**Donna Kelly, in The Total Nudity for Students Program!**

by DALederle

Donna Kelly, get in here young lady!” my mother called to me.

“Yes, Mom!” I said as I jumped from chair in the living room were I was reading a novel. I ran up the stairs to the Computer/home office that mom and dad had that used to be a guest bedroom. Mom was sitting at the desk in front of the family’s computer. Of course we all had our personal lap tops too, all Y-fied together. When mom called me “Young Lady” I knew I was in trouble. Though I’m still overjoyed whenever I’m called a girl or young women or young lady, just because being actually female was knew to my “daddy’s little girl” ever since I began dressing to suit my true gender.

Okay, I should explain here that I was born a boy. That was a little over sixteen years ago. Last May, late in the month, as a present for my sixteenth birthday mom and dad took me to the best sexual reassignment hospital in the world. Up in Canada and that is and when I became a “young lady.” Unlike some parents who might have freaked out when I came to them and told them I wanted to become a girl mom and dad handled it pretty well. I was now er.

Actually, I think mom struggled with it more then dad did until she took me shopping one day and realized I knew all sorts of things about clothes and make-up and other “girly” things. I had been studying to be a girl all my life. I was only twelve then but the next four years was my “transition” time until this year. Now I was a teenage girl or young woman, depending on how you wanted to describe me.

And since I’m on the subject, in the year twenty-fifty-two I REALLY became a female. Unlike the surgeries from the twentieth century I had real, fully functional female organs. Cloned for me from my own cells and then switched out with my old male organs. The surgery took a little longer that way they used to do it, but not that much more. Last week I had my second period. Oh, yes, I’m now, officially, still a virgin. And no, I had no designs on changing my status. As much as I disliked actually going through that “time” every month it also thrilled me, to no end, that I could have a real period too.

“Young Lady,” mom said sharply as I entered the room. “Sit down here and explain this to me.” She sat back in the desk chair so I could look at the monitor in front of her. I pulled over a chair, swept my skirt under me and sat down next to her. What she had in front of her was my application volunteering for the Total Nudity Student Program. A student was chosen or volunteered to spend one week at school totally nude. “Why did you sign up and volunteer for the TNSP at Fremont High? What did you want to do, show off your new body that badly?”

I felt myself blush under her stare. “That wasn’t what I was thinking of but, I guess, maybe I did want that a little bit. I just wanted to get my week out of the way for this year.”

“But you’ve just become….what if you had your period this week? Oh, I just don’t understand.”

“Mom, I don’t know what to say. Now that I am female, for real I can do this like any other girl. It just seemed that I wanted to experience what all the other girls do.”

Mom voice softened a little. “Okay, I can understand that,” mom agreed. “But did you know that your turn is Monday, the first day of school?”

“Oh, my God! This soon? I hadn’t thought it would be…”

“Not only that, but Jenny will be in the program too next week.”.

“Jenny?” I asked. Mom pointed back to the monitor and I scanned the web page she had up. It was the Fremont High’s Summer Web Page, sent out to all returning students and their parents. And there they are, the names of all the students for the first week were. We, Jenny and I, had both been selected as Junior Class Total Nudes for the first week. “But how can this be?” I asked. “We’re both girls. There’s supposed to be one girl and one boy from each grade.”

“Donna,” mother chided me. “They probably still have you as a boy.”

“Oh, yes, that must be it. But Jenny’s going to be naked too. That means she’ll be on stage with me and see me when I strip.”

“So?” mom asked.

“She doesn’t know about my…new body, does she?” I asked.

“Well, no, I don’t think so. We just got back home a few days ago and your father and I haven’t talked to anyone about your being an actual girl now.”

“You know mom, I really miss being friends with Jenny.”

“I know you do, honey,” she agreed.

“H-m-m-m, I wonder what Jenny will say?”

“I don’t know, you’ll have to find out, won’t you?”

I walked across the stage of the Fremont School auditorium and took my seat on the folding chair the center one of nine that had been placed there. This was the first day of my junior year and this was the first period assembly, of that first day. I swept the skirt of my three piece skirt suit under me as I sat down. I lifted my right leg and draped it over my left knee and began to rhythmically wiggle my right foot. This caused a slight amount of friction that let my nylons rub against each other. It was one of those sensuous feeling that men will never know about.

