Cindi's Night at the Ball Game

 My name's Cindi. Yes. With an I!

 Ms. Thompson required that I write out my experience from my date last

Friday.

 First, I'm the one that jumped up in dismay when Ms. Thompson required

that we all go nude for the entire weekend. I had a date with a guy that I

really liked. It was the first time I had gone out with him and he wasn't

a student, so he didn't really know what was going on here.

 I'd met him at work. I work part time as an accounting intern for a big

oil company downtown. Richard isn't my boss or anything. Just a coworker.

But really, when you're an intern everyone's your boss. I'd been

reconciling some accounts for him and we really hit it off.

 This was his first real job. He graduated in May. And he's gorgeous.

Tall, tan, and handsome. But sort of shy. He always wears a suit to work.

His hair is short. Face shaved baby smooth.

 I had finally sweet talked him into taking me out. And now I was

required to go nude. Even worse, Ms. Thompson knew about it and so I

couldn't call and cancel.

 Let me tell you a little about myself first. I've been cursed with the

name Cindi. That's what's on my birth certificate. Not Cynthia. Cindi.

The good news is, I look just like a Cindi is supposed to look - basically

like a dumb blond cheerleader. I've got long blond hair, blue eyes, 5'8",

115 lbs, long tan legs and 34 C breasts. I'm sort of embarrassed to say

this, but I look like a model. I'm a Sophomore but I'm still only 18. You

see, I my look like a dumb blond, but I have an IQ of 143, a 4.0 average,

valedictorian of my high school, and a double major in accounting and

computer science.

 I took this class because I was required to take a psychology course and

it sounded like fun. I never dreamed I'd have to go on a date with a man I

work with, totally nude!

 I was scared to death. It's not that I'm all that conservative. I've

had sex with a couple of different guys before. But I'd never been nude in

public before our little field trip across campus. That was hard enough

and I was surrounded by others in the same predicament. Now I was alone.

Nude. For the entire weekend. And I was required to do everything I had

planned all along.

 I really wasn't sure I could do it. Others talk about having a twinge

of excitement at the prospect of public nudity. Not me! I was scared out

of my mind! I was absolutely certain that Richard would see me and leave

me sitting in the lobby of the dorm. Worse, he would talk about it at work

and everyone would think I was a slut! I even thought I might be fired!

 Somehow I managed to get through the rest of the day after class let

out. I don't work Fridays so I was able to stay on campus. Once everyone

in the class scattered and I had to go across campus and to my various

other classes nude I felt incredibly alone. Even though everyone

immediately knew (or assumed) that it was part of the Human Sexuality class

it didn't make it any easier. I kept hearing people whisper as I walked

by. Occasionally someone would whistle. A group of guys started following

me and making all kinds of comments until some other guys, from the

gymnastics team I think, scared them off. I was shaking like a leaf when I

finally made it to the sanctuary of my dorm room.

 My roommate had gone home for the weekend so I was alone. I lay on my

bed and cried for an hour.

 Finally I realized that this was a class assignment and that I had to do

it. I wasn't going to let this class ruin my GPA!

 I got up and showered, washing my hair and my body as well as I possibly

could. I made sure my armpits were smooth (yea, I know that sounds dumb,

but my whole body was going to be on display!). I washed my rear and

vagina our so that I was cleaner than I'd been in my entire life!

 Looking in the mirror I realized I really was beautiful. That sounds so

vain. But I was trying to be objective. I looked like a model. It's a

curse, but someone has to do it!

 I still had my summer tan. And my summer tan lines. My breasts, pussy

and rear were snow white where my bikini had been. My bush was trimmed

into a neat triangle of light blond curls, almost invisible.

 I started thinking about this evening and became really scared again.

We were going to a baseball game! Thousands of people would see me!

 I'd been so excited when Richard asked me to go with him. I'd played

fast pitch softball through junior high and high school. I wasn't a star

or anything, but I was pretty good. I had become a big baseball fan. The

Knights were in a race for the division title for the first time in history

and the whole city was behind them. Most of the games were selling out, or

close to it. Plus, Rick McKenzie had hit 71 home runs and might break the

home run record tonight. Richard knew what a big fan I was and had managed

to get two tickets in left field.

