**Blanke Schande College: One Girl's Story**

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**CHAPTER 1—Amanda's Interested**

All summer long, it was in the back of Amanda's head. Soon, she would be living a life of total nudity and that nudity was self-imposed.

Back in March, in what she considered to be a rare show of courage and strength, Amanda had registered to attend a school in California named Blanke Schande College. From her research it has one of the top liberal arts programs in the nation and its female graduation rate was nearly 100 percent. Also, alumni from the school were in top-notch professions in all types of industry, etc.

It sounded too good to be true and for the shy, reserved Amanda, it almost was. After she wrote to the school for more information, she was shocked at what came back in the plain brown envelope with just the logo of the college on the outside. All of the women were naked, walking around the campus, sitting in classrooms, playing sports, and eating in the cafeteria. The girls were nude and the boys loved it, all the while there was not one ounce of male flesh showing, all were wearing full set of clothes.

What kind of school was this, Amanda thought. Before anyone could see what she was looking at, she threw the materials into her school bag and quickly headed up to her room. She tried to ignore the material, diving into her homework. But something kept calling her back, intrigued by Blanke Schande College. Finally she grabbed the catalog and brochure and, locking her door, took a look.

Amanda was amazed at what she read. The school, citing studies that backed up its claim, had gone to an all-nude female student body several years ago. Since then, both male and female graduates have achieved excellent grades and accomplished feats unheard of at the small school. Because of these high achievements, the school was earning national recognition and a faculty that was renowned for its ability. The great male faculty rarely left, due to the unusual perks, and many women professors enjoyed the liberation of teaching without clothes (it went without saying that the rules applied to female faculty and staff as well).

The more she read, the more excited Amanda became. She wanted to be a part of this special sisterhood…the girls all said how valued they felt at BSC…how they were appreciated for their bodies, minds and spirit. How they felt prepared to go and do anything after their college experience. It was everything Amanda wanted in a school.

Now, how to get accepted before telling her parents. The brochure said that an on-campus interview was required. It said that the interview would take place under full uniform regulations, meaning that she could wear nothing. She knew that she would excel at Blanke Schande College and would prove it to her parents, but wanted to be sure she could get in before fighting the battle.

Thinking quickly, Amanda enlisted the help of her older sister Kacy. Perhaps she could convince Kacy to make the drive to BSC for the interview. That way, she had a way there but could also delay telling her parents.

Kacy was shocked that her little sister was willing to be nude for four years but agreed to help and keep it quiet so Amanda set up an interview for the following Saturday. The drive from their home would take a few hours so they told their parents they were heading for a day with some friends and left early in the morning. Amanda had filled out the application and brought some copies of her transcripts with her for the interview. She was trembling, nervous for the interview and having to be compliant with BSC's uniform regulations.

Somehow, Kacy got her sister to calm down and they enjoyed the long ride, armed with several CDs. They chatted about life, something rare since Kacy got a job and was rarely home. She had never gone to college, though her grades in high school were good, and was happy for Amanda, though she wondered about this weird college they were about to visit.

Finally, they saw the sign off the highway for Blanke Schande College. As Kacy turned, the conversation ceased. Both girls just looked ahead at the beautiful green shrubs and small houses tucked behind them.

The first sign that something was different here was the sight of two nude girls jogging along the side of the road, on the grass. Amanda's eyes grew wide at the sight of, first, their ass cheeks bouncing along, and then, after they passed, their full round breasts swaying and bouncing as they ran on bare feet as sneakers and socks would have broken the dress code. Their faces were red, probably from the exertion of their run but it just as easily could have been from embarrassment. Amanda felt the burn on her cheeks as she turned back and faced the front of the car.

Kacy quietly turned down the road onto campus. They saw a group of five students, two nude girls and three fully clothed men, chatting with books in their laps and sitting on a blanket. Up ahead, she saw a group of students sitting on a hill, the girls nude and the men clothed with a nude woman leading the discussion. It was obviously a class in session, but the strangest one either of them had ever seen.

Finally, they pulled into the admission parking lot and into a space. Kacy turned the car off and turned towards her sister.

"Manda, are you sure you want to go through with this," she asked. "This all seems too bizarre."

Amanda looked out and saw a naked girl (which is becoming a redundant phrase…all of the girls here are naked) planting flowers, obviously a work study job. She saw the women's lacrosse team on the field next to the building, running through drills while wearing nothing at all. No, she wasn't sure if she wanted to go through with this but felt she had to give it a try.

"Yes Kacy, I'm going to do it," she said. As she said it, she pulled her top up and over her head, revealing her blue, lacy half bra hugging her breasts. She reached behind her to undo the garment as Kacy said, "What are you doing?"

"I am adhering to the uniform regulations of the college, which state I must be nude," she said, her voice shaking. "I have to be nude for the interview anyway, might as well get it over with."

As she finished speaking, she pulled the bra down her arms and off, showing off her perky breasts, her nipples pointing out in arousal and some fear.

Kacy was speechless as she watched her shy little sister strip in the car. This was far beyond anything she had expected. She had taken this trip half thinking that Amanda would chicken out and get it out of her system. She was surprised at the girl's determination.

Amanda kicked off her slides as she unbuttoned her jeans. She lifted her butt off the seat and pulled her jeans down her long shapely legs, leaving her in just a pair of baby blue cotton knickers. She looked at Kacy with a painful, yet determined look and hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her knickers and slid them off.

Kacy was surprised to see the tuft of reddish-blonde pubic hair was trimmed to a tiny patch just over her sister's slit. Amanda, who had been in gymnastics since she was four, had shaved just prior to a competition because her suit was cut high. Once she shaved the sides, the little tuft seemed too bushy and she had trimmed it down so it was just a bit longer than stubble. Now nude, it had the effect of displaying her slit and clitoris to great effect.

Amanda couldn't help but cross her arms over her breasts and close her legs together. She felt so exposed, so vulnerable, especially with her sister fully dressed in the car next to her. She felt the air rushing all over her body, touching places that were hardly ever touched. She felt the sun pouring through the window and landing on her bare body, the warmth was welcome as she shivered and noticed her nipples sticking straight out, painfully hard.

"Come on Kacy, before I chicken out," the newly nude girl said, opening the car door and tentatively stepping out. The older girl could not believe it but she exited the car until both of them were standing in the busy parking lot of the admissions office.

**CHAPTER 2—Walking Onto Campus**

"Do you want me to throw your clothes into my bag and bring them with us in case you want them," Kacy asked. Amanda just shook her head, not wanting the temptation.

Even though she had chosen this route, Amanda felt like she was being tortured. She felt the breeze teasing her (until now) private places and felt the smooth blacktop of the driveway under her bare feet. She had never been much of a barefoot walker, choosing sandals or flip flops even in summer, and she was very aware of these new feelings traveling from the soles of her feet up her long, toned legs and seeming to end right at her sex which, she was embarrassed to note, was soaked.

"I can't go to school here," she thought to herself, "I can't even concentrate on anything but my vagina and I've only been naked for a few minutes. This would send me to the mental hospital after too long."

She walked next to her sister for comfort. As they passed the other students and faculty, they received odd looks but Amanda quickly realized that those looks weren't directed at her but at Kacy, who was the only clothed woman on the campus. Kacy, who was dressed normally in a long-sleeved henley, jeans and shoes, felt it too and instinctively crossed her arms over her chest.

They followed the signs pointing towards BSC's admissions office and pushed through the door. Both girls stopped short and were breathless by what they saw.

Sitting in the reception area was a beautiful woman, just a little bit older than Kacy, maybe 23. Her beauty and the fact that she was completely nude didn't shock the girls…nudity was a fact of life on this campus and every girl they had seen was prettier than the last one. No, what startled Amanda and Kacy was the position the brunette was in.

The chair was not your ordinary secretary's chair. Instead it was shaped like a toilet seat with nothing beneath the area where a girl's vagina would be. But the woman was on her knees, her ass pushed out and her legs spread. From their vantage point, the girls could see the woman's asshole and her hairless slit and mound, all of which she was blatantly displaying, even pulling her ass cheeks apart to further reveal her puckered hole there.

"Hi, welcome to Blanke Schande College, please have a seat," the woman said with a smile, looking at the two girls over her shoulder. "I'm just presenting to those young men over there."

Amanda and Kacy turned and saw two male students at a desk, arranging papers. They were sneering at the secretary and at Amanda, who blushed and covered her breasts and pussy. She tried to hide behind her sister as they sat and she gasped when she felt the coldness of the smooth plastic beneath her bare ass and thighs. Amanda quickly crossed her legs at the knee, effectively shielding her vagina, and crossed her arms over her breasts, trying to hide her nudity from the boys. Though she realized she was as covered as she would be on the beach or at gymnastics meet, she felt like she was naked on one of those 60-foot screens in Times Square.

"Alright boys, have you seen enough," the secretary said with a smile to the boys. They nodded and went on with their work.

Amanda and Kacy watched as the woman changed her position and got to her feet to walk towards them. "Hi, I'm Cami Granato, the admission secretary, you must be Amanda," she said, offering her hand in greeting. As they shook hands, Cami continued, "I must commend you Amanda. Most girls don't arrive within the dress code. Normally there are some hysterics as they head into the interview."

Amanda said thank you but blushed at the knowledge that she was different than most girls. Why didn't she fight it more, she wondered, did she really want to be naked?

She looked at Cami, so natural, so at peace with her nudity and with displaying herself to them and those boys. Would she become like her after a few weeks at this school?

"Um, Miss Granato, can I ask you something," she asked timidly.

Cami smiled. "Sure, anything, and please, call me Cami."

"Ok, uh, Cami, what were you doing for those boys when we walked in," she asked.

"That is called presenting," Cami calmly explained. "I've been doing that for six years, four years as a student and two years as an employee. You get very used to it, so used to it that I didn't even think that you might find it strange."

Strange, why would I find it strange, Amanda thought. Sure, at her high school, girls always just spread their legs and reveal their pussies and assholes to the boys. The thought made her chuckle. This place was going to be way different, that was for sure.

**CHAPTER 3—The Waiting Room**

Cami asked them if they wanted coffee or water and both women declined. To take her sister's mind off of her nudity and the bizarre scene they had just witnessed, Kacy started to engage Amanda in small talk about Blanke Schande. The girls got so engrossed in the conversation that Amanda loosened up. To the delight of the male student workers, she uncrossed her legs and spread her knees, giving them the first unimpeded look at her pussy that anyone besides her gynecologist had ever had. The boys, hard already from the display of Cami, groaned as their cocks pressed hard against their pants. Maybe they could request relief when Kristie, one of the tour guides, arrived in a half an hour.

Amanda did not realize the show she was putting on. She was so engaged in telling Kacy about BSC, pulling the catalog out of her bag and showing her sister the pictures of buildings and key paragraphs. Kacy was pleasantly surprised to see Amanda so excited and she was impressed that the girl had done her homework on the school so well. Maybe she was really serious about this school and it was the best place for her.

Kacy was always more wild than her younger sister. While she was betting that this was Amanda's first public nudity, the same would not have been true for her. At senior week in Cancun while in high school, Kacy had entered a wet t-shirt contest and won. Truth was, she showed more than her breasts that night. Though displaying her perky 34B tits might have been enough, she was hammered and when the crowd begged for a contestant to show bush, she pulled down her shorts and stood on stage in nothing but her transparent t-shirt and sandals to the thrill of the mostly male crowd. Although the move won her the contest and several hundred dollars, someone took off with her shorts, leaving her scrambling to find something to wear home. One of the bartenders gave her a t-shirt that reached just below her pussy mound. But that night had been one of the best of her life and she earned several free beers from the men at the bar who were impressed by her courage and body.

Also that night, she had her first experience with group sex. She and her best friend Amy had brought two boys back to their room with them. She remembered the thrill of that, touching Amy all over, enjoying the feel of a girl, so different than the feeling of boys. She still preferred boys but the orgasm she got from Amy was her all-time best. And having two cocks inside of her was a feeling she now frequently craved, though rarely had a chance to fulfill.

A part of her envied her younger sister. Amanda had always had the nicer body. Kacy had developed first, of course, but Amanda had passed her about two years ago. Now, as Amanda talked about the many great things about the college, Kacy noticed that her sister's perfectly shaped round breasts led to a flat, concave belly that then went to that swell between her legs. Her legs were long and toned and Amanda had the prettiest feet of any girl she knew. Kacy was surprised that the toes were currently unpainted, especially since Amanda knew they would be on display. Kacy knew her younger sister was obsessed with painting her toenails and keeping them pretty. She must have been so nervous that she forgot, especially with sandals season still a few weeks away.

Amanda stopped talking as she observed Kacy's eyes looking her up and down. It felt weird to be appraised like this, especially in the nude. Pretty girls get used to having eyes upon them and Amanda was nothing if not a pretty girl. She was tall for a girl, about 5-7. She weighed 115 pounds and wished she were five pounds thinner, though her mother and doctor assured her she was fine.

Last night, standing in her room after everyone had gone to bed, Amanda had stripped her nightgown off and stood naked in front of the mirror, wanting to see what everyone else would see when she arrived at BSC. She had to admit, what she saw impressed her. Her red hair was long and straight when she pulled it out of its ponytail. Her pale skin was flawless and the light freckles covered her body, even her round breasts. The nipples pointed straight towards the mirror, a constant source of irritation for the girl who struggled to keep them from poking through bras and blouses and shirts. She laughed, remembering how hard she had fought to keep her nipples from being seen while she was about to go to a college that would keep her nude for four years!

Her long legs seemed to be the feature that every boy drooled over and every girl envied. They were thin, but shapely. And they seemed to go from her toes to her neck. Her father called them runners' legs…one of the gross boys at her school had said that her legs would look good spread. She pretended that she was repulsed but secretly she was flattered by his comments. Something inside of her was amazingly turned on at the thought that boys wanted to see her naked, to see her sex, her bare breasts. Though she played the role of a good girl, but deep inside she wanted to rip her clothes off and let them all look. That played a major part in her sexual fantasies and maybe that was why she was here today, though she could hardly have admitted it, even to herself.

Both girls were roused out of their thoughts by a tall, handsome man calling her name from the doorway just beyond Cami's desk.

"Amanda, come this way please," he said to her. There was no denying that he was completely checking her out, from toes to hair and back, making long, lingering stops at her breasts and pussy as she stood. Her embarrassment trait kicked right in and inwardly she cringed, though she did not cover herself as she had when the boys had stared at her. She tried to emulate the girls she saw in the catalogs and pictures that she saw hanging around the room. Those girls were nude and proud of it, not showing any signs of humiliation or discomfort.

She grabbed her book bag but he stopped her. "Please Amanda, just bring your application," he said. "No need for extra covering."

She cringed, knowing that he wanted a full, unobstructed view of her nudity but gamely pulled her application out of the bag and handed her duffle to Kacy. Her older sister squeezed Amanda's hand for luck and then sat back to wait.

**CHAPTER 4—The Interview**

Amanda felt the man's clothes as she brushed past him and went into his office. She felt cold all of a sudden and had an intense desire to cross her arms over her breasts and hug herself. But she remembered her thoughts on being more like those women in the pictures and instead stood there, feeling the goose bumps rising on her body and seeing the hair on her arms stand on end.

"Sorry for the chill in here, they are working on my heat and this room is drafty anyway," he said. "My name is Mitchell Levin, Associate Director of Admissions here at Blanke Schande. Please have a seat."

Amanda sat down, glad to be able to cross her legs and hide her pussy. She chuckled as she realized how silly that sounded, after all she had been showing her entire body around campus for the last 15 minutes and the boys in the outer room and Mr. Levin had seen it all anyway. Plus, just yesterday, she would have been mortified at having her breasts on display, now it was the lesser of the two evils.

