**Casey's Fall**

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**Casey's Fall Ch. 22**

As they arrived in the college car park, Casey sat pensively in the passenger seat of Jolene's car wearing nothing except for a pair of red Chuck's. Try as she might, she wasn't able to bring herself to open the door to get out. Jolene noticed her hesitation.

"Look, whenever I have to do something hard, I grit my teeth and just do it to get it over with," Jolene said, trying to reassure her. "Once you take the first step, the rest will follow. So stop overthinking it, take a deep breath, then just open the door, step out and close it behind you. Then start walking. You'll be fine. You'll see."

"I'm not sure I can do this Jolene. It just feels too real all of a sudden. All the people I know are here."

"And all the people you know are going to find out you're a nudist sooner or later anyway. Would it help if I walked you in?"

"I'm not sure."

"Casey, I know it's hard but this is your life now. You need to get used to being naked and everyone else has to get used to seeing you naked. The fear and awkwardness you're feeling now will pass and before long it will feel totally normal to you and everyone else, but there has to be a first time and there's no other way to get that out of the way other than by doing it."

Jolene was right. If she was going to have any semblance of a normal life she was going to have to deal with it and get it done. At the very least she didn't have to play the porn star or do anything sexual in this place. She didn't even have to wear the butt-plug. Here she would just be a nudist. She took Jolene's advice and took a deep breath. Then she stepped out of the car with her backpack and closed the door. OMG she was actually standing naked in the college car park! This couldn't be really happening.

"Just act normal Casey," she said to herself. "Pretend you're still wearing clothes and this is just another day. Fake it until you make it! You've got this."

It wasn't long before people started noticing her.

"OMG is that girl naked? Is she streaking?"

"I saw her walking in the hallway naked last week. I heard she got arrested."

"Is this a dare or something?"

"Oh look, she has a registered nudist tattoo. I guess she just likes being nude."

"What's her name?"

"I think it's Casey something."

"She shaves. I guess she didn't think she was naked enough already."

"She's really cute. Is she seeing anyone?"

Casey finally made it to her locker room and sat down for a moment to try to calm her nerves.

She looked up as the door opened and was pleased to see Amelia.

"Casey! You're actually doing it!" Amelia asked.

"Yes, I couldn't back out even if I wanted to now that I have this tattoo," Casey replied. "It still feels really weird though. I can't believe I'm actually at school naked."

"I can't believe it either. You're so amazingly brave."

Casey wished she was brave. Right now she just felt overwhelmed with shame and terrified out of her mind.

Amelia joined Casey to walk to their first class and people stopped and gossiped everywhere they went.

"OMG who's that?"

"That's Casey Reine. She's a nudist."

"Casey Reine? You're shitting me? I've seen her online. Hey Casey?" he called out.

Casey turned to face him.

"OMG. I'm a huge fan! I love your work. Can I get a selfie?"

Casey was beyond appalled that someone at her college had seen something of hers online. Word was bound to get out now, but she knew that was probably inevitable anyway so she just shrugged an "ok" to him and then smiled as he took the picture of them together.

"Thanks! I'll be seeing you around," he said cheerfully as he returned to his friend to show him the picture on his phone.

"Can I get one too?" asked another boy.

"Sure, why not," Casey replied. She had given up hope that she would ever recover her dignity so there seemed little point in trying to prevent anyone from seeing or photographing anything they wanted anymore. At least these boys seemed excited by her nudity and weren't slut-shaming her like many other people had this last week.

Casey was dismayed to see Mrs Daly come around the corner just as the second boy had taken his selfie.

"Miss Reine, I can't say I'm pleased to see you back here, and still in your altogether I see. What is wrong with you girl?" she asked.

Casey stared at her feet for a moment and then realised that Mrs Daly was the catalyst for the whole chain of events leading to her having to become a nudist, and now she was offended by her nudity? It made her angry but she also remembered Dean Bernstein's words that she was on her final warning.

"Mrs Daly," Casey began, needing to defend herself but not wishing to anger the old battle axe. "I am naked now because you went to the authorities instead of turning a blind eye or even just punishing me within the college's code of conduct for what should have been regarded as a harmless prank. I had to register as a nudist to get off the charge. It cost me my relationship with my parents, and it almost cost me my friends and my education. Yes I'm at fault for what I did and I regret it now more than you will ever know, but I am naked here now and for the rest of my life whether either of us likes it or not because of the action you took."

Mrs Daly was speechless. Her face reddened in anger and her mouth opened and shut a few times like a goldfish in an attempt to find words. Then suddenly her expression softened and the colour drained from her cheeks.

