**Zayden**

by LittleFrieda

**Sunday Noon**

With most of the neighborhood at church, nothing of import happens on the walk. Back at the house everyone lazes the morning away. A sudden knock at the front door by Buzz, Ray, and their mothers starts a Chinese Fire Drill. Nobody was ready for the trip to the park. Nothing was prepared, everyone ran around trying to do something. Ray’s mom calmed things down, saying there is already a hearty picnic lunch prepared, plenty of beach towels stacked up, and the cars have full tanks of gas. Cathy is back from a dash upstairs to fetch her new bikini and everyone manages to pick which car they want to travel in.

Arriving at the park, all the kids scramble out of the cars. The grups insist that the kids get busy slopping on a through coat of sunscreen while the parents carry the food to a shaded table. They see that the park is empty, which is not a surprise since most other families will be home eating an after church dinner. Also the park is new and opened up only this week so not many in the town know about it. They see that the park equipment includes misters, showers, a few short wet slides, and an array of fountains that shoot water up out of the walkway. There is a line of control buttons that park patrons, usually monopolized by kids, can push to direct the water.

Aaron and Cathy start applying the sunblock to themselves. When they look up to find help for their backs they are surprised to see Ray finish coating Zayden’s back, and then she calmly turns to stand nude in front of him with her arms stretched out to the side and a big smile while he spreads the cream over her breasts and tummy. Cathy wonders “(Is this part of nudism?)” Zayden’s mom volunteers to do the back of Aaron and she suggests that he put the goop on Cathy’s back, and that Cathy can make a chain and do Buzz’s back. As they all finish, MomZ compliments Cathy on her selection of bikinis.

When the kids are all done and off to the fountains, the adults work together to make sure they are covered with the sun goo. Naturally the conversation at the grown up table is centered around the troubles of Mr Phillips.

Helen starts the conversation with, “Sorry about what happened yesterday. Let us know if we can help you.”

Mr Phillips answered with, “Don’t be sorry. I’ve been expecting this for some time. It's been very stressful this last year. I’ve always been slim, but now my weight must be down to around 125 pounds. I don’t know how much lower it can go before bad things happen. These last few hours since she bugged out have been the most relaxing in years. When she brought Cathy back yesterday and yelled about being topless, I held my tongue. Then she started in about her sister’s ‘family beaches’ where girls wear tops and don’t wear thongs. So Aaron piped up with: “Those beaches in Asia, Africa, and Europe … they’re all doing it wrong.” When she saw ALL of us were not going along with her views, that’s when she blew up. On the bright side, there was never any hallway sex …”

Helen interrupted, “Hallway sex”? What’s that?”

Mr Phillips explained, “That’s when you pass each other in the hall and snarl ‘Fuck you!’ at each other. I don’t hate her, I think she gave our marriage her best shot and it simply didn’t work out. It’s the kids I worry about.”

Robin was reassured. “Glad you have an upbeat attitude. You work in the daytime. If you want us to help with the kids we will be happy to do that. From fixing food to taking them in as ‘daycare’.”

Mr Phillips glanced over at the kids under the spray nozzles. “They are old enough to refrain from killing themselves while they are home alone, but yeah. A daily ‘ping’ to the house about 1:00 would be nice, whenever you don’t have them for the day. Thanks.

By the way, not that I am complaining, but how is it legal to be naked in public?”

Helen went into teacher mode. “Now that is an interesting story! Do you remember back in The Time Of COVID? The whole world went through some big political changes. ‘Clean the stables.’ they said. ‘Drain the swamp’ they said. Here in this region most of the old time conservatives were replaced by new hard liners. With that changeover, the legislatures lost a lot of institutional knowledge about how laws were made. You can’t simply turn to an aid and say ‘I have an idea. Here, write this down and I’ll zip it over to the chamber for a vote.’ It takes real WORK. The old timers tried to warn them but there were too many newbies and they refused to listen. Love them or hate them, the new conservatives made their mark all right, but were totally incompetent at the dreary, boring minutia of writing laws.

Can you believe it? Here we are running around naked because they botched a law that was supposed to forbid cities from having COVID mask mandates. ‘Coverings shall not be required …’ or some such.”

Mr Phillips finally understood some things in his past. “Wow! I remember my wife raging up at defeats and crowing about all her victories. Oddly, she never brought up any of the screwy unintended side effects. No offense meant, ladies. Considering where we started from, just a few years ago, I am pleased at how all this turned out.”

Soon Ray left the spray and mist showers, coming back to the table with a worried look on his face. “Mrs Lytton! You have a spider on your ... boob.”

Helen looks down to see what could possibly be the problem. “What? Oh no! It's not a spider. Ray, come here sweetie. First, you need to say the correct names. This bump on the top is called the ‘nipple’. The coloring around it is called ‘areola’. Even the little bumps that surround the areola have a name, ‘Montgomery’s Glands’ A rather strange name, isn’t it? They provide lubrication while babies suckle. Behind those and inside are milk glands, they have little tubes that come out the nipple to feed milk to babies, and the thing that pushes it all out from my rib cage are some layers of fat and connective tissue. The whole assembly is called a ‘breast’. And you don’t have to be ashamed and say it quietly. You wouldn’t go so quiet if there was a spider on my arm, would you?