"I would offer you a sweater but as you already know, that would be a break in the rules of the college and we do operate all interviews under the strict rules of the college," he said smiling in a weird sort of way. She nodded, not wanting to break any school rule.

"Yes Sir, that's why I stripped in the car, to conform with the school's rules from the minute I walked onto the campus," she said, sitting upright, unconsciously thrusting her full, round, pert breasts at the man.

"Is that so," he said. "Well, if that is the case, I won't go easy on you then. Currently you are breaking a school rule by blocking visual access to you pussy. I will let you go this time but I must demand that you uncross your legs and let me see that wonderful slit."

Amanda was shocked. She couldn't believe that this man was talking to her like that. This seemed very much against the school's policy of respecting women, despite the rules of total nudity at all times. However, she really wanted to become a student here and reap the benefits of a Blanke Schande education, so she dutifully put both feet on the floor, instinctively placing them shoulder-width apart.

Mitch's eyes went directly to her sex mound and smiled. "Very nice, very nice," he said. And without a moment's hesitation, he began the interview. She was shocked that it was exactly like the other interviews she had at other schools, with the exception that, unlike the other interviews she wasn't wearing nice clothes and her interviewer's eyes were glued to her pussy instead of her eyes.

They discussed her academic career, her extracurricular activities, even her recommendations from her teachers, all of which were glowing. They went over her essays, including the one on her mother as her female role model.

"Well Amanda, this is an outstanding application and you are certainly academically worthy of a Blanke Schande education," he said, eliciting a smile from Amanda. "Okay, now onto the next part of the interview process. Please follow me."

Amanda was surprised. Most interviews ended after the one-on-one. She wondered what was next.

They went out a different door than the one that led to the reception area where Kacy waited. Instead it opened into a large meeting room. Amanda cringed when she saw eight people sitting there, six men in suits and two women, nude as her.

"Good morning everyone, sorry to interrupt the meeting but I have to complete the second part of Amanda's interview," Mitch said.

"No problem Mitch," the woman standing at the front said. "I'm just going over some of the numbers here with the staff. Hello young lady, I am Rebecca Anderson, Dean of Admissions. I hope you enjoy your stay at Blanke Schande."

Amanda nodded, amazed that this woman would be able to run a meeting without any clothes on. How could women be taken seriously and as authority figures if they were always nude?

"Okay Amanda, please tell me your bra size," Mitch began. Amanda's face turned scarlet. What kind of question was that, she wondered. What did that matter?

"Amanda, I can see you are wondering about that question," Dean Anderson said. "We have to be very selective of your female students. Being naked is not easy and we must be sure that you can physically handle the rigors of total nudity."

"Um, I wear a 34C," she said, her voice in a whisper, mortified that this conversation was happening at all, let alone with eight adults in the room.

"Great, waist size please," Mitch continued, writing her response on a clipboard.

"24," she answered.

"Excellent, now your hip size please," he said.

"30," she said, deadpan, trying to hide her shame.

"Wow, what great numbers," said one of the men sitting at the table. The rest of the group nodded and gave their assent.

"Please hop up on the scale," he said. She cringed. No girl ever wanted to be weighed, especially in front of an audience. Seeing no way out, she did as commanded.

Mitch first checked her height. "Excellent, you are 5-7," he said, jotting it down. "And 116 pounds. Excellent numbers Amanda, you may get down."

With a sigh of relief, she did so, hoping that her humiliation was now over.

Mitch went to a box next to the scale and took out a tape measure. What was that for, she wondered. And why wasn't the meeting continuing? Why couldn't they all just ignore her?

"Now, I must verify those numbers you gave me earlier, for our record," Mitch said, coming towards her with the tape. "Please lift your arms out straight to the side and I can record your breast size."

She froze. "Why, I gave you honest answers, this is ridiculous," she said. "Why did you ask me those questions if you were going to measure me anyway?"

"Amanda please, you have done so well," he said softly. "This is part of the process and every woman here at BSC has to become very comfortable with displaying her body. That is part of life as a student on this campus. If you cannot do this in front of this small group of people then you will not be able to handle life at Blanke Schande."

Tears formed in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks but she did as commanded, putting her arms out as if she were flying. She felt Mitch wrap the tape just under her breasts and hold the tape together in that cleavage area between the two.

"OK…you were a little off but not by much," he said. "Says here you are a 33, but I suppose a 34 would be the next bra size."

He took the tape and lifted it an inch so that it wrapped around her body again, this time right at the area of her nipples. They were rock hard, as they frequently are and had been since she walked onto this campus in the nude. "Okay, that's 37 so I think you are probably a D, not a C but close," he said.

His words, while meant to just be clinical and conversational, added to her humiliation. No girl wants to have her breast size blabbed to the world and here he was telling everyone that she was too stupid even to buy the right bra size.

Mitch dropped to his knees in front of her and her blush got even deeper. She felt his breath on her bare mound as he wrapped the tape around her waist. "Yep, 24 inches, just like you said," he said. "But your hips are more like 31 and ½. Ok, excellent."

Please let this be over, she prayed.

"Finally, I must observe your vaginal wetness and clitoris, can you rub it to make it wet and hard for me please," he said matter-of-factly. She gasped and shook her head.

"Amanda," Dean Anderson broke in from the front of the room. "You are holding up our meeting by disagreeing with a perfectly reasonable request. Many of the classes for women here involve sexual experimentation and exploration and your ability to feel pleasure is vitally important. Mitch is not asking to touch it himself, just to observe you touching it. Now if you wouldn't mind complying with his request so that we can move on with our meeting and you can finish your interview, I would greatly appreciate it."

Amanda wasn't sure what to do. She felt the nine pairs of eyes on her, on her mound to be more precise. She hesitantly put her hand between her legs and began to rub that little nub just above her opening. She moaned and felt how soaked she was and it did not take long for her clit to grow under her fingers. She started working it faster, almost forgetting about the people watching, wrapped up in the need for release after the hour of sexual tension she had experienced.

"Okay, thank you Amanda, that is fine," Mitch said, bringing her back to reality. She shook her head and her vision was a bit blurred as she smelled herself filling the room and was humiliated to think that she almost brought herself off in front of these people. "Vaginal sexual discharge is above normal as is your clitoris size. Wonderful work. Sorry for the inconvenience folks."

"No problem at all," Dean Anderson said. "I hope that is the first of many pleasurable experiences you have at BSC Amanda."

With that, the meeting continued, with the nude woman asking one of the men in business suits a question. She knew they could smell her arousal but no one made any mention of it or seemed even dazed by the experience. She lowered her face in shame and followed behind Mitch into the relative safety of his office.

"Well, everything seems to be in order," he said. "After your tour, please come back here and I will have everything in order. By then I will know if you have been accepted. If you are, then we can discuss what scholarships you are eligible for and what financial aid we can provide. Okay?"

She nodded and he took her by the arm and led her to the door of his office. "Kristie will be your tour guide. I will see you afterwards back in my office."

**CHAPTER 5—The Tour**

Amanda walked out, feeling the cold smoothness of the floor as compared to the carpet in the office and the conference room. She must have looked dazed because Kacy looked up from her magazine and sprang to her feet.

"Manda, what's wrong," she asked. "Did he do something to you? Sniff, sniff, what is that smell."

Just then, Cami interrupted them, holding a cup of water in her hands. "Here Amanda, most girls want something to drink after their interview," she said kindly. Kacy eyed the woman with annoyance because she wanted some quiet time with her sister, to find out what had happened. But that didn't look to be possible as Cami led Amanda towards another room.

"Let me introduce you to Kristie, our best tour guide," Cami said with a smile. "She will answer any questions you have and show you around. You may leave your bag here and your sister may also leave any belongings here. It will be quite safe."

"Thank you," Amanda said, her first words since the uncomfortable sexual experience with Mitch. She smiled at Kacy with reassurance that everything was fine. The older girl wasn't so sure.

They entered the room and saw a gorgeous blonde on her knees, currently sucking on a penis that belonged to one of the boys that had been eying up Cami earlier. Seeing the audience, the girl let his member pop free. "Hi, I'm Kristie, a junior here at Blanke Schande," she said, cheerfully and energetically. "You must be Amanda! Sorry I'm not ready yet for the tour, but I have to finish Bob here off."

She took Bob's cock back into her mouth before being interrupted by Cami. "The tour is more important than that," the woman said, ignoring Bob's groans of frustration. "I will take care of Bob." That brought a smile to the boy's face.

Kristie wiped her mouth off with a towel there in the room and came over to Amanda and Kacy and offered her hand in greeting. After getting over the shock of what the girl had just been doing, Amanda shook her hand and introduced her sister. As she did, she gave Kristie the once over. The girl had firm, perky breasts that stood proud atop her tan chest. Her nipples were rock hard as well, pointing right at Amanda's own nipples. As she scrolled down the girl's body, she gasped when she saw the top of her pussy slit with no hair at all to block her view. This girl was completely shaved and her tan was complete, no lines at all, one of the benefits of going nude to school.

When she looked up at Kristie's face, she saw a knowing smile but the tour guide said nothing, just motioned for the two women to follow her.

The tour was like most college tours, except for the fact that there were two nude women on it. Kristie was nice and helped Amanda forget her own nudity. Amanda was surprised that few people were walking outside but Kristie talked about block scheduling and the fact that most people were either in class or lab or working at an on-campus job or internship right now.

Amanda and Kacy listened with fascination as Kristie talked about the history of BSC. They saw photos in the student center, mostly of men and naked women doing all of the things that students do at other institutions. Amanda stopped at one of the photos. The girls were making snowmen on the quad and having a snowball fight.

"You guys get snow up here," she asked.

"Hardly ever, only once in my three years here and that was just flurries," Kristie said. "That photo comes from our Alturas campus in the mountains. It snows there from October through April. The girls that go there are tough ones. I could never make it there."

Amanda breathed a sigh of relief…she was a wimp when it came to being cold and wondered if she would handle nudity and never having a sweater or sweatpants to pull on.

""Actually, the temperature rarely gets below 50 here, even in the dead of winter," she said. "While that might not seem cold, when you don't wear a coat, 50 can get chilly."

"How do you stay warm," Amanda asked, giving an involuntary shiver.

"We figure out a way," she said with a smile that hid her true meaning. "We girls stick together up here. We take care of each other and usually find a way to stay warm."

Amanda didn't understand what Kristie meant but Kacy did and smiled. Her little sister was going to get some education here.

Amanda stopped at another photo, this one of all of the people fully clothed. "When was this?"

"Oh, that's a history photo," Kristie said. "That's from the early 70s, before the nudity rule. Back then, we were struggling and in desperate financial situation. We were going to close and the professors were all going to leave. But since the nudity rule, BSC has become one of the best schools in the country and no one ever leaves."

They then left the dining hall and headed towards Kristie's dorm. Amanda was shocked by the layout of the rooms. The girls and boys alternated rooms and most had their doors opened. The boys looked like normal teenage rooms, with clothes flung all over, in piles on their beds, on the floor in the closets. Kristie's room looked sterile in comparison. She had posters and other decorations all around but there were no clothes in the room and the beds was bare, no pillows, blankets or comforters.

"I am an absolute," she explained. "That is why I do not use a comforter or pillows. I do not allow anything to cover my body at any time. I also shave all of the hair below my neck every day, to keep covering off of me. I also do not use a book bag. For absolutes, the school provides two sets of books, one for here and one in each classroom. I also have a locker in the main classroom building where I keep my notebooks and pens and stuff."

"Holy shit," Kacy said. "So you never cover your body?"

"Nope, not even when I leave campus, though some girls do," she said. "I have not worn a stitch of clothing since I arrived here three years ago, including a winter break trip to Oregon with my family. It was cold but I survived."

The sisters looked at the girl in awe, and a little bit of envy. Neither thought they could ever be that brave.

"I know what you are both thinking and you're wrong," Kristie said laughing. "I'm no different than either of you. In fact, I was way more shy on my interview and tour than you are right now. I came with layers of clothing on, hoping they would protect me. But it just made it harder to take them off in front of the admissions person. Your way was so cool and much, much easier."

Amanda was clearly intrigued by this concept. The girls sat down while Kacy went down the hall to the bathroom.

"When did you decide to be an absolute," Amanda asked.

"After a few weeks here," she said. "I met a girl and we became best friends. She was an absolute and just had total and complete freedom from hang ups and stuff. I wanted what she had so I went for it. It was so wonderful."

Amanda was putting that into her head when a very red faced Kacy walked in. "There are no stalls in that bathroom, just toilets," she announced when she walked in. "I just walked in and there was a girl and she was going. Not pee, the other stuff."

Kristie laughed. "I am so sorry, I should have warned you," she said. "There are no stalls for toilets or showers. There is no reason for them as there must be no inhibitions for us girls. The college believes that has held women back. There is nothing embarrassing about being a woman, there is nothing to hide. We should be proud of our bodies and our sexuality. Many of the showers are in public areas, main lobbies or out in the quad. It makes it very easy to get a shower before class."

"Well, why do they let boys hide their bodies and their sexuality," Amanda asked, the young feminist coming out in her.

"Have you ever seen a naked boy," Kristie asked. When Amanda shook her head no, Kristie answered, "Well, you probably don't want to see most of them." That got a laugh from Kacy.

"Truth is, men have never had to hide their sexuality," Kristie said. "Clinton had sex with an intern, he was more popular after the fact. Monica couldn't show her face, even though she wasn't the one who was married. Girls have always felt the need to hide their sexual urges and needs while men run rampant, staring up girl's skirts, checking out our breasts and our asses."

"But here, the boys are faced with our sexuality, our needs and our bodies, yet must keep control of their desires," Kristie said. "Yes, they can gawk and then can look at our bodies, but they cannot rape us. We have the control. It teaches them a healthy respect of women."

The three girls walked out of the dorm and headed back to the Admission Department and the rest of her interview. Two things bothered Amanda. First, she filled Kristie in on what they had seen Cami doing when they walked into the building.

"Oh, that's called presenting," Kristie said. "You see, any boy on campus in good academic and disciplinary standing can ask any girl to present. That means wherever they are, they must get into the required position and present their pussy or asshole to the boy who requests it. Sometimes it's also breasts but not usually. They can see them anytime."

Amanda was shocked. "You mean we are just little toys for their amusement," she said in disgust.

"Well, I guess you could look at it that way, but I don't and neither do most of the girls here," Kristie said. "It is quite an honor to be asked to present and it gives us a chance to show off our bodies. Also, it takes the pressure off the rest of the time. There are limits to how long I can be asked to present and in what kind of situation. This way, we get it done with and then can get on with our days."

Amanda wrapped her head around that for a moment before asking Kristie another question. "Can I ask why you had that boy's thing in your mouth when we saw you?"

Kristie sighed. "Yeah, sorry about that, I didn't realize you were finished your interview," she said softly. "I thought I had more time."

"Time for what," Kacy asked in a nasty tone of voice. "Time to get some cum in you? Are you some kind of a slut or something?"

Kristie turned red and stared at Kacy. "I resent that Kacy," she said. "I am sorry that you do understand our ways here at Blanke Schande and that you are uncomfortable but I really don't think I deserve to be called names."

Now it was Kacy's turn to look red-faced. Amanda defended her sister, "She didn't mean anything by it Kristie, it's just not something we are used to, that's all."

Kristie smiled. "Sorry, I guess I take things like that personally," she said. Turning to Kacy she said, "I'm sorry Kacy. You are a guest on our campus and I treated you badly. Please forgive me?"

Kacy nodded. "Yeah, I'm the one who should be sorry. I was out of line. It's just, whoa."