"You know what, you're right dear," she replied with some sadness while touching Casey's upper arm. "I have failed you. I was thinking of the college's reputation and all of the other students but I didn't stop for a moment to consider you and how you would be affected. Sure, you did a very silly and crass thing but I should have given you the chance to redeem yourself. Instead you have paid a very high price for what you did. Much higher than you deserved. You have my apology and my sympathy, but you have also earned my respect. You could have given up and stayed at home in your shame. Instead you're back here to finish your diploma, and for that you are to be commended. As far as I'm concerned you have redeemed yourself, and with no thanks to me."

"I-err... thanks Mrs Daly," Casey replied, now feeling bad for what she had said.

"That's ok dear. Now I'm sure you have a class to get to?"

"I do. Thank you Mrs Daly."

"Oh my God..." Amelia stated in disbelief once they got out of Mrs Daly's earshot. "She does have a heart after all."

Casey just smiled. She almost couldn't believe she'd gotten away with speaking her mind, and while it turned out ok, in retrospect she probably just should have kept her mouth shut. Still, she was miffed by Mrs Daly's condescending remarks when she had indeed played a significant part in causing Casey's current situation.

In class Casey felt slightly more relaxed sitting down behind a desk and therefore showing less of her body, but it was obvious that her male teacher was still uncomfortable with being able to see her naked breasts. He seemed to be going out of his way to only look into her eyes when he spoke but she caught him once or twice looking at her tits while she had her eyes down and then he'd quickly look away when she glanced up again. Dirty bastard. He was older than her father! Casey then realised a lot of her webcam viewers were probably his age or even older and the thought made her feel slightly ill.

At morning tea time she was again hit with several requests for selfies. Each one felt like it took a little piece of her humanity but she consoled herself with the realisation that the vast majority were at least viewing her nudity in a positive light. Sure, some of them were probably just perves but most seemed to treat her as some kind of celebrity. There were even some girls wanting selfies with her. She loathed the attention just the same but it could have been a lot worse if it was all mean she supposed.

At lunchtime she attracted a crowd in the cafeteria. Greg arrived and saw what was going on and immediately started pushing and threatening to punch peoples' lights out if they didn't fuck off. Casey was alarmed that a fight might break out and quickly stepped in to calm Greg down.

"Greg. GREG! It's ok. They just want pictures with me. That's to be expected. I'm probably the first nude girl on campus they've ever seen. Hell, maybe the first nude girl many of them have ever seen full stop. Just let them get it out of their systems."

Without missing a beat Greg turned back to the people wanting selfies.

"Ok everyone! Form a line!" Greg ordered. "Anyone who pushes or anyone who disrespects Casey in any way will have me to deal with!"

Greg was quite formidable with his linebacker body so people quickly obeyed. He then took up position beside Casey like her own personal bodyguard and glared at people.

"OMG Casey you're so beautiful."

"You're so brave. I wish I could be like you."

"Thanks so much for letting me get a selfie."

"You're amazing!"

"I like your shaved look. I wish my girlfriend would do that."

"You can tell you work out. Any tips?"

The queue was almost endless. Casey barely had time to eat some lunch in between photos before returning to class. At least there wouldn't be "upskirts" to deal with. There was no more skirt to "up" after all, even if there was still a blackmailer. Anyone who cared to look could see anything they wanted now, and plenty were taking advantage of the opportunity. It was mortifying, even more so pretending she was cool with it. Casey could only hope they got bored with her soon enough and she could go back to a normal life. Well, as normal as it ever could be now as a full time nudist in a clothed world, with a not so secret career as a porn star.

Once classes had finished for the day she was again swarmed by dozens of people wanting selfies which made her feel like she was fending off paparazzi as she fought her way to Jolene's car.

"What the fuck is going on?" Jolene asked as Casey got in.

"It seems I have fans," Casey laughed. The absurdity of it all almost made her forget that she was naked for a while, but also the close proximity of so many people had shielded her somewhat so she didn't feel quite as exposed. She definitely felt a lot less anxious than she had that morning, but that wasn't to say she was at all comfortable now.

Jolene looked a bit worried as she pulled out onto the road. She hadn't anticipated that Casey would draw so much attention. Sure, she'd just made the decision that her sister was going to become a nudist and a porn star, and her popularity was good for that reason, but she hadn't really considered what that popularity might mean for day to day living. She shrugged and decided it was probably still a good thing in the greater scheme of things.

Once they got home Jolene asked Casey how she was going with her pussy stretching exercises.

"Have you had another try with the bat again yet?" Jolene asked her.

"Arr... no, not yet."

"Is it time for another attempt do you think?"

"Um... ok. Maybe after dinner in my room before the cam session?"

"I was thinking more like now, out on the coffee table again."

"In front of you?"

"Yes, I want to see how you're going with the bat. Maybe try lots of baby oil again?"

