**Cassadee's Coming of Age**

by[saltyboy69](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5672828&page=submissions)©

Cassadee's Coming of Age part 10  
  
*Saturday night*  
  
Cassadee's life flashed before her eyes. Growing up in small-town Pennsylvania with her parents and older brother. Playing with her best friend, Joey Harper. Being active in cheerleading and track. Taking dance lessons. Going to prom with Ben Davidson, the quarterback. Losing her virginity to Jeff Stewart, with his girlfriend's permission. Her Coming of Age party, where her life had changed forever—stripping and masturbating in front of hundreds of people. Going through her mentor ceremony, blindfolded and having sex with five men she didn't know. Discovering the identities of her mentors and sharing intimacy with them. Finding out that her brother was one—and learning to love him in new ways. Discovering and embracing her sexuality and making friends—the Chens, the Blaisures, Bethany Tate. And overcoming obstacles along the way—Dr. Spitelli's inappropriate bedside manner, being fucked by David Gleason, Frank Dawson's attempted blackmail...  
  
Frank Dawson lived next door to her with his mother. He was a year older than her, a high school dropout, who was usually up to no good. A couple weeks ago he had taken sexually explicit pictures of her in her backyard from his bedroom window and then tried to blackmail her into coming to his house, most likely for sex. She had had to rely on her mentor, Lester Camden, a town cop, to handle the situation. Frank had been pulled over, which subsequently led to his arrest for drugs. Lester had taken care of the pictures, destroying the sim card in Frank's phone.  
  
And now Cassadee found herself naked, in the back of a van, with Frank Dawson's hand around her mouth and his other arm around her chest, squishing her bare tits and pinning her arms against her sides.  
  
She had been walking home from a friend's house late at night, naked, and hadn't seen him before he grabbed her and pulled her into the van. Her heart was pounding out of her chest and she was screaming and thrashing in his grip. Through her terror, she tried to think logically. She didn't think he would kill her, but she didn't know for sure. She thought it was a good possibility that she would be raped, and her mind was already trying to prepare for the situation.  
  
"Shut up!" he whispered harshly.  
  
Cassadee tried to calm herself down. She stopped screaming and fighting, trying to avoid making him angry. It wouldn't make her situation better.  
  
"Stop for a second. I just need you to listen. I'm going to take my hand off your mouth. But if you scream, I might have to hit you. And I don't want to do that. I can't go back to jail. I never want to go back there."  
  
Cassadee nodded, terrified. He took his hand off her face and she opened her mouth to breathe. She had felt like she was suffocating, and it felt good to suck in air. "W-what do y-you want?" she asked, stuttering over her words.  
  
"I just want to talk, OK? I'm not going to do anything to you as long as you don't try something stupid. I'll even let go of you if you promise not to try to escape."  
  
Cassadee nodded again, feeling his hot breath on her neck. She felt his arm loosen and drop away from her body. She immediately crawled to the opposite wall of the van and turned to face him, covering her bare body as well as she could. Feeling vulnerable in your nakedness could be exciting, as it was earlier tonight in front of the Blaisures' guests. But feeling vulnerable because you were unsafe was a completely different thing. Her first instinct was to cover her nude body.  
  
"Look," Frank began. "I know I screwed up before with the pictures, OK? I'm a fuckup. And I have no interest in messing with the cop or your brother. I don't need the headaches."  
  
The cop that he was talking about was her mentor, Lester Camden, whom she had texted when Frank tried to blackmail her, which led to his arrest. And her brother had been on his way to kick Frank's ass when Lester intercepted him and took care of the situation.  
  
Cassadee said nothing, huddling in the corner and shaking.  
  
"I'm not going to hurt you. I wasn't serious when I said I might have to hit you. I just didn't want you to scream, OK? I just wanted to tell you I was sorry. And I won't do it again." His shoulders slumped and he appeared...deflated.  
  
"So...why didn't you just text me? You obviously have my number," she said shakily, finding her voice.  
  
"I just got out of jail this afternoon. My ma needed some stuff, so I went to the store for her. I was on my way home when I saw a naked girl walking down the street, and I couldn't believe it was you. I just acted impulsively, like I always fucking do. I thought that I would never get you alone where I could talk to you if you knew it was me. I wasn't thinking. Now I'm probably going to jail for kidnapping. Fuck!"  
  
He slammed his hand against the side of the van as he cursed. Cassadee jumped and curled into herself more tightly.  
  
"I-I w-won't say anyth-thing," she stuttered.  
  
Frank scowled as he rubbed his knuckles. "Yeah, right. It doesn't matter. Like I said, I'm a fuckup. I probably deserve anything that happens to me at this point."  
  
This wasn't turning out precisely as Cassadee had expected. She had expected rage. Hatred. Even violence. But not self-pity. She didn't quite know how to take this.  
  
"I'm serious," she said. "I won't say anything. Just don't hurt me and let me go. I won't tell anyone. Not my brother, and not Lester."  
  
"Who's Lester?" he asked.  
  
"The cop who arrested you," she replied.  
  
"Oh, great. You're on a first-name basis with him. Fuck me. My life is over."  
  
"It's not over. I just said I wouldn't tell."  
  
Frank stared at her, trying to judge if she was being truthful. "I told you I wouldn't hurt you. You don't have to look like a scared mouse."  
  
Was he serious? "Well, I just got abducted off a dark street and thrown into a van. You'll have to forgive me if I'm a little fucking freaked out." She stayed exactly where she was.  
  
Frank blew out a breath and rubbed a hand over his face. He looked exhausted—from lack of sleep, or just from life in general. "I'm sorry. For everything. For the pictures, my stupid attempt to get you to come over to my house, and for snatching you off the street."  
  
Cassadee was beginning to feel a little calmer. She didn't think he was going to hurt her at this point. It was time for her to reclaim some control over this situation.  
  
"Why did you want me to come over to your house?" she asked.  
  
He glanced at her and his eyes tried to see what she was covering up. "It doesn't matter," he said, looking away.  
  
Cassadee waited a beat, then sat up straight. She took her arm away from her chest, exposing her breasts. "Tell me," she said.  
  
Frank looked back at her and his eyes got big, darting nervously between her face and her tits. He licked his lips and said, "I just...I've always...kind of...liked you."  
  
"You liked me?" she asked incredulously. "So, why the fuck didn't you just say something? I'm an extremely approachable person."  
  
He looked toward the front of the van. "I should get the groceries back to ma."  
  