Ray’s mom spoke up with “Heh. 200 years ago he would. ‘Arms’ and ‘legs’ were forbidden words. He would have to say ‘You have a spider on your LIMB.’ As if us women are trees!”

“Well, we aren’t trees any more, are we?” Helen said more as a declaration than a question. “Half of every adult human that ever lived has had breasts. It’s not like you need to keep it a secret. So Ray, can you please repeat what you said with the proper words?”

“Mrs Lytton. You have a spider on your breast.”

“Much better. Thank you. But this is not a spider, it’s a bit of jewelry, made up of a few different parts. The main part is a nipple ring. Let me pull on it so you can see it goes through my nipple, not glued or clamped on. These other parts are decorations that go around the nipple and make a complete set. They are stuck on with a weak glue. Sorta like post-it note glue. This jewelry is a few years (well, decades) old and I’ve lost some parts. That’s why only one breast is decorated like this. It does kinda look like a spider, doesn’t it.”

Ray is satisfied that he has averted an arachnid crisis so he goes back to the fountains. Cathy is having trouble keeping her boobs in her bikini bra, just like yesterday. She looks around to be sure there are no strangers present and goes to the adult table. “Dad, do you think it would be ok if I take my top off? It keeps dropping down too much. There’s no one else here.”

Mr Phillips tells his daughter, “Of course it’s ok. In this state girls can go without a top anywhere that boys are allowed to. It’s been that way for many years, decades even. It’s just that no women ever took advantage of that freedom.”

As Cathy slowly pulls her top off, Mr Phillips is discreetly watching … closely watching. He is surprised at how much different her nipples are from his wife’s. “(Are they really from Janet’s genes? Maybe they’re from my mother’s genes.)” For all the years of his marriage, he saw his wife nude maybe once a week if he was lucky. That left a big question about Janet’s view of him: “(Why did she hide from me and treat me like a stranger?)” This easy, constant, casual nudity of the Zayden family was bringing back the joy of life. He was becoming increasingly determined to bring it into his own household.

It took great effort to keep his eyes on Cathy’s face as she walked to his side and handed over her top. “(It’s like a drink of water in the desert, but don’t gulp it too fast and be a perv.)” When he DID glance down at her chest, he knew Cathy saw that. Thinking fast … “Oh, Cathy. Grab the sunscreen and get a good coating on your breasts. You don’t have any tan protection there. (Whew! That was close.)”

Cathy took care of this, then had her father look them over for his approval. The sound of raucous laughter drew her back to the fountains.

20 minutes later Cathy is back to drink some iced water.

Robin asked her, “Cathy, that bikini bottom must be a new fashion that I have not seen before. Why did you pick that one?”

“Well, it’s almost a thong. I bought it on the trip to the beach. The back has only a bit of my cheeks showing, maybe a quarter of the way up, and the sides are almost like a normal bikini. The only full bottom bikinis were too old fashioned, or one piece types. I was hoping I could slip this by Mom.”

“I see. Did you ever look at the front?”

“No.” Cathy admitted. “I’ve just put it on and run out … Oh. My. God. Where is the front? It’s so thin! I can feel it, but it disappears into my kitty. Wow! If mom had seen that, I don’t know what she would have done. Dad, do we have anything else that I can change into?”

“No honey, sorry.”

Robin tried to calm Cathy, “I think it looks cute. It works like a thong but in the front. It’s just like cleavage.”

“Cathy, I know something about boys.” her father said, and he certainly would. “If they had seen your bikini front they would be ape-shit crazy by now and you’d already know about it, so they must still think it's a normal bottom. You could take it off and go nude like Zayden. The boys will look at you for a few minutes, then go back to being normal boys. If they become aware of what your bottom really is, they will NOT EVER look away. They’re gonna stare … forever. When you are naked, you are just naked. But that thong screams ‘LOOK AT ME’.”

Cathy shyly asked, “You think I should take it off, Dad? Is that allowed?”

“Zayden is here nude, and her mom is also. We adults have just been chatting about that. I’m sure it’s allowed. And I am sure you will be more comfortable naked with the boys than when they see you in this.”

So Cathy adopts the attire of Zayden. Sure enough the boys looked at her hard for a few minutes, then it became normal and they went back to playing in the fountains. Soon they take a break for a late snack, then back to the water.

About an hour later a young couple came to the spray park with a small toddler. The parents were nervous at first, because there can be accidents when big kids play near little kids. They relaxed after a few minutes having seen the care Zayden’s group was taking, and did not express any concern that the girls were naked. Cathy was especially worried about that since she has some noticeable breast development that sets her apart from Zayden’s appearance. She cannot be confused for a boy or little girl any longer. But that was never a worry, the youngster's parents appreciated the way all the big kids helped the little tyke to have a riotous good time. Some of the spray up fountains were embedded in the sidewalk and arranged in a wide circle. An older kid hit a particular control button and everyone ran in the circle to stomp on the water as the fountains jetted up out of the ground. The little toddler especially liked that activity. Eventually the family left to give the baby his nap time.