**A Topless Texas Tradition**

by secondsamuel

*A college girl is dared to spend the day topless.*

**A Topless Texas Tradition: Chapter One**

 I'll keep giving credit to Sprite for convincing me to pimp out stories. This one will end on an abrupt cliffhanger, but in thirty seconds I promise to publish part two. Like most of my stories, this first appeared on literotica where my other work can be found.

 "Oh, come on, I'm not falling for an April Fool's joke," I said, balancing the phone against my hair, as I thought about what I was actually going to wear to class tomorrow.

 Most of my clothes were dirty. Anyways. I had this idea that if I just aired out my bras somehow, they would be okay indefinitely to wear over and over again. I fit into a DDD-cup at Victoria's Secret, but I have a suspicion it was only because Victoria's Secret didn't carry anything higher than a DDD cup and so they just pulled the largest size they had and convinced the girls with the bigger breasts that these undergarments actually fit through "sister sizes." But mine never did- at least not quite right. Though, I never seemed to notice in the store.

 "Google it if you want. I did it myself," my sister said casually.

 "You walked around the campus naked?" I asked incredulously.

 "Not naked. Topless. It's legal in Austin. Besides, it's like an Austin State University tradition."

 "So, everyone goes around naked to class all day?"

 "Not everyone. Obviously, it's mostly guys that go around shirtless, missing the point. But yeah, probably half of the girls will go topless at some point or another. Most of them don't during class, but if you do, it's not really a big deal."

 "No way," I said flatly.

 "It's really not anything once you get used to it. It happens all over Austin. I mean 'keep Austin weird' right? You should totally do it this year."

 "So, I just...don't wear a top? Just show up to my morning class naked?"

 "I mean, if you want," she said. "Who knows- you might make an A."

 "It's Philosophy 101 at Austin State University: the Janitor's making an A," I retorted.

 "Hey, it was good enough for me!"

 My sister was incredibly proud of her career. Emily was nearly thirty now and had spent the past eight years as an elementary school teacher in her hometown. She had had her college experiences, enjoyed them to the point that she was always talking about them, and then settled down to have a family. Though that never seem to bother her, I couldn't imagine myself deciding to settle down ten years from now- giving up on my dreams for the comfort and stability of a 'normal' life.

 I used to be more outgoing. For two years after high school, I did nothing but travel and stay with friends. I lived the crazy, party, no tomorrow, blackout drunk, no idea I had been fucked life and I was done with that. I reached a bottom at twenty and changed completely. I was serious about getting my grades together and getting into a real college, like the University of Texas, especially since I majored in art and loathed the idea of teaching. So now, two years later, I spent more time inside: reading, studying, drawing, and painting rather than flirting or thinking about going around topless.

 Though, as I considered it, when I was home (I scored a single dorm), I did spend a lot of time naked, a lot of time taking pictures of myself (no faces) that made it to "rate my boobs" sites (my record had been 7.3), reading and watching all matter of porn before masturbating myself into a coma, cumming over and over again. Between work and studying, I barely had time to talk, and the time I did have I poured into my passion.

 Now that Emily's identity was inseparable from that of mother, it was almost hard to imagine her going along with a college tradition which seemed so interestingly sensual. But even though she was my sister, right now I was thinking about how exciting her life had been, how exciting it would be to walk stark naked around the campus all day, showing off every inch of my body, having someone finally see me. It wasn't that I wanted to be a sexual object; nudity just always seemed natural to me. I was often the subject of my own paintings; my breasts drawn in every angle, at every curve, all showing off how they sloped down at just the right angle and curved under with just the right fullness.

 I always thought I was okay to look at, pretty, even on the right day, but it had to be the right day. I had done away with the busty, rebel girl driven more from angst than actual anger and now emphasized the simple. I wore glasses now; usually, I did my hair up in a messy bun or ponytail, bangs constantly falling over my lens-shielded eyes. But when I tried, when I actually bothered to straighten my long brown hair, to put on an outfit than emphasized the right curves, to flaunt my femininity, well, I could turn a few heads.

 I just didn't know that I wanted all the attention anymore. Attention had made me do some pretty risky, pretty stupid, pretty scary things. Scary, not because the things put me in immediate peril, but because even the perverse excitement that comes from knowing any second I might be caught riding the cock of this random guy on a park bench gave me almost too much satisfaction. That I so eagerly sought these overly sexual exposures and displays, scared me sometimes.

 So, I sought them out in porn, in art, in erotica. Brunette woman, with darker skin like mine, tall, athletic yet feminine, finding themselves being the subject of everyone's attention. In real life, the men I chose were temporary and disposable, replaceable and largely irredeemable.

 Everything changed for me in the middle of a one-night stand. I mean, literally during the middle as he was inside of me, I had a life-changing epiphany. This guy, not bad looking, was doing alright, I guess, though he was one of those who needed to ask about my orgasm in the same tone as a status report. And when he asked again (it wasn't happening), I thought, God, I could be drawing, I could be making something in the world, and creating something that would make me happy.

 It sounds cliched, but I focused on me. Instead of surrendering to my urges to do something wild, fun, or sexual, I started working part-time, took out loans, and went to college two years late, having done the wild spin out earlier. Sure, I still had needs, I just had other things to do than guys.

 I found value in other things: in working hard, in earning my grades, and especially through improving my art.

 In doing things for me.

 I'm here at this Podunk school long enough to put together a portfolio good enough to submit to some real school.

 "So why not? Who's gonna know?"

 My sister cut into my thoughts again. I couldn't believe she was still trying to sell me on this, but not as much as I couldn't believe that I was listening to her argument. My sister had continued to talk after I'd drifted off into thought, ignoring the actual voice for the ones competing inside my own head.

 "Look, I mean you've been in school for a year and a half now," Emily said. "Really, Morgan, when else are you going to be able to walk into a building without a shirt and show off what our mama gave us? Not when you have two kids and a husband."

 "I'm not doing it," I insisted.

 "Look, Google it," Emily insisted once more. "You say you're serious about this art thing, so come on! Experiment a little! Fuck, live a little, get out of the dorm. You have your 3.5. Might as well enjoy yourself before you're slaving away behind the brush for nothing."

 "I won't slave away for nothing..." I cut in. "I'll just become a teacher like everybody else."

 I guess it would be below the belt if Emily cared about things like that. She had a supernatural sort of patience and an infuriating sense of condescending self-righteousness that translated from her work into her social interactions. Being nearly ten years younger than her didn't help, especially when Emily was left alone to babysit me. Back then it was all about covering up for her. Hiding cigarette butts, wine bottles, or more often boxes, and of course marijuana. Rebellion hit hard in her early twenties- protests, activist groups, 'save the earth so long as you're also smoking it' rallies. Then she met her husband John, and the phase passed...

 Maybe I was missing out.

 We talked about bullshit for a while, but I found myself still thinking about my sister, walking class to class with her perky little tits out for everyone to see. I kept wondering what her professors had thought, what her friends had said, or if everyone had just accepted it is normal. Of course, I Googled it and found that the tradition dated back to Austin's rather progressive laws promoting topless equality.