 How was I going to go nude?

 Although guys sometimes come up to the rooms, I'd told Richard to have

the front desk call me when he came in. I'd thought it would somehow be

inappropriate for him to come up to my room on the first date. Like going

out nude with him wasn't!

 At 5:15 the phone rang.

 Right on time, I thought.

 "Hello," I answered.

 "Cindi, you have a gentleman caller to see you."

 I could hear girls giggling in the background.

 "Ask him to come on up, please," I asked.

 "Not on your life," she laughed. "Come ooooonnnnnn downnnnn!"

 "Susan! I can't...."

 She'd hung up.

 I should have known she'd make me come down there. Susan and I'd been

friends since we started here last year. Nothing like a friend to create

embarrassing situations.

 I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. Picking up my baseball glove

and purse I stepped into the hallway wearing nothing but sneakers and a

smile, a very small smile.

 My legs were trembling as I walked down the stairs and into the lobby. I

was terrified of what Susan might have organized. I was terrified of what

Richard would do. I was just plain terrified.

 As I walked into the lobby I was relieved to see that only 4 girls were

there and that Susan had gotten them to surround Richard with his back to

the stairs. I was able to walk all the way up to him before he saw me.

 "Hello, Richard," I whispered from behind him.

 He turned around and froze in mid sentence. It really was funny to see

his face. His eyes got big, huge. His mouth hung open in the middle of a

word. He didn't know what to do. Didn't know what to say. Time had

frozen.

 "OK kids," Susan said, restarting time. "Don't want to miss the kick

off! Time to go."

 "Yes. Time to go," said another girl.

 Arms went around us, pushed us together and ushered us towards the door.

 "Wait. No. She can't go like this. Wait." stammered Richard.

 "Course she can. Course she can. Does it all the time," replied Susan

as she shoved us through the door that her roommate was holding open.

 Another girl had run ahead and opened the driver's side door of his pick

up which was parked right in front. Taking their cue, I stepped forward

and climbed in, sliding across his bench seats.

 "Wait. Wait," stammered Richard as he was almost picked up and thrown

into his truck.

 "Bye bye kids. Have a good time. Don't stay out too late now. Make

sure you don't spill anything on your new outfit Cindi," sang Susan as she

slammed Richard's door shut.

 They stood there waving at us like a herd of idiots until Richard,

almost on autopilot, started the truck and pulled out into traffic,

carefully avoiding looking at me.

 I wasn't sure what to think. I was grateful to Susan for ushering us

out of the dorm and into the privacy of his truck where we could talk. But

Richard hadn't said a word. He looked like he was in shock. He kept his

eyes on the road and wouldn't even look at me.

 I was on the verge of tears when he finally pulled into a parking lot

and stopped the truck.

 "OK Cindi. What's going on?" he asked. He sounded confused. Angry.

Worried. Almost afraid.

 "Oh Richard, I'm sorry," I replied, tears welling up in my eyes. "It's

an assignment for my Human Sexuality class. We're studying nudism and its

affect on society and Ms Thompson told the whole class we all had to go

nude all weekend and she made us write out our schedules and told us that

we couldn't change anything and that we had to do everything on our

schedule and I told her that I had a date and she just said congratulations

and I didn't know what to do and I couldn't cancel because I'd fail my

class and I was scared but I had to do it and now you hate me and you're

gonna get me fired and my life is ruined!"

 I stopped to take a breath, two tears rolling down my cheeks.

 Richard was silent for a moment. Turning, he looked at me. He gently

reached up and wiped the tear off my chin.

 "I don't hate you, Cindi. And I'm not going to get you fired. Cindi,

you're beautiful. I... I just don't know what to do. I've never had a

naked girl in my truck before."

 He grinned sheepishly. I smiled uncertainly in return.

 "I guess we can't go to the game though. They'd never let you in like

that."

 "But we have to, Richard," I replied. "I put down on my schedule that

you were taking me to the ball game."

 "Cindi, there's no way they'd let a nude girl in the stadium," Richard

retorted.