"No. Not good enough," she said loudly. She stood up suddenly and walked toward him. The roof of the van wasn't high enough for him to walk, but there was just enough clearance for her hair to brush the top. Frank flinched as she approached, thinking she was going to attack him. When she stopped a couple feet short of him, his eyes bounced down to her bare pussy, which was eye level to where he was kneeling, and back to her face. "All you had to do was ask. I probably would have entertained whatever idea you had. But you had to be a dick about it. Why?"  
  
Frank had his hands in front of him, protecting his face. He wasn't sure if she was going to strike him or not. He couldn't hold eye contact with her, either. Not with her pussy this close. He had fantasized about seeing her naked in person and he couldn't help himself. Still, she was expecting him to say something. "I-I don't know," he stammered. "I guess I never thought you would have anything to do with me."  
  
Cassadee studied him in the dim light that filtered into the back of the van from the streetlight. He wasn't a bad looking guy, if a little unkempt. He had dark hair that was a little shaggy around the ears. His black goatee gave him a somewhat sinister appearance, but his blue eyes were beautiful. His hands were stained with grease from working on cars, she supposed. His clothes weren't exactly the cleanest. And the van smelled like pot. He wasn't the type of guy that she would ever have fallen for.  
  
She recalled a thought that had popped into her head less than an hour ago at the Blaisures' house. She had asked herself how far she was prepared to take her new naked way of life. Could she expose herself to anyone who asked? Could she masturbate for anyone who wanted to watch? She was beginning to think that she could. Her inhibitions were quickly disappearing. She was even thinking of taking some human sexuality courses at college in the fall. Was this a test? Could she give this guy, who didn't deserve anything from her, something as a gesture of her willingness to live a carefree and sexual life?  
  
"Frank," she began. "From now on, I want you to be up front with me. If you have something to ask, just ask it. If you want to see me naked, just ask. If you want to watch me do something...just ask. I'm not a difficult person to get along with."  
  
Frank swallowed the lump in his throat as he listened to her words. Was she serious? "Uh, really?"  
  
"Really. Obviously, you are seeing me naked right now. Up close. Is there anything else you wanted?"  
  
He couldn't believe what she was saying. Was she really asking what he wanted from her? She seemed like she was being honest and upfront with him, so he figured he should do the same. He might never have another chance. "Uh...will you...uh...fuck me?" he asked nervously.  
  
Cassadee smiled stiffly and said, "No. I don't really want to touch you right now. I'm still a little scared and a lot pissed off. You need to get your groceries home to your mother. And I need to be home safe in my bed. Plus, you have some things to prove to me. If you make me feel like I can trust you, then we just might be able to take things step by step. First things first, I don't care if you watch me through your window. But don't take pictures or video, and don't even think about blackmailing me or uploading anything to the internet. If I find out you've done something like that, I will call in every favor I have, and that would not be good for you."  
  
Frank could see the seriousness in her eyes, and he nodded his acceptance of her terms.  
  
"So, for your first act of repentance, you can drive me home since you are going that way anyway. I no longer feel like I want to walk naked in the dark, thanks to you. Tomorrow morning, more than likely, I will be tanning naked in my backyard. I will text you. OK?"  
  
He nodded, not quite believing this turn of events. She was not only going to continue to tan naked, but she was going to text him to make sure he was watching. He quickly maneuvered into the driver's seat and started up the van. He looked at the passenger's seat. The groceries were piled on top. He leaned over and grabbed a bag.  
  
"Don't worry about it," she said. "I'll ride back here. Just take it easy so I don't get thrown around."  
  
"OK," he answered curtly. He pulled away from the curb slowly, and never let it get above 25 miles per hour. He took the next few corners carefully and then stopped, leaving the engine idling. "We're here," he said.  
  
Cassadee slid the side door open and saw that he wasn't in his driveway, as she expected. He was sitting in front of her house, waiting for her to get out. She smiled to herself at this thoughtful gesture. Climbing out, she shut the door. Then she walked in front of the van and over to the driver's door. Frank rolled down the window.  
  
"Thanks for the ride," she said.  
  
Frank just nodded and looked around, waiting for someone to pull him out of the van and beat him senseless.  
  
"I'll text you tomorrow," she said, then turned and ran up the walkway to her front door. She glanced back and saw that he had watched her run all the way to her front door before driving into his driveway thirty feet away.  
  
Cassadee walked through the door and made a beeline for the stairs. No one was up anyway. She walked straight to the bathroom and turned the shower water to hot. Slipping out of her sandals, she stood in the hot water, trembling, as her adrenaline crashed. The water was cold by the time she shut it off and she dried with a large, fluffy towel. She crawled into bed and thought of how much worse tonight could have gone. She would have to be more careful in the future. Being naked was so much fun. But naked women were far more vulnerable than she wanted to admit. It took her a long time to fall asleep.  
  
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Sunday  
  
Cassadee slept late the next morning. She came down to the kitchen and had breakfast after 10am, then returned upstairs to get a shower. Once she was done, she dried her hair and pulled it back into a ponytail. She didn't normally wear a ton of makeup, but she looked tired and washed out, so she put on a little eye liner and added some color to her cheeks. She grabbed a beach towel, sunglasses, tanning oil, and her phone, then walked naked into the back yard.  
  
Before she changed her mind, she sent a quick text to Frank Dawson, letting him know she was outside. She wasn't completely sure why. After thinking for half the night about what had happened, she had changed her mind half a dozen times about doing this today. She didn't owe him anything, that's for sure. But maybe she had prejudged him, thinking he was different from who he actually turned out to be. When she was pulled into the van, she thought she was going to be raped, or even killed. And when she found out the identity of her abductor, she was sure something bad was going to happen to her.  
  
But that hadn't happened. Not only was he apologetic about how he had treated her, but he seemed...vulnerable. He had admitted his attraction to her. In truth, Cassadee had a bleeding heart for underdogs and those whom society had deemed lost causes. Part of her wanted to find the good she knew was inside Frank Dawson. And as long as he was well-behaved, she couldn't see the harm in rewarding that good behavior.  
  
She turned a lawn chair, so it was facing the upstairs window of his house, then took her time spraying on tanning oil until her skin glistened in the sunlight. Taking her sunglasses off, she spread the towel on the lawn chair and lay down on it. She looked at his window, but it was dark inside, and she couldn't see anyone watching. She picked up her phone.  
  
Can you see me?  
  
Cassadee waited about 20 seconds before she got a response.  
  
Yes  
  
Are you in the upstairs window?  
  
Yes  
  
You aren't taking pictures, are you?  
  
No  
  
Promise?  
  
Yes  
  
Cassadee thought for a moment.  
  
Wave so I can see you.  
  
It took ten seconds before she saw a hand next to the glass window waving.  
  
Can you see me up close?  
  
Yes  
  
How? What are you looking through?  
  
