**Blanke Schande College - The New Professor**.

**Part 1**

Opening the envelope, Maddie already sensed it was another rejection letter. This time from State U., one of the schools she had been sure she would receive an interview. But the letter read, as had the other 29, that there were no openings for an English professor at this time.

Four years of college and now five years of graduate school have yielded exactly zero interviews for her, Maddie thought as she placed the letter in a drawer with the rest. She had no idea why she kept them all but she did.

"Why are you looking so down, Maddie," Professor John Harkin said to her. Professor Harkin had been her faculty mentor since she entered the English Ph.D., program right out of college. For the past two years, she had been one of two graduate assistants working with the noted scholar and she felt like he was a father to her.

"Just another rejection Dr. Harkin," she said, her voice unable to mask her disappointment. "That brings the grand total to 30."

The professor sighed and walked towards her, placing his hand on her shoulder. "Madeline, you are a wonderful young woman, these schools are missing the boat. Something will turn up."

Maddie looked up at the reassuring face and smiled, thanking him for his support.

The two worked quietly for a while before being joined by Nicole. While Nicole was also Dr.

Harkin's grad assistant, she was also responsible for the professor's schedule, etc.

"Dr. Harkin, don't forget you are meeting with Jim McFlone from Blanke Schande at noon today," she said bubbly.

"Ah yes, good old Jim," he said. "Wait, Maddie, I can mention to Jim about your dilemma to see if he has any openings. Perhaps he can help."

"Oh Dr. Harkin, that would be wonderful," she said, trying not to get her hopes up.

The woman went back to work grading paper, even staying at her desk as Professor Harkin left for his noon meeting. She was so wrapped up in grading papers that she had forgotten all about Professor Harkin's offer to help her land an interview. She just desperately wanted to get these exams finished so she could go home and wallow with a bad movie and chocolate chip cookies. She was startled by the professor's booming voice.

"Well Maddie, you've got it," he said as he entered the office.

"Got what, Professor?"

"An interview, three hours from now, here in the conference room across the hall," he said with a huge smile.

"You're kidding," she said, her face full of surprise.

"Not at all, Jimmy was impressed by your resume," he said. "I am sure you will impress him tremendously later today."

By this time, Nicole had entered the room. "Oh my God, what should I wear," Maddie asked the other woman. "I have to go home and change."

"I don't think what you are wearing is going to matter much if I know Blanke Schande," Professor Harkin said with a smirk, though the look wasn't caught by the two young women.

"Thank you so much Professor," Maddie said, leaning over to give the man a hug. "Do you mind if I run home and change?"

"Not at all, but I wouldn't worry about it," he said. But, despite his words, the girl grabbed her bag and ran off, accepting luck from Nicole along the way.

The girl rushed to her car, not believing her change of fortune. Just a few hours ago she was bemoaning her bad luck and now she was heading to a job interview that may change her life forever.

During the drive home, Maddie thought about her outfit. She was planning on her grey suit skirt and white blouse. The weather seemed just too warm for a jacket and hose. She also knew the right pair of strappy grey heels would complete the outfit perfectly.

She rushed into the house and threw the shower on. While she waited for the water to warm, she ran to the computer to print out her resume. She wondered if she should take a second to look at the Blanke Schande web site but there was no time. She closed her eyes in disgust when she saw the envelope showing her past-due rent notice. She had to pay in full by the end of the month or be evicted. Of course her salary as a grad assistant didn't last very long. She desperately needed this job and prayed that Blanke Schande would hire her.

Maddie pulled her shirt over her head and undid her bra, dropping both in a pile on the bathroom floor. Her socks, jeans and panties soon followed and she eased herself into the now warm shower.

Unlike this morning, Maddie took the time to lather up her legs and shave them. A typical girl, she would be mortified to wear a skirt and not be smooth skinned. While she did it, she also shaved the shadow forming on her pubic mound and then her armpits, rendering herself completely hairless from the neck down. She finished the shower, grabbed the lotion to sooth her legs and pubes and then got dressed.

First, Maddie pulled on a pair of tan French cut bikini panties, lacy. In fact, the garment was so smooth it was mostly see thru. She then pulled on a matching bra before sliding on a white silk blouse (bought by her mother when she got her degree). Before pulling her skirt on, Maddie looked at her legs, trying to decide whether to wear stockings or not. She decided to go without on the warm day and just pulled the skirt up her legs, securing it at her waist. The skirt came about to her knee, maybe an inch or two above.

Standing in front of a full-length mirror, Maddie turned in every direction, trying to ensure her look. Was her blouse too thin for the bra she was wearing, she wondered? It was the sheerest bra she owned but it didn't do a great job of hiding her nipples all the time. She would be mortified if her nipples were to show during a job interview.

Deciding that her outfit was perfect, she looked at the clock. Noticing that she only had 40 minutes to make the 20 minute drive back to school, she rushed into the bathroom to finish her makeup and hair. Making a last second stop to grab her resume, she rushed out of her apartment and made a mad scramble to the university.

When she arrived, Maddie placed her bag at her desk and took a second to gain her composure. Standing up straight, in a dignified fashion, she walked across the hall and into the conference room. There she saw Professor Harkin with another man.

"Maddie, this is Jim McFlone from Blank Schande College," Professor Harkin said. "He is also an old friend of mine from college. Jim, this is Maddie O'Brien, one of the best students I have had in 30 years of teaching."

The two shook hands and Professor Harkin began to leave.

"Please Tom, stay," McFlone said. "I would love to have you here as we talk. Perhaps you can help the process along. Maddie, is that alright with you?"

The girl nodded, actually grateful to have the support of a friendly face like Professor Harkin.

"Well, before we start the interview, it is important for me to have you in the same state that you will teach," McFlone said. "So, if you can disrobe now we can get started."

The blood drained from the young woman's face. Maddie was stunned.

"Um, excuse me?"

"I'm sorry Maddie, is there a problem?"

"Uh, yes, did you just ask me to take my clothes off for the interview?"

"Yes I did, to make sure that nudity is not a problem for you. You do know about Blanke Schande College, don't you?"

Maddie shook her head. What could this dirty old man be talking about?

"Jim, I didn't say anything to her and I can see that she didn't have time to do any research on the college," Professor Harkin said. "It is totally my fault but I didn't realize you would be asking her to disrobe here for the interview."

"We have to conduct the interview in the nude, Tom, how else can we know if the applicant is serious in complying with our rules?"

Maddie moved her head back and forth between the two men seated in front of her. She was stunned at the conversation they were having.

"What is going on here," she asked, her voice shaking in revulsion and disappointment. Apparently her dream job was not going to materialize. She wondered where she would live in two weeks.

"Maddie, I am sorry about the confusion," McFlone said. "Here is a brochure from Blanke Schande College. Perhaps it might answer your questions."

Maddie took the glossy brochure and was stunned to see two nude co-eds in a library, surrounded by four fully dressed men. Opening the brochure she saw this type of scene repeated in photo after photo. In each, the women wore nothing and the men were dressed. Even the photos in the classrooms featured nude female professors teaching the students.

"This can't be," she said after looking through.

"Yes Maddie, it is true," McFlone said softly. "The women at Blanke Schande do not wear clothing at any time, even the teachers and staff."

The man then launched into the rationale behind it, stating that the school's numbers had skyrocketed since the decision was made several years ago. He talked about how much the girls enjoyed it there and that many female faculty members preferred it to other schools.

"However, we have been in situations before where women interviewed for the job, believing they could handle the nudity but then backed out," McFlone continued. "That's when it was decided to conduct the interview in the nude for all female applicants, both students and teachers. This way, they have shown they are willing to get naked in front of people."

"But, I can't," she stammered. "I mean, I won't do that. It's not right."

"Well Maddie, that is certainly up to you," McFlone said, rising to his feet. "Our school is not for everyone and we do not force our rules onto anyone. Everyone who chooses Blanke Schande does it with the knowledge of our rules. They choose a different path. Professor Harkin made you sound like the perfect candidate for Blanke Schande's faculty. I'm just sorry to lose you to something trivial like clothing."

Maddie's mind was whirling. It sounded like McFlone liked her and was thinking about giving her a job, a job she desperately needed since she was about to be thrown out of her apartment. But was clothing trivial?

"Please Mr. McFlone, I need this job," she said. "Is there any other way?"

"No Maddie, I am afraid there is not," he said softly. "Our rules are different but we stand by them. They work for us but we cannot allow some to follow them and others to not follow them."

The two men shook hands and McFlone turned to shake Maddie's hand. "I am sorry that I have upset you Maddie; that was not my intention. I wish it had worked out better for both of us. Best of luck in your job search."

He reached his hand out to take hers but she stopped. "Wait, please don't leave," she said, trying to summon up her courage. "I would like to have this interview if it's not too late."

The man's demeanor changed to one of interest. "Are you sure this is what you want?"

No, she thought. Instead, she smiled and said, "Yes, I am sure."

"Great, so if you can get yourself ready we can then begin."

Maddie's legs were shaking as she stood. She could not believe that she was about to strip naked in the conference room, in front of her mentor and his friend. But she knew that the opportunity to become a professor at a college was too good to pass up so she was accepting whatever came her way.

She lifted each foot and removed her heels, placing them together next to her chair. Unsure what to remove next, she decided on her skirt. Her fingers were shaking with nerves as she undid the latch and lowered the zipper so that the garment could drop down her legs. Bending over she picked up the skirt and folded it on the table next to her.

With trembling hands she undid her blouse button by button, revealing her bra. Shortly her blouse was folded on top of her skirt and she stood in just her bra and panties.

Maddie never looked to see the reaction her near-nudity was having on the men in the room. Both stared appreciatively at her full, perky breasts with their nipples nearly poking through the thin material covering them. Her belly was flat and toned before meeting her nearly transparent panties that covered hardly any of her legs.

Reaching behind her, Maddie undid the clasp of her bra and pulled the straps down her arms and off. She was embarrassed to hear a soft whistle emerge from Professor Harkin as her round, smooth breasts came into full view and pointed straight out at the two men.

Hooking her thumbs into the waistband of her panties, Maddie pulled the garment down her long legs and off, completing her task. She laid the panties on top of the pile of clothing on the conference table and stood, unbelievably naked in the university conference room.

Uncomfortably, Maddie sat down, feeling strange as the soft fabric made contact with her bare bottom, back and legs. She crossed her legs as she normally would and crossed her arms over her breasts, trying to minimize her exposure.

"Please uncross your legs and arms, Maddie," McFlone said. "Females are not allowed to cover any part of themselves at Blanke Schande."

Her face now blazing with humiliation, the naked girl uncrossed her legs and arms, allowing the two men to drink in her full nudity, from the top of her head down her smooth white shoulders, onto her full and gorgeous breasts, flat stomach, hairless pubic mound, puffy labia, smooth white legs and dainty feet with pink nail polish.

"Excellent, let's get started," McFlone said.

Shockingly, the man then began asking her questions about English and literature and teaching. At first Maddie stammered, unable to fully forget her blatant nudity, but soon she was in the flow of the interview, answering questions as if she were still in her pretty blouse and skirt. The men were fascinated by her beauty and her brains. McFlone was sure that she would be perfect for Blanke Schande College.

"Maddie, I am very pleased with what I have heard," he said. The girl visibly breathed a sigh of relief, hoping that her time of nudity was over. "However, I have one more piece of the interview that I would like to do."

"Ok, whatever you need," Maddie said, trying to continue to ignore her nudity and the eyes of her male counterparts.

"Great, I have four students here with me for the conference and I would love for them to meet with you and get their opinions," he said.

Maddie's eyes shot open in horror. Was he really about to invite four undergrads into the room to see her in her total nudity. It took every bit of strength she had to keep her arms at her sides and her feet planted on the floor as McFlone stood and went to the door.

**Part 2**

Maddie sat there, not believing the scene as McFlone stepped aside to let the Blank Schande students enter. She was mortified that the first two students in were men, both incredibly handsome and both riveted to her nude form. She was equally shocked when the next two students into the room were girls and they were as naked as she was.

"Dr. O'Brien, these are four of Blanke Schande's finest, Robert, John, Lynne and Tara," he said. Trying to bring some normalcy to the proceedings, Maddie stood and shook all four hands. Robert was tall, obviously an athlete of some kind. His bluish-green eyes were beautiful, Maddie thought, even though they were glued onto her bare breasts and vagina.

John was shorter but equally enthralled by her nudity. His dark skin and eyes were a perfect match, she thought.

Lynne was taller than she was and her breasts were bigger. Maddie was a 34c so she guessed that Lynne was a 36C or D. it was obvious that Lynne was a natural blonde as she had a tuft of it over her slit.

Tara was young looking, probably just completing her freshman year. Her breasts were small bumps, barely noticeable, but her nipples were long and pointy, pointing directly up and out of the young girl's chest. But Tara obviously worked out as her body was tight and toned. Her legs were long and thin and her pubic mound was completely bare.

The four students sat opposite her so that only her bare breasts (and those of the two students) were visible.

"Have you been waiting long," Maddie asked.

"About 20 minutes or so," Lynne answered.

"And we drew quite a crowd," Robert said laughing. Maddie noticed that both girls clenched up a bit in embarrassment. It was obvious that the leering had bothered her.

"Yeah, we had about a dozen guys just standing there and a bunch of others who pretended not to look but you know they were," John said.

"I'm sorry that you girls had to put up with that," Maddie said sympathically, understanding the girls' plight.

"It's okay Dr. O'Brien," Tara said politely. "We're used to it as BSC but these boys were different. I guess they're not used to it."

McFlone began to ask the students to ask Maddie questions. Again, at first she was distracted by her nudity and that of the co-eds, but quickly she forgot their nude states and began a spirited conversation with the students. It was exactly the kind of exchange that Maddie cherished and the reason she had wanted to become an English professor to begin with. She just had no idea she would ever do it naked.

As they neared the end, Maddie came away very impressed with the students. They were smart, courteous and inquisitive. Maddie found herself looking forward to the chance to teach others like them at BSC.

"Well, this has been wonderful," McFlone said. "I think we have taken care of everything. I can tell you, Dr. O'Brien, that I will strongly recommend you to the hiring committee. I think it is very likely that you will be teaching at Blanke Schande College in the fall."

Maddie face lit up in excitement at his words. She was so happy that she had done well in the interview, despite the bizarre circumstances. In a part of her brain, she realized that she was signing up to be nude in the classroom in a few months but that was not enough to dampen her enthusiasm.

"Dr. McFlone, is it alright to ask her to present," Robert asked.

"Present," she asked. She noticed that both girls stood from their chairs and turned towards the male students.

"Yes, I think it is fine," McFlone said. "Maddie, part of the rules of Blanke Schande say that any male, professor or student, can ask a female to present. That means to show a certain part of her body or to show a pose."

Maddie thought she was past being shocked by the circumstances at BSC but she was indeed stunned at his words.

"Dr. O'Brien, I would like you to get on all fours on top of the table and spread your knees apart so I can see your asshole and your pussy," Robert said, in the same polite tone that a few minutes before had been chatting with her about literature.

"Girls, why don't you join Dr. O'Brien so that she understands what to do," McFlone said. In seconds, both girls got into the position described, their knees roughly a foot apart, revealing their slits and assholes. Both girls had their heads up and their breasts dangled beneath them. As far as Maddie was concerned, there was no less dignified a position for a girl to be in.