 "You just don't want to be seen with me in public," I stuttered, tears

coming to my eyes again.

 "Cindi, I'd love to be seen in public with you. What man wouldn't want

to be seen with a beautiful naked woman on his arm?"

 "Really?" I asked.

 "Really."

 "Will you take me to the game?"

 "I'll try. But I don't think they'll let you in."

 He started the truck and pulled back on the road heading towards the

ball park.

 "What if they arrest you for public nudity or something?" he asked.

 Wiping my tears away I slid over against him.

 "Ms. Thompson said the school really wants to become a leader in the

study of human sexuality. Somehow she got the mayor and chief of police to

support her. She said that as long as we were participating in class

activities the city won't interfere. I got the impression we can do almost

anything in public and get away with it."

 I began to relax some as we drove to the game. Richard's truck had

tinted windows so no one could really see that I was nude. For the most

part we were silent, wrapped in our own thoughts. Richard seemed so

gentle. So kind.

 We pulled into the parking lot at the stadium. The attendants eyes got

huge when Richard lowered his window and paid. Richard just grinned.

 We parked. Then just sat there for a few moments. The game was going

to start in about 10 minutes. People were streaming in from every

direction.

 "Are you sure you can do this?" Richard asked.

 "Are you sure you can?"

 We each grinned, a little embarrassed.

 "Let's do it," I announced.

 Richard opened his door and we climbed out.

 He took my hand as we walked towards the stadium. A simple gesture that

gave me confidence. He was telling the world that I belonged to him and

that he was going to take care of me.

 I'm not sure I can describe the walk to the stadium. It was a long way

to walk. People were all around. And we got all kinds of different

reactions.

 Mostly people just stopped and stared. I could tell how far the news

had gotten that a nude girl was coming by the heads turning around in front

of us. They tried to act like they were ignoring us, but couldn't take

their eyes off us.

 A few guys whistled or made lewd comments. Richard gripped my hand

tighter and we walked on, ignoring them.

 I saw women hitting their husbands as they turned to look. Several

covered their kids eyes, forcing them to look away, as though the human

body was evil. I felt sorry for them.

 When we got to the gate the attendant looked at me and grinned.

 "I'm sorry sir," he said to Richard. "The two of you will have to wait

here for a moment."

 He picked up his walkie talkie and called for security. Richard and I

shuffled off to the side as others went by.

 "Well I should think so!" announced one fat lady as she waddled by in a

purple tent. "The very idea of a naked girl in public, right Harvey? She

should be ashamed!"

 Harvey weighed about 120 pounds and looked like he didn't think it was

shameful at all.

 A middle aged woman in a blue security uniform came up to us.

 "Excuse me ma'am. May I see your student ID?" she asked.

 I was surprised at how respectful she was. I fully expected her to

handcuff me and throw my naked ass in jail!

 I reached in my purse and handed her my ID. Neither of us said a word

as she looked at the ID and then at her clipboard.

 "Everything seems to be in order," she announced. "Enjoy the game."

 Smiling she turned and walked off.

 Richard and I were stunned. How much power did Ms. Thompson have over

this city anyway?

 Our seats were in the 10th row in left field. Richard had remembered

that I played left field on my softball team.

 We made our way to our seats and sat down. It was really pretty funny,

looking back on it. The entire section went dead quiet as I wiggled down

the row to our seat. From somewhere behind me a little boy called out,

"Daddy! Daddy! That girl's got no clothes on!"

 Turning bright pink I sat down quickly, trying to sink into my chair. I

could hear people all around whispering about me. Like I said earlier,

some people get a thrill out of this. Me? I wanted to run and hide. I

wanted to cover up. I didn't feel dirty. I didn't feel ashamed. I just

felt embarrassed.

 Richard put his arm around my shoulders and pulled me to him.

 "Yea Baaaaby!" someone behind us yelled, bringing a round of catcalls

and whistles.

 "You OK?" he whispered in my ear.

 "I think so," I replied, sounding braver than I felt.

 Just as the first inning was about to begin a woman sat down next to me

with her husband on the other side.

 "Well look at you!" she grinned. "How the Hell did you manage to get in

like that?"

