**College Mascot**by Arty (from an outline by Suzi)

**Chapter 1**

**Friday Night**

Not again! I looked at my hand: 3 Jacks. The two Jacks of Diamonds made it seem something alien. Surely 3 Jacks should do it even with the skewed odds that came from playing with two decks. I tried to work out what the changed odds for each hand should be. Normally this would be a doddle, but several drinks more than I was used to had shot my mental calculator to hell and I gave it up as futile.

The other girls that had stayed in this hand showed out.

Yup! Me again! I squirmed a bit in my chair and thanked God for front fastening bras -- boys get practise at opening rear clasps through clothing -- with a wriggle of my shoulders I drew the straps down my arms and eventually pulled it out from under my dress. Even though I was probably as covered as most of the rest of them and more than some, I realised I was down to only two items of clothing.

What had Granny said?

"Don’t mix booze and cards!"

I could almost hear her say it in that ironic way that the English have when handing down obvious platitudes. Now was a fine time to be telling me that, Gran! Why couldn’t she have spoken up when I was downing my fourth, or was it my fifth, beer? What else did she say?

"Nothing teaches like experience."

I remember her saying that as she took me to the cleaners the first time I played her at poker.

The whole family are poker nuts, well card games of all sorts actually, but poker more than most. My mum reckoned it was my Gran’s dissolute upper class upbringing. I forgot to mention my Gran’s family is "old", like, when the Pilgrim Fathers were setting out for the New World; the family had been around for almost a thousand years! Most of the time you wouldn’t know, my Gran’s great fun; but occasionally when she’s mad with someone then those 1500 years or so suddenly pop up and the person on the receiving end is very unhappy. She doesn’t shout or scream or anything like that, sometimes my mum can do it too; perhaps it’s an age thing.

I shook my head and looked around again, as far as I could tell only Jane my roomie was worse off than me. She was down to just her panties. I resolved to concentrate. How the hell did I get into this mess anyhow?

It had all started last Saturday ...

Previous Saturday

*I woke up with a start.*

*The room seemed strange; of course it seemed strange, I’d only just got here. Well yesterday afternoon anyway. I wondered what my roommate would be like. Jane. I hadn’t known a Jane before. She seemed nice from the little note that she’d left me.*

*"Dear Roommate,*

*Hi!*

*I hope you didn’t have too much trouble finding the room. I won’t be back until Sunday evening. If you need anything I’ve told Shauna and Kim opposite that you’re new and they’ve promised to help if they can. Just ask them.*

*See ya,
Jane"*

*I realised that I’d been woken by a gentle knock on the door.*

*I grabbed my robe and padded to the door. I opened it a bit and peered out. There didn’t seem to be anyone there so I stuck my head out and checked properly. It was still quite early for a Saturday and there wasn’t anyone to be seen. I suppose I could have dreamt it but I was sure I had heard something.*

*Then I noticed the envelope on the floor. My name was clearly printed on it. This was strange, as I didn’t yet know anyone here, probably something from the college.*

*It was halfway across the threshold; whoever had delivered it had shoved it under the door. The knock that I’d heard must have been their hand hitting the door as they did it.*

*I picked it up; it seemed heavier than it should be. Staring at it wouldn’t tell me what was inside, so I opened it. Inside was a heavily embossed, gold-edged card, obviously some sort of invitation, like many that I’d seen standing on my Granny’s mantelpiece.*

*My curiosity was piqued.*

*I pulled out the card; the printing was so ornate that it was difficult to make out the wording.*

*"You are invited to attend this semester’s eliminations for the CNM"*

*Underneath this enigmatic line was the address of some Frat House; surprisingly there was no ‘RSVP’.*

*Now I was awake I might as well have a shower and dress. I hadn’t seen much of the campus last night and by the time I had moved my stuff and got it all sorted out it had got quite dark.*

*I grabbed my towels and my shower bag and headed out.*

*At this time of the morning on a weekend I had my pick of bathrooms so I picked one that looked the cleanest -- why are girls en masse the untidiest humans on earth? I wondered.*

*Being one-quarter English part of me hankered after a long and glorious soak in a bath, but the rest of me luxuriated in the unexpected pleasure of a half-hour shower without the constant banging on the door of irate floor mates.*

*Refreshed, dressed and feeling happier than I had in a long while I went for a walk.*

*It was great.*

*As the day wore on more people appeared and the familiar accents of my childhood made me feel comfortable and welcome, even though I knew no one.*

*My previous college was two thousand miles west of here and the west coast accents and the distance from home had conspired to make me feel unbearably lonely and unwelcome. Coupled to my natural reticence this had made my short time there a horrendous experience. So, much to my parents delight, I had transferred here, to the college that both my mum and dad had attended. In fact they’d met here; it was almost as good as being back at home.*

*I had a great day. A couple of cute guys spoke to me as I drank my coffee. They told me where the best places to eat were; even invited me to a party next Friday. I wondered if this was the same one that the invitation was for. For some reason I didn’t mention it to them.*

*I started to tire so I declined to join them that night. Back at my room I rang my mum and assured her that I was OK. After that sleep beckoned.*

