**Free Kittens!**

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**Free Kittens! Pt. 04**

Cheryl smiled broadly at both Vicki and myself, and let out a long drawn-out sigh.  
  
"I never thought I would, or could, ever be attracted to another woman," she confessed, "but I have to admit that it was absolutely wonderful. Thank you both very much for sharing this experience with me. I really enjoyed this. I've always been bi curious, but I've never found myself in the situation to try it before."  
  
"I didn't either!" Vicki burst out. "I liked it too. Thank you Miss Cheryl, for letting me try it with you too. You're a very pretty lady, and it was nice to suck your boobies."  
  
I smiled at Vicki's childish reference to Cheryl's tits. She had made a lot of headway since we had started dating, but she still slipped back to her autistic ways every now and then.  
  
"Vicki..." Cheryl began. "I told you earlier that I wanted to talk to you in my office about something. Do you remember that?"  
  
Vicki nodded vigorously.  
  
"Of course!" she responded. "I'm not in trouble or anything, am I?"  
  
"Oh no, of course not!" Cheryl said reassuringly. "It's just that after what we just experienced, I thought perhaps I could talk to you about it now, instead. Would that be okay?"  
  
"Oh yes!" Vicki agreed happily, reaching between her legs and masturbating openly in front of both of us. "Mmm, what would you like to talk about?"  
  
"Well, we have a lot of visitors who inquire about being clothes-free in the park." Cheryl explained, as she tried to ignore Vicki's innocence. "Like yourselves, they know there are no federal laws regarding public nudity, so I get probably 2-3 calls a week about people wanting to know if they can explore the park without wearing any clothes."  
  
"And what do you tell them?" I inquired curiously.  
  
"The same thing I told you." she replied. "In this state, you cannot be seen from a public right of way, so once they get out of sight; out of mind."  
  
"You do realize that the public right of way to which you refer is actually owned by the Park Service, right?" I responded. "State law ends at the park entrance. It's your rules in the parking lot, Visitor's Center and even along the road itself. As the superintendent, you make that decision, not the state. Anyone can go clothes-free anywhere in the park if they wish, unless you designate it otherwise. Of course, having sex in a public area is something entirely different."  
  
Cheryl stared at me for a few seconds.  
  
"Are you an attorney by any chance, Jack?" she inquired.  
  
I smiled and shook my head.  
  
"No, but it does behoove me to keep abreast of the law; no pun intended." I replied. "Why, did I upset you?"  
  
"No." Cheryl responded, shaking her own head in reply. "I honestly did not know that. Look, I was going to offer Vicki a job as a docent here in the park, that was free to disrobe once she got out into the pathways, but you have brought up a very good point, and it's something I was not aware of, and I now intend to look into this matter is much greater detail."  
  
She turned her gaze to Vicki.  
  
"If what Jack says is true, and it's legal to be nude anywhere inside of this park, would you like a job here as a ranger, if you didn't have to wear any clothes?"  
  
Vicki stared at Cheryl in stunned silence.  
  
"For real?!" she asked excitedly, so overwhelmed she even stopped diddling herself. "I could learn all of the information like everyone else, and lead tours without having to wear any clothes? I could do it all nude?"  
  
"Yes." Cheryl replied. "You can even work in the gift shop if you want to. It's entirely up to you."  
  
"Where's she going to pin her badge?" I inquired dryly. "Will she have to pierce her clit with it and wear it on her cunt?"  
  
"No, smart ass." Cheryl retorted. "She can wear it around her neck on a lanyard. With that and her hat, she will look very professional; I can assure you."  
  
Vicki looked at me with sheer excitement in her eyes.  
  
"May I, Jack?!" she bubbled. "I could be a real ranger!"  
  
"Kitten," I replied slowly and carefully, "you don't have to ask my permission. I don't own you. You're my fiancee; not my pet. If you want to do this, I am behind you one hundred percent. All you have to do is tell me what you want and I'll support you all the way, okay?"  
  
Vicki nodded and smiled broadly.  
  
"Then... oh yes, Cheryl!" she exclaimed. "I would love to be a nude ranger! I really get to have a real badge and not have to wear any clothes?"  
  
"Yes. I want you to be our naturist liaison, if you will." Cheryl answered. "You can lead tours through the park, or like I said, work in the gift shop if you want to. It's up to you."  
  
"Well," Vicki replied slowly, "I'm used to working fast food, so I guess I'd love to work in the gift shop. I'd still be behind a cash register, but I'd get to be nude all the time and talk to all of those people. I could always be a guide later on if I wanted to though, right?"  
  
Cheryl smiled.  
  