Casey was shocked that she'd have to do that in front of her sister, or that Jolene would be at all interested in watching. It was bad enough doing it for any audience, but an audience of one was somehow worse, and an audience of one who you were related to was ten times worse than that. Her skin crawled at the thought. Nevertheless, it was an order, and as an Indent she knew she couldn't refuse it.

Soon she had her body covered in baby oil again and was inserting the dildos one by one. Even the "smaller" ones felt huge. Finally she had the largest one in again. It was slightly easier this time but still took some effort. Casey thought it was more the technique that she'd learned rather than any change in her anatomy that allowed it to go into her.

Jolene kept watching and instructing her to put her legs further apart, hold the dildo from behind so her hand didn't block the view of her pussy, lean back further and so on. Casey realised Jolene wasn't watching for her own gratification but was instead teaching her how to perform. She didn't know if that was more humiliating or less though. She was still totally naked and openly displaying her hairless vagina to her sister while inserting large objects into it, and now she was about to have an orgasm!

"Ok, try the bat now before you cum," Jolene instructed after seeing Casey's legs starting to shake.

Casey pulled the dildo out and then picked up the bat. She held it with both hands and tried working it around her opening.

"I think stand up and put the end of the handle on the ground, and then try to push down onto it," Jolene suggested.

Casey obeyed but it was no use. She couldn't even get it started. She had almost all of her weight on it so her feet were only just touching for balance and there was still no give. She looked up at Jolene.

"Not going to happen?" Jolene asked. "Never mind. We'll just keep practising every day until you get it. Go back to the biggest dildo again for now and relieve some of that frustration you poor thing."

Casey hated it when Jolene treated her like she wanted to do any of this, like she was some sort of wanton slut. But on the other hand here she was, naked and masturbating in front of her so if she wasn't one in spirit, she certainly was in body.

She stuck the big dildo onto the coffee table using its suction cap and straddled over it again, spreading nice and wide as Jolene had taught her. Then she lowered herself onto it until she felt her pussy accept it, and then slowly squatted up and down until she came, which as usual didn't take long. There was something about taking a large object that caused just the right amount of contact with her clitoris to send her over the edge quickly, but without so much contact that it made her jumpy.

As the orgasm took hold, a thought popped into her head that if her life had to be about humiliation and self-degradation it could be a lot worse. As she recovered, she felt disgusted with herself that she had that thought. Was it only two weeks ago she was still a virgin and had barely ever masturbated before? Now here she was trying to fit a baseball bat into her vagina in front of people. None of this could actually be happening could it? Surely any minute she would wake up in a cold sweat and breathe a sigh of relief as she realised it was all just a dream?

Imagining herself as a porn star helped her enjoy her webcam session more than usual but afterwards she felt slightly depressed as she realised she was starting to forget who she was. The edge between the real Casey and porn star Casey was starting to blur. Real Casey used to protest loudly in the forefront of her mind, shouting at her that being naked was shameful and having orgasms in front of people was wrong. Now she just seemed to passively lurk in the background just enough to remind her that she was still there and make her feel guilty and constantly ashamed. Could she ever forget that girl? Did she want to? It would make sense to forget her. Her life was mapped out now and there seemed little possibility it would ever be different, but maybe it wasn't that simple? Maybe there was always hope? Maybe forgetting who she used to be would be disingenuous and would only work for so long before she had some kind of break down? The trick might be to talk her around into evolving into something new. The registered nudist porn star Casey blended with the real Casey, but without any of the guilt or shame. But how?

Her thoughts continued to trouble her as she went to bed. She realised she was mourning her old life which might be the first step in moving forward, but somehow it still felt sad and wrong just the same. Being naked all the time and doing all this sex stuff should never be normal or ok, but there was no changing any of that now. Like it or loathe it this was her life. Would she be happier if she just accepted it or would she feel like she'd been broken and the light would eventually go out in her eyes if she did? Somehow she had to find a way to make all this her choice. Right now though it wasn't. She'd been forced into it and she knew it. There was no changing that. Still, it had only been a few weeks which wasn't nearly enough time to establish a "new normal". She needed to at least give herself time. She knew that much.

**Casey's Fall Ch. 23**

Jolene had class today which meant Casey would have to ride her bike to Tech. She had mixed feelings about that. She loved her bike but knew that she would suffer harassment by cars driving by and sometimes also by men walking or cycling on the bikeways. She had a route plotted out to minimise her exposure to vehicular traffic which she hoped would get her by. It wasn't totally perfect as it turned out. Cars still honked whenever she was within visibility of a road but it was so distant and impersonal she was able to shrug it off. Other than that it was completely uneventful which pleased her a lot. At least now she had biking in her life again.

She arrived early enough to get some laps in. It still felt weird to feel everything jiggling and bouncing but it was good to run on her old track again, and being nice and early meant few other people were around to see her.

