**Dana Naked in School**

by pseudoRandom

Dana loved being naked in school. It was a family tradition. Some families gave the town high school cheerleaders or football stars, generation after generation. The Partlows gave it a naked girl. Dana's older sisters, mother, and aunts had all been naked in school, and now it was her turn. And as a freshman, she had three and a half years left to go.

The popularity was the best part, as far as Dana was concerned. Getting to walk around naked was a blast, and the sex was fun, but better than both, she was KNOWN. By everybody. No other freshman was part of The Group, as they called themselves. The in crowd of jocks and cheerleaders. They liked her. They needed her. And it was all because she was naked as a jay-bird.

Is was illegal as hell, of course. But who was going to complain? Not a student. They all loved it. (They loved HER.) Not a teacher. She was screwing the principal every morning before homeroom, and he was married to the president of the school board. Not a parent. Dana's father was the sheriff.

It wasn't all good, of course. She knew from family experience this was difficult to pull off in the coldest parts of winter, especially coming and going from school. The hand-me-down full-length fur coat would help, as would getting a boyfriend with a good car heater (she'd have to do that soon). And then there was a remarkable number of people -- especially boys -- who thought that because she was nude she was a slut. This was, her sisters had told her, especially bad after sex ed.

This was part of the "program" Tina and Kiki had worked out with Principal Skinner for letting a Partlow go naked in school -- rules that Dana had inherited. Every human time a Health Class covered human reproductive issues, Dana was their demonstrator. The teachers demonstrated female reproductive anatomy, sexual response, and technique on their teacher's aid. It was the best sex ed class in the state -- everyone went out of there knowing not just the dangers of sex, but how be a good lover. No one else in the state knew this, of course, but the school knew it was true. So did the most important people in town -- they were the most sought-after hosts in the state swinger circuit for a reason.

The difficult part wasn't the teacher demonstrations, though the teacher's aid's body got demonstrated very thoroughly in front of the entire class, but the practicum exams. Everyone had to show good sexual technique in an in-class exam. Their grade depended on whether they could get the naked girl to come. Everyone, boy or girl, who took sex ed had to do this. Girls could opt out, but only if they opted out of sex ed entirely (which legally the school had to allow). Usually this was only the Mormons, but last year, a gay boy had also given it a pass, rather than have to try and get it up for Kiki.

According to Tina and Kiki, the weeks of sex ed were the worst times for getting passes from students -- something about participating in a sexuality demonstration, especially where you came to orgasm, gave guys the idea. Not that Tina had called it "the worst" -- as far as she was concerned, it was "the best" time. Tina had been a roundheels -- still was, in fact: she worked in Town Hall as a hospitality specialist. Kiki, however, was far from the sexual athlete her older sister was, and had wanted to ration her screwing for those she wanted to screw.

Dana was fairly sure it would be a "worst" for her. She wanted to keep her status in The Group, and you didn't do that by screwing just anyone. You did that by screwing boyfriends of Groupies who were saving their virginity until marriage. Sluts weren't allowed in The Group. Tina and Kiki hadn't been members -- Dana was the first Partlow. But if the passes from other boys and girls got any worse than they did now, it was going to be danged hard to not be a slut and remain a Groupie. She wasn't sure how she'd handle sex education.

Neither did the sex educators. Which is why, one Monday morning in October, Principal Skinner told her about a change in her schedule.

"Change?" Dana whimpered. Skinner was screwing her from behind as she was bent over his desk. It was one of his favorite positions, and when Skinner was enthusiastic, his technique improved. So at the moment, change didn't feel like a good idea.

"Yes," he said, grunting between strokes. "First -- period -- study -- hall -- Mr. -- Andrews's -- office -- seventh -- period -- study -- hall -- Ms -- Markowicz."

Since Dana was finally on the edge of coming, all she said was, "Yesss!" But she hadn't understood a word. So it was just as well that, when she left for homeroom, Ms Tomkins in the front office gave her a copy of her new schedule for the next five weeks. Dana studied it during attendance and announcements (ignoring the guy next to her as he tried to feel her up). Andrews and Markowicz were the school's P.E. (and sex ed) teachers. But sex ed didn't start until next week. It said so on her schedule, when she took Health seven periods a day for the four weeks following. So why study hall now? And where was room 198, anyway?

In the gym, it turned out. That was Andrews's office as coach. And room 199, for seventh period, was Markowicz's. Study hall? Here?