"I guess I can imagine how it looks to an outsider," she said. "Here, at Blanke Schande, it's not rare for the boys to get all backed up, what with looking at naked women all day. They are allowed to ask us to provide relief. We are allowed to use any manner we choose, mouth, hand, vagina, even ass. I've grown to like having a cock in my mouth and enjoy the taste so I usually choose mouth."

They walked for a while, Amanda again acutely aware of her nudity. She was surprised that all of the paved walkways were so smooth. She felt the hardness under her feet but didn't felt the hurt of anything digging into her sensitive soles. She asked Kristie about it.

"Yes, our maintenance people are very helpful and responsive," she said. "If anyone ever complains about bad pavement or street, they get right on it. With so many girls walking barefoot, we really have to be careful, though we do get hardened after a while."

That comment brought Amanda and Kacy's gaze right to the girl's feet. The trip stopped so they could get a good look. Though the tops were pretty with red polish on the nails and a smooth complexion, when she turned them over the girls could see that the skin was harder and tougher. Amanda, who was into feet anyway, also noticed that Kristie's toes were spread further apart than hers. She pointed it out to Kristie and wondered why.

"Because I haven't worn shoes in three years," she said proudly. "My feet haven't been tortured into heels or boots or anything. This is how human feet should look in nature, except for the polish of course. I am still a girl."

They finished their tour and got to the building. "I really enjoyed meeting you Amanda, may I give you a hug," Kristie said with a smile. Amanda nodded and the two nude girls embraced. Amanda felt a strange tingle as her bare breasts met the ones attached to the other girl and when she felt the smooth girl hands rub her bare back.

"I hope to see you next year," she said. She then handed Amanda a card and said, "here's my number, if you have any questions."

She then said goodbye to Kacy and pointed them back towards Cami. "I think I love this school," Amanda whispered to Kacy before they reached the secretary.

**CHAPTER 6—Signing**

When they reached Cami's office, they were less surprised to see the woman sitting facing the boys who were working. This time her feet were spread wide to either side with her fingers spreading her pussy lips apart. She looked at the women when they entered and smiled. "It's a wonder I get any work done with all of the horny men who work here," she said sarcastically. "Can I relax now boys?" Amanda looked over and saw them nod and Cami closed her legs.

"Come with me ladies," she said.

"How often do you have to do that," Kacy asked.

"About 10 times a day," she said. "Students don't do it as much, but we have different shifts of boys and they get a big kick out of forcing an older woman to present. I enjoy it so much I let them get away with it."

Cami knocked on the door and pushed it open. "Mitch, Amanda is back for her closing interview," she said.

"Send her in Cami, thanks!"

The nude woman went off to one side and allowed the girls to pass. As Amanda went by, she grazed Cami's breasts with her own, sending waves of pleasure through her body. Oh God, what was that, she thought.

After introducing himself to Kacy, Mitch said, "Have a seat, I have very, very good news for you Amanda."

The girls sat down, Amanda had butterflies in her stomach. "Your application and grades, combined with your outstanding interview and response, make you a definite for a spot in Blanke Schande's Class of 2008," he said. "I ran these numbers and I am able to offer you a full academic scholarship and grants which will also account for your room and board plus books. If you accept this offer, you can attend Blanke Schande College at absolutely no cost to you or your family."

Amanda and Kacy both gasped in shock. Mitch smiled. "This is unbelievable," Amanda said softly. "Is it really true?"

"It is true, but there is one stipulation," he said. Amanda's heart skipped a beat. She knew it was too good to be true. "As a sign that you are willing to remove all of your prior thoughts on sexuality and exhibitionism, you are required to masturbate to orgasm here in my office right now."

Amanda's eyes got big as saucers and Kacy was indignant. "How dare you your fucking pig," she said to the man. "My sister is nobody's whore. Get your jollies somewhere else."

"Kacy, I apologize to you for making you think I am a pervert," he said calmly. "I will admit that I find your sister extremely attractive and will enjoy her masturbation very much. But that has nothing to do with it. This is our final test for each female student to see if they have the ability to enter BSC seamlessly. If they can masturbate in front of me with a close member of their family watching, then anything that comes their way will be easier to handle. It is the last weeding out for our admissions process, to make sure we are getting women who can handle themselves here."

That quieted the older girl. "Still, if she has to do it, why is it you," she said. "Why not in front of Cami or some woman counselor?"

"Well, there is a reason for that as well," Mitch said, his voice staying calm, as if he had these conversations frequently. "We are a co-ed campus and frequently during her four years Amanda will be asked to do things in front of both men and women. That is why I handle all of the women applicants and my co-worker Beth handles the men. I can call her to have her here as well, but I must be here since I process all of the female applicants."

Kacy looked at her sister. "Manda, say the word and we are out of here," Kacy said. Not surprisingly, the younger girl shook her head.

Without a word, she spread her legs, putting her knees or the armrests on either side of her. Her left foot rested on Kacy's knee while her right hung in the air. Slowly but steadily, her right hand eased down between her legs and her fingers toyed at the entrance of her vagina. She cried out in pleasure at the first touch. The smell of sex filled the room as her index and middle fingers eased into her sex, which was soaked with her juices.

Kacy could not take her eyes off of her sister as she slid two fingers in and out of her vagina. She saw the girl's left hand begin to massage her breasts, playing with her nipples which looked achingly hard. Kacy licked her lips uncomfortably and glanced at Mitch whose eyes were glued to her sister.

Amanda was so far gone in pleasure that she forgot where she was. In her mind, she was in her bedroom and she was being fingered by Tom, the handsome boy who took her to Homecoming. She felt her hands were his, gently toying with her sex and her breasts. Just then she pushed her finger in and touched that spot on the inner wall of her vagina, the spot which always sent her over the edge.

"OHHHH," she cried out, her hair plastered to her forehead by her exerting sweat, her breasts red and flushed from the pleasure, her eyes bulging out but unfocused. "EHHH, UHHHHH!!" The sounds were unintelligible but their meaning weren't as the girl went over the orgasm falls. She continued pushing her fingers into her pussy, making a squelching noise as her hand made a vacuum in her sex. Her body tensed over and over as the orgasm lasted more than a minute. Finally, in exhaustion, she slumped, her fingers still stuffed inside of her but the orgasm subsiding.

No one made a sound as she sat there, her body just a mass of pleasure. Finally she opened her eyes and instead of seeing humiliation, Kacy was surprised to see a new confidence in her baby sister. "Was that okay Mitch," she asked teasingly.

The man smiled broadly and said, "more than okay Amanda, you are going to make an outstanding student here at Blanke Schande." With that, he signed the papers on his desk and turned them towards her.

"This document is only binding from our side, not from yours," he said. "My signature verifies that you have successfully completed all of the processes for entry into Blanke Schande College and that you are recommended with great certainty into the Class of 2004. It also holds us to the financial awards listed on this page, which you will see includes full tuition benefits for all four years of your schooling, all books and room and board.

"Your signature," he continued, "simply means that you have received this offer and have accepted. You have until August 1 to pull back from the deal. After that day, this contract becomes binding."

Amanda looked at the document in her post-orgasmic haze. "Kacy, can you read it for me," she said. "I am not I am processing all of this."

The older girl took the paper and read it over. It was exactly as Mitch had said, including dollar amounts that it would mean in 2004-05. It totaled more than $40,000. When you factor in increases in tuition and room and board over four years, she figured that would put it near $200,000.

"So, when tuition goes up, does the scholarship go up with it," she asked.

"Yes, because Amanda is such an outstanding student, this is a renewable scholarship that goes up with the cost of books and room and board plus tuition," he said. "If Amanda excels in the classrooms here the way she did in high school and also follows the rules of BSC then she will not pay one dime to this college for four years."

"Show me where to sign," Amanda said. She took the pen and put her signature on the line.

Mitch handed her a handi-wipe and after she rubbed her sex juices off her vagina and then her hand, he offered his hand to shake. "Congratulations Amanda and welcome to Blanke Schande College."

**CHAPTER 7—The Drive Home**

The two girls left, with copies of her scholarship and awards in an official Blanke Schande College envelope. They stopped to tell Cami and Kristie the good news and Amanda got hugs from both. Amanda promised Kristie that she would call and the two sisters headed outside and back to the car.

Even though she was still naked, Amanda felt different on the walk back than she had on the walk in. Maybe it was the scholarship and the knowledge that she could now get a college degree with no financial worries. But she knew it was more than that.

Kacy unlocked the car and the two got in. Kacy looked at her sister and waited. "What," Amanda asked.

"Aren't you going to get dressed," Kacy said.

"Oh God, I forgot all about that," Amanda answered with a smile. "I've been naked for four hours and it got to feeling natural."

With some hesitancy and some grieving, Amanda pulled her top on. Kacy noticed that she did not put on a bra, a definite new thing for her nipple-conscious sister. As Amanda pulled the shirt on, Kacy saw the girl's nipples point straight through, threatening to poke a hole through the material. Amanda then pulled her knickers on, gasping at the feel of the fabric against her bare vagina and then her jeans.

"I think I'll go barefoot until we get home, okay," she said.

"And braless?"

"Oh jeez, you noticed," Amanda said looking down. "I guess it's kind of obvious huh."

"Yeah, Mom and Dad will notice and Mom will ask about it, you know she will," Kacy said.

"I just wanted to feel that freedom for a while longer," she said. "I wanted my breasts to not be squashed into that bra again."

The two girls sat there. "Well, we'll pull over when we get close to home," Kacy offered. "Then you can put it on there and you can have a few more hours of tit freedom!"

They laughed and Amanda leaned over to hug her sister. "Thanks for everything Kace, I owe you big time."

"Well, I now have major blackmail on you that's for sure," Kacy laughed. "I may never do a chore around the house again."

The sisters drove off, passing a group of girls playing basketball on a grass court just to the side of the road. Kacy honked and waved and the girls waved back, not an ounce of embarrassment on their faces.

They made it to the main road and started the long drive home. After the long and eventful day, Amanda fell asleep before Blanke Schande was even out of the rear view mirror.

That gave Kacy some quiet time to reflect on what she had seen. She was sure that she would remember the scene in Mitch's office until the day that she died. The vision of her little sister naked with her legs spread and her fingers pumping inside of her vagina would live on forever. She could still feel Amanda's bare foot pressing harder and harder into her knee, through her jeans, as the orgasm pulsed through her. Even though she was 22 and four years older than Amanda, she had never cum like that, had never seen a girl cum like that, not even in the movies.

She wondered where it had come from. Was it the prolonged nudity? Was it the naughty feeling of doing it in front of this man and her sister? Was it the vision of Kristie's nude, hairless sex? Was it the constant exposures of Cami? Whatever it was, Kacy knew if she could bottle it and sell it to women, she would make a fortune.

She glanced over and saw Amanda sleeping a warm, contented sleep of a satisfied woman. She looked lower and saw the girl's nipples poking through, pointing directly at her and Kacy felt a stirring in her own sex.

She couldn't deny that it had been there from the moment her sister had stripped in the car before they left. She was not a lesbian, much preferring the feel of a man deep inside of her. But women were so pretty and a nude woman was so sexual. Glancing furtively at her sleeping sister, Kacy undid the button and the zipper of her jeans and slid a hand down into her knickers.

Kacy had to stifle a moan at the first touch of her slit. She felt it was wet and by the feel of her knickers had been for a while. She had never masturbated in such a public place and certainly never while driving. She slid a finger in, careful to rub her clit as she went by. Her breathing got heavier as she worked her way inside and then she touched the spot. The whole world seemed to shift for a second and go out of focus. Luckily it lasted a second and they were the only car on this two-lane highway. Her body shook in convulsions as she came hard and fast.

She was embarrassed at how quickly she had cum and how wanton she had been. To cum while driving with her sister less than two feet away in the passenger seat was amazing to her. What had gotten into her?

Kacy pulled her hand out of her knickers and re-buttoned and zipped while she steered the car with her knees. She grabbed a rag from under the seat (her dad forced her to always have a rag available) and wiped her girl juices off onto it. She slid a 10,000 Maniacs CD into the player and continued the drive.

Amanda woke up an hour into the trip and yawned. "I am so sorry Kace, I don't know what hit me," she said. As she came to, she sniffed the air. "What is that smell? Smells like fish or something."

Kacy had to restrain from giggling and also from throttling her younger sister. Smell like fish do I, she thought. And you smell all rosy and fresh! But she refrained and wondered aloud whether they had passed a factory.

Amanda looked out the window to hide her smile. She had woken up during Kacy's masturbation and had been fascinated by it. Had her face looked like that when she came in Mitch's office? She also was not a lesbian, but she was very turned on by her sister's orgasm face.

The two sang along with the CD for a while until Kacy turned it down. "Amanda, can we talk for a second," she asked.

"OK," Amanda said.

"I want to know what you were feeling in the office when you did yourself," she said quietly.

Amanda thought for a second. Then she said, "I felt like a woman, not some little girl who was trying to hide my breasts and my vagina. I felt free, like Kristie said. To know that Mitch would find it so arousing and that I had that power. And that I could be a sexual being and not just something that I had to hide."

"Were you thinking of Kristie or Cami?"

"No, actually, I was thinking of Tommy, the boy that took me to homecoming. But I can't say that seeing Kristie and Cami didn't get me so turned on that Tommy just put me over the edge. I was feeling pretty ready all day, from the time I took my clothes off. And then seeing Cami presenting herself and hearing Kristie talk about absolutes and all. I was primed and ready."

The only sounds in the car came from the tires scraping across the road. "What were you thinking about when you masturbated after we left?"

Kacy's eyes got wide and she stared at her younger sister. "You were awake? Why didn't you say something?"

"You were too far gone to care and I would have ruined a great orgasm, from what I saw," Amanda said. "Why be embarrassed? You are 22 years old and not a virgin. Christ, I was naked all day in front of you and I masturbated in a man's office."

"Yes, but you were accomplishing something, gaining that scholarship," Kacy said. "I'm just some sexually frustrated woman getting off on her sister's orgasm. That's sick."

"I think that is the beauty of Blanke Schande College for women," Amanda said. "They teach them that your body and urges are not sick. That it is okay to display your breasts, your vagina, your sexual excitement. Don't hide it. We are only as sick as our secrets."

"Thanks for making me feel better Manda. If it means anything to you, I admire the hell out of you. I don't think I could commit to going to school nude for four years."

"Oh God, I'm not sure I can believe it either," Amanda said. "Now, I just have to convince mom and dad."

**CHAPTER 8—Talking to Her Parents**

A few blocks before their house, Kacy pulled the car into a deserted parking lot. With little fanfare, Amanda pulled her shirt off and slid her bra on, wincing as she did. After just a day, she was already feeling confined by her undergarments and vowed to never wear knickers again. She would have to wear a bra, for a while, but would stop as soon as she could.

They pulled into their driveway and saw the living room lights blazing, meaning at least one parent was still awake. Though it was only nine, frequently they were in bed by now.

"What do you think, tell them now," Kacy asked. Amanda shook her head. "No, I'm going to wait until morning, after breakfast. Dad is always in a better mood by then."

The two girls hugged and hurried into the house. They talked generally about having a good time and headed up to their rooms. Both wanted to get some sleep after the long drive. As they parted at Amanda's room, Kacy leaned in and whispered, "you know, you don't need their approval. You are 18 and an adult. Plus, they won't have to pay a dime. Don't ask for permission, tell them what you want to do."

Amanda nodded and gave her sister a peck on the cheek before heading into her room. She decided that she would be naked as much as she could to get ready for the total exposure of college. Immediately she stripped off her top and bra, yearning for her breasts to be free. She also slid her jeans and knickers down and off and stood naked in front of the mirror.