"Dr. O'Brien," McFlone said, gesturing to the spot next to Lynne who looked at the woman with sympathy. Slowly Maddie climbed onto the table, which felt cold and hard beneath her bare skin. Somehow she got into the position, pointing her butt towards the young male students and looking at the wall opposite them. Mortified she spotted Dr. Harkin just a few feet from where her bare breasts hung down beneath her. She had mostly forgotten that he was here.

Maddie lost track of how long she and the other women knelt there in the "doggy" position but it felt like hours. Finally, Robert said "Thank you, that was wonderful" and Maddie relaxed. She was about to get down when she heard, "Now it's my turn" from John.

She looked at the boy and felt dirty, like she was just an object for his pleasure. But she said nothing and waited for his instruction.

"Please lie on your backs and grab your ankles and spread your legs so that I get a good view of those pussies."

Maddie's eyes closed in shame and horror, even though the two co-eds quickly moved to get into the position. She had thought the "doggy" pose was the worst for a girl but realized she was wrong: this was way worse, having to expose the most secret part of your anatomy.

Almost automatically, Maddie lay on her back and spread her legs, her hairless slit coming into full view just a few inches away from where the boys sat, their eyes bugging out as they saw the woman's pussy up close. It was obvious that they had studied Tara and Lynne's bodies several times as they almost ignored them to the exclusivity of her. Maddie closed her eyes, praying for the moment to end. She felt the cool air licking at her bare lips, now gaping a bit as she stretched. Finally, after seemingly forever, John thanked the girls for their pose and she gratefully released her ankles and pulled her legs together. Gingerly, she and the other girls got off the table.

"Well, Dr. O'Brien, this was very impressive," McFlone said, his face registering respect and a bit of lust for the woman. "Students, can you give Dr. O'Brien and I a few moments alone, please?"

The students nodded but Maddie detected some reluctance on the parts of the girls to leave the relative sanctum of this closed room for the eyes and leers of the assembled masses. But they dutifully said their goodbyes and left the room to the three adults.

"I know that pose felt shameful to you, most women report that," McFlone said softly when the students left. "But it is an important part of our school hierarchy. Men get their chance to see women as they wish but for the most part can then concentrate on other things. Women get it over with and can then just be who they are without worrying about boys gawking at them, etc. It may seem shameful but it gets all of the cards out on the table so that we can get onto business."

"May I speak, Dr. McFlone," she asked.

"Of course," he replied.

"If nudity is so important to the mission of Blanke Schande, why are only women nude? Why aren't the men naked and posing?"

"Great questions. That was considered but the studies conducted did not find that there would be any benefit. For the most part, women are not checking men out in that way and most had little to no desire to see men in that state. Also, women's bodies are infinitely more attractive then men and men, as the more visual creature, like looking at women in ways women will never understand."

The answer floored Maddie. She hadn't thought there would be a logical answer but now saw the wisdom of the rules.

"So, if there are no questions, I will say goodbye, Maddie," McFlone said, extending his hand to the naked girl who shook it. She was impressed to see that he was making eye contact, though she knew he had already seen every square inch of her body. "I would expect a call from our department chair tomorrow or Friday with an offer."

Despite herself, Maddie beamed. The nudity was weird and something that would take some getting used to, but she had a job as a professor, her life's ambition.

"Thank you Dr. McFlone, I will not let you down," she said.

"I have no doubts, Dr. O'Brien," he said. "Farewell, Tom and thank you for your hospitality and for leading us to Maddie here. You really helped us out, Tom and I will never forget it."

The two old friends shook hands and embraced in the way that men do and McFlone left. Maddie was surprised to see a large group of male students gathered in the hallway, probably gawking at Lynne and Tara. She ducked closer to the wall, hoping to avoid their looks but their attention was fixed on the two young nudes in the hall.

"Well Maddie, you were wonderful, just wonderful," Dr. Harkin exclaimed, walking towards her for an embrace. Maddie returned the hug, though she felt weird as her mentor's tweed sports coat rubbed against her bare breasts and nipples. "I'm sorry I never mentioned anything about Blanke Schande to you but I was afraid that you would not go through with the interview and I think that would have been a mistake."

"Oh Dr. Harkin, I don't know if I can do it," she said.

"Of course you can," he exclaimed. "You know literature like no student I have ever taught and you can hold your own in the classroom. And you have a knack with students, just like you were wonderful with those four Blanke Schande students. They were instantly attracted to you and felt comfortable with you. That is a trait that all teachers should work towards and you have it naturally."

"But being naked all the time, I don't know," she said.

"Well, you did an excellent job here and I want you to notice something," he said. "There is nothing stopping you from getting dressed now but you still stand there, naked and not even realizing it. You have been talking to me like we always talk and you are naked as the day you were born. You are a natural."

Maddie realized that what Dr. Harkin was saying was true. She got a bit embarrassed when she noticed that she was still naked but only because he brought it to her attention.

"I think you're right, Dr. Harkin, I can do this," she said. She reached for her pile of clothes and pulled her bra on. She was about to hook it when she stopped. "You know, I think I am going to do without that and without the panties. I might as well get used to it."

Instead she pulled on her blouse, feeling the soft silk against her rock hard nipples, causing a flutter to run through her body. She felt as alive as she buttoned her blouse, pulling the material around her bare breasts, caressing them. She then pulled her skirt on and slipped into her shoes and she was covered for the first time in two hours.

"Wow, what an afternoon," she said, smiling at Dr. Harkin.

"Congratulations, Professor O'Brien," he said, putting his hand on her back as they walked out of the conference room.

Back in the professor's office, Nicole was waiting. She looked at them curiously and was stunned to see Maddie's breasts clearly visible and braless through the silk blouse.

"What happened and what was the deal with those naked girls in the hallway?"

The other girl was mesmerized as Maddie and the professor told the story. "You were naked the whole time?" Nicole asked. Maddie gave an embarrassed nod. "Holy shit," she said, her eyes bugging out.

At the end, the three toasted Maddie's new job. Then Professor Harkin spoke. "Maddie, I think you need to start getting used to the Blanke Schande rules," he said.

"What do you have in mind, Professor," she asked.

"Well, why don't you work naked here in the office this summer, until you leave?"

The two women stared at him in disbelief.

"Before you say no, hear me out. There is very little activity here in the summer, hardly any students are here and even fewer come into the office. This way you can get used to being naked before stepping foot on the Blanke Schande campus in September."

"You're right, Professor, of course that makes sense," Maddie said. "Do you think it can work?"

"I think it will be fine," he said. "If it becomes a problem, we will change it, a luxury you won't have at Blanke Schande."

Maddie agreed and said she would do it. The professor was in his glory. While he did think it was a good idea, he was excited to have the chance to see his favorite student in her naked glory every day. He had always fancied her and seeing her naked today had been beyond belief. Now he would work just a few feet away from where she would be sitting totally nude for three months. He really loved his job.

The three turned out the lights and locked up. Maddie gave the professor and Nicole big hugs as she parted with them and headed to her car. She had finally gotten a job, in the most bizarre of circumstances.

As she drove home, she remembered that her bra and panties were still sitting on the conference table and she got nervous. Then she laughed, realizing that people seeing her bra and panties were soon going to be the least of her problems.

**Part 3**

As Maddie woke up the next morning, she still did not believe that the events of yesterday had actually happened. Had she really been naked in the university conference room in front of her mentor and his friend and gone through a job interview? Had she really been nude in front of four future students, including two naked girls? Had she really gotten into the "doggy" position and then lay on her back and spread her legs to show off her sex? It was almost beyond belief but she knew they had all actually happened.

She had been so aroused when she got home last night. After a quick dinner, she had taken a nice hot bubble bath. In that bath, her fingers had found her sex and all of the pent-up emotions of the day came out in one rolling orgasm after another. She had actually dozed off in that tub and only came to after the water had cooled and startled her out of her post-orgasm sleep.

She rolled over and slipped out of the covers and remembered that she was naked. She had decided to try nudity at home to get ready for Blanke Schande but now she felt funny. As she sat on the toilet, the reflection of her bare breasts startled her a bit. It was not something she was used to seeing regularly.

Maddy turned on the shower and took a deep breath. While stepping into the warm water, her mind thought about her talk with Professor Harkin and his suggestion of her nudity in the office. While the idea had seemed like a good one yesterday, in the wake of the interview, she realized now that it was crazy. Being naked at Blanke Schande was one thing; it was acceptable there and all of the women were naked as well. But to do it here, at her university, would be ludicrous and maybe illegal.

After shaving (legs, pubes and armpits), Maddie washed her hair and got out the shower. Instead of remaining naked, as she had decided last night, Maddie grabbed for her warm, soft robe hanging behind the door. Pulling it on, the first clothing she had worn since yesterday, the material felt tight against her. She wondered if her head was getting back at her for breaking a promise, even one she had made to herself.

Maddie dressed as usual, pulling a pair of black bikini panties up her legs and pulling on a matching black bra. This was a bra meant to hold her boobs up, not to look nice or to show through a top. This was sturdy and for some reason that appealed to her.

She grabbed her favorite pink top, and her faded blue jeans that fit her well. Throwing on a pair of old white sneakers, she rushed downstairs to grab breakfast before heading to work.

The whole way to the university, Maddie was arguing with herself. Surely no one would hold it against her if she decided to stay clothed at work. After all, every other employee of the school wore clothes and Professor McFlone did not stipulate that she could no longer wear clothes. But would Professor Harkin be upset? After all, he had pushed her for the job and he thought her nudity in the office was a good idea. Perhaps he was right.

As she pulled into the lot, Maddie allowed herself a smile. Of course Professor Harkin was arguing for her to be naked. What man would not want to work five feet away from a naked girl? Maybe she was putting a bit too much emphasis on his advice.

With classes mostly over, Maddie got a spot near her building, a rarity. She grabbed her bag and locked the car, walking with long strides towards her office. She had made up her mind that she would not remove her clothes today, no matter what. If Blanke Schande changed their minds, then maybe she didn't want to work there anyway.

Walking up the stairs to the third floor, Maddie's resolve grew stronger. She waved to some of the few students still on campus in these last few days before summer break. When she got to her office door, the woman took a deep breath and opened up.

Professor Harkin was already there, on the phone. Maddie put down her bag and grabbed a coffee mug from the hook on the wall. She motioned that she was heading to the secretary's office for coffee and left the office. In less than a minute, she returned with a hot black cup of coffee.

"Oh Maddie, good morning," Professor Harkin said. "I am surprised that you are still dressed. I thought we had discussed the idea of you getting nude here in the office."

Maddie took a deep breath again. It was never easy for her to speak up for herself, especially to Professor Harkin, her mentor and a father figure. But, she had decided she would do it and knew she had to follow through.

"Yes Professor Harkin, about that, I..." she began.

"When you walked in, I was speaking to Jim McFlone at BSC," Professor Harkin continued. "He was worried that you might not really be committed to the total nudity requirement, that maybe you would have second thoughts if you accepted the job and got there."

Butterflies began to flutter in Maddie's stomach. The job offer seemed to be slipping away, so did

her resolve. Yesterday, before her wonderful bath, she had researched Blanke Schande College and found out that it really was a wonderful place and the women seemed well adjusted and normal, despite being naked all the time. And the fact and numbers that Dr. McFlone had quoted her seemed to have been correct.

"Relax, relax Madeline, I took care of it," Professor Harkin said. "When I told him that I believed you were fully committed, he was still shaky. But, when I told him about the idea that you had asked to work naked here for the rest of the summer in order to get ready for Blanke Schande, he was convinced. He said that assured him that you really did plan to follow through with the nudity requirement. Sounds to me like you have the job. Congratulations."

Maddie's whole demeanor changed. Instead of being defeated, she was instantly buoyed. She was going to become a professor, though in a very unusual place.

"So, Maddie, what were you going to say about the nudity thing before I interrupted you?"

"Oh, ah, nothing Professor Harkin," she stammered. "I was just going to ask where I should keep my clothes so they would not be in your way."

"Anywhere is fine, but maybe the coat closet would be a good place, rather then leaving them lying about here," he answered.

The two stayed in an awkward silence. Maddie was delaying the inevitable nudity and Dr. Harkin was wondering what was going on. He wondered if she was trying to back out of her deal but he knew that his talk here had sealed the deal.

"Please Maddie, don't let me stop you from getting more comfortable," he said. "But I hope you don't mind if I watch. It's not every day that I get to see an enchanting young woman remove her clothes in my office, though I guess I will this summer."

Maddie was beet red in embarrassment. "I am a little nervous about getting naked Dr. Harkin, I must be honest," she said softly. "You watching is not going to make it easier."

"Well, there will be many men watching you teach nude at Blanke Schande so you might as well get used to it," he said. "Please go on."

As any woman would do, Maddie reached down and untied her sneakers first and pulled them off and her socks. She felt the cool hard wood floor of the office beneath her feet and shivered a bit. She had never really felt warm in this drafty old building and she knew that it would be worse if she were nude.

She grabbed the bottom of her blouse and pulled it up over her head, mortified that Dr. Harkin was seeing her less-then-pretty bra. A part of her realized how silly it was to be worried about her bra when he was about to see every part of her, but she was a girl and all girls worry about those things.

Reaching behind her, Maddie undid the hook of her bra and let the cups fall gently off her breasts. Slowly, almost painfully, she pulled the straps down her arms and off, revealing her gorgeously round breasts with their erect nipples pointing straight at the photo of her and Dr. Harkin that was framed and sitting on a shelf behind the man. In that photo, she was wearing a cap and gown and looking the picture of a smart, professional woman. She felt much less than that now.

Wanting desperately to cover her breasts, but knowing that was not allowed according to BSC rules, Maddie bent over and undid the button on her jeans, pulling them down her long, shapely legs. She heard a gasp from behind the desk and blushed even more, knowing what he was looking at.

Quickly, not wanting to drag this on any longer then necessary, she hooked her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and pulled them down and off, laying them on top of the pile of clothes that had gathered at her feet.

"Beautiful," Professor Harkin said. "Maddie, you are absolutely beautiful. I can see why Blanke Schande believes in displaying the female body. Truly a work of art."

Maddie stood there not knowing what to do. Finally she bent over and grabbed her clothes to put them away. Just as her butt was sticking out and facing the door, she felt a rush of air from the hallway and a loud "Holy Christ." Mortified, Maddie turned around, her right arm over her breasts and her left hand covering her vagina. She relaxed a bit when she realized it was only Nicole.

"I know you said this was going to happen, but I never expected it," she said, her eyes devouring Maddie. The nude girl wanted to plead with her friend to stop but she knew that it was only natural. Reluctantly, Maddie lowered her arms to her sides and stood there, letting Nicole get a good look.

"Man, those boys at Blanke Schande are going to love you," she said with a laugh. Even Maddie had to join in.

Shortly they trio got to work. Maddie was surprised at how it felt to slide onto her desk chair while naked. She kind of knew how it would feel since she had often wore skirts or shorts but to feel the fabric against her ass and back was truly unreal.

"Well, this is the way it is going to be, so I might as well get used to it," she said to herself. She leaned over to turn on her computer, having the strange feeling of her breasts dangling down, almost grazing the keyboard. Stop it, stop it, she said to herself. She knew she would get no work done if every movement became sensual.

Finally she got her papers out and began marking exams, checking data on the computer as she went. Although she was still aware of her nudity, Maddie dove into her work as always, reading the essays and assessing them for grades. It was a job that she took seriously and one that made her so popular with the students and Professor Harkin.