Binoculars  
  
OK. He was watching through binoculars and texting her with his phone. So, if he was telling the truth, he wasn't taking pictures or recording her in any way.  
  
Thank you for not recording me. If you are honest with me, it will be much more rewarding. For both of us. :)  
  
She waited but didn't get a response.  
  
Do you like what you see?  
  
Of course  
  
Well, that was better than 'yes'. Maybe she was drawing him out of his shell.  
  
Cassadee stared at the window. She wished she could see him. She drew her knees up and let them fall outward, exposing her pussy.  
  
How about now?  
  
Holy fuck  
  
Cassadee smiled. She imagined that he could see her in pretty good detail with his binoculars.  
  
Is there anything you would like me to do?  
  
It took a minute for a reply to come across her screen.  
  
Suck on your toes?  
  
The response made Cassadee laugh out loud. It was the last thing she expected to read. It seemed that Frank Dawson had a foot fetish. Well, of all the things he could have asked her to do, it seemed fairly harmless, so she pulled her right foot toward her face and stuck her big toe in her mouth, sucking on it.  
  
Oh shit both at the same time?  
  
Cassadee set her phone down, grabbed her other foot, and stuck both big toes in her mouth. She knew this position had her pussy graphically spread. It was strange to be sucking on her toes, but she took good care of her feet. Her toenails were painted a bright pink. And she had just had a shower, so her feet didn't smell. They were almost totally clean, with the exception of walking on the patio to get to the lawn chair. She put one foot back down and grabbed her phone.  
  
Are you touching yourself?  
  
She got no response for at least a minute. Then her phone chimed with a text message.  
  
Yes  
  
The thought that he was masturbating turned her on, and she swiped a finger between her moist lower lips. Then she fired off another text.  
  
Mind if I do too?  
  
Hell no go for it  
  
Cassadee held her right foot to her face with her left hand, licking her sole from heel to toes. With her right hand, she began to masturbate, dragging wetness up to her clit. She stroked her pussy for a few minutes, working herself up. It felt so good to lie out in the open air in her back yard and play with herself. She glanced around but didn't see anyone else watching. Holding her foot started to become a distraction, so she let it go and opened her legs wide, fingering herself fast and hard.  
  
Thats fuckin hot  
  
She grabbed her phone again.  
  
Tell me when you are going to come.  
  
No response. Cassadee began moaning as she rubbed her clit. It felt so good. She was getting close, so she texted him.  
  
I'm going to come. Watch closely.  
  
She pulled her pussy open with the fingers of her left hand as she stroked herself with her right. Her juices were flowing, and the squelching noises were loud in the quiet backyard. She glanced around again, checking for watchers. She couldn't see over her shoulder without turning completely around, but she was distracted at this point and didn't really care who might be watching. She finger-fucked herself quickly, drawing a loud moan out of her throat.  
  
As the orgasm crashed into her, she thrust her pelvis outward, splaying her sex open for him to see. A small squirt of pussy juice launched from inside of her, followed by white cream, which ran down between her ass cheeks. The contractions inside had her legs trembling and her abdomen flexing. Her eyes squeezed shut of their own accord, and she moaned loudly. Cassadee was addicted to orgasms. She could spend her entire day doing nothing but making herself come. And it was even better when she knew someone was watching. As she lay there breathing heavily and recovering, her phone chimed.

Cumming  
  
She fired off a quick text.  
  
Show me.  
  
As she squinted at the window, she thought she saw quick movement, followed by something squirting on the glass. Cassadee smiled and texted.  
  
That's hot.  
  
It took another minute for a response to come through.  
  
You are the hottest thing I ever seen  
  
She smiled up at the window and twiddled her fingers. A hand waved back. Maybe she could keep this whole thing with Frank Dawson under control after all. She told him she was going to lay there and tan for a while, and if he promised to abide by her wishes about recording her, he could watch as long as he liked. After about a half hour she got a text. It was a picture. She opened it and her heart shot up into her throat. Did he take a picture of her? And was he stupid enough to send it to her?  
  
Cassadee opened the photo and saw herself naked, posed on a big rock and masturbating. The picture quality was amazing. It was the most beautiful picture of herself she had ever seen. A text followed.  
  
Pictures turned out better than expected. Stop by and see them. Lawrence xxoo  
  
Cassadee smiled to herself. It was from Lawrence Dalton, the older photographer she had posed for the other day. Her heart raced with excitement as she thought about all the naked pictures he must have of her. Probably hundreds. The irony wasn't lost on her. Here she was, terrified that Frank Dawson would take a picture of her naked, and then giddy about seeing the hundreds of photos at Lawrence Dalton's house. It really all boiled down to trust.  
  
Cassadee jumped up and gathered her stuff, waving at the window and seeing a wave in response. She headed inside and pulled her running shoes on, then shot out the front door and ran the few blocks to Lawrence's house.  
  
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"These are absolutely beautiful, Lawrence!" she exclaimed happily. Cassadee had never even thought of modeling before, but these pictures looked like something from a magazine. Some of them could have been in Vogue or Cosmopolitan. Others, maybe Penthouse or something. But they were all so exquisite.  
  
Lawrence scrolled through picture after picture, smiling as he went. He was happy. The last time Cassadee had seen him, which had been the first time they had met, he seemed...lost. After talking with him for a while, she had discovered that he was a photographer and a widower. His wife's pictures were all over the house. She had been a beautiful woman. But she had died a few years prior, and his love of photography had just dried up. And after an impromptu photoshoot with Cassadee, it seemed that he had discovered his first love again.  
  
As she sat in a chair next to Lawrence at his computer desk, Cassadee glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. He was a very handsome, distinguished-looking older gentleman. He kind of reminded her of 'The Most Interesting Man in the World' from that beer commercial. His hair and beard were gray, his skin ruddy, like he had spent a lot of time in the sun, and his build impressive for a man of his age. He had a barrel chest and muscular arms and legs. Judging by the photos of his wife all around the house, she was something exotic, with an olive complexion and black hair. Cassadee guessed that she must have been Italian or Hispanic. Or maybe even from some island chain in the South Pacific.  
  
"Honestly, Cassadee," he rumbled in his gravelly voice, "a few of these are gallery-worthy. I wanted to talk to you about showing these to my agent in New York and possibly selling a couple at a gallery show. Obviously, they won't go anywhere without your permission. But these turned out extraordinary. And I'm pretty sure I could sell a couple of them for big bucks. What do you think?"  
  