“Aren’t you just a little overdressed,” asked Jenny on my left hand side. Jenny and had been very close friend up until two years ago. But we had hardly spoken to each since our “falling out” as I thought of it.

“No, this is exactly how I planned it for today,” I told her.

“Donna, you’re impossible,” she whispered. “You know why we’re here. We’ve been picked for the National Totally Nude Student Program. We’re all going to be stripped naked and will have to spend the next week attending school that way. That’s why the rest of us are just in sweats and sneakers.”

“Yes,” I agreed, “but the Student Program usual requires two students, a boy and girl from each class, Frosh, Soph, Junior and Senior. That’s eight students but I make it nine students. So I don’t know why I’ve been included.”

She was about to say something when the school principle, Mrs. Jacobs, stepped up to the wooden podium and tapped the microphone. “Settle down Ladies and Gentlemen,” she said. She’s a really attractive woman in her mid-forties and was wearing a nicely tailored tan skirt suit a lot un-like the one I wore. She had nicely trimmed, nyloned legs and modest pumps.

“As you all know this is the first day of the new school year. That means we introduce to you today to this years first students enrolled in the Totally Nude Student Program. Seated to my right are the students chosen for this week, keep in mind hat they were all volunteers and there more volunteers than the nine who are seated here. In fact the next month will be filled with only volunteer students.”

That brought a deep sigh of relief from a good portion of the students setting in the seats watching us. I read on line, somewhere, that about one third of the students and general population embrace the concept of public nudity. But I should add that that the public nudity is limited to females, girls or women. In fact the National Total Nudity Program for Women was developed to encourage women to go naked in public, to make nudity for women the normal standard in our modern society. The idea is that since women spend more on clothes it will, somehow, cut down on green house gasses and make us all more “green” by having more nude women.

Lately I’ve been noticing that there are more then one third of women going naked in public. Even women who aren’t committed to the national program are free to go naked in public and so you see some women out in public nude one day but not another. The number of casually naked women shifts from day to day. Almost no woman or most girls go to the beach or pool in a suit anymore.

“You will all notice that this year we have one extra student seated up here. There are two students from each class, freshman, sophomore, junior and senior. That makes one girl and one boy from each class. But added this year is one transgendered student in each week. That will include transsexual students, such as Donna Kelly, who is sitting in the middle of the row. It will later include student that are TG or sometimes called “she-males” and cross dressers or transvestites.

“So without further ado we can get this years Nude Students started. As I call the names each student will come up and disrobe and then spend today totally nude. They will attend school this week nude while in school each day. For today there is no touching, as all the students here should know. Tomorrow will start the usual submission to inspection and requests for touching by their fellow students. Freshman will have to read the Nude Students Program carefully so they don’t over step the bounds of the program.

“And now, Bud Crockett please step forward and take off your clothes.”

I smiled to myself as Bud went over to the podium and quickly stepped out of his sweats. Standing only in sneakers he bowed to the assembly. Bud was on the cross country team and a lean bodied runner. Next was Debbie Summers, a nice, slim, dark haired girl. She was one of our senior cheerleaders. Since they sometimes cheer nude it didn’t seem to bother her to strip. She did it quickly and like Bud faced the assembled students. Laughing the whole time she dipped a curtsey to the students watching. That brought a lot of cheers. The crowd always got rowdier when it was the first day, as boys and girls took of their clothes on stage.

The junior boy was Carl Hopkins, an ordinary student. He did his strip quickly and got his seat towel to sit on and hurried back to his chair. Then Jenny whispered “Oh, shit!” and got up and walked up to take her place. There were more catcalls as she stripped quickly and then faced everyone. Some of her girlfriends clapped for her and the boys whistled. Jenny is a nicely built, brown haired girl and her pubic bush is very thick and spreads in a vee shape up towards her navel. Oh, it doesn’t make it that far but it is very noticeable. On a whim Jenny dipped a curtsey to the crowd too.

Then it was my turn.

The clickety-clack of my two inch, high heeled, strappy black sandals could be heard through the whole auditorium as I walked over to the podium. “Are you okay with this, Donna?” Mrs. Jacobs asked me away from the mike. I nodded to her.