The scene in the office was unlike any outside of the Blanke Schande campus. Professor Harkin, in his shirt and tie as always, Nicole in her stylish skirt and top and between them both was the nude Maddie. At first she had crossed her legs at the knee, the way she always sat, but remembered Professor McFlone's words from yesterday ("Females are not allowed to cover any part of themselves at Blanke Schande") and sat instead with both feet firmly on the floor, roughly shoulder width apart.

Looking up for a moment, Maddie assessed the situation. Actually, it was not too bad, she thought. Professor Harkin was off to her left. Most likely he was only seeing her from the side, maybe a breast if she turned a certain way. Her vagina was covered from his view for the most part so that was a blessing. Nicole however had a pretty good view of all of her. She sat directly across from her and could see her breasts directly and if she looked through the glass table that they shared could certainly see her exposed lips. But it could be worse, Maddie realized.

Anyone walking in would certainly be surprised to see a bare back but at least Maddie would have a chance to gain some composure before they saw her full nudity. She cringed when she thought that students might wander in but she knew it was inevitable, especially once grades were posted tomorrow. She would have to gird herself for that but at least that was tomorrow. Today, she thought, should be clear of that and her only exposure would be to Professor Harkin and Nicole and that was done for now.

She got back to work. Shortly it was two hours in and Maddie barely realized it. She had been working nude for two hours and it seemed like it would be okay, she could handle it.

She looked up and was surprised to see Professor Harkin standing over her shoulder. She turned red for a moment, wondering what he had just seen.

"Well, Maddie, are you ready?"

The girl looked puzzled. "Ready for what?"

"It's Thursday," he said with a smile. "Our meeting at 11 in the board room."

Maddie's face widened in horror. She had totally forgotten the weekly meeting with the dean and several others. For two years, she had accompanied Professor Harkin to that meeting and was an integral part of the group.

"Oh right, sorry. Let me just grab my clothes."

"Now, now, Maddie, at Blanke Schande, you won't have a pile of clothes to hide behind,"

Professor Harkin said. "You might as well get used to it."

The naked girl's insides were turning to jelly. She was petrified to go out of the little cocoon she had here in the office but also nervous at the cost of her not going.

Seeing her expression, the man tried to calm her. "Don't worry, I already spoke to the dean and she is fine with it. Let's go."

The professor started to the door. Nervously, her whole body shaking, Maddie got onto her bare feet, grabbed a legal pad and pen, and followed him. Her heart was pounding as the man in front of her pulled the door open.

**Part 4**

The nude girl braced herself to the thought of walking out into the hallway naked. She followed Professor Harkin out the door and prayed that the hall would be empty. At first her prayers were answered as it was just the two of them. As they entered the stairwell though, she was met by three students, a woman and two men. Thankfully they were not students she knew but their shocked reaction caused Maddie to blush even more (if that were possible) and put her head down in shame. She followed closely behind Professor Harkin, praying that he would give her some form of cover.

They walked down two floors to the main floor. Here the hallway was more crowded with both students and faculty. There were several gasps, even though Professor Harkin played it cool, saying hello to people by name. For her part, Maddie was mortified, head bowed, arms wrapped around her bouncing breasts, to hell with Blanke Schande's rules.

"Oh my God, that's Professor O'Brien," she heard a male voice say in awe. "She's freaking naked."

"You're right, what a body she's got, I always thought she would be hot."

Maddie felt like a piece of meat being evaluated, hated hearing them talk about her in this way. She wished she could turn and be proud like those girls in the Blanke Schande brochures. But she was not there yet. Instead she walked submissively behind Professor Harkin and into the relative safety of the meeting room.

They were the last two to get there. This meeting usually contained about a dozen others, although at this time of year there were only ten of them there, including Dean Judy Blench, an attractive older woman, who had been another of Maddie's role models and mentors. Dr. Blench smiled towards the two as they walked in.

"Well, well, I see we have a newly minted professor in our midst," Dr. Blench said with a gesture towards Maddie. "Professor Madeline O'Brien, the newest member of the English department at the prestigious Blanke Schande College. Congratulations!"

Maddie was torn between her intense shame at being nude and her pride in the words of Dr. Blench, who came to the door and hugged her. The feel of the dean's expensive suit brushing up against her nude body was another reminder of her nudity. She nodded a thank you, unable to form words right now after such a shameful walk but intensely aware of the eyes drinking in her nudity.

She sat down in the last remaining seat, between Professor Harkin and John McDonald, another grad assistant. John had a huge crush on Maddie but never acted on it. He was stunned to be this close to her naked body. His eyes barely could keep focused on the meeting as they constantly went to her breasts and down towards her lap.

Maddie was aware of everyone's eyes on her bare breasts and she felt John's gaze going towards her vagina. She pulled her chair in as far as possible but knew that he probably could see more than she wanted.

About a half hour into the meeting, Phil Newman, an economics professor, spoke up.

"Dr. Blench, I am sorry to interrupt, but I know a little bit about Blanke Schande and wonder if we could honor one of their traditions," he said.

Maddie was curious to where Dr. Newman was heading. He had always seemed like a nice guy but she knew that nice guys changed in the presence of a nude girl.

"What do you have in mind, Phil," Dr. Blench said.

"Well, one of the reasons the nudity works so well at Blanke Schande is that the nudity becomes less of an issue," he said. "This is because any male can request that a female 'present' herself to him or the group in any way the male wishes."

Maddie's head was saying no but no words came to her lips. He wasn't possibly going to ask her to show something.

"That is a splendid idea, Phil, a splendid idea," Professor Harkin said.

She turned and stared at him wide-eyed, wondering what had happened to the kindly old man who had mentored her, who was always on her side.

"I think that Maddie is intensely embarrassed by her nudity and this might be a way to get her out of that. Plus I know that many of the men in here are spending more time trying to sneak a peek at her than paying attention to the meeting. This will clear the air and let us get on with it while also giving Maddie a chance to put her nudity on display. Perhaps she will be less nervous."

The older woman looked kindly at the nude one. "Well, Madeline, it is up to you," she said softly. "I will not force this on you but both Dr. Newman and Dr. Harkin make sense to me. It's your call."

On her own, Maddie would never agree to such a thing. To get on the table and show herself to these people, her friends and colleagues, would be mortifying. But, she wondered if word would get back to Dr. McFlone at BSC and if it might hinder her job possibilities.

"I'll do it, Dr. Blench, if you think it is okay," she said timidly.

"It is fine with me, Dr. O'Brien," the dean said. "Phil, since you were the person who suggested it, perhaps you can name the position."

"OK, but I am not the only one requesting this," he said. "Some of the other men in the room would also like the opportunity to ask for her to present."

Maddie groaned, knowing that she would have to take several positions.

"Very well, Phil, you go first and then the others can jump in," the dean said.

"Maddie, please stand up on this conference table," Newman said.

Maddie hesitated for only a second before getting to her feet. Using John's shoulder as an anchor, Maddie stood on the chair and then put herself on the table, one bare foot at a time. She was mortified to realize that her vagina was at eye level with the people in the meeting.

"Now, stand in the middle and grab your ankles, facing me for two minutes and then the other side for two minutes," he said softly but firmly.

Tears started to well in Maddie's eyes as she complied with the request. As she leaned over to grab her ankles, she heard a gasp from the side of the room that was getting an eyeful of her asshole with her slit peeking out from the front. Her hair protected her a bit, leaving her a sliver of cover. The people off to the sides admired her long, toned legs and her round, firm breasts dangling down.

It felt like Maddie held the position for longer than two minutes but the order soon came for her to change positions. She did as asked, giving the other side the view of her bottom and vagina. Maddie could not believe how her life had changed in the last 24 hours, leading to her current condition.

"Time is up, thank you Maddie, excellent job," Newman said. "John, I believe you probably have an idea."

The group went around the room. Only three other guys volunteered to ask her to present. She redid her poses from the interview, getting on all fours and then spreading her legs wide to give everyone a full view of her vagina. Last to go was Harold Rainess, a communications professor who had been feuding with Professor Harkins for several years. Because of that, he had no time for Harkins' grad assistants and made no effort to hide his disgust. Now he wanted to rub it in on her, both literally and figuratively.

"Yes, Dr. O'Brien, this has been an enlightening meeting thus far," he said with a sneer. "I never imagined you quite like this."

Maddie burned with shame and rage. She knew that this guy was turning the knife in her humiliation but she felt powerless to do anything about it.

"I would like for you to get on all fours and make yourself cum, while looking me in the eye," he said with force.

The room hushed. Several of the women in the room rushed to her defense. "This is ludicrous,"

said Megan Miller, a philosophy professor. "Harold, you have crossed the line."

"Excuse me," Rainess said. "Once I heard from our illustrious dean that Dr. O'Brien would be joining us in her unusual attire, I researched Blanke Schande a bit. On their website, it says very plainly that masturbation and sex acts are acceptable parts of presenting, unless it would be a disruption to a course, etc. I feel that in light of the past 30 minutes or so, it would certainly not be a disruption so I ask again. Dr. O'Brien, please get on all fours and masturbate to orgasm, with your eyes never leaving mine."

Humiliated at the thought of what she was about to do, Maddie crawled over towards the man. Getting on all fours, she raised her face so that she could make the required eye contact. Using her right hand, she reached down and rubbed her sex. She was stunned to find out that it was soaking wet from all of the movements of the past half hour. Despite herself, she moaned the moment her fingers touched her lips.

She moved her hands more quickly, desperate to get this over with. It was torture to have to look into his eyes as her body got more and more aroused. The smell in the room was powerful as her sexual secretions started to fill the air. Her nipples, already hard, got larger and her breasts tightened. She opened her mouth in shock as the beginnings of an orgasm came her way. Her fingers moved faster, giving the person directly opposite Rainess quite a show. But all that existed for her was her fingers, her vagina and her torturer, his eyes boring into her. Despite it all, she shortly came with an intense and powerful orgasm that found her screaming out in shame and pleasure.

Finally it subsided. She pulled her hand away from her throbbing, wet sex and crawled back to her chair. Megan and Lorrie Atkins got to their feet and helped her down and to her seat. The two women gathered around her, supporting her and also hiding her from sight for a moment. Megan handed her some tissues, allowing her to dab at her sex and clean any left over seepage. She said a quiet thank you before sitting back down and finishing the meeting.

There really wasn't much more work to do and no one had the energy to do it after the scenes they had just witnessed. For her part, Maddie felt like she had reached rock bottom. If this happened every day at Blanke Schande, she could never survive. But she had to admit that her orgasm was one of the most powerful she had ever experienced. The humiliation of being on display mixed with the freedom that came with her total nudity to form something amazing within her. Her brain was unable to wrap itself around it.

"The meeting is adjourned but I would like to have a word with Dr. O'Brien if I can," Dean Blench said. "And Professor Harkin, if you can remain behind as well."

The group left, with many of the women touching the nude girl's shoulder to offer support and encouragement. She thanked them all and waited until the room cleared.

"Tom, would you mind waiting outside while I have a word with Maddie," the woman said. "I just didn't want her to have to walk back to the office alone."

"Sure thing, Judy, take your time," the man said. "Maddie, I will wait in the hallway, near the stairs, for you." The naked girl nodded.

"Maddie, tell me something, are you up for this?"

Maddie looked down at the table. "I don't know, this was awful."

The dean walked over and sat in the chair recently vacated by Professor Harkin. She put her hand on Maddie's. "Maddie, the idea of Blanke Schande is to break down these barriers that women have to deal with in society. The nudity clause takes the sexuality and puts it front and center for all to see. Then it's not the 800-pound gorilla in the corner but it is dealt with."

"I know, but I can't see to get beyond the embarrassment of it all."

The dean nodded. "I know the feeling but you will. Trust me, I know. I am Blanke Schande, Class of 1970 for my undergraduate degree. That was before the nudity and it was just an average school. Then, ten years later, I enrolled there again, as a grad student. It was the first year of the nudity and the school had changed. Now I am prouder of my graduate degree from BSC then my undergrad degree, that's for sure."

"You went to BSC and were nude," Maddie said in shock. "I never would have pictured you in that situation."

"Well, I was different then for sure, but let me say that the confidence you see in me today is a direct result of my three naked years at Blanke Schande. Trust me, there will always be assholes like Harold Rainess and Phil Newman but most of the men respect women and an atmosphere of mutual support develops. You don't think you will make it but trust me, you are far stronger then I was in 1980. I would never have done the things you did today. My body would have been paralyzed."

Maddie leaned over and gave the older woman a huge hug. "Thank you, Dr. Blench, you don't know how much this means to me," she said, tears streaming down her face and onto the woman's expensive suit.

"Call me Judy now, Madeline," the dean said. "Now that we are BSC sisters, first names seem appropriate."

The two women broke the hug and Maddie grabbed her pad and pen. The dean handed her some tissues, this time for her face and eyes, and the two walked to the door. Again the hallway was crowded but it didn't seem so daunting now as she walked in the presence of Dean Blench. Professor Harkins stood and took Maddie's arm, leading her to the stairs. Although Maddie was a bit embarrassed as students walked directly behind her, inches from her bare butt, it was nothing compared to the conference room and all she had done there. Shortly they arrived at the office and entered. Maddie sat down in relief.

"So, how was the meeting," Nicole asked.

"Interesting," Maddie answered, getting a knowing smirk from Professor Harkin. Soon the two brought Nicole up to speed, shocking her with what poor Maddie had gone through.

"That Harold Rainess is a son of a bitch," Nicole said. "I wish I could crush him."

"I think Maddie already did," Professor Harkin said. "He pushed Maddie to the wall, basically daring her to break. But she didn't; in fact she grew stronger. She may have been the one who masturbated in there but he was the one who lost the respect of the group. If anything, Maddie gained respect in there. Madeline O'Brien, you are one tough lady."

The three laughed and got back to work. Shortly Nicole announced that it was lunch time. Nicole and Harkin decided to run out and grab lunch but Maddie decided that she had enough exposure for the day. They promised to bring back lunch for her.

The door closed, leaving Maddie alone for the first time all day. She could not believe all that she had been through since 3 p.m. yesterday. But despite the humiliation of it all, she was feeling more and more powerful, just like Dean Blench had said. Maybe Dr. Harkin was right. She was going to be fine.

Maddie went back to work. In just a few seconds, she heard an ear-shattering buzz. The fire alarm was going off.

"EMERGENCY, EMERGENCY, PLEASE EVACUATE THE BUILDING. EMERGENCY, EMERGENCY, PLEASE EVACUATE THE BUILDING."

She rushed over to the closet where her clothes were kept. She pulled at the door and her heart dropped. The closet door was locked and Professor Harkin had the only key. He must have locked it by mistake.

BANG! BANG! BANG! "Please evacuate this building," came a voice outside her door.

Maddie was beside herself. She was nude and helpless, wanting nothing more than to hide in the office. But she felt real fear at what was going on out in the hallway. What should she do?

Suddenly the door burst open and a fireman stood there.

"Attention, everyone must leave immed... HOLY SHIT."

**Part 5**

The fireman stood by the door and stared at the nude woman standing there totally exposed. Maddie's stomach fluttered from embarrassment at the situation and the fact that she has always loved cute, young firemen and this one is exactly the kind she swooned over.

"What the hell are you doing here like that?"

"Please, turn away. My clothes are locked in this closet."

The fireman walked towards her. Maddie desperately wanted to run away but instead settled for covering her breasts with her right arm and holding her left hand over her pubic region.

"Please don't look at me," she said. "I need to get my clothes."