She liked her body very much, always had. But tonight, it looked so different than it did this morning. She looked like a woman, though she knew it was all in her head.

Amanda glanced at her window and saw the blinds were down. She had always worried about Brian, the neighbor across the street, peeking in and seeing her nude. He was 19 and had just returned from college to work for a while. He was handsome, always had been, but had no time for her. She wondered what he would say if he had seen her today.

Then it hit her. Why not give him a chance to see what he missed today. She went over to the window and raised the blinds as high as she could. Brian's window was the only one that had a view of her room so there was no fear of his mother, her mom's best friend, seeing her and reporting her behavior.

She peeked out and saw his light on and the blinds open as always. Boys rarely worried about that stuff and most girls wouldn't have thought to look in anyway. She didn't have his attention tonight but knew that at some point he would check anyway and get an interesting sight.

Amanda turned out the light and slid under her covers. She wasn't ready to adopt the absolute lifestyle and live without any covering at all. She still loved her comforter and pillows. She fell into a deep and happy sleep, dreaming of Tom and Brian and Kristie and Cami and even Kacy. All were nude and having their way with her. She loved it all in her dreams and came several times.

She felt the sun streaming in through the newly open blinds on the window and woke up. She was naked from her thighs up and her hand was buried between her legs. Her room smelled of sex and her fingers were sticky. Boy, she must have had some night.

Amanda kicked off the rest of her covers and took a look. Her sheets were soaked at the area under her crotch so she removed it and replaced it with a pretty yellow checked sheet. She then did the pillowcase and made her bed. As she stuffed the old sheet and case into her hamper by the window, she looked out and saw Brian at the window, staring into hers, at her nudity.

She pretended that she was oblivious to him standing there and lazily stretched in front of the window, putting all of her body from thighs to hair on display. She then moved away, not wanting to look like she was putting on a show, grabbed her robe and put it on before heading out into the bathroom to shower and clean herself up. Man, what has gotten into me, she thought.

On the way, she bumped into her father, who sniffed the air. "Good morning Amanda, what is that smell," he asked. Mortified she claimed not to know and went around him and into the shower.

In there, she felt the rush of the water against her body, which was tired from the many orgasms she had put herself through. Despite it, she felt drawn to putting her fingers down there again but she had to restrain herself.

She shaved her legs and armpits as always and then stopped and looked at the little tuft of hair over her pussy. She had trimmed it before, mostly for gymnastics or a bathing suit. Should she take it all off? She hesitated a second before spraying shaving cream on her hand and rubbing it over the hair there. In seconds, she took the cream and the hair off, looking as bare there as she had before puberty.

Amanda turned the water off and hopped out, using the towel to dry herself but not wrap around her body. She was not going to cover herself at any time she did not have to and in the bathroom after a shower was her private time. She would only be clothed in public or when her parents were home.

She brushed her teeth and pulled her hair back into a ponytail before pulling the robe on and leaving the bathroom. Her mother called good morning from the bottom of the steps as she passed by at the top and Amanda cringed. Could her mother see up her robe as she went? Did she see her bare pussy? Well, Brian was about to, if he was patient and had waited around.

As soon as she got into her room, she pulled the robe off and went to the window, pretending to look out to the street. Instead she looked at her neighbor's room and was pleasantly surprised to see him there. He guiltily turned away but when he turned back, she waved and opened the window. The shocked boy opened his window as well.

"Good morning Brian, how are you," she asked, her bare breasts exposed as she leaned out the window.

"Hi Amanda, I'm, uh, I'm fine," he stammered. "Sorry if I offended you, I was just--"

"No reason to apologize, it is me who should be sorry Brian," she said sweetly. "I didn't mean to be throwing my breasts in your face. I didn't realize you could see in. Please forgive me. I'll be more careful next time."

"NO! I mean, don't worry about it, I don't mind," he said quickly. She smiled and thanked him before closing the window, leaving the blinds up. Then, smelling the sex in the room, she left the window open a bit to air it out. No reason for her mom and dad to find out about her wantonness.

She rummaged around for something to wear. Jeans were too confining now so she found a denim miniskirt. She threw on a bra at the last second and pulled a long-sleeve Abercrombie tee over her head. She loved the woman she saw in the mirror now, sexy but casual. As she pulled up her skirt to look at her bare, denuded pussy, she knew she would never be the same.

Amanda let her skirt fall back to its normal length, covering her sex, and headed out of her room. As she did, she nearly bumped into Kacy who was heading to the bathroom wearing her robe and carrying a towel. Amanda noticed that her older sister looked tired and must have just woken up. She sniffed the air and realized it was the same smell that had wafted from her when she woke up. Amanda gave Kacy a knowing grin and hugged her good morning.

"When are you going to do it," Kacy whispered.

"Right after breakfast," Amanda said quietly. "Will you stay and support me?"

"If you want," Kacy said nodding.

As Kacy headed into the bathroom, the younger girl bounded down the steps in a better mood that she had been in a long time. She sniffed the air and following the scent into the kitchen where her mother was making French toast, Amanda's favorite food.

"Oh Mom, this smells wonderful," she said, hugging her. "Thank you!"

"You are welcome," Alice said. "My, my, don't you look pretty. What is the occasion? No baggy jeans or sweats today?"

Amanda and her mom had frequently fought over clothing. Amanda had always favored casual, comfortable stuff while her mother had begged her to look nicer.

"Mom, I realize that you are right, that I could try to look nicer more often," the girl said smiling. "I figured a skirt would be just the thing to make me feel more girly today."

She saw her mother look at her proudly and smile. It was a look that said, "my little girl is becoming a woman." Wait until she heard what her "little girl" planned to do in college.

Her dad walked in and gave her a kiss on the top of her head. "Good morning Daddy," she said smiling.

"Boy, don't you look pretty today," he said. "Big day planned."

"Maybe later," she said, thinking of how she would tease Tommy. "But I just wanted to start dressing nicer."

"That's a nice look for you sweetheart," he said.

"Thank you."

The three made small talk while the French toast cooked. Finally Kacy came down and breakfast was served. The family of four was pretty close and the meal was happy and chatty. Everyone talked about what they had planned, what was going on in their lives. Kacy and her father were frequently gone off to work before Amanda and her mother awoke. Saturdays and Sundays were two rare days they all ate breakfast together. And unlike other girls her age, Amanda didn't sleep until noon on the weekend because she valued this time with her family.

She and Kacy cleaned up the kitchen while their parents sat and had some coffee. Kacy gave a look to Amanda to say it was time.

"Mom, Dad, I have something I have to tell you," Amanda said.

"Sure honey, anything," her father said.

Amanda took a deep breath for courage. "Well, yesterday, Kacy and I went to visit a college in California that I really like and think that I want to go to," she said.

Her parents looked surprised. "Why didn't you ask one of us to take you Amanda," her mother said, a bit hurt. "I would have been happy to go with you."

"Well, I had to check it out before coming to the two of you because I wasn't sure you would approve," she said.

"How could there be a college that we would not approve of Amanda," her dad said. "College is college. If it works for you, then it will be fine."

Amanda's eyes met Kacy, who nodded. Now was the time.

"Well, this college isn't like most of the colleges," she said. "It has an outstanding reputation, more than 95 percent of students, and nearly 100 percent of women, graduate and they all get great jobs in their chosen fields."

"Sounds great, what school is it," her mom said.

"It's called Blanke Schande College," she said.

Her father's jaw dropped and Amanda knew that he knew why BSC was so different.

"I have never heard of it but--" her mom began.

"That's the nude school isn't it," her father interrupted. Amanda nodded.

"Nude school," her mother said, not understanding. "What do you mean?"

"Alice, this school makes it co-eds walk around naked at all times," Bob said. "There must be some bunch of perverts there."

Then he looked directly at Amanda. "There is no way you are going there. Over my dead body. I will not pay for a school where my daughter walks around showing off her body like some whore."

The young girl's eyes filled with tears. "Is that what you think of me," she said, her voice shaking. "That I am a whore? Well, I'm sorry you think that Daddy. I'm also sorry to tell you that I am going to Blanke Schande College and I don't need your money. I got a full scholarship and room and board and I am going. I am sorry you do not approve and I really wanted you to be happy for me but I am going whether you like it or not."

With that, she stormed out of the kitchen, her bare feet slapping on the hard floor. The three others in the room stood in silence. Kacy thought about running after her but decided to give her sister her space. Alice was still trying to register all that happened while Bob was shocked that his little girl was standing up to him. His daughters had always treated him with great deference and respect.

"What the hell was she thinking," he asked aloud, directly his attention to his older daughter. "And why did you take her to that immoral place."

Kacy shook her head. "Dad, this has nothing to do with me," she said. "Amanda made this decision herself from the beginning and asked me to help her. I thought she would get there, chicken out and never go through with it.

"But you should have seen her there Dad, she was a different person," Kacy continued. "She became a woman in front of my own eyes. She grew confidence and fit right in."

"I don't understand," Alice said. "Why are the girls forced to be naked?"

"Mom, you need to ask Amanda these questions," Kacy said. "They have rationale and plenty of evidence to support it. And everything Manda said was true. The school is awesome and the graduates leave much more mature than when they arrived. I can't explain it, but when you are there it just feels right."

The anger in her father's eyes was starting to pass. Now he just felt bad about hurting his daughter. Alice started to get her bearings and knew what had to be done.

"Bob, we need to go and talk to her about this decision," she said softly, touching his forearm. "She is 18 and going to college. She has the right to make her own decision."

The man took a deep breath. "You're right Alice you are right. Let's go and hear her out."

The two parents got to their feet and went up the stairs to Amanda's room. The door was slightly open and what they saw when they peeked in shocked them.

All they saw was their daughter's bare back and the top of her ass cheeks as she sat on the bed, head in her hands crying. They realized she was completely naked in her room when they saw her skirt, shirt and bra in a pile in front of her bed.

"I'm not sure I can handle this," Bob whispered to his wife. "She's my daughter."

"Nonsense Bob, she's a woman now making her own decisions," Alice said. And with that, she knocked on the door.

Amanda had been so upset when she ran into her room. Could her father really think she was a whore? Was she a whore because she wanted to be naked?

She pushed into her room and was about to collapse onto her bed when she remembered her promise to herself to only be naked in this room. She slid her skirt down her legs while at the same time pulling her shirt up over her head. Tears continued to flow as she pulled off her bra and dropped it on the pile. She then went around and sat on the edge of the bed and cried.

She wasn't sure why she cried. In fact, she rarely cried, more frequently getting frustrated and angry but rarely coming to tears. But she felt more vulnerable now, like her feelings were right at the surface. Maybe it had something to do with her nudity, like she was removing barriers in her life. Whatever the reason, the tears flowed like they hadn't in years.

She jumped when she heard the knock on the door. She turned and saw her door slightly open and cringed. They knew, she thought. They saw her naked in her room. Why had she been so careless?

She was about to call out to them to give her a minute to dress but realized that soon she would not have that luxury. Amanda realized that now was the time to stand strong and show that she meant to live this life.

"Come in," she said, standing up to display her completely nude body, from the tips of her toes, up her long, toned legs to the now bare area between them, up her concave stomach to her full, round breasts, her supple neck and pretty face.

Her parents came in. "Jesus Christ," her father said low, under his breath. She knew that it had been about 10 years since he had last seen her naked.

"Amanda, your father and I have been talking and we are sorry that we jumped down your throat," Alice began. "Um, would you mind putting a robe on or something. We are having trouble having this conversation with you like that."

"No Mom, I will not put a robe on, not in my own room," she said. "I will honor your wishes and wear clothes around the house, but you have always said this room was mine so I would like to choose what I wear or don't wear. This is the life I have chosen and I hope you honor that."

Both parents swallowed hard, shocked at the confidence in their daughter. Kacy had been right, something had changed in her.

"Alright then, Amanda, I am sorry I made the comment about whores," he said. "I certainly do not think you are a whore. And although I know nothing about the other girls who choose to go to that school, I know there must be something special there if you have chosen them."

The girl ran around her bed and crushed her father in a bear hug. He hugged her back, feeling odd as he rubbed her bare back and felt her naked breasts pressing into his chest.

"Thank you Daddy, I knew you would support me," she said. "How about you Mom, do you understand?"

"No, I don't, but like your father, I support you," Alice said. She reached over and pulled her daughter to her, giving her a peck on the cheek and a quick hug.

"So, tell us about this college," Bob said, sitting the Amanda's bed.

**CHAPTER 9—Arriving at College**

The rest of the school year was a bit of a blur. She had continued to excel in school, finishing in the top 10 of her senior class. She also won the state championship in floor exercises in gymnastics and helped her team get runner-up status. And she was also the only student in her school to receive a full academic scholarship to a college.

Her friends wanted to know all about Blanke Schande College and she had told them what she could. Some were ready to hear about it and one of her friends, Jennifer, had applied and gotten accepted. Amanda was glad to support Jennifer through the process, even preparing the girl for the interview.

Her social life had improved tremendously as well. She and Tommy became more and more serious and she had lost her virginity to him after the prom. It had been so special and sweet and there was no pain involved, just pleasure.

There was another boy in her life as well and that was Brian. Since that day he had first seen her, Brian was a constant figure in the window. At night, Amanda would leave her light on and walk around her room naked, in full view of the boy. She occasionally would go towards the window and masturbate for him, giving the boy a real show until she came.

One day, as she left her house, the boy approached her.

"Hey Amanda, Hi," he said with a smile.

"Hi Brian, I see you've been spending a lot of time in your room," she said laughing. "Something interesting in there?"

The boy laughed. "Not yet, but there could be if you let it happen," he said. "Actually, I wondered if you would like to go out with me sometime. A movie or something."

Amanda laughed. Usually a boy used a movie or dinner as a way to see the girl naked and have sex with her. Brian had already seen her naked. Now he wanted to finish the job.

"You know what Brian, you are sweet for asking and I appreciate it," she said. "But, until I started showing off my body to you, you never had any time for me at all. In fact, I doubt you knew I existed. So while I am really, really flattered, I am going to say no, thank you."

The boy's face turned sour in an instant. He had been sure she was flirting with him and that all he had to do was ask and she would fuck him.

"Don't look so sad, you can keep looking," she said. "If it is too frustrating for you, I can lower my blinds."

He smiled again. "Man, you are amazing," he said. "No, keep those blinds up. Thanks for the show. Maybe someday, I will get to sample some of that wonderful body."

She stood on her tiptoes and kissed him on the cheek and walked off down the street. He watched her go, her legs in that miniskirt. That nice ass swaying as she went. She was no longer the little girl he used to ignore. Now she was a woman that he couldn't take his eyes off.

Graduation had been great. She was honored for getting a scholarship…they read them out in order of how much money they had been awarded and she had the largest award of any student in her high school.

During the summer, she and her mother had done all of the shopping she needed to set up shop in her dorm room. Crates for books, sheets, pillowcases, school supplies, towels, a rug, microwave, a small TV and a clock radio. But, unlike other girls going off to school, they did not buy one item of clothing for her trip to college.

Her father joked that they had enough stuff to bring, thank God they didn't have to bring clothes. But deep inside, Amanda knew he wished she had made a different choice.

Amanda knew no other choice could have been made. She was happier than she had ever been in her life and felt more like a woman than ever before.

All summer, she and Kacy had planned moments when Amanda could experience nudity and exposure. But they were all so phony, unable to copy what it would really feel like at BSC.

One time, Kacy had driven Amanda to the park. Once there, the girl would strip off her clothes and leave them in the car locked. She would then have to run through the park to the other side where Kacy would be waiting. But it felt wrong, dirty. She had to escape detection in the park because getting caught would mean arrest. This was so alien from the atmosphere at BSC, where wearing clothes would get you expelled. It felt wrong and they didn't try it again.

