

Naked on the Train

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At last! thought Emerald, lovingly waving goodbye to her parents as the train pulled off. She'd got the compartment to herself, and her family were gone. Not that she didn't love her mother and father and darling sister Betty, but it was term time and she was off to her other life, where she was more or less free to do as she wished. She bent her neck as far as she could to see a last glimpse of Betty running along the platform edge, waving her handkerchief at her as the train picked up pace, a cloud of dark smoke passing by the window as the wheels clattered and clunked as it took her off to boarding school. Soon, she'd be with her friends, all in their smart school uniforms, plaits under school bonnets and firm young bodies hidden under blouses, blazers and skirts.

But her journey wasn't to be a wholly uninterrupted one, as Emerald found when, having hardly read any of the serialised adventures of the girls of Blessington High in her magazine, the train came to a halt at the next stop on the line. At least, after this, there'd be hardly any more stops until she got to her destination where all the girls of the School of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Boedean, would be gathering: a mass of hockey sticks, plaits and white knee-high socks with their luggage and hovering school mistresses and Bert, the ancient school janitor.

She watched with some anxiety as people wandered past her compartment along the corridor. She was rather hoping she might have it all to herself; but this was not to be as a middle-aged woman poked her head through the window, saw that the compartment was virtually empty, and announced: "This one'll do, dear." Curses, exclaimed Emerald to herself. This was not to be such a tranquil journey. However, her next thought was rather of astonishment as she realised that the woman who had said this was completely naked. Otherwise, she was a fairly conventional looking woman, her hair permed and a leather handbag slung over her shoulder. But all Emerald could focus on was the woman's enormous motherly breasts and a slightly bulging stomach so different from Emerald's own or indeed

any of her schoolfriends.

“Come along, Beatrice dear,” she said to a girl much more Emerald’s own age, who was naked like her mother, but had her hair tied back in plaits like Emerald.

She was humping a large suitcase into the compartment and had a satchel over her shoulder. Behind them came a man, presumably Beatrice’s father, who was also naked, with a pipe hanging from his lips, below his neat moustache, and pulling along a much larger suitcase. The three of them came into the compartment, and began hauling the cases onto the luggage rack. The mother smiled at Emerald, who smiled back, but whose mind was inevitably focused on the man’s penis. This was the first time Emerald had ever seen a real penis before. The only ones she’d ever had a glimpse of till then had been made of marble or stone and were attached to statues. This was a real one, somehow larger than she’d imagined and also rather wobbly and loose. And there was so much hair on it! She didn’t know why, but she somehow imagined rather less hair than this one had.

The two parents settled down their charge, who sat immediately opposite Emerald, discreetly crossing her legs so that she was barely able to see a glimpse of the short sparse hairs of her crotch. However, Emerald’s confused eyes were able to settle on her small but perfectly formed breasts, with slightly darker pink nipples than the pale pink of the rest of her skin, and a general slimness much like Emerald’s own and very much like that of most of her friends from school. The parents fussed around Beatrice, kissing her goodbye in an awkward angle which gave Emerald a very close view of their different sized buttocks and a glimpse of their genitals. The father’s bottom was taut and tight, and ever so hairy! The mother’s buttocks were very round and large and fleshy, and Emerald was slightly startled to see just how much hair she had around the crotch. It had been a shock enough for her when she and her schoolfriends became hairy down below, but it was even more shocking to reflect on just how much more hair was due to take root in that so very private area.

“Have a good journey, Beatrice darling,” said the mother. “And don’t forget to write. We do so love to read your letters.”

“I will, Mummy,” Beatrice said, kissing her mother on the cheek.

“And goodbye, dear,” said her father. “Don’t forget to tip the porter when he carries out your bags. A thruppenny bit should be more than enough.”

“I won’t forget, Father,” Beatrice assented.

“Well, we must be off dear,” announced the mother. “We don’t want to be caught on the train as it leaves.”

With that, the two parents left their daughter in the carriage and returned to the platform. Emerald watched them leave with barely hidden fascination, and joined Beatrice’s gaze who waved her parents goodbye as the train prepared to leave. Emerald found it very difficult to focus on the adventures of the girls of Blessington High when there was so much bare flesh to study. It was true that she’d not seen anything to compare with the naked bodies of the two naked parents as they stood on the platform smiling and waving at their daughter, the father with his pipe in his hand and the mother with a handkerchief held up to her weeping eyes. However, this was certainly not the first time that Emerald had seen a naked girl before. Indeed, one of the very things that she was looking forward to when getting back to school was to revisit just those pleasures.