"Training," Andrews explained. To Dana's blank look, he went on, "This is your first year as teacher's aid for sex ed. We need to go over what to do and how to do it. And also," he smiled in a not very friendly manner, "find out how we'll work together."

That sounded ominous. Normally, she liked Andrews -- he never insisted she shower in the boys locker room, the way some boys wanted -- but this looked like a part of the snappish side that cheerleaders feared from their coach. "Wh-what do you mean?"

"You're helping us demonstrate aspects of human sexuality. Lena and I need you to obey any order we give you in class -- willingly, eagerly, and entirely. ANY order."

Oh, was that all. "I can do that," Dana said brightly.

"You can?"

"Uh huh," eagerly nodding.

"Okay then." He tapped his desk, looking clearly amused. "Sit on the edge here with your legs spread open."

Ah -- a test. Without hesitating, she did so. Andrews stood in front of her, watching.

"Show me your outer labia."

She did so.

"Inner labia. Spread your labia for me. Wider. Show me your clitoral hood. Your clitoris. Is it erect?"

"Partway." Which surprised her -- Skinner's screw had been a half hour ago, and she'd long since come down (so to speak) from that arousal.

"Make it erect."

Willingly. Dana found that taking orders like this was exciting, even when it sounded clinically cold. Holding her lips open with one hand, it took less than a minute of rubbing her clit between two fingers of her other hand for her to come -- a soft tremor lasting less than a second, typical for a first orgasm.

She showed Andrews her clit -- erect, it stood nearly an inch long, and was visible between her puffy lips even when she stood up.

"Masturbate -- with fingers inside."

She did so. It excited her to do this for someone, while they watched, so she watched too, bending over so she could see her fingers slip inside her slippery snatch. In just over a minute, she came twice, the second lasting over a second and strong enough to caused her breath to catch just slightly, for a moment.

Andrews stopped her shortly after that. He had her hold her lips open while he examined her by touch. She liked the way he stroked her lips, and when he flicked her clit with his thumb, she came again. Then again, when he pushed two fingers inside her up to his knuckles. Again, when a third joined. He finger-fucked her for a minute, grinding his palm crushing her clit -- that was good for three more.

He stopped, disappointed (and disappointing her -- her orgasms were starting to come closer). He looked at his fingers with annoyance, rubbing them together and sniffing them. Something about the smell startled him.

"You came to orgasm?"

Well, yes. "Uh ... \*yeah\*."

"When? How long?"

She counted quickly. "Nine times, ea-- "

"NINE?"

Dana counted again -- had she missed one? Nope. "Uh huh."

"Show me. I mean, bring yourself to orgasm again."

In her state, that was easy -- ten second of rapid rubbing and she came again, more than a second long and almost hard enough to make her shudder slightly.

"That was it?"

"Mr. Andrews?"

"Not very demonstrative, are you," he said dryly. As she didn't know what to say to that, it was just as well he went on, "As much as I'd like to explore your current command of technique, I'm afraid we can't today."

"No?" Technique meant sex, and Dana was horny. Now.

In response, he pointed at the clock. There were five minutes left in the period.

"We can be quick."

He laughed. "No, this requires more leisurely exploration. Off to your next class with you. You'll get there early."

Disappointed, Dana took her day pack and left the gym. She was, at the moment, really horny and needed to get off better. She was about to find a girl's bathroom and jill off, when a voice stopped her.

"Ms. Partlow."

Dana stopped and turned around. It was Mr. Tims, her math teacher.

"Since you don't seem to be in class, I was wondering if we could talk about the score on your last quiz."

Dana grinned. Even better -- the teacher's lounge was just around the corner. "Sure!"

This was the third clause of the "program" rules -- screw the principal, be a sex ed prop, and screw the teachers. The difference between the first and last being that she had to let Skinner screw her anywhere anytime he wanted. Generally, this was only before school started, but if something came up or he couldn't get up, it was deferred to later in the day. On the other hand, teachers (and other administrators) could have her only if it didn't interfere with class time -- between periods, after school, or when she got caught in the hall with out a pass. And Tims had caught her perfectly.