At home, she convinced her parents to let her be naked sometimes, usually when her dad wasn't home. He still was uncomfortable with the idea of her being nude in his presence. She had a few pieces of clothing on the first floor in case of a surprise visitor but otherwise she stayed nude. This felt more real and helped her get used to the idea. She was amazed that she could have a normal conversation with her mother while she sat there naked as could be.

She was also still naked in her bedroom. That rule was rock solid and she made certain of it with her parents. She also got them to amend it to the whole second floor. Unless there were special circumstances, she stripped the second she got to the top of the stairs and stayed that way until she went back down.

Finally, she packed up, the only clothes she brought were the ones on her back, a white tank top and a miniskirt. The welcome letter had requested that she stay clothed until the Orientation ceremony, when there would be a ritual undressing and burning of the clothes. They also asked for any bras or undergarments to be left at home.

Since her last trip to BSC, she had hardly ever worn anything directly over her vagina. It felt wrong and confining. The only exception was during gymnastics or gym class at school when there was a uniform. Otherwise, she wore skirts or dresses, giving her sex room to breathe.

The drive in the car was fun for a while. They chatted and listened to music. Mom and dad told them stories of their college days and they laughed at them. Kacy told some stories, though much tamer than some of the ones she had told Amanda the last few months.

Amanda reflected on how close she and Kacy had become, as if their sisterhood had been solidified by her experience at BSC. They talked all of the time and shared their deepest and darkest secrets.

She also thought about Tom. They had been dating since February and had become as close as could be. He loved the woman she was becoming and she loved the woman he made her be. They were really physically attracted to each other, unable to keep their hands off of each other.

He had been put off when she first told him about Blanke Schande and their female nudity clause. He shared her father's first opinions, why would she want to be a whore at that college. But he had seen the determination in her eyes and came to appreciate the perks of the school. He promised to visit as often as he could.

Their parting had been difficult last night. Tom was leaving for his school today too. Luckily, Amanda had gotten her share of clothes shopping out of the way by helping him pick out clothes. Kacy had admonished her, claiming she was helping him find her replacement, but Amanda was confident in herself. Plus, if he left her, there were plenty of boys in the BSC sea.

The car got quiet as they pulled up to the BSC campus. Her mother and father both gave low whistles when they saw the nude bodies of the returning women helping the freshmen move in. Amanda watched as you could see every move they made reflected in their bare legs and ass. How their bodies and muscles flexed as they picked up boxes and crates. The boys were helping too, but it was obvious that girls got the attention here and rightly so.

They pulled into the spots reserved for move-in day and her dad stopped the car. He turned and looked seriously at his daughter.

"Amanda, hear me out please," he began. "I know this is what you want and I support you. But, if at any time you want to back out, I will come get you, no questions asked. Don't worry about the money or feel embarrassed. You can count on us, okay?"

She nodded. "Thanks Dad," she said, tears filling her eyes. "But, I won't back out. I want this so bad."

The man nodded and turned the car off. The four of them began to unload when a trio of gorgeous women came over. "What room are you," the one with blonde hair said cheerfully. "We'll unload your car and bring it up. You can meet us up there."

Amanda's father courageously volunteered to stay with the car while Amanda, Kacy and their mother went up to get the room situated. She heard the older girls complaining about how much stuff the boys have. "From now on, we are only moving in stuff for the girls," she said. "It's so much easier than lugging clothes up and down the stairs."

Kacy and Amanda looked at each other and giggled. This was a whole different world.

At her room, they bumped into Jennifer as she and her parents exited the room across the hall. Amanda and Jennifer had chosen not to be roommates for their first year, wanting to meet other people. But the residence life folks at BSC had been very accommodating, giving them rooms across the hall. The two girls hugged while the moms chatted.

"Can you believe we are here and about to do this," Jennifer asked.

Amanda nodded. "I am so excited, I can't wait to begin."

Jennifer and her parents were heading over to grab some lunch before the 1:00 assembly. It would be there that the girls would lose the clothes they had on and begin their nude careers at Blanke Schande.

The returning students made it to the room in one trip, carrying most of Amanda's things. Her father caught up to them in a few minutes, his eyes going all around the place, following the nude bodies wherever they went. He wondered how a male student could survive here as his penis threatened to put a tent in his pants.

By the time he entered the relative safety of his daughter's room, the women had already set most of the stuff up. Alice was making the bed and Kacy was fiddling with the radio. Amanda was trying to hook her computer up on one of the room's two desks. She had chosen the bed and desk by the window since her roommate was not yet there.

There were no closets in the girl's rooms on this wing; there was no need for them. There were some shelves for towels and sheets and there was a hook for hanging things to dry, etc. She had read that some girls do not use towels, the absolutes. For non-absolutes, the removal of the use of towels was sometimes used as a punishment for some infractions. As it was, the towel could not be wrapped around the body and only large washcloths were permitted.

They unpacked everything and Amanda's dad offered to take the boxes back to the car since there was no place to store anything here. "Why don't we follow Jennifer's family's lead and go have some lunch," Alice said. "Then we can go to the assembly."

The women followed Bob to the car and then headed into the dining hall. All of the women working behind the counter and at the registers were nude and had shaved pussies, according to health regulations. There were some returning students who were naked in line or sitting at the table but everyone else was fully dressed. She wondered how they felt, being the only naked women in the room. It looked weird to her to see women wearing clothes in this room, especially after seeing it during normal business. Amanda had seen this room so many times in her imagination, saw herself walking with a tray, heading to meet some friends. She never saw herself in here wearing clothes.

While they sat and ate, each of the four had butterflies in their stomachs. Alice and Bob worried about leaving their daughter behind and the fact that she would be defenseless and naked. Kacy worried that she was losing a great friend whose company she had come to cherish lately. And Amanda was worried about making friends and fitting in, and a little about the stripping ceremony and being naked until her next trip home.

"Well, it's almost one. We should head over to the assembly hall," Bob said. They cleaned up their spot and went out of the building.

In the assembly hall, the family found Jennifer and her parents sitting near the front and on the aisle and sat right behind them. They chatted until the assembly began. A nude woman, whom Amanda guessed what about 30, began the assembly. She had very pretty short blonde hair, round and perky breasts and a hairless slit. She was cute and could have passed for one of the students.

"Good morning ladies and gentlemen, my name is Kristin and I am the Director of Orientation," she said with just a hint of a Southern accent. "As ya'll can see, I am wearing the official uniform for all women who work or go to school on this campus. You moms, aunts, grandmoms and sisters who come to visit are not held to the same dress code but may feel free to comply if you would feel more comfortable."

That brought some laughter from the crowd, nervous ones from the non-student women and hopeful ones from their husbands and the other men.

"Now, before we can officially welcome all of our new students, our women need to comply with the dress code. I ask all of the new women in the Class of 2008 to please stand and remove your clothing."

Amanda stood with all of the other girls. She saw Jennifer in front of her in her shorts and tee shirt. Amanda started by sliding out of her shoes. She then lifted the tank top over her head and off, letting her breasts bounce into place and nipples to be exposed. Amanda then completed the job by unzipping her skirt and letting it drop to the floor.

She stood there naked and looked around. Many of the girls had stripped as quickly as her, but some were slower. She saw a topless Jennifer in front of her, pulling her shorts down and off. Amanda had never seen her friend nude and was impressed. Her breasts were smaller than Amanda's but her sex was prominent and looked so ripe with round butt cheeks and smooth tan skin. She was quite a sight.

"Well, ladies, please hand your clothing to a member of your family and you may be seated," she said. "Be careful of the chairs, they can be cold."

That brought more laughter from the audience, some of it nervous but much of it true. Amanda bent over and picked up her clothes and handed them to her mother who had tears in her eyes. "Now, I would like to introduce our president, Dr. Eleanor Grimes Ferguson."

There was polite applause as the naked, middle-aged woman stood and went to the microphone. Going along with the general openness of the school, the podium was glass and covered nothing. Dr. Ferguson was very cute, with her brown hair in a bob. She was heavier than most of the other women on stage, with full but floppy breasts, large nipples that were erect and pointing out at the audience. She had very heavy thighs and a completely shaved vagina.

"Good afternoon everyone and welcome to the Class of 2008," she said. "I would like to congratulate you on your courage in choosing Blanke Schande. While that is true of all of our students, it is especially true of our ladies. Adjusting to college life is hard for all students, but our women who have to undergo a very special transformation than many of their counterparts. To go against societal norms and live their lives free of clothes and hang ups about sexuality and power make them very special indeed."

"I would also like to commend those males in the audience for their decision," she continued. "While it may seem like an easy decision to come to a school that requires female nudity at all times, it is not as easy as it looks. It requires great discipline to concentrate and also to learn how to respect the women as more than sex objects. This is an issue at every school but none deal with it with the force that we do.

"To you parents, I am here to tell you that there is little to fear about the safety of your students here at Blanke Schande. We have had zero cases of date rape or sexual harassment or assault in the last six years. Our nudity does not make rapists out of the men on campus. On the contrary, they learn a healthy respect of women and ways of dealing with women that goes beyond their bodies. Here at Blanke Schande, men and women are able to get beyond the sexual tension, because it is so public. Here, we get past it quickly and move on."

Amanda looked at her father who smiled at the president's words. She could tell it helped allay some of his fears.

"In conclusion, I welcome you all to the Blanke Schande family," she said. "We are a proud group here and we are able to include you as one with us. As you can see, I have nothing to hide and my door is always open. Any problems you have, please feel free to contact me. Thank you and I wish everyone a great semester."

The group applauded the president, who sat down, her feet shoulder length apart giving everyone in the audience a full view of her vagina. Amanda was proud of her for being so open and was happy to go to a school run by her.

Kristen then got up to speak. "That wraps up our assembly and it is time for goodbyes," she said. "I know this is hard but we really do believe that it is important for your students to get to know one another without the feeling of keeping track of their families. We will take a short break but ask that the students be back in this room in 30 minutes. I am available if anyone has any questions. Thank y'all."

The audience started to get to their feet. Amanda sprang up, her tight breasts barely bouncing. She saw Jennifer in front of her, looking a bit more nervous with her nudity than she felt. She was proud of her though, Jen wasn't covering herself. But the blush went from her face down her breasts to her belly.

She followed her family out the door of the assembly. Amanda felt very whole mixing with the other naked girls. This felt so right.

Parting at her parents' car was hard. She hugged her father, who choked back tears, and her mother, who did not hide hers. She also got a hug and kiss from Kacy, who whispered, "I'll miss you," and then the group drove away as she stood there waving, her naked body completely vulnerable. Her last vestige of clothing was in the car with her family and she was committed to a life of nudity.

**CHAPTER 10—Her First Days**

Amanda trudged back into the assembly hall to look for Jennifer.

"Amanda!" She heard a voice shouting at her from just inside the hall.

"Kristie! Hi!" The two naked girls ran at each other and embraced. Kristie introduced Amanda to her friends who shook hands. There were three nude girls there and one boy dressed in shorts and a tee. She felt his eyes devour here and wanted to cover herself but remembered her place and instead just absorbed his eyes.

"Enough of that crap Wagner, give the girl a break," Kristie said with a slap to the boy's arm. That got laughter from all of the girls, including Amanda.

"Sorry about that, I just couldn't help it," he said with a smile. "I'm Tim Wagner, one of the orientation leaders."

She shook hands and felt a spark. "Nice to meet you Tim."

"Look, I know this isn't supposed to happen yet, but can I be the first guy to ask you to present," he said softly. "You are so beautiful."

Amanda gulped, not sure of what to do. She had read the rules mailed to her over the summer and knew the details of presenting to a tee. But could he ask her already? She looked at Kristie who nodded her approval.

"Ok, um, what should I do," she said, uncomfortable in her lack of knowledge.

"Since we are in the assembly hall, how about sitting in one of the chairs and spreading your pussy lips for me," Tim said, licking his lips.

She sat in one of the metal folding chairs and put her feet on the chairs in front of her. She felt everyone's eyes go directly to her slit, which was still bare. She then took her hands and spread her lips, displaying her pink insides to the boy and the other girls.

For a second, she felt dirty, like the whore her father had talked about. But when she looked up and saw the respect in the girls' faces and the lust on Tim's, she smiled and felt powerful.

"Is that good Tim," she asked sweetly.

"Um, yeah, perfect, thanks," he stammered.

She let her lips close and put her feet on the ground when Jennifer ran up to her. "What's going on," she asked.

"Nothing, but Amanda just gave her first presentation and you can see what the reaction was," Kristie said, pointing to the boy who stood still. Well, everything was still but his penis, which was obviously growing in his pants. "Boys are amazing. Tim has been looking at naked girls for four years and still gets a hard on and spellbound by a new pussy. Unbelievable."

"Wow, seriously, that is the prettiest pussy I have ever seen Amanda," he said, looking at her crotch despite not being able to see much anymore. "Holy Christ."

That earned him another slap on the arm. "Hey fucker, who's your girlfriend here, me or Amanda," Kristie said, looking angry. Then she broke out in a huge grin. "That's okay. She can grow it, but I get it inside."

"Ewww," the other girls said and the group all laughed.

"Amanda, you are on my hall, I am the RA," Kristie said. "Should be fun. I can show you the ropes."

Amanda smiled, happy that her new friend was also going to live nearby. She introduced Jennifer to Kristie, Tim and the rest of the girls before the two new students found seats.

"What was it like," Jennifer asked. "I am so nervous of doing it for the first time."

"It was weird," Amanda said. "First it felt bad and wrong, like I was a slut or something. But then I looked at his face and realized that I had all of the power. It was great after that, not shaming at all."

Jennifer looked like she had another question, but Kristin was back at the podium to begin the program.

The rest of the assembly was the same. They heard speeches and they also watched some skits performed by members of the Orientation team. Kristie and Tim did a funny one about the perils of presenting outside in winter, advising both boys and girls to use their heads during presenting. They also got into the issues of offering relief to the boys.

Afterwards, they went to the dining hall for dinner. This felt more natural, being naked in the room. It felt so good to have Jennifer with her. They found a table with a few empty seats. Only one girl sat there. She was cute, with little but perky breasts on pale skin. Her nipples, like most of the girls in the room, were hard and looked uncomfortable. She was nibbling on a sandwich when Amanda and Jennifer asked if they could sit.

The girl smiled, "Yes, thank God. I was beginning to think I was going to have to eat all alone."

The girls introduced themselves to the seated nude. "I'm Jackie, nice to meet you," she said. "Amanda, do you live on the third floor of Hefner Hall?" When Amanda nodded, Jackie shrieked. "I'm your roomie!"

The three girls chatted for a while before being joined by Tim and two other boys. "There she is gentlemen, the prettiest pussy I have ever seen on this campus," Tim said, pointing at Amanda. The girl got red-faced and felt ashamed but was oddly proud.

"You had to present already," Jackie asked. "Wow, you are a brave chick. I'm so nervous about it."

"Me too," Jennifer added.

"Well, why don't we help you get over it," one of the boys with Tim said. "How about all three of you present for us right now."

Although the request was formed like a question, the girls knew they had no choice but to comply.

"Just pussies for now girls," Tim said. "We'll get to those assholes another time."

The girls all blushed at his bluntness. Amanda was first as she put her bare feet onto the table and spread her legs. Using her hands, she spread her pussy lips again, displaying the pinkness. The boys gasped and one of the boys said, "Shit, you're right Wagner. She gorgeous down there."

That got the competitive juices flowing in Jackie, who spread her legs wide, putting her feet on the chairs on either side and eased her bare pussy up and over the table level. She also spread her lips and received gasps of surprise from the boys.

