

My parents are nudists, but I'm just naked

By Ragnrok

When my mom woke me up that Saturday morning, I had no idea my life was about to go from “Mediocre with it's high points” to “Unending living hell”.

Look, I can already tell what you're thinking. It's like you're in a comic book and you have a thought bubble over your head. “This Emma girl is crazy”, is what it says. “She's just a 13 year old girl, clearly she's exaggerating.”

I get where you're coming from, I do. And in all fairness, you're not that wrong. If this was the week prior and my mom had bought me a new purse and thrown my old one out, I probably would have said the same thing, but on that Saturday everything was put into perspective for me.

I was sitting in the back seat of the car, my dad was driving, my mom was riding shotgun, when I remembered that my mom didn't just drag me out of bed telling me we were going to the beach today, she dragged me out of bed telling me that we were going to the beach today and that she and my dad would have a surprise for me when we got there.

“Hey mom,” I piped up over the radio. “What was that you were saying earlier about a surprise at the beach?” I was cautiously excited. My parents usually mean well but seem a little bit disconnected from what makes a teenage girl happy, so it could be anything from them planning to rent a jet ski for a few hours (awesome!) to my dad wanting me to fish with him (lame!).

Almost in synch with each other, my mom and dad both turned towards each other (keep your eyes on the road, dad!) and something seemed to pass between them. My dad turned his head forward again and said “We may as well tell here now. There's no sense keeping it a secret any longer.”

“Well,” my mom said, “we aren't going to the beach we usually go to. We're going to one that's a little further away”.

“Oh. That's weird. And not really a surprise. Why are we going to a different beach?”

The next string of words exploded out of my mom's mouth at such a speed I almost didn't understand them. “We're going to a nude beach today and your father and I have been talking and we intend to have our family live as nudists from now on because we think it would be healthy for us as a family and for you as a growing woman!”

“Whoa, calm down, Deb,” said my dad. “We talked about this and you have nothing to be nervous about, remember?”

“Oh, Chris, I know,” my mom replied.

“Wait a second,” I said, sounding surprisingly calm. I should have been terrified, but at that point I was mostly confused. “You guys want to be nudists? Like, people who are naked all the time?”

My mom started to say something, but my dad put up a hand to silence her.

“Well, sweetheart, yes, but I don't think you're fully understanding us. We're going to a nude beach and, starting today, your mother and I expect our entire family to engage in the nudist lifestyle. And yes, that includes you.”

At first I laughed, thinking it was some kind of a joke. Then I started screaming, until my dad gave me one of those looks. You know, the kind of look that lets a kid know she should either start behaving differently or something awful would happen, so I shut up and just cried quietly for the rest of the ride.

We got to the beach parking lot and unloaded the trunk of the car. A chair for each of us, a cooler, towels, sun screen, and everything else a family might need for a long, humiliating day at the beach. I took what I was handed without a word.

My parents had been chit-chatting about nonsense the whole time, as if they weren't actively trying to ruin their only child's life, but as we started walking towards the sand-dunes obscuring our view of the shore my dad finally addressed me.

“You know, Emma, it's not going to be that bad.”

“What are you talking about, dad. This is going to be a nightmare. Literally, I mean, isn't being naked in a public place nightmare 101?”

“Well, yes and no. Tell me, would you be embarrassed to wear a bathing suit to the mall?”

“Is that a joke? Of course I would be.”

“But you wouldn't be embarrassed to wear one to the beach, right?”

“Of course not. It's the beach that's what you're supposed to wear when you- ohhh, I see what you're doing.” I looked at my dad and he had a stupid grin on his face.

“So does that make you feel a little better? You don't have to be embarrassed to wear nothing at this beach because being naked is normal here”.

I can't lie, it did make me feel a little bit better. No where near as much as the words “Actually, beloved daughter of mine, let's go to a normal beach like a normal family and wear bathing suits like normal people!”, so I was still miserable, only a little less so. I couldn't let my dad know that, though, so I simply said “No” and stayed silent, but from his smile I think

he knew his words had had an effect.

We got to the sand dune and there were wooden stairs that led up to a boardwalk that went over it. At the base of the stairs there was a sign that said "Beyond this point you may encounter nude sunbathers". My parents gave each other stupid looking smiles and we kept walking.

