**April Fools D.A.Y.**By Ewong  
  
April was a normal American girl, but with the distinction of having been born on April 1st. Her parents weren’t the cleverest of people, since they decided to name her after the month in which she was born. Her younger sister Deb suffered a similar fate, having been conceived in December and born in February. Both girls shared the same middle name, Anne. Their family name was Yeager, giving the youngest girl the initials D.A.Y.  
  
April’s parents should have known that having a child born on April Fools’ day meant hours of headaches piecing together jokes and half-truths when setting up parties and inviting guests. It also meant that for April, the day was hers for the taking. She could do whatever she wanted, since it was a day of pranks and mischief. She loved to torture her poor sister Deb. If she didn’t like the presents she got, Deb was the one who endured April’s fury. Every year, she would lure Deb to play with her new toys and would find some way to make them scare, hurt, or embarrass her.  
  
She particularly disliked the pair of roller skates she got one year (she’d asked for rollerblades), but that didn’t stop April from placing one of them at the foot of the stairs as Deb came downstairs for her shower. Wrapped only in a towel, Deb stepped on the wheeled object and promptly slid across the hall towards the front door. Letting go of her towel to brace for the impact, she didn’t see April open the door, letting her naked sister roll straight outside until the front lawn ended her trek. Deb always fell for her sister’s tricks, and it came to a boiling point when Deb was to begin high school the following year.  
  
It was April’s 18th birthday, and almost at the end of her senior year of high school. Her younger sister was finishing up junior high and was enjoying being a sixteen year old girl. It just so happened to be a Sunday, and their parents were away on business. Deb started her day as she always did: with a shower. April couldn’t believe the day she had planned for her sister. She’d called many people to make sure it went through without a hitch. If everything went right, Deb would be in for the prank of a lifetime!  
  
April quickly picked the lock to her sister’s room and grabbed every article of clothing she could find, and was even able to steal her sister’s towels from the en suite bathroom while she was just a few feet from her! April suppressed a giggle after she closed the bathroom door and took Deb’s clothes away.  
  
After Deb finished her shower, she knew something was up. Without any towels, she shook her hair and body to get most of the excess water off before going into her room. She opened the door carefully, just in case her sister was in there with a camera or something. Seeing no one, she walked over to her bedroom door to make sure it was locked, which it was. Knowing she’d probably need to change the lock, Deb shrugged and went to find something to wear.  
  
Deb opened every drawer, cabinet, and closet looking for something ANYTHING to wear, but found not a stitch. Sighing to herself, Deb figured her sister wanted her to come out of her room. But she was smarter than that. Deb grabbed the blanket off her bed and draped it about herself. Fully covered, Deb walked into the hall and began to look for her sister.  
  
April grabbed her sister at the bottom of the stairs and ushered her out the back door. She opened the door and flung Deb into the back yard, ripping the sheet off her body before closing and locking the door.  
  
Deb covered her body as best she could even though no one could see into their backyard. Deb was never a confident girl, and her sister’s pranks did little for her self esteem. Naturally, Deb was as shy as they come and April absolutely loved that.  
  
A minute later, April emerged from the front of the house and met her naked sister at the side gate. Deb pleaded to be let back in, but April insisted that she remain naked outside. Deb bargained with her sister and it was decided that Deb could go to the front door if she did so without covering. Deb agreed and walked slowly to the side gate. Since she couldn’t see over the fence, she relied on April’s coaching to know when it was safe to come out.  
  
April gave her the signal and Deb walked as quickly as she could towards the front door. When she got there, she pulled on the handle, but it was locked. Deb figured her sister would do this, and turned to see her sister arguing with a cop. Even though it was nice to see her sister getting into trouble, Deb couldn’t help but think that it was actually her that was in trouble, being naked in public and all.  
  
April walked over to Deb and explained the trouble this prank was getting them into. April told her sister that she’d tried to explain it was prank to the cop, but he wasn’t having any of it. He explained that he had to arrest Deb for indecent exposure. However, he let her in on a loophole. The city recently passed a law that said if a person was a registered nudist, they could be naked anywhere around the city. Deb weighed her options. Either be arrested for indecent exposure or become a registered nudist. Deb figured registering as a nudist wouldn’t be a problem, so she took the deal.  
  