Cassadee's face became a mask of seriousness. When she had posed for him, it was with the understanding that the photos wouldn't leave his house. But now he was talking about putting nude photos of her in an art gallery in New York City, and selling them to strangers, who would probably hang them in their houses. Could she live with the thought of strangers having naked pictures of her hanging on their walls? Or possibly even pictures of her masturbating? The thought turned her cheeks scarlet. How would it impact her future? Obviously, she wasn't running for public office or anything. But could something like that affect her future job prospects?  
  
She had originally been thinking about going into business or finance in college. But lately, the idea of a career in human sexuality had been on her mind. Maybe a sex therapist? She could imagine herself as a celebrity sex therapist, like Dr. Ruth Westheimer, only younger...and hotter. Maybe she would make the rounds on talk shows, speaking about sexuality and sharing her openness with the entire world. In that case, she didn't think pictures like this would hurt her at all. They might actually increase her popularity. But, if that career path didn't work out and she went into something much more conservative, how would the photos be perceived? After thinking on it for a few minutes she arrived at a decision.  
  
"I think..." she began. She paused for another moment, solidifying the decision in her mind. "I think you should do it," she said seriously.  
  
"Seriously? You don't mind? Obviously, I would pay you. Since I never had you sign a model release, I would consider giving you...say...20 percent of the sale price on any photo that sells?"  
  
"That would be fine," Cassadee said, smiling. Maybe she could make a few hundred bucks from it over the summer.  
  
"OK, this is wonderful! Thank you, so much! Now, let me ask you something. Normally, to round out a studio showing, I should have more than just the one sitting. Would you be willing to pose for me a few more times?"  
  
Cassadee was caught off guard. "You want to take more nude pictures of me?" she asked.  
  
"That would be ideal," he nodded. "We could get some in different places around the house, as well as some more outdoors. And we should do some of you clothed too, in different stages of undress. Is this something you would have time for? We could make a lot of money with these, you know."  
  
Cassadee suddenly felt very naked sitting next to him in nothing but her running shoes. "How much money?" she asked nervously.  
  
"Well, probably anywhere from four to six thousand per photograph. If we sell twenty signed original prints at an art show, well, they could fetch a total of $100,000. Your twenty percent cut could be as much as $20,000."  
  
Cassadee's eyes bugged out of her head. "What???" What kind of photographer was he? Was he famous? She had no idea that they would fetch that much money.  
  
He nodded. "That's the high end, so it might not be quite that much, but that's a pretty good guess."  
  
"OK, I'll do it. I'll pose any way you want!" she said enthusiastically.  
  
Lawrence laughed and clapped his hand on her bare back. "That's my girl."  
  
They made a plan for her to come over on Wednesday. He wanted to take her out for some outdoor photoshoots and asked her how she would feel about being nude around different parts of town. Cassadee tentatively agreed and told him she would be there. Lawrence walked her to the door, and they said their goodbyes.  
  
As Cassadee walked home, an idea began to form in her head. Lawrence had asked her to shoot naked pictures in different places around town. And she had already talked to the mayor about the legality of being naked anywhere in the county. She wondered if she could talk to the business council and get them on board, just like the mayor was. If she could get the businesses in town to agree to be nude-friendly, then it was a realistic possibility that she could get away with not wearing clothes all summer. Could it be done? She was determined to find out.  
  
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Monday  
  
Cassadee began making calls first thing Monday morning. She called the mayor's office, and was put through to the man himself, Jack Burnside. She explained her idea to him, asking for his advice on the best way to approach the business council. He recommended speaking to Carole Slater, who chaired the council. Mayor Burnside asked her to wait for him to call her back after he had a chance to talk to Carole.  
  
Within an hour the mayor called her back. He said everything should be smoothed over with Carole, and suggested Cassadee give her a call. Cassadee did just that and got Carole on the phone.  
  
"Hello, Miss Ellison," Carole said in greeting. "The mayor explained your wishes to me. Let me just make sure we are on the same page. You wish to spend the entire summer completely nude and it is your desire that the businesses in and around our lovely town accommodate you in that endeavor. Am I correct?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am. I researched the laws at the courthouse myself, and after confirming with the mayor, it is indeed legal in this town and the surrounding county to be nude in public. That includes all city and county buildings. It doesn't include federal or state, unfortunately, but I shouldn't have to go in those buildings for the summer. However, if I can't go in any public businesses, then it would be quite confining for me to spend the summer without clothing. I wouldn't be able to go out to eat or shop for groceries or anything else. If the local businesses would agree to go along with this idea, then it would make my summer much more enjoyable." Cassadee crossed her fingers that Ms. Slater would be receptive to the idea.  
  
"May I ask why?" Carole asked.  
  
"Why?" Cassadee asked in response.  
  
"Yes. Why? Why do you want to walk around town naked for the entire summer? What is the point?"  
  
Cassadee paused. "Umm, well..." she began. "I guess I've done a lot of growing since my Coming of Age party over a month ago. I've embraced my womanhood, including my sexuality. I would love to explore those aspects of myself further. I guess I figured that, since it is already legal here, why not go all the way? Why not ask the local businesses if they would be receptive to my...experiment, for lack of a better word? Plus, it's extremely enjoyable to me. I like feeling free with my body, and not having to be confined by clothing. And I like people to see me—all of me—for who I am. I plan on opening myself up to my friends and neighbors on all levels—intellectually, emotionally, and physically. And maybe I will be able to inspire other women or men who may feel the same but have been chained by societal norms and their own inhibitions."  
  
Carole listened patiently as Cassadee made her pitch. After Cassadee was done, Carole said, "Hmm. I will take this to the council for discussion. If a majority of the council members are on board with this idea, then I will make some calls. If I can get some of the key businesses in our area to agree to this, I think the others will follow suit."  
  
"Oh, that's wonderful!" Cassadee said excitedly. "Thank you so much! Do you know how long this process will take?"  
  
"The council meets this Wednesday night. I will put the idea forward and we will take a vote. I have to warn you that a number of the nine council members are quite conservative. It might behoove you to attend the council meeting in person. And if you are serious about this, I would be prepared to be naked if it becomes necessary to more vividly explain your position."  
  
"Oh. OK. I can do that," Cassadee replied. Could she really? Could she attend a business council meeting in the nude?  
  
"Very well. I suggest you be at the council building at 7pm sharp on Wednesday night. I'll see you then, Miss Ellison."  
  
"Thank you, ma'am. I will be there."  
  
After they hung up, Cassadee experienced a bout of nerves. In two days, she was going to have to speak at a meeting of the business council, which was nerve-wracking enough. But she might also have to get nude in front of the council. Not only the council, but also in front of all the attendees. She wondered how many attendees there might be.  
  