"Very nice, also gorgeous," Tim said. "A bumper crop of pussies this year. Now it's your turn."

Jennifer was slower, a bit more modest. She also put her bare feet up on the table and slowly spread her legs, letting her pussy come into view slowly. She had a tuft of black hair atop her slit and some hair around the sides of her lips. She also spread the lips, taking example from the other two girls.

The boys were in heaven, going from pussy to pussy to pussy. They were mesmerized by the sight of the three, so pretty all but so different from each other.

Amanda's was by far the best. Tim wasn't lying when he said it was the prettiest he had ever seen and Tim was a connoisseur of pussies. Her lips were full and pouty and her slit ran up higher on her mound than many other girls. Also, her lips had a natural part to them so that her inner pinkness showed through. The lack of pubic hair made her pussy so prominent and sexual that he wanted to drop to his knees and put his mouth right on it.

Jackie's was different but still awesome. The lips weren't quite as full but they met together so no pink showed through. However, her clit was quite long and poked through the flap of skin at the top of her slit. The boys imagined that the girl must get off pretty easily with a clit that long.

Finally, there was Jennifer. She wasn't totally shaved and that was a treat for the boys who normally dealt with bare slits. The hair there was a good contrast to her skin and just looked right. When she spread her lips, her inner lips were red and extremely moist.

After what seemed like an eternity to the girls, Tim told them thanks and they could close their legs. The boys smiled and moved on to another table, scoping out the new talent.

"Man, that was amazing," Jackie said, slightly shivering despite the warm temps in the room. "Now, what do the girls do for relief around here?"

The girls giggled and finished eating. They cleared their table and walked back to Hefner Hall.

**CHAPTER 11—Relief for the Girls**

When they arrived at their residence hall, they found Kristie on her knees, sucking the cock of a male student. She waved and, with her mouth full, told the girls she would be down to see them in a minute.

The three girls were amazed at the sight, though Amanda had seen it before during her tour. They moved around her and into Amanda and Jackie's room. Jennifer headed into her room to meet her roommate and brought her back to meet Amanda and Jackie.

"This is Maureen, my roommate," she said. The other girls gave the new girl the once over. She was very tall, probably 5-11 or 6-0. Maureen, who had Irish complexion, had small breasts but long, gorgeous legs. She had a tuft of blonde hair on her pubic mound and her nipples were typically hard.

The four girls settled right in and talked like old friends. Maureen and Jackie filled Amanda and Jennifer in about where they were from and how they got to Blanke Schande. The smell of sex filled the room and all of the girls knew why. The display with the boys had excited the three others and Maureen was just getting used to the nudity.

Just then, Kristie came in. "Hello," she said. "I am glad you two met up," she said, directing her comments to Maureen and Jennifer.

Jennifer was intrigued by the scene that she had witnessed with Kristie giving oral to the boy in the hall and asked, "how often do you have to do that?"

"Well, with the freshmen, it happens a lot," she said. "They don't know what to do or how to handle all of this and need relief. You can see them struggling and many of them are too shy for help so I usually offer when I can, when I have some free time. Even the upperclassmen have trouble in the beginning, after being away from it for the summer."

The girls let that sink in. Amanda realized she would be doing a good deed by helping the boys out. And what did she lose from it, she wondered. It would feel good to help someone out.

"We were wondering," Jackie said. "How do girls get relief?"

The other girls giggled but Kristie looked semi-serious.

"Well, there are some options," she said. "One is obvious, that's masturbation. Or you could ask the boys to take care of it for you but that takes some time and can lead to more frustration."

The girls got quiet, not sure if they could ask the boys for relief. "You said there was another option," Amanda said hopefully.

"Yep, well, remember on your tour when I said we girls stick together for warmth and everything," she said, leading to nodding from Amanda. "Well, we girls also stick together for relief as well."

The girls all tensed up. Was Kristie saying what they thought she was saying?

"I can see that you are all a little grossed out about it," she said. "It's okay, you'll get there. When you feel the need bad enough and your fingers just won't do, you'll get there."

The girls looked uncomfortable and Kristie sized the situation up. "You guys are at that point right now, aren't you?"

Amanda nodded and so did Jackie. Jennifer and Maureen both gave quiet, shy yeses.

"Ok, let's take care of that then," Kristie said. "Manda, can you be the first? I know you the best."

Amanda nodded, reluctant to be the first but knowing she had a need. Kristie instructed her to lie on her back on the bed.

"Now, this is called a 69 and we can both get pleasure from it," she said. "I have needs too and all of this stuff turns me on too."

She climbed on top of Amanda who was surprised to see Kristie's pussy just inches from her face. "You lick me while I lick you okay," she said smiling. "It's great fun."

Slowly the blonde girl eased her pussy onto Amanda's face and began to slowly lick the girl's soaked slit. Amanda groaned in pleasure at the first soft touch and then began to lick the slit above her. She had never seen a girl's private parts so close, not even her own. She was intoxicated by the smell and the pretty lips. And then the taste, nothing she could decipher but tasted raw, like sex itself. She realized that she liked it a lot.

In a few seconds, she could think of nothing but the amazing feeling starting at her vagina and shooting up her spine throughout her body. She felt Kristie's hard breasts poking into her belly, the girl's fingers spreading her nether lips and that tongue pushing into places that no tongue ever had. She started moaning in pleasure at the first touch and continued. She tried to keep up her end of things, licking as best she could but she quickly lost control of her mouth. Instead she paid there, licking once or twice for every hundred she was receiving.

"Oh GOD," she screamed out as the orgasm rushed through her. She stiffened and shook as it flowed through her entire body. Her orgasm was screamed into Kristie's wide-open pussy which was pressed against her mouth.

She clamped her legs together in an attempt at making Kristie stop but the girl kept going, leading Amanda down that path again. This time it came much faster and the freshman came again, another bone-rattling orgasm, the best she ever had.

This time, Kristie stopped and scooted off of her partner. "You respond so well, you were made for pleasure," the senior said, wiping her mouth off with her hand. She leaned over and gave the girl a huge hug. Tears flowed out of Amanda's eyes and down her cheeks from the pleasure she had just received. "Thank you Kristie, that was amazing," she said.

Kristie then took a turn with each of the other girls. Amanda was amazed at the primal look of it. This was raw sex…not loving, just pleasure. The other girls responded like her, each having two earth-shattering orgasms.

Kristie moved her jaw to work the kinks out. She just given oral to a boy and four girls and coaxed nine orgasms out of them. But Amanda could tell that she yearned for relief as well.

"Kristie, may I," Amanda asked.

"Oh God yes, thank you for asking, I'm dying here," she said. With that, Amanda dropped to her knees on the tile floor and dove between her RA's legs. The other girls got into the act too, caressing Kristie's legs and breasts. Jackie even met Kristie's lips with her own, engaging in a long, drawn-out kiss.

It wasn't long before the senior starting bucking. Her orgasm was loud, long and drawn out, not ending as quickly as the freshmen had. She took her hand and trapped Amanda's face into her slit and screamed out in pleasure. Finally she sagged there, releasing the girl's hair. Amanda came up for air, Kristie's hands playing with her hair.

"That girl was your first lesson on female bonding at BSC," the older girls said to giggles.

Kristie got up and left the room, heading down the hall to welcome other girls. "Wonder how many times she have to perform sex acts tonight," Jackie asked, giving the other girls another good laugh.

Jennifer and Maureen decided to take a walking tour of campus and chat among themselves. Jackie and Amanda were left alone.

"I know this is silly, but I'm freaking exhausted," Amanda said. "Do you mind if I go to sleep?"

Jackie shook her head. "Not at all, I'm pretty tired too."

The two girls gathered their tooth brushes, etc. and headed down to the bathroom to brush. There they were startled to see a girl sitting on the toilet, looking in some pain.

"Are you alright," they asked her. She started sobbing.

"I'm not alright, I have to shit so bad and can't and everyone walking in can see me here, it is so humiliating," she cried. "I hate this fucking bathroom setup. I want stalls and doors and some fucking privacy. UGHH!" With that the girls heard a sound that sounded like gas and a loud plop in the toilet. The girl screamed out in pain and humiliation.

"Relax sweetie," Jackie said. "It's okay. We all poop and now we will all see it when it happens."

Tears flowed down the girl's face. "I can't take it. This is so fucking humiliating. OHHH!" Another sound of gas and another loud plop.

The girl looked to be in severe anxiety. Amanda ran out to get Kristie. As the Ra came in, the girl was wiping her bottom and flushing. Kristie put her arm around her and led her to the sink to wash up. They then left the bathroom, the older girl supporting the younger one as she sobbed.

Amanda and Jackie looked shaken. "I guess this lifestyle isn't cut out for everyone," Jackie said. "Why did she come here if she wasn't ready to handle it?"

Amanda stuck up for the girl. "Well, sometimes you think you can make it and realize it's too much," she said. "I haven't gone to the bathroom since I got here. Maybe when I get constipated, I will freak out too."

"I won't let it happen Amanda," Jackie said softly. "We're in this together."

The two girls smiled at each other and finished brushing their teeth. When they got back to their bedroom and turned out the lights, Jackie looked at her roommate. "Um, Amanda, do you mind if we slept in the same bed," she said. "I was thinking it would be nice."

Amanda smiled. "Yes, I think I need a friend tonight." The two girls hopped under Amanda's soft, fresh comforter and fell into each other's arms, both sleeping the blissful sleep of contented women.

**CHAPTER 12—First Day**

Amanda heard the alarm and felt the warm nude body next to her. She could get used to this. Though she had loved the orgasms given to her by Kristie and loved the soft touch of her roomie, Amanda knew she was a heterosexual girl because she still yearned for that male touch.

She slid out of bed and shut the alarm off. She glanced at the Jackie's schedule hanging on her desk and saw that the other girl did not need to be up for another three hours. Amanda had scheduled early classes for herself, loving the morning.

The girl stretched and wondered if she had time for a morning jog. She still had two hours before her first class and wanted to get a 30-minute run in. Then she could just shower and head to breakfast and class.

The run was interesting as she had never exercised nude before. She was very aware of her bare feet pounding into the dirt path around the campus and her breasts bobbing up and down on her frame. She felt the sweat dripping down her body with nothing to absorb it.

She passed several other students running, mostly girls nude like her but also some boys. She felt so free when she was running but when the boys came she did feel a twinge of anxiety at having them see her in this way. She imagined the view they received of her sweaty nude form, breasts bouncing, her legs twitching as she went, her bare feet dirty and a bit muddy from pounding into the dirt.

But then she saw the other girls, running proudly, no sign of shame on their faces. She wanted that, needed to be like that. So she acted like she wasn't ashamed, instead running with her head up high, her breasts thrust out proudly.

Finally, the run was over and Amanda felt a real need to shower. She was joined by two girls who introduced themselves and smiled when she asked if they were going to shower. The three nudes went towards Amanda's residence hall, Hefner Hall, and Amanda was shocked by what she saw.

The wall facing the quad had about a dozen shower heads protruding from it, and currently, three women were under the spray, soaping up their hair and their bodies. Amanda saw that each spray nozzle had a cabinet attached to the wall and saw in one of the open ones that there was shampoo, conditioner, soap and body spray in each one.

Amanda remembered being told that the school provided shower supplies for females and she knew the principles of BSC forbid walls and privacy for women, but this was beyond what she anticipated. The other girls saw her reluctance and coaxed her in.

"Come on Amanda, you'll have to shower here at some point," the redhead girl named Kathy said. She went in and turned the water on, getting it to the proper heat. "Here, it's all ready."

Amanda knew the other girl was right and reluctantly moved under the spray. She loved the feeling of the water washing away her sweat and grime. She saw a group of boys stop along the path and watch her and the other girls. Inwardly she clenched but then remembered where she was and instead let herself drift away. She soaped up her hair and body, relishing the smell of the raspberry shampoo mixing with the clean smell of the soap.

"You're a natural Amanda," she heard a voice yell. She looked up and saw Kristie waving, walking hand-in-hand with Tim.

Finally she was done and she went over to where the other girls were toweling off. BSC also provided towels, though some girls chose to use their own. These towels were nicer than the ones she had brought and Amanda dried herself, careful to avoid covering herself in any way. She then used the body spray to enhance the raspberry smell and give her smooth skin. She noticed that her underarms and pubic mound were still smooth. Might not need a shave for another day or two, she thought.

She headed back up to her room, letting her body feel the cool breeze on her soft, still damp skin. It was something she had never felt before on her bare breasts and slit. It was like coming out of a pool only with no suit on.

She went into her room and saw Jackie still asleep. But the girl had pushed aside her covers and was lying spread, her vagina on full display and her lips separating to reveal her pink girl inside. Amanda wasn't sure where it came from, but she had a great desire to kneel between the girl's legs and lick that sex. She hadn't even touched another girl's vagina before yesterday and now she was obsessed with it.

Not dressing made getting ready easy. She put on some lipstick and brushed her hair into a ponytail. She grabbed her book bag and threw it over her shoulder and left the room.

As luck would have it, Maureen was just leaving her room as well, also to go to breakfast. The two new friends walked to the dining hall, chatting about the weather and how strange it was to be naked in public.

"Did you shower this morning," Amanda asked. She was unable to ascertain the answer from the girl's blush. Was she blushing because she had showered in the very public BSC way or because she hadn't?

"Yes, I showered," she said. "I had to go over to the boys' lounge area and shower there. I was the only girl there and some boys came in while I was there. They showered right next to me. It was weird."

"Did any of them ask for relief," Amanda asked. Maureen just shook her head before adding, "but several probably needed it. I wish I were as brave as Kristie and offer to help them."

As they scooped fruit into bowls in the caf, Amanda told Maureen of her morning experiences. After getting some cereal and coffee, the two found a semi-secluded seat in the corner. Both felt the need to hide just a little.

"I feel like I really need to watch what I eat," Maureen said, taking a forkful of melon. "It's like, everyone in the whole world will see an extra ounce on my body. Even if I eat too much, my gut will show."

"I know what you mean," Amanda said laughing. "Like, if I eat a big piece of something, people will watch it go all the way down my body. They can see the whole process."

As they ate, Amanda again felt the other-worldly feeling of the cold, hard plastic under her ass and her bare back against the chair. Her bare feet also rubbed against the smooth tile floor that was cool to the touch. That coolness ran up her body and made her shiver.

"Yeah, I know that feeling," Maureen said. "I have felt a draft since I got here and it's only September. What am I going to do when fall and winter hit?"

The two were almost finished when a table full of boys sat next to them. They absorbed every visible inch of the two nude girls before sitting. Amanda got a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach, knowing she was going to be asked to present. This felt different in the early morning then it had yesterday. She had been all gung-ho then. Now she wanted to be left alone for a little while.

She was not surprised to be asked to come over. She and Maureen dutifully got up from their table and moved towards the boys.

"Seen a good asshole yet today boys," one of the group said aloud. That got laughs from the other boys and cringing from the girls, neither of whom had presented their asses yet.

Amanda didn't like this boy. He was demeaning her and her friend. It was time to take back control.

"Well, I have and he was talking and ordering me to present," she said looking at the boy. Just then, she bent over, her ass just sticking up over the table and reached back to pull her ass cheeks apart. Following her friend's lead, Maureen did the same thing.

That made the boy's silent. Finally Amanda looked up. "Is that good for you boys," she said, her face red from the situation and from the blood flowing down as she bent over.

"Yeah, good, thanks," one of the other boys said politely.

The two girls stood up. "I don't mind what you said, asking us to present is part of life," she said, looking directly at the offending boy. "I mind the way you said it. I may be naked and forced to show myself to dicks like you but I deserve respect and so does my friend."