Dana was perfectly willing to go with Tims. He was one of the better ones -- quick and considerate. They discussed her results for the pop quiz he'd given at the beginning of the year a couple times a week -- horizontally, on the bed in the teacher's lounge. Well, one of the teacher's lounges -- there was a second, unofficial one where teachers who didn't like the naked student program could relax. Not that, as far as anyone could tell, the Mormon teachers ever relaxed. The bed had been brought in to replace the couch when Kiki, her sophomore and junior years, had taken to hanging out in the teacher's lounge -- cutting classes to make herself available for teachers on their free period. Kiki stopped doing that when she'd gotten engaged to one, but the bed remained, and Dana was grateful.

Dana lead Tims into lounge and, without looking whether anyone else was there, onto the bed. Fortunately he was already hard, and without any preliminary discussion, she and Tims began working out how to add one plus one.

Dana was horny, but it still took a minute before her first orgasm came. Then they came more rapidly, until finally, as Tims came deep inside her, they were running a second apart. Almost good enough -- before she lost that good feeling, she pushed his hand between them where they joined. He got the message and, holding himself up while still inside her, rubbed her clit hard. She came, she came, came, came came until -- there -- she was coming continuously. Oh yes.

Tims kept her going for twenty seconds before stopping. He never went longer than that, for some reason, though Dana was good for far longer, as long as she was stimulated. But it was long enough to satisfy her -- to cut the edge. And something Skinner never managed to do.

"I wouldn't mind a little of that," a deep voice rumbled. Mr. Ashland, history and civics -- Dana didn't have him this year. He was okay -- a really large cock, but he relied on his size and didn't have much technique.

Tims stood up and started pulling up his pants. "You're a bit late," he said. The bell rang. "That's the start of class."

Dana got up with a small shrug-and-smile that said (she hoped) "sorry gotta run." Then she slipped out and scuttled to English, arriving only a minute late.

The rest of the day, till seventh period, was normal. Mr. Kirland liked to ogle her, so she sat in the front row with her legs open. Ms Wheaton didn't care so Dana sat in the back where her fellow students could ogle. Lunch, she sat with The Group, where Fred Wompler gave her a hand-job (he liked to do that -- he found the way she came fun to watch, for some reason) and she gave Dale Carsons a blow-job under that table (he liked oral sex but Cindi, while she put out for him, wouldn't swallow, so let Dana do that instead). Ms Moskowicz didn't like the disruption Dana caused, so Dana sat in the front again, legs closed. Which was okay by Dana -- she liked science and how Moskowicz taught, and this way she got to listen. Mr. Tims, again front row, legs open, and masturbating. Tims liked to watch that, as long as her orgasms didn't become too obvious to the class -- and they usually weren't.

Seventh period, she normally had gym with Andrews. With some trepidation, she instead she went to Ms. Markowicz's.

Markowicz sat behind her desk and looked at Dana as she stood in front of her. Dana did her best not to fidget, but it was hard. Dana didn't know Markowicz except by her tough reputation. Finally Markowicz said,

"Chuck says you have small orgasms."

"Uh, well, at first."

The football coach that no player dared to cross cocked her head to one side. "How so?"

"I mean, the first ones, when they're far apart, those are quiet. But then they get closer and run together, and it's longer."

"And more obvious?"

"I suppose."

"Can you show me?"

"Pardon?"

Markowicz gestured to empty chair. "Can you frig yourself till you come now?"

Gratefully, Dana sat down. This, she could do. For all the intimidation, she was still fairly aroused from the show she'd given Tims. Thirty seconds jilling, and she came.

When Dana stopped, Markowicz looked at her oddly. "That was it?"

"Uh huh."

"You know, it's going to be very hard to grade that. Couldn't you yelp or gasp, or at least breathe a little harder when you come?"

"Well, like I said, it gets more obvious later. I can show you," Dana explained eagerly, starting to jill again. She was just horny enough she wanted to finish what she started.

"No, wait," Markowicz said, holding up her hands. "Let's do this together, more systematically. So first, now that the locker room's empty, go into the showers and wash out that no-doubt spermy twat of yours."

The showers were odd, empty of classmates out in the gym. Dana rinsed out as she was told, bringing herself off only twice -- she wanted to come continuously, but Markowicz wanted to watch.

When she came out, Markowicz smiled. "That's better -- I'll do cream pies, but not stale ones."

The gym teacher led Dana to a small room in the back of the lockers -- a storage closet that had been converted into Markowicz's love shack. Dana had never been inside before, and was surprised to see how comfortable it was -- and how well-decorated. The bed was soft, and the sheets clean. When the door was closed, Markowicz took Dana's face in her hands, turned the girl to face her, and kissed her.