However, Deb was surprised to be led to the police car and driven to the station. April explained that they had to take her finger prints and take pictures as part of the registration process. Deb begrudgingly went through with it, not enjoying the fact that they were taking pictures of her naked body. Afterward, Deb was handed a paper that had to be signed, initialed, and dated before the police gave her an ID badge.  
  
Deb blushed deep red when she saw the ID badge was just a laminated picture of her naked body with the word “Nudist” printed along the bottom, and a magnetic strip on the back with a serial number. The photo showed her entire front with her hands at her sides, but what bothered her the most was that she was told to smile, so she looked like she genuinely enjoyed being naked. The girls were about to go when they were stopped by another officer.  
  
“I’m sorry girls, but there are a few things that have to happen now that you’re registered. You need to give everyone you know or who will be in charge of you this pamphlet about your ‘condition’ and how they should treat you. Every person that is registered has the pamphlets custom made with their picture on it so whoever they give it to will remember who is registered.”  
  
The officer handed April a box containing what seemed to be a hundred pamphlets. Deb grabbed one out of the box and gasped as she saw the same naked picture on the front. This time it was worse since the ID was only the size of a credit card, but the pamphlets were the size of greeting cards! Inside, it outlined the rules of being a nudist and how one should treat a nudist. Apparently they used a photo of her side view for this portion, which made Deb blush redder. Lastly, it outlined the punishment for breaking any of these rules. Being on the back of the pamphlet, it followed that they used a rear view of Deb’s body for this part. Deb was about to faint when the officer dropped another bomb.  
  
“You will also need to talk to your principal to make sure the school can accommodate your new attire. Since you are starting high school next year, you need to speak with that principal as well.”  
  
Deb couldn’t believe her ears! She not only had to meet with her principal naked, but she also had to meet the high school principal naked as well. What a first impression she was going to make!  
  
April consoled Deb as they made the trek to the middle school. It was the weekend, but the principal was there, planning out the week’s agenda. Deb was blushing so much, the receptionist wondered if the poor girl was sunburned. April explained Deb’s nakedness, and they were ushered towards the principal’s office. Deb took a deep breath before opening the door. She was too shocked to scream when she spied her arch rival, Denise Chilton, shaking hands with the principal before turning to leave in their direction.  
  
“Oh, getting a bit ahead of ourselves, aren’t we? Summer isn’t for another month and a half. I guess with a body like that, people will just assume you’re in kindergarten!” Denise joked.  
  
Deb wasn’t one for confrontations even with her clothes on, so she meekly stared at her feet as the dominant girl flicked her naked nipple before walking away giggling.  
  
“She may be a bit difficult to deal with at times, but she has a point. That outfit is a bit out of place here.” The principal began.  
  
“Mr. Spinelli, Deb has recently registered to be a nudist, which means she is legally able to be naked on these premises whenever she wants. This pamphlet outlines what is to be expected of you and her while she is dressed as such.” April explained.  
  
Mr. Spinelli gulped as he saw the full-frontal image of Deb staring at him. It was difficult to read all the lines of text as they intersected with parts of her anatomy, but it was clear he had to make accommodations. He read the back and gulped again at the image before speaking.  
  
“It says here that as a nudist, she must not cover any part of her body, as this is a sign of embarrassment and therefore breaches the legal contract. So, if she’s found to be covering any part of her body when naked, she can be arrested?” he asked.  
  
“I believe that’s what it means. It also says that you are free to document her nudity, but only for the school’s publications such as the newspaper and yearbook, and the website. No students can take photos or video of her while she is naked.” April went on.  
  
“It will be difficult, but how often will Deb be…unhindered?” the principal asked.  
  
“It’s not up to me. Deb may walk in the school with or without clothes and that may change as the day goes on. All that matters is that she can either be fully clothed or fully naked. Any other condition would be in breach of the contract. However, that may not apply to accidents. For instance, if her shirt were to be forcibly removed by a student or teacher, she won’t have to strip the rest of the way. She only needs a witness to testify that it was an accident, so she won’t be expected to put something on or strip until she is able to find replacement clothes.” April explained further.  
  