With that, she spun around, followed by Maureen, and went back to clear their table and leave the cafeteria. Before they could exit, they were met by the rude boy.

"Excuse me," he said softly. "I just wanted to say I am sorry for the way I acted just now. I was trying to show off and win some friends, but I know you are right. You girls deserve a lot of respect for your openness and courage. I was wrong to make fun of you."

Amanda and Maureen were surprised by the apology but nodded their acceptance. The boy then turned and went back to his seat. The two girls were silent until they got outside. "Wow, you really got to him," Maureen said. "He seemed genuinely apologetic."

"Yeah, I'm surprised," Amanda answered. "I thought he was just one of those pigs. But I was wrong, he was okay. Just trying to fit in, like the rest of us."

They walked down the path towards the classroom buildings. "Do you believe we just showed our assholes to six boys in a freaking dining hall," Maureen asked in surprise. "Holy shit, I used to freak out if a boy could see up my skirt or down my blouse!"

The two laughed and parted ways at the end of the path. Maureen was heading to the science building while Amanda had class in English. She passed several other naked girls and many other clothed males. Everyone's eyes were moving all around, taking in the female flesh that was so plentiful.

**CHAPTER 13—First Class**

She found the classroom she was looking for and saw that it was theater style. She was grateful to see that the seats were covered with fabric instead of cool plastic, metal or wood. She found one towards the back in the middle so no one would have to pass by her to squeeze through and pulled one of the books out of her book bag.

Amanda watched some of the other students come in. Both the girls and the boys looked awkward. Most of them were freshmen so, like her, they were still getting comfortable with all the nudity. She noticed that a few girls had no book bags, carrying books. She guessed they either had just one class or were absolutes like Kristie.

As she glanced over towards the end of her row, Amanda saw a boy squirming uncomfortably in his seat. She could tell he was trying desperately not to look at all of the nudity around him but was becoming very aroused. He had his book bag on his lap and seemed bent over in pain.

Immediately, Amanda felt sorry for the boy. She had no idea how an unwanted erection might feel but imagined it would be embarrassing and possibly painful, something like how her nipples felt when they were erect and pressing into her bra. A part of her brain was fascinated that she could feel the boy's embarrassment when she was sitting there butt naked and not feeling humiliated at all.

Amanda got to her feet and went down to sit next to the boy. He gave a little jump when he saw her and turned his body a bit away from her.

"Hi, I'm Amanda," she said, offering her hand in greeting.

The boy weakly took it. "I'm Bill. Bill Sanderson." She could tell that he was really embarrassed, unable to even look at her.

"Look Bill, I can tell that you are, um uncomfortable," she said kindly. "I am too, just horny all the time."

The boy looked at her, his eyes big as saucers. "You girls are feeling it too," he said in surprise. "I didn't realize you felt that way."

"Sure we do," she said. "You don't think you would be aroused if you had to walk around naked all of the time? Everyone watching you, seeing you nude?"

The boy nodded. "I guess I didn't think about it like that."

"You know, my friends and I were talking to our RA last night about providing relief," she said. "You know what that is right?"

The boy nodded, his eyes still huge. Every boy knew about relief and dreamed about it.

"Well, if you can make it through this class, maybe we can duck into an alcove or a closet and I can give you relief," she said shyly, not believing she was being so brazen.

"Oh thank you, thank you so much," Bill said. "I have been dying to ask someone but didn't know how."

"Now you don't have to," she said, patting his hand. "Let's meet in the hall after class okay?"

"Oh no, I am not leaving this classroom without you right next to me," he said, smiling for the first time. Amanda smiled back and scurried to her seat just in time for the professor to walk in.

Dr. Meredith Morgan was a stunning blonde. She looked to be about 30 and was in her second year at Blanke Schande College. It had taken her most of her first year to get adjusted to standing in front of a class of 40 freshmen wearing no clothing but today she felt confident. She was much more used to her nudity then they were and would take it in stride.

The class was a basic freshmen composition course and Amanda had always been good at writing. But she was having a tough time concentrating on Dr. Morgan. Her eyes were directed at the women's small but perky breasts pointing directly at the class as she spoke. The woman's nipples, like most of the girls at the college, were hard and pointy. Dr. Morgan had a little tuft of blonde hair over her vagina but everyone could see her clitoris hanging down out of its sheath.

As Dr. Morgan spoke, Amanda felt her own pussy getting wet and wondered if her clit was as big as her professor. She felt every whoosh of air flying into the room, every hand up seemed to cause more wind. She got lost in a dream world, where the only thing she could feel were her breasts and her nipples. She imagined feeling her knees bare against the floor and what a penis would taste like. She had never had one in her mouth but from touching one and feeling it in her pussy, she had an idea.

"Alright class, your assignment is on the syllabus. See you next time."

Dr. Morgan's closing words snapped Amanda out of her daydream. She realized that she had missed most of the lecture and hoped that this didn't continue. Her grades would be awful if it did.

She got to her feet and walked over to where Bill was standing. She took him by the hand and the two left the classroom. Over to the right, there was a window sill tucked away from the rest of the hallway. Amanda imagined that it was semi-private and led the boy to it. She dropped to her knees, feeling the cold flooring underneath them, and undid his jeans. She quickly pulled them down and freed his long cock from its confinement in her shorts and let it spring out. Amanda was fascinated by the penis, its soft skin and it's smooth feel. She kissed the tip, wanting to let her tongue run over it, wanting to taste it. She wrapped her mouth around the top of his shaft, eliciting a moan from the boy. Still on her knees, she pushed him towards the sill so he could lean against it for support.

And Bill needed it because the feelings emanating from his penis and running through his whole body was stronger than anything he had ever felt before. He put his hands on her head, letting his fingers run through her hair. This was beyond belief and he knew he would burst soon.

Amanda gagged a bit at the intrusion in her throat as Bill pushed her head deeper onto his shaft but quickly adjusted. She began moving her mouth up and down the boy's smooth shaft, letting her tongue run over the underside. From his moans, she knew she was doing something good. She felt his penis twitch in her mouth and then felt the hot spurts hit the back of her throat. Not knowing what to do, she swallowed the liquid as it filled her mouth, taking it all and savoring the taste of her first blowjob.

Finally the spurting stopped and she heard Bill groan in relief. The cock in her mouth got soft and Bill let her head go. She pulled her mouth off of the penis and saw it dangle lifelessly between the boy's legs, nothing like the monster it had been a few seconds ago.

Using the side of her hand, Amanda wiped the remnant of the act off onto her hand. "Well, if you ever need relief again, I'm your girl," she said smiling. "That was really nice."

Bill laughed. "Nice for you," he said sarcastically. "No, that was nice for me. Thank you so much. I never would have had the guts to ask for relief but I needed it so bad. My balls were aching. No offense."

The girl smiled. "None taken Bill. You tasted good. You are my first you know."

Amanda got to her feet and gave the boy a kiss on the cheek. "Want to walk to lunch with me," she asked. Bill nodded and the two walked towards the cafeteria hand in hand.

**CHAPTER 14—Bill Relieves Amanda**

In the cafeteria, Amanda and Bill sat at a table for two. The boy was amazed at this wonderful girl, so full of energy and intelligence but so perfect looking. She was gorgeous, better than any girl he could have ever imagined having sex with.

As they talked, Bill felt the girl's bare foot slowly inch its way up his jeans-covered leg and rest itself right on his crotch.

"If I get you excited again, do I get to give you more relief," she asked flirtatiously. She gave him the sexiest look she could muster, letting the tip of her tongue dart out between her lips.

He laughed. "Amanda, you can give me relief anytime you want," he said. "And I might need it in a minute or two if you keep that up."

The girl removed her foot from the boy's crotch and they went back to eating. As they finished, Amanda looked shyly at Bill.

"Um, I can't believe I am asking this, but would you come back to my room with me," she asked.

"Well, I have class in 40 minutes," he said.

"Please," she said, "I just need some relief."

The boy understood the need immediately and nodded. She took him by the hand and led him back towards Hefner Hall. Bill had a hard time keeping up with the naked girl as his penis was sticking harshly into his jeans.

She led him into her building and up the stairs to her hall, praying that Jackie was out. She wanted to share this moment with the boy she now had a sexual crush on and wanted it to be private. It had been nearly a week since her last sex with Tommy and she felt the urge badly.

Luckily, the room was empty and Amanda dropped to her knees. She quickly undid Bill's belt and jeans and pulled them down. The boy's penis was still covered by his underpants but nothing was left to the imagination.

"Please Bill, please take it out," she begged. "I am so horny."

The boy gently pulled his penis out of its confines and Amanda's hand went right to it, stroking it slowly and sexily. She pulled him over towards the bed she had recently shared with Jackie and straddled his body. This is so much easier naked, she thought. Her bare vagina was just inches from his erect penis.

"Put it inside Bill, please," she whispered.

The boy was eager to oblige and slowly pushed his member past Amanda's outer pussy lips and inside, just enough to make her moan in pleasure but not in total fulfillment. To make that happen she wrapped her legs around his waist and thrust herself up towards his cock.

"OH GOD!" Both of them cried out in the pleasure of the moment as the penis completely filled her pussy. She felt his penis touch every millimeter of her inner cunt and gripped the long organ with her muscles. The two got into a major rhythm, with Bill pushing down and Amanda matching his thrusts with ones of her own. Their bodies seemed to be in perfect sequence as they fucked for what seemed like hours. Truthfully, it was more like 10 minutes before Bill cried out in orgasm. Feeling the hot sperm fill her vagina, Amanda's whole body shook in pleasure and she came violently but silently.

Bill's body went limp and he collapsed on the girl. She felt the weight of the man and felt so loved and full. Her legs were still wrapped around him and she added her arms around his neck, running her fingers through his sweaty hair.

"Thank you Bill, that was amazing," she whispered in his ear. That elicited a groan from the man who seemed out of it.

Finally he stirred. "How the hell am I supposed to get through a day of classes after you make me cum like that twice," he said with a smile.

"Well, we don't have to do it again if you don't want," she said, acting insulted.

"Okay, I guess I'll have sex with you again sometime," he said. "You were pretty good."

She started hitting his back and kicking him in the ass. "Fuck you buddy, I am way better than pretty good," she said. "Man enough to go at it again?"

With that she began to move her vaginal muscles again around his cock, which had softened a lot but was still lodged in her. She knew that most men were unable to get aroused more than once and had been happy that he got it up for the fuck after the blowjob, but she wanted more.

"No, please no more, not today," he begged. "But maybe I can do something for you."

He pulled his penis out of her, causing her to groan in disappointment, and laid right next to her. He took his right hand and slowly eased it past her soaked pussy lips. That caused a moan of pleasure and another as he added a second finger. The moans continued when he put a third one in and began to pump them in and out. She was so wet that she easily accommodated the three fingers. She put her hand over her mouth as he took his other hand and began to massage her breasts, which heaved in pleasure. He toyed with her hard, erect nipples which sent her right over the edge. She came again, this time stifling the cry with her hand.

He removed his fingers with an audible plop and put them in her mouth. She tasted the mixture of his cum and her juices on them as she cleaned him off completely.

They laid in each other's arms for a while, talking. She told him about Tommy but also expressed a desire to continue this. He agreed and they parted, he to his class and she to the shower to get the remnants of their coupling from her body. Unlike Bill, she had nothing to put on over her sex and knew that she was sticky with his cum and her juices. Some was leaking out even as she walked down the hall and outside to the showers.

This shower was much more public than the morning's had been. She was showering in the middle of the day and many people wandered by. She had her choice of showerheads and took one furthest away from the walk. She knew she should get used to the stares but wanted to feel some sense of privacy and this head provided that.

She lathered up her hair, which had gotten way sweaty during her sex with Bill. Then she soaped up her body but realized she had to scrub her pussy to get the spunk out. She realized that she had gotten the attention of several men in the room next to the shower and some guys and girls had stopped on the path to watch. Amanda knew she had no choice and lathered up her hand before rubbing her pussy. She moaned at the touch and writhed, causing cheers from the walk. She kept at it, trying to get the soap inside and get the sperm/vaginal juice mixture out.

It came out of nowhere but suddenly her body stiffened and she froze, her mouth open. The orgasm racked her unlike any she had ever experienced. It was her third in the last hour and it was intense. She had trouble standing as the pleasure overwhelmed her and she grabbed the wall for support.

Finally it passed and she shook, her legs were like jelly. How the hell am I going to survive this school if all I do is cum, she wondered. After drying herself with the mini towels provided, Amanda took the body wash and sprayed herself with it, enjoying the smell and trying to cover the scent of her arousal.

Walking past the crowd of boys who watched the whole show, she smiled and blew them a kiss. They clapped as she passed and then dispersed. All in all, it's great to be female, she thought, running into Hefner Hall.

**CHAPTER 15—Kacy Visits**

The first few weeks progressed and Amanda estimated that she had presented to nearly every boy on campus. Word had spread of her "perfect pussy lips" and she had become one of the main freshman attractions. She had also relieved several boys, but only had sex with Bill. They were doing it daily, sometimes as often as twice a day! And of course, there was always girl relief, which was nice, but nothing like having a penis in your mouth or vagina. Nevertheless, she and Jackie slept together most nights and frequently engaged in oral activities. Several times, one of them had fallen asleep with their heads buried between the other's legs under the covers.

It was the third weekend of school and Amanda was waiting by the front gate for her sister's arrival. She was a bit worried as she could be glimpsed by anyone driving by but most of the people in town were so used to Blanke Schande girls that they barely gave them a second look.

Amanda was happy when she saw her sister's red bug coming down the road and waved. The car pulled over and she got in. As she turned to give her sister a hug she gasped. Kacy was completely nude.

"Oh My God, what the hell is going on," she asked. She gave her sister a huge bear hug, feeling naked flesh against hers. "You are fucking gorgeous. Tired of me showing you up huh?"

"Quiet down little sister, I was having sex and showing off my boobs before you had them," she joked. "No, it's just that, I remember feeling out of place wearing clothes here the last two times I was here. So I figured I would join in. I want to do everything a student here does."

Amanda smiled. She wondered what her sister would do when asked to present or provide relief. But she put that aside and enjoyed her sister's company.

Kacy was shaking in anticipation. She was nervous, having not been naked in front of anyone but a lover in some time. Even her one experience had been brief and she had been extremely drunk.

But she felt she had to do this, for herself and to show support for her sister. She also felt the need to show off her body and was just a bit jealous of Amanda and her new found freedom.

Kacy had also felt very out-of-place during the tour and on move-in day. All of the other young girls had been nude and she was wearing clothes. She had also felt judged those days by the nude girls, like they were better than her because they had chosen a life without clothes while she was still burdened with pants and blouses and bras and knickers.

She had pulled over in an empty parking lot just before making the turn towards campus and stripped completely. She wanted to have nothing on from the moment she drove onto the campus, in solidarity with her sister.

The smooth seat felt soft under her bare ass and thighs. The pedal and brake felt so different. She had driven barefoot before but never naked. Her bare breasts nearly touched the steering wheel and the seat belt went neatly between them. She felt like everyone walking or driving by could see her nudity.

Finally the two parked in front of Hefner Hall. "Do you want to leave your clothes here in the car or bring them with you," Amanda asked. Although it was an innocent question, Kacy thought it was like a dare.

"Do you have clothes with you," she asked. When Amanda shook her head Kacy said, "Then neither will I."

Amanda smiled and said, "you are going to have such a good time" and the two left the car. Kacy felt the cool late afternoon air as soon as she did, wrapping her arms around her chest.