Eventually we got near the end of the boardwalk, and we were rapidly approaching the point where I'd be able to look at the beach and see a bunch of naked people. The whole time I'd been too worked up over having to be naked that I forgot about the other half of the situation; that I was about to see a bunch of people naked. Would there be naked men there? Naked boys my age? Naked girls my age? I was still a virgin, and the sudden realization of the situation I was about to be in sent a tingle between my legs. It was almost enough to make me forget the dread I was feeling at having a bunch of strangers, not to mention my own parents, see me in the nude.

We were almost at the point where we'd be past the sand dune and I'd be able to see the beach, and more importantly, the people on the beach. My heart was hammering in my chest. I unconsciously started walking faster than my parents. I was almost there. A few short steps away and I'd be able to see-

-nothing. Well, not nothing, but nothing out of the ordinary. With a stab of disappointment I looked down over the beach and saw a bunch of normal families, normal men, normal women, normal kids, and normal teenagers enjoying the beach wearing normal bathing suits. After looking for a minute I did realize that there were some people naked. Here and there, maybe one naked person for every ten in a bathing suit, and among them maybe 4 naked men for every naked woman, and not one of them was under forty.

"Huh," I heard my dad say from behind me. "It's not exactly what I was expecting."

"Well it is clothing optional, not nudity mandatory," said my mom.

"Oh well, we can still make the best of it. Come on everyone, let's go."

We walked down to the beach and my dad picked out a spot for us to set up our stuff. The beach was really crowded and it was difficult to find an area to sit. To our right was a pretty decent sized, clothed family who seemed to be trying to organize lunch with countless kids under ten and a few teenagers of both genders. To our left was a nude couple in their forties with dark, tanned skin laying in the sun. I tried not to stare at him, but it wasn't easy. Right there, on display, was his penis. This was the first time I'd ever seen one that wasn't on a boy still in diapers, and there he was, just letting the world see it all. I would never have called him attractive if I had seen him walking down the street, but seeing a naked man close up for the first time made me feel... weird. I'm no stranger to my own body, and I felt myself start to moisten up between my legs, which only made me more nervous, until I realized-

“Hey dad!” I spat out, feeling true hope. “What you were saying before, about us getting naked here because it's normal? That doesn't apply anymore, right? I mean, look around, everyone is clothed. So I guess I can keep my bathing suit on, right?”

I had a big, triumphant smile on my face, but my dad just looked at me and shook his head.

“Nice try, Emma. This is a nude beach, there are other nude people here, and you're about to be one of them.”

“You should really be more appreciative, young lady,” my mother added. “I've been spending a lot of time on the internet doing research, and apparently children who grow up as nudists have much healthier self image and views on sexuality.”

I would later find out that literally everything on the internet about introducing you kid to the nudist lifestyle says that you need to make sure you let your kid make the choice, but I didn't know that at the time. Not that it would have made a difference in my parents' minds. They know best, after all.

So rather than coming back with a witty retort, I just stood there in stunned silence.

“Here's how it's gonna go, Emma,” my dad said, sounding almost scarily stern. “Your mother and I are going to set up the beach blanket, the umbrella, and the chairs, and then we're going to take off our clothes. We're going to take our sweet time with it, and if you aren't naked by the time we are, there's going to be trouble. Do you understand?”

My heart was pounding almost too hard to hear him. I tried to say something but my throat wouldn't work, so I just nodded and faced away from him. How long did I have? Two minutes? Ten? Oh god, was this really happening? Me, naked? My dad, seeing me naked? I looked back at the family that was eating lunch next to us. There were plenty of men and boys there, and the thought of any male seeing me naked for the first time was mortifying, but there were three I couldn't help but focus on. Three teenage boys, right around my age. If I had to guess I'd say two of them were 14 or 15, and the third looked a bit older, probably in 12th grade. And there I was, ninth grade me, about to be naked in front of boys who could have gone to school with me.

I took a deep breath and tried to relax, but I couldn't. I was still facing away from my parents, but I knew it couldn't be long before they had our stuff ready and they took off their clothes. I had my bathing suit on under my clothes (silly me, thinking I'd need a bathing suit at the beach!), so I had no issue kicking off my skirt and taking off my tank top.