I set the basket for my clothes down in front of me and then removed my suit jacket and folded it neatly. Next I reached back and unzipped my skirt. I pulled it off over my head, the proper way to take off a woman’s skirt or dress. I had been studying how to be a girl or woman all my life. With my mother’s help I’ve learned how to act like a real lady. I’ve been living as a teenage girl for over two years now. This problem of mine is what came between Jenny and I two years ago. I didn’t blame her, since she wanted a boyfriend and not another girl friend. Folded neatly the skirt was laid on top of the suit jacket. Then my frilly, ruffled silk blouse came next. By now I was hearing some catcalls too.

Next was my full, white, nylon slip pulled up and off and folded neatly too. I stood now in my bra, panties, garter belt and stockings. It was a very old fashion but very sexy kind of outfit to wear to school. I had half expected Mrs. Jacobs to tell me to get it over with. I was now to the really fun part.

I reached back in one fluid moment and unhooked my bra. I slid it forward and then stood there with my breasts in plain view. Okay, I only have A-cups but they are firm and my nipples jutted out proudly. And I heard the whole student body gasp in surprise. I heard comments of “He has breasts” and “Look at the boobs on him.” They just didn’t understand.

“Everyone!” Mrs. Jacobs called into the microphone. “Donna is legally considered a girl in this school. NO MORE comments about her as him or the next person comes up here and strips too.

“Donna, please go on,” she added.

“Thank you, Mrs. Jacobs,” I said. “May I ask a question?”

Mrs. Jacobs nodded.

“The other students have all been allowed to keep their shoes and socks on. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes, so what is your question, Donna?”

“Does that mean I’m allowed to keep my garter belt and stockings on? They are my “shoes and socks” aren’t they?”

Mrs. Jacobs blinked for a moment and then stepped away from the podium and consulted with the other class deans sitting behind her. I saw them nodded. She back to the podium and said, “Yes Donna, since you may keep your stockings on and because of that you have to wear your garter belt to hold the stocking in place. But I will appreciate if tomorrow you come to school in something else. Sandals are okay, flats of any kind or sneakers or penny loafers. But today you keep your nylons on.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Jacobs. That makes my panties the last thing I have to take off.” I turned back to face my fellow students and slipped my fingers into the waist band of my panties that I had worn pulled up over my garter belt instead of under the belt. I slipped the panties down and then, as gracefully as I could, I stepped out of them and added them to the basket. I stood up and placed my hand behind my head and stood in the “presenting” position, with my feet slightly spread apart.

“He’s a girl!” someone shouted.

I turned around in place to give everyone, including the teachers behind me and view of my brand new, completely female body.

“Oh, my!” I heard Mrs Jacobs say. “Donna, please come here?”

I went over to her.

“You’ve had your reassignment surgery?”

“Yes, ‘mam,” I answered. “It was done right after the end of school last year, a birthday present from my parents. We went up to Canada to the best sex change facility in the world.”

“Well,” she said, obviously at a loss of what to say. “They certainly made you look like a real girl.”

“Mrs. Jacobs,” I scolded. “I am a real girl now. It’s the new style of sex change they do now; they cloned complete female sexual parts from my own cells. I have the complete internal works of any girl or women. Ovaries, uterus, vagina and vulva, just like yours. Last week I had my second period. I can even have babies, now.”

There was a stunned silence as I realized everyone heard me over the microphone. I went back dipped down to pick up my basket and let everyone in the front row see between my legs. I took the basket back to set it with the others next to the podium. “Donna,” Mrs. Jacobs said. “In view of the fact that you’re no longer a transsexual but are now an actual girl, do you want to ask to be excused this week? We can just put you in the rotation with the other girls.”

“No thank you, ‘mam,” I told her. “I’m still a transsexual, in a way, since I’m still learning what my new body is all about. I’d like to feel I could represent the best of what a transsexual can be. I want to spend this week as a Totally Nude Student.”

Some of the girls applauded me. I turned and curtsied to them, the way Jenny had, and walked back to my seat. I was beaming and smiling the whole time now. I sat down but didn’t cross my legs. Something brazen got into me and sat there with my knees slightly apart and saw a lot of boys trying to look between my legs. Oh, how good that felt.

“Donna,” Jenny whispered to me, “I didn’t know about this. I’m very happy for you.” She even reached over and touched my hand for a moment.

