**Cathy Loses Her Clothes**

by Gloria

A Coming of Age Story in the Permanude Universe

**Chapter 1**

I turned eleven when California passed the first Permanude Law in the United States. That law created the California Bureau of Lifestyles. At the time, it seemed to mean nothing to my childish activities.

As I would learn in Senior High School Civics class, laws don’t take effect until someone writes the regulations, and the language in the Permanude Law had some real crazy twists for the poor people assigned to write those regs.

For example, the law allowed school teachers and parents to strip students of their clothes for minor infraction of the school rules or poor performance. That seemed like a very simple sen-tence, right?

Not even close. At what age should teachers or parents be allowed to strip a kid? Do you strip second graders? Would second graders even know they were being punished, unless you took away their favorite blanket? More interestingly, would second grade class pictures with fidgeting stripped kids in them qualify as child porn?

Oh, that one drew a lot of strong opinionated letters during the public comment period. Bags and bags of comments from the public.

I was twelve, and in the sixth grade when the rules came out that twelve was an agreeable age for schools and parents to begin stripping children naked in public. We twelve-year-old kids were assumed to be just close enough to the hormone-overloaded teenage years to know we were being punished, to feel the shame and humiliation of being bare before our peers, but we would sit still so our class pictures could be arranged to not show too much.

Our school district issued instructions that if class pictures were to be taken, stripped kids were to keep their knees together. Boys were to keep their hands in their laps, covering their naughty parts. Girls should discreetly cover their breasts . . . or lack thereof . . . with one hand and rest the other over their lady bits. Oh, and a naked kid should never be in the front row. Hide nudies behind kids. Preferably two or three rows of kids.

Our principal decreed that anyone who got stripped would be cut from any group pictures.

Class pictures and photo IDs of naked students would be taken from the collar bone up.

Athletes quaked at the thought of being cut from team pictures. Social butterflies trembled and threatened to faint or hold their breath until they turned blue. They just could not be banned from group pictures for any reason.

So, it fell to me to be the first student stripped at good old Malarkey Middle school, the home of the busted wing bird. Don’t ask how our team got that nickname.

I’ve changed all the names in this little story to protect the innocent, assuming there are any.

Now, I would say that me and my friends come closest to being the only innocents in this story, but others might differ. We four, we gallant four, we band of brothers and sisters, had been causing trouble since kindergarten. Born in the same hospital, all within twenty days of each other, we were December babies. The plan was we’d get Dad a deduction without costing too much.

Anyway, that fateful year, I was a sixth grader. In our middle school, we sixth graders were protected from the seventh and eighth graders, lest they squash us green peas as we would gladly have done ourselves, once we attained those prestigious heights of wisdom.

Unlike elementary school students, we now had to walk between classes, never to spend our day under one teacher’s arbitrary and capricious whims. No, now we were in a court off from the rest of the school, where we went from one room next door to another and never left our safe sanctuary where we learned to adapt to six teachers’ arbitrary and capricious whims.

How well does school prepares us for life?

So, it happened that I was sitting in Mrs. Z’s math class. Her name doesn’t really start with a Z, but if you’ve ever been in her math class, you’d understand Zzzzzzz. Anyway, after winter break, she was refreshing our faulty memories about the enigma of imaginary numbers. She’d likely be refreshing us on imaginary numbers all week, but after the first five minutes, I remem-bered the stuff.

So, I was discussing what I’d done over winter break with my friend Mel.

I was getting to some really cool stuff when I heard. “Ms. Lint, would you care to share with the rest of the class what you find so interesting?”

“No ma’am,” I said. By then, even I knew that a rhetorical question wasn’t intended to be answered. I was twelve, not stupid.

“Then why don’t you come up here and answer any of the three problems I’ve just put up on the white board? Pick which ever one you find easiest.”

Walking up to the front of the class, I already had the answer to all three. I can do these things in my head. But, I’m all the time being told to show the work, so I slowly, laboriously, did the work for the toughest one. Then I slapped the answer to the other two down without showing any work.

I shouldn’t have done that. I was probably in trouble by then already, but I went for the full package. “If you didn’t make a fun subject like math sound so boring, I might pay attention to it more.”

She looked at me. I looked at her. Her face got dangerously red. Note to self, can a middle age woman have a heart attack? Stroke? I might have really overdone things a bit.

“Young lady! Strip!”

“What?” I said. While there was talk in the halls among us kids that some new law or thing like that might be coming, I hadn’t heard that our teacher could actually strip us. Strip me? Momma Lint’s darling baby girl?

“Take. Off. Your. Clothes!” Mrs. Z said. Giving each word its own sentence, I could dis-tinctly hear each period.

“You can’t do that,” was more surprise and incredulity on my part rather than an actual ob-jection.

“Oh, yes I can. The notice went up in the teachers’ lounge this morning. The hook for your clothes is over there. Strip.”

I hadn’t noticed the three hooks that were now up by the door. Three hooks, three coat hang-ers. I made my way, still in shock, to get the coat hanger. I left my shoes under the hanger, and bent to pull off my socks and stuff them in the shoes.

That was smart of me. Bending over in a few more minutes might give the class quite a show, but I hadn’t thought that through yet.

I looked back at the teacher; might she relent?

Fat chance. Then my brain began to work again.

Hey, was this really such a bad thing? It doesn’t get all that cold in Southern California.

Dang, I’d refused to wear a swimsuit at the beach until Mom forced me into one at nine or ten.

Same at the lake. I’d even managed to ditch my suits at the community pool.

“Isn’t she cute? And so innocent!”

Fat lot they knew about me.

Was there a downside to this? From where I stood, I couldn’t see it.

“Quit dawdling, young lady, or your clothes will stay there for two months.”

“Oh, please, no, Mrs. Z.” It was best to make this sound like a real punishment. If I started grinning from ear to ear like I was feeling, she’d go hunting for some other punishment. To me, this sure looked like a win-win if I played it right.

So, I dawdled some more. I took off my skirt and folded it carefully over the hanger. Then I looked at her again, as if begging her forgiveness.

“Hurry up, or two months.”

I wondered. Should I try for two? Would it be better to go for one to start with and see if I’d missed any things bad about this in the rush?

I slowly, painfully slowly, unbuttoned my shirt and let it fall down my arms.

And got snickers from several girls. You know them, the lucky ones whose boobs came in early even though their brains aren’t likely to ever come in. I attempted to cover myself with my shirt.

“That’s it. Two months.”

“Please. No. I’m sorry.”

“You can tell me that in two months. Now, down with those panties. Garrison, take her pant-ies and shirt from her.

Garrison was a football player. Big linebacker type. Funny thing is, he was the nicest, most gentle guy you’d ever want to meet.

He came up to me, looking me in the eye. I stooped to pull down my panties. He glanced down quickly to see them. I stepped back, as if afraid of him.

“I’m sorry,” he whispered.

“It’s okay,” I whispered back.

He kind of shrugged, but held out his hand for my shirt and coat hanger. I gave them to him and stood there, one hand trying to cover my nonexistent boobs. My other covering my girlie parts. I could hardly call them lady parts, could I? Certainly not naughty bits. All that lay in my very expected future.

I stood before my class in all my prepubescent lack of beauty.

Some guys ogled me as if they might see something they had no idea yet to look for. There were snickers. But most of the boys and girls stared at the floor, terrified of being the next one to stand up here.

“Get back to your seat,” Mrs. Z ordered.

Barefoot, I walked down the aisle, covering myself as best I could, a branded lady. A soiled dove. I was loving it.

Oh, not the ogling. If they got too close, I’d punch them in the nose. Most of those boys knew I could, because I’d done it to a few in elementary school.

What I was loving was being free of the itchy clothes. The binding of the panties. Mom was threatening to take me shopping next weekend for a training bra. *A training bra for Pete’s sake!*

Well, that was a fate worse than death I’d escaped for a while.

I settled into the chair at my table. Mel looked horrified. A moment earlier, a moment later, she might have been the one talking. I shrugged, found her hand, and gave it a squeeze.

She squeezed back. That was the joy of having someone you’d known since preschool; you supported each other.

The bell rang; we collected our stuff into our backpacks, then shuffled out of the classroom. Mel made sure to get ahead of me. She covered my front. I’d need someone to cover my back, but no one bothered me.

Except Mrs. Z.

“Law requires that all Permanudes not cover themselves, either with clothes or with their hands. You must be on display at all times. The office will call your mother to see that all sheets and blankets are removed from your bed for the next two months.” I shot daggers at her with my eyes. I might be kind of happy to be naked, but that didn’t mean I had to like the way she was enjoying this. I survived science with no major trouble, and then Mel broke a path for me to the cafeteria where we provided our student IDs, then Mel led the way to the table we always shared with the boys.

Abe and Ed were the other half of our “quartet of troublemakers” as my dad called us. Their eyes just about bugged out of their head as they spotted me.

I set down my lunch tray, dropped my backpack on the floor, and then did a slow turn

around. “Yep, it’s all me, though I don’t think all that much has changed since you last saw me naked at the pool two or three years ago.

“What happened?” Abe asked.

“She mouthed off to Mrs. Z,” Mel said, not quite disgustedly.

“It must have been something big time,” Ed said.

“It was,” I admitted.

“I’m so sorry, Cath,” Mel said. “A moment earlier or later and she would have caught me. I’m so very sorry.”

“Thanks, Mel, but you would never have gotten stripped. You’d have apologized immedi-ately. You’d have done the simple problem. It took my pride to piss her off by doing all three, and in my head. And you never would have told her that her class was boring.”

“You didn’t?” Ed said.

“She did,” Mel answered for me.

I was trying to decide if my stomach could take the school’s spaghetti and sauce. I didn’t much care for it on the best of days, but I’d always been able to down what the school shoveled onto our trays. Today, I wasn’t so sure.

“You okay?” Abe asked. He was always the most caring of us.

“I don’t know,” I admitted. “I’d always thought that, once I’ve dug a hole and jumped into it, that I could handle anything they could throw at me. You know?”

“Yes, we know you,” Ed said, dryly.

“I thought it might be fun to run around bare for a while. Mom always said she had to use a crow bar to get me into a swimsuit. Now look, no swimsuit.”

“Look. No nothing,” Ed said.

I kind of scowled. “Yeah. Look. No nothing. I may not have planned this as well as I should have.”

“We’ve got your back,” Abe said.

Which was good, because Wayne the Pain stomped over to our table. Big, mean, and a bul-ly, Wayne had been a pain since, well, as long as the four of us had been making trouble.

“How you like being nekkid?” Wayne demanded, in a sing-song voice, leering down at me.

“Leave her alone, Wayne,” Ed said, “or we’ll rip off your balls and pound them flat.”

“I’ll tell the teacher you’re bullying me,” he snarled.

“And she’ll believe you, ha,” Mel said.

“Go away, we got enough trouble today, Wayne,” Abe said.

“Yeah. She’s in trouble. Big trouble! Nekkid trouble!” he said again. Then he laughed his kind of half snort, half cackle, and stomped away.

“He does like that word,” I said with a sigh.

“So, Cath, what do you want from us?” Abe asked.

“Support. A shoulder to cry on. A bit of help going from class to class. I think I felt someone stroking my butt on the way to the lunch room.”

“Perv,” Ed said. “We can meet you at the science class door. One of us is in every one of your classes. Two for three of them. We’ve got your back, Cath.”

“I know you do,” I said, and tried some of the spaghetti. It was as bad as usual, and I really didn’t want it, but I was hungry. Strange how I was getting myself into and out of trouble one step at a time.

My last class had Abe in it. We waited for the other two before we headed for our bikes. I had my lock key in my book bag. I wonder if it would have been impounded with my clothes if I’d had it on me when Mrs. Z stripped me? I don’t think anyone really knew what the new rules were.

Wayne and two of his fellow bullies were waiting for us by the bikes. “Nekkid Kathy, Nek-kid Kathy,” they sing-songed.

My science teacher was walking by; he stopped and sent Wayne and his posse on their way.

Mr. S shook his head at me. “Cath, you really did it this time.”

“Yes, sir. I know.” I was starting to really think I had.

“Well, you’re protected by the law. Nudists, whether stripped or voluntary, are protected. Harm to you is a hate crime, and the penalty is doubled. Still, it would be better not to get in trouble. Do you have a phone?”

“My folks have one they let me use sometimes.”

“Isn’t it against the rules to bring a phone to school?” Ed asked.

“We don’t want drug dealers taking call-in orders,” Mr. S growled. “I think Cath here has a definite need for an exemption. Tell your folks to send you to school with a phone tomorrow. I’ll talk to the principal about getting you an exception. Keep it in your backpack. Use it only if you have to. I won’t always be around when the likes of those are.”

“We’ll take care of her,” Abe said.

“You’re a good group. Trouble coming and going the four of you, but good. Now, get her home and let her parents decide what to do with her.”

Abe unlocked my bike so I wouldn’t have to stoop down. I was kind of discovering that showing my butt to people bothered me a bit. We all rode together. Normally, Ed and I peeled off after six blocks. Then Ed left me after four more blocks to ride the last three.

Today, all three of them rode to my house with me. “Call me tomorrow before you leave and I’ll meet you halfway,” Ed offered.

“I will,” I said, surprised that I wasn’t refusing his help. I really had screwed up and I really, really was feeling it.

**Chapter 2**

Neither Mom nor Dad were home. I got some milk and cookies; I really needed comfort food. Needs met, I went upstairs to my folks’ room.

It smelled like them, a bit of mom’s lavender powder and makeup scents. A bit of Dad’s af-ter shave. I wanted to curl up, hug their pillow, and cry.