Previous Sunday

*I woke the next day feeling like I’d slept the clock round. I checked and was surprised to see that it was only ten o’clock. I hadn’t slept that well in weeks; coming here looked like being the best thing I’d done in a long time.*

*My tummy growled; brunch was required. A quick shower, what my Gran called ‘a lick and a promise’ and I was on my way to the café, just off campus, that the guys had identified as being the best for Sunday brunch.*

*"Hey! Susan! Wait up!"*

*I looked round curiously, expecting to see some other girl being called to, and wondering if I could use it as an excuse to introduce myself.*

*"I thought it was you. I thought you’d gone to some west coast college."*

*A little way behind me I recognised two girls from the cheerleading squad at high school.*

*"Chrissie. Sylvie. Hey it’s so good to see a familiar face or two." I said.*

*"So, what’re you doin’ here?" It was Chrissie speaking.*

*"I just couldn’t take being so far away, I know it sounds wimpy, but it was making me ill. So I transferred here. My parents came here too and put in a good word for me. And so here I am; I got here Friday night, but my roomie’s away for the weekend so I’m just wandering about trying to get my bearings. It’s just so great to see you guys!"*

*"Are you gonna try out for the squad?"*

*"Dunno. What do you think, Chrissie?"*

*"The official try-outs were last week, but the squad’s a bit light, so you might get in. You’re still lookin’ good girl -- go for it. The first game’s the week after next so there’ll be time to get you up to speed with most of the cheers by then."*

*"Thanks. I didn’t feel like trying out where I was; the place was littered with all these ‘valley girl’ types it made me feel so ugly!"*

*"You! Ugly! Get outta here!" Sylvie screamed in disbelief.*

*I blushed. "You don’t know how good just talking to someone from home is making me feel."*

*Chrissie was looking at me thoughtfully.*

*"It was that bad huh?"*

*I nodded, suddenly unable to speak through the lump in my throat. Seeing how I close I was to tears she hugged me impulsively. It wasn’t like we’d been best friends or anything but we’d got on well enough. After she felt me relax a bit she let me go.*

*"Come on let’s get somethin’ to eat! My stomach’s thinkin’ my throat’s been cut."*

*So off we trooped to the café.*

*"If you’ve only just got here how’d’ya know about this place?" asked Sylvie.*

*"I met these cute guys in the canteen yesterday. They said I must be new as no one in their right minds would drink the coffee on campus and then they told me about this place. So I thought I’d give it a try for brunch."*

*"Who’s your roomie?"*

*I dug out the letter from my pocket and showed it them. "A girl called Jane, I forgot to ask her last name and she doesn’t use it in her letter. She say’s Shauna and Kim are our neighbours opposite."*

*"Oh great! We know Jane; she’s cool; she’s on the squad too."*

*The invitation had dropped on the table too. I’d forgotten that I had it in my pocket. Sylvie pounced on it with a shriek.*

*"Oh my god! Where’d you get this?"*

*"Someone shoved it under the door yesterday morning; woke me up actually."*

*"These are like, sooo rare how’d you get one? Come on who’d ’ya sleep with?" Chrissie said this with an exaggerated smirk; my lack of sexual experience in high school was legendary.*

*"It says ‘Susan plus guest’ please take me, oh go on please take me!"*

*"I’ll let you know Sylvie. I’m not even sure that I’m going yet!"*

*The two of them looked at me aghast.*

*"You’ve gotta go ..."*

*"Of course you have ..."*

*"This is the party of the semester ..."*

*"How can you think of not going?"*

*The two of them fell over each other in their eagerness to persuade me to go.*

*"OK! OK! I’ll go! If I don’t find a cute guy to take, I’ll let you know Sylvie."*

*After that we finished our brunch and chatted for a while, catching up on old friends that I hadn’t seen since last year. And then, pleading tiredness, I walked back to my room for a rest. By the time I got back to my room I was feeling quite sleepy. Even though I had slept well last night, I’d had almost a year of sleepless nights at my old college to catch up on. So I fell asleep almost as soon as my head hit my pillow.*

*-oOo-*

*"Oh sorry! I didn’t mean to wake you; I forgot that you’d be here by now. You must be Susan; I’m Jane."*

*I woke with a start to hear this apologetic speech from a sort of whirlwind of arms and legs, with a shock of red hair on top. She smiled cheekily at me from a sea of freckles; her green eyes twinkled with welcome.*

*Normally I’m grouchy if I’m woken like that, but she seemed genuinely sorry she’d woken me, so I bit back my normal grumpiness and smiled at her.*

*"It’s OK. I’m not normally asleep at this time of day, but I haven’t been sleeping well for months and it’s all just caught up on me."*

*She seemed contrite. "Jeez, I’m such a klutz, banging my way in here like this. Trouble is I’ve been on my own since mid-way through last semester. I’ve gotten used to being on my own. Did I leave you enough closet space?"*

*"Yeah. Plenty thanks. Oh thanks for the note that was nice of you."*

*"Oh that’s OK. I’m sorry I wasn’t here to meet you. But my Aunt came by and dragged me off. I couldn’t say no." She paused. "Not that I would’ve, she’s my mom’s youngest sister, and she’s a blast!"*