“Jenny, I understood when we broke up. You wanted a real boyfriend and I just had to do…what I’ve done. I’m really sorry I let you down.” As we were whispering the other students in the sophomore and freshman classes were going over to strip. Billy Johnson was the sophomore boy. I knew him as a baseball player. He was in pretty good shape. Doris Williams was a very attractive sophomore cheerleader. She also dipped a curtsy as the rest of us had. She was just walking back after stripping off as quickly as she could, which is what the other students on stage were doing.

Suddenly Jenny leaned closer to me and once again took my hand. “I’ve missed you, Donna,” she said.

“What about Ralph?” I asked.

“Oh, him! I broke up with him over the summer. I-I could never talk to him the way I used to be able to talk to you.”

“Well,” I said, “We could become girlfriends, couldn’t we?”

“Yes, I think I’d like that. Could we talk at lunch? Come and sit with me like you used to do.”

“There we have it, students and faculty, the nine chosen Totally Nude Students for this week.” Turning Mrs. Jacobs began to clap and the other deans and teachers began to clap too. Then the assembled students began to clap and whistle and yell out suggestions about whose body the wanted to get a closer look at. The hall began to empty and those of us on stage turned to the right and filed out into the hallway of the rotunda.

Fremont High is built as a rotunda with wings jutting out in four directions. A wing is for math and science classes. B wing is for history and social science. C wing is for art and music and language classes, D wing is for auto shop and gym classes, shop and home economics and keyboarding and our pool. Outside were the usual track and field and football and baseball diamonds.

Jenny and I walked out of the auditorium together side by side but not quite touching. I had missed her company terribly over the last two years. Oh, we were always civil with each other. We would talk when we met somewhere. But before my transition began not only were Jenny and I close but our families were too. Mom and Dad still had card nights and other things with Jenny’s parents but her and I never stayed next to each other for very long. But today it almost felt like we were back together again, just not as a couple but as girlfriends, I hoped.

And then, I turned to say something to her and she turned toward me at the same and we were hugging each other for a moment and then just as suddenly we both jumped back a little and blushed.

Jenny was very flustered as she said, “Oh, my, you really are a girl now.”

I chuckled as I asked, “You felt it too?”

“How could I not. Breast to breast and belly to belly.” But she was smiling.

“You forgot pussy to pussy,” said the voice of a boy who had come up behind. “I have a request.”

Jenny and I groaned at the same time. We only had to do posing requests on Monday, where we showed off our bodies to other students. Tomorrow we would have to begin allowing them to touch us as well. “What’s your request?” Jenny asked.

“I’d like to see your cunts, up close,” he told us.

“No,” I said hotly.

“That’s a violation of the Nude Student rules,” Mrs. Jacoby said as she came up behind us. “Why do you refuse, Donna?”

“Because he said the word cunts,” I explained. “I do not have a cunt! I have a vagina and vulva and labia. I will use the slang term used by other girls and call it my pussy. But I will not have a teenage boy using that term for one of my body parts.”

I heard girls around us begin to clap. I smiled at them and found Jenny had stepped closer to me and took my hand. “That goes for me too,” she said.

“Henry,” Mrs. Jacob said. “Donna has a valid point. You can make a request of Total Nude Students but they have to be respectful and polite.”

“I’m sorry,” the boy said. “Can I rephrase my request?”

“I’ll allow it this time. But if you get another girl mad at you for the same thing you will go naked your self this week and then repeat it all next week.”

The boy gulped but then said, “I’m sorry girls. My I have a closer look at your…what is the proper term, Mrs. Jacoby?”

“Their vulvas and labia’s,” Mrs. Jacoby suggested.

The boy nodded his head, “Yes, vulvas and labia’s.”

Jenny looked at me and then I chuckled again. “Sure, why not?” I said with a shrug.

Jenny’s eyebrows shot up but then she smiled. “Come on over here!” She took me by the hand and led both of us over to a bench in the hallway. We put our towels down and then sat down side by side. Mrs. Jacobs watched as we drew our knees up and rested our heels on the bench. We both blushed but reached down and held our labia apart so Henry could get his closer look. He took out a camera and started to take pictures. I heard several camera-phones clicking to a saw we had a crowd around us. Even some girls took pictures.

I heard someone in the crowd, a male voice say “Will you look at that, Donna is a real girl.” His words had an awed sound to us. That was followed with other comments by both boys and girls all saying, “Oh, my God, she is a girl, for real.”