"You'll get used to it," Amanda said, putting her arm around her sister. The two walked down the path towards Hefner Hall. Kacy felt so exposed and felt the eyes of everyone sear into her. She wondered if all of the girls felt the eyes or if it was because she was new.

"Hey Manda, who's the new girl," a boy asked from the bench. "She's hot as shit."

"Watch it Manny, that's my big sister," Amanda said smiling.

"WOW, what a family," he said waving. "Can't wait to meet your mom!"

The two girls laughed and continued on. Kacy gasped when she saw four girls bent over and pulling their ass cheeks apart in front of three guys. "They're presenting," Amanda explained and she waved hello to the group.

Finally they made it inside and up to Amanda's room. Again Kacy was shocked as Jackie was on her knees with a penis in her mouth. She waved to Amanda and Kacy but never stopped sucking.

Amanda walked into the room but noticed her sister was rooted to the spot in the doorway. "Is this too weird for you," she asked quietly. "I can ask them to leave."

Kacy shook her head and went to sit on the bed, her back to the couple engaged in oral sex. Finally she heard the man moan Jackie swallow. She couldn't help but turn around and watch as the man climaxed. It was a scene she had never witnessed in person before except as a participant.

"Thanks Jackie, you are the best at giving relief, no offense Amanda," the man said as he zipped up.

"No offense taken Robbie," she said. "By the way, this is my sister Kacy. Kacy this is Robbie and Jackie, my roommate."

Uncomfortably, Kacy put her hand out. She wasn't sure if she wanted to touch the hand of a girl that had just performed oral but Jackie accepted it anyway and said a warm hello. The boy did too, eyeing her nudity up and down before leaving.

"Oh God, does that happen all the time," she asked her sister.

"Well, yes and no," Amanda answered. "We get asked a lot and never say no, but it's at moments when there isn't a lot going on anyway. When we have to study or write a paper or do something important, the boys notice and don't ask."

"Plus, Robbie's special," Jackie said. "He has a thing for my mouth. I am the only girl he ever asks for relief. He says he likes my technique."

Kacy absorbed that information for a moment. "So, are you dating?"

Jackie made a gagging sound. "Robbie? No fucking way. He's not my type, but I do love sucking on that penis of his. And his spunk tastes the best of any I've ever had."

Kacy looked appalled but said nothing. Amanda saw that her older sister was uncomfortable and moved the conversation into a different direction. Kacy filled her in on the happenings back home. Amanda had not returned there since she came to BSC and didn't plan on going home until Thanksgiving. While she missed her mom and dad and Kacy, she didn't like the thought of going home where people wore clothes and might expect her to do the same. She was still undecided about the absolute lifestyle but was leaning that way.

"Why don't we go and grab some dinner," Amanda said. Jackie went out to ask Jennifer and Maureen if they wanted to join them while Amanda went to the mirror and put on some lipstick and brush her hair.

"Why are you doing that," Kacy asked.

"I want to look nice," Amanda said. "Why do you usually brush your hair and put on makeup?"

"To look nice, but I guess I figured that you being naked and all, well, that you didn't care about those things now," Kacy said, not knowing how to say the right thing. "You know, you don't get to wear pretty clothes anymore or shoes. I figured you were just going natural."

The younger girl laughed. "I'm still a girl Kace, I still want to look pretty," she said. "It's just, I don't have to wear clothes to feel pretty, I can just feel pretty because I am."

There was silence for a moment and Kacy wondered if she had offended her younger sister. But she realized that Amanda was just concentrating on her eye makeup. The girl turned and smiled, "Ready?"

**CHAPTER 16—Kacy Learns the Pleasures of BSC**

The six nude girls were munching on the pizzas, which were heavily discounted after Kristie bribed the delivery boy with a blowjob. She had gotten pepperoni, Amanda's favorite, and a plain.

The girls were telling Kacy about their sexual histories before Blanke Schande and after. The sexual heat in the room was getting heavier and heavier. Kacy felt her pussy getting wet and she nearly exploded when Jackie talked about how the girls give each other relief.

"Every night," she asked with wonder, her mouth full of crust. Jackie nodded and exchanged knowing glances with Amanda.

"Most nights, Jackie sleeps in my bed," she said shyly. Despite the fact that her sister obviously knew she was sexually active, she was a bit embarrassed to admit she had oral sex with another girl.

Kacy kept shaking her head. "This place in unbelievable."

For the rest of the night, the older girl was filled with sexual energy. The group watched some DVDs and chatted. At around 11, there was a knock on the wall outside the entrance to the girl's room. It was a formality because there were no doors since there was no privacy.

"Can I come in," a voice that Amanda immediately recognized as Bill's called in. "Is everyone indecent?"

The other girls laughed but Amanda sat up straight and stiff. She hadn't told Kacy about her relationship with Bill, especially since she was still technically dating Tom. Bill entered the room and leaned over to kiss his girlfriend on the lips. He was surprised at her lukewarm response. Normally she was very engaged in it, locking onto his and sometimes slipping her tongue between his lips.

"What's wrong," he asked. Amanda tilted her head towards Kacy.

"Bill, this is my sister Kacy," she said, trying to mentally tell her boyfriend to play it cool. He knew about Tommy but didn't know that no one in her family knew about him.

"Hi Kacy, nice to meet you, I'm Bill."

The two exchanged handshakes while Bill's eyes stealthy tried to take in the nude girl in front of him. The resemblance to Amanda was clear but not overwhelming. It was no surprise that they were sisters but there were very obvious differences.

"Bill, can you wait here with the other girls while I talk to Kacy for a minute," she asked sweetly. The boy nodded and as she led Kacy out of the room, Jackie said, "We’ll make him VERY comfortable."

Amanda pulled Kacy by the hand until they reached the lounge. It was empty on this Friday night.

"I need to tell you about me and Bill," the girl began.

"What, is he a regular suck for you like that other boy is for Jackie," Kacy asked laughing.

"Well, yes, but not like Jackie's boy," she said. "Bill and I are together, as in boyfriend/girlfriend. He took my anal virginity and we have been dating since the first day of school."

Kacy was surprised. "What about Tommy," she said. "How could you do this to him?"

Amanda shook her head. "No, I am not going to feel bad about this Kacy. What Bill and I have is special and great and meant to be," she said. "Bill accepts me, the real me, without barriers. Tommy barely knows me. The four weeks with Bill have been the best four weeks of my life. He knows more about me than Tommy ever could."

"Yeah, like how your ass feels from the inside and what your pussy looks like in the sunlight," Kacy said, sounding like a fresh little girl. "You throw away what you and Tommy have for a fling with a boy you barely know?"

"And you judge him, simply because I met him while I was naked," Amanda said, her anger rising. "He is the sweetest, most compassionate man I have ever met and he loves me completely and totally. I'm sorry you can't be happy for me but I won't hide my love for him because you are here. I thought about it, but one thing that Blanke Schande has taught me is to be myself in all situations."

Kacy tried to interrupt her but the younger girl was on a roll. "Thousands of high school couples break up when they go to different colleges," she said, her face getting red with anger. "Why do you assume that this is wrong simply because I am naked? Maybe he knows the real me without the barriers of clothes or walls?"

She turned on her bare feet and started out. "Wait, wait," Kacy called after her. When Amanda turned around, Kacy could see the anger and hurt on her face. "I am happy for you; give me a minute to figure everything out okay."

Amanda's anger melted away and she ran at her older sister and hugged her. "Thanks Kacy, wait until you get to know him. You'll like him."

The two walked out of the lounge hand in hand. Kacy was surprised at her sister's determination. This was certainly a new trait and a very nice by-product of her time at BSC. When they entered the room, Amanda went right up to Bill and straddled his lap, her bare pussy directly over his cock which was sticking up into his jeans. "Now, how about that kiss again," she said in a sexy voice. The two mouths joined passionately and Amanda held Bill's head in her hands.

Finally, Kacy cleared her throat. "People here, hello."

The couple broke their kiss and laughed as did the other girls. "Um, sorry, it's just I haven't seen Bill all day," Amanda said. "I missed him."

"And judging from his jeans, he missed you as well," Jackie said, staring right at his crotch with a huge tent inside. Amanda looked at it and then up at Bill and licked her lips.

"Kacy, would you, uh, mind if I spent the night at Bill's," she asked, looking directly at her sister. "If you are uncomfortable staying here without me, I understand, it's just that his roommate is away for the weekend and, well, you know."

Kacy understood what her sister was asking. She wanted to be allowed to go and fuck Bill's brains out. She smiled and looked at Jackie who was nodding. "That's fine, choose a good fuck with your boyfriend than quality time with your sister," she said, pretending to be angry.

"KACY!" Amanda said, her face in mock shock at her sister's words. "It's not like th--."

"Forget about it, my feelings are hurt now, no going back," Kacy said, but her face was giving away her smile. "Go ahead, fuck your boyfriend silly. I will stay here to be consoled by Jackie and the girls."

That brought laughter all around, including an "Oh yeah," from Jackie. Amanda gave her sister a big hug and took Bill out of the room by the hand. The five remaining girls stayed together for a little while but Maureen and Jennifer left shortly to go to bed. Kristie announced that she had duty at midnight and needed to be in her room, leaving Jackie and Kacy alone.

The freshman showed Kacy the bathroom and the girl was mortified again at seeing another girl on the toilet, pee streaming into the bowl. The girl gave a nod to Kacy, who, despite her embarrassment, sat down on a toilet next to her. She also let loose a stream of pee into the bowl, her face turning scarlet at the loud sound it seemed to make. She wiped the remnant from her slit and went to brush her teeth.

When she got back in the room, Jackie had turned the lights out but was sitting on the edge of her bed.

"Well, good night," Kacy said. Jackie cleared her throat.

"Um, Kacy, I hate to ask this, I feel like a baby or something," she began. "But, Amanda and I have been sleeping together every night since I got here, or I have been with a guy. I kind of need that closeness to sleep. Would you mind if I slept in bed with you? We wouldn't have to do anything but sleep if you don't want to."

Kacy thought this might be coming and had secretly wanted it. Her pussy was warm and tingling from all of the excitement of the night and just the feeling of being naked for so long. She desired the company of Jackie and the sexual fulfillment that would hopefully come with it.

She had never licked another girl's pussy but thought she might be willing to give it a try. It would only be fair.

"Sure Jackie, I would like that," she said, climbing onto Amanda's bed and snuggling under the covers. She felt Jackie slide in next to her, the teen's smooth skin rubbing against her own and moaned. "Please Jackie, I need to cum," she whispered. With that, the girl's hand slid down her belly and went to the area between her legs, which was dripping wet and hot. At the first slight touch Kacy's body stiffened and she tried to stifle a moan.

"Don't hold back," Jackie whispered directly in her ear. "Everyone here is used to the joyful sounds of orgasm."

As she spoke, Jackie rolled Kacy onto her back and began to massage the girl's breasts with her right hand while her left teased the dripping pussy. Kacy raised her hips to try and make harder contact but Jackie kept pulling away, taking Kacy on a long, drawn-out road to orgasm. The moans were no longer able to be contained when Jackie lowered her head below the covers and placed her mouth directly on the girl's pussy.

"YI-AAHHH!! OH FUCK," Kacy screamed, not caring who heard. She knew that Jackie was right but was really past being able to do anything about it anyway. OH, OH GOD, OH!! She kept bucking, rubbing her pussy on the mouth, nose and chin of Jackie who was struggling to keep her face in contact with the writhing pussy. The covers had been thrown and anyone walking in would have a vision of the older girl totally spread eagle, thrusting her middle section up and down on the bed while the younger girl was curled up on her knees, trying to stay attached.

Kacy grabbed Jackie by the hair and smashed the girl's face into her pussy while screaming out in total and complete orgasm. Her body was shaking in pleasure and need. Finally she screamed out in completion and fell back onto the pillow.

Jackie was exhausted from the act but was also feeling the glow after giving Kacy an intense orgasm. The girls at BSC had learned that it is often as good to give as receive. She was perfectly ready to climb up and just snuggle off to sleep next to the mass of girl smell and sweat lying next to her but when she got there, Kacy rolled over.

"Let me take care of you," she said groggily.

"No, it's okay," Jackie said. "You are too tired."

Kacy rolled over further, letting her hand grip the other girl's breast. Jackie gasped at the touch, a combination of rough and sensual.

"Please, let me repay you," Kacy said and she moved down to begin the licking process. Jackie was ready too after living through Kacy's orgasm. Although Kacy was inexperienced, she was a girl and knew exactly where to touch and the right firmness to it. She attacked the spread girl's clit like a hungry woman looking for food. She teased and flicked it with her tongue causing groans of frustration and pleasure from Jackie.

Kacy took her fingers and spread the swollen lips and gently slid her fingers along the sensitive inner lips. This was a move than men frequently missed and drove Jackie crazy with pleasure. Just then Kacy leaned over and slid her tongue in. Jackie screamed out "YES!" and her hips raised off the bed. Kacy kept up the attack on Jackie's inner lips and played with the girl's clit with her fingers. It wasn't long before Jackie's whole body stiffened and quivered and she came in waves.

The two girls laid there for a few minutes, Kacy resting her head on the now sated but still damp and pulsing pussy. She absently played with the sparse pubic hair the girl had there as she closed her eyes and enjoyed feeling so complete. After a while, Jackie pulled Kacy up and the two girls kissed passionately before falling off into a deep, restful sleep intertwined.

Amanda and Bill came in the next morning while the girls were still asleep. They were a bit surprised to find the two nude bodies next to each other but it was far from out of the ordinary on this campus. What shocked Amanda was the sight of her sister's hand cupping Jackie's breast as she hooked her arm around her.

The rest of the weekend was a blur of sex, fun and parties. Amanda showed Kacy a bit of her world and Kacy let herself experience it all. Finally late Sunday morning, the two sisters walked to the car.

"Manda, I am so glad I got up here this weekend, this place is awesome," Kacy said. "I know what it must be like to be here all of the time and really experience it. Maybe I will apply here and finally get that degree someday."

Amanda grinned, glad to hear her sister was going to get her degree finally and to also have converted her to the BSC way. "I am glad you like it here," she said. "You certainly made an impression on Jackie."

Now it was Kacy's turn to grin. She and Jackie had become quite an item and they had performed oral on each other three more times. Last night, Kacy had slept with her mouth inches from the girl's wide-open pussy after licking her to three orgasms.

"Yeah, she's awesome," Kacy said. "I still like guys but I have never gotten that much from sex before."

They made it to the girl's car. Amanda saw her sister's clothes bunched in the backseat. "Kace, I am really proud of you for being naked all weekend," she said. "I am sure it couldn't have been easy."

"It was the right decision and I am glad I did it," Kacy said, "though I never thought I would make it. And please don't tell Mom and Dad. They would flip out if both of us went over to the dark side!"

The girls laughed. Kacy reached in and grabbed her blouse and pulled it over her head. Her breasts screamed at being closed in after the freedom of the last two days. She put her jeans on the passenger seat with her sneaks, bra and knickers.

"I think I will stay like this for a while," she said with a mischievous smile. "That way I won't get arrested but can still be mostly naked."

The sisters embraced and Kacy got into the car and drove off, leaving her sister in tears of sadness and happiness. Sadness that her sister and best friend was gone but happiness of the memories of the weekend.

She turned and walked back. She smiled again as Bill walked up the path towards her. "Hello stranger, how did you know I needed a friend," she said.

"Just lucky I guess," he said. The two locked in a passionate kiss and embrace and the boy scooped his naked girlfriend into his arms and carried her into the dorm and up to her room where they enjoyed some alone time.

Yes, Amanda thought, I am the happiest girl on Earth and then she screamed out in pleasure as Bill's thick cock pushed into her pussy and filled her once again.

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