*"Well you’re here now. I met some friends from high school, Chrissie and Sylvie, they say they know you from cheerleading."*

*"Christine and Sylvia? Oh yeah, I know them; we hang out after practice, go for coffee that kinda thing, did you know them at school then?"*

*"Well we weren’t best friends or anything but we got on, y’know?"*

*"Oh that’s cool." She looked at me, like she wanted to say something but didn’t know how to start.*

*"You want to know why I’m transferring half-way through my course?"*

*She looked sheepish, "Well it is kinda odd? Most folks usually find out early on that they’re having trouble ..." She trailed off. "Not that I wanna snoop or anything, just say if you’d rather not talk about it, I’d understand."*

*I was beginning to like her already, so I drew a deep breath and started in.*

*"It’s quite simple really. Look, when you get to know me better, you’ll find that I’m not very experienced around guys. So last year at school I fell for this guy, Todd. We got on well he was a bit of a nerd, but he blossomed when he was with me. We decided to try and see if we could go to college together. So we ended up on the west coast, at first it was great. I thought ‘this really is it’ and then I found out that he didn’t. It was awful; I asked him over one evening; I thought this is it; this is when I tell him that I want him to be the one, you know, my first. And when he comes over he tells me that he wants to break up. He was nice about, but he thinks we are too young to be so committed and can we still be friends."*

*"I’m so sorry."*

*"Yeah well. So there I was 2000 miles from home and my boyfriend dumps me. It was OK at first, but everyone I knew out there I knew through Todd. I couldn’t cope with the pity so I stopped going out and then I got depressed and homesick. It seems really wimpy when I explain it now. Eventually my Mum and Dad got worried and suggested that I transfer to a college closer to home where at least everything would be more familiar. So here I am -- and you know what? I haven’t felt this good in, like, months. Anyway I haven’t been sleeping well lately, but I think that’s going to change; I slept for almost 10 hours solid last night!"*

*"I’m glad! Do you want to rest? Is there anything you need to know?"*

*"Well I was woken up yesterday when this invite was delivered."*

*I showed here the invitation. Her reaction was, if anything, more extreme than Sylvie’s.*

*"OH MY GOD! HOW COME YOU GET ONE OF THESE?"*

*"I don’t know; like I said it was shoved under my door first thing yesterday morning. I was thinking it was a mistake and I should give it a miss."*

*"No way! Even if it’s a mistake you can still get in -- it’s a VIP invite. Hey you can take me!"*

*"Well I kind of promised Sylvie ..."*

*"She went last semester. And I’m your roomie; I’d be eternally in your debt!"*

*I thought about. If it was some kind of mistake, then the worst that could happen would be they wouldn’t let us in -- and the way everyone was behaving it sounded like a party that I shouldn’t miss.*

*"OK then, but you have to protect me from Sylvie if she gets mad."*

*Jane gave me a hug and danced me round the room.*

*"Oh thank you! Thank you! Thank you!"*

Early Friday Evening

*So, there we were. Jane and I in our finest party frocks all set for a night of partying like you wouldn’t believe. But first we had to get by the doorman. The doorman turned out to be a really cute guy; his badge said his name was Alan. Jane was fairly jumping with excitement and it’s infectious, we were both eager to get in and start enjoying the party.*

*"Can I see your invitations please?"*

*"Oh sure. Here it is."*

*Alan’s eyes widened slightly at the sight of the gold edged invitation. He checked the name on his list and found it on the second page. He looked speculatively at Jane. I jumped in with a breathless explanation.*

*"She’s with me, she’s my roomie, I’ve only just transferred in and I only know a few people. I wasn’t going to come, but she convinced me to."*

*"That’s OK, I just wondered if she wanted to join the eliminations too?"*

*Jane jumped in. "Oh yes please, where do I sign?"*

*Alan gave her a sheet of paper, which she glanced at and then signed. Jane turned and said, "You’ve got to join in too; you’re much prettier than me."*

*I have this bad habit; I don’t like to ask dumb questions. I’m so bothered by this that I pretend to know what people are talking about even when I don’t have a clue. This has got me into more trouble than anything else. Tonight wasn’t any exception.*

*"Yeah, sure; if you think it’s a good idea."*

*Jane grabbed another of the sheets from the table next to which Alan was standing and gave it to me. I looked for the place to sign.*

*"You should, at least, read it you know."*

*"I did."*

*"Not unless you’re the speed-reading champion of the world you didn’t."*

*I started to bristle at this.*

*"Look just read it. You really shouldn’t sign things that you haven’t read."*

*"You sound just like my mum."*

*"Not everything your parents tell you is wrong though."*

*This was probably excellent advice, but with Jane champing at the bit and me feeling better than I had in a year, I wasn’t about to waste time reading a boring insurance document or whatever it was, when I could be partying, however cute the guy giving me the advice. So I made a show of reading the paper, but deliberately not seeing any of the words and then signed it with a flourish.*

*"Are you sure about this? You don’t have to join in if you don’t..."*

*"Look I signed it, didn’t I? Can we get in now?"*

*Alan looked mulish but then sighed and waved us in with the customary admonishment to have a good time.*