In fact, it was the prospect of thinking about her many schoolfriends, but particularly Edith and Belinda, that Emerald had been looking forward to in the compartment. And this was why she’d so hoped that she’d have the compartment to herself. Then she could slip a hand down her white cotton knickers, and perhaps the other up her blouse to massage her own small nipples, and think again of her girlfriends’ bare bodies. Edith’s slender dark arms and firm growing breasts. Belinda’s freckled face, and those freckles which scattered over her shoulders, breasts and over the slight down of her arms. And here, instead of memories and fantasies,

Emerald was confronted by the real thing.

Soon enough, the train was on its way, Beatrice's parents receding into the distance as Emerald's own had been, and Emerald was curious to see Beatrice brush away a tear. Clearly, this was a girl with stronger family feelings than her own. She smiled at Beatrice as the girl looked up and studied her fellow passenger seemingly for the first time.

"So, you're back to school for the new year as well?" Emerald asked boldly.

"Yes," sniffed Beatrice. "I'm back to Burlingbury School for Girls."

"I've never heard of it," sniffed Emerald who thought she knew the names of all the top public schools. This must be a very minor public school indeed. "Is it a day school or does it have boarders?"

"It's all boarders," replied Beatrice, dabbing her damp eyes with her own lace handkerchief. "That's because it's the only school of its kind in the country. Almost everyone has to travel ever such a long way to get there."

"What's so special about it that it's the only one of its kind?"

"Well, that's because it's a naturist school."

"A 'naturist' school?" queried Emerald, who had not even heard the term before. "What's that?"

Beatrice smiled at Emerald's innocence. "It's a school for naturists." She could see Emerald's continued incomprehension. "You know. Nudists. People who don't like to wear clothes. Like my parents. And, I guess, like myself. My parents were very keen that I continue in the family tradition."

Emerald raised her eyes and eyebrows as she began to comprehend the situation. "So you and your family are 'naturists' or 'nudists'. Is that like a religion or something, like 'Baptists' or 'Methodists'?"

"Not exactly. Many of the girls at my school are religious. But they're all sorts.

Quakers, Catholics, Anglicans, everything really. No, naturism's a way of life, not a religion."

"That sounds really funny. So, you don't wear clothes at home and you don't wear clothes at school?"

"Yes, that's right. None of the girls at school wear clothes ever. Not in the classrooms, not in the playgrounds and not in the playing fields."

Emerald drew a deep breath. The vision of a whole school of naked girls excited her. She could just imagine a class of naked female flesh: girls with firm breasts raising their hands for attention from a naked teacher. Or playing hockey with no clothes and only hockey shoes to protect their feet. And possibly not even that, although Emerald observed that Beatrice was wearing some quite smart black shoes with white ankle-high socks. Perhaps that was the nearest to a school uniform they had at Beatrice's school, other than being naked of course.

The very image of so many naked girls flooded her mind, and almost choked her with a sense of excitement. "And do the girls have sex together?" Emerald found herself saying, before common sense could censor her thoughts.

"Sex? Of course not!" gasped Beatrice, who seemed genuinely shocked. "I mean, they're not married or anything. And certainly not to each other. And anyway girls don't ... don't ... not with other girls anyway. That just doesn't make sense. I just never thought anyone ever would. It's not right, is it? It's got to be with ... with ... After all, girls don't have what boys have ..."

Beatrice's innocence rather startled Emerald. But then, of course, there were girls at her own school who'd never suspected that there was more to life than virginity followed by marriage and children. In fact, Edith herself had been just as naïve when Emerald had first introduced her to pleasures of the flesh that she now craved so often and so fervently.

Emerald chose not to pursue that exact line of discussion. "So, everyone at the school wears no clothes all the time? And the teachers as well?"

“Pretty much so. After all, it is a naturist school. There’s no sense in being a naturist if you wear clothes.”

“I’m sure that’s true,” Emerald agreed. “But don’t you ever feel quite strange being naked? After all, it’s not normal, is it?”

“It seems normal to me. It’s only at times like these when I’m with textiles like you that I ever feel at all self-conscious about it.”

“So, if I wasn’t wearing any clothes like you, then you’d feel more comfortable?” asked Emerald with such a sweet concerned smile on her freckled face.

“I hadn’t thought of that, but I suppose you’re right. It’s not very often I get to meet people with clothes on. To me, it seems a bit strange. Clothes seem so unnecessary. It’s not as if what’s hidden underneath is anything to be ashamed of.”