Instead, I stood before Mom’s full-length mirror.

What did I see?

A girl with red hair and a lot of freckles on her face and arms. None on the rest of me. Would I freckle up all over in the next two months? Did I want to?

There was a whole lot of stuff I hadn’t thought about.

Maybe I wasn’t so smart.

I looked at my chest again. I checked it from every angle, but my chest was as flat as they came. I could be five years old for all the good my years had given my chest.

I sat on the bed and spread my, ah, what did they call them? Major lips, they were on the outside. They were skin color. The inside ones were red and there wasn’t all that much there just now. Hadn’t been ever. I was just a plain little girl. Not much to look at. What boy would look at me, anyway?

I studied myself in the mirror, moving my lips this way or that, not feeling anything special. What was it with this whole sex thing? I knew the guy put his dick up my vagina, but I hadn’t been all that lucky at finding it. I knew a baby came out of there in nine months. If I wondered how a boy’s dick could go up there. I was even less sure a baby’s head could come out.

I shook my head. Here I was, a year or two . . . hopefully not two . . . away from everything changing and I felt more like the seven-year-old girl dancing with the waves at the beach, naked and delighted with the wind and sun. Overjoyed to have nothing between me and the world.

I sighed and got off my folks’ bed and took my milk and cookies to my bedroom. I undid my backpack and turned on my Fire tablet. I had work to do. Better get it done before the folks got home. No doubt, they would want to talk about a lot of stuff.

I was just finishing up my last assignment when I heard the car pull into the garage.

Mom and Dad came upstairs and then down the hall to their room to change.

“Hey, Cath, how about pizza tonight?” Dad said, and stuck his head in my door. “Oh, hold it. Get dressed honey, or at least wear a towel around yourself after a shower. You’re a big girl now.”

He turned away from my nakedness. My dad turned his eyes away from my naked body!

I went to my door, Dad was already into their room. I took two deep breaths and followed him down to their door.

“Mom, Dad,” I said as meekly as I could manage. Admittedly, meek was not one of my reg-ular ways of facing the world. “This is all I can wear for the next two months.”

Mom looked at me. Dad looked at me then looked at Mom. “Honey, you’ll have to handle this. I’m, I’m. I don’t know what.”

My Dad, the lawyer, was at a loss for words. How about that?

Mom came around the bed and sat where I’d been an hour or so ago. “Honey, what hap-pened?” she said, opening her arms to me.

I rushed into them. “I guess you could say that I screwed up big time, Mom.”

“So it would seem.”

With Mom holding me and Dad ducking his head out of the bathroom every once in a while, I told my mom about the problem in math class today. I didn’t share my thinking at the time that I’d like to be naked. I hoped that wouldn’t come up. No, I admitted to being caught talking in class, being a showoff and doing all the algebra problems, and then telling my teacher what I thought of her.

“Wow, honey,” Dad said from their bathroom door. He was now in comfortable pants and a three-button shirt, “you really know how to burn your bridges.”

Dad came around the bed and sat down beside Mom. He rested a hand on my shoulder as Mom continued to hug me.

“I didn’t know they could strip children yet,” Mom said.

“Mrs. Z said they just posted it today in the teachers’ lounge.”

“We Lints did always know how to pick the worst times,” Dad said.

“Shush, honey,” Mom said to Dad. “Do you think we can get this canceled? Is it too late to call the school?”

Dad called the school. The phone rang and rang, then went to voice mail. Dad hung up.

“I’ve got auditors in from Regional,” Dad said.

“I’ve got monthly closing,” Mom said.

“Flip you for it?”

“Listen,” I said. “I can go to school tomorrow. You can call and see what you can do about it. If somebody decides that Mrs. Z needs to give back my clothes, they’re right there on a hang-er.”

They looked at me as if I had the wisdom of Solomon. Actually, I just had a pretty strong suspicion that even if both my folks charged into the office before school started tomorrow, that they would hit a brick wall.

I’d heard about the law, not as much as I was going to learn about it over the next six years, but we kids heard talk from our parents and talked about something like this among ourselves.

Some parents were for it. “We’re too easy on kids nowadays. We got to teach those brats some lessons.” Note how it was “those brats,” never “my brats”. Of course, there were those who insisted this would damage our little egos forever. And, not to be outdone, there were those that fervently believed naked people were going to hell and opposed the idea entirely.

We kids may be kids, but we have ears. We hear, and this was something that might affect our world.

Okay, I’ll admit. For the last six months, I’d kind of fantasized about being stripped naked in front of my class. It got me hot. Of course, I didn’t know what to do with that hot, but I kind of liked it even if it didn’t go anywhere.

I snorted softly to myself. Being stripped in class today was not at all like my fantasy.

Mom and Dad looked at each other over my head, clearly sharing thoughts in that telepathic superpower parents have and we kids don’t. I could begin to feel Mom nodding her whole body as she accepted my idea.

“Who makes the call?” Dad said.

“I will,” Mom said. “Then, if they won’t do anything for me, you can call. If that doesn’t work, I’ll get off early tomorrow and let them see what a mad mom looks like.”

“Oh, God, Liz. Never the Mad Mom,” Dad said, and chuckled.

“They’ll know they’ve been in a fight. Now, about that pizza. I suggest you order in. There’s no need to parade Cath out in public.” Then Mom paused. “Or is there?”

“What are you thinking, Love?”

Mom sniffed like she smelled something rotten. “Some of the folks say waking around na-ked is harmful to young egos. There could be a lawsuit. Maybe one that brings that law down.”

“You want to parade your naked daughter into Papa Caesar’s Pizza?”

“There’s also the matter of us just telling her to go put on her clothes. I don’t give a fig how long that sow keeps Cath’s clothes on the coat hanger in her class. Why does my daughter have to walk around naked?”

Dad was shaking his head. “If you want, I can bring up the law, honey, but it says no one who is naked can put on clothes without major penalties. And anyone who conspires with them is in even deeper, ah, stuff.”

“Why forever do that?”

“Nudists asked for this law. In return for getting to go naked in public they have to sign up for a minimum of two years and they absolutely cannot wear clothes during that time. It’s against the law.”

“Suddenly you know a whole lot about this law, honey. You want to tell me why?”

“Ah, one of our employees signed up to be naked.”

“Which one?”

I sensed a serious change in the temperature of the room. I hoped Dad was not in trouble.

“Cynthia,” Dad said.

“The gal at the Christmas party with big boobs and a dress that barely covered her rump?”

I distinctly heard Dad gulp. “Yep, that Cynthia.”

“Can I kill her now or do I have to wait until she trips you up and you end up face deep in her muff?”

Muff. I hadn’t heard that word. What could Dad end up face deep in?

“You’ll have to stand in line. I’ll be the sixth guy in the office to come to work and report an intent to commit murder against Cynthia by my significant other.”

“How long has she been naked?”

“Two weeks.”

“And when were you going to tell me?”

“Before this year’s summer picnic, assuming she says she’d be coming. Actually, with her wearing nothing, a lot of the hidden charm has worn off.”

“Charm has worn off, huh?”

“Maybe not a lot, maybe I should have said some.”

“Mom, Dad, can we order pizza? I’m hungry.”

Mom laughed, “From the mouths of babes. Yes, let’s order pizza. And yes, honey, I under-stand the ways of the modern workplace. We have two nudists in accounts.”

“Should I ask which two, or guess?”

“You know the tall babe you couldn’t keep your eyes off of at the Christmas party?”

“I wouldn’t say I couldn’t keep my eyes off of her. It was more like I tried to avoid seeing her.”

“Well, there’s even more to see of her, now. The other is Jake, the body builder.”

“Oh, God. I am in trouble.”

“Don’t bother. He uses steroids and he’s got a peanut for a dick.”

“Thank heaven for small favors.”

“Now, go order pizza for our daughter, and I don’t think we better give her the money and have her answer the door when it comes.”

“No, I’ll get the door.”

Mom activated her computer, issued a few commands to initiate the search engine, then asked it to hunt up penalties under the new Permanude Act, “Specifically, for children dressing after being stripped at school.”

The computer had an answer almost immediately, leaving me to wonder how many parents were searching that particular law this afternoon.

“The penalty for a nude child who puts on clothes, whether stripped by a school or parent, is one month in detention, juvenile or adult, depending on the child’s age. Time to be served naked. Conspiracy by others to dress a stripped child in violation of this statue carries a penalty of not more than six months in county jail or ten thousand dollars fine. The county jail time is served nude.”

“Has this code or regulations been adjudicated by the courts?” Mom asked.

“No cases have been filed to date with respect to the involuntary nudity portion of the statue. The voluntary Permanude statute has been adjudicated and found appropriate under the constitu-tion of the State of California.”

Mom scowled. “Well, baby, I think you’ve got yourself two months of limited fashion op-tions. I’ll try to talk the principal out of it, but I think sweet talking is our best bet unless you want to be the test case, and from what you told me you did, I don’t think anyone would touch our case. Love, you burned all sort of bridges, then blew up the wreckage.”

I nodded. “I really let my red head out, Mom.”

My red hair came from Mom. “You sure did, kitten. You sure did. Now, let’s go see what I’ve got in my closet and jewelry box that you can wear without violating the law.”

By the time Dad called that the pizza was here, Mom had a scarf that I could tie around my neck. It poofed up around the neck; none of it draped down my back or chest. She had a couple of costume jewelry bracelets that were kind of cute, and she had several necklaces that were made of beads strung together on leather or string.

“Mom, could I have my phone? Mr. S thinks I might need it.”

The look on my mom’s face about froze me, then she got back a hint of her smile. “Yes. Yes, it would be good for you to be able to call if there is any problem.”

The phone was in her dresser drawer. She gave it to me, then we went back to her jewelry. She considered giving me a gold chain that she wore as a necklace. It would kind of fit me as a sort of belt, but she nixed that.

“We don’t want to be drawing the eye down there, now do we?”

“I guess not.”

“Very not, honey. Keep their eyes up here,” she said, flipping my beads until they clicked together.

I wore those down to see Dad about the pizza. He looked at me, then looked at Mom. Again, they did the mind reading thing, and Dad just went on handing out slices of pizza.

After we ate, Mom and Dad wanted to watch news. I preferred other stuff. I needed to check my bed. It said that I couldn’t sleep under sheets or blankets. I usually just had a sheet.

Could I sleep under it, or would I be risking a month in juvie? I thought about that, and fold-ed my blanket and sheet at the foot of my bed. I looked at my closet. Real nudists couldn’t have any clothes, but I was just one for two months. I should be able to keep my clothes for later, shouldn’t I?

I asked my computer that question and all I got was the rules for permanent nudists. I guess they hadn’t gotten around to making rules for just us kids.

God, I was getting tired of being just a kid.

I decide to take a shower. Anyone could be naked in the shower, right? I took a long shower, then settled back on my bed to read. I got a text from each of my friends and I texted back that I was fine, only I didn’t feel all that fine.

Unable to think about much, I turned out the lights. I hugged my pillow and kind of cried. Then I thought about my fantasy of how stripping me was supposed to have gone. I found myself felling things that I couldn’t figure out, that I couldn’t finish. I squeeze my legs together hard, but I couldn’t get it. Something was missing. I tried putting my pillow between my legs, but still nothing.

I pulled my pillow back up and whimpered. Finally, I fell asleep.

**Chapter 3**

I woke up when my alarm went off.

Today, I’d go to school naked.

Part of me was tickled by the idea. The other part of me was scared to death. I was fighting with myself and had no idea who would win or who I wanted to win.

I fixed my breakfast, ate and looked at the jewelry and scarfs my mom had picked. I shrugged and left them there on my dresser. I was just plain Jane. I kind of didn’t want to stand out too much, and that stuff looked like I’d stand out.

I checked to see that I had my Fire tablet and phone. I dialed the phone to 911, then turned it off. I’d only turn it on if I needed it. I hollered to Mom and Dad that I loved them and I was leav-ing. They hollered back they loved me and would see me after school. I got my bike out of the garage and started peddling for Ed’s house.

I got there before he came out. A woman came out to get her paper. She looked at me, scowled and muttered something like, “Kids these days.”

I wanted to tell her that I didn’t want to be doing this, but it didn’t seem to be worth the ef-

fort.

Two joggers came along, a man and a woman, they eyed me. Both smiled at me, and the woman said, “Have a great day.”

I said, “Thank you,” and felt better.

Across the street, a man came out in a business suit, looked right at me, and kept his head moving. I had a strong suspicion that he wouldn’t notice me even if I was in his way. That made me feel invisible.

Not a bad feeling when you’re naked.

I took a deep breath, and tried to capture why I liked being naked. The morning sun was warm on me. The wind was soft on my skin. Nothing was holding me in. I could skip through a sprinkler later today when it was hot. I could dive into a pool.

*It’s nice being naked*, I insisted to myself, then had to add, *if it just wasn’t for the way peo-ple treated me.*

Ed came out to greet me. “Am I running late or are you early?”

“I’m early. It doesn’t take long to get ready for school when you don’t have to dress.”

“I guess,” he said. He mounted up, his backpack on his back like me, but clothes on, unlike me. We peddled down the street and over one to where we usually met Mel and Abe. They were there waiting for us, then we rode the rest of the way to school.

We got there early. We locked up our bikes and hung around them, waiting for the first bell to ring. I got stared at by a lot of kids; boys and girls.

Perfect Sally came over to look me over. “I figured it would be you, the first to get stripped.”

“Most of the boys were hoping it would be you.” Lord, but she was a gorgeous blonde with breasts to die for.