*The party was great, I drank more beer than I should have; spoke to lots of cute guys; even kissed a few in a dark corner or two. Danced with even more cute guys and didn’t notice that Jane had left me. After a while though I wondered where she’d got to as I fancied a bit of girl-talk. I mean, what’s the point of going partying with a girlfriend if you can’t compare notes right? I swung through some of the rooms aimlessly and then I   heard familiar laughter, so I follow the noise until I reach the main room. There’s a big banner above the arch leading into the room it reads ‘Eliminations’. I still don’t know what’s being eliminated by now I’ve had far too much to drink and I’m giggling to myself over all the other meanings of the word ‘Elimination’. Jane saw me and called.  "Susie! There you are, they’re ready to start! Come on."*

*As I was entering the room the same guy from the front door stopped me and asked me if I was sure I wanted to do this.*

*"Once we start, you have to stay until the finish."*

*"Sure."*

*"We’re playing double-deck strip poker with some low cards removed."*

*"No problem, I’ve played poker and strip-poker loads of times." Which was true, but never after drinking so much and not with strangely altered decks. Anyhow seeing that I wasn’t about to change my mind he let me into the room. Jane grabbed me and introduced me to the others that were sitting around. It dawned on me that only girls seemed to be playing, but I crushed the doubts that were starting with the knowledge that I was a demon poker player. Alan stood in the centre of the circle and welcomed us to this semester’s eliminations. To speed things up we wouldn’t have any betting just deal the hands, change up to four cards and then lowest hand loses an item of clothing. First one to lose all their clothes wins.*

*‘Wins? Wins what,’ I wondered; it was too late to ask now anyway.*

Friday Night

I’d actually been doing better in the last two hands and now Jane was worse off than me. She didn’t seem too bothered that she was only wearing her thong panties. I realised that I’d been staring at her breasts; this was the most I’d seen of her in the time that we’d been roommates. I should’ve been concentrating on my cards. I removed my panties and now for all that I was probably one of the most covered it was now a toss up between Jane and me who was going to be naked first. Just as I was contemplating this sobering thought, Alan stepped into the centre of the room.

"Ladies it’s getting late; it looks like Susan and Jane are both down to only one item of clothing each. If everyone is amenable shall we leave it to a simple cut of the cards to decide who shall be the winner of this elimination?"

The rest of the girls and Jane signalled their assent. Alan looked at me questioningly, I started to shrug, but finally the thought crossed what was left of my addled mind that I ought to find out what I was risking. With a shake of my head I called him over. I dragged him over to a quiet corner of the room and in a low voice I asked what I should have asked in the very first place.

"What exactly is this an elimination for?"

"I told you to read the paper you signed; it explained what it was all about."

"I know, but I’m asking now; look I won’t chicken out I just need to know what I’m risking."

"You’re competing to be the College Nude Mascot for this semester."

"Nude Mascot!"

"It’s a tradition of the college. One girl each semester is chosen to be the Mascot at college games. At some point it was decided that if she were nude at the matches this would be more of an incentive. This was all right until someone complained and then some bright spark in the law faculty suggested that if the mascot were classified as livestock then clothing or the lack of it wouldn’t be a problem. Anyway this legal argument got batted about until the Judge got tired of it and ruled that he would accept the livestock argument as long as the girl wore no clothes at all times as long as she was the College Mascot. He thought that the girl would chicken out and that would be the end of it, but she was made of sterner stuff and followed the ruling so for the whole semester she wore no clothes and the College Nude Mascot was born."

"You mean if I lose this draw, I will end up naked for the rest of the term?"

"No if you *win* this elimination, you will end up naked for the rest of the term. It’s considered an honour to be chosen. Of course there are other traditions to be adhered to as well, but that’s the main one. You only have a 50% chance so it may never happen."

I contemplated the choices. On the one hand I was pretty certain that with my luck I was going to lose -- sorry -- win this elimination and apparently that would be the last I would see of my clothes for the next ten weeks or so, or I could run away and be the object of derision and scorn for the rest of my college life. I’d just spent a year of hell in my last college and I wasn’t about to risk that again so I nodded to Alan and signalled my agreement to the rest of the girls.

"Right I’ve explained to Susie how we do the draw."

I smiled gratefully at Alan for covering me.

"So if Jane and Susie will stand in the middle of the room we will get this show on the road."

Alan shuffled the deck and offered the cards to me. I made my cut and turned up a 10 of Hearts. Surely my luck was turning, I felt a slight pang that it meant that Jane would be naked for the rest of the semester but at least I’d be on hand to help her with it. I watched as Jane made her cut; I prepared to commiserate with her and to help her to remove her last item of clothing. She turned her part of the pack over and revealed a Queen of Diamonds. Before I could register the meaning of the card she had dropped the cards, stepped forward, raised my dress and lifted it over my head.

I was naked.

The people in the room cheered as Alan made the announcement.

"Susie is to be the College Nude Mascot for the Fall Term."

He held out his hand to me and automatically I took it. With a bright smile I waved to the cheering girls and watched enviously as everyone scrambled to put on the clothing that they had lost. All too soon I was the only one less than fully dressed. I shied away from the concept of nudity it was just too much.