I tried to work up the courage to keep undressing as I stood there in my blue one-piece. Yes, I was wearing a one-piece. Before that day I wouldn't have even been comfortable showing off my belly at the beach. It wasn't that long ago that puberty started and I still wasn't used to having breasts or a butt that curved out, and even when swimming I liked to stay covered up.

I looked back at my parents and saw them sticking the umbrella into the sand. The chairs were unfolded, and the blanket was laid out. I didn't have much time before they started taking off their clothes. I couldn't bare to look at them while I stripped, so I turned back towards the ocean.

I put my hands on the straps of my bathing suit, but they wouldn't listen to me. I wasn't like other girls my age. I was never rebellious or disobedient to my parents. If they told me to do something, I did it. So while another girl might have told their parents to suck it, thinking to disobey my parents (or specifically, my daddy) just didn't come naturally to me. So I was as shocked as either of my parents when, instead of taking off my bathing suit, I made a mad dash for the ocean.

My dad called out after me but I kept running and he didn't follow. I hit the water and didn't stop until it was up to my chest and the waves were breaking between me and the shore.

I looked back at the shore and felt triumphant for a full moment before my heart felt like it dropped out of my chest and I'd realized I'd just messed up even more. Who was I kidding? My dad probably wouldn't make a scene by trying to drag me back to the beach, but I couldn't stay in the water all day. Now I was at a nude beach with my parents who expected me to get naked, and on top of that I had disobeyed them.

I swam around for probably about fifteen minutes trying to figure out what I could do or say to make my parents not be mad at me, before I realized I was only making it worse for myself. I swam back to shore and walked to where my parents were.

I shouldn't have been surprised to find my mom and dad naked, but I was. They were both sitting in their beach chairs but stood up when they saw me.

I always thought my mom looked good at her age, and this confirmed it. She was about 5'8", and still athletic despite being 40. Her breasts were fairly large and sagged a bit, with large, puffy nipples, and I was shocked to see she had no hair on her pussy. Where were her pubes? I'd only gotten my period two years earlier, and even I had curly black hairs covering my mound.

I only had a second to be shocked before I noticed my dad. My tall, muscular dad who, despite his age, had never developed "the dad bod". My tall, muscular dad who was standing in front of me completely nude with his penis on display for me to see. I did NOT know how to react to that. Then I saw his face, and how angry he looked, and I did know how to react to that. With terror.

My dad pointed to the ground directly in front of him and I walked up to him and stood where he was pointing.

"Do you realize what you did?" he asked. He wasn't screaming, which was bad. He was talking in a quiet, angry voice that parents use when they're pissed at their kid but don't want

to make a scene by screaming in public. Screaming would have been better. Screaming is part of the punishment, and once that was over, the anger was done with. Daddy using his angry voice didn't make him less angry like screaming would. I felt a tear run down my face.

"Yes, daddy. I disobeyed you."

"That's right. And do you remember what happened the last time you disobeyed me?"

My mind drew a blank. "I'm sorry daddy, I don't remember."

"That's probably because it's been so long. Emma, you've been such a good girl for years, and then when your mother and I try to do something that should be good for your development, you disobey me. I'm very disappointed in you."

My heart broke when he said that and I started crying. I'm a good girl, I don't disappoint my parents!

"I'm so sorry daddy. I'll get naked like you told me to. I'll be good, I promise."

"It's a little late for that Emma. Your mom and I already discussed it while you were throwing your little tantrum. If you're going to act like a child, I'm going to treat you like a child."

"What do you mean?"

"What he means," my mom said, apparently feeling left out and deciding to chime in, "is that since you decided that you're going to act with the maturity of a little girl, he's going to undress you himself like you're a little girl and then he's going to spank you like you're a naughty child."

"But I'm too old for you to spank me. You haven't done that since I was a little girl."

"I didn't stop spanking you because you were too old, I just haven't had a reason to because you've been such a well behaved child. Now," my dad said as he sat back down on his beach chair, "come stand in front of me."

As it was apparently the theme of the day I was too shocked to say anything, so I silently complied. It felt like I was standing in front of my father forever, but it couldn't have been more than a couple of seconds before I felt his hands on my shoulders. He pushed my blonde hair back behind my shoulders and I felt him pull at the straps of my bathing suit. I didn't put up any resistance as I felt him slide the straps down my arms. I couldn't breathe as my whole bathing suit slid down with glacial slowness until it passed over my chest and my breasts popped into view.