Then a girl’s voice, “Please finger yourselves.”

“What?” I asked as I looked up to see who spoke.

“You know, play with your pussies,” the girl asked in a rather shy voice.

“I…uh…I’ve never done that,” I said.

The girls all giggled. “Come on Donna,” Jenny said. “There’s a first time for everything. Do what I do.”

Jenny leaned back slightly and put her left hand down to her vulva and slid her long middle finger into her labia folds. She wiggled the finger along the length of her vulva and used her other fingers to work the sides of her nether lips. So I reached down to my labia and slide my finger between my lips and I gasped at the touch. I hadn’t ever, so far, touched myself down there that way before. It felt so good I could hardly believe it. My finger found my clit and I knew it right away. I began to wiggle my fingers around and it felt like the most wonderful thing in the world. It was never this good for me as a boy. This felt so right. Jenny was groaning and her hand moving faster. Her right hand came up to her left breast and she cupped and squeezed the flesh of her own breast in a pumping motion. Then she pinched and pulled on her nipple too. I was trying to follow her move for move and I was getting really excited.

I had the sudden thought that here Jenny and I were masturbating in front of anyone watching us. But I was far to excited to stop now. Then I heard a slapping sound and realized Jenny was spanking her pussy. Slap, slap, slap and then once again rubbing her fingers along her lips, furiously picking up the pace as she moaned and called out, “Yes, oh, God yes. I’m going to come.” Slap, slap, slap and rubbing along the length. “Oh, I’m there,” and suddenly she went still and just lay there breathing hard. Jenny had just come in front of everyone.

And I was right behind her though I hadn’t spanked my own pussy the way she had. I was just wiggled my hand around between my legs and working my finger up and down my lips with my middle finger rubbing my clit. My other hand was cupped around my opposite breast and I was pulling my nipples. And I closed my eyes and threw back my head and made a noise I never knew I could make. It was a high pitched moan that I had never heard come out of my mouth before. “Oh…my…God…I am a woman,” I screamed.

I reached over and threw my arms around Jenny and we just lay there in each others arms.

“All right everyone,” Mrs. Jacobs said. “Everyone has to get going to your second period classes. This is enough fooling around in the halls.”

Weakly Jenny and I got up off the bench. “That was quite a performance for your first request you two. I don’t think anyone in the school will question Donna’s true gender anymore. Now get going.”

“Yes, ‘mam,” I said. “Come on, girlfriend.”

Jenny and I started walking along, together again, side by side. Her fingers reach to the side and entwined in mine. “What’s your second period class, Donna?”

I looked down at my schedule and laughed. “Oh, my,” I said with a chuckle. “Sex Education, room A101.”

“Oh, no,” Jenny exclaimed. “That’s mine too.”

Laughing we hurried along toward the A wing.

To get there we had to go down the main staircase from the second floor of the rotunda to the ground floor, were the cafeteria was located and then around to the A wing. It was easier for Jenny in sneakers then for me in heels. But I had been practicing so I was that far behind. Jenny stopped just before going up the sloping ramp into A-wing for me to catch up. She took my hand and we went up the ramp to our lockers which were just down the hall from room A-101. That room, co-incidentally, was our home room. That’s why our lockers were nearby. The teacher for this class was also our home room teacher, Mrs. Carson.

We managed to rush into the room, all flushed and excited just as the bell rang.

“Well, just in time girls,” Mrs. Carson said as she stood, leaning against her desk. Mrs. Carson was naked. On her left ankle was the ankle bracelet that had C with a slash through it, the symbol of the National Total Nudity Program for Woman. She is a tall, almost six foot, dishwater blonde with long legs and a narrow waist and large, but firm, breasts and trimmed, brown pubic patch. “You get the last two seats, reserved for our Totally Nude Students in this class.” She pointed at two seats, side by side in the front row of the class.

Jenny took the left hand and I took the right hand one. We set our purses down under our desk chairs and put our lap tops up on our desk tops. Our lap tops, today, have replaced those tons of books students used to carry around. A purse and my laptop bag is all I needed to attend school.

“Well,” said Mrs. Carson as she stood erect and stepped away from her desk. “I’ve heard a rumor that Donna and Jenny don’t need to ask for relief today.”