Cassadee needed to take her mind off this, so she went upstairs and knocked lightly on her brother's door. She didn't hear anything, so she opened the door quietly. He was still sleeping. She shut the door behind her and crept quietly over to the edge of his bed. Pulling the sheet down, she saw he was naked. She licked her lips and decided to go for it. She needed sex. Mindless, primal sex. She straddled him with her pussy covering his flaccid penis. Leaning over, she whispered in his ear.  
  
"Greg, wake up."  
  
Her brother stirred, peered at her through sleepy eyes, and tried to push her away.  
  
"Greg. I need you to fuck me. Right now."  
  
At that, Greg opened his eyes wide and looked at her, finally with recognition. He smiled and grabbed her by the hips. Cassadee stroked his dick, massaging it against her wet pussy to get him erect. He began moving his hips to match hers. Finally, he was hard, and Cassadee lifted up high enough to guide him inside. As she sat down on his length, she pinched her nipples and moaned out loud. She leaned forward and began to ride him.  
  
After a few minutes of exquisite genital stimulation, Greg stopped her and said, "Turn around."  
  
Cassadee lifted herself off his dick and turned around, straddling him again. Greg grabbed her ass cheeks and groaned as she sat down on him. This felt different. It was hitting things at a different angle. Greg controlled his thrusts as he moved her ass up and down on his cock. He must have had a fantastic view in that position, Cassadee thought. He could probably see the penetration, as well as her pink little rosebud. She reached back and touched his wet dick where it slid in and out of her. It felt so good.  
  
She was working her way toward a wonderful orgasm when Greg suddenly grabbed her hips and pulled her all the way down against him. He bucked as he came inside her pussy. Shit! She hadn't come yet. Greg moaned and rocked as he filled her with his semen. Cassadee moved her hips and wiggled around on his dick, hoping to prolong his erection, but he was softening despite all her effort. Cassadee whined as she realized he was slipping out of her.  
  
Greg grabbed her around the waist and tossed her backwards onto his bed. He crawled between her legs and pushed two fingers deep inside her pussy. Curling them upward, he began to stroke her G-spot hard and fast. It sloshed and squished as he masturbated her roughly.  
  
Cassadee began moaning immediately. What he was doing caused her legs to shake violently. She grimaced as she felt a pressure build deep within her pelvis. The feeling was far too intense, so she grabbed his wrist to slow him down, but he ignored her hand and went even faster and harder. Her moans turned into screams as she felt the dam burst inside.  
  
Cassadee's pussy began to spray like a burst pipe. She soaked Greg's hand, his chest and face, and his bed. Her contractions came fast and hard, like a fist was squeezing her vaginal muscles from the inside. A ululating scream left her throat as her entire body went into convulsions.  
  
Greg withdrew his fingers as she jerked and spasmed. Her face and chest were beet-red, and her eyes were forced shut. Her breathing was quick and shallow. She turned to her side and pulled her legs up into the fetal position, curling in on herself. It took an entire minute for her spasms to subside. Finally, she lay there sweating and moaning under her breath.  
  
Greg licked her fluids off his hand. He loved the taste of her. Gently prying her legs apart, he coaxed her onto her back. He leaned down to her pussy, smelling her strong, heady musk, and massaged her entire vulva with his tongue, cleaning up her juices and licking every part of her sex, tasting his own cum. He took his time, working his tongue between her lips and inside her opening. As he slowly licked her, her body responded, releasing a small amount of warm fluid, along with a drop of white discharge. He swallowed it all, as he continued eating her pussy.  
  
Cassadee had finally come down from that earth-shattering orgasm and began working toward another as Greg went down on her. His tongue felt amazing. He was taking his time and warming her up without attacking her pussy too intensely. As he worked his way around her clit, his tongue brushed it gently and she jerked slightly. He continued to eat her out like a pro.  
  
As Cassadee's legs relaxed and opened even farther, Greg began a slow, gentle, suction on her clit. His tongue brushed it up and down as he sucked—a light flicking at first, followed by more aggressive swipes as her body responded. Before long, Cassadee was moaning with her hand on the back of his head, holding his face between her legs. He increased the suction, strumming her clit hard with the tip of his tongue. She began to shake again, her nails digging into his scalp as she gripped a handful of hair. Finally, she came, her legs clamping onto the sides of his head and bucking up and down. The orgasm wasn't nearly as intense as the last one, but it seemed like it was deep and extended, as if someone were dragging it slowly out of her body with a rope. She moaned loudly as he coaxed every last convulsion out of her orgasm. Totally spent, she melted into his sheets, her sweaty cheek resting against the coolness of his pillow.  
  
Greg lay down and spooned her from behind until they both fell back to sleep.  
  
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Cassadee spent the rest of Monday relaxing around the house. The mail arrived after 3pm and her mother delivered a package with her name on it to her in the backyard. She sat up on the deck chair and opened the package. It was a brand-new Hitachi vibrator. Cassadee's eyes grew big as she read the accompanying note.  
  
Just a little something to practice with. Don't use it too often or you will desensitize yourself. Until we meet again. - Dr. S  
  
Oh, wow. Dr. Spitelli had sent her a vibrator. She quickly opened the manufacturer's packaging and pulled it out. There was no electrical outlet within reach of the deck chair on the back patio, so she took it upstairs to her bedroom. She plugged it in and laid down in her bed. Turning it on, she held it against her hand. Holy fuck! It was strong! No wonder he had been able to torture her with one of these the other day at his house.  
  
She placed it on a lower setting and spread her legs. She touched it against her clit and jumped a foot off the bed. It was intense! Adjusting it to the lowest speed enabled her to make contact with her labia, and she worked her way around her pussy, getting used to the strong vibrations. Finally, she was able to hold it directly against her clit for a couple seconds at a time before she had to pull it away. Each time she did, it rocketed her closer to an orgasm. Within a minute she was there.  
  
She tried to keep it on her clit for as long as possible as it pushed her over the edge. She could feel her vaginal muscles contract sharply like there was an electric current running through her sex. Crying out, she let the vibrations do their thing, as the orgasm sparked through her body. Afterwards, she shut off the vibrator and lay there panting. She couldn't ever remember coming so quickly.  
  
Cassadee walked to the bathroom and cleaned it off, then stuck it in her underwear drawer, thinking to herself that she would definitely be having a lot of fun with it in the near future. She would have to make a trip out to Dr. Spitelli's house soon to thank him in person, although she wasn't sure she was quite ready for another visit just yet. The thought of it was as scary as it was erotic.  
  
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Wednesday  
  
Cassadee hadn't done much on Tuesday except worry about today. She was going to be posing nude for Lawrence. That wouldn't have been a big deal if it were going to be at his house like the previous photoshoot. But he wanted to shoot her in different locations around town. She hadn't yet gone outside of her neighborhood on her naked runs. Going downtown ran the risk of serious exposure.