"Of course." she said kindly. "You can do whatever you want to. After the recent court ruling regarding Jack Action and Bo Dangles, nudists are now a protected class. So, we need to hire a nudist under the new federal guidelines, and I want you to be that naturist here in this park. Will you take the job? Will you be a naturist in nature... or the gift shop? It's your choice."  
  
Vicki grinned broadly and bobbed her head up and down.  
  
"Oh yes!" she exclaimed. "I want the gift shop! I'll see so many more people that way. I love talking to people. That's why I like being a cashier. I love my job working the register at Ken Tucker's Fried Chicken, but this would be so much more exciting! When can I start?"  
  
Cheryl smiled.  
  
"How about a week from Monday?" she proposed. "It will give me time to get your ID and badge, and notify the park service that we have a nudist- oh wait, I forgot something. You have to be a registered nudist for us to be in compliance with the new guidelines."  
  
"What the hell is a registered nudist?" I muttered. "That's a new one on me."  
  
"Oh, a couple months back, a couple that has an Internet reality porn show had an incident at the airport." Cheryl explained. "The wife was charged with indecent exposure and it went to court. Since an airport is federal property, it was a federal case. The judge ruled she had the right to be clothes-free if she wanted, and created a registry for nudists. If you register, you can't be discriminated against for not wearing any clothes in public. It's a license to be nude all the time; in all fifty states and all US territories."  
  
"That would be perfect, Jack!" Vicki said excitedly. "I wouldn't have to wear any clothes even when I leave the house, and I can work here naked as a ranger! Oh please, can I get a nudist license?"  
  
"Of course." I replied, still trying to wrap my head around the fact that it was now somehow legal to be nude in public. "I told you, Vicki, you don't have to ask my permission, but I love you for being so respectful though."  
  
I turned to Cheryl.  
  
"Do you have any idea how she can register and get the license?" I inquired.  
  
Cheryl nodded.  
  
"Of course. Just go to the federal courthouse and ask for the forms to fill out to become a registered nudist." she explained. "They'll be able to get you squared away. There's a fee I think, for the court costs and all, but if your fiancee really wants to walk around without any clothes on no matter where she is, it would be worth it, I think."  
  
"I agree." I said with a nod. "This is something that Vicki really wants to do, so I'll make sure she gets registered as soon as possible. I guess she can bring the paperwork with her when you send her to get a photo for her ID?"  
  
"Oh, that's all done digitally now." Cheryl said with a wave of her hand. "Just email a head shot and they'll make her ID. I'll send you the links."  
  
We all dressed and began heading back toward the visitor's center.  
  
"I can't wait to learn the history of this park!" Vicki bubbled. "This will be the best job, ever!"  
  
"What are you going to do when it gets cold out?" I asked.  
  
"I'll wear a hat, gloves and boots!" she assured me. "I'll be fine. You don't have a problem with the cold. Just teach me how to stay warm like you do."  
  
"My body temperature is three degrees cooler than most." I replied. "I have the ability to alter it to whatever climate I'm in, but it takes about two years. It's just part of my genealogy. I can't teach you that."  
  
Vicki looked disappointed but nodded in understanding.  
  
"Oh well, I guess I can always put a coat on." she sighed. "But I can take it back off as soon as I get to work!"  
  
We reached the visitor's center and Cheryl waved us in her direction.  
  
"Come on in." she offered. "I want you to meet everyone you'll be working with. It's a great bunch of people."  
  
"Oh goodie!" Vicki exclaimed. "That sounds awesome!"  
  
We entered the building, which was an architectural masterpiece of curved laminated wooden beams and glass, and Cheryl cleared her throat and spoke in a loud, authoritative voice.  
  
"Hey everybody, I want to introduce you to our newest addition to the park team. This is Vicki and her fiancee, Jack. Vicki will be our first naturist docent under the new federal rules requiring us to employ a registered nudist as a minority class."  
  
"That's cool." an older woman with graying hair responded.  
  
She approached us and held out her hand.  
  
"I'm Glenda." she introduced herself.  
  
"Vicki." my fiancee replied, shaking her hand. "This is my fiance, Jack."  
  
"Nice to meet you, Jack." Glenda said with a twinkle in her eye. "Will you be joining us as well?"  
  
I shook my head.  
  
"No, I have a job I'm quite happy with." I replied. "I only work two and a half days a week. If I push it really hard, I can be done in two. I just love my five day weekends."  
  
"I'm sure you do!" Glenda exclaimed. "What do you do, if I might ask?"  
  
"I put out those free newspapers that you find in your tube each week." I replied.  
  
"And you make a living doing that?" she asked incredulously. "Delivering newspapers?"  
  