Students started arriving as she went to her locker to shower and prepare for class though. She expected to be swarmed by "paparazzi" again, and while there were still several selfie requests, it wasn't quite as bad as yesterday. She hoped it stayed that way, particularly after class since she only had her bike and wouldn't be able to get into a car for shelter.

"Hey Casey-girl," said Cassandra as she walked into the locker room. "How you findin' being bare-ass naked in class?"

"Oh hi Cassandra," Casey replied. "It still feels a little weird I guess."

"A lot fucking weird," she added in her head.

"Ain't no need for you to be worrying about none of that. You're rocking a gorgeous figure girl."

"Um... ok thanks," Casey replied, still not sure if Cassandra was being genuine or fucking with her somehow.

"Look, I gotta apologise again for my bitches actin' the way they did on Friday. They don't get it but I do. You're living your truth and you got the balls to do it. I respect that ok?" Cassandra said, holding her fist out towards Casey.

Casey returned the fist-bump but still wasn't completely certain about what Cassandra's motives were.

"Ok, I got class but you take care," Cassandra said in departure, leaving Casey looking and feeling slightly puzzled.

The next few classes passed without too much harassment other than a few more selfie requests in between. Then just before lunch Casey jumped when she heard her name over the PA.

"Casey Reine, please report to the Dean's office at lunchtime."

Oh no! What had she done now? Had she somehow blown her final chance? Had the Dean changed her mind about letting her study? She thought she might die while waiting for her lunch break and then during the long walk to the Dean's office. It felt like she was walking "the green mile" to her execution, only naked as well.

"Ahh Miss Reine," said Dean Bernstein as Casey entered. "Come straight through."

Casey was almost trembling as she walked through into the Dean's office.

"Please take a seat," the Dean requested. "So how have you been going with your studies now that you are a full time nudist? Is it everything as you hoped it would be?"

"Um... it's ok I guess. It all seems a bit surreal though," Casey replied almost truthfully. The full truth was that it was still a waking nightmare for her.

"I've heard reports that you've become quite popular with the students and a lot of them are photographing you. Are you being harassed?"

"Um... there have been cameras," Casey replied tentatively, hoping this wouldn't be cause for the Dean to expel her again. "I wouldn't say they were harassing me though. It's a little bit annoying but they just want to get selfies with me. It's kind of the modern equivalent of an autograph. I figure it's better to let them get it out of their systems so eventually I become old news. My boyfriend is acting as my bodyguard if anyone gets out of line."

"That would be Mr Gregory Campbell from the football team?"

"Yes that's him."

"I imagine he would be a rather effective bodyguard. Good for you. Ok, the reason I got you in here was because I've been contacted by the Bigtown Gazette who would like to do an interview with you. Apparently they saw you cycling in this morning and followed you to the gate."

"Oh God! I'm so sorry Dean. I had no idea I was being followed."

"That's quite alright. You're not in any trouble as such. I agreed to pass on the information to you so you could decide whether or not you wanted to proceed, but I would encourage you to do so. It could help relieve any misunderstandings the public may have about you or what you are doing here, which might also be good for the school if it was handled the right way."

Casey thought about it. It could also mean a lot more unwanted publicity for her.

"If you do decide to proceed," Dean Bernstein continued, "I'll have Leanne attend the interview with you as the college's media representative. We have a relationship with the Gazette and can ensure you are not misquoted or asked anything inappropriate that may damage your reputation or the school's."

"Um... that's very kind of you Dean Bernstein. I think I'd like to think about it a bit and discuss it with my sister first if that's ok?"

"Of course! You just let us know if and when you'd like to proceed and we'll tee up a mutually convenient time."

Casey made her way to the cafeteria to quickly get some lunch before it was time to get back to class. Greg was there waiting.

"What was that all about?" he asked.

"Apparently the local news want to do an interview with me. I'm not sure I want to do it," Casey replied.

"I got you a burger and chips," Greg said. "They should still be warm. Nah, I can't say I'd want to do an interview either. Journos can't be trusted."

"Oh thanks!" Casey replied and started stuffing chips into her hungry mouth. "The Dean thinks they can be trusted and they want to send the college's media representative along with me to make sure everything stays above board. She was being weirdly nice to me so I expect she thinks it would be good for the college if I did it."

"C-can I get a selfie with you?" an obviously nervous boy suddenly butted in.

"Fuck... off... now..." Greg responded while glaring at him menacingly.

"It's ok Greg," Casey giggled as she turned to the boy. "Be quick now though. I'm starving and we were in the middle of a conversation here."

"Oh sorry. Thanks very much," the boy replied. Casey smiled as he held his phone up to take the shot.