Deeply. Very deeply. Dana liked to kiss girls, and this extended to liking to kiss women, but she REALLY liked kissing Markowicz. She kissed good. Dana put her arms around her and held her warm body close.

When they broke, Dana was panting. Markowicz undressed, lay Dana down on the bed, and made love to the girl.

Not screwed, Dana realized. Made love -- and did it well. Which shouldn't have surprised her. Markowicz was an experienced dyke -- if she hadn't been, she couldn't have been football coach. She was known for making passes at girls -- and for taking no for an answer, which kept it from being creepy to the straight or religious girls. She also took yes for an answer, and always gave the girl a good time. She also, every year, took a girl under her wing as her special student, her steady. She hadn't made a pass at Dana in the two months since the start of the year, and now Dana was feeling disappointed. She'd love girl-sex -- well, woman-sex -- like this.

That was as far as Dana's thoughts got, because with the help of a truly excellent tongue, Markowicz got her to coming continuously. She kept Dana going for over a minute before stopping.

Markowicz moved up the bed to lie next to Dana, running her fingers up and down Dana's body. Dana shivered and reached over to cup the woman's breast.

"You're right -- that is more noticeable. How long can you go?"

Dana swallowed. "Try me," she said with a dry throat.

Markowicz laughed. She was, Dana realized, beautiful when she laughed. Why didn't she do that more often? "Maybe later. I'm sure that would drain you, and first we need to explore."

And explore they did. Markowicz learned that Dana came to a small orgasm remarkably easily, especially near or after a "platform orgasm," as she called it. She'd even come with just nipple stimulation. Dana, in turn, learned that the woman liked to have her muff munched and to call her Lena. They had so much fun, Dana wasn't even disappointed the later platform orgasm didn't happen.

When the girls came back to the locker room to change from gym, Dana joined her classmates in the showers. She helped Tami and Tara both soap up and rinse off, and they did the same for her. Where both "soaping up" and "rinsing off" included a hand job. This was separately, alas -- when Tami showered off with more than one girl, she usually forgot herself and let herself be kissed, and Dana liked to make out with a girl who tasted as good as Tami.

After school, Dana usually stayed in the girl's locker room -- this was why she liked P.E. last period. Most of The Group were cheerleaders and football players, and this way she got to hang with them, even if she wasn't one. And Dana knew she'd never be a cheerleader -- too short, too skinny, and too small a bust. Which was okay -- she didn't need to be a cheerleader to be in The Group, and cheering would take away from time after school -- not to mention, she'd have to deal with Mr. Andrews snapping at her every time she muffed a routine.

No, it was more fun to hang out in the locker room as the girls changed, making out with whoever wanted to, and going over to the boy's side when there was a request for her services. Which she always did. She wasn't a slut -- she fended off advances, and propositions, and fondles, and even assaults all day, but she'd screw anyone in the The Group who wanted, even if she didn't like them. After all, even aside from the fact that this service kept her in The Group, it was the boys in The Group who protected her from those assaults.

After practice, she retrieved her books from Lena's office and coat from her locker, and caught a ride with Tony. Tony was a senior tight end, and so a solid member of The Group, who dated Tami, who wasn't in The Group except insofar as girlfriends were honorary members. Dana liked Tony because he had a car with a big back seat (and good heater) and he had Tami. Tami was Dana's closest friend and favorite girl to make out with. And Tony's car was big enough that all three could have sex together in back. Because Tony liked to watch, Tami was willing to make out with Dana even without Tony getting involved, but it was better when Tony made it a threesome and Tami lost her self-consciousness.

All in all, Dana liked riding with Tony, even when it made her get home closer to five then four. All in all, it was a very good Monday.

The rest of the week was as good as the start. Often it was better -- Lena and Chuck (as Mr. Andrews became) tutored her in the sexual techniques they were going to teach starting next week, some of which Dana hadn't known and was delighted to learn. They also taught her to make a little gasp when she came -- she didn't always remember, but she figured she'd be able to in class.

Chuck turned out to be as good at sex as Lena -- he'd just as much experience teaching as she did, after all. He also, that Tuesday, apologized to her for being so mean the day before. It turned out he'd been told by Principal Skinner that she was frigid -- willing, but she never came. "Yeah, well, that's because he's a horrible lover," Dana replied, and he laughed, and showed her another position.