I wasn't certain if she was actually impressed by my short work week or simply being condescending because I was a "paperboy," but I chose to answer the question as if she were simply being curious.  
  
"I make about thirty five dollars an hour," I answered, "but I'm actually paid by the piece. I get ten cents apiece, plus some side stuff I do for a nickel while I'm in the neighborhoods. Then, I have a monthly route at again, a dime per paper. I put out seven thousand papers every week, plus another four thousand for the monthly. It comes out to $3,200 a month, plus the $150 for the side stuff, so I'm getting over $3,350 a month, working a total of twelve to thirteen days out of that month. But then, there's an extra month in there, because we get paid every two weeks. I dunno; it's about forty K a year.  
  
"I like it, because I have so many days off. It allows me to act and write. That's where I make my real money though. I do voice overs right out of my house for five hundred to five thousand a pop. Then I do commercials and write TV and movie scripts..."  
  
I suddenly realized that everyone was staring at me, and I decided to let it go.  
  
"Anyway," I added, "to answer your question; yes."  
  
"Wow!" Cheryl exclaimed. "That's pretty impressive. I'd like to see some of the things you've been in sometime. Anyway, this is Vicki, and she will be coming on board very shortly, as our nudist ambassador. Please welcome her to the team."  
  
"If she's our nudist ambassador, why is she wearing clothes?" a young bearded man in his twenties or so inquired. "Shouldn't she be nude? I mean, how are we to believe she'll actually take her clothes off when she's hired?"  
  
"She IS hired, Clarence." Cheryl said briskly. "Vicki, please remove your clothes and take your place at the register."  
  
Needless to say, I was stunned at what was transpiring, but I watched in silent fascination as my cute fiancee nodded and began removing her clothes, casting them to one side. When she was completely undressed and fully nude, she smiled at Cheryl.  
  
"Give me a printout of the till so I can make sure it's all balanced." she said professionally. "I won't be responsible for any shortages unless the opening numbers balance."  
  
Cheryl smiled and removed her own hat, placing it on Vicki's head.  
  
"Get that license and show up as soon as you get it." she said warmly. "In the meantime, consider yourself an official park ranger here at Queen's Ridge National Military Park. I'll have your badge in a few days."  
  
Vicki beamed with pride and turned to me for reassurance. I nodded with a smile of support and a bit of pride myself. It was hard to believe this was the same dim-witted girl that had invited me to her apartment to see her cat. She was now a confident young lady who was learning new words and facts every day, that brought her closer to smashing the ceiling that had been forced upon her by incompetent doctors and a set of worthless parents.  
  
We left the park and headed back to our house, to mull over everything that had taken place. Vicki had of course put her clothes back on once we left the park, but that did not include her top, as she was free to go shirtless in public. I was low on gas, so I pulled into a large auto/truck stop to fuel up before we got back on the interstate to go home.  
  
"There's no sign that says 'no shirt, no shoes, no service.'" I said with a grin, as I handed her a twenty. "Tell them you want fifteen dollars on Pump 7."  
  
"Okay Jack." she said with a smile.  
  
I watched in amusement as she entered the store, fully expecting a ruckus of some sort, but a few minutes later, she returned to the car and handed me a five dollar bill.  
  
"Here you go, Love." she cooed.  
  
"They didn't say anything to you about being topless?" I asked in astonishment.  
  
"No, but a lot of people were sure staring at me!" she answered with a giggle. "It was kind of fun; all those people just looking at my boobies. Even the guy behind the counter kept staring at them. I had to tell him twice, how much gas I wanted."  
  
"Just wait until you get registered to walk around completely nude." I mused. "You won't believe the stares you're going to get, Vicki."  
  
"I don't mind." she responded. "All my life, people have looked at me strangely and called me weird or worse. I told you someone asked me once if I'd been hit by a truck because of the way I looked and acted. He was being mean of course, but now, I couldn't care less what people say or think. You cared about me and loved me, and I love you. That's all that matters to me."  
  
I was truly humbled by her words. As much as I loved her, I had still taken the opportunity to send her into the store with her perky tits sticking out as a joke. But she wasn't a joke, and what I had done was NOT amusing. Very soon, she was going to be my wife, and I had no business setting her up for my own amusement like that. What I had done to her was wrong, and I wanted to make up for it; even though she had no idea that what I had just done has been at her expense. I was filled with regret, and I wanted to make it up to her.  
  
"I love you too." I finally managed to say quietly, as I began filling the gas tank. "Look, we haven't had a really nice, quiet dinner out together yet. Why don't I take you out for a nice prime rib dinner in a cozy restaurant?"  
  