"Now where were we?" Casey continued. "Oh yeah, interview. Yeah, I'm not sure I want to do it but I'll see what Jolene thinks I guess."

"I wouldn't do it but you let me know if I can help ok?"

"Thanks Greg," Casey replied. "You're such a sweetie!"

The rest of the day passed for what was as close to normal that a naked girl in a clothed society could hope for, and soon it was time to go to Mark's for her Tuesday shoot.

She wondered what Mark would have in store for her today as she cycled over. More public nudity maybe? More nipple clamps or stretching her pussy lips? She decided it didn't matter as long as he didn't bring up nipple piercing again. She would just wait and see.

"Oh hey Casey," Mark greeted her as she arrived, and then noticing her slightly sweaty state. "Oh, I might get you to take a shower and re-do your hair and makeup before we start."

"Hi Mark," Casey replied. "Yes no problems. I was kind of expecting that. It's been warm lately."

"I loved your show on Sunday. It was possibly the hottest thing I've ever seen!"

"Oh... ok... Thanks," Casey replied, blushing at the memory and not really knowing how to respond.

Gillian helped Casey prepare and then led her through to the studio.

"Ok, today I thought we'd start with some standard glamour shots and then move on to a speculum," Mark informed her. "Have you used a speculum before?"

"A what now?" Casey asked.

Mark got the device out and showed it to her.

"Oh yeah," Casey responded, recognising it. "I think my gyno uses those when I get my pap smears. Am I having a medical procedure? Is a doctor coming?"

"No, nothing like that," Mark assured her with a laugh. "It just allows us to see your cervix so I can get a few shots inside you. Is that ok?"

Casey was completely aghast. Wasn't seeing everything outside her body enough already? Did he have to see inside it too? Then she remembered she was the girl who would "do anything" so saying no wasn't an option.

"Sure," she replied, feeling slightly sick at the thought.

Soon she was on her back with her legs wide open and the speculum inside her as Mark came in close to photograph her cervix. It wasn't the most comfortable sensation physically or mentally and she was more than glad when it was finally over.

"Now I've got something else for you. Do you know what this is?" Mark said while holding up what looked like an oxygen mask.

"An oxygen mask?" Casey replied.

Mark laughed. "No, it's a pussy pump. You put this over your vagina..."

"Wait, you're not going to pump air into me are you?" Casey asked in alarm.

"No, it works on suction," Mark replied matter-of-factly.

"So what's it do?"

"Well, it draws more blood into your pussy and makes everything more sensitive. I think you'll like it. Wanna give it a try?"

"Sure, why not," replied the ever faithful Casey "I'll do anything" Reine.

She learnt that she first had to apply a coating of lube around her pubic area in order to create a good seal. Then she started pumping out the air as Mark's camera kept clicking around her.

The sensation was a curious one. Not unpleasant she decided. There was kind of a pressure and a tingling all at once. As she continued pumping, the sensations increased until it reached a point where she felt incredibly aroused even though she wasn't even touching herself.

OMG, was she about to have an orgasm? Yes she was. There was no stopping it. She looked down and saw her nipples harden suddenly. Then her body stiffened, goose bumps spread everywhere and every muscle spasmed all at once. Strangely there was no screaming this time. It felt like a warmth that slowly started spreading over her body, then it gained speed, and then she saw stars.

As it subsided, she pumped a few more times and felt the same sensation return, and then another orgasm exactly the same as the first. She continued pumping several more times and felt like she was in a dream. Her whole body felt light and tingly like she was slightly drunk but aroused at the same time.

"That's wonderful Casey," Mark suddenly interrupted. "I'd love to let you go on but unfortunately we're running out of time so we might have to call it there."

OMG! How long had she been doing it for? She'd completely lost track of time and even now she felt almost sad to stop. She felt dreamy and warm all over and could have laid there for hours like that.

Reluctantly she released the pressure, removed the pump from her mound and then stood up. She took a step but then something felt wrong. She could still feel something between her legs. She glanced down to see if she'd forgotten to remove part of the apparatus or something.

"Oh my God what the fuck is that?" she thought. Her clit was swollen up like a small penis and her labia looked like something from the offal bin at the butcher's, and everything was bright red!

"Um... how long does this take to go away?" she asked Mark with some concern.

"Oh, you should be fine in an hour or two. It's not permanent or anything."

Casey was slightly relieved to hear that but then remembered she still had to ride her bike home! OMG! How was she going to go out in public, let alone sit on a bike saddle like this? Maybe sitting down would draw less attention to the redness and her comically inflated labia, but would she actually be able to sit on her genitals while they were so swollen? They didn't feel painful though, and she was all out of other options so there was only one thing for it - try.