“In their dreams. Well, don’t make a fool of yourself, and if you make a play for my boy-friend, I will rip your tonsils out with a spoon. You hear me?”

“I hear you. Why would I want a guy as dumb as your boyfriend?”

“You keep believing that and you keep your naked cunt away from him.”

Just for that, I threw my hips out at her. She turned and gracefully walked away.

“I hate her and her perfect boobs,” Mel said.

“I don’t have a cunt,” I said, softly.

“You do too,” Mel said.

I shook my head. “I looked at it in the mirror last night. It’s a baby’s hooha. These guys aren’t interest in it,” I said, nodding at Abe and Ed.

“Now, that’s a hard question for you to put to us,” Abe said.

“How?”

“If we say we’re not interested in what you’ve got between your legs, you’re going to slam us up beside the head with your book bag.”

I laughed at that, and made to swing my backpack at him. He ducked.

“But if I say you are one sexy hot tamale, Mel’s likely to hit us with her book bag and you’re likely to get all self-conscious for the school day.”

“So, what’s the right answer?” I asked.

“Be you, Cath. Be the ten-year-old that didn’t care who looked up your butt when you climbed up the water slide or came down it with your legs wide open. You were having fun and you didn’t care who saw you,” Abe said.

“Be ten years old? But I’m twelve.”

“Hold it,” Mel said, “you were just telling us that you’ve got the same twat as you had two years ago. So, enjoy what you’ve got. You’re cute and you can be so innocent. God knows what we’ll all be feeling like this time next year. This may be your last chance to have a little fun. En-joy it.”

“Mel, have I ever told you that you are wonderful?”

“Several times a week, I think.”

“I need to tell you more often, and if I wasn’t naked and there were a gazillion people watching us, I’d give you a kiss.”

“Oh, think of the talk that would cause,” Abe said.

“Who cares,” Mel said, and leaned over and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

Suddenly there were a whole lot of people not looking our way. Before anything could come of that, the buzzer went off, the doors opened and a tidal wave of kids charged into their school day. My friends waited for a few minutes until the tidal surge was survivable, then we walked into school.

A student aid from the office was waiting for me. “The principal wants to talk to you.”

“We’ll come with you,” Abe said.

“You can’t be late,” I told them.

“We can wait a few minutes,” Mel said.

“Thank you,” I said.

Naked me walked through the office. I smiled at the secretary. Mom said to always stay friendly with the key staff. She eyed me and just shook her head, kind of sadly.

I kept walking. Of course, the principal’s office was as far back as you could go. I’d been there a couple of times. It wasn’t like I didn’t know her or her office.

“Sit down,” she said when I knocked on her door. She stayed intent on her computer screen for a minute more, then turned back to me.

“I half expected you to be dressed this morning.”

“I’m not, ma’am.”

“I’ve already fielded a call from your mom and your dad. Did you tell them what you did yesterday?”

“Yes, ma’am. My mom said I really knew how to burn bridges and blow up what’s left.”

“I must say that you definitely did. Mrs. Z wants you expelled or at least not in her class an-ymore. What do you think?”

“I think I’m naked, ma’am. She’s punished me about as much as the law allows. I slept last night with no sheets and no blanket. I’m kind of afraid that someone’s going to come and confis-cate all my clothes. I blew up a lot, but I feel punished a lot and will be for the next two months. Do you know what it’s like to have boys who haven’t yet figured out why there’s a difference between us and them busily ogling my chest, hoping that I’ll sprout a pair of boobs from second to second?”

I got just a hint of a smile from her. “Yes, I can imagine. What do you think it will be like next year?”

“I have no idea what my body will be like next year. It kind of scares me.”

“As it should. Okay, you stay in her class. You sit in the back, right?”

“Yes.”

“Stay in back and don’t you talk. Right?” she repeated for emphasis.

I should have said “Right,” in as meek a voice as I could muster. What I did say was, “You know I’m not bare-ass naked for talking in class. It’s because I showed her I knew what she was taking forever to tell us how to do something and then told her that.”

The principal stood and came around her desk like a shot. In a second, she was in my face. “You keep that attitude, young woman, and you better be ready to get an all-over tan, because you can spend your entire high school years bare-ass naked as you say. You’re a very smart young woman. Why are you acting so dumb?”

I broke eye contact with the principal and meekly lowered my eyes to the ground. “I don’t know,” I admitted, softly.

“You have straight A’s in all your classes, but book learning isn’t all we’re here for. You need some street learning, kid, or you may spend your life the most brilliant homeless person on the west coast. Understand?”

“Yes, ma’am,” I whispered.

“Now get to class. I don’t want you and your posse to all be late.”

I almost ran out of her office. I was fighting back tears when I rejoined my friends.

“You okay?” Abe asked.

“No, but I’ll survive,” I said.

**Chapter 4**

Side by side, they walked me to my first class. Abe shared it with me; we found our seats at a table in the back of the room. I got a lot of looks as I made my way there. Looks, ogles, head shakes, and wide-open-mouth stares of dismay.

No sooner had the final buzzer finished than the PA system came on. “This is the principal speaking. One of your classmates in the sixth grade, Cathy Lint, has been the first of you to earn the punishment of being stripped naked. She will stay that way for the next two months. She must not only stay naked here at school, but also at home. If her parents take her to the mall, she goes naked. A movie, she’s naked. She may not put on a piece of clothes that covers her genitals or her nonexistent breasts.”

That was a cruel hit. I didn’t deserve that.

“She will not have her picture taken for any school clubs or activities lest we publish child pornography in our year book. Let this be a warning to all of you. Your teachers now have a new tool in their disciplinary tool kit. Tempt us not, less you earn the same punishment as Cathy Lint.”

The PA system cut off with a solid click. Every one of my classmates had turned in their seat to look my way. I got up, and while wearing a defeated look on my face, slowly turned around for all to see.

“You may sit down now, Ms. Lint. I will now call the roll.”

I stared at my desk. I wanted to be naked. I wanted to feel the sun and wind on my body. I liked my body. I don’t see any reason why I had to hide it away under scratchy, binding clothes.

So, girl, why are you so miserable?

I had no answer.

By the time home room ended and we had been told about a pep rally and assembly coming in the next few days, I had recovered myself. My tears had been reclaimed without being shed. I had flint in my veins and was ready to face the day.

Abe walked me to my next class and turned me over to Mel.

No sooner had the bell rung, than my name was called. I stood, did my little turn around, then sat down and tried to learn whatever they were teaching today, other than how to humiliate Cath and teach her not to piss off the man.

It went that way in every class. Even Mrs. Z insisted on making Cath display her nakedness.

I was within two inches of telling her that she’d stripped me yesterday in front of my classmates.

Why did she need to humiliate me again?

But I knew why she wanted me to stand. My folks had done their best to get this overturned and had failed. Mrs. Z wanted everyone to know you couldn’t fight the man. You do it, and you lose.

Mr. S was the only one not to put me on display. He launched into this science class without a word about me. I was so glad not to face another class with nothing but bile in my gut.

My friends took care of me at lunch, seeing that no one touched me. I treasured them, and told them so. “We said we’d have your back, and we will,” Ed said.

But they had more than my back. That weekend, we gathered at Ed’s. His folks had the best computers and they let us play certain select games that they considered appropriate for twelve-year-olds. This day, we played our hearts out. I loved them for being there for me.

Monday at least didn’t require me to do my naked little dance. I could slump into my seat and try to learn something. Something besides not pissing off the powers that be.

Wednesday, things changed. Abe flunked a math test. Flunked it bad. 40%. You have to un-derstand, Abe was in advanced math and knocking out A’s like they were easy.

His teacher told him he had six weeks to retake and pass the test. Until then, he could hang his clothes on the peg in his class room.

Abe showed up for lunch as naked as me. I looked at him, puzzled. Then I solved the math puzzle. “You intentionally failed it.”

“Shush, Cath. You want everyone to know?”

“You can retake the test tomorrow. Get your clothes back the next day.”

“Or I can stay as naked as you almost as long as you. What’s the diff?”

I just shook my head and sighed.

The next day Ed mouthed off to his history teacher. The teacher did have his history wrong, and it wasn’t unusual for Ed to point that out to him. Ed, however, was always the physical em-bodiment of tact. He wasn’t that day and would leave his clothes on the peg for two months.

“You can’t last longer than me,” I said. “I’ll get my folks to strip me for a few extra days.”

“Don’t you dare. It will look too obvious,” Abe said.

“And your stalling on that math test isn’t?”

“I’m studying,” Abe said, so sincerely he was almost believable.

Mel flunked a science test. Mr. S looked at her, looked at me, shook his head, and told Mel to undress. She’d get her clothes back when she passed the retake. He glanced at the calendar. “I’ll give you six weeks to study for the retake.”

“I really appreciate the time, sir. I just couldn’t get the concept,” Mel explained.

“In a pig’s eye,” I heard him mutter under his breath.

So, we were the four nude musketeers. One for all and all for one. Unable to do much of an-ything, we studied at one of our houses or the other. All our grades improved. Well, we went from low A’s because we didn’t study, to high A+ with extra credit to boot.

All except Abe and Mel who still couldn’t seem to get ready for their test retakes.

We walked into school well after the first bell, arm in arm. We collected together and went to lunch together. We gathered in the open space in the middle of our class rooms and marched out of the school together.

We presented a solid front, and I found that I was enjoying being naked again. All of us were.

We were certainly not a good display for nudity as a punishment. When we stormed the gates of the school in the morning, I’d often see the principal standing by the office door, eyeing us. I’d smile and wave to her.

She never waved back. Thus, matters went for six weeks. Then Abe and Mel passed their tests. I wanted to stay naked until Ed got his clothes back, but Mom and Dad wouldn’t go along with me at all. So, we kept Ed company for the last weekend before his time was up.

If anything, the eight weeks had pulled us closer together.

We also intended to behave ourselves, eat humble pie, and stay out of trouble.

So, trouble came for me.

**Chapter 5**

I knew I aced the math test when I turned it in. That was why I was bothered when my Fire tablet didn’t show a grade when I checked it that night. I called Mel. She’d aced the test and her tablet already showed her score.

Me? Nothing.

Two days later we got our papers back. I got nothing.

“Ms. Lint, you did not turn in your test,” Mrs. Z said. “Please deposit your clothes on the hook at the front of the room until you can retake. I mean, take the test.”

I stood, but I did not begin the walk of shame up to the cloth hanger. “You know I turned in that paper.”

She looked straight at me. “I have no test from you. I don’t know what you did with your hour, but you did not use it producing a test. Strip, young lady. One month.”

I walked up to her desk and leaned over it so none of my classmates could hear. “You know very well that I turned in that test. What did you do with it? Why are you doing this to me?” I whispered.

“Two months, Ms. Lint,” was loud enough to be heard next door.

I so wanted to ask my computer if I could drop out of middle school and get a job as a naked lifeguard at the beach.

What I did was strip, all the time glaring at her. I think most of my classmates knew some-thing wrong had just happened. Very few of them ogled me. Except for the real turkeys, most kept their eyes on their desks as I stripped. I left my shoes and socks until last. I turned my naked butt toward Mrs. Z, bent at the waist and gave her a great view of my butt hole and whatever else there was between my legs.

She didn’t even look my way but continued to lecture the class on the mistakes they made on the test.

The word got out. I expect my three friends made sure it did. This was something personal between me and Mrs. Z, and she was in the wrong. Dead wrong.

Now I wore my nudity as a badge of honor. Look. Enjoy. This is me. Look, but don’t touch. One guy tried to put a feel on my ass. I whirled and accidentally butted him in the nose and mouth. He went to the nurse bleeding profusely.

Nobody tried that again.

Two days later, Abe and Mel each flunked a test and got stripped. Ed again corrected the history teacher. The guy really was a coach and should never have been assigned a history class. Ed would get his pants back three days after us.

This time, I refused to be a monk. Okay, nun.

I asked my folks to take us to the mall. Mel’s mom took all four of us to a movie. She want-ed to see it too, and sat through it, she in the middle, we in the back. When some jerk sat down behind us and started fingering Mel’s and my shoulders, the boys poured a big pop into one of our huge buckets of popcorn, then stood up and slammed it down on his head.

He left and didn’t come back.

Ed’s folks were talked into taking all four of us to a clothing optional beach where we didn’t have to feel like naked freaks for a day. They insisted we head down the left side to the family portion of the beach.

I followed them but couldn’t help looking backwards. Couples not much older than us walked hand in hand to the right. In my head, I knew what they’d be doing, but I still didn’t know why anyone would want to do that. Risk getting pregnant? Have all that mess?

All four of us thought about sneaking off to that other section of beach, but in the end, we decided we were twelve and just didn’t. What would happen to us next year could just wait a bit more, thank you very much.

Two weeks into our naked time, I spotted a hair above Abe’s dick. Okay, maybe I was checking him out. His dick had seemed to be getting longer and changing color. Then this tiny black hair showed up to prove it. Abe was on his way to being a man.

Mel was next. A hair and a bit of swelling around her nipples at first. In a week, they went from, “maybe,” to “right here, girl.”

During one of our study times at Mel’s house, the boys asked how the breasts felt.

“I haven’t really felt them much. I’m not wearing clothes so nothing is rubbing on them.”

“Could we maybe touch them just a little bit?” Ed asked.

When she nodded, both guys began to very tentatively and lightly stroke a breast. From the look on Mel’s face, they were making her a very happy girl. Ed licked his, and Mel purred. When they tried sucking on them, she about fell over.

“Did you feel that all over?” Abe asked. “I’ve been reading and they’re supposed to be con-nected to down there,” he said vaguely.