The class is all girls. There are other sex-ed classes that are all boys. Mixed sex-ed is saved for seniors. I heard it gets pretty wild in the gender mixed sex-ed classes. The “relief” Mrs. Carson referred to was for Total Nude students who had become so aroused by any requests from other students that needed to relief from the sexual tensions or arousals. It was, as a rule that it was mostly for boys, since it was hard for them to pay attention in class with raging hardons. But because of modern day equal rights female student could request it to. So, all the girls laughed over Mrs. Carson’s comment about Jenny and I, while we blushed, all over, of course.

“Now in this class,” Mrs. Carson went on, “It doesn’t matter if a girl is a Total Nude or not. We will have the first five minutes of class devoted to ANYONE who wants relief.”

There was an awed mummer from the entire class, including both Jenny and I. “You mean we can have sex in class?” asked Nancy Wilson.

“No, that’s not what I said,” Mrs. Carson explained. “It means that if you want to relieve your own sexual tensions that okay in this class. I believe the term is masturbation. That makes it up to you. Raise your hands if you want to do that now.” Mrs. Carson herself raised her hand. Several girls giggled but slowly hands went up.

“I-I really need it,” Nancy said in a quiet voice. “I was watching Donna and Jenny just outside the auditorium.” About five or six others girls went “Uh-huh, me too.” So I found myself blushing once again. Then I realized Jenny had her hand up to. She wanted to masturbate again. I stared at her in amazement for a moment and then shrugged and raised my hand too.

It was a quiet class for the next five minutes, well, until the climaxes started coming. I didn’t noticed how many girls didn’t take the chance to “do” them selves but there must have been some. But the rest of us had leaned back and began to touch ourselves between our legs. I was a little more familiar with it this time but still felt, well, timid about it. Mrs. Carson, leaning back against the front of her desk again, had her left hand down at her vulva and her right cupped her left breast, squeezing and pulling on her left nipple. Watching her now added to my overall excitement this time. I hadn’t been able to see Jenny when we were in the hallway. So now I had a good clear look at an adult woman as she pleasured herself. It was fascinating to me. When she got closer to her climax Mrs. Carson began doing the same thing Jenny had done. She started to spank her pussy and the rub it hard between spanks. I heard some others spanking too, which included Jenny. So I tried it and found that spanking my pussy set up some very strong vibration that excited both my clit and my labia and added to my arousal. I realized I could probably get off just spanking my pussy, but I would be sore after doing only that. Not that I wasn’t already sore since this was my second time masturbating in only a few minute. I realized I was sore and it hurt, but it was, somehow, a good hurt. It felt very fulfilling.

I think that Mrs. Carson’s action sort of led the class, like the leader of an orchestra, because everyone of us came at the same time. There was collective gasps, moans and even some loud yells, including that high pitched scream of mine. Again I found myself saying “Oh, yes! Oh. My God, I am now a woman!”

I glanced around to see what everyone was doing. Most of the girls had either just pushed their jeans or pants down or lifted the hems of their dresses or skirts. Now there was a lot of low noises as we searched in our purses for Kleenex or wipes. Mrs. Carson had pulled several pieces of tissue out of the box on her desk and was, rather nonchalantly wiping herself. There was also a heavy smell in the air of female muskiness. The room smelled like one big, collective pussy. I really enjoyed that smell, though I cold also smell individual, distinct vulvas. I recognized Jenny’s odor and Mrs. Carson’s too since she was just a few feet away and right in front of me.

‘Okay girls,” She said. “Does anyone want to comment on what just happened?” The room was silent, though a lot of girls were blushing all at the same time. “Anyone?” Mrs. Carson asked again.

“My pussy’s really sore right now,” I ventured to say. A few of the others agreed.

“Miss Kelly, please come up to the front of the room,” Mrs. Carson asked.

Oh, God, I thought to myself, I knew I shouldn’t have spoken up. But I got up and walked up to the front of the room. Mrs. Carson patted a spot on top of her desk were she was now sitting, with a seat towel under her. I went back and got mine and sat down on her desk next to her. Why me was all I was thinking but I knew why, of course. I was now a novelty in school. I was an actual, certified girl who used to be a boy.

