**Zayden**

by LittleFrieda

**Sunday Morning**

The next morning, Zayden was up first, dragging her sleepy naked ass to the bathroom. Aaron was in there so she had to wait a short time for the door to open.

“Oh hi Zayden. You’re up early, early for this household.”

“Yeah. Mom says I have a small bladder. When’s breakfast?”

“This is Sunday.” Aaron replied. “If my Mom was here it would be 8:30, so we would be done in time for church. Now I don’t know.”

Zayden thought about the possibility of NO breakfast. “Well, if there’s nothing ready when we’re all up I’ll call my mom to organize an emergency food drop.”

“My dad might be able to get everything ready but thanks for the backup.”

Zayden was getting urgent messages from her bladder now. “Great! I gotta go, like, really gotta go. See you later.”

Done with that little chore and finally back in the girls room, Zayden passed the time looking out the window at a small nature preserve beyond the backyard. Some time later, as she contemplated the choice of going downstairs or poking Cathy awake …

Cathy finally broke out of her slumber. “Mpffpgh. Morning Zayden. What time is it?”

“Almost 8:30. How did you sleep?”

“Sleep was ok, no bad dreams. You’re naked! Oh that’s right, you’re a nudist now. And a peek under the covers says I’m one too.”

Zayden happily replied, “Yeah. Are you ready to go downstairs?”

Cathy was still clearing out the sleep fog, “I gotta pee first, and get dressed.”

“Dressed? Naw. Stay naked. Believe me, that very first nude walk down the stairs is just as big a screaming rush as when a roller coaster goes over the big hill. You’ll love it.”

“Really? OK OK. Will you wait for me, Zayden? And this afternoon I’m gonna wear my bikini to the spray park.”

Zayden waited for her friend to return from the toilet, then grabbed her arm and pointed to the stairs. “Wait! We need towels to sit on. Are they in this closet? Right. Let’s take 2 each. Now, grab my arm and we’ll go down. Let’s glide to the top of the stairs. Now step. Step. Step … around the bend and step again. More steps. Now we are at the bottom. How are you doing?”

“You’re right. My stomach is churning like a wild roller coaster ride. But it’s also fun. I wonder if I’ll ever get used to this.”

“That’s the spirit.” Zayden encouraged. “I hear cereal getting crunched in the kitchen. Let’s go meet the guys and eat.”

Aaron and his dad were surprised to see two naked girls come into the kitchen. Just yesterday it would have put the household into manic pandemonium. Today everything remained calm, as if this is the way life was meant to be. Cathy was very relieved that her dad didn’t jump up in a wild fit and demand that she go upstairs to put something on. He just smiled at her … such a change from her mother’s rules.

Zayden looked around the breakfast table and asked if anyone wanted some toast and jam. Only Mr Phillips said yes so he stood up to get the bread. Zayden took over the job of watching the toaster while Mr Phillips fetched the jam from the refrigerator and picked up 2 butter knives.

Idle chatter interspersed all this activity. The plan had been settled last night to spend the afternoon at the splash pad spray park, and not much of anything was set up for the morning activity. Taking the toast to the table, Zayden was getting a nice buzz from thinking about being allowed to walk naked all around her friend’s house with everyone around. And maybe she can go out to the yard too.

Cathy was getting her own emotional ride. Her father and brother weren’t ogling her, so there was no pressure to get dressed. But going against so much of her mother’s training by engaging in casual nudity in the kitchen, with guys right there, was like sticking her tongue on a 9 volt transistor battery. She was being naughty but no way would she get in trouble. “(This is such a trip.)” A thought was constantly drumming in her consciousness with every move, every time the guys looked in her direction: “(I’m naked! I’m naked!)” Looking over at Zayden she saw her friend’s movements, her attitude, her confidence. “(She’s naked too, but it doesn’t affect her at all. It’s like she doesn’t even know. She’s young. Will she grow out of it, or will I grow into it?)”

The morning went on. The girls were in a corner of the living room, sometimes watching a cooking show on the TV. Aaron was deep into a networked video game. Mr Phillips got an email from his wife demanding he send some trinkets that held sentimental value for her. Oh, and a box of family pictures. He snarked at the computer screen: “(Sure dear, I’ll get right on that.)”

Mr Phillips called out, “That reminds me. Aaron, can you please go get the mail? I forgot about it with the chaos yesterday.”

Zayden thought this was a perfect opportunity to take a stroll along the street. “I’ll go! Cathy! Come with me. Where’s the mailbox?”

“We have a group of boxes at the end of the block. I’ll get a sundress.”

“If you insist.” Zayden told her friend. “I’m gonna go like this.”

Making sure about that, Cathy asked “Are you sure? It’s not a quick dash.”

“Yeah, I’m sure. Forget the dress, let’s go!”

Cathy glanced over at her dad. She knew he had been listening but he showed no sign of issuing a veto. Not even a squeak to “GET DRESSED.”

Cathy decided to forgo the sundress. “In that case, I must be ready. I’m already ready, hahaha. I’ll get some sandals for you from the mud room.”

Up until this point, Cathy’s nudity had been in fairly static locations. Her room, a chair in the kitchen, in a corner with Zayden. This was her first time going mobile around the house and it was a new mental sensation. “(This is getting better and better.)” With the sandals in hand, she turned around and saw that Zayden was already out the front door, standing on the little porch. With a little shiver of anxiety, Cathy quietly said "Let's go."

The mail boxes are 6 houses away and the girls chattered constantly as they slowly strolled down the street. Until a boy went by on his bicycle that is. The girls stopped talking, and closely watched him go by. In order to not draw attention to themselves (as if being naked was not enough), they kept their heads pointed straight ahead but let their eyes track him. Like many people of all ages, he has no “situational awareness” and the girls’ lack of clothes did not register until he had gone 3 more houses up the street. Stopping and looking back, he decides that an evil monster is playing a trick on him for skipping church, so continues on his way.

When the boy is far enough away, Zayden says, “I think I know that guy. He’s one year behind me at school.”

Cathy hisses out in a demanding stage whisper, “ZAYDEN, Zayden, Zayden. How can you act like that? So normal when people go by? You’re naked and still so calm.”

“Oh, yeah. Yeah, I am. I guess I got used to no clothes. It seems normal now.”

“That’s what I mean. I am getting the screaming eenie meanies walking naked out here. My tummy is flip-flopping like it’s on your roller coaster about to jump off the rails into a ditch. Every random noise makes me freak out. You don’t even twitch. I don't want to be like you. I never want this feeling to end, I’m loving it too much.”

Zayden is pleasantly surprised at this. “Really? In that case, let’s go around the block to get back to your house.”

“OK, but let’s walk a bit faster. We don’t have sunscreen on.”

Just after they go around the next corner Zayden told her friend, “You know when I said ‘I got used to no clothes’? That’s not quite true. It’s still hard to believe that we can be out here naked. Also when I catch Ray or my brother looking at my boobies or kitty, I get a small jolt of happiness. Like when my dad lets me drink a glass of wine.”

Cathy replied, “Well, the thing that gooses me up the wazoo is: here we are walking around the block naked, and the only reason we are going fast, and I mean the ONLY reason, is that we didn’t put on any sunblock.”

Zayden declared, “And that is as it should be.”