“Ok then. I must say I’m proud that Deb is so brave to take all this on, but we will encourage her to feel as comfortable as possible while she’s here.” Mr. Spinelli concluded.  
  
Mr. Spinelli reached for Deb’s hand to shake it, and the naked girl was in a daze and didn’t move a muscle.  
  
“By the way, I may need more of those pamphlets for the faculty so they’ll know what’s up when we go back to school tomorrow.” Mr. Spinelli suggested.  
  
“Oh, no problem. We have hundreds. Take what you want.” April offered.  
  
The principal subtly wiped drool from his lips as he took an abundant handful and stuffed them in his drawer as the girls left. “Whew! I hope that wasn’t too obvious,” he said to himself.

**April Fools D.A.Y. (Part 2)**

Deb was getting some of her faculties back as they made their way to the high school.  
  
“I can’t believe Mr. Spinelli saw me naked! Oh, my life is over. Once those Pamphlets get passed around, I’ll be a laughingstock for sure!” Deb whined.  
  
“Don’t worry. Remember, everyone has to be friendly to you. If they aren’t, they get in trouble immediately. You’ll get used to it, I promise.” April consoled her sister.  
  
Outside the administration building, Deb gulped. She hadn’t met anyone here before, so she had to rely on April once again. And, once again they saw Denise talking to the principal as they entered.  
  
“Nice to SEE you again, Deb. Are you trying to use your feminine wiles to get good grades? Just a tip, an A cup is not named because it grants you straight A’s.” Denise joked again.  
  
April didn’t want Denise to get away with that again, so she defended her sister.  
  
“You’re just jealous that she’s brave enough to become a nudist, and you’re a high-strung brat.” April said.  
  
“Nudist? Deb here is a nudist?! Oh, this is too much. I HAVE to tell everyone!” Denise gushed.  
  
“Oh, by all means do. Here, take some of these pamphlets. They list the rules she has to follow as well as the ones the school and the students have to follow while she’s clothed or otherwise. I’m sure everyone will find it informative.” April explained.  
  
“Oh my gosh! They even have pictures of Deb’s cute body on them! The football team isn’t gonna believe this!” Denise cried as she left with a large stack of pamphlets.  
  
Deb was almost fuming that April had let Denise spread all those pamphlets. It was bad enough her teachers would know what she looked like naked, but now at least half the school will know. She couldn’t just keep her clothes on at school anymore since everyone would expect her to be naked.  
  
Finally, the principal, Mr. Masuda, greeted the girls the same was Mr. Spinelli did, and the meeting followed pretty much the same format, only without the inherent sexual tension. Mr. Masuda remained professional throughout the meeting, which made Deb more comfortable with being naked. April gave him the rest of the pamphlets as they bid each other farewell.  
  
“It was nice meeting you, Deb. I’m sure you’ll feel right at home here when you start in the fall, and I’m sure this school will be supportive of your decision.” Mr. Masuda said as he bowed in farewell.  
  
April and Deb bowed and left the campus. Deb fought the urge to cover herself as they walked back home. Numerous cars were on the road now, heading home or for last minute shopping and dinner preparations. It seemed at least two cars honked at her on every block they walked across. She had to endure a few strangers taking video or pictures with their cell phones. She countered by walking faster, hoping their cameras wouldn’t be clear enough to see every detail.  
  
The girls arrived home at 6 p.m. and Deb was ready to put clothes on. She was going up to her room when she remembered that her sister had taken all of them.  
  
“April, where did you put my clothes? After the day I’ve had, I just want to cover up and never leave my room again.” Deb sighed.  
  
“Well, the last thing you did before losing them was take a shower. Perhaps if you took another one, your clothes would be returned.” April offered.  
  
“If it’s what you want from me, I’ll do it. After all that’s happened today, this seems the most normal.” Deb said as she shut her bathroom door.  
  