“Class,” Mrs. Carson began. “I’m abandoning the planned assignment today because we have a unique opportunity right now. As most of you know, last year Miss Donna Kelly was a transsexual, male to female. Still physically a boy even though she was treated at all times in school as if she were an actual girl. And here she is today, post reassignment surgery and the new type of “change” so she is fully, totally an actual girl.

“So tell us, Donna, why is your pussy so sore?”

I blinked and didn’t, really, know what to say. “I-uh, it was my first time today of…touching myself. I guess I just got carried away.”

“You mean it was your first time, ever, that you masturbated and gave yourself a come?” asked Sandy Jones.

“Yes,” I admitted. “I’ve only been a girl for three months now and I’m still finding new things out every day.”

“Oh, wow!” was the collective comment.

“Did you masturbate when you were a boy?” Nancy asked.

“Oh, uh, not often and I never liked it.”

“Why didn’t you like it?” Mrs. Carson asked.

Oh, how do I answer that? “I…I never like being a boy. It never felt right to me. I hated my body and didn’t want to get used to doing things that boys did. Just touching myself, down there, was something I did as little as possible. Mostly just to wash or wipe myself clean. I treated myself as much like a girl as I could. I sat down when I went to the bathroom, even to pee. And I cleaned myself after I peed and didn’t just shake myself like guys do.”

“Guys don’t wipe themselves?” Mary Johnson asked.

“Not if they just peed,” I told her. “Everyone wipes after…number two.”

Mrs. Carson coughed politely and said, “We’ll discuss bathroom subjects later on in this course. Right now let’s just stick with how different things are for Donna now.”

“What was it like when you were a boy?” asked Nancy.

“Oh boy, how do I even answer that?” I asked out loud.

“The only way you can,” Mrs. Carson said. “Just tell the class what you know.”

“Oh, okay. Well…” I began. “First off I was never a boy.”

“Oh. No,” protested Sandy. “I knew you and Jenny in junior high and you were a boy back then. You even dated Jenny.”

“Please,” Mars. Carson said, “Let Donna explain this.”

“Well…I never, in my entire felt that I was a boy. I always knew I was a girl and I never paid any real attention to what it felt like being a boy. That was just something I had to endure but didn’t enjoy. Fact is my chromosome mixture, at birth, was XXY. I was two thirds female and only one part male. Actually I have always produced more female hormones, estrogen, than the male testosterone.

“My mother and father began to realize, by the time I was four that I was different. I kept telling them I was a girl and preferred to wear girls clothes. Since there, virtually no clothing restrictions anymore mom just let me go one wearing girl’s clothes. You remember, don’t you, Sandy. I used to come to school, almost every day in mostly skirts and dresses. All my underwear was girls, shoes and socks and undershirts and panties. Actually, right now I don’t own a single pair of pants. Not even girl’s pants or slacks, except for my gym shorts. Even during junior high, when I was trying to be more of a boy, because that’s what everyone seemed to want me to be, the slacks I wore and most of my tops were girl’s clothes, not boys.

“But during junior high my real gender began to emerge. My breasts began to grow and get tender and my hips widened, like any girl’s would have done. I tried to hide it, especially from Jenny. But it was slowly getting more obvious. Finally my parents and I decided it was time to go ahead and let me become a real female. That’s when Jenny and I stopped dating so that she could find a real boyfriend.”

“Is that true, Jenny?” Nancy asked.

Jenny shrugged her shoulders. “Mostly,” she admitted.

I raised my eyebrows. “How was it different?” I asked.

“Donna, don’t you remember? You broke up with me! I never asked to stop dating you,”

The class was silent for several moments.

“But I thought it was you who wanted to date a real boyfriend. I mean, I just wanted what was best for you, Jenny.”

“Oh. My,” Mrs. Carson said. “We have a break through here. Who did you date after Donna stopped seeing you?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” Jenny said. “Oh, it was just a couple of guys. The only one I’ve really dated was Ralph Jameson, but he likes to wear girls close too. But I, just could never talk to him the way I used to be able to talk to Donna.”

“So the one boy you really dated was a cross dresser?” Mrs. Carson asked. “You were dating a boy who was a lot like Donna.”

“Yeah, I guess so,” Jenny admitted. “I never wanted to break up with Donna. She’s the only one…she was…she is…my best friend.”

I suddenly felt all choked up. Jenny had tears running down her cheeks. “Jenny, why don’t you come up here and give Donna a hug,” Mrs. Carson said. “I think you both need a moment to gather yourselves together.”