 The tradition started in Austin State as a way of making fun of the more enlightened alumni of the puritanical Texas A&M was well-documented. Some girls even wore Aggie shirts to take off and burn. There were probably a few hundred committed to participating this year, though I figured maybe half would back out simply due to social norms, but it seemed like the movement had a progressive point about gender equality.

 I found several legitimate-looking sites, using April Fools' Day as a platform to call out the foolish double standard that allowed men to behave one way while forcing women to behave another. There were dozens of different messages, even a Facebook group. These people were actually gonna do it and begged people to join them. And it was all about equality, the right to take back our bodies as something to be shown as we chose!

 Yes, I had suddenly found my stupid college cause, but it was fun to feel connected to my campus as I prepared to leave it.

 That this happened here, endeared the college to me. People were actually going to do this! I could hardly believe it. That women, for whatever reason, and there seem to be dozens of them, would stand together and show off their bodies as a sign of unity seem like something I could only take part in during college. How could I pass up an opportunity so unique? This wasn't doing a keg stand then streaking through the city like that one dumb-ass Will Ferrell movie that just came out. This actually meant something.

 But there was something else.

 Something inside of me. Something that made me take out a razor and make sure to leave only the barest landing strip, even though I knew no one would be able to see my pussy. It was the same thing that made me reach under my blankets and start playing below the little tuft of hair I had left, softly touching my clitoris as I moved around slowly and softly, in gentle circles, teasing myself even with the moves I knew would work to perfection. Putting myself over the edge as quickly as possible, not because it was a chore, not because I needed the sleep, but because I needed to be satisfied as I thought about showing myself off to the campus.

 I don't remember falling asleep.

 I do remember the next day as a kind of continuation of lying in bed, debating back and forth if I would actually join in the fun. I hadn't actually heard anybody talk about it, but then again, when did I really ever talk to anybody? I spent all my time reading between classes, my textbooks or whatever novel I was worming my way through. I might have never noticed something like this.

 A few times I got up in the middle of the night and started looking through the official website. Of course, it wasn't on the school's website, but there were plenty of people posting and giving advice about how to ease into it. And I already knew of places like Barton Springs where it was perfectly common for women to just spend time topless in the middle of a public park. No one ever said anything on the official government website, and could I really imagine asking one of the university tour guides, hey is it okay if I take my top off? But Austin was one of the few places in Texas that actually allowed women to legally go topless. The rest of the state had the whole Panhandle up its ass about the very idea.

 I hit the alarm on my phone before it went off, having spent all night working up the courage to join in on this political statement. I doubted that the creator of the site did so for truly altruistic motives, nor that nudity could be entirely divorced from sexuality. But outside of one guy, which was actually more a best friend than dating thing, my sexual experience had been staggeringly unimpressive lately, largely frustrating and stunted. I remember once being flirtatious, fun, and fucking all sorts of boys, notice I say fucking, not dating, because I wasn't serious, about anything back then, especially my fucking grades. Even now, I only really cared about painting.

 But God, doesn't everybody? Don't we all want to be some form of artist or entertainer? So, to have an actual career, I need a doctorate from a school with a respected degree. A place like the University of Texas where the name actually counted. So, if I didn't earn my GPA in these two years, I was fucking screwed, so I had no time to get fucked nor screwed at the moment.

 So why not? I didn't have any friends here, and only a month left until I could transfer out. I could afford myself some fun.

 I was up early enough to actually care about my appearance. If I was going to go actually show the world my breasts, it wasn't going to be looking like some creepy bag-lady or a lazy slob who ran out of clean underwear, even if the latter was somewhat true.

 I didn't want to overdo it, just polish myself up. Tinted sunscreen to even out my skin tone, mascara to frame my eyes and a lip stain just a shade rosier than my own. I wanted to look good, but like I hadn't tried to look good, so I just combed my hair out, emphasizing my bangs, my dark hair flowing down and stopping just below my breasts.

 I ran a few inches under six foot, tall enough for a goalkeeper. I didn't run every day anymore, so I'd gained a few pounds, but it spread out well enough over my figure. Of course, I knew where every inch of flab had replaced my once entirely muscular body, but only I could notice. I still held an athletic figure.

 No matter what, no matter how I tried, I always felt a sense of doubt. But I had played soccer in high school, at least my freshman and sophomore year when I actually gave a shit. When I quit soccer, it was really only my art teacher who kept me from dropping out of school altogether and doing God knows what, other than smoking weed, wasting time, and sucking every guy who looked hot.

 My body may have gained a few pounds, but I wore it in all the right places. I was an Amazonian Queen when I could muster the courage, and today, I knew I could. But I've always felt so self-conscious about my breasts, not the size, but my nipples. They always seem so big next to the porn stars with their artificial breasts and specially selected attributes. I did a turn in the mirror and saw how I looked, knowing that whenever I bent over even the slightest bit, it looked like they sagged downward simply due to their size. It was as always something I worried about, and one of the reasons I was so easy for so long. None of the men did anything but worship them, and I always craved that attention to sap away at my insecurities.

 Because to me, my nipples also seemed a little too puffy, especially when I was cold or aroused. The tips stood out like almost little buttons or nubs that didn't seem normal compared everybody else's. But it'd been months since anyone noticed them in person. I didn't know which was worse that I couldn't remember the last time I had sex or that I couldn't remember the last guy.

 I gave myself a look in the mirror. I had straightened my hair, my bangs stopping just before my eyelashes. My legs looked long and luscious, their dark tan drawing attention from the horribly short skirt I had chosen, one that I'm sure showed every inch of my most defining feature. I looked again at my breasts, trying not to judge myself. And then I realized this was the most time I had spent getting ready the entire semester.

 How lame.

 I think it was that thought, that sudden realization when I finally decided to hell with this and marched towards my dorm door.

 My class is at seven, an ungodly time that no one would choose unless they had last choice as freshmen, like me. The hallways were clear, except for the random brightly colored leaflets and posters hanging over the communal space that touted the ability to join and do anything because everybody is crammed all into this tiny building. Inwardly, I felt I was lucky enough to have my own space.

 I peeked out at the hallway, inching my way towards doing what I already decided in my head would be the easiest thing in the world. As if someone just seeing my breasts would just be the most casual normal thing in the world today. I had made up my mind but that didn't mean I was prepared to actually skip out the dorm door shaking my tits back and forth like a 'Girls Gone Wild' girl.

 So, I ducked my head out one more time, and then sort of crept down the hallway, as well as someone can creep wearing heels and the miniskirt I had chosen that showed exactly the right amount of leg, nearly all of it. I was sure that if I bent over, every inch of my orange thong would've been visible. There was a reason I hadn't worn this outfit before and would not have if anything else had been clean or made sense without a top.

 As I took each step, there was something that slowly made me feel safer. I had my books clutched against my breasts like a shield at first, as if this position would somehow preserve my modesty. I looked like a schoolgirl going to class for the first time with my books pressed against my bare chest as I made my way outside. Again, I found myself grateful that no one was around. All the confidence that I had in my own room, after spending so much time making myself up and getting ready for a class I usually showed up to with bags under my eyes and little more than pajamas had dissipated into a thin cloud of vanishing self-esteem.