Not that "study hall" was all sex -- Dana also had to learn like a ton of facts and figures and terms and descriptions, all of it as well as the teachers. But Dana was willing to learn, if it meant sex as good as they gave. And Thursday, Lena finally experimented with how long Dana could sustain a platform orgasm. The first one lasted 6 minutes, 34 seconds, with a second one starting 7 seconds later. After 15'25", Lena gave up. It was just as well -- Dana was too drained by the experience to do anything but lay there in ecstasy. Or fall asleep afterwards. Lena left her to nap in the love nest until she herself went home, giving her a ride. Which was very sweet of her.

So mostly it was a good week. There was one bad incident, an assault. Once, five boys led by her brother Rick managed to corner her in the door of a boy's bathroom, and almost forced her inside. If they'd done that, they almost certainly would have made her screw them. As it was, their fondling started pretty rough, and only Tony and two linemen breaking up the circle prevented it from getting that far.

This was a typical assault, except that, in breaking it up, Tony punched her brother. Giving him a black eye fine by Dana -- Rick the Dick was one the worst preachers of the naked = slut gospel -- but it got Tony in trouble from the school (detention for a week) and Dickhead in trouble with Daddy (grounded for a week). Dickhead grounded that meant he was home all the time, making it harder to stay out of his way.

As long as she was never alone with the Dick -- or just the youngest kids -- Dana was okay. Dickhead didn't dare try anything in front of Daddy, and Mom, who knew about these kinds of trouble from her own days naked in school, didn't stand for any nonsense. Tina intimidated the Dickhead, and Sam, Dana's oldest younger brother, was big enough, even at thirteen, to cause Rick problems, or at least go get help. As long as Dana stayed with one of them, she was okay.

Dana didn't know what the Dick's problem was. He hadn't been nearly this bad during the two years he'd been in school with Kiki, until she'd graduated. But then, Kiki was older than him and well-protected by the teachers, including her fiance. Maybe Dickhead thought The Group didn't protect Dana as well as teachers. But you'd think he'd learned by now.

Either way, Rick's grounding made home a little more difficult for Dana. Whenever Daddy was home, Dana stuck close to him, even though it meant wearing clothes, and stayed in Sam's room the rest of the time. She even slept there -- Sam didn't mind. Heck, he wouldn't mind if she slept naked in his bed all the time. It was very sweet. Other friends thought thirteen-year-old brothers a pain, but Dana loved her Sam, and let him touch her all he wanted.

That Friday was an away game, so Dana couldn't go with the team. Not that the team (and even many of the cheerleaders) wouldn't have loved to have Dana along -- "as a mascot," as one guy put it. But Dana couldn't be naked in another town, and if she had to wear clothes, what was the point? So instead, she went over to Tami's house for a party. When away games were too far away for Tami to drive to, Tami held a party. Otherwise, of course, she went to watch Tony play.

Dana liked parties at Tami's house. They always played spin the bottle, and Dana liked that -- even if she was always chosen when someone had a forfeit. That was part whole naked = slut thing. Not that she minded helping anyone at this party pay their forfeit -- she knew them all -- they were friends. But the assumption hurt, at least until she'd had sex a couple times -- after that, she forgot to resent it.

It was a good party, and Dana ended up sleeping over in Tami's room. Tami didn't want to make out, but she at least snuggled in bed, and any bed away from the Dickhead was good.

Later that morning, Chuck picked her up and took to Lena's house, where three, all together for the first time, went over the lesson plan one last time. The tutoring was fun -- Lena and Chuck were even better in a threesome than in a couple -- especially since, as a lesbian, Lena did nothing with Chuck so they both were focused on Dana. Very fun. Dana and Lena continued after Chuck left, and Dana ended up sleeping over. She'd never stayed overnight with a teacher before. Dana stayed through a lazy, playful Sunday as well, coming home just in time for dinner -- the first time she'd spent an entire weekend out.

The next day, sex ed started. For two weeks, Lena taught sex ed to her morning gym classes in a biology lab room, and Chuck -- or Mr. Andrews, as she had to remember to call him -- to his afternoon classes. Then they switched. Which gave Dana a lighter load, the second half of sex ed, as Chuck didn't teach first period nor Lena last period. Dana needed the lighter load -- who'd thought teaching sex could be harder than being a student in a classroom?

