. I take it that you were the only one that said yes to that offer?”

“Are you both from the same agency?” I didn’t even get a word out when Mary said, “Yes, Kim is one of my top employees and she has been doing everything at the agency from showing homes to closing wearing what little she has on right now. And for myself, I am the president of the agency and after a lot of thought and soul-searching, I decided last night, with my husband’s concurrence, to be with Kim in all my glory. I am troubled by the offer he gave you. I do not want to speak for Kim, but I would understand if you wanted to go back up to your room and get dressed and we all can go out for dinner. Oh, one more thing, I do not plan on getting dressed any time this trip.”

Listening to Mary talk and seeing how confident she looks compared to the way she was earlier is remarkable. You would be convinced by her confidence that she has been naked as long as I have. I was starting to notice that some of the maintenance crew were glancing over at us like they want us to leave. So I said, “I think they want us to get up and leave.” As we were all getting up, I noticed Wendell was showing a lot more confidence compared to the way she was thirty minutes ago.

Then, as we were in the hallway walking to the elevator, Wendell said, “About the offer my boss gave us. Three out of six quickly said no thank you; one of them was my friend Jeff. That left three of us that were still willing to do what I did today. Then, after a day, he called the three of us into his office and gave us another condition to attending, ‘the three of you are willing to agree to my previous offer?’ I said yes along with Arnold and Joanna. He then gave us another proposal: Whoever is willing to attend the conference completely naked and is also willing to work in the office naked, I expect to remain completely naked at all times while they are working regardless of where they are or what they are doing.” Mary and I stopped walking as soon as she told us about her boss’s last offer. I couldn’t believe how close it was to what I had Mary write up for me a few weeks ago.

“Wendell,” I said, “How do you feel about being naked right now?” After asking that question, I didn’t expect her to give me an answer right away, but she said, “Great, thanks to you two.”

It wasn’t until we were in the elevator and Wendell quickly pushed the lobby button, that I said, “You don’t want to get dressed?” She quickly said, “Wouldn’t you look funny with me dressed and you two flopping around in your birthday suits?”

Once we all were well into the lobby, I noticed that no one was paying any attention to us. It was almost like this happens all the time. I cannot imagine what it was like being naked in public when it was a crime. We managed to make it almost a block before Mary and I noticed Wendell was holding herself in the same casual way she had the first time we saw her.

The restaurant we ended up going to is one of those major fast-food chains. I noticed some of the customers there were either nude like us or in some degree of undress, especially among the younger ones. I did notice one of the older females give me a dirty look as I placed my order.

Then, as we were making our way to an open booth, I saw a few kids in their teens or early twenties getting a little close for my taste. I didn’t see what was going on but from all of the giggling, I knew. I wasn’t born yesterday.

During the rest of the meal, we all made small talk, but after we were walking back to the hotel, Mary asked Wendell the question I had been wondering about. “Wendell, if you do not mind me asking, what happened to the other two that were in your boss’ office?”

She just smiled as we all stopped right there on the busy sidewalk and said, “They both chickened out and left me standing there scared shitless at the idea of giving up all my clothing while I was working. So, since I still wanted to go to this conference, I took his offer and spent the rest of last week and well into the weekend without talking about it with either my coworkers or family. Yesterday I couldn’t get my mind off of the idea of being naked here and I wasn’t willing to tell anyone about the last offer and to my understanding, neither of the other two did either. I just asked my supervisor if I could go home for the day and pack.”

Just as a semi-truck passed us honking its horn, we all started walking again. None of us said a thing until we all were back in the lobby when she said, “I appreciate the friendship, and my room number is 5112. I plan on having breakfast tomorrow morning in the hotel restaurant if you both don’t mind.”

Well, both of us quickly agreed to meet up with her for breakfast. We all climbed into the elevator and it stopped on our floor we both said our goodnights as we watched the elevator door close. I then said my goodnights to Mary as we went our separate ways. It didn’t dawn on me until I was back in my room and alone that today was maybe the first time that I didn’t wish for even a moment that I was still dressed.

Well, I do have to say that being completely naked all the time has its downfalls, my feet are ... well ... nasty. I will have to spend some time cleaning them before I climb my naked butt into that bed if I don’t want to blacken the sheets. I will need to call my husband and my daughters if they are home. Due to the time difference, they may not be. I know he will not mind if I wake him up, but I would rather not.