"Well ma’am, I don't know why you're standing here in this professor's office naked, but you have to evacuate immediately. Some chemical spill in the lab in the science wing. Everybody out, even naked women."

The fireman grabbed her by the arm to lead her out.

"Please give me something to wear, I can't leave like this."

The fireman grabbed a sweater that hung from the back of Nicole's chair. "Here, put this on," he said, handing her the garment. Maddie knew that the sweater would do little to cover her nudity but she was grateful to have something to put on.

She pulled the sweater on over her full breasts and buttoned it as best she could. The garment barely extended to the top of her thighs. Yes it was better than being naked but little was left to the imagination.

For the second time, Maddie tentatively made her way out of the office and into the hallway. By now it was mostly empty as the rest of the building had already evacuated. In the stairs, she met up with some students who gave her a funny look. She was mortified to be seen this way and knew that the firefighter walking behind her was getting an eyeful.

Finally they made it outside. Instead of going where the group had gathered, the fireman led Maddie toward an area where two police officers were standing.

"What the hell is this?" one of the cops asked.

"I found her naked in one of the offices," the fireman replied. "No idea what her deal is."

The police officers were drinking in her mostly nude body as she cringed there, wearing just a thin little sweater.

"What's the deal Miss," the taller officer said, his eyes widely focusing on her breasts, with her nipples threatening to poke a hole through the material.

"Please, I am a grad assistant and I locked my clothes in the closet and can not get to them," she said, realizing how unbelievable her story was. "You have to believe me. The professor went to get lunch and locked the closet door."

"Why are you naked," the other cop asked.

"Well, that's kind of a long story..." she began.

"You know Tone, I've heard enough of this story," he said, moving towards her, handcuffs off his belt.

"Wait, no," she said.

"Is this sweater yours, Miss," the cop asked. Maddie shook her head no. "Please remove it. As far as we are concerned, it is stolen property and we need to log it in as evidence."

"No, please," she begged but seeing that her pleas were going nowhere she unbuttoned the sweater and removed it, revealing her wonderfully naked body to the two police officers and the group gathered a few feet away. She didn't even look to see if she knew anybody.

"Put your hands on the car and spread your feet apart," the officer said.

"Oh God, oh God," she began to chant as she dutifully followed orders. In seconds she felt the cop's hands patting her bare shoulders and move down her back and sides. What the hell could she possibly be hiding there, she wondered, and then he moved down to her hips and thighs before finishing by fondling each bare leg.

She glanced over and saw that more than 25 people were standing there and watching her get frisked and she was mortified.

"You have the right to remain silent," the cop began to say as they took her arms and locked her wrists behind her, leaving her totally exposed to anyone who wanted a view.

"Please you don't understand, I didn't do anything wrong," she cried.

"Wait stop," came a voice from afar. Through her tear soaked eyes, Maddie made out the outline of Nicole and Professor Harkin running towards her.

"Oh thank God," she sobbed, praying that her ordeal was over.

"What are you doing to my assistant," Professor Harkin asked. "Uncuff her this instant."

"Sorry professor, but you are going to have to explain this," the cop said. Soon Professor Harkin had launched into the reason for Maddie's nudity and how her clothes were in his office.

The cops seemed not to believe it at first but when Nicole returned with Dean Blench who validated their story, they uncuffed Maddie and let her go. She was so grateful for the opportunity to cover her breasts and vagina, even though it was fruitless and everyone had gotten a great view of her naked body.

"We're real sorry ma’am, but you have to admit that story is a bit out there," the one cop said.

"Yeah, I wonder if that college needs any security guards," the other added laughing.

Nicole took her sweater and wrapped it around Maddie's shaking shoulders. The two sat on a bench, facing away from the crowd as Maddie tried to recover from her scare. Soon they were joined by Professor Harkin.

"I am sorry about the closet, Maddie, I forgot that it locked automatically since all of those thefts last month," he said. "I am terribly sorry about that, but I never thought this would happen."

Soon after, the alarm stopped and everyone was allowed to re-enter the building. Maddie walked amidst all of the returning students, giving some lucky guys behind her an unimpeded view of her ass and vagina as she went up the stairs.

Finally they arrived on their floor and went to the office. The group sat and tried to get back to work. Maddie's brain was on overdrive, unable to shake the fear and humiliation that she felt a few minutes ago.

An hour later, her lunch untouched, there was a knock at the door. "Come in," Professor Harkin yelled. Maddie tensed for more unwanted exposure. She was surprised to see the firefighter from before.

"Hello again ma’am, sir, ma’am," he said, nodding towards Professor Harkin and Nicole. "Ma’am, can I speak to you privately for a second."

Maddie looked at him questioningly but soon stood. She hesitated before leaving the office and was mortified when he stopped just outside the door, leaving her in the busy hallway. She was the center of attention as everyone passed and she prayed that this would end soon.

"Miss, my name is Brian Regan and I wanted to apologize for not believing you earlier," he began. "It's just, it's not often that I find a beautiful naked woman standing in a public place. I should have listened better when I found you but I was worried about the leak."

He looked into her eyes, seeming to wait for her to speak but she still remained silent.

"Look, I don't normally do this but I think you are very attractive and wondered if you would like to have dinner with me," he said, obviously nervous but happy that the words were out.

For her part, Maddie was stunned. She just didn't see that coming. She tried to form an answer but she was speechless.

"I know, I put you in a bad situation," he stammered. "I'm sorry, forget that I said anything." With that, he turned to leave, obviously embarrassed at what he perceived to be a rejection. Finally, Maddie found her voice.

"No, don't leave," she said. Although she knew that all eyes were on her, she was focused on Brian. "I don't get asked out much and I was really surprised, that's all. I am flattered and would love to have dinner with you."

The man's face went from hurt to happiness in seconds. His smile lit up and his eyes shone.

"That's great, just great, is 8 good for you? I get off at 7 and that gives me time to shower and pick you up. Where do you live?"

The two exchanged cell phone numbers and Maddie gave him her address. He turned to leave but she stopped him.

"By the way, I will be dressed when you pick me up," she said with a sexy smirk.

He turned and smiled at her. "But hopefully not after I drop you off," he said as he walked away.

Maddie, now alone, was mortified when she saw several students staring at her nude body. She knew they had witnessed the whole thing but it didn't really matter. After several years of singleness and studying, Madeline O'Brien was about to have a date.

She was smiling so big and humming a bit to herself as she entered the office. Nicole was looking up at her with a big grin, wanting information. Even Professor Harkin, normally averse to girly gossip, looked up with an interested expression.

"So, what did cute fireman have to say," Nicole asked.

"Well, guess who has a dinner date with a firefighter tonight," Maddie said with a huge grin.

"Oh Maddie, I am so happy for you," Nicole said, springing out of her chair and giving the nude girl a bear hug. Feeling the material rub against her nude body felt odd but Maddie returned the hug.

She sat down and related the story to the others, who both noticed they had never seen Maddie so full of life and excited.

After the story, she asked a funny question. "I wonder what I am going to wear tonight," the nude girl said.

**Part 6**

Maddie got out of the taxi cab and grabbed the suitcase from the seat next to her. Thankfully it was on wheels, she thought as she pulled it behind her.

Just a few weeks after getting hired as an English professor at Blanke Schande College, Maddie was invited to join Dr. McFlone at a seminar at a prestigious New York City hotel. She had been so excited and had asked Nicole to help her pick out some professional outfits for the three day conference. It had cost her some money but to Maddie it was well worth it to look as good as she did today.

She strode confidently in a charcoal grey business suit, the jacket revealing just the top of her light grey shell beneath it. On her legs were black stockings that led to a pair of four-inch stiletto high heels that made her already long legs look five feet high.

Honestly, it felt a little weird to be wearing clothes at all. To Maddie, it seemed like she hardly ever wore anything at all anymore. For the past three and a half weeks, she had worked naked in the office at the college. It had been odd at first but she was slowly getting used to it. The one on one student meetings had been very difficult as the boys could not take their eyes off of her beautiful breasts and the girls only wanted to talk about how it felt to be naked. Soon, however, she got down to business and actually was able to concentrate on something other then her nudity.

She had been asked to present a few times by students who had heard about BSC's customs. She complied, though she wasn't sure why. There was noting compelling her to do so but it just felt right, even though she was still embarrassed to be seen that way. Still, there was something strangely powerful over having such an impact on men.

There had been a lukewarm repeat of the meeting the following week but when she stared directly at Harold Rainess as gave herself a loud and powerful orgasm that caused the man to give a whimper. No one else asked her to present and right then, Maddie knew that Dean Blench was right, she had Rainess and the other men in the palm of her hand (or maybe wrapped around a different part of her anatomy!!).

Even during the non-work part of her life, she spent a lot of time there naked. Her date with Brian Regan had been wonderful, the best she had ever been on. That night, Brian had been proven right as she ended up naked with her legs wrapped around his torso in the throes of orgasm, a sweet and tender one that exploded inside of her and kept crashing into her like waves onto the shore. Somehow, Brian had brought her to this state several times that night before he finished himself and crumpled on top of her in a post-orgasm haze.

That next morning had been so special. She had snuck out from underneath him and made them coffee and bagels. They picked up the wonderful conversation from the night before and soon it was clear that they were meant for each other.

Of course, he liked the idea of her being naked as much as possible and was even okay with Blanke Schande (though the thought of her presenting distressed him a bit). The only drawback was the fact that she was leaving for California in two months.

"Why couldn't I have met you three years ago," she asked.

"Three years ago, you would not have been standing naked during an evacuation and I might never have met you," he said, his fingers absently stroking her always hard nipples as they laid there in bed as night turned into morning.

Maddie's face brightened into a smile as she remembered the moment. Last night, knowing they would be apart for three nights, they had a marathon session, trying different positions. Maddie even used her mouth on him, something she never thought she would try. She was reluctant to admit it but she liked it, especially when she saw Brian's reaction to it. She didn't even mind the taste of him as he finished and the cum went down her throat.

She pushed through the rotating door and entered the hotel. Her plane had been delayed so she was a bit late for the first session. Professor McFlone said he would meet her in the lobby to make sure there were no problems. She noticed him now up ahead near the grand staircase next to the registration desk and she waved. He returned the wave but looked at her with an odd expression.

The lobby was filled with business people, some attending meetings here and others stopping in the lobby for lunch, drinks or waiting for a cab.

"Hello Dr. McFlone, how are you," she asked with a smile, extending her hand in greeting.

"Hello Dr. O'Brien, I am surprised to see you like this," he said, looking at her body with great interest.

"What, is there something wrong with my suit," she asked. "Am I overdressed?"

"Um, yes, you could say that," he said, obviously distressed about something. "Did I not make it clear that you are here representing Blanke Schande College?"

"Yes you did, why?" Then it hit her. The dress code. The realization passed through her face. "You can't be serious? Here, away from campus?"

"Yes Maddie, all females attending off-campus events while representing Blanke Schande must remain in dress code," the man said softly. "I am sorry but I assumed that you would realize that."

Tears streamed down her cheeks. "It's just, I bought this suit and some other clothes, just for this conference," she said. "I don't, I-I don't know if I can do it."

The man patted her shoulder and whispered in her ear gently.

"Madeline O'Brien, you have been naked at the university for several weeks now, something you never could have imagined," he said. "In just a few weeks, you will be naked 24/7 on our campus, a fact that you have accepted and embraced. Trust me, you can do this."

Maddie looked up at him with teary eyes. Taking a deep breath, she knew he was right. "Can I check into my room and leave my clothes there," she asked.

"Maddie, the rooms will not be ready until after lunch," he said. "Just take your clothes off here and we can leave them with the desk. Really, you won't need them until you check out so you might as well leave them here for the duration of your stay."

So much for seeing New York City, she thought glumly. I guess I'm stuck here in this hotel, naked and alone.

"Please Professor McFlone, can I go and do this in the bathroom," she asked. "It will just be easier."

"Nonsense Maddie, you won't bother anyone here, trust me," he said. "The hotel knows about Blanke Schande. In fact, one of the managers has a daughter there now. No one will bother you here."

Letting go of her suitcase handle, Maddie kicked off her beautiful heels and felt the cool tile beneath her stocking feet.

Not sure of what to remove first, she opted for her jacket, unbuttoning the three buttons and removing it. She folded it neatly and placed it on top of her suitcase. She then unzipped her skirt and let it fall to the ground before picking it up and folding it on top of the jacket.

By now, she was beginning to gather a bit of a crowd and she heard murmuring. No one was sure what the crazy woman was doing. She hadn't looked odd when she entered but this was weird behavior.

What a sight she was. She was wearing only her grey shell with a white bra, black panties and a garter belt that attached to her stockings. It seemed like an odd choice for someone like Maddie but her older sister had turned her onto stockings, saying that they felt nicer than pantyhose. Maddie discovered she liked them and wore a garter and stockings whenever she dressed up.

Now, in this situation, she realized the garment made her look like a whore.

"Holy shit, look at her," one of the business men gathered to her side said. He wasn't being vulgar, just appreciative.

She leaned over and undid the clasp that connected her right stocking to the belt. She bent over at the waist and rolled the stocking down her leg before doing the same with her left leg. Behind her, those assembled got a great look at her smooth firm ass as she bent over.

Praying that this would get easier, she grabbed the bottom of the shell and eased it over her head. The crowd gasped as her breasts came into view, a truly magnificent sight. Maddie knew that men loved to look at her breasts and she was now showing them nearly all off. She wondered what the reaction would be in a few seconds when they were fully on display.

Reaching behind her, she unclasped the bra and began to pull the straps off one arm and then the other. She desperately wanted to cover her breasts with her hands but resisted the temptation. Instead she bent down and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her panties and pulled them off. She folded both garments on top of the rest of her clothes and stood there naked in a very busy New York City hotel.

Even the hardened New Yorkers who had seen everything were stunned by this display. This girl looked so innocent, not like a stripper or prostitute, but here she was naked and seemingly doing it by choice.

She grabbed her clothes, pulling them to her for a sense of cover, and followed McFlone to the reception desk, pulling her suitcase behind her. The crowd parted in awe at the beauty before them and the sight they had never thought they would see today.

"This must be Ms. O'Brien," the woman at the front desk said. She was discreet but snuck a few peeks at the lovely breasts pointing towards her above the marble counter.

"Yes, would you mind keeping her clothes in the back until she checks out," McFlone said. "She will not be needing them."

The crowd, which hadn't strayed far from the nude girl, gasped. Was this guy saying that this gorgeous woman would be naked in the hotel for days?

"No problem, we will take care of that for you, Ms. O'Brien," the girl said with a smile. She called to a bellhop who took the suitcase from the nude girl, the whole time staring directly at her breasts, with their achingly erect nipples smack dab in the middle, pointing out at the world.

"Ms. O'Brien, can I hang your clothes up for you or send them to the dry cleaner," the woman asked with a friendly look. Maddie, unable to form sentences, nodded and handed her clothes over reluctantly.

"Maddie, come along, I will take you to the conference," McFlone said, taking the nude girl gently by the elbow. Maddie was grateful to be moving away from the ogling eyes and dutifully followed the man. He led her up the grand stairway, with its smooth marble feeling wonderful under her bare feet. In the back of her head she knew that only she could feel this wonderful marble but she could not get beyond the assembled masses watching her ascend the staircase.

"The conference is on the second floor here, with one of the ballrooms for the general sessions and two side rooms for the breakouts," he said as they walked. Maddie tried to concentrate on his words but had trouble getting beyond the fact that she was walking nude among all of this splendor.