As Deb showered, April had a plan to finish. First, she took the pile of Deb’s clothes from their parents’ room where she’d hid them and put them at the foot of the stairs. The next few minutes were crucial to make her plan work, so she made sure Deb gave her enough time to do it. She’d placed a candle with an aphrodisiacal scent inside the bathroom, which meant Deb was going to be taking a long shower…  
  
Speaking of which, Deb was in the midst of her shower as she reflected on the day she had. First being shoved naked out the door, then arrested and forced to be a nudist, which took every ounce of resolve to not cry and go insane. However, she somehow felt aroused by her thoughts and her hands found her pleasure place. As she remembered how awkward it was to meet both principals nude and not being able to cover up as Denise made fun of her. She remembered how Denise tweaked her nipple as her own hand massaged it into an upright position. Her thoughts became erratic and fantasized about where these scenes could have gone. Especially with Denise for some reason.  
  
“Denise…,” she moaned.  
  
“Yes, sweetie?” came the unexpected answer from behind her.  
  
Deb bolted upright and covered her nudity as she saw Denise standing in the doorway. She was scared stiff as her tormentor grabbed her arm and ushered her out of the room, still wet and horny. Deb was still surreptitiously stroking her belly and pubic mound to try to keep her arousal at bay. Denise saw this and quickly placed two fingers inside Deb’s wet, engorged hole. She let the feeling sink in before removing them and pushing the naked girl further into the hall.  
  
Deb saw the pile of clothing and towels at the bottom of the stairs and made a beeline for them. Just before she was able to touch the fabric (the first she’d had since this morning), a light came on and a crowd of people lunged out, yelling “Surprise!”  
  
Deb once again was too scared to move as pictures were taken, and it dawned on her that it was her sister’s birthday, but why they only yelled when she was here, she had no idea. Her mind filled in the blanks as Mrs. Pinkerton, the local librarian and overseer of charities in town strode up to her and shook her hand.  
  
“It brings me so much joy to know that our first nudist not only demonstrated strength of character by not covering her body, but she is donating all of her clothing to the needy! Such a gesture is unprecedented, given the fact she just became a nudist today and we never thought any registered nudist would become an absolute within the first year.” Mrs. Pinkerton proclaimed.  
  
Deb just knew her sister had something to do with this. She took a step to try and find April, but a tremor from below broke her concentration. At first she thought it was just nerves, but the repetition of the waves signaled to her that this was mechanical and/or electrical. No matter where she turned or how she stepped, her pleasure place was being stimulated. Deb thought back and figured Denise had planted a vibrator in her moist hole. Deb couldn’t fish it out without looking like she was pleasuring herself, but if she didn’t, she’d show everyone her “O” face, which was just too humiliating to imagine. Deb ran outside and saw her sister and everyone she knew from school standing outside.  
  
“Oh, there you are! I was wondering if you’d have time to have fun at my party.” April beckoned from the pool.  
  
Deb suppressed the ache in her loins as she strode across the yard to confront her sister.  
  
“How could you give away my clothes?” Deb asked.  
  
“I didn’t give them away. You signed the absolute nudist agreement at the police station. I don’t suppose you remember much since you were naked and all.” April joked.  
  
“So, what? I’m going to be nude for the rest of my time in this town? How will mom and dad take this when they get back?” Deb asked.  
  
“Naturally, you’ll have to explain to them that you feel more comfortable this way.” April offered.  
  
“In other words, you want me to lie.” Deb corrected.  
  
“In a manner of speaking, yes I am.” April concluded, “Now, are you going to greet my guests or not?”  
  
Deb mingled amongst her classmates for what seemed like hours, but was only half an hour. Somehow the vibrations stopped, which made Deb hope it ran out of battery. The time came for the birthday cake and everyone wished April a happy 18th birthday. As April opened her presents, Mrs. Pinkerton and the town officials had a small party of their own, with Deb as the guest of honor. They gave her a medal for her donation, and Mrs. Pinkerton and the mayor posed with Deb, shaking both her hands for a picture taken for the local paper. Oddly enough, the vibration down below started up just as the picture was taken, causing Deb’s surprised moan and aroused nipples to be immortalized.  
  