 That my classmates, even if there were over fifty of them in my philosophy class, would certainly see my breasts when I put down the book to actually highlight what the professor said, hadn't really hit home yet. I was sure it would be all stares. Certainly, more than when the blonde girl bothers to show up. The thought of all those eyes watching me, all those boys shifting uncomfortably in the seats, made me more than just excited about a cause. There was something so exotically thrilling about the idea of being seen. Of having everyone notice me.

 Of having someone think of fucking me.

 I still had no idea what I would do when I saw an actual person. It's a 7 AM class and I'm the type that's usually thirty minutes early, so campus was completely empty. I kept looking around and seeing no one, so eventually, I dropped my guard a little bit. It was still so early; I must have been the first one in. Panic thoughts hit me that I might be the only one who goes through with this, and this might actually be just some bullshit April Fool's Joke.

 But after all, my sister did it.

 And the only barely rational part of me keeping my heart from forcing its way past my throat, keeping me from bolting, was the thought that it was already too late. I had to go through with this.

 And there it was. My first chance to show someone my uncovered body. He was running down on the grass, eyes straight ahead as he jogged along one of the many paths on campus. He was the type that was always running without a shirt on, and honestly, neither of us would go unnoticed for entirely different reasons. He didn't quite have a six pack or anything, but his muscles were well-defined, and there's a part of me that gets excited about that type of guy seeing me. Well not just seeing me...

 He didn't seem to notice me at first; he was at a far enough distance away. Normally he wouldn't turn his head at me, but that day I was not wearing anything. He's far enough away on the other side of the sidewalk, oblivious, so I didn't feel the need to hold my books tightly to my chest. I even managed to let them drop, enough for him to see most of me. He didn't notice at first; he just kept jogging, and then he slowed for just a second, his eyes darting towards my nipples. I didn't know what to do other than cock my head and raise an eyebrow, hoping I'm far enough away that the gesture does not make me seem offended. He kept running, a little slower, more jogging in place as I continued my normal route towards the Harrington building.

 I couldn't believe it.

 He must have really liked what he saw.

 And that turned me on.

 But he was hot. Really hot, in the old fashioned rugged sense. I didn't get much of a look, but any man shirtless and running this early in the morning had something going on for them.

 Would it turn me on when it was some heavy breathing pervert or an older, lecherous professor?

 Part of me thought it would.

 Just being outside, just enjoying the sun starting to shine on my breasts, glowing over my whole body as I started my day being someone new. I tried not to look down; I knew my breasts were moving with me. I could only imagine and hope that it was a show worth watching.

 At least that jogger confirmed it.

 As I headed towards the center of campus, there were a few people around. A bus dropped off about a dozen people, and I quickly brought my books up to my chest, hiding little more than my nipples. As everyone started to disperse in their own direction, I noticed this uptight bitch give me this scoff as she stormed off, taking a wide berth all the way around me in the other direction.

 Fuck her.

 Everyone else just sort of walked past me, a few guys take a moment to linger, but no one had the nerve to come within ten feet of me except this one tiny, petite, and probably younger girl. Her reddish-brown hair was done up in a ponytail, and she was wearing an oversized T-shirt, black with Lou Reed and the words "Coney Island Baby" across her chest, along with some jean shorts. She was pretty, though probably like me starting to be concerned about the freshman fifteen that was starting to appear.

 "Long night?" she asked good-naturedly. "You know I might have a sweater, things usually get cold in my class. Wait! That's where I know you from!"

 "What?" I still couldn't believe I was actually talking to someone so casually without clothes.

 "Did you lose your things last night? We've all been there."

 "Oh no, sorry, I'm just new to the whole April Fool's tradition."

 "April Fool's tradition?"

 "I didn't know either, but my sister went here back in '99. Apparently, April Fools' Day is the day that Austin City College celebrates that Austin has sane laws about being topless."

 "Are you sure? I've never heard of it, and it's my sophomore year."

 That made me nervous, but my sister said not everybody did it. It would be easy to miss, especially if what she was referring to was largely nude sunbathers. I went to Barton Springs all the time as a kid but never noticed that on the top of the hill, women shed their bikini tops for all the world to see. It wasn't until later that I read about it.

 "My sister did," I said as if that decided it.

 "Oh, so you come from a very brave family," she remarked.

 "Not really, just a broke-ass one, which is why I'm here."

 Which was partly true. My mother and father both worked as teachers, so not going to college was never really presented as a viable option. But there wasn't a lot of money to attend an expensive private school like Baylor or Rice even if I'd had the grades. Instead, I'd spent the better part of two years drifting from city to city, party to party, following this friend or that friend, getting fucked and fucked up.

 "Plus," I added. "I ran out of bras that actually fit today."

 She laughed at this. She wasn't wearing a bra underneath her T-shirt, something I never could have pulled off, but I doubted she'd ever had difficulty finding one that fit.

 "I'm Sammy by the way," she said. "Or Sam, but never Samantha."

 For someone who was awake for a class at 7 AM and hadn't bothered to get ready, she exuded an oddly energetic charisma, an almost spritely energy as if something had shaken her awake, especially considering her dress indicated she clearly wasn't a morning person.

 I liked her immediately. I could feel the cover of the textbook pressed against my hardening nipples. I was excited. I was having fun. And that other girl with a sneer in the upturned nose can fuck herself so long as this girl is nice about it.

 Sometimes being confident is all about just finding just one person to accept that weird part of yourself, even if they don't reciprocate.

 "I'm Morgan," I said, extending my right arm, and forgetting myself as a change from the protective stance I had with my textbook, leaning forward enough so that I'm sure she could see all of my right breast. I had to calm myself down, take a deep breath, and remind myself that she wouldn't be talking to me at all if she felt that all uncomfortable.

 "Well, Morgan, I admire your courage, going around campus like this, but we actually have to get to class. Can you believe I signed up for a 7 AM Philosophy course? That's it. I need to hear bright and early, all about how we all secretly want to fuck our fathers."

 "You have Dr. Spiros too?"

 "Oh my god, yes. I guess we never sat near each other or I would probably remember you more,"

 "Well, I'm usually not dressed like this," I commented.

 And with the new confidence in this newfound confidant, I let my textbook drop to my side, pushing my hip out to one side in a way that I hope revealed my entire chest in a flattering way. I knew from experience, and from the photos I took, but never posted whenever I felt sexy enough, but if I bent over, simply the size of my breasts would make them look like they fell down a little more. No matter how many times I told myself that this was nothing to be self-conscious about, sometimes I longed for the body of petite, pixie-like goddesses.

 My favorite type of porn was the public disgrace series, but I had to really be in a mood. And now there I was, parading myself around in public like one of those girls being led around by some domineering mistress before being led into some seedy bar or upscale mansion to be passed around like a toy.

 I doubt I could ever go that far

 But part of me wanted to.

 Especially now that I could see more and more eyes shifting in my direction. And while there was certainly wonder, shock, and even judgment, I was drowning in the lust-filled attention. After a long wait, I was the object of sexual desire again.

 But god was it fucking nerve-wracking.

 Just standing in front of her topless as a campus started to pick up, suddenly seemed too far. Samantha, I mean, Sam acted like she didn't notice, almost artificially, as though by not addressing my nudity avoided any need to look away or blush, even though my breasts were almost at eye level for her. An awkward silence sort of hung in the air until I could hear a few hoots in the distance, probably from some lucky perv who just got their first sex story to tell in college.