"Uh, registration," he said, pulling her towards a table where two women sat chatting. "Hello ladies."

"Hello Dr. McFlone," a cheery looking black woman said with a smile. "And this must be Madeline O'Brien from Blanke Schande College."

At first Maddie wondered how this woman knew her but it soon became apparent, even in her addled state. The nude girl must be from Blanke Schande.

"Dr. O'Brien, we have a whole packet here for you," she said with a smile. "Here is your lanyard, instead of the name tags that the rest of the participants have. After all, where would you pin it?" The comment caused her great shame, though the other three laughed. "Inside the lanyard is a voucher for lunch each day and breakfast tomorrow and Friday. You are on your own for dinner each night."

The woman motioned for Maddie to lean down and she placed the lanyard over the nude girl's head. Maddie was sad to see that lanyard did not extend down far enough to obscure even a little of her breasts but hung around her neck almost like a choker necklace.

"Your room key is also in your lanyard because, once again, where would you put it. The opening session is underway. Please go on in."

"Thank you ladies," McFlone said.

Seeing that Maddie seemed unable to move, he again gently guided her by the elbow towards the conference room. Maddie tried to gain some semblance of her brain back as they walked towards the closed doors. She could not wander around here like a zombie for three days. She knew that she needed to learn what she could this week and could not just be obsessed with her nudity. She tried a trick that had worked occasionally when she encountered a difficult situation back at the college. Maddie took a deep breath, steeled herself, closed her eyes and pretended that she was wearing the most beautiful outfit in the work. McFlone opened the door and, regaining her confidence, Maddie walked through the door and stopped, stunned.

Instead of walking into the back of the room, as she expected, she and McFlone had entered right next to the podium where the speaker was standing. McFlone followed her in and even he seemed a little surprised. He recovered quickly and gave a wave to the room and led the stunned nude over to the second row where two seats were available on the end.

Automatically Maddie sat down, feeling the soft fabric against her bare butt, thighs and back. Instinctively she began to cross her legs, trying desperately to minimize her exposure but remembered the rules and kept her bare feet flat against the floor.

Maddie could not help but hear the buzz that filled the room. She tried to focus on the speaker but was distracted by her nudity and the fact that all of the heads were turned towards her.

"I'm sorry but we need to deal with this," the speaker said. "Miss, could you stand up for us all."

The nude girl knew that he was talking to her but tried to ignore him, wanting nothing more than to blend in.

"Come on Miss, please stand up, we did it for the other girl that's here," the speaker said.

Maddie had no idea what he meant but she stood anyway.

"Ok, everyone, please get a good look at her. Get it out of your system. Miss, please turn around, give everyone a full view. Good girl. Ok, can we let this nice girl sit down now and can we all concentrate a little better on my talk?"

"Thank you Miss for your cooperation. You may sit."

Maddie sat down and took another deep breath. Rather then embarrassing her, the last few moments had liberated her a bit. Yes they were staring at her, but she was in control. They wanted to see her, could not concentrate with her there. It was a powerful thing.

The session went another 45 minutes and the speaker was fascinating. He was discussing the best ways of bringing great works of literature alive in the classroom and Maddie was mesmerized, taking copious notes.

At the end of the session, many people came up to McFlone to say hello. He was very kind not to leave her side and to introduce her. Even though she was feeling a bit more comfortable in her nudity, it still felt weird being introduced to people who were dressed as she had been a mere hour ago while she stood there in nothing but a lanyard. She did get a bit of a laugh when she saw the name tags pined to the suit jackets or blouses of the other women. Where indeed would she have pinned hers?

She and McFlone made their way out into the lobby where there were refreshments. Maddie hadn't eaten all day and turned to the table to grab a Danish when she caught a glimpse of bare skin coming to her from the side. Maddie's mouth opened wide when she turned and saw another woman, naked as she was, clothed in only a lanyard, coming towards her.

"You must be Maddie O'Brien," one nude woman said to the other, holding out her hand. "I am Deidre Barone, one of your colleagues. It is a pleasure to meet you."

Maddie accepted the hand extended. "Oh my God, I am so glad you are here," she said, her face showing signs of relief. "I thought I was the only going to be the only one naked!"

The two women laughed knowingly and Deidre guided Maddie towards a couch. Maddie watched Deidre's ease and comfort in her nudity as they both sat down. The two men sitting across from them got an eyeful

**Part 7**

"How could I describe the feeling of being so vulnerable and so free at the same time," Deidre said. "It has been an amazing ride."

As she talked, Deidre thought back to her early days as a professor at BSC. Back then, the nudity rules were relatively new and everyone was still a bit weird about them. There weren't many females on the faculty. And of them, only a few were nude during the day while teaching and then even they retreated to off-campus homes and the return of clothes.

"It was one woman, Josie Daniels, who got it all changed," Deidre said as she related that fact to Maddie.

Josie Daniels was a professor of modern language. Although she grew up in the States, she was fluent in Italian, French and German. She was one of the few who walked nude at all times on campus. Her pale skin glistened in the sunlight as she walked from building to building, standing out even in the sea of female flesh. Her breasts, round and pert, had full nipples that poked out towards anyone she spoke. Her belly was flat, almost concave which led to a flare at the hips.

When she taught, Josie had to withstand the first few days of everyone staring at her vagina. According to many, it was the prettiest around. She had full lips that gaped a bit, with a healthy clitoris poking out the top. Men swooned to look at her and women were amazed at how sexual she looked, while also being one of the most innocent women on campus.

But Josie hated not being naked all the time. After all, the girls she taught were required to be nude always, why shouldn't the faculty live up to the same rules. “How can we teach them the value of the rule if we don't live it,” she used to say.

"So, Josie worked with faculty council to require total female nudity at all times, even among the faculty and administrators," Deidre said. "There was a lot of resistance but I think it was definitely the best decision the school could have made."

"Were you nude on campus before Josie," Maddie asked, taking a sip of her coffee, not even noticing the reactions of the men who had inexplicably gathered in front of the two.

"No, I wasn't," Deidre said, blushing a little. "In fact, I was one of the most vocal opponents of hers. I led a movement on campus, after the nudity rule took place, and me and several other ladies marched on the president's office. We wore full clothing though, turtlenecks, long pants, you name it, in protest."

"What happened?"

"Well, they had security come and demand that we either strip or be removed from campus. Believe it or not, I was arrested for not being naked on campus."

Maddie gasped. "You're kidding?!? Then what?"

"Well, Josie came to the jail where I was being kept, nude as could be, right down to her toes," Deidre said with a smile. "And trust me, it was not a good place for a girl to go nude and barefoot."

Both women laughed knowingly.

"But she sat there, across the bars from me, and gave me an impassioned speech about the freedom that nudity gives to women, how it removes the status of clothing and allows us to be ourselves, etc.," she said. "Basically, the whole rationale for the students being nude. It was then I realized that she was right."

By now, several men, nearly a dozen, and some interested women had gathered, watching the nude women and listening to the story. Now that the conversation was waning, the women were a bit embarrassed by the attention.

"Oh everyone, show's over, thank you," Deidre said with a smile, shooing the group away with her hand. "Peep show will return during the lunch break."

The two nudes laughed and gathered their things for the next session.

Though she was still really embarrassed to be naked in this group and in this fancy place, Maddie felt better having Deidre there next to her. The two women joined McFlone at a table halfway up for the next session. Maddie still noticed the sideways glances and the stares at her bare breasts but she felt better having just her bottom half hidden beneath the table. In a life of nudity, she thanked God for small coverings.

The session was over and the group made their way towards the outer room for lunch. Feeling the brushing of clothes graze her as people went by made Maddie yearn for those clothes she had left with the front desk. But she had chosen this naked life and had no one to blame but herself.

The dining room at this hotel was fancy, the fanciest she had ever seen. Sliding onto a chair, she noticed how soft the seat felt beneath her. Then she grazed her legs against the table cloth, moaning at the sensation. She almost felt dirty being this naked in such a wonderful place and enjoying the feeling so much.

She glanced over at Deidre next to her. The woman had her eyes closed and was smiling to herself. Opening her eyes, Deidre locked glances with Maddie and the two exchanged the moment, both knowing that they were feeling something that no one else in this room could.

As the salads were distributed, the group introduced themselves. All felt very lucky to have landed a table with such wonderful and nude women. Besides McFlone, there were two women and five men at the table. All were very interested to discuss Blanke Schande College. Maddie listened in awe as McFlone and Deidre entertained the group with anecdotes about the college and the unique rules. Deidre had a million stories about being nude in odd situations.

"My cousin, Lily, was getting married in Washington, near Seattle," she began. "My husband and I had pretty much limited our travel to in California, where the laws were pretty lax about nudity and most people knew all about BSC. But Lily was one of my best friends growing up so we decided to go to the wedding. I can tell you that landing in that airport was like an alien visitor had arrived in a space craft. There were people pointing and taking photos and security came running. It took me and Craig three hours to get it all sorted out."

The table laughed at the woman's movements and words. She was definitely the life of the party.

Maddie envied her courage and self-confidence.

The meals arrived and people at the table concentrated on eating, though they didn't stop looking at the nude breasts seated with them. Maddie noticed that there seemed to be a number of waiters and busboys around their table, ready to help in case anything came up. I guess there are some advantages to being nude, she thought with a smile.

She leaned over and whispered that to Deidre who looked around and smiled too. "More than you know hon," she said. "Wait until you are at BSC."

**Part 8**

Maddie had trouble concentrating on the final two afternoon sessions. Her whole being was focused on the tingling between her legs, the rubbing of the chairs against her bare butt and thighs and the darting looks of men (and some women) at her bare breasts. In some ways, it seemed to her that nothing existed but her sex parts and she was getting horny.

Finally, the last session ended. Maddie walked with Deidre and McFlone to the area of the hotels where the rooms were. She was glad to see that her room was next to Deidre's and across from McFlone. Owning no clothes made a girl feel very vulnerable in the public world and having two friends so close was a good feeling.

Using the swipe card given to her at registration, Maddie opened the lock to her room and entered. She half hoped to find her suitcase sitting on top of the bed but all that was in the room was what the hotel offered, a bed, a dresser of drawers, two chairs with a table, a mini-bar plus a TV. Maddie was happy to see that the room was clean and neat; a naked girl couldn't be too careful.

With nothing to unpack, Maddie didn't know what to do first. That darn buzzing between her legs was getting worse, even here in private. The memories of the day flooded back.

She glanced at the bed and then at the door of her room. She knew that Deidre and McFlone had said they would meet in an hour to discuss dinner plans. That gave her plenty of time to take care of herself. The nude girl walked to the bed and pulled the bedspread and sheets down. Diving under, she luxuriated in the feel of the soft, cool sheets against her bare skin. In just a few seconds, her right hand was rubbing at the lips between her thighs while her left hand gently rubbed her breast, fondling her nipples and sending sparks up and down her whole body.

As soon as her fingers found their target below her waist, Maddie realized how wet she was and wondered how obvious it had been to the others. Now that didn't matter though as Maddie threw herself into the task at hand, getting that buzzing to explode in her and bringing that much needed orgasm. Her left hand now joined the party down below, rubbing her now erect clit while the right hand plunged one finger and then two in between her wet lips. A low moan escaped her lips as the orgasm built and built.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Maddie's eyes flew open, jarring her from her pre-orgasmic state back into the cold, bare hotel room. Feeling like she had gotten caught, the nude girl quickly removed her hands from her sex and got to her feet.

"Yes," she called.

"Sweetie, it's me Deidre in the room next door," the voice said. "Can you open the adjoining door?"

Shit, Maddie thought, I was so close. A quick whiff of the air and she groaned as well. The smell of her sex filled the small room, an obvious sign of what she had been doing.

On her bare feet, Maddie walked to where the adjoining door stood. She turned the bar and undid the latch, allowing the door to open. Despite a full day of it, she was still surprised to see the nude woman's body fill the other side of the doorway.

"Look, I hope you don't mind, but I need some help," Deidre said. Her eyes then darted to the bed and then to Maddie's sex. She saw that it was red, as if it had been pawed. She then took a discreet sniff and smelled the tell-tale signs of vagina secretions.

"Oh thank God, you are feeling the same thing I am," she said, filling in the space to throw her arms around Maddie.

The younger girl was confused but put her arms around the other woman, noticing the softness of another female's skin. It was so different then a man's but very nice.

"Today, I was so horny and I have been nude for several years now," Deidre said. "I can only imagine how you felt."

Maddie relaxed a bit. "You felt it too?"

"Oh yes dear, it never really goes away," Deidre said. "Being naked in a room full of clothed people is a turn-on and then those soft chairs, Oh God, I was so horny!"

The two girls giggled. "I was going to take care of myself but I couldn't get there and then I wondered if, um, maybe we could help each other. That's the Blanke Schande way."

Maddie's eyes flew open in surprise and a bit of revulsion. She had never had sex with a woman and had never even thought about it. She loved men and was in no way a lesbian. But she could not deny how sexy Deidre was and how much she enjoyed looking at her.

Deidre, sensing Maddie's hesitance, took over.

"Lay down sweetheart and let me lead," she said. "If you don't like what we are doing, I will stop immediately."

Slowly Maddie backed towards the bed and sat down. Deidre sat next to her and leaned over. Instinctively Maddie's feet rose from the floor and she laid her head on the pillow. Deidre lovingly caressed the girl's shoulder and kissed her gently on the lips. Maddie, her body on fire, kissed back, giving in much faster than either of them anticipated. Deidre rolled onto the girl, her bare right breast pressing against Maddie, who felt the hard nipple poking into her.

Maddie was crazed with lust. The feel of the other woman was so soft and smooth. Although she yearned for men, this was very nice.

Deidre slowly made her way down Maddie's side, finally stopping at her hip. Maddie waited in anticipation for the hand to make the rest of its journey but it stopped there. Deidre removed her lips from Maddie's and moved her head down until it was poised over the girl's rock-hard nipples.

"Want me to stop," the woman asked teasingly. Maddie violently shook her head and, with a smile, Deidre's mouth descended onto the girl's achingly hard nipple.

"AHHH," Maddie said, her butt flying off the mattress in pure pleasure. Deidre was like a pro at sucking on her nipples. At the same time, she moved her hand from Maddie's hip and placed on her lower lips, right between her legs.

Maddie, whose eyes had drooped while enjoying Deidre's ministrations on her nipples, now had her eyes open wide in pleasure. Somehow it felt so much better with Deidre's hand there rather than her own. The dual attack on her sex and her nipples was sending her right to the edge of orgasm.

"Not yet sweetie, not quite yet," Deidre said softly. With that, she twirled around and put her face down between Maddie's legs. Their eyes locked as Deidre slowly put her mouth over Maddie's throbbing, soaking sex, her tongue darting between the swollen lips and touching all of the sensitive tissue down there. Maddie let out a low, feminine moan. Nothing she had ever done sexually had felt this good.

Deidre continued working on Maddie's starving sex. The nude girl felt a heaviness fill her groin. This was the unmistakable sign of orgasm for her. It was building and building and she could not stop moaning. The room filled with the smell of her pleasure and within a few seconds the heaviness exploded and she moaned loudly in orgasm.

This was a ride unlike any other. Her horniness, mixed with the surprise at doing it with another woman, pushed her orgasm on for nearly a minute as contraction after contraction wracked her sex. Finally, it subsided and she was finished.