It didn't start out hard, the first few days. Those were mostly taken up with reproductive anatomy, contraception, and STDs. All she had to do was sit on the lab bench in front, displaying the female external genitalia, and once a period, demonstrate the meaning of fellatio and cunnilingus, and how to correctly apply a condom. (When Lena taught, they used a volunteer penis from the class. Dana was glad that, as a junior, Dickhead didn't take P.E. -- she didn't want to do any of this with him.)

But then came the more intimate demonstrations. Everyone had to give Dana head and have sex with her, at least once each, before the test. There was a schedule. Each class cycled through practicing with Dana at least three times, and couple of the faster classes (Chuck's) started a fourth round.

That was a lot of sex to demonstrate on a cot in a bio lab -- a couple dozen times a class for six classes a day wore a girl out. After the first day of this, Dana was tired, but still managed to visit her friends in practice. After the second, she was too tired and sore for that. After the third, which was a Friday home game, she forced herself to watch the game, but went home afterwards instead of to the victory party. She had all weekend to recover -- with Dickhead off groundation, she could sleep at home. So Monday wasn't so bad, but the rest of the second week, she spent most of the time not in school in bed -- alone.

Despite the work involved, Dana loved it. She'd thought demonstrating sex with half the freshmen and sophomores in the school would be -- well, not demeaning exactly. Anonymous -- without connection. Instead, it was intimate. She got to know, close up and personally, every one of those girls and boys -- not just by name, but by body. Their smell, their taste, their touch, their technique. How they came. She'd thought she was well-known before teaching sex ed -- now a quarter of the school knew her completely.

It wasn't all roses, of course. Some of the guys grumbled about having to give head, instead of receiving it. Both Lena and Chuck squashed that flat. "Everyone knows how to give a blow-job," as Chuck put it, "you're here to learn how to reciprocate." So the boys did it, and even liked it. "It's your taste," Lena told Dana later, "you're so sweet, no one minds going down on you."

And then there were the passes. Since Dana was only in the halls before and after lunch, she only got a little of it, but that little was still more than she'd been subjected to before sex ed.

The best of them asked for "tutoring." Which was cute the first dozen times. Somehow, those boys didn't realize how unoriginal this was. But they were better than the fondlers, who in turn were better than the molesters -- the difference being whether they reached directly into her snatch. No one actually assaulted her, but that was because a few of The Group took it upon themselves to escort her to and from the cafeteria. Dana thanked them as best she could, but that wasn't very well, given how tired she was.

The last two days, the testing days, were the hardest of all. It was one thing to demonstrate sex. It was another to repeatedly come to orgasm all day. By that time, all the classes had recognized how much more easily she came once she'd already come, and didn't want to go first. If she hadn't showered between classes (escorted too and from the locker room), it wouldn't have mattered except at the start of the day -- as it was, she was still fairly aroused, at the start of succeeding periods, at least enough to help.

The end of the last period, Dana wanted to go home and curl up and sleep for a week. But she couldn't -- not only was it a home game, it was Homecoming. She couldn't miss the Homecoming game. She was almost cranky about sitting in the stands -- not only did she have to pay attention, but in late October, it was cold enough she had to wear a coat. The home team won, of course -- you always won Homecoming, it's a rule -- but Dana was cranky enough and tired enough she didn't go down to the locker room to thank the boys personally for the win. She'd been planning to do that since the start of the year, but she was too tired to pull a train. She'd been pulling one all day.

After that, she went home to sleep. She hoped Cindi didn't mind she wasn't at the victory party. But she was too pooped to party as a substitute girlfriend.

The next day was the Homecoming Dance. Dana slept in as late as she could get away with, to rest up for the dance. She was going as Lena's date, and REALLY wanted to give her mentor a good time. By this point, Dana had a full-blown crush on Lena -- something she only realized because of how thrilled she was when Lena asked her out.

Not that, as it turned out, she got to dance with her date often. Lena was a chaperone, not a student. So Dana danced with others. She didn't find it difficult to find partners. A naked girl at a dance rarely does. (She'd worn a dress at home when her parents had seen her off -- she'd told Daddy she was going stag and Ms Markowicz had offered a ride, but Mom knew better. Mom had gotten Dana a dress she could take off in the car and tied the cutest little tiny pink bow in her pubic hair. Dana really loved her mother.) A naked girl can dance with as many people as she wants.