 I could feel myself turn bright pink and had to look down. My books went up to my breasts again, shielding them from the noxious assholes of the world who can't just let women be without turning every inch of them into intrusive fantasies. Yeah, I wanted them to look, and to even enjoy my body, just don't whistle about it.

 "Do you want me to walk with you?" Sam asked, genuinely concerned.

 "You don't mind?"

 "That guy was a fucking asshole! See if I won't bitch slap the next one,"

 We laughed and made our way to the Harrington building, where we both had been taking the same Intro to Philosophy class without knowing it. Somehow during the conversation, I'd nearly forgotten that I was walking around my college campus wearing nothing but the smallest skirt and the tiniest thong. I saw some glances, a group of girls sitting on part table averted their eyes and glanced at their phones as they openly tried not to notice me. I saw a heavyset man, pretending really hard to be reading a book on the grass as we reached the doorway.

 As Sam held open the door for me, I paused for a second. Something about the taboo of entering a public building topless, even though I had been sauntering outside with the confidence of a porn star, suddenly seemed too far.

 "What's the matter?" asked Sam. "Trust me, you've got nothing to be worried about."

 "Really?"

 "Oh, I'd kill for your boobs. They're everything I imagined mine would be."

 "Oh, come on, I'm sure yours are fine."

 She looked at me as though I had just hit her in the gut.

 "More than fine, actually," I flailed. "I'm sure they're great. Voluptuous, um..."

 Thankfully, she saved me.

 "It's okay, don't throw your back out trying to save that one," Sam said. "You don't really strike me as the type that would pay particular attention to a woman's body."

 "Now and then I've done a little more than just notice."

 I don't know why I lied. I'd never done anything more than kiss a girl. And yes, I guess I liked it, though I would not write a pop hit about it.

 "Sure," she said. "It's college after all. That's what you're doing right now, experimenting."

 She cocked her head a little bit, indicating my bare breasts.

 "So, are you doing this? It's not too late to back out; I don't know about you but I could afford to skip a class."

 So could I, but I'd come this far and wasn't about to chicken out, not even as an older professor, clearly in his early sixties walked past me making no effort to even avert his eyes. Somehow, I willed myself forward into the building. Social osmosis prevented every polite person but Sam from talking to me or making it obvious that they were glancing at me, though some couldn't help it.

 I did my best not to notice.

 Well really, I just tried not to make it so obvious that I enjoyed being noticed.

 I could feel a noticeable change in temperature inside the building. Harrington was always a little frigid, and my nipples instantly hardened. I tried not to look down to my breasts, doing so from that angle tends to dissipate any of the confidence I've built up. Still, it's hard not to occasionally glance down and see the gentle slope of my bare body and feel self-conscious, especially indoors. As I walked towards the lecture hall, I could feel myself losing my nerve. I could imagine the view, them seeming my boobs bounce up and down as I took each step down the stairs. I think Samantha more than understood. She touched my shoulder delicately as I descended awkwardly.

 I tried not to make eye contact with another guy staring at me, but it didn't quite work. It wasn't an all-at-once thing, but I might as well have entered with a siren blaring naked girl, naked girl, or screamed at the top of my lungs like some doorman to some seedy strip club in New Orleans or Las Vegas. It seemed like every head had turned, every mouth opened, with everyone whispering and pointing at me, even as social pressure dictated that no one do any such thing.

 Eventually, the room became deathly quiet, and I worried I had made some tremendous mistake. I was the only one naked, what had I really expected? I let myself get worked up with an impossible fantasy instead of coming the two or three times I usually needed to feel satisfied. I wondered if I had just worked myself up with the idea of finally doing something sexual after so long. Now I was the weird chick on campus for the next month. I would've run out of their screaming if not for the social inertia, the artificial construct that flies directly into the face of the fight or flight reflex. The deer-in-the-headlights pause human beings can also feel when confronted with their own unnatural sense of shame.

 And I thought I was so fucking progressive.

 And still that part of me was underneath, lurking, lying to me, chipping away at all my confidence.

 I'd like to think my cause gave me courage, but that would be bullshit. It was a sort of stubborn pride that for some reason made me feel that to walk into a classroom naked and then walk out as if I suddenly realized I had forgotten to put on the top, would've seemed more ditzy and fucking dumb than deliberately having no sense of modesty.

 There weren't any seats available except up in the front, so somehow, I summoned the sheer will to take each tentative step slowly down the room, past over 100 eyes. Each step seemed to last an eternity, especially with the knowledge that the wrong bend, the wrong step, the wrong angle and I'd probably be giving the whole classroom a fine view up my tiny skirt. I kept scanning for an empty chair, but wasn't going to work my way through one of the rows. It was hard enough to sit next to Sam, unreal enough to feel like the stereotypical nightmare finally realized by my own stupidity. I would probably be thrown out of class, at the very least, expelled or arrested despite Austin's liberal laws. It was all I could do to sit my ass in one of the awkward, left-handed desks in the corner, the first I could grab, as I let Samantha move awkwardly past me to sit in the desk to my immediate right.

 Of course, that meant I got a firsthand look at the reaction of everyone who moved past me to the last remaining seats right in front of the professor's podium. Several guys were very blatant about where their eyes were leering, and I couldn't suspend my disbelief about being the center of attention. I also couldn't keep my books close to my chest the entire class. With a deep breath, I put my notebook and textbooks on the desk.

 The professor walked in through the side door. Dr. Spiros was from Athens and looked it. He had dark black hair, thick glasses, and the sharp chin to go with the thin, wiry and tall frame. For a man in his late 40s, he certainly had his effect on me as a lecturer. If there was a professor I wanted to respect me, he was probably it, not that I hadn't asked all my professors for help at some time or another. I tend to care about my grades for once, and for the most part, my instructors appreciated that I prepared while others procrastinated and partied the tuition away.

 "Okay class, apologies for being late," Dr. Spiros began. "I think we left off with hubris, something that would be an excellent start for a thesis in your comparative essay. Hopefully, by now you're finished Antigone; I'd like to direct you to a couple of comparisons between the obstinate stubbornness that drives both her and Creon to- "

 He stopped for a second, clearly having spotted me after glancing into the crowd.

 "Class for the next two minutes, please talk amongst yourselves," he said, now clearly walking towards me. "Or, for those of you who haven't read the material and are trying to fake your way through this course, you might actually try picking up the book."

 I could not blink. My eyes stood transfixed and shocked as he made his way towards me as if I had not expected any sort of confrontation from walking around campus topless. As if I was the normal one, and everyone else was weird. I suddenly felt so conscious about the way I was seated and tried to adjust myself to appear more at ease. I slightly pushed my chest forward, sucked in my stomach a little bit, and did my best to look like some big boobed hottie that had every right to be here.

 It didn't really matter that Dr. Spiros tried not to call me out in front of the class. No one was looking at the textbook, and certainly, no one was talking. They were all listening to the professor and what he was trying to say in a quiet manner to me without coming too close. It was almost like a stage whisper.

 "I am certain that you have prepared an explanation, Morgan," Dr. Spiros said his quietly as he could from a few short steps below.

 "I do have one, yes, I'm... Well, you see," I said.