That brought her to the other thing happening tonight. The business council meeting. She was going to have to speak to the council, and possibly back up her request for nude acceptance in public businesses by being nude at the meeting. If she got permission tonight from the business council, she would be able to spend the entire summer nude. What was she thinking? Was she brave enough for this?  
  
After showering and fixing her hair and makeup, Cassadee had lunch with her mom. Then she slipped on some sandals and walked over to Lawrence's house, which was only a few blocks away. Along the way, about seven cars and numerous bystanders took notice of her. Some honked or whistled, while others just waved or winked. This was, by far, the most attention she had ever gotten on a naked walk. Was this a taste of how her day was going to go?  
  
By the time she walked through Lawrence's door, her cheeks were pink, and her heart was beating fast. The attention was flattering but it was nerve-wracking as well. Lawrence offered her a shot of tequila to calm her nerves, which she gratefully accepted. Before they got in his car, she downed a second one.  
  
He drove them to a local park and shut off the engine. Cassadee was a little buzzed, but she was feeling much more at ease about the photoshoot. Lawrence walked around to the trunk to grab his camera and equipment, and she climbed out and stood by the car. It was the first time she had ever been to the park without clothing.  
  
They walked to a large oak tree that had branches close enough to the ground for Cassadee to climb up. Lawrence had her lie on a branch with her arm and leg hanging over the side like a lounging lion. After snapping some photos, he had her assume numerous poses. In one pose, she was standing on two separate branches with her legs spread wide apart between. Her whole pussy was splayed out for the small group of spectators that had gathered there. People asked why they were taking pictures like that, but everyone was respectful.  
  
Moving on to some playground equipment, after checking to make sure there were no kids there, Lawrence took numerous photos in varying poses on everything from the monkey bars to the slide, and finally the swing. Many more people saw every intimate part of Cassadee's body. After he was done at the park, Lawrence drove her to a fountain with a statue in the middle, right in the center of town.  
  
He had her splash around in the water and climb on the statue as he shot photo after photo. Cars and pedestrians alike stopped in their tracks to watch the nude girl frolicking in the fountain. A few times, when she noticed how many people were looking at her, she almost covered herself with her hands. Being nude in front of hundreds of people at her Coming of Age party was different because it was in a strip club. But having dozens of people stop to stare at her naked breasts, pussy and ass in the middle of town was something else entirely. She felt far more exposed here than she did at her party. But this was what she said she had wanted—the freedom to go without clothes. It was legal, and she even had the mayor's blessing. Tonight would determine if the business council felt the same way.  
  
After Lawrence was finished shooting at the fountain, he drove her a couple blocks away to the courthouse. He took pictures of her posing on the steps, and some more of her lounging on one of the stone lion statues in front. More people stopped to watch, and even take pictures on their phones. Cassadee started to panic when she saw that, but Lawrence calmed her down by reminding her that if she intended to spend the summer nude, she was going to have to get used to people taking her picture. She couldn't expect to walk around naked and not have her picture taken. It was an unreasonable expectation. Cassadee realized he was right, and when she came to terms with it in her mind, it was like a weight had lifted off her shoulders. Strangers would have pictures of her naked body. And some of them might even upload them to the internet. There was nothing she could do about it, so she might as well embrace it.  
  
A man with a camera hanging around his neck walked up to Lawrence and said something to him. Lawrence nodded and waved for Cassadee to approach them.  
  
"Cass, this is Jeremy Beckham. He's a newspaper reporter who works for the Daily Sentinel," Lawrence said as he introduced them to each other.  
  
Jeremy shook Cassadee's hand and asked, "Why are you taking nude photos in town? I received a call from someone saying you were at the fountain, but when I got there you were gone. Is this some kind of publicity stunt?"  
  
"I'm a photographer," Lawrence said, "and I wanted to get some photos of Cassadee in different locations around town. Not many people know this, but public nudity is legal here, and Cassadee is a brave and willing young woman who has allowed me to shoot her for a photography exhibition in New York."  
  
"So, you don't mind people seeing your naked body?" he asked Cassadee.  
  
"Actually, I'm getting more and more comfortable with it," she replied. "Since my Coming of Age party about a month ago, I've experimented with public nudity. After confirming that it was legal here, I got the mayor's blessing to be nude anywhere in town, including inside township buildings. The nudity laws extend throughout the entire county, actually. And tonight, if I can get the business council's approval, I will hopefully be allowed to enter any business in town without clothing."  
  
"You're going to the council meeting tonight?" he asked.  
  
"Yes. I'll be speaking...and possibly taking my clothes off, if necessary."  
  
Jeremy's eyes widened. "Wow. OK. Do you mind if I shoot a couple pictures of you two for the paper? Of course, any private parts will be blocked out."  
  
Both Cassadee and Lawrence shook their heads, saying they didn't mind. Jeremy shot a picture of Lawrence taking a photo of Cassadee. Then he shot a couple "behind-the-scenes" photos of Cassadee by herself in different poses, staying out of Lawrence's way as he worked. After he was done, he asked to take a photo of the two of them standing side by side and smiling. Jeremy said goodbye and told Cassadee that he would see her at the council meeting tonight.  
  
Lawrence was satisfied with the number and variety of pictures he had taken, so he drove her back to his house and began to transfer the files to his computer. They looked through a few and, as usual, Cassadee was blown away by his talent. Again, the pictures looked like they should be in a magazine. Lawrence thanked her for her time and said that he would be up late working on them. Cassadee hugged him and left for home.  
  
The people she passed on the way home didn't faze her. She smiled and waved, not feeling the least bit embarrassed by her nudity. As a matter of fact, she was loving it. She stopped to pet a dog that was being walked by an older woman in a jogging suit. The woman asked her the usual questions about why she was naked, but after hearing Cassadee's explanation, and seeing how confident she was, the woman smiled and complimented her on her beauty and her bravery. She even said that if she were forty years younger, she might have joined her. Cassadee left feeling on top of the world.  
  
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At 6:50 pm, Cassadee pulled into the parking lot of the council building. She was dressed in a white blouse, a navy-blue skirt that went to her knees, and heels. She had made sure that her hair and makeup looked professional. As she sat there in the car for a few minutes, her hands shook. Speaking in front of the council was more intimidating than the thought of taking her clothes off in front of them. A couple minutes before 7pm, she entered the building and took a seat near the front. It seated about a hundred people, and it was almost packed. As she looked around, she noticed many people she knew, including the mayor. She smiled and waved at him and he returned the greeting. Jeremy Beckham, the reporter, walked in and sat on the opposite side.  
  