"Oh God, please come up here and kiss me," she begged. Deidre slid up the nude girl's body and the two kissed hard on the lips. Maddie tasted a bit of herself in the kiss but was so turned on that she thought nothing of it.

"Ready for round two," Deidre asked.

Maddie nodded and Deidre reluctantly pulled away. Again she made her way down to Maddie's still throbbing sex, but this time her bottom half stayed by Maddie's face. The younger woman noticed that Deidre's sex was inches from her face and she turned to kiss it. She was shocked at the up close sight of a vagina, having never seen one this close. Deidre's was spectacular, with puffy lips slightly gaping and a prominent clit poking through. Deidre was completely bare, as most BSC girls were, and this made her vagina look so proud.

Deidre had at it again, this time sucking on the clit. Moaning, Maddie repeated the gesture herself, hearing Deidre moan softly. Maddie noticed that Deidre's sex was quivering, needing a release. Deciding to return the favor, she began using her tongue, moving from the clit back, up and down, poking her tongue in as far as possible.

At the same time, Deidre was working on Maddie but the younger girl had come once so she had some staying power. The only sound in the room was the sucking of the girls and intermittent moans. Suddenly, Maddie felt Deidre's whole body tense and her thighs shake. Then, she felt the thighs tighten around her face as Deidre experienced a tremendous orgasm. Hanging on for dear life, Maddie kept licking, despite having an orgasm of her own. Finally they both relaxed their grip on the other's face and the two collapsed in a deep, contented sleep.

**Part 9**

It was dark and still the two nudes were asleep, their faces nestled in between the other's legs, inches from the now sated vaginas. Though their faces could not be seen, both slept with smiles on their faces.

Their quiet slumber was broken with a loud knock on the door of Deidre's adjoining room. The older woman came to first. Maddie flew up at the noise and the jostling of the woman between her legs.

"Oh God, what are we going to do," she asked, pulling the blanket over her nudity.

"Nothing dear, I am sure it's McFlone," Deidre said calmly, getting to her bare feet. "I told him we would meet him for dinner. We must have slept for a while."

Shaking out of her dream, Maddie remembered that McFlone and hundreds of others had seen her nude for the full day and suddenly felt silly covering up. But it was a girly instinct and she was still quite a girl.

Deidre crossed into her room and opened the door, letting McFlone in. It was not a sight that most men ever stumble into, the post-orgasmic room filled with two satisfied women, but McFlone had worked at BSC for a long time and was used to it. Even so, he smiled at the sight of the rumbled hair, red vaginas and the smell of girl in the room.

"So, are we ready to hit the town," he called out, trying his best to make Maddie comfortable.

"Like this," the younger girl asked.

"How else would a Blanke Schande girl go out on the town," he asked with a smile.

"In New York City," Maddie asked again, not believing this conversation.

"Don't worry, it will be fine, Maddie," Deidre said reassuringly. "McFlone, give us 30 minute to freshen up and we'll meet you in the lobby."

The man nodded and walked out, leaving the two nudes alone. Deidre came over and gave Maddie a big hug and kiss. "That was wonderful, my friend," she said. "You are a natural BSC girl."

Maddie was a bit embarrassed at her behavior but felt good nevertheless. "I never expected to like that but I did," she admitted.

"Well, we should shower and go meet McFlone," Deidre said. "I wish we could shower together but that would take too long. Maybe when we get home?"

A naughty smile came over her face, one that was returned by the younger girl.

The two went into their respective showers. Maddie worked hard to get the smell of sex off of her, washing her hair in the process. Never wanting to be too careful, she shaved her legs and underarms and gave her pubes another swipe just to be sure.

After the shower, Maddie saw that her makeup and other toiletries was on the counter. She quickly brushed her hair, dried it as best she could, did some makeup and wiped the cream on her body for a smooth, sheen look. She exited the bathroom just as Deidre was finishing.

"Perfect timing," the other girl said. Deidre grabbed a string of pearls from her bag, put some earrings in and turned to the door. Both girls pushed out into the hallway, and except for their small purses, were undressed to go out on the town.

Maddie still felt strange being naked in such a public place but Deidre acted like it was normal. Those from the conference would know who they were but there must be others at the hotel who wouldn't, Maddie thought. They came across two men at the elevator who were not there with the conference. Both stared open-mouthed at the nude women before Deidre said hello. They mumbled something and stood there gaping as Deidre and Maddie entered the elevator. Deidre waved to them and Maddie giggled as the elevator doors closed, leaving them standing spellbound in the hallway.

"Oh my God, how do you do that," Maddie asked. "You are so sure of yourself."

"Sweetie, it comes in time, believe me," Deidre said. "I was once naked at the Rose Bowl with 80,000 people to watch UCLA play. After a day like that, this is a piece of cake."

As the elevator reached the bottom, Maddie wondered if she would ever get to the point of being okay with her public nudity. It still felt so weird, so fish-out-of-water that she didn't think she would ever get used to it.

When the doors opened, Maddie was surprised to see if pretty full. She braced herself for the stares but felt the grasp of Deidre's hand in hers and she followed along. McFlone was standing at the front desk.

"Ah, here they are now," he said, gesturing to the two women. The people in the lobby had cleared a path for them, like Moses parting the Red Sea. Everyone acted dignified but all stared in disbelief.

"Wonderful, sir and ladies, your car awaits just outside the door, compliments of Mr. Reilly, our manager," said the desk clerk, a pretty young woman.

Although she was not as obvious as the crowd around the nudes, she was not shy about looking at the four bare breasts sitting just above the counter.

McFlone took each girl on his arm and led them out of the hotel. There a white stretch limo was waiting. Maddie was surprised to feel the gritty sidewalk beneath her feet and the warm summer air on her bare skin. She was naked on the streets of New York City. Trying to be demure, she slid into the limo, trying not to give the onlookers too much of a shot of her slit. Deidre, more used to showing off, got in easily, giving the men and women on the street an eyeful of her vagina.

The limo, with its unusual cargo, sped off. The driver could not believe his good fortune but he had been a gentlemen and was not gawking too much.

"Want the sunroof open so you can see the skyline," he asked.

"Yes please," Maddie said in wonder. She had never been to New York and seeing the skyscrapers at night was a real treat. "Where are we going?"

"Empire State Building," McFlone said. "We're going to the top of the city's most famous building."

Maddie could not believe her ears. How were two nude women going to go to the top of NYC's landmark building? But she knew better than to ask. After all, a Blanke Schande woman could hardly object to being nude in public.

Maddie saw the telltale tower of the Empire State Building from blocks away but was surprised when they proceeded past it. She had figured they would stop out front, get out and walk bare assed naked into the skyscraper. But instead, they pulled into a driveway and under the building.

"Mr. Reilly at the hotel has some high-powered friends who got us special passes," McFlone said. "The observatory is closed now but we are getting a special view. The only problem is, the elevator is public so some people might see us but it's better than walking through the lobby."

The trio got out and headed for a service elevator. The floor felt gritty and cool under Maddie's bare feet and one look at Deidre told her that the other nude was thinking the same thing. Maddie again reflected how a naked girl feels things that clothed people cannot.

The elevator doors closed. McFlone hit the button for the roof and the trio settled in for a long ride. They were all nervous when the car stopped at the lobby and two workers entered. Both were immigrants, speaking broken English, but there was no doubt what they were thinking in any language. They looked at the nude girls, focusing on their breasts and vagina and then back again. Then they looked at McFlone.

"It's OK, it's OK," McFlone said. "We are special guests of the building supervisor." He held out the three special tickets and the two smiled.

Both girls breathed a sigh of relief as the doors closed. Maddie felt like she wanted to shrink into the wall of the elevator as the men made no effort to avert their eyes, instead drinking in the nudity before them. Finally, the doors opened on the 52nd floor and the two got out, after politely bowing to the nude women.

"That was creepy," Maddie said after the doors closed and they were on their way again.

"Ah yes, very," McFlone agreed. Finally, the elevator reached the observation deck. Waiting there was a man and a woman, both dressed in matching blue blazers. The man had tan khakis on while the woman had a tan skirt that fell to just above her knee. Maddie looked at the skirt with yearning, wishing she could be covered like this woman.

"Good evening, I am Megan White, the manager of the observation deck, and this is my top tour guide, Evan Watson," the woman said. "We are happy to have you here, under these, um, unusual circumstances. Mr. Reilly called and asked for this special favor and since he sends so many customers our way we were happy to accommodate him. We are very proud of what you ladies represent and hope you will be comfortable here."

The three tourists smiled and thanked the woman. "Do you mind if Evan gives the tour? I am swamped with work in my office and he is the best. If you don't mind a man showing you around, that would be most helpful."

"No, that is fine," Deidre said. Evan was mostly respectful but, like any man, could hardly keep his eyes above the naked women's neck. However, both girls thought he led a good tour and soon the excitement of being atop one of the world's tallest buildings put their nudity out of their minds.

"You have to see this," Maddie said, using the telescopic lens that looked out over the city.

McFlone soon produced a camera and took a most unusual photo, two naked girls, bare breasted, with the entire New York City skyline behind them. They handed the camera to Evan who took a photo of the three. Secretly he wished they would send him the doubles.

Only when hit with a reflection from the glass window did Maddie remember that she was bare assed naked atop one of the world's most famous landmarks. She wondered if anyone in the office buildings near the Empire State Building could see her and Deidre's nudity. Probably not, she reasoned, but the thought that it was possible was in her mind.

At one point, Deidre pressed her body against the glass to see straight down. Maddie did the same thing and felt her bare breasts pressing against the smooth glass. For their part, the two men in the group had to rearrange their pants at the sight.

Finally, the tour was over. The three thanked their tour guide and then said goodbye to Megan.

"You are welcome here anytime," she said, handing McFlone her card.

"One thing," McFlone said. "Two of your workers seemed awfully odd when we came up the elevator. Was something wrong?"

The woman laughed. "Oh God, I am so sorry. I warned everyone that you were coming but said that it was okay because you believed in the beauty of nudity, etc. I told them that no one should feel funny or bad looking at you both because you were used to it. I was only trying to ease their discomfort but they took it to the extreme. I am sorry about that. Why don't I ride down with you to make things easier? Evan can lock up."

They accepted her offer and the girl went to speak to Evan before grabbing her coat and briefcase.

"So, this nudity thing is kind of a hindrance to a normal life, isn't it," Megan asked.

Maddie had no answer, believing it to be true herself but Deidre jumped in. "It is at times, but it is a wonderful life, so freeing," she said. "You should try it sometime."

The woman's face got red as a beet. "Oh God, no, I have trouble wearing a bikini at the beach,"

she said. "I could never do what you do."

Still, the two nude women could see the clothed girl's brain working and knew that she was thinking of how it would be to be naked in such a public place. Finally the ride was over and the elevator doors opened in the lobby for Megan to get out. Maddie flinched when the still busy lobby came into sight but the hustle and bustle of New York life made the two nude girls just a blur to passersby.

"Well, it was nice meeting you all," Megan said, shaking hands, trying to be discreet. "I hope we can meet again."

"Look us up if you ever get to California," Deidre said. The two broke their handshake and Megan escaped into the lobby, looking a bit woozy. "I have that effect on people," Deidre said with a smile.

The elevator continued to the basement. There the limo was waiting.

"Are we going back to the hotel," Maddie asked, hoping and dreading a return. Hoping because she wondered if she could take more public exposure but dreading it because she was loving the chance to see New York.

"Not yet, we have dinner reservations," McFlone said as the limo pulled away.

**Part 10**

"Dinner," the two nude women asked incredulously.

"McFlone, how can we go out to dinner naked in New York City," Deidre asked. "It's not practical."

"True, but not many people get to the top of the Empire State Building naked either and we have accomplished that," McFlone said. "Blank Schande has plenty of powerful friends in all kinds of places."

Wordlessly the women exchanged a look of worry but said nothing. After all, could a BSC girl really refuse to be nude at dinner?

The three drove in silence as the limo rode through busy downtown streets. Maddie's stomach was doing somersaults as she sat there trying to prepare herself for more exposure then she had ever experienced. She knew that Deidre had been naked in many public places but she sensed that the woman was nervous too. She wanted to ask her about it but was afraid to with McFlone there. What if he reneged on his job offer if he sensed that she didn't really like being naked.

For his part, McFlone enjoyed the tension in the car. Even after all of these years, there was something beautiful about a naked woman, nervous about being exposed. Sometimes it got to be old hat seeing all of the carefree nudes at BSC. Here was a chance at spicing it up and he was loving every moment of it.

In their nervousness, the two women had allowed their legs to spread open and McFlone got an eyeful of the beautiful vaginas on the girls. It always amazed him how different vaginas could look and these two were no different.

Deidre, slightly older, had a duller shine on her puffy lips. Hairless for several years, Deidre's pussy was more natural though and a bit saggier, though it was only by comparison with the beauty next to her that any man would spot a flaw in it. But McFlone had to admit that Maddie had the most beautiful pussy that he had ever seen. In fact, he had noticed it during that first interview and was mesmerized by it.

Maddie's pubic mound was also hairless but it seemed like a new thing. Unlike her counterpart, Maddie was rarely nude outside so her tan was limited to those areas not covered by a bikini. That made her bare vagina stand out even more. Her clit was prominent and poked out beyond the lips, which was pink, puffy and slightly gaping. For McFlone and most men, it was the picture of what a young, tender pussy should look like.

Thankfully for him, neither girl noticed his stares so he moved upwards. Their breasts had been on display for a long while and he had certainly drank them in. Maddie had pert, perky breasts, round but not large with long, pointy nipples over a dime shaped areola. They were cute and pretty.

Deidre's breasts were a wet dream for most men. They were larger and full, probably a D if she ever wore a bra. Her nipples were dark now and thick over nickel sized areolas. In short, they were breathtaking. There was no hint of sag even though she had not worn a bra in more than a decade.

McFlone chuckled to himself. Yes, there were times that he loved his job.

Maddie squirmed in her seat. She was still so new at being nude that the feeling of the soft leather beneath her bare butt and thighs was still so erotic and sexual. She felt that she could probably orgasm just sitting there. She wondered if her car mates could smell her excitement level start to rise like it had earlier in the day.

Finally the limo pulled up in front of a restaurant in the city's Little Italy section. To the alarm of the two naked girls, there was a large group of people milling about outside the restaurant waiting to be seated. Maddie's eyes got large when she saw how bright the inside of the restaurant was. A discreet entrance and meal seemed out of the question.

"Alright ladies, let's go and eat," McFlone said, opening the door. "This is regarded as the best Italian restaurant in New York City."

The man, safe and secure in his clothes, eased out of the limo. Deidre grabbed Maddie's arm and pulled her close. "Just stay calm, sweetheart and it will all be fine," she said. "You have been naked in front of people all day and this will be no different. We can do this and it's easier to do it together. Just be proud of your body and make it seem like it doesn't bother you in the least. Ok?"

Maddie nodded and followed Deidre to the door. There was no way of exiting the limo in a lady like fashion so the two girls just got out as quickly as possible. Of course the sight of limo had attracted curious eyes and then the flash of nudity got the attention of those waiting for a table. Gasps of surprise rose from the crowd as the spreading legs showed bare vaginas on not one but two girls.

"Holy shit, those girls are naked," came more than one voice.

Maddie was mortified at being this naked in such a public place. Deidre, sensing that her young friend might be faltering, grabbed Maddie's hand and led her onto the sidewalk and towards the front door.

"Hey is this some sort of dare or something?" a young girl, probably no more than 18 or 19, said, approaching the two women. "My friends do things like that to me all of the time. Good luck."