My boobs weren't huge, maybe about the size of my fist each, and they were each topped with a soft pink nipple. And there I was, breasts on display for the world to see. The first

time anyone besides me had seen them and I was on display for a whole crowded beach to see with my dad's face all of six inches away. It could have stopped then and been the worst experience of my life, but it didn't stop.

My dad kept sliding my bathing suit down past my breasts, past my tummy, past my hips, until I felt it at my waist. I wasn't going to disobey my parents again today, but I did manage to quietly whimper a simple "Please, daddy".

He hesitated, and for a moment I thought he might have mercy on me, but then, like ripping off a bandaid, he tanked on my bathing suit and it crumpled to a heap on the ground.

My dad was staring directly at my short, dark pubic hair. I could feel my ass now exposed, and I could feel the wind and sun in places I'd never felt either. I was naked. Oh god, I was naked in front of my dad and who knows how many strangers. My first time since hitting puberty being naked in front of anyone besides a mirror and it was on a crowded beach.

"Don't forget her spanking, Chris," said my mom, which seemed to snap my dad back into reality. Had he been staring at my body? How was I supposed to think about that? No, that wouldn't make sense. He probably just got distracted by the horrible abuse he was inflicting on his daughter.

"Of course not, dear," he said. I'm not sure how he did it, but one second I was standing in front of him while he was sitting down, and the next I was draped over his leg facing the sand with my butt sticking up in the air. My dad didn't waste any time and I immediately felt a sharp pain on my butt, which was immediately followed by another. And another. Within a few seconds I had lost count, and the smacks kept coming.

I tried not to resist, but I couldn't keep still and was wriggling back and forth as my dad smacked my bottom, my body taking over and trying to escape the pain. As my legs were flailing around I felt air on my pussy lips and realized that, while I was just standing around, my pubic hair would have left me with one final layer of modesty, but bouncing around on my dad's leg my legs were opening and my most private location was being spread for the world to see. I tried to keep my legs closed, but I don't think I succeeded.

This isn't fun to admit, but I was also crying. Bawling, really. And screaming. I couldn't see past the tears, and I was facing the ground anyway, but I was sure I'd attracted a lot of viewers. That should have mortified me, but I couldn't think of anything past the pain.

After my dad had spanked me for what seemed like hours and I had flashed my pussy and butt to anyone who noticed my screaming and looked over, which was probably everyone, my dad finally stopped and stood me up. I wobbled for a second, but he wrapped his arms around me and I felt his whole body pressed against mine.

"I love you, Emma. I hope you understand why I had to do that."

"Yes, daddy," I sniffled. He let go, but I wanted him to keep holding me. I felt so safe wrap-

ped in his arms.

Well, Emma,” my mom said. “I hope you learned your lesson. As long as you don't have any more outbursts, that will be the end of your punishment.” Not having anything to say, I just nodded.

For the first time since my dad had started stripping me, I let myself look around at the other people on the beach. Nearly every man, and some of the women, were looking at me. Worst of all, all of the kids, even the three teenage boys, that I'd noticed earlier, were staring at me. Two of them were staring at my breasts, and one had his eyes glued on my bush.

I wanted to scream, cover up, and grab a towel, but I knew that would only earn me another spanking. I thought about going back to the water where I'd be mostly covered up when my mom interrupted my thoughts.

“Emma, remember to put on a lot of sunscreen. I don't want to imagine the kind of sun burn you could get today.”

I accepted the bottle of lotion and started applying it to myself. I still had way too many men staring at me, so I didn't rub it on my (formerly) private areas. Once I'd gotten everything I was willing to have people see me touch, I went to put down the sunscreen when my dad surprised me by pulling the bottle out of my hand.

“I'm getting really tired of your attitude, Emma,” my dad said, squirting lotion into his hands. “But if you insist on acting like a child I will continue to treat you like one.” With that he smooshed his two lotion covered hands right about my breasts and started rubbing lotion into my skin.

Before long my dad's hands were on my breasts and he was roughly massaging sunscreen into them. I had never thought that having your breasts touched could be arousing, but I quickly found myself getting horny and becoming very wet between my legs. Oh god, what was wrong with me? Was I being turned on by my father?