Vicki's eyes widened, and she nodded like a jack-in-the-box.  
  
"Oh yes, please!" she bubbled. "I love steak, and prime rib is so good! I only had it once though. It was at a wedding party. It was good! It wasn't very thick, but it was delicious! I asked my parents if we could have it again some time, but they could never afford it."  
  
"You've never had a nice, thick slab of prime rib at a restaurant?" I inquired in surprise. "With a baked potato and a slice of cheesecake or something for dessert?"  
  
Vicki shook her pretty little blonde head.  
  
"No Sir." she replied politely.  
  
"Well you will tonight!" I assured her. "I know a great place that serves an actual giant rib of beef; not just a slice of seasoned meat from a roast beef. It's the real thing."  
  
"Oh Jack!" she exclaimed. "That sounds delicious, thank you."  
  
Two hours later, we arrived at a small mom'n'pop steakhouse that I had frequented for years. I had stumbled upon it accidentally, and was stunned when the prime rib I ordered was a real rib cut! I was so used to the cuts you get at the chain restaurants that this thing looked stupid when I saw it on my plate, but I was amazed at how good it was! Now, I was about to share that same experience with the homebody woman I loved so very much.  
  
"Hey there, Jackie!" the owner greeted me in a thick Greek accent. "Where you been hidin', my friend? My food not agreein' with you or somethin'? Oh I see... you got a lady friend with you. I know where you been now, ha-ha!"  
  
I smiled in response.  
  
"Hey Argos." I replied with a laugh. "This is my fiancee, Vicki. You're darn right I've been busy!"  
  
"Well hello there, Miss Vicki!" he said, taking her hand in his and kissing it politely. "It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance. Welcome to the Argos' Chophouse. We have the best food 24/7. You want a Caesar salad? We got it for you at two AM. You want steak for breakfast? We got top sirloin at six AM."  
  
"It IS really good." I admitted, as Argos led us to a table by the window. "I stopped in here the first time at like ten o'clock at night."  
  
"Stoned off your ass too!" Argos asserted, as we sat down. "Couldn't even order his dinner straight."  
  
"I wasn't stoned, I was tired!" I protested. "I'd been up since two o'clock in the morning. Not my fault I ordered something stupid."  
  
"Tell her what it was." Argos said with a grin.  
  
I took a deep breath and sighed loudly.  
  
"Prime rib and a baked potato, with sour cream and baked potato." I said, making a face. "Happy now?"  
  
All of this went over my poor fiancee's head, and she looked confused.  
  
"I meant to say butter." I explained. "But baked potato started with a B too."  
  
Vicki brightened.  
  
"Oh okay. I get it now." she responded.  
  
We had a wonderful dinner together, and then headed back to the house. We were going to have a busy day tomorrow, getting her legally registered as a nudist and our applying for the marriage license, so we decided to go to bed fairly early. As we tumbled onto the bed and began removing our clothes, however, we quickly got turned on and started pawing one another vigorously.  
  
"I had so much fun today!" Vicki exclaimed, as I squeezed her firm tits in my hands. "I can't believe I made love to another woman with you and then got a new job! It was such a wonderful day, Jack!"  
  
"It was." I agreed, as I rolled onto my back and let her climb on top of me. "I enjoyed it too."  
  
I reached up to play with her tits as she rode me, stroking my cock with her tight, wet cunt until I could take it no more."  
  
"I'm going to cum!" I whispered loudly.  
  
"Shoot it inside of me and get me pregnant like that lady in the forest!" she whispered back. "I want to have your baby, Jack."  
  
I moaned loudly in reply, and shot my thick load deep inside her belly as I fondled her perky tits firmly. Vicki felt my sperm squirting inside of her and became so excited that she climaxed as well. I could feel her vaginal muscles clamp around my cock as it spurted deep inside of her womb.  
  
"Mmm, there was that giant tickle again." she sighed, as she rolled off of me and lay back on the bed. "I wonder what it means?"  
  
"It means you released an egg," I said slowly, "and in conjunction with the one you had the other day, I would postulate it probably also means twins."

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"You mean I'm going to be a mommy?" Vicki inquired happily. "And I'll have twins too? Oh Jack, my belly will be so huge!"  
  
"Yeah," I replied, "and you'll look great, too!"  
  
A thought suddenly came over me.  
  
"But the way you walk, it may put you really off balance. We'll have to ask the doctor about that. I don't want you to fall."  
  
"Me neither!" she asserted. "I take small steps to keep my balance though. Maybe it will be okay. I'll just be extra careful, that's all."  
  