“Indeed not!” vehemently agreed Emerald, who in truth was in no way ashamed of her body and who associated pleasure rather than shame with any opportunity to divest herself of her clothes. She liked the contour of her slim waist and her thin thighs as they trailed towards her angular knees, the slight bulge of her calves and eventually to those toes which Belinda so enjoyed taking into her mouth. Emerald smiled indulgently at the memory of her friend’s tongue on the sensitive web of skin between her varnished nails. “So, if I were to take my clothes off here. In this compartment. With you. Then you would feel more comfortable and relaxed?”

Beatrice blushed. “Well, I wouldn’t want to put you to any trouble. After all, textiles are supposed to prefer wearing clothes. That’s what I’ve always understood.”

“I would much prefer that you were able to be more comfortable,” Emerald commented, taking off her blazer and then unbuttoning her school blouse, exchanging glances between the awkward buttons on the cotton front and Beatrice’s bemused expression.

Emerald was enjoying this. She loved it when she let her arms slip through the blouse

sleeves. And she got such a little thrill that trembled her legs and caught her breath as she eased her skirt down off her knickers, over her knees and threaded her feet through it: in their black patent leather shoes and knee-high socks. And then as she sat there in just her slip and knickers, she smiled to herself. This was such a thrill! And there was more, so much more to do.

“I have to take everything off, don’t I?” asked Emerald with a wicked smile which a less innocent girl than Beatrice would have recognised as lascivious excitement. “That’s what you naturists do, don’t you? Everything off? Nothing on?”

“Yes. That’s true. That’s exactly right,” said Beatrice who was feeling far from more comfortable as this strange girl she’d only just met was taking off her clothes. Why did it seem so different when this girl displayed her flesh? Why wasn’t it the same somehow with her friends at school? After all, they were always naked like her. And she’d never felt so uneasy as she did with this girl who was still wearing her underwear.

But not for much longer. Emerald pulled her slip up over her head, revealing her pert lively breasts on her slender chest, freckles over her shoulders and the top of her bosom. And then the knickers were eased down over the bare legs, revealing a crotch of immaculate perfection: the folds of her vagina only partly invaded and the bare wisps of hair adding only the merest shadow to her young pale skin. She sat there on the train seat, naked flesh from brow to knee, her legs open somewhat wider and bolder than Beatrice’s, taking pleasure in the frisson of daringness, given license by Beatrice’s example to relish her naked flesh in the confines of a railway carriage, enjoying the warm and slightly moist sensation of the leather seat on her bare behind, a slight breeze coming through the carriage window onto her breasts and arms and legs, slightly rising the soft pale hair, bringing with it a delightful tingle which made her gasp in a strange almost guttural way.

Beatrice was slightly alarmed. She knew that nudity was better than being clothed, but she had never thought of it giving quite as much pleasure and so soon as that which Emerald

was clearly experiencing. What did that broad grin mean? And what was the intent of that glint in Emerald's eyes? Whenever Beatrice had worn clothes, she'd always felt a kind of relief when she was at last able to remove them. But she'd never experienced the kind of strong sensations that Emerald was enjoying.

"It feels so good being naked like this!" exclaimed Emerald. "I think I could easily be a 'naturist' myself."

"I think you could," agreed Beatrice, but feeling rather embarrassed as Emerald began pinching one nipple with her forefinger and thumb, whilst her other hand wandered down to her crotch.

Beatrice's alarm grew as Emerald stroked her crotch up and down with her hand, slightly parting her smooth unbroken lips, as her fingers glid up and down. Beatrice had sometimes touched herself down there. And she knew that it gave her a strange kind of pleasure as the sensitive lips of her other mouth responded to her own furtive probings. But she'd never seen any of her classmates indulge in such behaviour, and certainly not while looking at her with such a steady transfixing gaze. Nor had they ever let their fingers get between those fleshy lips, as Emerald was letting hers. Nor had they actually taken their middle finger in her presence and slid it between those lips and with a sudden irruption of a gasp of throaty release thrust the finger straight into those lips, while still looking deep into her eyes.

"It feels *so* good," repeated Emerald breathily. "*So* good! What does your crotch feel like?"

"I don't know," replied Beatrice uncertainly.

"You try."

"I'm not sure. I couldn't."

"Let me try for you," continued Emerald, extending the hand that had earlier been pinching her nipple and stroking Beatrice's bare knee.