Eventually he moved on from my breasts, which, to my disgust in myself, left me feeling dissatisfied. Once he'd made his way down to my bush he started rubbing the lotion in near my lady parts. Was nothing off limits any more? As he did so I felt his finger brush against my clit and it felt like a lightning bolt went through my body. I was no stranger to masturbation, but it never felt that good when I did it myself.

When my front was done he had me turn around and started working on my back. This was much better since he was no longer staring at my bush and small boobies, only my butt which was a lot less embarrassing.

“Emma, lean forward a bit and spread your legs a bit so I don't miss anything while I do your butt”.

I almost started crying again, but I remembered the spanking and listened. My pussy was on display for anyone behind me to see when my dad started rubbing lotion into my butt. He had a hand on each cheek and was rubbing in circles, which meant that he was repeatedly spreading my cheeks and exposing my buttocks to anyone who cared to look.

“Here, give me your hands.” I did, and he placed one on each butt cheek. Then, to my horror, he made me spread my ass and pussy open. “Hold your hands just like that, I don’t want to miss anything.”

I knew there was no point arguing. From where I was I could see the boys who had been watching me since this whole ordeal started staring right at my butt. They could see everything! Then I felt my dad’s cool fingers rubbing up and down between my butt cheeks. He was massaging sun screen around my buttocks, and I could even feel his fingers rub against the outside of my pussy a few times. God, I was getting so wet. What was wrong with me?

I was terrified he would notice and mention my wetness, but eventually he stopped rubbing my private areas and finished putting sunscreen on me.

“Alright, Em, you’re good now.”

“Thanks, dad,” I said, but I was anything but grateful. This was the most mortifying day of my life, and I didn’t think it could possibly get any worse.

I was wrong, though.

Chapter 2

I didn’t know what to do. I was standing on the beach naked. I had just spread my butt cheeks for my dad to apply sunscreen and a trio of teenage boys just got a better look at my most intimate areas than I had ever gotten.

I decided to just sit down on my beach chair and wait for the day to be over. At least while sitting down I’d be mostly covered.

I did so, and after a bit I even started to relax. Being naked in public was the most horrifying experience of my life, but being naked in the warm sun was wondrously relaxing, and without realizing it I fell asleep.

I’m not sure how long I was asleep before I woke up to my dad saying my name. When I woke up I had a few seconds of bliss before I remembered I was naked on the beach. After that, I had a few seconds of only mostly hating my life before I realized that my legs were spread wide open and those same boys from earlier were all looking straight at my pussy. I yelped and slammed my knees together so fast I think I got a bruise.

My dad laughed and said “See? If you hadn’t put on enough sunscreen you’d be regretting it now.”

“Yeah dad, thanks, I guess. Couldn't you have woken me and told me to close my legs?:

“Now Emma, don't be silly,” said my mom. “Or does your dad need to have another 'talk' with you about your modesty?”

“No, ma'am,” I mumbled quietly. “So why'd you wake me up, dad? Is it time to go?” I asked that with an actual smile on my face.

“No, Em, I just realized we left the iced tea in the car and I wanted to ask you to go get it for me. I'd go myself but I don't feel like getting dressed.

Hah, a chance to be dressed again, even for a little bit? “Of course I'll get it, daddy,” I said. I started picking up my clothes but my dad interrupted me.

“Oh, leave that. You'll be fine going to the parking lot as you are.”

“But that's not fair. You just said you would have put on clothes if you went.”

That made him laugh. “Come on Em, you're being silly again. No one's going to care about a naked kid in the parking lot of a nude beach. The same can't be said about a dirty old man.”

“Well I'm not a kid and you aren't a dirty old man.”

“That was sweet Emma, and if you start walking towards the parking lot right now without another word I'll pretend like it was just sweet and you weren't also talking back to me.”

My bottom was still aching and red from my earlier spanking, so rather than make him angry again I started walking without saying another word.

The walk to the parking lot was agonizing. At least when I was staying still mostly everyone around me had seen everything and gotten bored. I drew so many stares while I walked. It was clear that I was still by far the youngest “nudist” at the beach, and I feel like I was every bit the novelty I would have been if I was parading around with everything on display on a normal beach.

After about a minute of it I wanted to cry. Every step brought me into the line of sight of more people. Men and boys were staring at my breasts and bush. Some were trying to be stealthy about it but plenty more were unabashedly staring at me, and I was sure that everyone behind me was staring at my red buns. I even heard a few people quietly comment on how red my butt was. I wanted to break into a sprint but that would only lead to more people noticing me. It was taking all my willpower not to just lay down and cry when I heard the only five words that could have made my situation worse.