"If you’ll come with me, we’ll get you ready for your ‘duties’."

My duties? What the hell had I gotten myself into now?

Suddenly the full import of my situation crashed across my still slightly drunken awareness -- I was naked and they were going to keep me this way for the rest of the term! They couldn’t really do that, could they?

Alan must have been watching me very closely, because before I could faint or cry or do anything that would reveal how stupidly I had got myself into this situation he whispered in my ear, "Come on before you say or do anything you regret later. We have to ‘prepare’ you for the rest of the night anyway. I know it’s a shock, but we will help you as much as we can."

Numbly I let him lead me away. As I was led through the house I was cheered and congratulated by everyone I met. At first I cringed from all the attention, but quite quickly I realised that everyone was being very complimentary about me, it’s hard to stay embarrassed when all you are hearing is adulation. Soon I was being led upstairs, the new Nude Mascot and her retinue, who were going to prepare me for my tenure as the next Mascot.

**Chapter 2: Friday Night**

"You’re really going to keep me naked all the time, for the rest of the term? You were serious?"

"Did I look like I was joking?"

"Why wasn’t I warned about this?"

"I did try, twice, if I recall correctly; you were quite rude to me too."

I looked down at my, now bare, feet and blushed. He was right; he had tried to get me to read the paper that I had signed, even after I’d been quite nasty to him.

"I’m sorry; I should’ve listened to you; what did I sign myself up for then?"

"I’ll let you have a copy; but it was just an agreement to stick to the rules and traditions of the College Nude Mascot program for the Fall Semester. I’ll give you the brochure that we give to all our mascots."

"That sounds organised; how long has this Nude Mascot thing been going for?"

"This is the 25th year; I think you’re the 73rd or 74th mascot, I’d have to check ‘The Book’ to be certain."

"I don’t suppose there’s any way for me to get out of this is there?"

Alan considered my question; I could see that he was giving it some serious thought. While I waited for an answer I became aware of how cute he was. He came back from his reverie and his eyes twinkled as he returned my scrutiny; I blushed to be caught staring at him so brazenly.

"I’m sorry, but the nearest we came to it was a postponement due to pregnancy."

"Pregnancy?" What sort of program was this Nude Mascot thing?

"Oh don’t worry; we don’t let anything happen to you once you’re in the Program. She’d had an accident with her contraception a few months before the eliminations. It was ten or fifteen years ago, I don’t know all the facts. Anyway, once the baby was born and she was back in shape, she volunteered to do another semester."

Volunteered! I’d rather walk over hot coals every week before I’d volunteer to take all my clothes off and parade around naked for ten weeks! Wisely I kept this thought to myself. Alan smiled at me and I got the distinct impression that he knew exactly what I was thinking.

"So. Do you want to resign?"

"You mean I can?" I tried not to sound too eager and failed miserably.

"Well obviously we can’t actually coerce you into taking part; this is the first time that I can remember when the Mascot didn’t know what she was getting herself into." I had the good grace to look guilty at that point. "I wouldn’t like to say what the attitude of the rest of the students would be, but I can’t imagine it would be pleasant for you."

Some things that my Mum and my Gran used to tell me suddenly popped into my head. ‘Never go back on your word, no matter how lightly given.’ And ‘It takes years to build a good reputation and seconds to lose one.’ I knew that if I pulled out now, Mum and Gran would not be pleased with me at all. I steeled myself, drew a deep breath and hurled myself into the abyss.

"No. You’re right; it’s my own fault; I should’ve read what I signed, before I signed it. Anyway, my family has a reputation for keeping their word and I’m not about to break with family tradition now." I was rewarded with an enormous smile and Alan’s relief was a palpable thing.

"Thank you. You truly won’t regret it; you may have some rough patches, but we’ll help you through them; you’ll see." He leant forward and gave me a hug, trying to keep away from ‘dangerous’ areas of my body. Suddenly I yearned for some real contact and grabbed him and hung onto him like I was drowning; I suppose I was in a way. After a minute or two I felt better and let him go. With the decision made and even with the implications starting to sink in fully, I began to feel unaccountably happier.

"What’s going to happen to me now?"

"Well first, your attendants" he indicated Jane and two other girls that I knew vaguely by sight, "will wash you. Then, I’m afraid there’s no easy way to put this, they will depilate you so that you have no hair on your body below your neck."

I pondered the ramifications of this statement; I waved my hand at my bush. "You mean?"

"Yes, it will all have to go. Sorry." He didn’t look very sorry; I sighed and thought back to the time when I’d first grown hair ‘down there’; I’d been inordinately proud of it since it meant that I was getting to be a ‘big girl’. Now it looked like I would be losing my ‘badge of maturity’.

"What happens then?"

"When they’re satisfied that you’re properly cleaned and depilated you’ll be led back downstairs and ‘put on display’. We have a special stand that you’ll be attached to, that ensures that every part of you can be fully inspected. No one will be allowed to touch you, but they will be allowed to examine every square inch of you as closely as they wish."

"How long does that go on?"