 And then stopped

 "Take your time, collect yourself," he said patiently. "I assume this is not some sort of a joke?"

 "More of a political statement," I offered lamely.

 "Ah, I see, and what is this political statement that you must make in my classroom," his voice grew stern.

 "It is about the sexual repression and objectification of women and the double standard between genders regarding the laws about topless women in Texas. Our group chose April Fool's Day to draw attention to a myriad of women's issues and start a dialogue by gaining attention."

 I couldn't believe I had said anything, especially not this. But it seemed that when pushed to it, I would stand my ground and rely on the rationales I had given myself at 4 o'clock in the morning during a masturbatory fever.

 "You have attention." The word came out deliberately. And almost harshly. "And I would gladly talk to you about these issues; however, I would ask you as a professional to respect my need for attention in the classroom. As an instructor here, I am familiar with this tradition as something that occurred in in the 90s. I understood it to have ended as camera phones became more prolific. I do not know the university's official policy, though I imagine they would respect state law. As far as I know, no male student has ever attended my class without a shirt. I would also ask a male student as I ask you, to find a suitable covering or leave my classroom as I feel your presence currently is disruptive."

 I could barely breathe. The thought of being kicked out of class was embarrassing enough, but to have to do a walk of shame back up those steps and be in out on the campus would've been unbearable. I couldn't believe how stupid I was to not even have brought a shirt as a just in case.

 Before I could even know what was happening, Sam was tearing off her own shirt. Underneath it she had a white bralette, and with how it hung on her body it was almost half a tank top. For me, my nipples would've still shown through such a garment, and my chest would've never fit in something that size. For her, just the smallest bit of cleavage showed through, and to be honest, I found myself staring a little bit at those tiny perky curves that seem to stand out exactly like all the boots I had seen in porn. And that I had a strange thought.

 Fuck. Sammy is hot.

 "Take my shirt for the rest of class," she said. "Will that work?"

 Dr. Spiros simply nodded and returned to his lecture. On me, her black Lou Reed shirt didn't quite fit. She was too petite and I felt self-conscious the entire time about how much of my stomach was showing, especially since the thing only reached down to my belly button. Sam had almost been swimming in it, but then I was a good six or seven inches taller than her at least.

 I couldn't really focus on the lecture. I just wanted class to end and this embarrassment to be over. And when it finally was, I couldn't get out of the room fast enough. The next thing I knew I had dropped all my stuff.

 Without thinking, I bent to retrieve it halfway up the steps.

 I knew I had just probably flashed half the classes as they were able to see most of my ass and probably a little bit of the lips of my pussy, if they were looking close enough, which Sam must've been.

 I finally felt like I could breathe when I was a few steps away from the building.

 "So, do I get my shirt back now?" Sam said playfully.

 "I'm sorry, sure, of course. Uh... you mind if we just go back to my dorm first," I said. "I have a bunch of time to kill before my next class and I don't think I can do that again."

 "Why not?"

 "Are you kidding me? That was so humiliating being called out like that."

 "Are you fucking kidding me, Morgan!" Sam almost yelled at me. She was bouncing up and down in excitement, her tits barely moving. "I cannot believe you actually gave him a lecture. Jesus, you are a bad bitch."

 "He was right," I said embarrassed. "I did disrupt the class. It's really not fair."

 "We aren't in class now," Sam said. "I'll do it. If you do it."

**A Topless Texas Tradition: Chapter Two**

 She was talking me into it now. I couldn't believe it. Another person was going to do this. I wasn't going to be the only weird one on campus.

 "But you heard Dr. Spiros, people stopped doing this," I protested.

 "PHFT so what? So, some perv has a dirty picture. Doesn't mean we shouldn't be allowed to show our bodies."

 I held my breath as I took off her T-shirt and held it out awkwardly in front of me along with my books. Sam took a second with the tiny white covering as I saw how truly gorgeous her body was. Sam didn't have an ounce of fat anywhere; her breasts were perfect, and her nipples were like perfectly proportioned and centered dots. And no matter how she moved, how she walked, how she bent, they only moved just a little, just enough to draw my eyes, as she moved her hands to her hips in sort of a 'tada' gesture.

 Despite the warm Texas weather, her nipples seemed to be permanently erect, whereas mine could kind of fade depending on my mood. Right now, it was obvious I was excited; I could feel it, having all those people see me was something unique and something that had been building up for a while. It felt like I was actually having one of those college experiences that everyone else talked about, that I finally had the chance to let go of some of my more pressing responsibilities and live a little. When else was I ever going to be standing naked in public in broad daylight and feel not only safe, but in control, like I was determining what kind of future the world was going to be, even if it was in this stupid small way?

 "So, what now?" Sam asked.

 "Well, I have another two hours before the next class." I said. "What about you?"

 "I've got some time before my next class," she said casually.

 By now, campus was picking up with the hustle and bustle of early morning students, professors arriving for work, groundskeepers, and other staff all forming this intellectual hive sequestered from the rest of the city. And if there were stairs, and I'm sure that there were, I found myself not really noticing them as I walked. Like the rest of the campus, I was transfixed, but by only one of the women daring to shed her bra in public.

 "Sammy, what the hell are you doing?"

 My head whipped around at the exclamation. After the entire day of everyone noticing and no one daring to say a word, it was strange to have these two girls sauntering up towards us. Obviously, they were friends of Sam, good friends to be talking so candidly at her, but it was hard not to feel a little out of place. Even though we were doing the same thing.

 As I thought about it, I wondered if this was too much for her. After all, I can't imagine my friends or any of my family seeing me like this, and she was doing this to join me. But Sammy seemed to just chuckle back at them, not embarrassed, not mortified, completely comfortable as she faced her friends.

 "Oh, get real, Jillian, it's not like it's anything you haven't seen before," Sam retorted.

 Jillian had short blond hair and stood a little bit shorter than me. Her friend seemed much shyer, and a little uncomfortable as Samantha embraced Jillian, her breasts brushing against the other girl's blouse. I could see both of them looking up and down at us, and for some reason I didn't feel weird or awkward about it.

 "So, is this a new way to get dates?" Jillian said.

 "Actually, we are empowering women," Samantha said snidely.

 "How so?" Jillian said.

 "I'm Paige, by the way," her friend addressed me, stretching out her hand. "I hope Jillian is not bothering you, she can be a little-"

 "A little what?" Jillian intruded.

 "A little bossy," Paige put on a no-nonsense voice. "And in this case a little aggressive with two beautiful women who have done nothing but put on quite the show for us. We could at least hear about how they are empowering us. Better than anyone, you know us girls have to stay together. "

 "You're right," Jillian said, putting her arm around the other girl.

 They were clearly together.

 And maybe that's why it didn't feel weird to be talking to them. They seem genuinely interested not just in our bodies but in what we had to say.

 "I'm sorry if I was rude, "Jillian said. "But really it's Sammy's fault for not introducing us to such a beautiful woman. "

 "It's fine," I said, forgetting for a second that I was even topless. "I'm Morgan, by the way. Sam and I just met today."

 "Somehow you were just impossible not to notice," Sammy said.

 We all had a laugh at this.

 "So, this wasn't your idea? I'm surprised, Sammy," Jillian said.