When I got a hold of him, we ended up talking for close to an hour before he handed the phone to Marla, who was home. I did talk to him about what happened on the plane and also about the new girl Wendell. He told me that he was quite surprised by the way I handled the situation. He also told me that he would never put one of his employees in a situation like Wendell’s boss put her through. He just couldn’t believe her boss even had the balls to suggest it in the first place.

**Chapter 10**

Once out in the hallway and walking toward the elevator, we decided to head up to our rooms and drop off our stuff and meet back up together in the lobby area in thirty minutes.

I quickly went back up to my room to freshen up since I didn’t have anything with me to drop off. I did put my stuff back into my purse before heading out. I managed to make it down to the lobby first and sat down and started reading the paper.

Maybe a minute or two later, the others were in the lobby and all three of our bare butts were out the door waiting for a taxi to take us to the five-star restaurant that Mary was talking about earlier.

It didn’t take very long for a taxi to stop for us and we all were off. Now I am not sure which one of us the driver was paying more attention to, us or the road. He was making me a little nervous with his insane driving and I am sure the others felt the same from the comments Wendell made as he drove off. We ended up not paying him his fare as he started flapping his arms around and then drove off. I was just glad to be out of that taxi.

The fancy restaurant we ended up going to is in the city center and is very fancy and I was very surprised Mary wanted us to come here knowing that we all are quite under-dressed for the place. She just kept on encouraging me to follow her as we passed the over-the-top exterior décor that was surrounding the place. We all walked through the fancy lobby to the restaurant where I noticed what the hostess was wearing or not wearing.

I know nakedness is becoming more common in public places where it was taboo five or more years ago. But I never thought a formal place like this, a five-star restaurant, would have all of their staff wearing nothing. I just cannot see a restaurant or any other place requiring or forcing all of their staff to work naked.

Now I know it sounds silly pondering why the host isn’t wearing anything when I am sitting here naked. But it is just that before walking into the fancy hotel, I was fully ready to be the only one there naked beside Mary and Wendell.

I guess my wondering about why they were naked caused me to just stop and I didn’t realize it until one of the girls tapped my shoulder and I came back to life and started walking to the table. As the host walked away, we couldn’t keep our eyes off him. He was somewhere in his twenties.

Then as we all were somewhere in la-la-land, the waitress walked up and brought us all back to reality by saying, “Don’t worry that happens a lot here. Can I take your drink orders ladies?” None of us said anything until Mary spoke up and told the waitress what she wanted to drink and then the rest of us told her what we wanted to drink.

I believe it was then that it dawned on me that in two short weeks of being fully naked everywhere, how comfortable I have become and how I wasn’t even consciously thinking about it anymore. Not even when I am around others who are as naked as me.

Well, getting back to the restaurant, the waitress came back to the table with our drinks and we all gave her our orders and shortly later the food came to the table. We all started talking about the convention and other stuff and after an enjoyable meal; we split the bill and walked out of the place.

Before long we all were in the cab and on our way back to the hotel. When we were back in the hotel lobby, Mary and I said our goodbyes to our new friend and promised to keep in touch. And then Mary told her that if she ever wants to move, she would hold a position for her.

After that, we all gave each other some hugs and then I watched her walk away to the elevator. We then said goodnight as well after agreeing to meet back up again tomorrow morning here in the lobby at five. Then as I was going up to my floor, I picked up my cell out of my purse and dialed my husband.

Once I was off the phone, I put it all in my carry-on along with a few other things. The rest of the evening I watched the news and then I went to sleep.

Thursday morning started alright. We both checked out of the hotel around six in the morning and were at the airport shortly thereafter with no problems. Everything was going very smoothly until we got to the security checkpoint. Mary went first through the detector with no problem and grabbed her bag at the other end. When I started to make my way through the metal detector, it started going off. At that point, I was expecting the screener to just let me grab my bag and be on my way since it was very obvious I wasn’t concealing anything.

What he had me do next was a little senseless since I was standing there fully naked. He made me go through the scanner again, and that damn thing started blasting off again. I was a little annoyed by the whole thing by now. Then a uniformed lady came up to me and asked me if I had any metal in my body and I told her no. She then had me raise my arms and hold them out wide while I stood there like a naked dummy as she ran that thing around me. Luckily, that damn thing didn’t go off like that scanner and when she was done she said sorry as I, a little humiliated, walked off.