Mel shook her head. “A few hairs do not make for much down there. Okay, I’ve got some strawberry size boobs, but I got a long way to go, guys. And remember, keep your mitts where they belong. This girl wants to finish her masters in counseling. I can’t afford a baby. Lovely and adorable or otherwise.”

The guys raised their hands and scooted back.

Two weeks later, Abe got a hair. Actually, he started with three hairs at once. His dick was also lengthening and turning more purple than Ed’s.

I knew I was the last born, by a week. Did I have to be the last to turn the next page?

I was handed back my clothes with nothing to show for my efforts at forcing menarche by thinking about it constantly.

Two weeks later, I found a hair in the shower. I also found my breasts were swelling and starting to feel sensitive. It didn’t help that I was having to wear a training bra. It itched.

We enjoyed the summer of our twelfth year. We managed to get Ed’s folks to take us for a day at the clothing optional beach twice . . . and our parents to approve our going. We took the chance to check out the changes taking place in each of us. It looked like the boys might need to shave at least once a month. We girls didn’t look eight-year-olds anymore. We weren’t women, but we were closer to them than the little girls racing around.

It was during that summer that I finally found out where my intense need and wanting led. My folks were at work, I had the run of the house. Days that I didn’t go out I usually spent naked because I liked the feel of it.

I slipped into Mom and Dad’s room to look at myself in the full-length mirror. I didn’t look at all like Mom did in a bikini, but I wasn’t a little girl anymore. My breasts were filling out. They were mounds with nice tiny pink buds in the middle of them that kind of felt good when I ran my fingers over them.

Further down, it looked like I might even be developing hips.

It was what was between my legs that drew my attention the most. I now had a decent bea-ver, as I learned to call the hair on my lower belly. It was what was lower that had gotten a lot more pink and different. I was looking at it in the mirror, spreading myself wide for a better view, when I discovered I liked the feel of things. I started touching myself to see if it really made a difference.

Oh, did it! I liked my touch. I started running my fingers up and down that area and discov-ered that I really liked to touch the top of it. Okay, I’d looked it all up on the internet. I knew what a clitoris was. But it’s one thing to see it on the monitor. It’s an entirely different thing to be fingering your own little clit and have it doing all sorts of wonderful things to you.

I found myself laying back on my folks’ bed and going to town on my own pussy. Yep, I knew what a pussy was now for real. It took me a while but suddenly I was all full of colors and I sighed and just seemed to float away.

I came back to myself, quite happy. So, this was what I’d been trying to get to for oh so long. Now I knew why I’d been building a bridge. I had no idea where the bridge took me until I finished it and discovered it took me to here.

I wondered if Mom felt like this. Suddenly I knew why girls let boys do things to them and get them pregnant. Oh Lord, did I.

I also knew that I could do the same thing with my own five fingers. No boy was getting down there while my five ladies were there to take care of me.

Close to the end of summer, Abe showed up to hang out with us at Ed’s house looking kind of sheepish. He didn’t say much, so we all just kind of looked at him.

“What?” he said.

We said nothing, just looked.

“What? For Pete’s sakes, what?”

“You tell me,” I told him.

He looked around. I think he even blushed. “I pissed my bed this morning.” he finally blurt-ed out.

“Aren’t you a little old for that?” Mel said.

“Yeah, that’s why I told my folks. Dad got out of bed and went over to me. He checked my PJ’s and said, ‘Son, you didn’t piss your pants. That’s not urine. That’s seminal fluid.’ Being brilliant, I answered ‘Huh?’ and Dad explained that my balls were now producing enough sperm that the place it got stored was full and guys my age got rid of it at night with wet dreams. Okay, yes, I knew all that, but it’s . . .”

“One thing to know it, another thing to wake up to it,” the three of us finished for him.

“Yeah,” he said, sheepishly.

“So, now you can get one of us girls pregnant,” I said, dryly.

“Yeah,” he said. “It’s kind of scary. You know I’d never do that to you. I’d never hurt either of you two girls.

So, we girls gave him a hug that made him blush even bigger. Ed asked his mom if we could have money for some milkshakes and we rode down to Mary’s Place where they made the best milkshakes in the world. A week later, we were down there celebrating Ed’s first time.

What we hadn’t told the guys, was that Mel and I had been menstruating since a bit after we got our clothes back the last time. Mel came first. The next time she started, so did I.

We didn’t like using pads, so we hit the store to see what we might be able to use instead. The full-size tampons scarred both of us. We’d fingered ourselves and the idea of anything big going in there was just plain terrifying. Having seen the size of the boys before they got their clothes back was enough to scare us, too.

Anyway, we found some little ones that seemed like we might be able to put them up there. We bought them, looking all sorts of embarrassed. The old lady, maybe thirty, at the checkout stand looked at them, then at us and said, “This your first time to buy these?”

“Yeah,” we admitted, and got a smile from both her and the young mother of two behind us.

“Trust me, they’ll fit,” the clerk said, all motherly.

When we got home, we got naked and discovered that they didn’t fit.

Sitting cross legged on Mel’s bed, trying to get one up our hooha was turning out all diffi-cult. I guess our giggling was a bit loud. Mel’s mom peaked her head in the door, to our horror. Being twelve and a half and caught nude and giggling and trying to stick something up your girl-ie hole was just sooo to be avoided. Being seen naked at the beach was one thing; this was so different.

“Are you girls having trouble getting those in?” her mom asked while we were all trying to hide behind pillows and cover the evidence.

“Yes,” Mel admitted.

“You need to stand up,” she told us.

It took us a while, but we did.

“Now, spread your legs wide. It will get easier later, but you really need to get yourself open the first few times.”

We didn’t quite do the splits, but we were dang close.

“Now try to insert it.”

Both of us got the inch-long bit of cotton started, but it hung up on both of us and we couldn’t finish. “Wiggle your hips a bit. Push some more.”

With more wiggling, and more pushing, and not a small amount of giggling, we finally sank them all the way in.

“Let the string dangle out. That’s how you’ll pull it out. It will be damp when you pull it out, so it will come out easier than this one went in. You know never to flush it down the toilet, right?”

We nodded silently.

“Wrap it in toilet paper and dispose of it in the container provided.”

We were young, and so foolish, but we were learning. Boy, did we have a lot more to learn.

**Chapter 6**

Mel and I wondered what the seventh grade would be like.

Seventh and eighth graders had the run of the school. We even shared some classes together. It got harder to share a class with my friends, so we were on our own in classes for the first time since forever.

We were also behaving ourselves very carefully. Other kids got stripped, but none of us. You could tell, as the year went by that we, all of us seventh graders, were changing. The boys that got stripped had more hair and longer dicks. The girls had longer pudenda, usually hidden by more and more hair. They also had serious breasts.

At least most did. One poor boy lost his clothes for two weeks. He had no hair down there and his dick hadn’t changed at all. The teacher relented and gave him his clothes back in just a couple of days. It didn’t help; bullies whispered nasty things around him. He had to drop off so-cial media. Then his folks transferred him to a new school.

It didn’t always work out even for those that won the lottery.

One gal, I swear she got herself intentionally stripped so she could show off. She really did have knockers to kill for. Oh, and she shaved her hair down there to what I learned was called a landing strip. It was a thin strip of hair, to show she was old enough to have some, but the rest shaved bare so boys could see everything.

And I do mean everything. Her coochie was eye stopping. Her outer lips couldn’t contain the pink inner ones. Everyone who saw her saw those sexy things standing out red and proud.

Wow, did she get the attention. All the boys were watching her every step. They were like dogs yapping after a bitch in heat.

It was a flunked test that got her in trouble. She seemed proud of all the attention . . . at first.

Then she got some catcalls and really obscene proposals of what some boys wanted to do to her.

She could hardly walk the halls to her next class without being told something.

I’m told she got her ass pinched quite a few times.

She retook her test and got her clothes back after a bit more than a week.

Apparently, having some serious dicks made some boys serious dick heads.

Mel and I swore that we’d keep our clothes on for the rest of high school. It was one thing to run around free as a ten-year-old; it certainly looked like thirteen-year-olds needed to be more careful.

There were other reasons to behave. After winter break, and with all four of us now thirteen, we came back to a school with the hallways abuzz about the new Sex Ed class.

Now, don’t get me wrong. We’d been having Sex Ed since, I guess first grade. Stranger Danger at first. In second grade, there was the talk about where it was okay for people to touch you and where it wasn’t. By the fifth grade, they were warning us kids of what lay ahead for us. We girls paid very close attention to the talks about menstruation. Just cause we started bleeding down there didn’t mean we were dying or something.

For years, the sixth grade was when we got all the gory facts, but last year, the teachers were told something was coming for seventh grade. Some genius in Sacramento decided that we kids needed to know something more and different. So, what with naked students wandering the halls, why not turn the course into more show and tell?

Word in the halls was you didn’t want to get stripped during February. No way!

Even I was watching my P’s and Q’s.

Then Abe crashed and burned.

We came to lunch to find him already at the table, stripped naked.

“What happened?” I asked.

Abe just shook his head. “I don’t know. I really don’t know,” he said, his voice cracking.

He gulped hard, then went on. “It was in English class. English class, for Christ’s sake. We were discussing a paper we all had to write on Genocide. Okay, I’m Jewish on my mom’s side. Okay, so I know I’m kind of touchy on the topic, but the teacher just didn’t seem all that into it, I think. I guess. I don’t know. Anyway, I ended up yelling at him. I think I used some words we can’t use in school. So, I ended up naked. Two months.”

“And in February,” Mel said softly.

“Yeah,” Abe answered, making a face. Then he looked at the three of us real hard.

“Hey, crew, I did this to myself. Hold my hand. Help me through it, but don’t any of you even think about doing something. You getting stripped is not going to put any clothes over my dick.”

We all nodded as sagely as thirteen-year-olds can, but Mel and I exchanged a glance. We blinked at the same time. Maybe we were getting our parent’s superpower. I knew what the two of us would be doing.

Next lunch, there were four naked students at our lunch table. Abe looked at us, and put his face in his hands and started crying. We three gathered around him, just one knot of naked flesh.

If we got nasty looks from the students or the teachers, and I did spot one looking our way, it didn’t matter. We were there for our friend.

I dredged up some tissues I kept in my backpack, and gave Abe one. He blew his nose, wiped his eyes and took a deep breath. We all sat down.

“Guys, I’m sorry. I should have told you this before. The day before I blew up in class, my mom came home with a bad report. She’d taken a breast mammogram and it didn’t go well. She went in for a biopsy yesterday. We don’t know when we’ll know anything. I should have told you before.”

“And it would have made a difference how?” I asked Abe. “You’d still be naked for two months and have to do the Sex Ed demo on your own or with some girl we don’t know. No way would we let that happen.”

“Who knows,” Mel said, “it could be big boobs with no beaver. No way we’re letting her get her hooks into my boyfriend.”

“So, now I’m your *boy* friend,” Abe said, grinning at Mel.

“Well, you’re my *boy* friend like Ed is my *boy* friend and Cath is my *girl* friend.”

“I don’t know,” Ed said. “I think you’re kind of sweet on Abe.”

“Don’t let him pull your leg,” I told Mel. “They’re thirteen-year-old boys, they just want to get a rise out of us poor girls.”

“You poor girls,” Ed cried, in a low whisper. “We’re the ones stuck with these things that rise and fall with a mind of their own. I’ve had two boners in class since they stripped me.”

“I’m glad you said that,” Abe said. “They keep coming up and all I can do is try to concen-trate on class, or getting to the next class. It’s not at all like it was last year.”

“*Nothing* is like it was last year,” I said, hefting my two guns.

“Don’t *do* that,” the boys pleaded.

After school, all of us rode with Abe to his house.

“I’m home, Mom,” he called as he came in the door.

His mom burst from the kitchen, all tears and joy. “It’s okay, Abe. It’s all okay,” she said, grabbing him for a hug. Abe blushed in his mom’s grasp, his naked flesh against her clothed body. Still, he breathed a deep sigh of relief.

It took a while for his mom to realize anyone else was in the room.

“Oh,” she said. “You brought company. Oh, they’re . . .” petered out.

I opened my arms wide in a shrug. “We’re just the four naked musketeers again.”

“But isn’t this the month . . .” It seemed that Abe’s mom was having trouble finishing sen-tences.

“Yeah, we couldn’t have Abe go through that all by himself. We’re all for one and one for

all.”

“You’re the best friends my son could have.”

“We’re glad to have him for a friend,” Ed said.

So, she ended up hugging us all, and asking us if we’d like some money to go buy milkshakes. We ended up taking over a table at Mary’s Place. The shakes were great.

The company less so. Wayne the Pain showed up with two bullies like him and a girl that had a mouth on her that would make a sailor blush. She knew all the words for what her boy-friends wanted to do to us and told us in graphic detail.

We sucked on our milkshakes and did our best to ignore her and them. Our waitress had been a young girl, not that much older than ourselves. When a waitress showed up at their table, it was Mary herself, and a big hulking cook was right behind her.

“You can clean up your mouth and order, or you can get the hell out of my place.”

The bullies kind of hulked down. The girl gave Mary a defiant glare, then got up and led the boys out of the malt shop.

I looked at Abe. “Have the bullies met their bully?”

“God, a girl bully,” Abe said, shaking his head. “We may need to close down our social me-dia sites.”

He was right. My Facebook page was loaded with the most vile stuff. And pictures of dead animals. I closed my account. Twitter was just as bad. I closed it.

It looked like I’d be talking to my friends face to face for a while.