At 7:02 the meeting was called to order by Carole Slater. The minutes were read and then she brought up the first order of business. It had to do with a rash of vandalism that had affected numerous downtown businesses. It seemed that petty crime wasn't limited to the big cities.  
  
There were several more issues to be dealt with as Cassadee listened attentively and waited patiently. At around 7:45 Carole brought forth the last piece of business of the night.  
  
"It has been brought to my attention recently that public nudity is legal in this town and surrounding county," she said. Numerous attendees, along with a couple members of the council, gasped scandalously.  
  
"A young woman has expressed her intention to explore her freedoms under the law and has already received the blessing of the mayor, giving her permission to be nude in any and all public buildings."  
  
This brought more gasps and looks around the room. Some people were shocked and scandalized, while others were giggling under their hands.  
  
"This young woman has approached me, seeking the support of the business council to include all public businesses in her nude endeavors."  
  
"Who is this woman?" asked councilwoman Riley Mason, owner of a wedding boutique in downtown.  
  
Carole glanced over at Cassadee and asked, "Miss Ellison, would you please approach the podium?"  
  
Cassadee was a bundle of nerves as she shakily took her position at the podium.  
  
"Please explain your request to the council, Miss Ellison," Carole said.  
  
"OK. Umm, thank you Councilwoman Slater. For those of you who don't know me, my name is Cassadee Ellison. I just graduated with this year's high school graduates and have plans to further my education at Clearwater University in Florida."  
  
She looked around the room and saw that everyone's attention was focused on her. Many were smiling with wide eyes, trying to process the fact that the young lady standing at the podium actually wanted permission to be naked in public, and to patronize local businesses while wearing nothing.  
  
"In the meantime," Cassadee continued, "I will be spending the summer here, in my hometown. Two months ago I turned eighteen, and I had my Coming of Age party about a month ago. As most of you know, a girl's Coming of Age party is a turning point in her life. It was for me, that's for sure. I had my party at Defloration, the strip club, and I took my clothes off and danced in front of hundreds of attendees, some of whom are here in this room. I even did a masturbation show, having an orgasm in front of all of those people."  
  
There were murmurs around the room. Some people smiled and nodded, having attended that special night. Others seemed embarrassed for her, their faces turning red and their mouths hanging open in shock.  
  
"I had been extremely nervous beforehand, but it turned out to be one of the best days of my life. I had so much fun. And in the weeks that followed, I realized that I missed it. I liked taking my clothes off in front of people. I wanted them to see my naked body. And most other people seemed to like looking at it too."  
  
Cassadee spoke directly to the councilmen and women, whose reactions were reflective of the audience in general—some were listening attentively with an open mind, while others seemed scandalized. Cassadee made sure to make eye contact with the ones who seemed less than enthusiastic.  
  
"I did some research at the courthouse, searching out the specific laws that governed public nudity in our town and county. It is indeed legal here. Not just toplessness, but full nudity. Any one of the people in this room could walk outside and take all of their clothing off, and there is nothing that could be done about it. The police can't arrest you for it. Furthermore, Mayor Burnside confirmed this, going so far as to say that it would be permissible to be nude in any township or county public building—including this one."  
  
The noise in the room suddenly increased, people talking among themselves. Carole had to call the room to order.  
  
"Cassadee, please tell us why this is important to you," Carole prompted.  
  
"Well," she began thoughtfully, "we live in a day and age where women are encouraged to be independent, free thinkers—but only to a point. There is a fine line between a female being considered a feminist or a slut. I'm not exactly sure where I stand on the issue of feminism, but I do know that if public nudity is legal, and if I, as a strong, independent woman, wish to engage in this legal activity, there should be nothing wrong with it. No one should look down on me or shame me for it. If I'm comfortable enough in my own body to allow the world to look at me—the real me, the way I was born—then why should anyone care to obstruct me from doing so?"  
  
This was it. Cassadee needed to make her pitch to them, and hopefully they would see things her way.  
  
"I fully intend to spend the entire summer completely naked, except for shoes. What I'm wearing right now will be the last clothing that will cover my body until I leave for college in approximately three months. I am a runner, so I will be running around town without clothes. I will be driving around town nude in my car. I may go to the park naked. I would like to have permission from all of the local businesses to engage in my right to be nude inside their establishments, whether they be department stores, boutiques, restaurants, etc. It will be extremely challenging to spend my summer naked if I can't go anywhere or do anything. I'm asking the council to encourage local businesses to be open to allowing me entry to their buildings without the societal rules concerning clothing."  
  
The council members shared looks between them—some encouraging, some not. Carole cleared her throat.  
  
"Cassadee, if you intend to spend the summer naked, then I think you should be willing to prove your intent to the council and the attendees of this meeting. Since it is legal for you to be nude in this building, I think you should put your money where your mouth is. You say that you enjoy being naked in front of people. How do we know you are serious, unless you are willing to show us exactly what you intend?"  
  
"Of course, Councilwoman Slater," Cassadee said.  
  
This was the pivotal moment. If this was what she needed to do to convince the council that she was serious, then she would gladly do it. She saw that some of the council members looked less than happy. But others, including Riley Mason, looked more accepting and encouraging.  
  
Cassadee stepped out from behind the podium, so that the council members could see her. She began unbuttoning her blouse. After she had undone most of the buttons, she untucked it from the waistband of her skirt and popped the last button. She opened the shirt and slipped her arms out, laying it on the podium. Her pushup bra barely covered the tops of her areolae. Standing in front of the council in her bra, she could feel her nipples stiffen under the lacy material.  
  
Next, she unzipped her skirt in the back. It took no time at all, and the skirt fell loosely off her hips, exposing the back of her thong and her bare ass cheeks to the crowd behind her. She heard the murmurs of the audience as she stepped out of the skirt and laid it on the podium with the shirt. She was now dressed in only a bra, a thong, and heels. A couple male council members averted their eyes, looking at the paperwork in front of them.  
  
This was it. This was the moment her public nudity journey began. And there was no use in being embarrassed or nervous because she had declared her intention to everyone, and she needed to prove that she was serious.  
  
Cassadee quickly unlatched the clasp between her bra cups and pulled her arms out of the straps. The bra quickly joined her other clothing. The air felt cool on her nipples, which were extremely erect. Moving her thumbs inside the waistband of her thong, she confidently pushed it down over her hips and thighs, stepping out of it carefully, so her heels wouldn't catch. She balled it up and pushed it into her pile of clothing, which she moved to the side of the podium. Then she spread her arms to the sides so the council members could see all of her. She turned around, showing them her bare ass and, in the process, gave the audience their first full-frontal view of her breasts and pussy.  
  
