### [My Nude Night Out](http://nudeinpublicstories.blogspot.com/2008/12/my-nude-night-out.html)

It's Tuesday evening and Amy and I are both getting ready for bed. We have become the best of friends in a really short time. She is my anchor when I'm wanting to do daring new things and she says I have made her more confident about her own body. Lately she has started sleeping nude and is more likely to hang out nude in the room when it is just me and her, as she is now (shhhhh!) Anyway, Amy and me and three other girls from this floor who know Steph pretty well walked together about five blocks off campus to Steph and Tony's apartment.  
  
Their apartment is in a big old house that was divided into four apartments to rent to students and you climb up an open stairway from the side of the house. There were five other people there besides Steph and Tony, a couple and another guy. They were all a couple years older than us.  
  
Steph introduced us all and by their reaction I could tell they knew  
about me. The girl complimented me on my "dress" and I told her it  
was a vintage silk scarf and she felt it and then the guys felt it (just  
the hem, of course, not against my body). And Steph said it covered  
more of me than usual, and suddenly we were talking about me being  
a nudist and everyone acted fascinated and Steph repeated in front of  
them that I should feel free to be nude or not, whatever I wanted.  
And I could tell that everyone was expecting me to strip right there,  
but I wasn't comfortable doing that yet and just said thanks I might  
do that, and the conversation awkwardly moved on and Steph handed  
me a glass of wine.  
  
Back in high school, if you were at a party where there was alcohol the  
point of the party was getting drunk, which I was never into. But here  
in college, with slightly older students, it was different. We were adults  
having a serious conversation about world affairs and art and only  
sipping at our drinks secondarily because we were all so grown up  
and sophisticated now. At least, that is how I was feeling after my  
first glass. I am not a crazy drunk girl, but it also doesn't take much  
for me to feel it and after that one glass of wine I was feeling really  
comfortable and I went into the bathroom and took the scarf off but  
I was still not quite feeling ready for this so I folded it in half and  
rewrapped it around my waist went back to the party topless.  
Everyone was totally cool and positive and remarks were made  
about how versatile a garment this was. But Steph said I really  
didn't need the scarf at all and everyone agreed with various  
sincere and encouraging comments and so I took it off and  
folded it carefully into a little and put it on a table by the door,  
and then I had a wineglass in my hand again and we were all  
standing around chatting and I was nude except for my red  
necklace and shoes. Altho I'd already been nude at a few little  
parties in the dorm, and there were guys there too, this felt different,  
exciting. Maybe it was being off-campus or with these older students  
or maybe it was the fact that I was wearing dressy heels and jewelry  
while otherwise naked. But I was really feeling . . . um, well, erotic.  
Not that anything sexual was going on, nor did I WANT anything s  
exual to happen. But I FELT really, really, REALLY sexy.  
  
Then the doorbell rang and I started to reach for my scarf but Steph  
put her arm around my waist and whispered in my ear that it was fine.  
Tony opened the door and suddenly there were two more couples in  
the room and I was being introduced. And these people had clearly  
NOT heard about me in advance like the others had, and they acted  
surprised and delighted to find a naked girl at the party. And I LOVED  
that moment of meeting them and hearing Steph explain very seriously  
that I was her nudist roommate from the dorm. And they were like, oh,  
well, that's so interesting. And I was like, ho-hum, yes I suppose, and  
yet inside I was bursting with . . . feelings. And there was a wineglass  
in my hand again and I swear I don't know how it got there.  
  
Yes, I got a little drunk. Not barf-in-the- toilet drunk or anything, but  
just very happily buzzed about the whole situation. The music had been  
a boring smooth jazz radio station much of the evening (Tony's preference)  
but Steph took over and put on some dance music. Normally I would have  
felt self-conscious dancing naked with guys around, but I was feeling so  
totally perfect that it didn't matter. Everything seemed just so right and I  
kicked off those heels and danced!  
  
Most of the girls and a couple of the guys danced too (in that awkward,  
self-conscious way that guys dance -- is that in the Y chromosome  
somewhere or what?) and we probably did that for an hour or more, at  
least I did. The others= danced a little, stopped to talk and then danced  
some more, but I couldn't stop if I wanted to. Dancing is one of my favorite  
things, and the best kind of exercise for me because with the right music I  
often lose track of time and my surroundings.  
  
I knew the guys were all watching me but I honestly wasn't trying to get them to look at me. I was just having a good time. Besides, one of the other girls (Staci from my floor) also had her top off and Amy had taken off the shirt she wore over her tube top and she kept having to pull it back up, so it wasn't just me.  
  
I don't know how much time went by but eventually we stopped because Amy had to pee. I went into the kitchen for some water and almost had to squint my eyes because the light was so much brighter there than in the other room. While I was standing there at the sink gulping down a glass of water two of the guys (Andy and Zach) came over to chat me up and it was only then that I realized how sweaty I was. My hair was damp and I could feel the trickles of sweat running down my body.  
  
It was 2 a.m. when we decided to leave and Steph offered to drive us so we wouldn't have to walk. My silk scarf was right where I left it but I didn't want to put it on, partly becuz I was still feeling sweaty and didn't want to stain it and partly because I just didn't want to. I gave it to Amy to put in her purse and we went out he door and down the open stairway of their apartment. It was a REALLY cool night and the sweat dried almost instantly on my body and I was chilled but eager to continue.  
  
Steph's car was out on the street and down just a little ways. No one else was around, but I knew that could change at any moment if a car came around the corner and there I'd be, a naked girl in the night carrying her shoes.  
  
There were six of us, plus Steph the driver and we crammed into her car. The back seat was full by the time I climbed in so I just sort of hurled myself onto their laps.  
  
These were all girls from my dorm and we were all silly drunk. It was dark but when we'd go under streetlights I could see their faces and I knew someone could see me if they were in a truck or crossing the street while we were at a traffic light. My head was in Amy's lap and she stroked my hair as I looked happily up at her. Staci was at the other end holding my legs and I noticed she was sort of caressing me a bit, not anywhere major but just gliding her hands over my legs (she was the drunkest of all of us that night).  
  
The closest you can get to my dorm in a car (except emergency and security vehicles) is to the parking lot next to Kell's dorm next-door. So our intention was to cut through that dorm on the way to ours. But when we scrambled, giggling, out of the car and made our way to the door of the dorm it was locked.  
  
So we had to walk around that dorm to get to the entrance to our own dorm, and altho it was 3 in the morning there were some people hanging out and we walked past them and said hi and on to our own dorm and that door was locked too but one of the girls had her key card and we were able to get inside.