“Hey, is your name Emma?”

Everything seemed to go white for a second and I froze in my tracks. That voice wasn't my mom. Or my dad. Oh god. I turned to look at the speaker. It was one of the younger boys from earlier, with a girl that I'd seen near him. They both looked to be about my age.

I hesitated for way too long to sound at all believable when I said "Umm, no, it's not."

"Yes it is," said the boy. "You're Emma Smiali. We were in the same math class last year."

Once he mentioned it, he did look sort of familiar. I went to a pretty big school and didn't know nearly everyone in my grade.

"Anyway, I'm Kenny, and this is my cousin Rebecca. She goes to Memorial High too, but she's a grade above us."

"Hi, Emma, it's so nice to meet you," Rebecca said with a smile on her face and a hand out to shake. I shook it without a word. I was too scared to speak. This was my worst fear. People from my school seeing me naked. What if they told their friends? What if the entire school found out?

"I've never known anyone who was a nudist before," Rebecca said as she let go of my hand. "What's it like?"

"Uhm, I don't really know. This is something new my parents sprung on me this morning."

"Oh, that would explain why your cheeks are as red as your heiny right now. I thought it might just be sunburn. Anyway, you were going somewhere? Don't let us interrupt you, we can walk and talk."

"Okay, thanks," I said as we started walking towards the parking lot. My heart felt like it was going to explode out of my chest. These two could easily ruin my life. A couple conversations and I would suddenly be the school freak. Or maybe the school slut. What could I do? Transfer schools. No, mom and dad wouldn't go for that. Run away? No, that would be a terrible idea. All I could do was be nice to these two and hope to convince my new friends not to ruin my life.

"So what's it like?" Kenny asked. "I've probably been to this beach a hundred times, but I've never been naked on it. Aren't you embarrassed?"

"Well, yeah. Today is the first time anyone has seen me naked since I was in diapers. I never thought I could feel this humiliated."

"What, you don't want to be naked?"

"No, my parents said I had to."

"Oh, that explains your dad spanking you. God, that must have been worse than being nak-

ed. I'm not sure if I'd have been able to survive that embarrassment."

I didn't know how to answer that without crying so I just laughed and said "Haha, yeah."

"So Emma," Rebecca said. "This is sort of a big day for you, huh?"

"Well that's not how I'd phrase it, but I guess so."

"Wouldn't it be great if you had something to remember this day by?"

"What do you mean?"

"Kenny, show her!" I did not like the look of the smile on Rebecca's face when she said that.

Kenny was also smiling when he took his phone out of his pocket and held it in front of me. When looked at the screen and saw a picture of me in my bathing suit in front of my dad I was confused. Then when he started quickly cycling through pictures I felt nothing but very afraid. It was like reliving the day in the span of 30 seconds. I saw a series of pictures where I was stripped, spanked, and had my dad rub sun screen on me. He caught everything, even me spreading my own butt cheeks. Near the end he even had pictures of my asleep in my chair, with my legs spread wide open.

"Oh god, Kenny, please, you have to delete those!"

"No way," said Rebecca. "This was a huge day for you! Do you want us to email them to you?"

"No, guys, please! Just delete them, I'll do anything! If anyone saw those I would die!"

"Aww, Emma, that hurts. Don't you want to be friends with us?" Rebecca asked sounding sincere, but I felt like there was a bit of a mocking tone in her voice.

"Yeah, I guess. I mean, you guys seemed cool before Kenny showed me those pictures."

"Well if we're your friends," Rebecca replied, "we would never hurt you by sending those pictures to everyone in school. We could never hurt a friend like that."

"Of course," Kenny chimed in, "if you didn't want to be our friend, I wouldn't care if those pictures got posted online somewhere that every guy in our school could see."

"Wow, Ken," Rebecca said, flatly. "Way to be subtle. Anyway, Emma, we want to be your friend, and as long as we're all friends I'll make sure no one but the three of us ever sees those pictures, because what are friends for?"

I had to swallow heavily before I could make myself talk. "Of course, Rebecca. You too, Kenny. I'd love to be friends with you guys."