Saturday morning of the weekend before Sex Ed started, me and Mel got together to consid-er what might be ahead of us.

“Do you think they’ll be looking at our, you know?” Mel asked.

“Let’s face it, if they’re using us naked girls, they’re going to want us to show what we’re showing and the good girls aren’t.”

We both looked down at our beavers.

“You know,” Mel said, “a lot of real nudists trim their bushes.”

“How much?”

“Some down to nothing,” Mel said, with just the hint of a blush.

“How does anyone know they aren’t little girls?” I asked.

Mel held up her knockers. They weren’t melons, but no one would be mistaking her for her eight-year-old self.

So, we ended up searching the net for what real nudists looked like and found a whole lot of stuff, including some that we really shouldn’t have.

“Is that what a boy looks like when he’s doing it?” I asked. We studied that, then noted that neither he nor her had any hair on their privates.

We clicked away from them and found other examples of bare pussies spread wide.

“You think we’ll have to spread our legs that wide?” Mel asked.

I just shook my head. I really didn’t know. We were sitting on Mel’s bed, so I spread my legs. “What do you see?”

“A lot of red hair. It might look kind of cute.”

Mel spread herself. “A lot of black hair,” I said. “It kind of hides your whole pussy.”

Mel scowled at that thought. We kept on looking for more stuff on the net and found all sorts of thing, including guys running their fingers up and down a gal’s hooha.

“You think that feels better than when we do it ourselves?” I asked Mel.

“You do that, too? My mom gave me something. She didn’t say anything when she did. Just gave it to me, but it helps.”

I must have looked way puzzled. In a moment, she had produced . . . something. It was about the shape of a capsule or long pill, but it was not quite two inches long and maybe three quarters of an inch around.

I looked at it for a second and wondered if it went where I thought it did. Mel turned it on, and it began to vibrate. She put it where I thought she would, and began to smile happily.

Breathing deeply, she lay back and ran the pink thing up and down her hooha. Quickly, her breath began to come in gasps. Then she closed her legs tight on the thing and her fingers, and kind of curled up in a ball, her mouth open in one big O and soft moans coming out of it.

“Was that better than your fingers?” I asked her when she looked able to talk again.

“You try it, and tell me. I know it’s faster.”

So, I tried it and wow. I was floating off on waves of pleasure so much faster and, well, I guess, higher.

I lay there beside Mel in a kind of happy haze, probably not thinking all that well when I

said, “You think we ought to shave down there? If the boys have to do something down there, I’d kind of like them to have a, you know, clean slate.”

“You think the boys will do anything with us?” Mel asked, shyly.

I shrugged. “I suspect that a lot of people will be seeing what we have down there. Should we give them a good look, or a hairy one?’

We slipped down the hall to her parent’s bathroom, found a razor her mom used, and used it to make us look like real nudists. After all, we four had been the most nude of anyone in our middle school. We had a right to look like real nudists.

When we met the boys that Saturday afternoon, they did a double take.

“What happened to you two?” Abe asked.

“We’re nudists,” I answered. “Real nudists shave their pussies.”

The guys liked down at their nether regions, then at each other. “How’d you do that and what did you use?”

So, the boys ended up in Mel’s bathroom with us using her mom’s razor to clean them down to the bare skin.

Done, we looked at each other. “Why do I think it looks too much like we’re sixth graders?” Ed said.

I pointed my big guns at him and fired two imaginary lasers.

“Okay, you girls have extra equipment. We boys don’t.”

I looked at Mel, then at both of the boys. “You don’t look anything like a dinky six grader. Take it from a real live woman. You two are men, loaded with live sperm that we don’t want to get anywhere close to.”

“Hah,” Ed said. “Fat chance we’ll let you.”

We all giggled and went out for burgers. We got different kinds of looks from different kinds of people, but we were getting use to that sort of thing and it wasn’t anything we hadn’t seen before. We were getting good at this nudist thing.

Or so we thought.

Then Monday came.

**Chapter 7**

For sex ed, all the seventh graders were called to the auditorium. There were several teach-ers on the stage up front.

The nurse collected the four of us from our classes. Like the condemned, we were lead in together and were shown to seats up front facing the kids, not the stage. The chairs weren’t like regular ones. These were more like bar chairs. Maybe the boys had it easier, but me and Mel kind of had to climb up on them. It was hard to sit with your knees together. All four of us kind of gave up and didn’t even try.

We sat with my legs wide open, facing the other kids.

The principal led off. There had been a change in the aim of the Sex Ed curriculum. “In or-der to further reduce the number of unplanned pregnancies among teens, we were going to em-phasize other ways for you young people to achieve sexual satisfaction, short of intercourse.”

Then the film started. It was a cartoon, but it was as good as any video game. As usual, it explained where babies came from. There was a good look inside a boy and a girl. The cartoon of the guy kind of even got hard, thought it wasn’t anything like Ed or Abe.

Then there was a full graphic of my, I mean, a girl’s hooha. They even showed a cut away of the inside of a vagina with a dick in it, and what happened next. In and out, in and out. Did a guy really gush that fast?

Cartoons. You never could trust them and I was dang sure not going to ask the boys to give me a full demonstration.

Which raised the questions. What was I supposed to demonstrate? I was starting to realize that there was a whole lot about this that no one told us naked students before they herded us in here.

I did notice that the school’s sheriff’s deputy and two security guards had come in. Where they just here to get a good look at naked girls or would they help us if things got bad?

Too many questions.

On the screen, a disembodied hand was stroking a guy’s disembodied boner. A few strokes and it gushed just as the last one had done inside a vagina.

Then a disembodied tongue was doing the same for a hard-on. Gee, why were the boys get-ting all the attention?

Last, a prick, no boy attached, was driving up a butt hole, and you better believe no girl was attached. If they thought a boy was going to shove his dick up my ass, even Ed or Abe, they would have to run a whole lot faster than this girl, and then get ten strong men to hold me down.

Now there was a picture of a disembodied vagina, complete with lips and clit. One, two, three fingers, no hand attached, ran up and down the girl’s pussy crack. Her lips got redder and redder, bigger and bigger. I’d never noticed that. Suddenly they got real big and deflated.

I eyed Mel. We both shook our heads. They might as well have used the coyote and some-thing from Acme, Inc. for all the good that showed about my real hooha. I could be wrong, but I bet the boys weren’t all that impressed with what it told about them.

Now a disembodied tongue was running up and down the disembodied hooha. A bit before the finish, two fingers slipped into the unattached vajayjay and reached for a spot marked with a G.

The cartoon got three dimensional and I could see that the G was on the top of the girl’s vagina a bit past the lips. I wondered if I had one of those, and had to stop my hands from doing a little exploring of their own.

The light was low in the auditorium, but not that low.

The film ended, and the principal asked for any questions. Some joker in the back called out asking if he could get any of those unattached cunts to take home with him.

It turned out there were teachers in the back, just waiting for some clown like him. He was hustled out of the auditorium. I suspected we’d see him stripped by lunch and asking to sit at our naked table, assuming we wanted the likes of him.

There were no more questions, surprise, surprise, and we advanced to the show and tell por-tion of the program. All the girls were invited to come up and get a good look at a real penis. No surprise, in the case of our guys all they could show was a real solid boner. Mel and I would show the guys some real labia majora, labia minora, the clitoris, and clitoris hoods.

I might be only thirteen, but even I knew about gays and lesbians. Apparently, the school administration didn’t. There was no allowances for boys to see boys or girls to see girls. Go fig-ure.

Students began to leave their seats. Some headed out, not interested in a close look at us, and I thanked them for whatever reason they walked out on this. Others began to form four lines. The girls wanted to see the boys up close, and the boys wanted to see what we girls had to show.

Most of the boys stopped a good two or three feet back from me. Well within normal talking space, before they began to ogle our naughty bits. I’d spread my labia wide, both sets. I’d point at my clit hood, and even move it aside for a boy to get a good look at my fun button. “Your girl

really wants you to know where that sucker is,” I’d say, trying not to let me touching myself get too much tingling going. I was already feeling enough of that.

I’d be mortified if I ended up jilling off in front of my classmates.

It wasn’t all impersonal. Some of the boys got to talking with me. A few of them admitted to not having a girl but hoping for one. None of them asked me for a date or suggested what they’d do to me if they caught me alone. It was nice having a teacher nearby and a sheriff’s deputy not too far away.

Some guys didn’t stay back, but got really up in my coochie. Some almost got their noses up my vajayjay. I made to snap my leg shut on a few of them and box their ears. I really didn’t need their hot breath on my coochie; I was hot enough. After that, the next couple of boys would stay well back.

Unfortunately, my one weakness was working his way up in the line. He had the body of a Greek god even at thirteen. I was so waiting for him to get stripped, but so far, his smile had got-ten him out of all trouble.

He started back respectfully at the three-foot mark, then got closer. He even knelt down in front of me as I went through my little dog and pony show. As he got closer I began to fantasize of him running a finger up and down my pussy. Maybe giving me a long, wet lick.

Oh, I was hot.

“Can I touch it?” he asked, breathlessly, his gorgeous blue eyes meeting mine.

“Yes,” I said without so much as a second’s thought.

He ran his finger up from the mouth of my vag to the tip of my clit. I closed my eyes as the feeling took me, consumed me, threatened to ignite a fire I was only too willing to burn myself away to ash with.

Then he pinched my clit.

“*Ouch*!” I cried, eyes coming wide open. “That hurt.”

“That’ll teach you not to be a nudie. I know you just get in trouble so you can run around the school naked. Even shaved your pussy, you whore,” he snapped. He was up on his feet and striding away as he said it. He didn’t move fast enough; the sheriff’s deputy and a teacher were heading to cut him off. My Greek god got stopped before he could get very far and the deputy hauled him back to me.

“Did he assault you?” the teacher demanded.

“No,” I sighed, shaking my head. “He asked if I would let him touch me and I said he could. Stupid me.”

The sheriff’s deputy walked my *former* dream guy out of the auditorium.

My friends were all looking at me. I glanced their way and just shrugged. We got back to our little show.

That seemed to go on forever. I concentrated on doing what I was there for, so I didn’t really notice when the principal took the stage again. I was only half listened to her as she began telling about how voluntary nudists were exempt from the laws about indecent exposure and public lewdness. The law was vague, however, about to what extent the public lewdness laws did or did not apply to involuntary nudists.

I glance at Mel. She looked just as puzzled as me, but a guy wanted me to close my legs a bit and show him the clit’s hood, then roll it back. I did, kind of enjoying the process.

I was getting so hot. I was even getting wet and moving the head off the clit was making it stand up so straight and hard. Thank heavens thirteen-year-old boys didn’t know anything about girls getting wet.

Then the principal got my full attention.

“We have received several requests from students that found the cartoons to be a bit, shall we say, incomplete. While we would not expect any of our students to involve themselves in some of the more intrusive activities displayed in the film, we do have requests to see if our in-voluntary nudists might be willing to demonstrate a girl doing a hand job on a boy and a boy dig-ital manipulating the labia minor and clit of a girl. Possibly even finding the G-spot.”

My head jerked around at that. “What?” came out a lot louder than I intended. Or maybe

not.

The principal looked haughtily down her nose at me. “You are stripped, young woman, not hard of hearing. As I said, we have requests from our students asking if you four who have had the most time naked and usually together might be willing to demonstrate some of the examples of sexual release voluntarily for their classmates.”

I told the rest of the boys in my line to back off. I eyed Mel. She eyed me. We did that blinky thing. We seemed willing to not reject matters out of hand. Did I really want to touch Ed? To have him touch me?

Interesting that it was Ed that came to mind.

I took a deep breath and got off my high seat. Mel did too. Without a word, she went to Abe; I went to Ed. We knew each other that well.

I came up to Ed on his chair. His boner had been hard as a rock since before he walked into the auditorium. That must hurt a guy.

He didn’t look at me, just kept staring down at the floor, so I said, “You look in need of some help.”

“It really uncomfortable and it’s been like that for so long.” Then he said, very seriously, but still not looking me in the eye. “But listen, you don’t have to do anything.”

“Would you *like* me to do something to that?” I said, nodding at his boner.

He took a deep breath, and looked up at me through veiled eyelids. “I’m willing to let you do me if you’re willing to let me do you. Or not do you,” he corrected himself real fast. Then sighed and whispered almost too low for me to hear. “I’ve been beating off to the idea of you doing me for so long. I’ve dreamed of doing you. But you don’t have to and I’d never touch you unless you asked me to.”

Wow. How’s that for full disclosure, as Dad would say?

I reached out and took both his hands in mine. Now it was my turn to whisper. “I’ve kind of been wanting the same, okay. Nothing that would get me pregnant, I mean, but . . ..”

“Never.”

“But yeah, I’m game if you are,” I said with a grin and a shrug.

We ended up grinning at each other like we’d never have good sense. I glanced toward Mel.

She and Abe must have arrived at the same place, but they were smiling shyly at each other.

“Okay,” I said, raising my voice and turning to the nearest teacher. “I want a mic. Mr. Sher-iff’s Deputy, will you promise not to arrest any of us?” Dad would insist that I get the legal stuff out in the open and out of the way.

“You’re all thirteen, right?” the deputy asked.

“Yes,” Yep,” and “Of course,” answered that.

“And you’re all consenting to do this, right?”

We gave the same replies.

“Then I sure don’t intend to arrest any of you.”

I pursed my lips. With that out of the way, I took the offered mic from the nearest teacher.

“For the official record, assuming there is one, I’ve never done this before, to Ed or any oth-er boy. I’ve also never had anyone, boy or girl, touch me there. Not since the second grade when they taught us about improper touching, right?”