 "Not at all, and this is no bullshit either," Samantha said. "Morgan even lectured Dr. Spiros about it. It's all about showing the foolishness of Texas laws banning breasts in public. Everything from breastfeeding to sunbathing is sexualized for men, so why do we have to stay clothed to feel safe?"

 "Wow, I can't believe you two went to class like that," Paige said. "I could never be that brave."

 "It's not too late to join us," I suggested.

 They both laughed.

 "Maybe if you got to us later in the day," Jillian said. "With a few drinks in us."

 "I couldn't," Paige said. "But if you don't mind me saying, you both have lovely bodies and we appreciate you advocating for us and being comfortable enough to show off."

 "Yeah, keep Austin weird!" Jillian said.

 They were so sweet, not only together, but also in being so inviting and friendly. I realized that this might be what I was missing out on for my college experience. One friend could easily lead to an entire social network, an actual life instead of just art and the Internet. And even though my breasts were on full display, the most exciting thing was opening up and actually talking to someone new.

 "So, what are you two girls up to today?" Sammy asked.

 As her arms wrapped across her chest to her shoulders, I caught myself staring, trying to see past her thin arms. I never really thought of myself as anything more than curious, but I had to admit I enjoyed seeing her in the state of undress, though I wasn't sure how much of it was just because I longed for a companion of any kind. Yes, I had to admit, I had a strong sense of sexual arousal just at the situation, at being watched all morning, and having someone join me just added to the eroticism.

 Was I into Sammy?

 Would she be into me?

 I don't want to just assume she was a lesbian because she had lesbian friends. I also couldn't quite picture what I wanted. The idea of being with a woman had always been in the back of my mind; it's something that the culture seems to encourage experimentation with, but I never really pictured myself with any particular girl. Seeing Sammy like that, her small tits and perfect nipples exposed to the cool breeze blowing through the April morning made me do that. Made me think about seeing more, touching her, even sucking on each of those nipples.

 I tingled at the thought, my sex suddenly feeling so exposed in the tight skirt I was wearing and the revealing underwear that I could barely contain my own arousal. That I had become so excited in public while talking to this girl's friends, seemed much more intimate than simply showing myself to anyone simply passing by. Still, I tried to control myself, to pay attention to the conversation.

 "Well, we had better go before class begins. If we want to get coffee," Jillian said.

 "It was nice meeting you," Paige said.

 They held hands as we watched them walk off together.

 "So, what do you want to do, Morgan? Should we go get coffee ourselves, or breakfast?"

 "I think they have a strict no shoes, no shirt, no service policy," I said.

 Sammy laughed.

 "You could show me your dorm," she said. "We could surprise your roommate."

 "It's a little messy..."

 I lied. It was severely messy.

 "I don't mind," Sammy said.

 She had this way of sort of skipping as she walked. It would not have worked for me as my breasts would have bounced too much, but hers seemed to move in a way that looked choreographed. And I couldn't help but look. If she noticed, she didn't say anything even as I stared up and down her body, permitting myself to wonder what else was underneath. I'd never been below the waist with a girl, but ideas seemed to fly off the shelves in my mind and flutter around the previously empty room in my sexual imagination.

 Sam seemed to relish in all the attention, and I kept wishing she would go back to gluing her eyes on my larger breasts. Instead, she seemed to be waiting for some sort of confrontation. Sam was looking for anyone, daring anyone to challenge her.

 And no one did.

 The reactions of the people around us kind of flowed together as we got used to the attention. Some people were discrete, most people were, it seemed lewder to draw attention to us than to simply allow two women to walk around bare-chested and unaccosted. There was something about social pressure and social stigma that worked together to prevent most from calling too much obvious attention, though there were exceptions. Those who were morally outraged and offended by the sight of something they preferred only to see in darkened rooms illuminated by the soft glow of a computer monitor or in the mirror occasionally as they dressed. There were the frat boys, who elbowed each other as they collectively informed each other of the female nudity.

 But mostly it was a see no evil, hear no evil situation. Even as we crossed back over the other side of campus and towards my dorm room, by now the hallways had picked up, and there was something inherently uncomfortable about being so close to people. It was one thing walking down the sidewalk and the many crisscross pathways of the University, being able to be spotted from a distance, and avoided, out of awkwardness or whatever. In the hallways of the dorm, even though we only had to take a few steps instead of the half-mile it was to Harrington, everything seemed more intimate. Every part of us seemed more vulnerable.

 I could sense that Sam felt the same way. At first, her hands went up to her breasts, her fingers stretching to cover as much as possible. I reached my hand out, my elbows arched, my palm up in a clear gesture, and Samantha grabbed my hand, gripping me tightly as we walked arm in arm, our hands clenched together as we took the last few steps down the hallway. I unlocked the door, fumbling with the keys, and let her enter first, giving a sigh of relief as I retreated from my public display and into the safety of my single room.

 "Sorry, such a mess."

 "Oh, so you really weren't kidding about that. Not having a clean bra thing," Sammy said, teasing me as she made herself at home, finding a space on the bed.

 I sat next to her.

 "Oh yeah, that's the whole reason I decided to go for this tradition. I didn't feel like doing laundry last night so I said fuck it and went topless."

 She laughed, a little too hard.

 "It's okay," Sam said. "I'm assigned to McLaren Hall, so I have to put up with a neat freak for roommate. I swear I leave one sock out, and we have to have a peace talk with the RA."

 "That sucks..."

 An awkward silence hung a while before Samantha spoke.

 "Okay, so I have no idea what's going on here," Sam said. "So, I'm just going to put it out there; I think you're fucking hot, but it's 8 o'clock in the morning, and I know I look like all seven circles of hell, and I'm sure you're straight."

 "Really?" I said. "Because after staring at you on the walkover, I'm not so sure."

 "Don't tease..."

 "I'm not," I said.

 "You know, just because I'm a lesbian doesn't mean I'm looking to be every girl's experimental phase in college. I've been out since I was sixteen; I'm kind of over the whole bar-sexual college vibe in this town."

 It was aggressive. She was aggressive. And I was suddenly taken back. I didn't know what to say for a second, but then something about walking around naked with her, or well nearly naked, gave me the courage to open my mouth and form a few words.

 "It's not... I'm not... I didn't mean it like that," I said.

 "How did you mean it?" Sam was so serious all of a sudden. And perhaps a little embarrassed as her face was flushed and bright red.

 "Look I'm not, or I've never been with a girl before, except kissing," I said. "I mean, I just like you, and I really like your body, and I've never had that feeling before, and I'm not that kind of girl that just goes out and gets drunk and makes out with the first person who is willing to for attention... Well, at least not anymore. I didn't plan to meet anybody today; I've just been a lot more serious about school, and then I found out about this topless thing, and I felt so embarrassed being the only one and-"

 I was spiraling. Mercifully, she cut me off.

 "It's okay. I get it," she was friendly again. "I didn't me to jump down your throat; Jesus, you must think I'm that crazy dyke."

 "I didn't even know you were gay," I said.

 "I thought going by Sam might be a hint, but I still feel so new at this. For some girls, it's easy, like everyone can totally tell. It's harder for me, and I end up attracting these girls that are just getting drunk and showing off or want me to join in for a threesome. I mean just because I like girls doesn't mean I'm desperate for any attention."