"Erica, you should be friends with those girls since you love to show off that bod of yours," said one of the girls with her and the group hooted and hollered. Erica got red faced and sank back into the crowd.

For their part, neither of the nudes could get worked up about the poor girl. They had enough to worry about. Maddie felt the hard sidewalk beneath her bare feet and the nighttime breeze playing across her bare skin. She realized how it would feel at BSC and knew that just being naked in her office and house was not enough to prepare her. She wondered if she could live a naked life all the time.

Suddenly, Deidre stopped and Maddie did too. McFlone was talking to someone at the door and there seemed to be a problem. The limo had already drove off and the two women prayed that they would not be left out here in public for too long.

McFlone turned around. "Our table is nearly ready," he said flatly. "Just a few minutes’ wait."

"What," Deidre asked. "Out here?"

"Yes, the internal waiting area is filled to capacity," the man said.

McFlone seemed unbothered by the wait but the two naked girls were aware of the dozens of stares and shocked looks. They were on a pretty public street bare naked and just standing there. And there was nowhere to go for safety.

"McFlone, this is not a good idea," Deidre said, eyeing two men who leeringly stared at her and Maddie. "I don't have a good feeling about this."

"It's fine, Deidre, you have been naked for years and in more public places than this," he said. "Don't set a bad example for Maddie now."

The two women tried to relax but their situation kept them tense. They were almost like models on display. People stopped talking to each other and instead gathered around the two women. Maddie's knees were shaking in fear but she tried her best to remember the advice of Deidre and stay calm.

"McFlone, party of three, your table is ready," came the voice of the host.

"Thank God," Maddie said softly, earning a soft laugh from Deidre.

"Going so soon, girls," came a voice, which prompted laughter from the group. There is nothing that earns less respect than a girl naked in public.

The trio entered the restaurant and saw that it was packed with diners. Their entrance sparked more gasps and surprise as those inside got a chance to experience what those waiting had already seen. The host led the way through the crowded dining room. Maddie felt a hand on her bare ass and she jumped in surprise. She saw a smirk on the face of an older man who got a tsk, tsk from his wife. Finally they were seated but instead of a private area away from prying eyes, they were instead seated in the middle of the dining room.

"Sir, I am sorry but this is the best I can do this evening," the host said, leaving the three people to sit.

To get to her seat, Maddie had to squeeze between their table and another. Her bare butt grazed the top of the table, leaving the young couple to stare. When the man stared too long he got a withering look from the woman.

Maddie's whole body was red from the shame of the wait and the walk through the restaurant. Her legs were shaking and her breasts rose and fell from her heavy breathing. As humiliating as this was, she had never been more turned on. From the sight of Deidre, she thought the feelings were shared.

"The linguine here is fantastic," McFlone said, oblivious to the scene that his two nude counterparts were making. "I recommend that and the antipasta."

"McFlone, this is really rotten of you," Deidre said in a harsh whisper. "You are doing this on purpose, putting us on display. You are being a bastard."

"Me, a bastard," he said, seemingly hurt by her words. "I am treating you ladies to a dinner at the nicest restaurant in New York City and I'm a bastard?"

Deidre looked around as people watched the scene unfolding. "You know what I mean, McFlone. We appreciate the dinner but this scene seems a bit unnecessary, doesn't it?"

"Deidre, you are a part of Blank Schande College and so is Maddie," he said. "Nudity is a normal thing to us. What is the big deal?"

"The big deal is that normally we are within the confines of Blanke Schande and are treated with respect," she hissed. "These people are not BSC people and do not understand our ways."

The heated discussion was interrupted by the waiter.

"Can I get you something to drink while you look over the menu," he asked, his eye devouring Maddie's breasts. The girls were glad to be covered by the table cloth from the stomach down.

"Yes, a bottle of wine, red please," McFlone said. "We are celebrating our newest employee."

“Yes, um this is a weird question but do you have ID, ma'am," the waiter said, looking at Maddie.

**Part 11**

"ID?"

At that moment, the thought struck Maddie as the funniest thing ever. She was bare assed naked in a fancy restaurant and they were asking her for ID. The tension of the past few minutes were too much to handle and the young woman started laughing hysterically.

"You want my ID? I'm freaking walking naked through New York City, being stared at by hundreds of people and you won't serve me alcohol?" Maddie got the words out between howls of laughter. The other diners could not figure out what was going on but Deidre started laughing too. Even McFlone began to chuckle, though the waiter looked worried.

"I'll just take a coke then," she said, trying to stop laughing. "I left my purse in the car and the only other place I could keep ID would be up my ass."

That pushed her over the edge and she put her hands over her face in humiliation and laughter, a strange mix. The waiter got away quickly, leaving the threesome laughing. Finally, when the laughter subsided, McFlone spoke first.

"Look, Deidre and Maddie, I guess I owe you both an apology," he said, looked ashamed. "I wasn't being very thoughtful to your situation here and obviously I have no idea what you are going through. If you would like, I will call the limo driver and we can leave immediately."

The two women looked at each other and nodded. "No thank you, McFlone, we'll stay," Deidre said. And the three colleagues, one clothed man and two beautiful naked women, began having a nice dinner.

There was no denying that every moment of their meal was watched by dozens of eyes, men and women. And many of those watching could not deny a stirring inside, watching two nude women eat, drink and have a wonderful time. It turns out that the host allowed Maddie to drink alcohol without ID so the wine flowed. The women joked and laughed and ate and ate. McFlone was right, the linguine was superb and the wine made everything a little bit better.

As the evening progressed, Maddie drank more wine then she normally would. Being a pretty small woman, soon she was drunk. Not so drunk as to be incoherent or unconscious, but she had totally lost her inhibitions. She talked loudly, drawing eyes of many in the room to her bare breasts which bounced as she spoke. If there had been no tablecloth, everyone would have seen her knees spread beneath the table in a very unladylike way.

Finally the dinner was over. McFlone paid the check, leaving the waiter a very generous tip (on the college credit card, of course). The waiter counted himself lucky: spending the evening with two beautiful naked women was tip enough in his eyes. He was glad that he, not Marco, his gay friend, had gotten this table. The female flesh on display would have been wasted on Marco.

It was a very different Maddie leaving then had entered. Instead of embarrassed and demure, the nude girl strutted past the other diners, many of who had only glimpsed her bare shoulders from behind or possible got a view of her bare breasts. Now they got a full view and the girl winked at a few of the men who made eye contact with her.

It took some effort for Deidre and McFlone to guide the girl out of the restaurant. The limo was there waiting and Maddie piled in, oblivious to the view that she presented the people gaping at her from the sidewalk. Deidre slid in as unobtrusively as she could and sat next to her friend. McFlone, again thanking his lucky stars, sat across from the beautiful nudes.

"What a great night, yep, a great night," Maddie said, babbling like some drunk people do. "You know what, McFlone, you have not asked me to present since I got here. Nope, no presenting. And no relief either."

Deidre and McFlone exchanged looks. "What do you mean, Maddie," Deidre asked.

"Doesn't he find me sexy," Maddie asked innocently of Deidre. "Don't you, McFlone? Don't you get hard when you see me like this, all naked and my puss on view?"

"Um, of course Maddie, it's just not something I thought of," the man, obviously uncomfortable, said.

"Well, I would do it, you know," Maddie said, with the self-righteous speech of the drunk. "Yep, I would present and give relief, no problem. You should ask me sometime."

McFlone looked at Deidre, who was motionless. Then, she nodded her approval to the man.

"Ok Maddie, please present to me."

"Oh goodie," the nude girl said. Without a thought, she put one bare foot against the window and spread the other over Deidre's bare legs. With the index and middle finger of her right hand, she spread open her lips, revealing the inner pinkness.

Despite having seen many pussies during his tenure at BSC, McFlone was still speechless at the sight of Maddie's bare sex open and inviting his gaze. Maddie smiled but did not seem fazed by the act. She held her pose for a few moments and then said, "Can I do another one?"

"Um, sure."

"Great." This time, the girl got on all fours and taking each ass cheek in her hand, spread them open, revealing a clean brown asterisk between them with her pink lips peeking beneath. It was a sight that no man would ever get used to seeing.

After a few minutes, Maddie turned around. "I guess you need relief now huh," she said, easing off the seat and onto her knees in front of McFlone.

"Wait a minute," Deidre said and even McFlone put up a bit of a fight. "Having sex with a drunk woman who is a subordinate is not a good idea, folks."

"I'm not drunk," Maddie said indignantly. "Well, maybe a little. But I know what I am doing and the BSC rules clearly state that a man can ask for relief at any time. Trust me, I read them."

Deidre and McFlone again exchanged worried looks but finally the woman nodded. "Yeah," Maddie said, reaching for McFlone zipper and undoing it. In a few movements, the man's aching erection popped free and Maddie held it by the base.

"Well, it's nice to see your dick for once, after all, you've gotten quite an eyeful of me for the past day." The whole time she gently massaged the man's organ, her eyes making sexy contact with his, her tongue licking her lips seductively. "How about I make this happen a little faster?"

With that, she bent over and took the soft penis into her mouth, hearing a gasp above her. She felt the power that all women feel over men in this position. She could do anything now and he would go along, wanting to fill her mouth with his seed.

Slowly she licked the bottom of his shaft and she felt his body quiver and heard a soft moan escape from her mouth. Throughout her young life, boys have told her that she was a natural at this but she figured it was just what they say to get her to want to do it more. Still, she liked doing it and giving pleasure. That and the power went well together.

She moved her mouth up and down the shaft, causing it to moisten. Her hand stayed at the base and pumped methodically. She knew that McFlone, treated to nudity all day and her little presentation a few moments ago, was probably ready to burst. Then she used a little trick she had learned, taking her other hand and squeezing his balls firmly.

"AHHH," came the noise from above and she readied herself for the stream of sperm being expelled from the man. She continued sucking, hungrily accepting every drop that he was willing to give her. Although she knew that some girls did not care for the taste of sperm, she was not one of them. It was a good taste, like a job well done.

Finally she felt McFlone soften in her mouth and his body go limp. She pulled her mouth off of the man's now flaccid penis and gently tucked it back into his pants, zipping up just as the limo pulled into the hotel.

"Was that good, Sir," she asked, all smiles and innocent charm.

"Uh yes Maddie, very good," he said back.

"Thanks!" Maddie pushed the limo door open and exited the car, not waiting for her car mates. Deidre, who was spellbound from the scene she had just witnessed, grabbed both purses and followed her out. It took all of his strength but McFlone got out as well, remembering to pull a wad of money from his wallet to tip the driver, who winked at the man.

A new crowd had gathered in the lobby and they were surprised to see the nude women walking in so casually. The folks who had been there for the departure seemed happy to be there again for the arrival home. The trio, one very worn out man with two very naked girls, headed for the elevator and their rooms. Deidre and Maddie parted with McFlone and headed to their adjoining room.

"Good night, Maddie," Deidre said, as Maddie lay down in the bed.

"Please Deidre, can't you join me," Maddie asked, an innocent grin on her face. Her baby blue eyes seemed to be begging the other woman.

A smile flashed across the other woman's face. "I thought you would never ask," she said, as she slid into bed and the two women embraced. The car ride was just the beginning for the girls who picked up where they left off prior to their naps.

**Part 12**

The morning light shone through the window of the room, shining right into Deidre's face. The two women had been too into their intimacy to worry about the blinds last night and now it was shining brightly into the room. Moaning at the intrusion into her sleep, Deidre climbed over the naked body of her bedmate and pulled the curtains shut.

She glanced over at the clock and saw that it was just after 6. Normally she was an early riser but Maddie had kept her up late last night, doing extraordinary things. For her part, Deidre could not believe that Maddie had never been with a woman before yesterday. She was a wonderful lover who had brought Deidre to more orgasms then she had ever experienced during one session.

Although she figured she might fall back asleep if she lay down beside Maddie, Deidre instead headed for her adjoining room to get ready for the day.

It was a common misconception among people, especially other women, that a naked girl needed less time to get ready than a clothed one. Deidre thought that was crazy. Yes, it was true that she didn't have to pick out an outfit, shoes, etc. However, if a girl going to school in jeans and a sweatshirt did not want to shave her legs or under her arms, she didn't have to. No one would know the difference. However, being naked was like putting a spotlight on those areas and she would never want to be seen with hair in places where she should be shaved.

That added a lot of time to her getting ready, she thought as she stepped into the warm shower. She loved hotels and their unlimited supply of hot water. Despite being nude for nearly ten years, Deidre still felt cold a lot and loved a warm shower. Especially here, so far away from home, a warm shower provided the covering that a naked girl lacked.

Showering took some time as Deidre lathered up her legs and shaved them, followed by her pubes and then her underarms. She then shampooed her hair and rinsed before draining the water. She then put the plunger into the drain and let the water run into the bath tub.

Although the BSC girls love being naked for the most part, they do need to learn to protect their body and love it as much as possible. That's why Deidre was reaching for her bag of bath salts. She was looking forward to lying in the bath and letting her skin get fresh and clean. After walking naked through life, she always looked forward to the chance of letting her skin recuperate a bit in a bath.

Lying now in the warm bath, filled with pleasant smelling salts, Deidre thought back to the events of the past two days. Although she was deeply in love with her husband, she knew that there was something to this thing she was having with Maddie. Sure, nearly every BSC girl had lesbian encounters: it was par for the course with all of the nudity and female sexuality expressed at the school. But she felt a spark with Maddie that she had never felt before, a love that she could not explain. She wondered how it would work once Maddie was at BSC full-time.

Slowly Deidre rubbed at her sex, which felt tired but got excited immediately. The woman smiled, happy at her response. Despite hours of full-on sex last night, she was responding like a girl who had gone a week without. BSC has a way of making a girl realize her sexual potential.

Examining her body in the tub, Deidre was happy with herself. All of these years of total and complete nudity had done wonders for her body. Her skin glistened in its natural state and her breasts were firm despite (or maybe because of) not having a bra to encase them for all of these years. Her legs were long and toned from the rigorous walking of the campus and the exercise program that she received from a BSC trainer upon arrival. Her stomach was flat, not bad for a girl in her mid-30s, she thought. Not as good as the body lying in bed just next door but all in all, a great package, she thoughts. Certainly kept her husband happy!

She felt the water getting cold and knew that it was time to go out and face the day. No matter how often she was naked in public, it was never easy for her to face a day out there among non-BSC people. Even though she loved being naked and never regretted her decision a day in her life, Deidre still hated those times when she had to interact with those outside of the BSC campus. To see women in pretty skirts or pants or smart looking suits made her feel a bit inferior. After all, how could a naked girl stand up to a woman in an important suit and heels and hose, etc.? Of course she knew that answer and believed in her whole heart that nudity was the answer for women, but she was still a girl and loved seeing pretty clothes and sometimes still wondered how she would look in something that another girl was wearing.

She dried off without wrapping a towel around her (a BSC girl never covers up, even with a towel) and grabbed the phone conveniently placed in her bathroom.

"Yes, room service. Can I get a pot of coffee and two bowls of fruit? Yes, please leave it in the hallway outside my room. Thank you."

Although she technically should never hide in her room, Deidre admitted that she just didn't feel like showing herself to the boy who delivered the room service. She knew that Maddie would be feeling the effects of the hangover from last night and would need the coffee and some nourishment. She also wanted to delay the gawking from the rest of the attendees at the conference for just a bit longer if she could.