Beatrice's initial response was to move her leg out of the way, but somehow she didn't. She sat there watching Emerald with fascination as her fingers now parted her lips and plunged deep into the moist warmth of her vagina, a hand stroking her knee and sending tingling spasms of an emotion she hardly recognised up the length of her thigh and penetrated her own vagina which she was ashamed to admit to herself was burning so hot all of a sudden. What was this feeling that was gripping her? Why was her breath coming out with so much difficulty? What was this emotion that was gripping her chest? And all the while Emerald was gazing deep, so deep, into her eyes: such long eyelashes, such a mischievous smile glancing off her eyes and mouth, and those freckles on her nose becoming curiously larger and more emphatic in her imagination.

It scarcely surprised her at all when Emerald leaned forward, bringing her face close to her, an arm against her shoulder and that other hand sliding up her slender thighs, sending an electric tingle up the inner muscle, causing a sudden tautness and tightness to grip her own crotch. And then those eyes and those freckles looming so close, so close, so near, so intimately, and her mouth parted slightly with a gasp as Emerald's fingers slid towards her own young crotch, a tender spark electrifying her so tender and unsullied lips and hardening both her nipples and clitoris, and then. And then. Emerald's mouth was on hers. At first just warm dry lips on hers. A tender heat that reddened her ears and her cheeks.

And then. Her eyes closed. A tongue, so muscular and thick and liquid and warm and inviting, plunged between her teeth and through her lips, and without thought, and with no consideration, while a shiver of pleasure travelled up the nape of her neck from somewhere between the angles of her shoulder blades, and she found her tongue reciprocating in liquid passion. And all the while she could feel Emerald's fingers stroking and caressing her vulva, while another set of fingers pulled her face against Emerald's mouth. She timorously ventured out a hand and ran it over Emerald's shoulders while a strange passion took hold of her and

pulled her against this bold young stranger.

And how it all happened, Beatrice couldn't say! But somehow, she found herself laid out on the long cool leather of the seat, with Emerald above her, mouth against mouth, bosom resting sweetly on bosom, Emerald's hands behind her back and along her thighs, while she gripped onto her naked textile lover with an urgency and a helplessness that was absorbing her. She loved the feel and scent of Emerald's body. So warm. So smooth. Those little freckles. Those soft hairs on her arms and legs. Those sensuous parted lips. She gasped and grunted, unaware of Emerald's own gasps and grunts as she surrendered herself to this new passion.

A passion further heightened when smoothly and so naturally, Emerald and she shifted position, and she found her eyes gazing at another set of lips, while beneath her a mouth and tongue and teeth were kissing and licking and nibbling her own vaginal lips, sending yet more electric signals of passion and desire along the length of her spine and legs.

It seemed so natural, after examining the lips of Emerald's vagina with her fingers, to lower her mouth and tongue (after all, they were so close) onto those moist parted lips, slightly ragged on the inside, so smooth on the outside, folds hidden under folds, and then to lick and nibble this vagina whilst her own was being licked and nibbled in turn. There was ever such a confusion of smells, a melee of which she could not distinguish one from another. Or which came from her and which came from Emerald. So rich. So strong. So intoxicating. And those smells assailing her nose so close to Emerald's vagina were the strongest of all. And it was so moist and liquid. What was this pale viscous liquid that had moistened those lips? Not just her own saliva, she was sure. Perhaps this was what was smelling so strong.

And she probed and probed with tongue and fingers, while occasionally releasing a spasm of ecstasy from the reciprocal probing below. Her own vagina was feeling so tender, so sensuous, so vulnerable as Emerald nibbled around its lips, her fingers probed almost knuckle deep into the moistness which was engulfing them, and her thighs shivered and trembled, and

her buttocks pushed themselves up without thought against Emerald's mouth, just as she could see her lover's crotch push up and down against her face. Blood filled her ears and she was unable to distinguish her gasps and the occasional cry from the rumbling clickety click of the steam train over the countryside tracks and the occasional hoot from the steam engine.

She barely noticed even the roar as the train entered a tunnel and all went pitch black and steam flooded the carriage. But she noticed the train's emergence as, with a flood of bright morning sun, she was once again able to appreciate the folds and contours of Emerald's crotch, so damp and sticky and burning with such unfamiliar warmth.

So intent was she on her lovemaking, that Beatrice hardly noticed the train slow down, the rhythm of the tracks becoming steadier and slower, and then come to a full stop at a station. She and Emerald continued exploring each other's crotches, the tongues slowly transferring their attention up the stomach, over the breasts and back to the mouths again, fingers still deep in each other's crotches, two, even three fingers, sticky and moist inside the welcoming holes, juice easing down the vagina and onto the pursed entrances of their anuses. Neither girl noticed as a young woman's face peered through the compartment window, a broad brimmed hat sheltering her eyes. Nor did they notice as the train picked up steam, and with a loud hoot, slowly began to pull out of the station. Behind the train, the guard lowered his large red flag while the train rumbled on.