Stepping behind the podium, Cassadee spoke into the microphone. "I'm now completely nude. This is me. This is the body that I was blessed with. I'm not ashamed of it, and I don't mind anyone seeing me like this. I won't be offended if people stare. I'm comfortable and I intend to spend the entire summer naked. I would ask you to please allow me entry into the businesses in this town, so that I can live my life fully this summer without restrictions on where I can go."  
  
Carole cleared her throat again. "Thank you, Miss Ellison. Thank you for your bravery in breaking down barriers and defying societal norms. And thank you for your thoughtful and well-worded appeal. I am going to put it to a vote. All those of the council in favor of encouraging local businesses to allow entry to persons regardless of their state of dress, or undress, please say 'yea'.  
  
Five council members answered in the affirmative.  
  
"All those opposed, say 'nay'."  
  
Four council members opposed the motion.  
  
"The 'yeas' have it. The motion is passed," Carole said with a smile. The audience erupted into applause, whooping and hollering. Cassadee smiled from ear to ear.  
  
"Miss Ellison," Carole continued, "this means that we will promote and encourage your ideas of public nudity to the local businesses. Ultimately, the decision to allow entry still rests with each individual business. But I believe that our local business owners, and our local public for that matter, are open-minded enough to see that there would be no harm in granting you access. I think we can have some placards or stickers made," she said glancing at one of the council members to her left, who nodded his agreement, "that each business can place in their window to allow people to know whether or not they are a 'nudity-friendly' establishment. I think the publicity from this will encourage most places of business to go along with this campaign. But this is a free country, and we can't force a business to allow you entry if you are nude. Do you understand?"  
  
"I do, Councilwoman Slater. And thank you very much." Cassadee turned to look at the audience who again applauded for her.  
  
"Go ahead and take your seat, Miss Ellison," she said as she finished the meeting.  
  
Cassadee placed her clothing under her bare butt. She suddenly realized that being nude for the summer was going to take a little planning and preparation. She would need to carry a clean towel every day to sit on, in order to keep good hygiene. She would also need a large purse, or a bag to carry the towel, along with moist towelettes for wiping when she had to go to the bathroom. She didn't want to smell bad or have any unseemly residue anywhere. And her period was going to be challenging. She would need to have tampons with her at all times, and she would have to change them often. She also didn't want to walk around with blood running down her legs. It was going to be a challenge, but she was more than up for it.  
  
Once the meeting was adjourned, Carole Slater walked up to her and shook her hand.  
  
"Congratulations, Cassadee. I'm very impressed with how you handled yourself tonight. I'm afraid it won't be as easy as you might think it will, being nude everywhere around here for the summer. There are plenty of conservative people, just like some of the council members. I'm afraid every business won't be receptive, but I'm pretty sure most will."  
  
Jeremy Beckham walked up and said, "Can I get a picture of you two?"  
  
Carole grasped Cassadee's hand in a handshake, and they stood side by side, posing for the picture.

"Great! I will be submitting a story for tomorrow's newspaper. It will be completely favorable, of course, so it should be great publicity."  
  
Cassadee thanked him and then spent the next thirty minutes meeting and greeting audience members who wanted to introduce themselves, or to congratulate her on her bravery. Many of them ogled her breasts and pussy as they talked to her, which made her heart beat more quickly, but she figured she would have to get used to it. Many asked for selfies with her as well, which she nervously posed for, realizing there would forever be images of her nudity out there in the world. The idea that naked images existed, and there was nothing she could do about it, actually brought a sense of calm to her. This was just her life now. There was no use in being uptight about it. People were going to take pictures of her nude body and some were probably going to post them on the internet, or even use them to pleasure themselves. It was what it was. Acceptance was freeing.  
  
Cassadee drove home after the meeting and joined her family in the living room. Her dad paused their show and asked her how it went.  
  
"It was amazing," she responded. "I took all my clothes off in front of everybody. And I intend to remain this way until I go to college. No more clothing for me for the entire summer!"  
  
Her parents congratulated her and told her they were proud of her for living out her beliefs. She thanked them, and then asked her mom to speak in private. Kathleen followed her upstairs and into Cassadee's room. She shut the door behind her. They sat together on her bed.  
  
"Mom, I just wanted to say...thank you."  
  
"For what?" Kathleen asked, genuinely curious.  
  
"For everything. For being my mom. But especially for being my advocate. I was overjoyed about some of my mentors. And with others, I wanted to kill you. I thought you had lost your mind. But I get it now. Each of my mentors fulfills a specific role in my life. They are men I can look up to and rely on when I need help. Each one has been so lovely. And in some cases, the sex has been out of this world." Cassadee smiled shyly. "Anyway, I just wanted to tell you I love you more than anything and I'm so happy with how everything has turned out."  
  
Kathleen wiped a tear away and hugged her daughter tightly. After she left, Cassadee left her bedroom door open. It was time to share her sexuality openly, not only with her family, but eventually with the world. After a loud Hitachi orgasm that everyone in the house heard, Cassadee went to bed extremely happy that night.  
  
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Thursday  
  
Cassadee's dad had gone out to get a newspaper that morning, and it was waiting for her in the kitchen when she woke up. The front page headline made her hold her breath.  
  
LOCAL GIRL TO SPEND SUMMER COMPLETELY NUDE  
  
by Jeremy Beckham  
  
Cassadee Ellison isn't your average high school graduate. Not only did she graduate academically near the top of her class, but she was also a star track athlete and a cheerleader for the football program. Additionally, she is a beautiful young lady who wants to live life on her terms—in the nude.  
  
I met Cassadee yesterday when she was modeling for a local photographer in different locations around town. She was completely without clothing and seemed confident and happy about it. I asked her why she was doing it and she explained that since her Coming of Age party a month prior, she had become experimental with being nude. She was enjoying it, and after researching the town laws concerning public nudity, was fully on board to be as nude as possible, as often as she could.  
  
She spoke at last night's business council meeting and very confidently and eloquently explained her position to the council, even disrobing in front of them and the entire assembly to prove her seriousness. After a vote of 5-4, Head Councilwoman Carole Slater announced that they would encourage all local businesses to allow Cassadee, and by extension, anyone, to be nude within their establishments. Placards will be distributed to businesses, which they can display in their window if they intend to be 'nude-friendly'.  
  
Cassadee is a lovely young woman, and we wish her the best of luck during her "naked summer".  
  
Cassadee squealed in excitement as she read it. It was all coming together. Her plan to spend the next three months nude was coming to fruition. She would give the town a few days to get the placards distributed before she tried to exercise her privileges. She was so excited that she could barely contain herself. This summer was going to be epic.  
  
The End of Cassadee's Coming of Age