Jenny got up and came up to the front of the room and we held out our arms to each and were suddenly hugging each other again. Only unlike in the hallway, this time it was intentional. It felt a little strange at first, naked as we were. But then it suddenly felt so right for us to be that way. I couldn’t help myself. I kissed her, deeply, right there in front of the whole class and I didn’t even care. The rest of the girls gasped.

“Oh, I’ve missed you so much, darling,” Jenny said to me.

“I-I’ve really missed you too,” I said. And then I added, “Honey,” which was the pet name of affection I used to use for her.

“All right, girls,” Mrs. Carson said. “You had a reunion of sorts, but we have to get on with the class. Please go back to your seat Jenny. Anymore questions for Donna.”

A girl raised her hand. “Go ahead Susan,” Mrs. Carson told her.

Susan Smith asked, “When did you start to really live as a girl and started to try and become one?”

“In a way, my whole life,” I said. “But if you mean my actual transition, that began at the end of eighth grade, just before I turned fourteen. Our family doctor, Ms. Eperson, already knew about me for the most part. So dad called her up and said that he and mom wanted to get into a program for sexual reassignment surgery. The funny thing was that I DIDN’T need any hormones. My body was producing enough already. I did receive a monthly gene shot of my own, altered DNA so that I’m now XX and there’s no Y anymore.

“I had already been in therapy for the last two years so basically I just continued my psychological therapy and waited while my own stem cells, gathered from my groin area, were cloned into real female sexual organs. I have ovaries, a uterus and vagina that were all grown to match my own genetic structure. The only “male” part left was my penis, which was used to create my vulva and clitoris. They removed my prostrate too, why risk cancer there when that is of know use to me.”

“In the assembly I heard you tell Mrs. Jacobs that you can have babies,” Nancy said.

“That’s right,” I agreed. “I even have periods now.”

The whole class made faces about that and even some said “Eeew!” “That must have been a shock to you, Donna. It’s not one of those things women see as a benefit in their lives.”

“No, I guess it’s not,” I agreed. “But, in a way, I like the idea that I can have them. It’s just part of…for me, being an actual girl now.”

“Well, that about covers everything we get into today. It’s just about time for the bell to ring. One more thing though, if any of you want to come to this class tomorrow naked, please feel free to do so. Miss Kelly and Miss Lange are our Totally Nude Student Program but The Public Nudity Act for Women, passed five years ago allows any woman or girl over the age of thirteen to go about naked anytime and anywhere she wants. That’s one of the hard won freedoms women now enjoy, thanks to the equal right laws from the last century. You don’t have to be a Total Nudist like I am. Casual nudity is accept by law and will be accept in my classes, always.

“Also there’s a practice for the Girls Naked Touch Football team this afternoon, which my junior co-wife, Coach Cindy Carson, and I will be having. Jenny, I expect to see you there. Donna, have you given any thought to some girl’s sports since you are one of us now. I think you’d be an asset to the team.”

“I hadn’t thought about it, but I will now, thank you, Mrs. Carson.”

“Oh, I’ll get her out there,” Jenny called back over her shoulder as we walked out the door.

“Jenny,” I began to scold.

“Oh, don’t be a stick in the mud, darling. Besides, it’s something you can do with me. And it gets us away from everyone asking to see your new body.”

I laughed at her logic but loved her all the more for it. “Okay, honey,” I told her. “Just to be with you a little longer I’ll come out a try out for the team. At least I don’t have to have equipment for it. Your play it barefoot too, don’t you?”

“Yeah, that’s right!” Jenny agreed. “See you at lunch.” See had to get up on her toes to give me a kiss before we headed of to our next classes. It was English for me Intermediate Algebra for her. It was a quick, but passionate kiss. As I headed for C-wing while Jenny headed upstairs for second floor of A-wing for her math assignment. I found myself walking along and wondering if Jenny and I were lesbians now. It felt that way but it also felt like we were just good friends too. I finally figure that it would just work out whatever way it needed too. In fact if we both wanted to have children, which I hadn’t really thought of before this, at least to seriously, we’d still need men to impregnate us. Wouldn’t we?

I had a lot to think about, but right now English and playing on the school's Girls Naked Touch Football team were enough.