That got a smattering of chuckles and “right” from some of the students watching.

“Ed, I’m going to need for you to walk me through this, okay?” making sure the mic picked up my words as I handed it off to the teacher and put my fingers around the base of Ed’s dick. He moaned and kids got closer. Some sat, some knelt, some stood, some stood on chairs.

There was a serious circle of intent young teens around us two couples.

“I like it when you fondle my balls.” Ed admitted, so I used my other hand to play with his. Actually, I’d been wanting to get my hands on his ball since they started getting hairy and my coochie did the same.

While one hand stroked his balls, my other kind of slid up his penis. That got a quick, in-drawn breath. “Yes.”

The tip of his penis was dripping with something. I spread it around the head of his penis and it made my fingers glide over it much more smoothly.

*Oh, lubricant. That was helpful*. I worked it around the head and down the shaft a bit.

A shiver when through Ed from his head to his toes. “Oh, please, that’s where I feel the most.”

I surrounded his dick with my hand and slowly worked it down his shaft, then back up. “Is this best?” I asked.

“Yes. There’s not so much feeling down at the bottom of it. More at the tip,” but Ed’s words were kind of strangled. His head was back, his legs were stretched out in front of him. His toes were curling back.

There was a whole lot going on with Ed that they didn’t show on that dang video.

Then he strained to arch his back and thrust his hips up. Every muscle in his body seemed to tense up. Then with a groan like I’d never heard him utter before, he shot a stream of white stuff out of his cock. It looked ready to hit the ceiling, twenty feet above us, but it fell just short of the closest sitters. Several scooted back, and bumped into those kneeling.

Ed didn’t collapse back into the chair. I had a strong suspicion he wasn’t done even though the video didn’t show anything after that first explosion. I squeezed down on his shaft, then stroked up it. Another stream shot out, but not so far this time. I repeated the process while I got several more streams out of him. Then he finally relaxed, but his boner was still there and his eyes were still closed.

It was not like I had anything better to do with my school day, so I kept stroking him, clean-ing the cum off of his dick’s head and using it to lube my strokes. I kept getting soft moans out of him, so I figured I was doing it right.

Finally, he sighed and opened his eyes. “Wow, Cath! Just wow! You are far better than my own five finger party.”

That made me feel good, in several places. The show and tell I’d been putting on for half the seventh-grade boys had been getting me wet, and hot, but what I was now was steaming.

The nurse had some damp, warm paper towels so I washed Ed’s dick. What was on the floor was someone else’s problem.

“You ready?” he asked.

“Oh, yes,” I said and backed up toward my seat.

“Now,” a teacher was saying, “a boy can usually only come every three or four hours. Na-ture designed this to make sure enough oxygen enriched blood gets to the penis in between en-gorgements. Women, however, do not have that limit. A woman can feel a lot more and have more orgasms one after another.”

“Immediately?” a boy asked in shock.

“No, dufus,” answered a girl.

“It depends on the woman as to whether or not the intervals are a few minutes or longer. Al-so, how good the stimulation is,” a teacher said.

“If you fellows want to excite a woman, you’ve got some learning to do, but not on school time,” the principal said. “Today, we’ll see if these boys can bring the girls they’ve been messing around with for so long to two orgasms, then quit.”

I climbed back onto my chair and spread my legs. Ed came over and stood beside me. He ran his finger up and down my pussy lips. I was too addled at this point to remember what the official name was for anything.

“Please, tell me what to do?” Ed begged.

“Let me show you,” and I kind of pushed his head down into my lap. I gave him the kind of road map I’d been giving all the other boys to a gal’s wonderful places. He ran his finger around where I’d pointed and I began to get hot.

I whispered into Ed’s ear, “Getting you off got me so hot, so this is not like a cold start.

Please, I need you,” I begged.

His fingers moved in ways I could never have imagined and felt so wonderful. I mean a fin-ger is supposed to be a finger, right? But Ed’s finger was sure not feeling like my finger. His movements were an every-changing surprise to me. I waited, breathless for him to explore me. So wanting for him to discover all the more of me.

Feelings engulfing me from my girly bits was something wonderful. They washed over me in warm waves of gentle fire. I found Ed’s other hand and brought it to my breast. He ran soft circles around then, then strayed to my nipple.

“Yes, there. The hard part,” I barely breathed. He made that breast feel good even if he was a bit clumsy. Feelings flooded me.

I moaned, unsure if it was pleasure or pain I felt. Unable to tell the two apart anymore.

Ed was making me feel things that I’d never dreamed I could. Then something hot began in my clit and raced like wild fire up my spine then out to every part of my being. I burned. Oh, how I burned.

Then Ed slipped a finger into my vag opening and I exploded with a cry of pure joy.

I opened my eyes to see Ed staring into mine. He was holding me up. He had to. There wasn’t a muscle in my body that worked. I was the original rag doll.

“Wow. Wow! That was just spectacular,” I muttered as soon as I could find my voice.

“I’m so glad I could make you feel like that. The look on your face. It was so wonderful,” he whispered in my ear. He held me some more, then asked if I could sit up by myself.

“Why?”

“Well, the video kind of showed a guy using his tongue to lick up and down a gal’s stuff.”

“You don’t want to do that,” I insisted.

“Actually, I do.”

I looked at him like he was crazy.

“I’ll stop if I don’t want to, but, can I just do it a little bit?” he wheedled.

I gulped and looked out over the auditorium at a whole lot of expectant eyes. Did I want to put on a performance for them? No. But did I want my boyfriend to make me feel good, maybe feel even better than he had just made me feel?

“I’d love for you to,” I finally said. I reached around to get a hold on the back of my chair. I still wasn’t sure I could sit up on my own. Still, I scooted my pussy out to the very edge of the seat and spread my legs as wide as I could.

Then I realized that I’d already came. I was already wet from my first orgasm.

“Do I look too bad? Smell too much?” I whispered to Ed, feeling so embarrassed.

“You look so beautiful and you smell great. Do you know you look like a flower down here? Such a lovely flower,” he said, and a moment later, I felt the soft velvet touch of his tongue on my clit.

I almost came out of the seat. “Ooooohhh,” I breathed.

He took mercy on me and slipped his tongue away from that oh so sensitive part of me. Still, his tongue did wonderful things.

My breath caught in my throat.

“I’ll take that to mean I’m doing fine,” Ed said.

“Oh, very,” I whimpered.

“Ohhhh.” I breathed as a shiver shook my body.

“Aaaahhh.” Now my body clinched up into just one big muscle and I almost came, but he backed off. He got to my vag lips and did that thing again, circling it then sinking as much of his tongue as he could into my void. I whimpered and slumped down in my chair, going weak as the fire in my center grew and grew. It sent wave after wave of heat through me. I locked my legs around his head and bent over trying to capture myself as I exploded out into a thousand pieces.

**Chapter 8**

Ed was holding me in his arms when I opened my eyes again.

Above me, the principal was telling the students that the demonstration was over, and they should return to their class rooms.

There was no way I was going back to a classroom. Not unless they poured me into a boot and walked me there.

I need not have worried; the nurse was there beside us in only a moment.

“Come with me,” she said, and the boys kind of half-carried, half-walked us girls out into the hall, then over to the back entrance into the office. If kids were looking at us, I was too lost to notice.

The nurse had an office of her own. It also included a room for kids to lay down. Some girls went there regularly for their hard periods. I never had.

Now, Ed laid me down on one of the beds as Abe lay Mel down on the other. I scooted back to the wall, giving Ed plenty of room. He lay out, along my length, careful to see that his boner was on the outside of my legs, not between them.

Boner?

Ed had a new boner!

Getting me off. Giving me those two fantastic orgasms had been exciting to him and had gotten him up again. Maybe I was better at this girl stuff than I thought.

The nurse did not close the door, but she did leave her office. I noticed a table between our two beds. On it were two boxes of tissues . . . and two condoms. My eyes locked on them, enough to make Ed follow my gaze. He shook his head. “I’m glad they’re there in case, but no. I don’t want to go there. I hope you don’t want to either.”

“Not really,” I admitted, “but I do want to do something with that lovely boner you have.”

“I hoped you would.”

I reached between my legs, coated my hands with my own honey, and then began stroking his cock from tip to balls and back again. I used his dripping honey to coat the head of his cock, and to run my hands around the shaft just beneath it.

He breathed softly at my touch, his eyes closed, his face a vision of relaxation and joy. If he was glad to make me feel so good, I was overjoyed to make him look and feel like he did just now.

Slowly, I played with every inch of his cock. One time I slipped down his balls and his breath caught in his throat. “Oh, that is so sensitive.”

I ran my fingers along the line between his cock and his butt hole. About half way between, his breath caught again. “There. It’s not like I’m going to climax or something, but oh, it’s nice.”

“Mel, have you found a spot between Abe’s balls and his butt hole?” I called. Hey, we’re in a school office. If we learn something, who says we can’t pass it along?

Abe’s breath caught in his throat.

“Yep, I’ve found it,” Mel called back.

I hadn’t slowed down at all doing the things I was doing to Ed. Not at all. I could feel him starting to tense, all through his body. His pelvis thrust against me, and his cum exploded across my belly to land on my boobs.

I kept doing fun things with his joy stick and he kept gushing that white stuff onto my belly, well away from my pussy. Very well away from it.

He finally began to relax against me.

“You look like a happy guy,” I whispered in his ear.

“You have no idea how happy,” he whispered back.

“Your face tells me a lot.”

“Like what your face does when I’m making you feel wonderful?”

“Oh, yes.”

The box of tissues helped clean me up. We found a stack of wet wipes with alcohol and wiped me some more, then wiped both our hands down with two more. I was definitely keeping his little swimmers out of me.

I had hardly finished when I discovered his hands were doing nice things to by boobs. I mean, I could do nice things to those boobs, but having a hand you didn’t control doing nice things was really something else.

“Would you kiss, lick, and suck on my boobs?” I asked.

“I’m so glad you asked.” And he did. Wow! My fingers had nothing on his tongue.

With his mouth doing nice things to my tits, that left a hand free to wander, and boy, did it. It did nice things to the skin of my belly but it was what it did to my inner thighs and the outer skin of my groin that caught the breath in my throat. “Hey, man, who taught you that?”

“I like touching myself there. I bet you touching me there will be even better, but that’s just the appetizer, Cath,” and his finger slipped into my clef, stroking me from vag lips to clit as he laid one finger all the way along me. I sighed contentedly.

His finger began working around the lips of my ruby butterfly. Suddenly I was hungry again.

He rested his whole palm on my clit and did whirly things to it.

My breath escaped me.

First, he did it slowly, then harder, then faster. I crumbled at his touch and disintegrated into nothing but rubble.

I now knew why people make love in bed. It was easier for a gal to just go limp as a rag and not leave the poor guy struggling to hold her up.

“Was that an orgasm?” Ed asked me.

“Oh, yes. I’m not here. I flew away and am now riding a pink fluffy cloud.”

“Well, ah, I’m glad you managed to take me along to this pink fluffy cloud, because I’m not half done with you.”

“And what more than half do you have in mind, kind sir?”

“I’d like to see just how wild my tongue can drive you, and how you react to me getting a whole finger up inside you.”

“You’re not going to pop my cherry, are you?”

“I have no intention of doing that.”

“Good, cause if we bleed all over her nice sheets, the nurse will know we exceeded the lim-its of the teaching syllabus.”

“And we’d never want to do that, would we?”

“Kind sir, just do me.”

Ed kissed his way down my body. I wiggled myself over into the middle of the bed and scooted me up until my head was propped up on the pillow. That gave me a lovely view of the top of Ed’s head and his ass way up in the air as he knelt on his knees and elbows.

I glanced over at Mel. Abe was trying something like this on her. I blew her an air kiss, and she blew me one back.

Then Ed’s tongue hit my clit and my whole body arched up off the bed. “Ooooh.”

“Nice place?”

“Very nice.”

He spared me climbing the walls by lowering his attention. For what seemed like the next couple of hours he did wonderful things with his tongue to everything I possessed from my knees to my belly button. From my oh so sensitive skin to somewhere within the gates to my center. He made me feel and feel and I moaned and moaned as waves of flaming pleasure washed over me.

It was like explosions where shooting out of my center every few second. They rocked me. I was being torn apart. Then he touched someplace and there was no stopping the eruption as it swept through me, hurling rocks and lava to the wind and wiping me off the face of this earth.

When I brought all my parts back together, Ed was laying along my side. One of his arms was under me, his other rested on my chest. That hand held one of my boobs. It held it very nice-ly. One leg was thrown over me, its knee just above my naughty bits. His calf laid softly between my legs, covering my well used and satisfied little kitten.

His hard on ran along my side, occasionally throbbing to make sure I noticed it.

How could I not?

I so wanted him to finish me off, to bury that boner deep inside me. I was so lost.

I closed my eyes and struggled for control of my needs, my hunger, maybe my soul. I could almost hear the pitter patter of little feet.

I reached for his boner, and ran my hand along it. It was dripping on my leg. I rolled it against my outer thigh, massaging his need against me. He closed his eyes and breathed out ever so softly.

Would I take that up my butt hole to keep it out of my hooha? Not really. I wanted it up my cunt, not my ass.

Damn the school for starting what I couldn’t seem to end.

The nurse appeared in the door way.

“Have you enjoyed your nap or whatever?”

“The whatever has been fun,” I said.

“I see you boys are up again. Do you girls want to finish them off again?”