He glanced at his watch. "You should be on display from about 10:30 until about 11:30. At which time you have to choose someone to do the next stage." He looked embarrassed at this point and I hated to ask the next question.

"What’s the next stage?"

"The person that you choose will fit you with, ummm, ahhh, stimulating devices and then they will be turned on so that you will come at least once and probably more than once until midnight. At midnight you’ll be taken down from the stand and then you’ll be fitted with the ‘chastity suit’, which you will be all that you can wear unless you are performing your official duties as Nude Mascot."

"I thought you said that I couldn’t wear clothes?"

"The suit isn’t clothing; it doesn’t hide anything, in fact since part of its function to stop you from masturbating it actually ensures that you *show* a lot more than you normally would." This didn’t sound at all good.

"How do I go to the bathroom?"

"Someone will be with you at all times, and they’ll be allowed to take it off and then you can use the bathroom, but they’ll have to stay with you to make sure that you don’t masturbate at all. Sorry, those are the rules."

He didn’t sound all that sorry, I couldn’t see the point of all this stuff about not masturbating; wasn’t it enough that I was naked all the time? I said so. "Why do you have to stop me playing with myself? What’s the point of that?"

"We want you emotionally invested in the team for which you are the mascot. If they win you get to come as often as you can that night. If they lose though, there’s a forfeit to be paid." A feeling of dread filled me at the word ‘forfeit’. I knew I was not going to like this at all!

"What kind of ‘forfeit’?"

"You get paddled by some of the crowd, about twenty or so; they each get to give you ten with the paddle."

"Two hundred strokes with a paddle?"

"It takes place over a couple of hours; it’s not as bad as it seems."

"How the hell would you know?"

"Yeah, well, you’re right; it was a stupid thing to say. Forgive me?"

I smiled at him ruefully. "It’s my own fault; I got myself into this thing. I suppose I will just have to make sure that I inspire the team to win all its games."

Alan signalled to Jane and the other two that they could come over and start preparing me. He introduced me to Alice and Sarah and all four of us made our way to a shower room. As we stepped into the hallway I hesitated; I was naked and someone might see me! I remembered how I used to feel embarrassed walking from my room to the shower in the morning and then I was dressed in nightclothes and dressing gown! I gave myself a shake and stepped out; I was going to have to get used to this, so I might as well start now.

Alice and Sarah were obviously prepared for this role as they had swimsuits on under their outer clothes. Jane just shrugged and got undressed.

"Careful Jane, they might mistake you for the Mascot."

"No chance of that, you’re far more beautiful than me." My protestations, that she must be joking, were cut short as they herded me under the shower. I have to say that I could get used to being washed by someone else. It felt so sybaritic. Once I was clean they pulled me clear of the spray and covered me with a pleasant smelling cream. Alice read the instructions from the tube and announced that we had to wait for two minutes and then rinse it off. Jane reached for her watch and counted down the seconds. As the two minutes were reached I sighed with relief as I was allowed to get back under the shower and wash off the cream, which was starting to itch terribly. When I was finished Sarah leaned in and turned off the water; I didn’t recognise myself in the mirror. I was all pink and smooth and my pussy lips were far more prominent than I remembered; they looked huge. The heat and being washed by others had turned me on a little and my inner lips had started to show; I turned away embarrassed. Jane hugged me and whispered in my ear.

"You’re so beautiful and sexy; I don’t think I’ve ever seen a prettier pussy, the guys are gonna to think they’ve died and gone to heaven when they see you tonight." I blushed but what she said made me feel much better. They all grabbed towels and soon I was dried; like I said, I could get used to this. They led me back to the room we’d come from and lay me down on the bed. Alan made a point of whistling his appreciation and I blushed some more.

"Wow!"

"Why thank you kind sir."

Alice chipped in. "They’re gonna cream themselves when they see her in ‘The Stand’"

This reminder of the next part of my ordeal dampened my good humour a bit, but I was soon cheered by the continued appreciative remarks.

"Time for your first inspection, Susie." I swallowed nervously. "Don’t worry, just close your eyes and it will be over soon." I smiled my appreciation at his concern and waited while the girls checked me for hairs. I blushed crimson as they pushed my legs up to my chest and checked my pussy and anus. I don’t think even my Mum had ever seen so much of me and now I was letting almost total strangers examine me intimately. After a couple of minutes the girls pronounced themselves satisfied and I was led from the room to the next stage of the ceremony.

The ‘Display Stand’ dominated the room that we had played poker in.  It was a large circle of a clear plastic with obvious places for my feet and hands. I could see that when I was in place I would be emulating the DaVinci drawing of the naked man in the circle. Alan led me to the stand and helped me stand on the footpads. There were slots for each individual toe; I couldn’t believe it, even the skin between my toes would be on display! Similar arrangements for my fingers ensured that hardly a square millimetre of skin was hidden from view. More quickly than I would have imagined I was soon in place and secured. The final thing was initially a mystery to me; two specially shaped clear plastic pieces clipped across the circle front and back and held my waist in place. I felt like a butterfly trapped under glass for collectors to peer over. Alan flicked a lever on each side of the circle where the floor stand connected to the circular thing and suddenly the circle was free to rotate. I realised that the central bar arrangement was to support me when the circle was horizontal. Alan cleared his throat.