Sometimes she danced one-on-one with a Groupie, sometimes she danced in a crowd. Once she almost got in trouble, when a group of jerks surrounded her and started herding her off the floor. Dana didn't notice because she liked dancing a good bump-and-grind, and there were grinders and bumpers all around her. It was when Dana wasn't watching that the worst assaults happened.

Lena, however, was watching, and sent in a group of cheerleaders to rescue her. Most boys don't realize, but cheerleaders are strong -- they have to be, to perform those routines. Plus they fight dirty -- they have to, to get on the team. So the girls went in, broke up the guys (giving the Dickhead a bruised arch in the process) and herded Dana back onto the middle of the floor. Dana barely noticed what had happened. All she knew was that the boys had been replaced by girls, and she liked doing the bump-and-grind with girls even more than with boys.

The cheerleaders protected her for the rest of the night, keeping her in the center of the floor as they traded off dancing with Dana and with their dates. The only time Dana didn't dance with cheerleaders, she was slowdancing with Lena. But that was only the once. The other slow dances, she was in a group girlhug. She liked girlhugs even better than bump-and-grinds. Someone almost always finger-fucked her in a slowdance girlhug.

But even that wasn't the best part of the night. That was when the Homecoming King and Queen were announced. Not that Dana was Queen, of course. Denise was captain of the cheerleaders, going steady with Brad, captain of the football team. There was no question about their being Queen and King. No, the surprise to Dana was that she'd come in second, with a quarter of the school's vote. This was, for a freshman, absolutely amazing, and she was delighted by the news.

Dana stayed after to help clean up the gym, even though she wasn't on the dance committee, because Lena did so. Then Lena took her home and made long, slow love to her for two hours. And that, Dana thought later, was even better than coming in second for Queen. It was close, though.

The second two weeks of sex ed were easier than the first. Not better, but easier. She had only four periods to assist with, which helped. But that meant she had her regular first period class again -- not seventh, though, for while Chuck released her from study hall, Lena continued tutoring her in the love shack. And that meant a period of history (ugh!) and more come-ons in the hallways (ugh squared!).

At first, Dana thought the come-ons were worse because now the rest of the freshman and sophomore classes also knew her intimately. But it wasn't just that -- it was also that she spent more time exposed in the hallway more. And once sex ed ended, she realized, it would only get worse. Something would have to be done about that. But she'd think about that later -- she was too tired, now. For while her teaching load was lighter -- she managed to meet her friends for practice one day out of two -- it was still enough to tire her out. Especially when she did go to practice and all the freshman and sophomore alternate squad-members wanted her help showering -- which she couldn't refuse, now that she knew them all so intimately.

The day of her last sex ed exam was a home game, so Dana went. (The game between had been an away game -- another school's Homecoming, in fact, giving the school their first loss of the season.) She even enjoyed herself, despite having to wear her coat. This was mostly because she sat with the alternate cheerleaders.

Since the dance, the alternates had been very friendly with Dana. Part of it was their intimate knowledge of her, at least for the underclasswomen in sex ed, but events at the dance also helped. Dana had danced with -- and now scrubbed down -- all of the cheerleaders, including the alternates. That had broken down a lot of barriers. Alternate cheerleaders didn't get to be part of The Group, and yet Dana -- who until then had been very careful to stay in The Group and shower only with Groupies -- had not only not minded but welcomed their attentions. And since most of them didn't yet have boyfriends on the football team, the alternates were very open to having a little fun with another girl -- that's one reason they'd joined the squad in the first place. None of them had minded, particularly, that Dana hadn't scrubbed them down -- they knew about social-climbing priorities -- but they'd liked discovering she wasn't as exclusive as the rest of The Group.

Before sex ed, Dana probably would have been exclusive, at least when other members of The Group could see. But it was different now. She'd had sex with each of these girls at least four times, and some of them had even done a little something-something on the dance floor -- and in the showers. At this point, as far she was concerned, the alternates were as good as being in The Group. It's what she want to believe, anyway -- and to sit on the laps of friendly, sexy girls all game, she'd believe a lot.

Friendly, sexy, enthusiastic, fun, sharing, and all around good pals. Throughout the game, they passed her from one lap to the next, petting and finger-fucking and even, when the roaring crowd hid things, letting her give them head. For though Dana would have willingly screwed in public, none of them were. They did, after all, have a reputation to maintain.