Mrs. Pinkerton and the mayor left shortly after, taking Deb’s clothes with them in a truck. The photographer stayed to get more pictures of the festivities. Deb hung her medal on the mantle in the living room and went back outside. Everyone wanted their picture taken with the naked girl, and it took another hour to get through everyone. The photographer even had to change cards midway through.  
  
At the end, Deb was starting to have fun. The guys were having fun swinging girls around and throwing them into the pool. Four guys would grab each of the girl’s limbs and swing her legs first toward the pool before pulling back, getting higher with each swing before letting her go, and with a huge splash, the girl lands in the pool. Deb was having so much fun, she figured she’d give it a try. She’d almost forgotten about the vibrator at this point, but once the guys lifted her up, she felt it again, with a vengeance!  
  
She protested as the boys started their first swing, and she screamed louder during the second, only partially due to the vibrator. This got the attention of the rest of the party as well as the photographer. Everyone gathered around as Deb moaned and screamed louder. The photographer didn’t want to miss a thing, so he framed everyone in the picture, and was still able to get a great close-up of Deb’s wet hole as she swung upward. He also set his camera to record video so he could grab a frame to publish later.  
  
Deb had forgotten her surroundings as the vibrations became all that mattered. Her arms and legs were immobilized, and her helplessness fueled her arousal. With each swing, she felt her pleasure was cresting higher. Finally, on the tenth swing, she let out a tremendous moan as the bullet-sized vibrator was forced out as Deb squirted her juices out just as the guys let go. She was in midair, with the vibrator just an inch out of her hole with her juices spreading everywhere. It was this frame that the photographer had to decide to publish or keep for his personal collection. As Deb sailed through the air in ecstasy, she realized what happened and her eyes shot open just before she hit the water. She fought her way to the surface and ran back inside.  
  
The following morning, Deb awoke naked in bed. She groaned as she remembered what she’d gotten herself into. However, as she sat up, she saw her mountain of clothes at the foot of the bed, with a manila folder on top of it, her name written on it in her sister’s hand writing. She opened it, and saw a handwritten note inside. It read:  
  
“Hey Deb,  
  
I wanted to tell you this last night, but you were such a wreck I didn’t want to chance this. I’m afraid I wasn’t completely honest with you. I’d planned everything that went on. Not just the party, but you getting arrested, meeting your principals nude, and even Denise being there. You have such a beautiful body, sis. You don’t normally wear anything to accentuate how sexy you are. I put all of this together to show you that your body is something to be proud of. Denise was there to remind you that people will tear you down no matter who you are, but there are also people who will stick up for you if you don’t do it yourself. Remember how aroused Mr. Spinelli was when he saw you? Or how friendly the guys were at the party? You’re an attractive girl, so act like it! I’ve included all the printed photos taken by the photographer as well as the original SD cards he used, and all of the photos taken by everyone at the party. I’m sorry to say that the nudism agreement you signed was real, but you do have a choice. I’ve placed your clothes in your room so you can decide before coming downstairs and leaving for school. You can go back to the way you were and wear the same unattractive clothes you’ve been wearing, or you can choose to be a nudist for real, and celebrate your body for what it is. The rules are more lenient, and will allow you to wear clothes whenever you feel like it. The choice is yours.  
  
April”  
  
Deb looked at the pictures and how aroused she’d been during the medal picture and the pool swing, but she marveled at how everyone was enjoying her nudity. No one had made a pass at her or touched her inappropriately, except for Denise. But she wasn’t sure if she could actually go to school naked.  
  
She then got the nerve to play back the video from the party where the photographer got an up-close view of her orgasm. She was surprised to see how erotic it looked, but was even more surprised when it cut to a video of April and Denise. They were staring directly into the camera.  
  
“Hey Deb. If you’re playing this, I’m proud you took it so well. But there’s something we want to say…APRIL FOOLS!!!!!!”  
  
Just then, Denise and April burst through Deb’s door. Both naked as she was.  
  
“I thought if you didn’t go through this alone, you’d make up your mind faster.” April offered.  
  
“Oh, you guys!” Deb cheered as she hugged the two naked girls.  
  
Just like that, the three nude girls strolled to school, not sure what lay ahead of them…  
  
  
THE END