"Our newest Nude Mascot is ready for your inspection."

Someone had switched off the main lights leaving me illuminated by three or four spotlights that were arranged for this purpose. On the one hand I was thankful as it made it hard for me to pick out individuals, but on the other hand it meant that my every crease and fold was brightly lit. One by one they came closer and examined me; I was helpless to stop them and I closed my eyes and burned with embarrassment as first one person and then another tipped me up so that they could check out my freshly denuded sex. My widespread legs meant that both my outer and inner pussy lips had separated exposing the very core of me to public view. I’m not sure what bothered me most; the exposure or the burgeoning awareness that I was becoming extremely turned on by it all. Someone asked to see inside my mouth; I looked askance at Alan.

"It’s best if you do as she asks; I’d rather not use this as it’ll make you drool." He held up a ring like object that I presumed he would place in my mouth to keep it open. I resigned myself to more humiliation and opened my mouth.

"You’re doing very well, Susie. Not much longer now." I smiled at him to show that I appreciated his concern. But before I could voice my appreciation someone flipped me right over so that I was face down and proceeded to croon over how wonderful my ‘rosebud’ was. If I thought that I had been embarrassed before then I was wrong; nothing could compare to someone being that close to my anus and describing it in loving detail to his friends. I felt my whole body blush, but for all that I couldn’t remember a time when I was more turned on; as I was turned upright I could feel my juices begin to seep down my thighs. Alan spoke.

"It’s time to choose, Susie."

Choose? I replayed Alan’s description of events and my embarrassment turned to dread as I realised that my ordeal was about to get much, much worse.

I pondered my choice; Alan hadn’t given me any guidelines, but I got the distinct impression that I was expected to choose a man and I must admit that though the thought of a woman doing ‘that’ to me was not unappealing, I think I’d prefer a man to do it. While this was running through my mind I could see Alan getting the equipment ready for whomever I would choose. Of course the choice was extremely limited and in the end there was only one person that, I realised with some surprise, I wanted to do it and he was...

"I’ll choose you, Alan; if that’s okay with you?"

The crowd in the room cheered my choice.

"If you’re sure? I’d be delighted to do it." He grinned at me and stroked my hair, which I found far more comforting than I would’ve expected. He checked his watch and picked up the ‘equipment’ that he’d brought in earlier. The first thing he picked up was a very small vibrator that he switched on to a gentle buzz. With careful attention he ran the tip of it around my nipples, which caused them to grow erect and me to sigh heavily. Once he was satisfied that I was starting to get turned on he ran the device down between my breasts and on to my pussy, pausing once to insinuate it into my navel. This made me giggle breathlessly. The feel of the vibrations on my pussy lips made me moan and I started to feel my hips make involuntary movements. With infinite slowness he pushed the vibrator into me and started to fuck me with it. All too soon he withdrew and centred the tip over my anus.

"Push down like you were going to the bathroom." He whispered in my ear; I moaned in protest, but did as he asked, as I was desperate for the stimulation to continue. I felt a strange but satisfying fullness and a slight pain as my sphincter reached maximum distension and then clamped tightly on the slight depression about half an inch before the end. The buzzing in my bottom felt weird but by now I was too turned on to care about the spectacle I was making of myself. He withdrew a larger dildo and began the same process all over again. The constant stimulation from the vibrating butt-plug made me thrust my hips back and forth shamelessly. Alan stopped teasing me and placed the tip of the second dildo between my pussy lips and held it still as I groaned my way through my first orgasm. As I was relaxing from the first paroxysm he pushed the dildo effortlessly onto my pussy and held it there as he picked up an arrangement of belts that he began to wrap around my waist just above my hips.

It felt like a thong panty, but the panty section was a soft rubber wedge that nestled against my clitoris. The thong was pulled down between my pussy lips, holding the dildo in place, and back up over the butt-plug and finally buckled to the belt at the back. It was lucky that I couldn’t move very much in the display stand otherwise I doubt that he could have put it on me, all the time the stimulation from the plug and the dildo were driving me relentlessly to another orgasm. Alan flicked a switch on the outside of the panty section and suddenly I felt a vibration directly on my clitoris. I screamed as my next orgasm was wrenched from me. Almost immediately I felt myself swept towards a third cum.

The minutes passed and I was cumming almost continuously moaning and crying as each crest passed me by. I sweated and groaned as minute followed remorseless minute. Dimly I heard someone say something about midnight and Alan turned off the vibrator that was stimulating my clit. The two others were more than enough to keep me moaning; working quickly now, he unbuckled it from me and gently removed the dildo from my spasming pussy. I groaned in relief as the torment reduced beyond the level necessary to keep me cumming. With a firm tug the butt-plug was removed from my anus and I relaxed as much as I was able, now that all the stimulation was gone.

Someone turned on the main room lights and switched off the spotlights. Initially this was better as I didn’t feel like I was the centre of attention so much, but it felt worse because now I could see my audience quite clearly. I closed my eyes to save myself the embarrassment of meeting anyone’s gaze. Alan busied himself by undoing the straps that held my feet and hands to the display stand; when everything was undone he helped me to step down and held his arm around me as I almost collapsed because my knees felt so weak.