When she first sat on her bike and positioned herself on the saddle it just felt like she was wearing overly padded bike shorts. Ok, weird but doable. However, as soon as she put her feet on the pedals, she felt that warm and tingly feeling again like the pussy pump was still attached. Ok, maybe that wouldn't be so bad either. She would just have to make sure she concentrated a bit harder so she wasn't cycling in "la-la land" and accidentally crashed her bike.

It all sounded good in theory but she'd barely made it 100 metres before she felt an orgasm coming on. She quickly stopped her bike in the middle of the path and stood on the ground straddling the top bar but it was too late. She was covered in goose bumps again and her nipples were so hard they were almost painful. She braced herself with both hands on the handlebars and panted heavily as waves of pleasure washed over her. A lady approached her to ask if she was ok and all Casey could do was silently nod and wave her on.

On her next attempt she managed to get a little further than the first time but then she had to stop and cum again. By the third orgasm she realised it was going to be a very long and slow journey home, and it was. Each attempt only got her another 100 or 200 metres before the inevitable orgasm, and as embarrassing as it was to be having orgasms in public, they felt so wonderful she also shamefully found herself looking forward to them each time.

Finally she made it home and drank three huge glasses of water in a row and then lay down on her bed until Jolene arrived.

"Are you home Casey?" Jolene called out.

"In my room," she replied.

"How was school and Mark's today?" Jolene asked as she appeared at Casey's door. "OMG! What the fuck happened to your minge? Did you hurt yourself?"

"Mark happened," Casey replied, still in somewhat of a dreamlike state. "He had me use a thing called a pussy pump and it left me like this."

"OMG," Jolene said again. "Does it hurt? Will it go away?"

"No pain at all actually. He said it should go down in a few hours but so far it hasn't changed at all. That's why I'm lying down."

"Ok. Um... Takeaway for dinner then?"

"Sounds great!"

Jolene ordered their meals by phone and they sat down to eat once it arrived.

"I got called into the Dean's office today," Casey announced.

"Oh? Were you in any trouble?"

"No, but apparently the Bigtown Gazette wants to interview me. The Dean said the college media representative would join me to make sure it all stays above board but I'm not sure if we should do it."

"Interesting... Yes, I think it would be great publicity for your career. I want you to do it."

"Actually, I don't think the Dean would be happy if I mentioned my career. It'd probably get me kicked out, but people are probably going to Google me anyway so they'll find me that way. Hopefully that doesn't get back to the Dean before I graduate or it still might."

"Hmm... Yes, I see. I think if the Dean did try to kick you out for anything you were doing extra-curricular, we could fight it and win, but if they published that information in the paper from an interview conducted at the college it might be a different story. On that basis you're kind of representing the college. Hmm... I still think it's worth doing the interview anyway though. You're right that plenty of people will still Google you. Just be a bit tactful if that particular subject comes up."

Casey didn't want to do it but reluctantly agreed. Like it or not, she was a porn star now and it was only so long before that information became public knowledge anyway, and when it did, it would indirectly benefit her whether she liked her career or not. She just hoped the timing would work out at least.

Once they had finished eating, to Casey's great relief most of the swelling had at last subsided leaving just a little redness.

"Are you up for some more practice?" Jolene asked.

Casey had no desire whatsoever to practise putting enormous dildos into her naked pussy in front of her sister again, especially after already having multiple orgasms on the bike ride home, but she obeyed and got the dildo set out along with the baseball bat. There was still no way the baseball bat was going in and Jolene dismissed her after twenty minutes of trying. Casey gladly put them away again and prepared for her webcam session.

Later in bed Casey thought about the pussy pump again. It was an amazing sensation but the downside was the state it left her pussy in, which wasn't exactly ideal for a girl who was always nude. Perhaps she could get one that she could use at night when no one else would see her using it? On the other hand, her nightly webcam sessions usually involved several orgasms anyway so maybe that was more than enough already? But then she was a porn star now so was there such a thing as too much sex? Maybe she could use it during some of her webcam sessions? It took kind of a lot of pumping to build up the pressure though which the viewers might find boring, but maybe she could start before she turned the camera on? It still wouldn't compare to the Lush in terms of viewer participation. Oh hell, it wasn't like they were short of money these days. She would get one anyway and play it by ear. That way it would be there whenever the mood or opportunity struck.

For now she really needed to get some sleep before another nude day at Tech tomorrow. It was so awful being a nudist, especially when you were the only one, but at least people seemed to be slowly giving her less attention now. That was good on one hand but on the other it meant that her naked body was now such a common sight that it no longer raised eyebrows. That ironically made her feel even cheaper...