 I turned and looked at her. She was in her late 30's or early 40's,

dark brown hair, deep tan, sparkling blue eyes, a permanent smile etched

into her face. Really very attractive. She wore a light tank top and

shorts. I was about to say something rude until I realized she was

genuinely interested and wasn't being critical.

 "It's part of my homework assignment for school," I replied.

 "You must be part of that sex class I read about in the paper."

 "Yes ma'am."

 "Fred. Fred," she poked her husband who was busy watching the man on

first base and didn't seem to have noticed me at all. "This is.. I didn't

catch your name."

 "Cindi"

 "This is Cindi. She's in that sex class at the college."

 Fred turned and shook my hand, hardly noticing my nudity. "Good to meet

you. I'm Fred Cummins."

 "And I'm Nancy," the woman stated. "How long do you have to stay nude?"

 "Until Monday morning."

 "Magnificent!" she beamed. "Fred and I are nudists. Been nudist ever

since we got married. Right Fred? 'Bout time this town started lightening

up a little."

 I could tell that, for Nancy, baseball was a social event. She seemed

to assume that I had as little interest in the game as she did. Two outs

and a runner on 3rd.

 "What about your boyfriend. He too chicken to join you?"

 "No ma'am. He's not in the class."

 "So what? If you're naked he should be to. What's your name boy."

 Richard had been listening with half an ear while watching the game. He

evidently thought Nancy was hilarious.

 "Richard Wright," he replied, putting out his hand.

 "Why aren't you naked, Richard?" laughed Nancy.

 "Yes! Why aren't you naked, Richard?" I joined.

 "That wasn't part of the deal. I'm just here for the game. You're the

one who had to come to the game nude. Not me!"

 "Well, a real gentleman wouldn't make his date suffer alone!" proclaimed

Nancy. "I dare you to join your date!"

 "Yea!" I agreed. "I think you should join me!"

 "You're just loving this, aren't you?" he asked.

 "You bet! Now take it off. I dare you!"

 "Not on your life!"

 "Then let's make a bet," Nancy challenged.

 "What do you mean?" I asked.

 "We'll play strip baseball!" she proclaimed.

 "What?" exclaimed Richard.

 "We'll play strip baseball. Every time the Yankees hit a home run I'll

give you a piece of my clothes. Every time the Knights hit a home run you

give me one of yours. Now, I've got 4 pieces on counting my sandals. I'm

guessin' you have five counting shoes and socks. Right?"

 "Right. But I'm not..."

 "We'll count his shoes and socks as one. And he accepts!" I announced.

 "No! I'm not playing strip baseball with her!" Richard responded.

 "Look. It'll be fun. And what's the chance that the Knights will hit 4

home runs? There's no way you'll lose your precious knickers!" I replied

 "But.."

 "It's settled," proclaimed Nancy. "Shoes and socks count as one piece.

One piece is removed with each home run. Clothes are not returned and

neither may put on the others clothes."

 "But..."

 "Agreed!" I announced, giggling.

 "Maybe you'll get a sense of what I'm going through," I whispered.

 The night was shattered by a loud crack as the ball went flying over the

center field wall.

 "I believe you owe me a pair of shoes and socks, Richard," announced

Nancy with a wide grin.

 I couldn't quite believe it when he slipped his shoes and socks off and

slid them over to her.

 She was grinning like the Cheshire Cat.

 It was one to nothing in the third inning when the Yankees hit a rocket

over the right field wall sending two runners in. Nancy slid her sandals

over. Richard had begun to relax. It really was unlikely that the Knights

would hit 3 more home runs.

 At least until the fifth inning when they hit two back to back fly balls

straight into the stands.

 He couldn't think of a diplomatic way out as he slid his pants and shirt

off and handed them to Nancy. He looked hilarious scrunched over in his

jockey shorts. People around us had caught on to what was happening and

were enjoying our show as much as they were the game.

 In the sixth inning the Yankees sent one whistling just inside the foul

line and over the right field wall tying the game at 5 all.

 Nancy stood up and rather seductively slid he shorts down to her ankles.

Bending over straight legged, she picked them up, twirled them over her

head, and handed them to Richard, who was still sitting down. She was

wearing a black cotton thong.