"You’re doing great. We will dry you off some and get the suit fitted and then we’ll get you back to your room and you can sleep."

Sleep! God that sounded so good; I couldn’t believe how tired I felt. Jane arrived and took Alan’s place in helping me stay upright while Alan retrieved the ‘Chastity Suit’. Alan returned and started to dress me in the top part of the suit. I felt each breast encased in a clear mesh, except for each nipple and its areola. This was covered in a clear plastic dome that prevented it from being touched in any way. I verified this once Alan had finished locking the strap behind me; whatever I tried I could feel nothing, even with my nipples still in their aroused state. Whoever designed this suit knew what they were doing. Then I reflected they must’ve spent years getting it right. While I was still thinking about this Alan was showing Jane how the bottom part fitted. This turned out to be a whole order or magnitude worse; the bottoms were designed to prevent accidental stimulation by me rubbing my legs together and squeezing. Channels in the crotch section kept my inner and outer lips separated, this extended forwards and a small dome exposed my clitoris and prevented it from being touched. Finally I could feel the two thin probes that fitted in both of my passages, front and back. Alan explains to Jane that they are to prevent anything else from gaining entry. Like the top the straps were locked together; Alan held a small key on a silver neck chain.

"Jane, since you’re Susie’s roommate and if both of you find it acceptable, will you accept custody of our Newest Nude Mascot?"

Jane looked at me and I nodded; I was too tired to be thinking clearly, but even in this state I could see that having someone else in charge of me would be impractical.

"I’d be glad to." As soon as Jane had accepted the position of my handler Alan placed the necklace with the key around her neck.

"Keep this safe, we do have spares, but Susie won’t thank you if you lose it and she has to wait for the spare when she’s desperate for the bathroom." Alan smiled slightly as I winced at the thought of such a predicament. Next he took two copies of a thin pamphlet and gave a copy each to Jane and me. "That’s the Nude Mascot Program brochure; it’s got the history of the program and it explains the rules and traditions that have grown up around the Mascot.

Alan turned to the crowd, which was still as numerous as ever it was, even though it was well after midnight. "That’s all for tonight folks, we’re taking her back to her room; it’s been a long night."

The crowd started to applaud and cheer and I felt embarrassed all over again, not because I was nude, though God knows that was bad enough, but because I didn’t feel like I deserved all this adulation; it wasn’t as if I was anything special, after all. Jane and Alan took a hand each and led me from the room and outside into the cool night air.

Outside! I was naked and outside! Someone would see! I shivered.

"Are you okay?" Alan was concerned for me. ‘Pull yourself together.’ I told myself, out loud I said.

"Yeah, it's a bit colder than I expected; I suppose I wearing a few more clothes when I was outside last though." Alan put his arm round my shoulders and tried to shield me from the breeze as we walked briskly towards Jane’s and my room. It felt good to have his arm round me.

We met no one at all during our short walk.

We stood awkwardly outside our door as Jane unlocked it. I realised that my mother had been sadly lacking in not teaching me the correct etiquette to adopt when standing naked in a corridor with a man who not an hour before has driven me to the most amazing orgasms in my life. I smiled to myself; things can’t be all bad, if I’m making jokes about them.

"Will you be all right?"

"I think so, it’s not like I’m on my own."

"I think you’re doing amazingly well considering that you didn’t know what you were getting into."

"Well, it’s like I said I have a family reputation to uphold."

"Is your family reputation that important to you?"

"It is when it’s 1500 years in the making."

"Yeah, well, umm, look when you’ve read the booklet you’ll see that there’s a mentoring program for the Mascots. Well, anyway, until you’ve decided on who you want to be your mentor, that’s if, like, you want one at all, you can call me at any time if you need to talk." Alan finished in a rush and pushed a piece of paper into my hand. At the same time he leaned forward and kissed me tenderly on my cheek and before I had time to respond he had turned and walked away. I held my fingers to the spot where his lips had brushed my cheek and I floated into the room after Jane.

"He really likes you, y’know."

"Oh, he’s just being kind."

Jane sighed dramatically, "‘There’s none so blind as those that cannot see.’ He likes you a lot and, if I’m not very much mistaken, you think he’s pretty cute too."

I smiled enigmatically. The door to my closet lay open and I noticed a piece of paper taped to the inside of the door. The closet was empty. I read the note, it simply said that my clothes had been removed for ‘safe keeping’ and would be returned to me at the end of term. I turned to Jane and started to cry.

"Oh God, Jane, it’s really true; I’m going to be naked for the rest of term! What am I going to do?"

"Come on, let’s get you to bed, you’re tired; things will look better in the morning when you’ve had some sleep." She led me to my bed and helped me under the covers and then she lay down next to me and snuggled around me. The last thing I remember was the feel of her stroking my hair and telling me to relax and go to sleep. At least I won’t have to worry about what to wear for the next nine weeks, and I’ll save a bomb on laundry bills. My thoughts became disconnected and I fell asleep dreaming of the kiss that Alan had given me.