Did she have any idea how many times we’d finished them and still they throbbed? I don’t think the guy who wrote the book about three or four hours in between fucks ever talked to a thirteen-year-old boy, and yes, my language as well as my control was slipping.

Ed and Abe got up, dangling their boners in our faces as we girls sat up.

“Ah, girls,” Abe said, “we can take these back to class.”

“And have every girl in the school thinking we can’t keep you happy? No way,” I said and began rubbing Ed softly. The nurse quickly stepped away.

Again, my own honey pot was dripping, so I added mine to his and in an amazingly short time, I had struck sperm again. Mel, too.

“Now, you can go back to class,” I said, using about the last of the tissues to clean my

breasts of more of those wiggly sperm that so wanted to play with the eggs that I had quivering inside me. A wet wipe took care of the rest.

We stood and headed out, but the nurse said the principal wanted to talk to us. So, we went to her office so she could talk to us.

“That didn’t go at all the way I had thought it would. I appreciate your cooperation. If you wish, we can excuse you from the rest of your nude time. I’m sure we have that authority.”

The crew looked at me. I looked at the principal, and said nothing.

“Well, I’m excusing you from school for the rest of the day. I’ll also count you as sick to-morrow if you need more time to recover from, ah, anything.”

“Thank you,” I said for all. “I think we’ll take the day. I know I’m wrung out and not feeling all that good.”

“Fine. Ah, did you use the condoms provided? I’m told they’re gone.”

That surprised me. I glanced around at my pals. Abe produced them both, unused, in the palm of his hand. “If you don’t mind, I’d like to keep them as a memento of our experience.”

Now it was the principal’s turn to be surprised. “Fine. Okay. Where are your book bags?”

“Cath, why don’t you and Mel wait for us out by the bikes,” Ed said. “We’ll get your bags and ours.”

“Thanks,” I said. The boys went one way, we girls went the other.

**Chapter 9**

Alone, together by the bike rack, I turned to Mel. “Was that as much of an eye-opener for you as it was for me?” I

Mel’s mouth opened, but it was a while before anything came out. “That wasn’t what I was expecting. Not the class. Not the ‘nap’. Not anything.”

I took a deep breath. “Mel, I almost asked Ed to break out the condom and finish me off. I was that close to asking him,” I said, holding up my fingers not a quarter of an inch apart.

“Cath, I really wanted to feel Abe up in me, too. To have him finish me off. I could almost hear the happy cooing of our first child. Am I too weak?”

“I was hearing the pitter patter of cute little feet.”

“Oh, we are so gone. What do we do now?” Mel asked no one.

“I don’t know. We’ve got to talk. I so don’t want to lose the boys’ friendship, but I so don’t want to be pregnant before I’m fourteen.”

“You remember that park? What do you say we go there and let the boys push us on the swings and talk? Because you’re right, I don’t know how we walk ourselves back to yesterday after what we did today.”

The boys showed up with all our backpacks. We proposed our idea of going swinging, and the boys seemed to relax. When we added talking, they nodded. “Yes, we need to talk,” Abe said.

It was only a short bike ride to the park we’d played at since we were five or six. We four naked teenagers had the park pretty much to ourselves except for a young mother swinging an adorable one or two-year-old in the infant swings.

She looked at us askance, but didn’t leave.

We took the adult end of the swing set. It felt so good to feel the wind on my skin, in my hair, as Ed pushed my swing. The sun kissed us and I lost myself in just the natural feelings for a while. Then I started talking. The boys were pushing us, so we were facing away from them.

I wasn’t sure I wanted to see their faces.

“That didn’t go like I thought it would,” I said.

“Listen, Cath, Mel, we guys want you to know we’re sorry. Things got out of hand. We didn’t mean to hurt you.”

“You didn’t hurt us,” I said, cutting that line off. “Everything that you did to us, we wanted. We enjoyed too. I hope everything we did to you was just as wanted and just as enjoyed.”

“You did?”

“Guys, we like sex too,” Mel said. “We want sex as much as you guys do.”

“Oh. So, we didn’t pressure you into anything you didn’t want?”

“Not a thing. If anyone was pressuring us, it was the principal. She should never have sug-gested we jack you off or you jill us off or eat us out,” I said.

I been watching the woman out of the corner of my eye when I swung back. She’d been scowling at us as we talked about liking sex. Now her mouth had fallen open.

“

It was the school that put us in those situations,” Mel added. “Our problem is, how do we walk ourselves back to yesterday? Can we ever be like we were yesterday?”

“I don’ t know,” came softly from both boys.

“Guys, I don’t ever want to lose you,” I said. “You’ve been a part of my life since preschool. I don’t ever want to think of you not in my life.”

“Me, neither,” Mel said.

“I don’t want to lose you, Cath and Mel,” Abe said, and Ed agreed.

“So, how do we get our lives back together and not lose what we want most?” Mel asked.

No one had an answer.

“May I suggest that we stay at this park for a while,” I said, “at least until our folks come home? I think, if we started screwing here in the sand beneath the swings, that nice young moth-er would do all she could to stop us.”

That got a laugh from us and her. “I’m not sure what just happened to you kids. Half of what you said went over my head, but I promise that if you start screwing under the swing before my little girl’s eyes, I will hit your rumps with her diaper bag.”

“Oh, please, don’t hit my rump with that big, mean diaper bag,” Ed said, and laughed.

So, we did our best to recapture what it was to be children again. We swung as high as we could. We made war at the teeter totter. We climbed the monkey bars and slid on the slide, alt-hough bare ass naked is really no way to slide.

The woman changed a diaper, and both us girls came to look over her shoulder and coo at the baby.

“How old are you?” she asked.

“Thirteen,” we said, together.

“And you’re naked?”

“The law now let’s our teachers strip us as punishments,” I said evenly.

“I’ve heard about that. I’ve just never seen anything like it.”

“We’re it.”

“Can I ask what you did to lose your clothes?”

“One of the boys over there, his mom had a cancer scare. While they were sweating it out, he blew up in class and lost his clothes. We’ve long been friends, so we managed to lose ours, too. You see there was a new Sex Ed class and we heard they were going to use the naked kids to do something, exactly what, we weren’t sure. What we knew was we didn’t want him to be alone.”

“So, you stuck with your buddy.”

“Yes.”

“It turned out to be rough?”

“There are some portions of the law that are, shall we say, vague and open to interpretation. I think we got run through one of those parts.”

She asked us what happened, and we told her quickly. I figured it was practice for my mom and dad. She ended up shaking her head. “I’d have hated to have had that thrown at me when I was just thirteen. My husband and I were high school sweethearts, but we waited until after we finished college to have this darling little one. You look like sweet kids. I hope you are as lucky as me and my Loren.”

We played around some more after she left. It’s hard to play blind man’s bluff when you don’t have a stitch on or with you. We tried playing tag within a ball diamond, and that was fun, although when we ended up in a pile of bodies in the middle of the field, it was so tempting to trade kisses and take it from there.

We climbed to our feet and stepped back from each other. The boys had boners again.

“Aren’t you guys ever satisfied?”

They shrugged.

“If you were real nudists,” Mel said, “they could just jack off right here.”

“If we were real nudists,” I said, “we could screw them right here.”

Mel and I looked at each other. “Do you want to get on birth control and just go for it?” Mel asked.

“Yes. No. Maybe. I don’t know.” I said.

“Me, too,” Mel said, and we walked back to the teeter totter.

“Guys, I’m thirteen,” I said. “Sometimes I just want to be a kid. I don’t mean to hurt you, but I don’t want to be dropping down and letting you screw my ass every time we meet. I think we ought to have a life like real thirteen-year-olds do, and that doesn’t include screwing.”

“I know,” Ed said. “You notice that neither I nor Abe pressured you to do anything to our boners. We also haven’t said anything about birth control.”

“I know you haven’t. It’s us girls thinking. Maybe thinking too much.”

Abe shrugged. “We’re thinking it too,” he said. “We’re just not talking about it. We want to be adults with sex and we want to be sexless kids. We’ve lived in one world since we were born and now we’ve tasted too much of the other one. Now what world do we belong in?”

“Ah, guys, one question,” I said. “The principal is willing to give us our clothes back. I didn’t take her up on that immediately.”

“I wondered about that,” Abe said.

I took a deep breath. “I’m not willing to get clothed just yet. Every seventh-grade boy has looked up either mine or Mel’s hooha. How many girls have touched your dicks?”

“Lots,” Abe said.

“I don’t want to come crawling back embarrassed and hiding in my clothes when they have all seen me splayed out naked. I want them to look at my naked body. I want them to look me in the eye over my naked boobs. I’m not ashamed of what I did. I’m not ashamed of my body. Damn it, putting clothes on tomorrow just says the wrong stuff.”

“She has a point,” Ed said.

“She always did like being naked,” Mel pointed out.

“Yes, I have, but that’s not the reason I’m saying not to do it right now.”

“I get you,” Abe said. “Walk naked and proud, and spit right in their eyes.”

“Okay, I agree,” Mel said, “But how do we stay naked and avoid getting all sexed up again?”

That stopped us dead.

“Aren’t there some nudists that insist naked isn’t sexual? That you can be nude and just be nude, like we were when we were five or six?” Abe said.

“Are any of them thirteen-year-old boys and girls that have been raised to cover their naked-ness?”

“Point taken,” Mel said.

“We’re getting nowhere,” Ed said.

Fortunately, it was time to head home. We rode along, four, then two, then one. I got home just as my mom and dad drove into the driveway.

**Chapter 10**

“How’d the day go?” Dad asked me.

“I’m still a virgin, but it was a close call.”

“You’re joking,” Mom said. I shook my head.

“We need to talk,” she said.

We settled in the living room. Dad in the Dad chair. Mom in the rocker that had rocked me when I was just a tiny thing. Me, cross-legged on the floor, then I thought better and moved to the couch and closed my knees.

Then I opened them.

“The Sex Ed did not go anywhere like I thought it would and I told them all about it. All about all of it. Even the nap afterwards. Especially about the nap afterward and how hard it was not to open the condom.

They did not interrupt me, but when I signaled I was at the end, Dad exploded from his seat.

“God damn. I’m going to sue their asses.”

“Just a moment, love,” Mom said, and motioned Dad back to his chair.

“Kitten,” she said to me. “There is something you need to understand. What you and your friend Ed were involved in is what we grownups call foreplay. Now, I know this may be too much information for you, but what Ed did to you was very much like what your father does for me nearly every time we make love.” Mom had to wave Dad off before she could continue.

“I assure you that by the time he’s got me all warmed up, I can’t wait to feel him inside me. I can’t wait for us to finish what we started. I see what your school was doing, trying to teach you students alternatives to the full sexual experience, but the odds of you boys and girls manag-ing to stop there are like, well, hopping in a car, revving the engine, engaging the gears, tearing off at ninety miles an hour, and then trying to stop that car with no brakes. I certainly don’t think thirteen-year-olds should be given those tools.”

“Sixteen-year-olds?” Dad asked.

“Maybe, but not thirteen-year-olds.”

“Okay, what do we need to do? Sue them?” Dad said.

“Could I ask you to put the suing idea on hold for a bit Daddy?” I said.

“Okay, but I’m not going to be talked out of it.”

“Yes, honey?” Mom asked me.

“We four boys and girls have been friends since preschool. We want to stay friends. The last thing we want is for the boys to feel that they can’t come near us girls or for some of you parents to ship us off to different schools.”

“I’ll accept that as a given,” Mom said.

“We girls talked about going on birth control. We’re worried that it might make it too easy to have sex, as in the first thing we do every time we meet.”

“Grownups don’t have sex but three times a week or so,” Dad pointed out.

“Dad, I jacked Ed off three times this afternoon. He gave me four orgasms and he needed to be jacked off again before we left the park where we spent the afternoon.”

Mom gave Dad a look, and he flinched. How many times had they had sex in one day?

“Yes, kitten, when sex is fresh and new, it’s amazing how many times people can do it. But you don’t want to go on birth control?”

“Mom, half the time I want to be a woman. Half the time I want to crawl up in your lap, mommy, and ask you to rock me.”

“It’s hard to know what you are at thirteen, isn’t it, kitten?”

“Very.”

“So, you think not being on birth control will stop you from being sexual?” Mom said, and I could spot the concern in her voice.

“But, having been wildly sexual for one day, I don’t know how to put that genie back into the bottle. How do you do it?”

Mom shook her head. “I don’t know, kitten. I’ve never known anyone who managed to do that.”

That wasn’t good to hear.

“Oh, and there’s one thing. The principal offered to let us have our clothes back Wednesday when we come back to school.”

“Wednesday?”

“Yeah, I can call in sick tomorrow. Or maybe not call in.”

“So, she thinks you kids can be home all alone tomorrow with no adult supervision,” Dad snapped, “and you girls won’t be pregnant before Wednesday.”

“Down, honey. I could get her a diaphragm or you could buy them a gross of condoms.”

Gee, even my own folks didn’t think I could spend a day with my naked buddies tomorrow and not end up pregnant.

“The point I wanted to make,” I said, “was that I don’t want to crawl back to school Wednesday and slide back into my clothes. Hell, all the boys have looked up Mel’s or my hooha. They’ve seen all we’ve got to show and they’ve seen us jack off our boys and our boys do stuff to us.”

“My, your vocabulary has sure grown, princess,” my dad said.

“Dad, my vocabulary hasn’t grown, my temper has just gotten shorter. Anyway, the thing is, I’m proud of my body. I’m proud of my friend’s bodies, and I’m not ashamed of what we did. If we were real nudist, we could have done it and there would be no question about the law. I don’t know why I have to hide this body that Ed and Abe like, thank you very much, and I certainly don’t want it to look like I’m being paid off for a good show. That smells too much of prostitu-tion and that is one thing I am not.”