After the game, Dana went down to the locker room. She intended to give the team the thanks she hadn't been up for two weeks ago. She hadn't expected, at the start of the game, to be up for it now, but after making out for the entire game, her body was buzzing. She was up for it. She was ready. She wanted to thank them for the win.

That was her intention, at any rate. But when she saw Lena in the locker room, she knew she had to thank the coach, first and foremost. Which she did -- a long, deep kiss from a naked girl.

It was a hit. The entire team hooted and hollered at the sight. Some of them knew she'd come down there for them, but they didn't mind this at all. Sure, a bit of something from Dana was good, but Coach Markowicz, who was leading them through a winning season, she deserved something too -- and it fun to watch girl-on-girl.

In the end, the boys only saw heavy petting, not two lezbos screwing. When Coach broke the kiss, she waved them down and said, "All right boys, have fun at the party. I'll get out of your hair and take my girl elsewhere." Which got her another cheer, even louder than before. A coach's permission to party is never to be turned down lightly. Besides, there were cheerleaders who might come by later.

Dana was, herself, just about in heaven. Lena had called her "her girl." Did that mean she was the special one, her chosen steady for the semester? If so, that would be the totally best. Dana loved her even more than she had Lily Flowers back in eighth grade, before Lily'd moved away, and that had been an even bigger crush than on Mr. Stanley, the math teacher who'd taken her virginity.

And, in fact, so it was.

Lena took Dana back to the love nest, and after at nice long session with the double-headed dildo, they had a nice long talk. Lena asked Dana to be her steady. There were conditions, of course, but Dana barely heard that. It wasn't like she'd expected it them to be exclusive. Lena was a teacher, so of course she'd shag students. That was, as far as Dana knew, what teachers did (if they weren't Mormon), and Lena liked shagging he students too much for her to give up that -- Dana wouldn't have wanted to and didn't want her lover to. Every girl Lena shagged, Dana shagged, if only vicariously. And Lena didn't expect her to give up shagging anyone, either.

"You couldn't do it if you tried," Lena put it. Which kind of hurt Dana, until Lena explained she meant that Dana wasn't a slut -- she was just easy, what with being an exhibitionist turning her on all the time. Besides, there were all the things she did for The Group, and Dana wasn't about to give up that. Which Dana agreed was true. She wasn't giving up The Group, not after all she'd done for them so far.

Nor did she. She drifted out of the core Group, however. She was still too useful to the virgins and squeamish, and to boys without girlfriends, to cast her out. But more and more, she started hanging with the cheerleaders, many of whom happened to be Groupies, than hanging with The Group. Cheerleaders, Dana found, were even better hallway protectors than linebackers. Linebackers were tough -- cheerleaders, whether alternate or on the squad, were downright mean. A girl protected by a small cloud of them, no one messed with -- not after the first couple times, anyway. Best of all, Dana could thank them more openly and more freely than she could the football players. Most of the players had girlfriends, and she had to be careful who she screwed without permission. But no one minded when she screwed a cheerleader, even when she had a boyfriend.

Nor, for that matter, did Dana's own boyfriend. Jonathan wasn't in The Group -- another reason she wasn't core; core Groupies only dated other Groupies -- and she'd never have looked to him if Lena hadn't pointed her at him. But he was the perfect boyfriend for her purposes. He was a quiet, intelligent boy, one of the brains, but not geeky. Nothing nerdy about him, once you paid attention. Best of all, he was too busy to go out on dates, and didn't mind when she did. Dana got a smooth ride in a warm car, and rewarded him (after school only, usually) with as good a screw as she could give. Which Jonathan didn't mind at all. The only reason he'd never dated was he thought he didn't have time for a girlfriend, but Dana was not only low maintenance, but a good lay. And after she'd tutored him a while, so was he.

Dana liked the sweet boy well enough -- he even gave her a present for her fifteenth birthday -- but he was only her boyfriend. Even the girls she showered with were closer to her heart than Jonathan. But closer still was Lena. And seventh period was theirs -- for Dana never went to another gym class that year. Chuck gave her an A for the year, for her hard work during sex ed (she rewarded him with as much sex as he wanted, for that gesture). So instead of going out on the gym floor, she went into Lena's love nest, and they had each other to themselves. After, at the end of gym and during practice, they shared themselves with other girls, but first, they were alone. And Dana liked it just that way.

And that's how Dana's first year naked in school turned out.

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