While she waited for the room service, Deidre dried her hair and put it up in a ponytail. She also applied minimal makeup, agreeing that some was appropriate but too much was covering up, going against the basic tenets of a BSC education.

Heading into her room, she saw that it was nearly 8, just one hour to the first session of the conference. McFlone was probably still sleeping off that amazing moment in the limo, she figured.

Deidre headed to her door and peeked out. Seeing the tray, she undid the latch locking her door and scampered out to get the tray. Bending over to retrieve it, she knew the view that anyone across from her would have but seeing no one she did what she had to do to get it and carry it in. She eased back into her room and closed the door.

She noticed her heart still beat hard in her chest when she went outside nude. You would think that a girl would get used to it but society's norms were the way she lived for the first 25 years of her life and it was hard to get past that.

She carried the tray into Maddie's room and placed it softly on the table. Pouring two cups of coffee, she took a sip from one and then tiptoed over to the bed and placed her hand on the bare shoulder of her young friend.

"Maddie, sweetheart, time to wake up," she whispered, knowing that Maddie's head might be pounding.

"Oh God," the younger girl groaned. "Is it really morning already?"

Deidre nodded, handing the girl a fresh cup of coffee. "Here is some black coffee, I figured you would need it."

Maddie sat up, her bare breasts poking out from beneath the covers. Deidre gasped despite herself. Maddie's breasts were so cute, with nipples that begged to be sucked on, like a lollipop. She restrained herself from latching on but could not help but stare.

For her part, Maddie was oblivious to the stares from her new lover. She was too foggy in the head.

After taking a sip of coffee, she said, "Did I get drunk last night?"

"Yes, afraid so," Deidre said. "You seemed to really enjoy that wine."

Maddie nodded and took another sip of coffee. The caffeine and the sunshine filtering in was doing the trick of waking her. Then she groaned again.

"Did I really give my boss a blowjob in the limo last night?"

"Uh, yeah, afraid that is also true," Deidre said. "Although you seemed like you really wanted to and that you really enjoyed it."

"I did really want to and I did really enjoy it," she said with a coy smile. "Just probably not the best career move."

"Maybe not in the rest of the world but in the world of Blanke Schande, it's not a big deal," Deidre said, putting the girl at ease. "I have had sex with McFlone, and most of the rest of the English faculty, many times. It's a part of life and BSC."

Maddie's face turned from sexy to sullen. "So, what happened between us was just par for the course at Blanke Schande," she said, a tone of annoyance. "Funny, it seemed like it meant something to me."

"You are misunderstanding me, honey," Deidre said, sliding her body onto the bed and against her naked friend. "Yes it is true that there is sex for sex’s sake at BSC, what we have feels different to me somehow. I can't explain it but it is true."

The younger girl's face brightened. "Good, I was worried that I was just some silly girl placing way too much importance on a one-night stand," she said. "I really, really love you, Deidre. I can't believe I am saying it but I do."

The two girls leaned towards one another and, just before kissing passionately, Deidre whispered, "I love you too, Maddie."

The kiss lasted a minute or so. Just as Maddie's hand started to wander down Deidre's nude body, the older woman broke the kiss.

"Whoa there, Miss, I have already showered this morning and we are running late for the conference," she said, getting to her feet. "There will be plenty of time for that stuff later, trust me."

With that, she dished some fruit into a bowl and handed it to Maddie. "Here, have some breakfast," she said. "You'll need your strength later."

While they ate, the two chatted about the goings on of last night and what was to come. "I really like Brian and feel like I cheated on him," Maddie said.

"Well, you shouldn't," Deidre replied. "I don't feel like I cheated on my husband with you. Any man dating or married to a BSC girl has to get used to these kinds of things."

Maddie was blushing now and Deidre asked what was wrong. "Um, this is a weird question, but how was I?"

Now it was Deidre's turn to blush. "Well, you were the best lover I have ever had, man or woman," she said. "I have never cum like that in my life."

"Oh good, me neither. That makes me so happy."

The younger girl hopped out of bed and hugged her friend. "I hope to get more practice at it though," she said as she strutted into the bathroom, knowing that her lover was watching.

"Damn these conferences," Deidre said under her breath, wishing she could climb back into bed with Maddie.

**Part 13**

Day two of the conference seemed a bit less crowded then the first. The two nude women still stood out of course. They tried to act naturally despite the dozens of eyes feasting upon them. Just before 9, McFlone joined them. He looked disheveled, as if he had just woken.

"Good morning ladies," he said in a bit of a mumble.

"Good morning, McFlone," Deidre said. Maddie gave an embarrassed smile. The man noticed.

"Maddie, please don't be embarrassed by what happened last night," he said. "You were outstanding and trust me, I hope to enjoy that type of thing again, but it was not a problem. I mean professionally."

The young girl smiled and nodded. "Thanks, McFlone, I was a bit worried," she said.

The trio pulled out the schedule for the day. McFlone and Deidre each pointed out the sessions they were interested in attending. Maddie pointed to a different one.

"Feminist literature sounds interesting," she said.

Deidre nodded. "I thought so too but I did a semester in college on feminist thought," she said, "so I think I will pass on that one. Let's exchange notes."

The three parted, giving Maddie pause. She hadn't been naked here at the conference alone thus far and she felt a bit nervous. All eyes were on her. At least with Deidre around she felt that they both received the stares. Now it was just her and she felt nude anew. The carpet felt strange against her bare feet. The lanyard, hanging around her neck, seemed to press into vulnerable spots atop her breasts. The air itself seemed to tickle her bare body.

Entering the room, she heard some gasps. Trying to act inconspicuous, she slid into a chair midway up over towards a wall. She crossed her legs at the knees and self-consciously crossed her arms over her breasts. Good, she thought, now the only thing they can really see if my back and my side. No harm there.

The room filled up, though no one sat in her row. She saw nasty looks coming her way, different from the looks of lust and interest she had been receiving. The hostile feeling in the room forced her to nearly double up into a ball, trying to will herself smaller.

"Good morning all and welcome to our first session. I am Meryle Langdon, head of the department of English at Jones College, one the oldest and most respected women's colleges in the country.

"I am surprised to see that we are joined by a slu... I mean professor, from Blanke Schande College, that wonderful bastion of male sex fantasies," the speaker said, boring her eyes towards Maddie. The speaker's comments caused everyone to look over at her now as well. "Miss, the Using Porno as Literature session must be in another room. This is the feminist literature session. Oh well, since you are here, you might as well learn something. Maybe you'll put some clothes on."

Maddie was mortified. The room filled with laughter at her. This was the first time that she had been forced to experience discrimination and taunting because of her nudity. She prayed for the ground to open up and swallow her whole. Meryle began her talk but Maddie barely heard a word. She just wanted the hour to be over so she could rejoin Deidre and maybe escape from these mean people.

Finally the talk wrapped up to loud applause. Maddie grabbed her stuff and rushed out of the room, hearing the speaker say, "What, naked one, no questions for me? I guess she's running to the gift shop to buy a robe."

Tears streamed down Maddie's cheeks as she entered the gathering area. McFlone reached her first and was startled by her tears and her shaking hands. Deidre was there a moment later. Between the two of them, they got the story of what had happened.

"Meryle Langdon, that bitch," Deidre said. "She and I went to grad school together. Wait until I get a piece of her."

As it happened, the woman passed by. Deidre grabbed her by the arm. "Hi there Meryle, interesting talk I hear," the nude woman said.

"Get off of me, Barone, just because you and your kind don't mind showing your tits and pussy to every man you see doesn't mean the rest of us should have to deal with you," the woman said.

"Interesting feminism you practice, Meryle," Deidre said. "Women are free to make any choice they want, as long as it's the choice that the feminists wish them to make."

"You know that is not the point," Meryle spat at her. "You are just pawns of the men in charge at Blanke Schande who like having little co-eds and hot teachers running around campus bare assed and bare titted."

"Well Meryle, at least my school has a female president. And yes, she does have tits and a pussy and she shows them off every day of the week. But you know what, she is more of a female role model then you will ever be. She would never have made fun of another woman for a choice she made. You are a disgrace to the feminist movement and sadly have not changed one iota since grad school. Once a bitch, always a bitch. But listen to me. If you ever again hurt my friend here, you will wish that you hadn't. Understood?"

With that, Deidre released her grip on the woman's arm. While trying to stand firm, Maddie noticed that Meryle's knees were quivering along with her lower lip.

Deidre turned away from her nemesis and grabbed hands with Maddie, who gripped the hand back and smiled bravely.

"Let's go and get some coffee," Deidre said. McFlone, once again amazed at the strength of the Blanke Schande women, followed along.

**Part 14**

Maddie made sure she stuck close to Deidre for the rest of the day. Though most of the attendees were nice on the surface and chatted with the BSC professors during the breaks, many glared at the nude women. Maddie recognized some of the same glarers from the session on feminism and wondered if they had felt that way before the presenter had made such a big stink.

It was another surreal lunch in the life of Madeline O'Brien as she sat in a formal dining room, her bare butt directly on the soft cushion of the chair, her bare legs brushing the table cloth, her breasts open to the air above the table, her erect nipples poking straight across the table at her meal companions. She had been naked for two days now and was still not quite used to it.

The rest of the afternoon passed and for the most part Maddie was able to ignore her nudity and concentrate. One particular speaker combined literature and drama in amazing ways and the soon to be professor filled several pages of her notebook with copious amounts of information. She definitely felt that she could utilize this person's work in her classroom next year.

This was the only session that Deidre had not accompanied Maddie on, begging off to see an old friend in another session. Alone and absorbed in the material, Maddie was oblivious to the fact that many men near her were staring at her. Her adorable innocent face, alive with curiosity and the burning need to know more, sat atop a wonderful body with breasts that stood firm on her chest, her nipples poking straight ahead towards the speaker. As she sat, they noticed that she had tucked her left leg up and under her bare butt, raising her body higher in the seat. For many of the men (and the lesbians) in attendance, it was hard to concentrate on anything but the young beauty in their midst.

After the talk, Maddie waited until most of the room had emptied. Previously she had exited right away, wanting to be further away from the prying eyes. But this time she wanted to meet the speaker and, summoning all of her courage, she walked to the front of the room where he was putting away his things.

"Excuse me, Sir," she said, getting his attention. The speaker seemed surprised when he looked up and saw a naked young woman in front of him. As his eyes went from his materials to the person in front of him, the first thing he saw was her bare vagina, sitting just above the table top.

"Oh my, hello miss," he said. "I thought I noticed a nude girl out there in the seats but I wasn't sure. The light was so bright. What is your story?"

"Um, well, Dr. Johnstrum, I am Madeline O'Brien and I begin teaching at Blanke Schande College in the fall and..." she began.

"Ah, Blanke Schande, I know it well," he said with a grin. "I should have known. Is that dastardly McFlone here too?"

"Yes, he is here and so is Deidre Barone," she answered.

"Deidre Barone! What a wonderful woman," he said, his eyes not focusing on her now, as if her were remembering something about Deidre. "How can I help you, young Ms. O'Brien?"

"Well, I really enjoyed your talk and I was wondering if..." she said before he interrupted.

"Wait a second," he said, raising a hand and his eyes roaming from her breasts to her bare vagina. "Climb up on the table and spread your legs and present to me while you ask me your question."

Maddie's face got red with shame. All she wanted was to ask this man, whose talk she had respected, for some helpful advice from one professional to another. Now she was reduced to a sex object and she felt dirty.

"I really don't want to," she said, holding her book over her breasts.

"Well, I thought BSC women had to obey any respectful request for presenting," the man said softly.

"Yes, but it doesn't seem appropriate here, in this room, away from the BSC campus," she said, though of course she had never set foot on campus and she had presented in plenty of other locations.

"OK, no problem, tell McFlone I said hello and we will catch up soon," he said, standing.

Maddie's head was spinning. If he told McFlone and McFlone thought that she was unwilling to present, a reasonable request of a BSC girl as Johnstrum had said, maybe he would rescind her job offer. Although she had hoped that she had proven herself over the past two days, she was still just a nervous recent grad in need of a job.

"Wait, I'll present as you have asked," she said, her voice quivering. "You are right, it is a reasonable request."

The man sat down as Maddie put her books on the table and, stepping her bare feet on a nearby chair, climbed up, her vagina now eye level to the man sitting in front of her. She spread her feet apart, further apart then her shoulders and pressed her hips forward, almost shoving her now spread vagina in his face.

"Ah, excellent," he said, taking a deep breath. Maddie was disgusted by his action, as if he were breathing in her pussy odor. "Now, go on."

"Um, well, I was wondering how to go about beginning a project like you described," she said. Johnstrum, never taking his eyes from the bare vagina in his face, answered the question and the two had one of the most unusual conversations that Maddie had ever had. Just as he had been during his lecture, Johnstrum was engaging and interesting and even in her unusual and somewhat degrading position, she found herself excited to be in the conversation.

"Thank you, Madeline, you may stop presenting," the man said.

He stood and offered her a hand down from the table. As demurely as she could, she stepped down from the table top and shook the man's hand.

"No, thank you, Dr. Johnstrum," she said, her eyes on his even if his were on her firm breasts. "I have learned so much. Do you have a card in case I need to contact you?"

The man's eyes sparkled as he showed surprise that the girl had bounced back so quickly from his attempt to embarrass her. For that matter, she was surprised by it too. Perhaps this two-day exposure was giving her a bit of a tough skin, no pun intended.

"Sure, Madeline, here you go, though I have no idea where you will put it," he said with a smile, pushing the card towards her. She smiled back and turned to slide the card into her binder.

The two walked out and were met in the hallway by McFlone and Deidre. "Jake Johnstrum, you old bastard, how are you," McFlone asked, slapping the man on the back.

"Great McFlone, great, and hello to you too, Deidre," he said, taking her hand and kissing it. Uncharacteristically, the woman blushed and stumbled a bit when replying, "Wonderful to see you too, Jake." Maddie noticed the sparks flying and knew right away that these two had a history and maybe a present.

"Well, if you have no dinner plans, perhaps you can join the three of us," McFlone said.

"Actually, Maddie and I have alternate dinner plans tonight, McFlone, sorry that I forgot to tell you," Deidre said, giving her nude friend a look that implied that she should back her up.

"Uh, yeah, McFlone, I asked Deidre for some help and we are going to have dinner back in the room," Maddie said, sensing relief from the other woman.

"Well then, Johnstrum, I guess it's just you and me if you are interested," McFlone said. He added, "though I am sure there is less incentive now."

The men laughed but agreed to dinner. At the elevator, the three BSC professors, one clothed male and two naked females, took one up while Johnstrum went down to get a reservation.

Once at their floor, McFlone asked again. "Are you sure you guys don't want to come with us?"

"No, we're good, thanks," Deidre said, giving her colleague a hug as Maddie unlocked the door to her room. The two nudes went in and closed the door.

"What was that about," Maddie asked.

"Oh, Jake and I have, um, well a history," Deidre began. "Not a good idea for a married woman like me to have dinner with a former lover."

"I see," Maddie said, her face forming a pout. "So it has nothing to do with you wanting me in bed again tonight?"

The other nude looked at the younger girl with lust in her eyes. "Well, there is that too."

Maddie lay on the bed and spread her legs. "Ok then, I'm ready."

Deidre climbed between the spread legs being offered to her and grinned. "This is better then any dinner they have downstairs," she said, placing her tongue on the lips before her.

"AAHH," Maddie said, her fingers entwining themselves in her lover's hair as the night's festivities began.