But the girls did notice as the door to the compartment slid open. With a shriek, Beatrice looked up and behind her, almost relinquishing her hand from Emerald's crotch, as the woman who had peered through the window slid the door close behind her. She wore a pink and blue summer dress and was carrying a book in one hand while a straw bag was slung over her shoulder. She smiled at the girls, and then sat down at the opposite side of the compartment from where the two girls were, just by the door to the corridor, and continued smiling while she straightened herself. She lay her bag by her side and placed her hat on top of it. Then, with

no comment, she opened the book she was carrying and started reading it; seemingly more engrossed in fiction than whatever the girls were doing.

“What do we do?” hissed Beatrice, with Emerald on top of her and their bosom and faces squeezed close to each other.

“We continue,” whispered back Emerald. “She clearly doesn’t want us to disturb her reading, so why should she want to disturb us?”

“But ...” began Beatrice, but too late before Emerald’s mouth was once again glued to hers. Somehow the fact that there was someone else in the same compartment as them gave an extra impetus to their lovemaking, even if that someone seemed more interested in the works of E. M. Forster than in the girls’ passion.

At first this passion was more subdued, fingers stroking the outer surface and not exploring deeper, kisses more limited in scope, and tongues kept inside the lips. But gradually, as the young woman continued reading, occasionally crossing or uncrossing her legs, and more frequently turning a page of her book, the two girls returned to a degree of passion which was if anything more than that they’d experienced before. Even as they erupted in cries and shrieks, the young woman seemed barely to raise her eyes to see what was happening.

Even when Beatrice felt a sharp fingernail slide into her anus, lubricated by saliva and vaginal juices, there was no reaction from the young woman. Unless the slight adjustment of her skirt were some kind of a response. Beatrice had never had a finger in her anus before. It felt strange. Quite unnatural. And slightly sore. But also, as the finger pushed deeper into her, the very tightness of the aperture gave her a spasm of pleasure she’d never expected. Beatrice didn’t feel like reciprocating, and she wasn’t sure that her reluctance was evidence of politeness or lack of consideration. The leather of the seat beneath her was hot and sticky and clammy, while Emerald’s body above her was slippery and liquid and warm and firm.

And then the door to the compartment slid open again.

“Tickets please!” announced the guard.

With a start, the two girls sat up and hurriedly searched for their train tickets in their bags. The guard stood at the door with an impassive expression not betraying at all what he might think of the sight of two naked young girls, wearing only shoes and socks, with sweat pouring down their faces, hair damp and unkempt from the selfsame sweat, a glossy shininess on their chests, stomachs and crotches, and rather foolish faces. He took the girls’ proffered tickets, clipped them and handed them back with only a smile and a “Thank you.”

The young woman took rather longer than the girls to find her ticket, which eventually after rummaging in her bag, she located in a side pocket of her dress. This was the only evidence that either of the girls had that the woman might have been at all flustered by their lovemaking.

He clipped the ticket, stood by the door and bade the compartment farewell with a “Take care!” and was gone.

However, this coitus interruptus was sufficient to halt the girls’ lovemaking. Emerald put back on her underwear, skirt and blouse, while Beatrice sat opposite looking at her with a sad and slightly desolate expression. When Emerald settled down again, once more the innocent schoolgirl, Beatrice smiled.

“Shall we write to each other?”

“Write?” wondered Emerald.

“Yes. Letters.”

“Of course. Of course,” replied Emerald, who had no such intention of doing so. “We must exchange addresses.”

And so while Emerald wrote down the fictitious address of one of the girls from Blessington High who featured in her magazine, she thought all the while of how she would relate her adventures of having sex on her way back by train to a fresh term at school. It certainly beat Edith’s story of how she lost her virginity. Or even Belinda’s story of how she’d

made love to the maid-servant. And it really didn't need much embellishment either.

She smiled at Beatrice as she shyly handed over the neatly handwritten address of her school. Such a sweet girl! thought Emerald. Too weird, though, to have as a long-term prospect. This naturism thing was fun, but it wouldn't help a girl find a good match or a secure future. And she was even now rehearsing in her mind all those little details of her story which would make it so much more exciting when she'd tell her friends. And then the three of them would collapse together on the one bed, a mass of flesh and passion, fired up by her story of her making love while naked on the train.