Thankfully, the rest of our short time at the airport went smoothly. We landed back home around 3:15 PM. Not much later we were both walking through the baggage area where we saw our husbands there waiting. All she said to me as she was walking away was, “See you tomorrow; enjoy the rest of the day”. I just said thanks as Jerry took my bag from me and we walked out of the airport to the car.

Later that morning when we were back at home and the girls were still at school, I was expecting Jerry to just drop me off and go back to work, only to find out that he was going to take the rest of the day off to be with me since my boss gave me the rest of the day off.

Now that I had the unexpected day off from work I was completely at a loss about what to do with my time. The only thing I planned on doing today at work was to go to my countless emails, and phone messages and, of course, check up on the clients that I am currently working with.

Then Jerry walked into the room wearing only a smile and grabbed my hand and led me to our bedroom. Once in there, he started working on my back and then on the rest of my body. He didn’t quit until he finished the most relaxing massage I have had in quite some time. Soon, we both were deeply into each other as we made love.

I don’t know how long we were in there together and I do not care. All I know is, I am very lucky to have a wonderful man in my life that is so understanding of my decision to be an absolute naturist. It takes a special person to be this understanding of their spouse or girl/boyfriend’s decision to live the life of an absolute and not get jealous.

As it turned out, we ended up spending the rest of the afternoon cuddled up on the couch watching some movies on one of the pay channels, naked of course. Somewhere around six, the girls came home and we all had dinner at home and spent the rest of the evening playing board games.

Friday morning after I walked into my office and started going over my phone messages, I was interrupted when Tim walked in carrying some paperwork in his hand. As I looked up at him, he said, “Kim, Mary requested that you represent the agency at this month’s city clerk meeting. That would be greatly appreciated. She asked for you to be there at two, the place is next to the city hall downtown.” I just said thanks as he laid down some paperwork on my desk and walked out. I didn’t look at the paperwork until I noticed the picture on the front cover of the magazine that was on top of the stack of papers.

I reached over and picked up the magazine along with the other paperwork. It was then that I got a better look at the cover picture in the monthly Regional Real Estate Magazine. The picture was taken at the conference I was at yesterday and right there in the first three rows of the audience at one of those events was me sitting there naked from the stomach up alongside Mary and Wendell. I was at first a little taken aback at the sight of seeing myself on the front cover of that magazine much less being on the front cover naked.

I am sure my daughters and Jerry would like to see the cover, so I placed it next to my purse to read later. I, then, went back to filtering through the millions of messages and emails that I had received since Monday when I was interrupted again by a phone call from the young couple that I had shown two homes Monday. If you do not remember, they were the young couple that grew up as naturists or more like absolute naturists today.

She wanted to ask me if I would mind showing them the last house again with her father. I, of course, said sure and then started working out a time for us all to meet. I knew that my afternoon was tied up with that meeting downtown and I wasn’t sure how long it was going to last so I asked her if she would mind meeting up tomorrow or on Monday. We decided on meeting on Monday morning at nine at my office. She said thanks and hung up.

I spent the next two hours making phone calls and answering my emails and messages before lunch. When lunchtime came around, I wasn’t able to spend it with Jerry due to the lunch meeting he was at. I started thinking of where to eat and I decided on going to the first dinner I ate naked with my husband. Walking into the place I know that I was more confident than the last time I was there. I was greeted by the same hostess, still dressed.

I only waited for a second when she called my name and asked me how I was doing and if I wanted the waitress to wear nothing again. I looked at her as if she was kidding and she said, don’t worry; I got the same look from the last lady that came in here. I will leave the decision up to your waitress.

My waitress walked up to my table, dressed, and asked me what I wanted to drink. I gave her my order along with my drink order. I am sure that if I was with my husband, I would have had her stripped. Soon afterward I paid my bill and while I was walking out the same waitress that worked my table the other week came up to me and said hi. She told me that for some reason, a great proportion of the customers that come in here never ask us to strip as you did. I think it is very remarkable that you felt comfortable enough to come here naked alone today. I told her thanks and let her know that I am an absolute and this is the only outfit that I own from now on as I walked out of the place after saying my goodbyes.

The next hour at the office went by very fast and before I knew it I was on my way downtown for that meeting. One of the many reasons I do not like going downtown during the week is the lack of decent parking. It took me close to fifteen minutes to find a parking space and it was still more than two blocks away from the old city hall building.