**Casey's Fall Ch. 24**

Casey braced herself for the inevitable honking from cars as she put her backpack on and mounted her bike for the trip to Tech. She still felt all wrong heading outside of the house totally nude and kept thinking she'd forgotten something, like maybe she'd left the iron on. Of course, the only time she needed an iron these days was to iron Jolene's clothes. Casey didn't even own clothes anymore. Her bedroom closet was completely devoid of clothing, not even any underwear. It was now just a place to keep her dildo collection and the damned baseball bat she was supposed to fit into her vagina one day.

After her run and shower she checked with the Dean's office to let them know she would like to do the newspaper interview. There were only a few students about as she made her way there through the halls but she still felt conspicuous as the breeze touched her bare skin while she walked.

She found the Dean's PA at her desk.

"Hi Leanne," Casey greeted.

"Casey, what can I do for you?" Leanne replied.

"Um... I think I'd like to do that interview with the Gazette after all. Is that still ok?"

"Yes, sure. What time would suit you?"

"Well I have a spare period tomorrow morning after morning tea. Would that be too soon?"

"Um... I don't think so. I'll have to check first though. I'll send you a text if it's a problem."

"The Dean said you wanted to be there as well?" Casey asked.

"Yes, that's right," Leanne replied. Then she glanced around and stood up to look out the window before looking back at Casey. "Look, just between you and me, she's seriously unhappy about you being a nudist. She only wants you to do the interview as publicity for the school but she'll have a serious melt-down if anything gets said that doesn't paint the school or the students in a positive light. That's why she wants me there."

"I understand, and hopefully that won't be a problem." Casey assured.

"No... well I know the reporter and she's usually ok. I'll just step in and stop it if she starts asking the wrong questions. You might just still need to be careful how you answer some of them."

"No worries. Understood. Ok, well I better start making my way to class if that's all?" Casey asked.

"Yes, that should all be fine unless you hear otherwise from me. Have a good day now. I'll see you around morning tea time tomorrow."

"Ok thanks. Yes, see you again then."

Casey didn't like this. She didn't like being nude and she definitely didn't like being noticed. Becoming famous for being nude was possibly her worst nightmare, assuming she could ever have considered such a scenario or could have ever imagined it might be a possibility in her life.

As she made her way to class there were now a lot more students about, but to her great relief few of them looked up at her as she passed. Perhaps at last she was becoming old news? She could only hope.

"Hey Casey-girl! How you doin'?"

It was Cassandra going past in the opposite direction holding her fist out. Casey was still uncertain where Cassandra stood in all of this. She did appear to be being unusually nice since the party on Friday night but you could never be certain with Cassandra. She returned the fist-bump just the same.

"I gotta get to class right now but maybe we get together sometime soon?" Cassandra asked.

"Um... ok. I guess. Sure..." Casey replied, still not sure about her.

"Ok, laters!"

"See ya'."

After that and through her next class it was 'situation normal - just another naked day in college' until she made her way to the cafeteria at lunchtime. She was almost there when she heard her name being called from behind her.

"Casey?"

"Yes?" Casey replied, turning to see a girl she knew was a fresher approaching her.

"Um... My name's Karen and I just wanted to thank you for what you're doing. You've changed my life."

"Oh?"

"I'm like you down there," she said with an embarrassed nod to Casey's crotch. "I thought there was something wrong with me until I saw you. I don't think I'd ever have the courage to become a nudist but I'm glad you did. If I hadn't seen there was someone else like me, and with no hang-ups about it, I probably would have gone my whole life without letting a boy see me or touch me. Now I feel like I'll be ok."

"Oh ok..."

Casey wasn't sure how to respond to that but she was quite moved by Karen's words. She had apparently changed a life, unintentionally sure, but that was probably the first positive thing that had come out of any of this. She knew how embarrassed she was about her own anatomy. How much comfort could it have been if she had known there was someone else just like her all along?

After they bid each other farewell, Casey started wondering how many more girls out there might have protruding inner labia and how many of them had the same hang-up about it.

Greg had some football stuff on at lunch so she got her meal and then sat down alone in the cafeteria and started Googling. What she read at first surprised her and then it made her angry.

She learnt that there were nine types of female genitalia and all except for two had visible labia minora in some form. The most common of all types had protruding or dangly bits just like hers! In fact, the LEAST common was the smooth "Barbie vagina", yet everyone regarded it as the normal one and what a woman "should" look like. Why was this so?

The first possibility was that prior to puberty most vaginas looked pretty much the same. Once puberty began, the labia minora started growing and changing shape, so by adulthood there were lots of different shapes and sizes, and they were all normal! The next problem was that few adult women ever got to see another adult woman's vulva, or at least enough to make an educated judgement. Men and boys were at a similar disadvantage.

What most people did get to see though was classic art and soft core porn, both of which had been shaped by the patriarchy. Greek statues and renaissance art never showed the vulva, not even so much as a crease, yet penises were literally everywhere. Female sexuality was considered too vulgar, too obscene. It needed to be hidden away and covered. Erased from existence. Yet male sexuality was displayed openly and proudly.