 In the 8th inning the Yankees sent another homer high over our heads.

Without hesitation Nancy stood up. whipped her shirt off, twirled it over

her head and handed it to Richard.

 She really was a nudist (and evidently and exhibitionist as well). No

tan lines showed at all. Her belly was flat and her small tits stood firm

and proud. She twirled around for all to see.

 This was incredible. I was completely nude at a major league ball game.

I felt totally relaxed and comfortable. I'd practically forgotten my state

of undress. On either side of me was a man and a woman in nothing but

their underpants. I was having a blast!

 In the 9th inning the Yankees batted first. On the very first swing the

ball went sailing over the right field wall. Once again, Nancy stood up.

To whoops and whistles she slid her pants down and handed them to Richard,

who was now standing too and grinning widely.

 Nancy was tan all over, with a shaved pussy so that nothing was hidden.

She slowly did a 360 showing her body to the world.

 "Guess I get to keep my shorts!" he announced proudly.

 "Not so fast, Cowboy," retorted Nancy. "The Knights haven't finished

yet."

 "Yea. But I won. You're nude!"

 "Oh really! When did we say the game was over when the first one was

nude?"

 Richard sort of turned a light shade of green.

 The Knights were down my two when they got up to bat.

 First batter struck out.

 Second batter hit a double.

 Third batter hit it over the right field wall!

 The stadium erupted in cheers as the tying runners came home.

 Our section cheered loudest of all as everyone turned to watch Richard.

 He sat still for a couple of moments.

 Poking him, I whispered, "If I can do it, so can you."

 Taking a deep breath, he stood up, dropped his shorts and handed them to

Nancy.

 With a whoop Nancy twirled them over her head and let them fly into the

crowd. Everyone laughed and cheered. There were now three naked people in

the 10th row of left field.

 During all the hoopla the Knights had gotten a second out.

 Tied game. Two outs. And Rick McKenzie, the Knights best hitter,

walked up.

 Like Babe Ruth, he pointed his bat to left field. It looked like he was

pointing right to me.

 "He's gonna hit to me!" I whispered, sliding my glove on.

 The pitcher should have walked him. Everyone knew that. Except the

pitcher.

 He threw a fast ball straight down the line. The crack echoed through

the park.

 Never taking my eye off the ball, I stood up and stepped back onto the

chair. Normally there's a mad rush to catch a home run ball. Tonight it

seemed like everyone was more interested in watching the nude blond

standing on her chair with her arms in the air, legs slightly spread and

bent.

 The ball was hit directly at me. It screamed in about one foot over my

head. Stretching up, I felt it pop right in the pocket of the my glove. I

started jumping up and down on the narrow seat.

 "I got it! I got it! I got it!" I screamed.

 Everyone was screaming and cheering as the runner rounded 1st and then

2nd base. He stopped at 3rd and the whole stadium quieted down. Looking

up at me, he took off his cap and bowed deeply.

 The boy behind my yelled, "Look! She's on TV!"

 Looking up I saw myself on both of the giant screens around the stadium.

There I was. Twenty feet tall. Totally nude. White tan lines and all.

Next to me was Nancy, her tan body dancing in joy. Richard's nude body was

turned slightly, arms outstretched to catch me if I fell. His cock and

balls profiled for the world to see.

 Nancy and Richard both saw the screens at the same time. Instead of

hiding they each put an arm around my waist and raised the other arm in

victory.

 Later all the highlights for the day showed that shot, properly blurred

for the national audience. However, the game had been televised live. Our

nude bodies had been broadcast for almost a full minute on national

television for literally millions of people to see!

 After the game, Richard, Nancy, Fred and I all went out for coffee.

Neither of them dressed and with a little encouragement, Fred stripped as

well. I felt great. I wasn't turned on. I wasn't embarrassed. I just

felt natural. I realized that nudity really was comfortable.

 And I loved it.

 Richard took me back to the dorm, kissed me at the door, and walked back

to his truck, his bare ass shining in the bright lights.

 Grinning, I walked past all the girls in the lobby without saying a

word.

 I think I have become a born again nudist!