 "I'm sorry that other people have made you feel that way," I said. "I'm not trying to objectify you or anything. Jesus, I'm sorry, I don't really even know what I'm saying. I just haven't really met anyone or made any friends recently and, and well now I just feel so fucking stupid."

 "I feel so stupid for being a bitch; I shouldn't have said anything," Sam said. "I mean, clearly you weren't out today to impress anybody."

 "I wouldn't say that. It's been a long time since anyone looked. It's nice to be noticed."

 "Well, I noticed," Sam said.

 "I was just glad you were talking to me like a person, not some weird nympho freak!"

 "Then we'll be nympho freaks together."

 Her hand grabbed mine again. She looked up into my eyes with an unspoken, unbridled sense of desire, wearing that anticipatory expression right before someone kisses you for the first time. At least, that's what I wanted to imagine in that smile and in those eyes beaming at me from her beautiful face. And I had to say something.

 "I do really want to kiss you. I'm sorry that I don't know what that means," I stammered.

 "Let's find out," she whispered.

 Who moved in more? I want to say me because there was nothing more in that moment that I wanted to do than feel her tender lips pressed against mine. But I can't say that she didn't respond in exactly the same way. There are some kisses made for Hollywood—those that seem practiced and rehearsed, like the one between a bride and groom on their wedding day. The kind that holds back a bit of inhibition.

 It wasn't that kind of kiss.

 And it wasn't anything like being with a man.

 Sam was soft. Gentle. Her hands caressed my bare shoulders, and mine went to the back of her head, my thumb, stroking behind her earlobe. It was the tender embrace and the raw emotion of the first time all mingled into one meaningful masterpiece. The type of thing you can only imagine reading about in a book with some characters that suddenly and immediately feel this connection that seemed impossible.

 It was new. Completely and utterly, transcendent and transformative, impulsive and yet intuitive as our lips locked together, our bodies inching closer towards each other. I could feel her tongue dance and flutter against mine, teasing me, making me reach out for more. Giving me the opportunity to back off, to decide that this had been a fun experiment that had run its course. But nothing could keep me from her.

 We moved closer against each other. Her breasts pressed against mine, our bodies intertwining as I ran my hands down the small of her back, wondering if I would get to see everything. I didn't pause now to wonder what I wanted or why I had the sudden change. Later, alone, I might wonder what this meant about me, how it affected my future, and what our lives would look like together, but now there was no time for that. Now I was hers, just as she was mine. And as my hand found hers, and placed it gently between my breasts, she reciprocated instantly, inviting me to touch her body.

 My fingers explored every inch of her as we kissed, just as hers made their way around my body. I gripped her breasts firmly and then played with each nipple, marveling about how soft and hard they each felt in between the tips of my fingers. I moved my lips away from her, depriving both of us so that I could gently kiss up and down her neck.

 She moaned with pleasure and started whispering in my ear.

 "Oh God, Morgan you feel so good," she said. "Do you like this?"

 "Can't you tell?" I said.

 We kissed again, this time quickly as I leaned back against the bed. She moved her mouth down to both of my nipples, working her way from left to right as she sucked each one gently at first. Sam look so petite, her frame so small from that angle against my breasts, able to use her hands and her mouth at the same time, clearly enjoying the size of her new toys.

 "Oh my god, I can't believe how big your tits are!"

 "Neither can I," I said. "Do you like them?"

 "Like them? I love them!" she said. "You can't do this with mine!"

 Again, I felt her face in between my breast as her hands moved my nipples back and forth, slapping those weighty orbs against her mouth with glee as she smiled up at me from in between my chest. She was clearly in heaven.

 So was I.

 I'd known a few guys who had seemed disappointed by my body. Or at least that's how I felt once there wasn't a bra pushing up my cleavage into some ridiculous, implausible masturbatory fantasy for them to enjoy. Don't get me wrong, most of the men spent plenty of time, squeezing, touching and playing with my big boobs, but it wasn't the same as the way Samantha lingered on each of them, gently teasing and touching in a way that I had to believe only a woman could really understand. With her, every curve of my body seemed to somehow stun her, just as every inch of her gave me a jolt of jealousy and desire. It was a reciprocal admiration and desire for the opposite body type, seeping together in such an emotional sexual energy.

 She leaned up onto her knees, touching her own nipples as if examining her own breasts and seeing them as unsatisfactory in comparison. That the same thought entered my mind must've seen as obvious to her as it did to me, but I knew to tell her.

 "I think your breasts are perfect; I was so jealous of how they look when you walk."

 "I would give up my favorite strap-on for another cup size."

 "I like your tits just the way they are," I said softly. "And I'd love to see that strap-on."

 For some reason, despite everything that we were doing, I suddenly turned shy. I looked down in embarrassment at being so forward.

 Her hand went to my chin, pushing it up as I looked down.

 "I hope you will," she said. "But I don't want you to feel pressure to go further than you're ready."

 "Are you kidding me?" I said, almost pleading.

 The thong I was wearing underneath didn't matter to her. She peeled off my orange UT skirt and matching underwear in an instant, grabbing my ass to lift it in the air as she did it. I was so glad I had shaved my pussy into the shape of a small little landing strip. She got most of my clothes off, only pausing as they stopped around my ankles, then I kicked off the rest to join the dirty clothes pile all around my room. Again, she went back up to my mouth, kissing me as her hands worked her way down my breasts, giving a slight pinch to my nipples that made me moan in pleasure.

 Her hand reached down, and instead of forcing its way inside my pussy, she gently touched my clit with just her index finger, giving it the gentlest caress before retreating and then coming back. The repeated sensation made me start to move my hips in motion with her hand, my pussy begging for more as she stimulated my clitoris. She sensed me wanting more and increased her pressure, moving circles around the most pleasurable part of my body, which of course she instinctively knew most intimately.

 I was breathing heavily. Moaning intermittently. I was cradled up against her, kissing her as she touched me all over, somehow working her small arms all around my body to enjoy every inch of me. Her mouth would kiss mine, and then she would work her way down my neck to my breasts and back up again as I bucked up against her.

 And then she was inside of me, her eager finger sliding in between my sex without any resistance. I had been dripping wet all day, and all the stimulation made entering my pussy a task that most men approached with all the subtlety they might apply with a crowbar. With her, it was a painless pleasure that only made me want more. If I had a complaint, it was that I could've taken more than just a finger. Sam had me so turned on; she could have fucked me doggie-style or had me ride her cock like a cowgirl, even played with my ass for all I cared.

 That she didn't. That she wouldn't. That to her, my body was an extension of hers, something to be treated with a gentleness and respect only made me want to trust her with every fantasy, with every dark and depraved thought I had ever had. And without even thinking about it, as she worked her fingers inside of me, as she pushed herself deeper and deeper, faster and faster, her finger curling and swirling in the perfect position, I started yelling out.

 At first, I was just screaming in pleasure. At this point, my moans would've been noticed probably by the entire hallway, but I didn't care.

 In fact, it turned me on to know.

 "Oh God, Sam," I breathed out the words just barely. "I wish everyone could see what you are doing to me."

 "You like this, huh? You like what I'm doing to you?"

 "Oh, fuck yes! And I want everyone to know what I'm doing! I loved showing myself off with the hottest girl on campus all morning, getting turned on by your body, wondering if you would actually do me. And now I can only scream when you make come."