The trend continued into modern times where protruding labia was considered too graphic to pass the censor. The patriarchy had taken the natural female form and called it an obscenity! Soft core porn producers digitally altered vulvas to "heal them to a single crease" to get around the restrictions, so the "Barbie vagina" became the only vagina most people ever saw. Even women working in hard core porn were cast because they had such anatomies naturally, not to pass censorship restrictions, but because they looked like what it was considered a woman should look like. If they didn't, they soon went under the knife to make it so just so they could get the work.

The result of all that social conditioning was now every year thousands of girls around the world, some as young as fifteen, were having cosmetic surgery to trim their labia because of insecurities about what they thought their bodies should look like. It was mind-boggling.

Casey put her phone down and stared up at the wall with tears of rage in her eyes. The patriarchy had done this. They had tried to erase female sexuality. They had shamed and humiliated women into submission. They had taken natural female bodies and turned them into something obscene that should be hidden away, and all for the sake of fear and control. This shit just wouldn't do.

As she went to class she found herself walking angrily and unashamed. She had found a meaningful purpose to her nudity and it was an empowering one. She was even glad now that she had no pubic hair. "Let them see me," she decided. "Let them see all of me!"

She and women everywhere had been fooled by a fake belief system held up by centuries of ignorance, fear and hate. It was time that shit got turned around and the foolers became the fooled instead. If those motherfuckers were happy to pay money to see her then she was going to take every fucking cent they had and show them one "obscene" vagina they would only ever have in their dreams! For everyone else, well they got to see what a real woman looked like in all of her sensual, sexual glory.

Later as she practised her pussy stretching in front of Jolene again, she tried harder than she ever had before to get the baseball bat in and then burst into tears when she was once again unsuccessful.

"It's ok Casey," Jolene said trying to console her. "You'll get it one day. I know you will."

"Damn right I will," Casey thought to herself.

As she went to wash the baby oil off, she looked at herself in the bathroom mirror.

She looked at her breasts and squeezed them a little. Small as they were, they were hers and they were normal. Her nipples were normal, the shape was normal and they were exactly the size they were supposed to be. For her. She gave her nipples a gentle pinch and let her eyes travel down her body.

It was a good body, a fit body, and so far it had served her well. Perhaps Cassandra was right when she said she had nothing to be ashamed of?

She twisted around so she could see the butt-plug. She had a great ass and maybe the butt-plug looked kind of cute? She was starting to get used to it being there now she thought.

She took in her pussy. Sure the lack of public hair wasn't normal, but everything else she now knew was, so maybe her lack of pubic hair was a good thing? Maybe giving people the opportunity to see what women actually looked like under the hair was necessary? Maybe it was even sexy having no pubes and "beef curtains"? She took one in each hand and stretched them down. They could stretch a surprisingly long way. It gave her an idea.

She went to her bedroom and opened her closet to reveal the full length mirror inside the door. Then she hunted around in the box for the set of nipple clamps Jolene had recently bought for her but she was yet to use. Ahah! Found them! Then she attached one to each of her pussy lips and looked in the mirror. The weight of the chain pulled on them slightly which made them hang more than usual. It wasn't an unpleasant sensation either. What would more weight be like? What could she use? The gym!

She took the clamps off and went to the gym set Jolene had set up in in a spare room but almost never used. She gathered up a four small 1kg weight plates and took them back to her room, then threaded one onto the chain and clipped it back onto her pussy lips. Now they were really hanging, but could she take more?

She decided to find out and threaded the other three onto the chain. She rested the weights on her bed and squatted as she clipped the chain back on, and then stood up holding onto the chain with one hand. Then she slowly lowered it and let it go as her pussy lips took the weight. She could really feel it dragging on her now. She kept her legs apart and waddled around to face the mirror to see what it looked like. OMG! They were really long now, much longer than she would have ever expected. She moved her hips back and forth and watched as the mass swayed between her legs.

Then she looked up at her face. She was shocked as she took in her whole form. Naked, blonde and with weights attached to her labia. This was a different Casey. One she didn't know yet. She reached between her legs and put a finger into her vagina while looking straight into her own eyes. She made a few sex faces just to see what she looked like doing them and then realised she was getting quite wet. She started masturbating with increased vigour while letting the weights between her legs swing, all the while staring at her face in the mirror. As the orgasm came she forced herself to keep her eyes open so she could continue watching her face in the throes of ecstasy. It was a curious sensation, like she was making her reflection her bitch but also forcing herself to see her as she really was now.

Later she repeated the performance for the webcam but with the Lush inside her at the same time. There were a lot of tips.