“Wow,” Dad said. “Remind me to stay on you and your mom’s good side.”

Mom leaned back in her rocker. “Love, you do know you’ve painted yourself into a corner of a room and now lit the fuse of a bomb, don’t you?”

I looked at Mom, puzzled.

“You don’t want the boys to go away,” she said, raising one finger. “You don’t want to get yourself any protection.” Two fingers. “You don’t know how to put the genie back in the bottle.” Three. “And you want the four of you to stay naked.” A fourth finger went up. “You aren’t giv-ing yourself any way out.”

“But I thought you’d know some way?” I cried, dismayed by her response.

Mom got up, came over and kissed me on the cheek, then sat down next to me.

“Kitten, when you were two or three, we were your entire world. But even then, we couldn’t keep you from catching colds. You had the most horrible earache when you were three, and there was nothing I could do to help you. And don’t ever take me back to when you were six weeks

old and had the worse colic. No, honey, the days when we had some magic solution to all your problems is long past.”

“So, we have to find our own solution?” I said, not liking that thought at all. We’d tried.

We’d come home to our parents hoping for something.

I shrugged. “I guess maybe we need to go on birth control,” I said.

“That might be an easy solution,” Mom said, “but easy solutions often aren’t nearly as easy as they look. Frequently, they aren’t even solutions.”

“We kind of decide among ourselves that we and our parents might want to meet someplace and talk.”

“Now that is something I definitely think we need to do.”

My phone rang. It was Mel. Her folks wanted us to meet in their backyard for hamburgers. Ed and Abe’s parents were already coming. I told my folks, and turned back to the phone. “They’ll be there as soon as they can change. Unlike you and me, their work clothes aren’t their relaxing clothes.”

That got a laugh on both ends of the line.

**Chapter 11**

The hamburgers were great. The company was fine, but the solutions were still pretty ab-sent.

The dads went off with my dad to discuss a lawsuit. The moms talked through the four solu-tions we’d come up with on our own, and couldn’t find more. They seemed to prioritize them from lowest to top: get us dressed again, put the genie back in the bottle by us kids swearing off sex, either the boys or the girls go to a new school . . . depending on whether or not you had a boy or girl with the other sex being the one to go . . . and highest priority, get us girls on birth control.

We kids collected under a tree and tried to look uninterested in each other. That, however, didn’t work all that well, what with the boys getting regular and reoccurring boners. We girls were easier on the boys than their own parents were, looking our way and shaking their heads or smiling whenever one of the boys sprung a new one.

In the end, we kids put down our own markers. We would not crawl back to school and slink into clothes. We had our pride. We were not moving to a new school – any of us. We wanted to put the sexual genie back in the bottle as much as anyone, but being teenagers, especially naked ones, we couldn’t promise anything. However, we girls would accept birth control. We didn’t want hormonal, we were too young. My mom suggested IUDs.

Mel’s mom had tomorrow off. She’d take us to the woman’s clinic. Dad worked up a quick power of attorney and Mom gave Mel’s mom her medical insurance card.

By noon the next day, we girls couldn’t get pregnant if we wanted to.

No more pitter patter of little feet for us for five years.

We wanted to spend the rest of the day at Ed’s place. His folks had the best computers, but Mel’s mom was definite. So, we got the boys over to her place and sat around playing a wild game of monopoly. Yes, we wanted to be kids again, and that was the best we could come up with.

I couldn’t help but notice after a half hour, that none of the boys had sprouted a stiffy.

“What’s the matter, you boys lost interest now that you can’t get us pregnant?” Mel asked.

“No,” Abe said.

“Speak for yourself,” Ed said. “I’ve lost all interest in naked women I can’t get pregnant.”

I wondered how this conversation was going over in the den where Mel’s mom was trying to watch TV.

“Gee, we’re acting like old married couples already,” I said.

“I don’t know about Ed here, but I’ve already jacked off three times today,” Abe said.

“Four,” Ed countered.

I threw myself down on the floor and spread my legs. “Four times for you and not one time for us girls. Get your tongue over here,” I ordered.

“What happened to getting the genie back in the bottle?”

“What’s good for the boy genie is good for the girl genie,” I insisted.

“May I point out that I was reduced to using thumb and his four sisters? You’ve got the same digits on your fingers.”

“Yes, but I’ve grown so addicted to your fingers and tongue.”

“What part of us trying not to fool around with each other did she miss? “Abe asked Ed.

“The part about us really wanting to,” Mel said with a sigh.

“Will whoever just landed on Park Place, please pay me,” I said.

“I will,” Ed said, “Only after you quit waving your bare pussy in my face. I have my virtue to think of.”

“I don’t think any of us have any virtue left,” Abe said.

“I don’t know. There were plenty of gals that noticed your virtuosity on my coochie,” Mel said.

“But they only want me for my fingers, my tongue, my dick. I want to be wanted for all of me.”

“That doesn’t leave much left,” Mel shot back. “Oh, the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.”

“I’m more worried about the slings and arrows of your little swimmers. I can’t get pregnant now, but I’m not so sure about yesterday.” I said.

Both boys got deathly serious. “We didn’t. . .”

“I was joking. Isn’t that what we’re doing? Joking? We sure aren’t playing monopoly.”

“We could play strip poker?” Mel suggested. I eyed Mel, waiting to see her mom’s reaction, but I think we’d blown her circuits.

Abe shook his head. “First hand and we’re all in.”

“Ah, but think about the dares we could bet next.” Mel said.

“Hold it, kids. I am not asleep,” came from the den.

“We were just checking, Mom.”

“Yeah, right. Why don’t you kids ever run out and play in traffic anymore?”

“Mom, in case you haven’t noticed, your daughter is naked and has boobs now. That tends to cause traffic accidents.”

“Oh, right. I forgot. I guess strip poker it is. It is so nice. A mom can relax now, knowing that her daughter can’t get pregnant.”

“Mel, I think we got outmaneuvered something fierce,” I said.

“I think so too.”

“Well, we’ll always have Sex Ed class,” Abe said, doing a really bad Bogie imitation.

He got hit by three hotels.

**Chapter 12**

Next day, we showed up at school, naked as the day we were born. An office assistant was waiting for us at the door. “The principal wants to see you.”

“Me?” I asked.

“All of you, I think.”

So, all of us went.

“I have your clothes for you here in the office. You can dress here,” the principal said.

“No.” I said.

“No?”

“We were good enough naked for the Sex Ed class. We’re good enough naked for class until our time runs out.”

“You know your father is suing me?”

“My father is suing the school district,” I answered.

“Shit rolls downhill, kids. The school district will take it out of my hide. There are your clothes. Better get dressed.”

I glanced back at my friends. They shook their heads ever so slightly.

“We’ll wait until our time is done.”

“You really think you can chose if and when to get dressed? I decide when you get dressed. If you don’t in the next minute, you’ll be naked every day you are in my school. Your time will end in one class and you’ll be stripped again before the day is done. Get dressed now or don’t bother.”

I so wanted to tell her what she’d done to us. The price we were paying for her letting some students make the rules for her school. Or had some students even asked for us to jack our boys off? What would Dad’s lawsuit really find?

I glanced over the shoulder at my Ed, then over my other shoulder at Mel and Abe. They were all shaking their heads now.

Then I spun on my heels, faced their backs and we all walked out together.

“You four will rue this day,” she shouted after us.

We spent the next six weeks naked. We did our best to never be alone. I think our folks tried to help us. We fell off the wagon one time after school, but we held to our limit. We jacked the boys off twice, once before, then another time after us girls got off. They gave us girls four or-gasms. I now had my own big pink pill vibrator. It was amazing what Ed could do combining fingers, tongue, and the toy.

The day came for me to retake my test. I passed. Two periods later, my test in that class ap-peared to have been lost. I was told I had six weeks to retake it. For the next week, the teacher was never where she said she’d be so I could retake it. When I finally caught up with her, she told me she’d have to work up a new test. It was four weeks before she did. All she’d done was shuffle the questions. I passed it, although I had forgotten some of the material.

I think my grade on the retake was the one I earned on the lost one.

Later that day, coach said I wasn’t running fast enough. I’d flunked my time test. No clothes for a week. I flunked that time test for six weeks running. I still got an A for the quarter.

The same thing was happening to my friends. We could easily have gotten ulcers if we didn’t develop a sense of humor. At first, we tried to give ourselves a kind of exemption when we all got clothes back to have a kind of party and blow off steam. We’d give each other some mind blowing non-vaginal sex, but that didn’t work.

Pretty soon hardly a week went by without one of us earning our clothes back . . . and losing them again

So, we tried to do other sexy stuff.

My mom signed the four of us up for a sensual massage course. We four were the only na-ked ones there all the time. We learned some really nifty things to do for each other to help us relax. With us naked all the time, our parents didn’t need to worry that hanky panky had been going on when they came into a room and found the two guys or gals laid out on the floor and the other pair working on their backs, legs, arms, fronts, what have you.

Okay, maybe we did get into a bit of the what have you, but not too much of it. At least, not a lot.

**Chapter 13**

As the summer vacation approached, my dad wrote both the principal and the school district making a specific request that we kids be allowed to have our clothes back by the last week of school. There were different court decisions as to whether or not we could wear clothes in the summer if we still had them hanging on a peg at school.

Our local state district was one that said, no. No school clothes, no summer clothes.

Three weeks from the end of school, all four of us were stripped and would not have our clothes back by the last day.

Mom and Dad’s lawyer had to keep my dad from physically doing down and giving the principal what for.

Our parents pulled in chits at a lot of the athletic clubs and swimming pools to see if they wanted a naked life guard, janitor, whatever. We kids ended up working as many hours as our folks.

We got even. Each weekend, one of our parents had to take us out to the beach. Both days. They couldn’t just leave us at the parking lot and come back and get us later. Not after Mel’s folks did that the first Saturday they took us and the boys showed them some of the pictures from the seriously nude, crude, and lewd section of the beach.

“I told you boys my dad had no sense of humor.”

Boys are so dumb.

Somehow, we girls made it through the summer with our virtue intact, such as it was. If you asked me, some of the people at the health clubs and pools were harder to keep out of our hoohas than the boys ever were, but Mel and I talked it over among ourselves and decided not to upset our parents.

It was the boys who needed some serious consoling by us. There were some women that were serious cougar types and telling them you were thirteen didn’t seem to faze them at all.

“I thought you boys wanted any poontag you could dip your stick into,” was something the boys heard a lot of.

“We considered telling them we already had a naked girlfriend we were saving ourselves for, but . . .” Ed said, with a shrug.

I kneed him in the balls, but missed. I must need glasses.

With care, we kept our parents in the dark, managed to earn some money, survived the summer, and rarely managed to spend any time alone unsupervised.

I said rarely. Not never.

We were getting much better at pleasing our boys, and they us. Oh, for the days when we could just relax in each other’s arms and let nature carry us where it would.

There was a problem around vacations, as in did our folks want to take us to anyplace in California with them? I spent a week at Mel’s house while my folks went to a business meeting at San Francisco. Mel’s folks went to see her grandmother in Central City, so she stayed at our house. We shared beds at each other’s houses and decided that girls could not lose their virtue to each other.

That was a good thing, because those big pill vibrators felt just as good in Mel’s hands as it did in Ed’s

We headed back to school to be at the top of the pile – eighth graders, but just as naked as ever. Now the sixth and seventh graders talked of us in whispered tones. Those that didn’t know the story gawked at us in wonderment until some of our classmates filled them in on how the na-ked four became the naked four.

The principal had been moved on, but not replaced. We kept getting our clothes back – and losing them. Sometimes we kept them for two or even three days. I don’t know if they were teas-ing us, or it took them longer to draw straws or whatever to find out which teacher would do the dirty deed. It was never the same one.

The only teacher who never did it was Mr. S. I came to love science.

Our lawsuit was heard in the early fall. Dad expected a quick decision. The time came and went with no decision. Then, the first week in February, Dad came home cussing like I had never heard him.

“We lost. The lower court found that the lewd exemption applies to involuntary nudists as well as voluntary nudists.

I kind of liked that. It would be nice to be able to jill off under the table at school when I got bored. Maybe do Ed if he got a boner in class. Assuming we didn’t make too big of a deal of it.

“What did they decide on the implications of the school requiring students to perform lewd acts against their wills.”

“Cath asked the cop if he’d arrest them if they did what they’d been asked to do.”

Oh, shit. I had.

“He said he wouldn’t do it if they were consensual.”

“But Dad, I was consenting for Ed to touch me and me to touch him. I wasn’t agreeing to do any of this because I wanted to. It was all because they made me do it. That’s what I said on the stand.” Naked as I was.

“The court said nothing about that. They just blew it off.”

“Isn’t that a basis for an appeal?” Mom asked.

“It sure is, and we spent most of the day writing out just such an appeal, hon. We transmitted the appeal file to the California Supreme Court before I came home.”

So, that was the word I carried to my friends the next morning. We were pretty depressed.

And we got more depressed two days later.

Our old principal was back and this time we were summoned from home room to meet with her.

“So, nice to see you in all of your nakedness. How’s your defiance doing you now?”

We said nothing. What could we say? If the California Supreme Court didn’t accept the ap-peal in a week, two at the most, we’d have lost everything we could lose. Now she was back, she who had taken everything from us, our clothes. Our innocence. Our childhood faith that adults were benevolent gods, safe on their Olympus.

What could possibly happen now?