The short walk down that busy street was a little eventful because of all of the looks, stares, and comments from some of those sex-deprived construction workers. I did manage to make it past the security checkpoint with ease, with only a second to spare, and the lady in the front of the room said, “Welcome” just as I entered.

I then proceeded to the back of the room, along with several others that were standing as the whole room was packed solid with people. The speaker then started talking about new business codes and some other legal mumbo-jumbo; I do not want to talk about it.

It wasn’t until I heard her say, “I am sure everyone has heard about that little incident that happened last weekend on the steps of this building. A group of young adults felt it was appropriate to start an orgy right there in the open on the old city hall steps. I assure you that the mayor wasn’t very amused by the whole incident. The police were called, but with the new federal law on expression, the police couldn’t do anything besides give out verbal warnings.”

She then went on, “Just yesterday, the city council approved erecting new warning signs around town to try to discourage these activities in the future. I would appreciate it if every one of you would please help us by trying to prevent this in the future.” That lady ended up wasting another five minutes talking about that incident before she finally stepped away from the podium and said, “I see a few of you in here are naked.”

Then, as I was starting to count the minutes until this meeting would be over, I heard her say as she was looking directly at me, “Ms, the naked one. If you do not mind, why are you naked?”

At first, I was a little shocked that she singled me out. Then I just looked up at her as I moved closer to the back of the chair in front of me, and said, “Because I feel clothes are restricting and unconformable and the fact that I feel comfortable and confident with my body enables me to go around without clothes.”

After I said that, I was expecting her to make another comment, when she walked back up to the podium and said, “Thanks for coming; I am looking forward to seeing all of you at next month’s meeting.”

As I was walking out, I kept on thinking about her reaction to my answer and how she quickly dismissed all of us. I just figured that she was expecting me to shy away and, when I stood up there and answered her, she wasn’t prepared for it, she was the one that caved in and adjourned the meeting.

Later that evening, after dinner, all of us gathered in the living room and started watching some romantic movie on the movie channel. The rest of the weekend flew by and before I knew it, It was ten o’clock, Sunday night.

Once Monday rolled around, I got up and started fixing my hair and put on some makeup. All while thinking back over the last month as a self-declared naturist. I felt lucky to be married to someone that is as trusting and caring as Jerry. Especially with me being naked all the time in public and he was surprisingly alright with me flying naked. I know that Mary flew naked with me, but I know that if she was dressed, I would have still been naked for that trip.

At work, I called Amber and set up a good time for us to meet at the property she and her husband Ron wanted. Luckily, the property was still on the market and in their price range. We decided we would meet up around eleven. I, then, made some more phone calls and worked on some other properties before it was time to get going.

As I was approaching the property, I couldn’t get over the windows. As you know that I am now more comfortable with my body than I was a month ago. But I am not sure if I would willingly live in a house like this.

Already there was the young nudist couple, Ron, and Amber with her dad, who she introduced as Vern. I unlocked the main door and let them show her dad the property, as I kept on looking out the back windows at the busy intersection just outside the property line. Before long, I was on the phone with the seller’s realtor and we all decided on a price and everyone signed the papers. After closing on that sale, I managed to make a quick stop at a fast-food place and spent the rest of the afternoon doing paperwork.

Tuesday was a busy day; I ended up spending the whole day on the computer and phone. I didn’t even get out of the office to get a bite to eat. One of my coworkers picked up something for me from the little diner down the street. That night, the girls were out and Jerry and I spent the evening playing cards and before I knew it, it was Wednesday.

Wednesday, I was able to close on the glasshouse and the new owners were able to walk away with a small discount on the sale. It turned out that the previous owner was so desperate to get rid of the property that he agreed to deduct the cost it will take to have the wooden fence removed.

As some of you might know, it was almost a month to the day that I walked into my boss’s office and took off my clothes. Looking back at that moment, I still cannot believe I had the guts to demand that I work naked, to stripping right there in her office.

Now thinking about the moment when I stripped that Wednesday afternoon, I never thought that a month later I would still be naked. Later that evening, I did have a sinking feeling that my girls were going to take me up on my words and get rid of all my clothes, and they did. In a small way, I am glad that they did that, I do not know if I could have been strong enough then to keep from getting dressed.

I do know that if you asked me six months ago, or for that matter a month and a half ago if I would be willing to walk into an airport butt naked and spend the whole time on the plane as well as at the conference naked. I would have said you were crazy.

I can tell you that after spending a whole month without the bother of clothes, I am a lot more comfortable and confident with myself.

The End