 "Your neighbors are going to hear you..."

 Her thumb was massaging my clit as she worked herself deeper inside of me.

 "Oh fuck! I don't care. Please, baby! Fuck me harder! Make me cum, Sam! I love your body, and I want you to make me cum! I would have let you fuck me in front of the entire class today."

 "Mmm... you'd have liked that, huh?"

 "Not as much as I like this, Sam," I said, nearly reaching my peak. "Please don't stop, please don't stop. Please! I need it so bad, and I'm so close!"

 "Oh God, you look so beautiful right now; I know you can barely keep your eyes open, but please just look at me as you come. Do it, please, for me. "

 My eyes fluttered open. I hadn't even realized they'd been closed and didn't even know if I had managed to look at her long enough to make eye contact as her finger pushed me past the edge. It felt like nothing I had ever experienced with any man. No one was asking after if I came because it was obvious. My whole body shook, my pussy simultaneously wanting more yet feeling overstimulated at the same time. My legs closed a little bit around her finger, but she knew to slow down, not to leave my dripping sex alone through this most intimate moment, to keep playing with my pussy until it was over.

 And then she kissed me.

 Then I knew my eyes were closed.

 Her hands caressed my breasts, and that was the right word. She never groped, never awkwardly grabbed, never pulled or pinched except exactly when she needed to, and exactly the right way. She knew my body as only a woman did, and not that I hadn't truly enjoyed the embrace of others, but it would've been wrong to say that the experience was not inherently unique, instinctively intuitive, and immediately, undeniably euphoric.

 And it would've been wrong to stop myself from going immediately for more. My hands reached at the buttons of her jeans, fumbling for them to open as she helped me with the task. In seconds, she was naked, and she spread her legs so that I could see a vagina in front of me for the first time and taste one for the first time. She didn't need to ask; she didn't need to beg or plead until I finally let her have her way with me.

 I wanted her.

 I had to have her.

 She wasn't shaved or waxed, but she'd clearly trimmed enough to keep a very slight red bush. Rather than finding it a turn-off, it almost acted as an invitation, a way to feel less nervous about exploring the unknown because I was so curious about exactly how every inch of her sex looked. I spread her legs gently, knowing I didn't need to get her excited; I could taste how wet she was the second I stuck my head in between her legs.

 From there, I didn't know quite what to do. I just tried to act like the most successful man I had fucked had done, or what I had wished he had done. I used my tongue gently at first, barely touching her clit, licking up and down in circles just like the way I masturbate when alone in bed. I used my lips to gently kiss hers, to work up and down the bottom half of her body, to kiss and touch her thighs. She tasted so good, so sweet, so much different than me.

 And I knew this was me.

 Not with every girl. But I wasn't like that for every guy either. But I knew this could never be a one-time thing. I was at least bisexual, and I was at least in lesbians with this girl. There was something special happening, something more than the sensation between her thighs, something that started with our first unusual meeting.

 I like liked Sam a lot.

 And it took every rational part of my being not to use the other L word as my tongue worked in circles around her pussy.

 My lips tugged at her, kissing her harder and harder as she moaned her approval. One of my hands reached up and grabbed her tiny breast, pinching the nipple as she turned and changed direction. She pushed my shoulder down, and I let her direct me so that I was laying on my back. She adjusted again to sit above my face, writhing up and down for a few tormenting seconds so she teased me, my lips and tongue desperately extended to just barely reach her.

 And then she moved down. It was clear what she was doing, and I had to raise my body up in order to meet hers. She was so much smaller than me, and I was afraid it wasn't going to work, but we managed, and I could feel her taste my pussy again as I looked up at hers. It was harder this time to have any sort of plan, to do anything but move my tongue as hard as fast as I could. As I connected with my lover's pussy, Samantha seemed to approve. Between my legs. I could hear her moan with ecstasy, especially as I grabbed her ass to push her down harder into me.

 She began to thrash on top of me, and I knew she was coming. Her head popped up from my pussy, which was still tingling with its refractory glow, her mouth barely forming the words through pants and deep breaths for air.

 "Oh God, Morgan." She barely managed it.

 "I know," I said.

 We sat up for a second.

 "Are you going to be late for class?" Samantha said.

 "You know what, for once fuck class," I said. "I can think of something else, someone else to do."

 And she laughed at that. Even though she probably shouldn't have.

 We spent the rest of the day together and even the night. A real date, a picnic out by Barton's Creek, right when we could see the sunset. Not her idea, not my idea, but something we spoke softly to each other during the middle of the day after a long nap in each other's arms. We held hands, we kissed, and we went back to my tiny, messy, no long miserable dorm and made love again.

 She stayed the night.

 And when she woke to go home and change before her class, she woke me up with a kiss and told me she would text me all day.

 I knew she would.

 And I half-expected the phone call to be from her when I heard the buzzing in my pocket. Instead, it was my sister, talking clearly on speakerphone in the car, meaning that I had to wonder if her kids or husband were listening.

 "Hey, Morgan," she said. "So, I just realized I forgot to ask about mom's gift. I assume you are going in with me on it... just tell me whatever you want to spend. I know you're a broke college student. I guess I got caught up thinking about that tradition."

 "Yeah, me too," I said.

 "Wait, what?"

 "Well... Maybe it would be better for later,"

 "Oh, don't even bother, tell me now. I've just got James in the car, and he's plugged into some video in the backseat. Here, listen. James! Mickey Mouse is dead, and it was the monster under your bed! Never sleep again, never give your parents a chance to have a moment's pea- See you're fine. Now talk, let me live a life vicariously through you."

 "Well, you said it was a tradition on April Fool's Day..."

 "Oh my God, you didn't!"

 "I did!"

 "So, they got you, huh?" My sister said giggling.

 "What?" I said. "No one got me. I just was the only one who did it. Well, me and this other girl I need to tell you about."

 I told her the story. Sam and all, though I left out some more erotic and personal moments. She asked questions occasionally, expressed shock often, and more than once told me she couldn't believe I had done that. But she wasn't judgmental. If anything, she seemed nostalgic and wistful. I wish I could say it was because my sister and I always had the relationship that allowed that level of trust, but that hadn't always been true. I just knew she had plenty of gay and lesbian friends. Plus, Sam wasn't something I want to hide.

 But my sister listened. She was excited for me.

 "Jesus, Morgan, I'm sorry I thought you knew," she said.

 "What?"

 "On April Fool's Day, the sophomores usually find some clueless freshman girl to convince that it's topless day on campus. I've heard of girls going outside of their dorm, but most of the time the sophomores want to surprise them at their door."

 And that it all was a big mistake; an old trick no longer funny didn't matter.

 Because I had met Sam.

 I know that sounds stupid, that I suddenly sounded like some lesbian stereotype, immediately head over heels in love, but I knew I was different now. I had met a little more of myself.

 "They aren't even doing that anymore. Camera phones I think."

 That's too bad," she said. "It was always so fun. I remember how embarrassed I was. So of course, I just relished the idea of doing it to somebody else."

 "Well think of it this way, you got the chance to do it one more time," I said, chuckling.

 She laughed.

 I laughed with her.

 "April Fool's, baby sister."