I smiled, and did my best to brush it aside. I shouldn't have said anything so soon, or at least until I decided it may have been a legitimate concern. It was probably nothing to worry about anyway, and now, I may have instilled some trepidation in her over it.  
  
"I'm sure it will, Sweetheart." I agreed. "I know you'll be extra careful too. You'll make a very good mother."  
  
Vicki beamed at my response.  
  
"Thank you, Jack." she replied. "I know you'll make a wonderful father for our kids too. I can't wait to marry you and have a family together. You know, that reminds me of something else."  
  
"What's that?" I inquired.  
  
"Our wedding!" she exclaimed. "Oh Jack, we have to make plans! Who to invite, where to have it and all. I wonder if they'd let us have it at the military park?" she mused.  
  
"Instead of a church or something?" I asked. "You don't want to go down the aisle?"  
  
"I've never been to church." she answered. "I think I'd like to have it outdoors, with all of our friends and family there. I know this though, wherever we get married, I want a nude wedding. At least I'm going to be nude. I'd like for you and all of the guests to be nude too. What do you think?"  
  
"I think that you would make a very beautiful bride wearing nothing but her veil." I replied. "In fact, I would like very much for you to be completely nude. I'm not certain how comfortable I would be standing there without anything on though, and I'm quite certain that the majority of the guests would be more than a little uncomfortable enough seeing you or both of us nude, so asking them to take their clothes off might be a bit much. They probably wouldn't want to come at all."  
  
Vicki looked disappointed.  
  
"But it would be so nice for everyone to be nude together!" she protested. "I guess you're right though. Most people don't understand how it feels to go around without any clothes on."  
  
She sighed dejectedly, and I felt very badly for her. I know how much she loved being nude; especially in front of other people, and how she wanted others to share that experience with her. It was very difficult for her to comprehend why other people didn't feel the same way that she did about certain things, and this was one of them.  
  
To her, being nude meant being free, and she didn't understand that to most people, being nude meant being uncomfortable or even embarrassing; or outright vulgar to some. I had to try and understand her feelings and viewpoints, and do my best to accommodate them without alienating those we wanted to attend our cherished event.  
  
"I have an idea." I suggested. "I will agree to be nude as well, but let's not ask anyone in attendance to be so. We will explain in the invitations of our special ceremony, and that we do not expect anyone else to attend clothes-free, however, after a certain point during the reception, anyone who wishes to join us being clothes-free will have the option at that point, to remove their clothes and join us in an au naturale setting. What do you think?"  
  
Vicki pondered my suggestion for a few moments, and then nodded vigorously in response; grinning broadly.  
  
"Oh yes, Darling!" she bubbled. "I love it, Jack! And I love you too!"  
  
She threw her arms around me and kissed me passionately on the mouth.  
  
"I want so much, to be your wife." she said quietly. "I want to please you and give you lots of children. I want to make you as happy as you have made me."  
  
"Aww, Sweetheart," I responded gently, "you already have. Just don't stop being who you are. That's what makes me happy. Your love and loyalty means more than you can imagine."  
  
"I don't know..." she said dubiously, "I have a pretty big imagination."  
  
"Well imagine this:" I postulated. "Us going to the courthouse in the morning to get you registered as a legal nudist. Then, you being able to walk around nude in public without a care in the world."  
  
Vicki closed her eyes.  
  
"I'm imagining it." she replied. "It sounds wonderful!"  
  
"Then let's get some sleep so that we can make it happen." I said with a grin.  
  
"Oh you!" she exclaimed. "I can't wait though. I hate I had to put my top on for dinner tonight, because of the sign on the door. That really sucks, telling people they won't be served if they aren't wearing shirts or shoes."  
  
"Well, after you get registered, they won't be able to discriminate against you anymore." I replied. "It won't matter what the sign says. If anyone tries to bar you from their establishment simply because you aren't wearing any clothes, they can be sued for discrimination under the new laws. So, don't worry your pretty little blonde head over it, okay? Try and get some sleep, as excited as I know you are, and we'll take care of everything first thing in the morning."  
  
"Okay, Jack." she replied, snuggling up against me. "I love you, my dearest man. Good night and sweet dreams."  
  
"Sweeter dreams." I replied with a smile.  
  
I turned the light off, and a few minutes later drifted off to sleep. I had crazy dreams all night about us getting married nude in different places; each one more bizarre than the one before it. The last one was us being wed as a royal couple, with the whole thing being broadcast live on television around the world! To say that her suggestion and desire to have a nude wedding was affecting my dreams was an understatement!  
  
I awoke to the very pleasant sensation of Vicki's warm, wet mouth engulfing my penis and slowly stroking it with her lips, as she sucked it expertly. I sighed and smiled, opening my eyes to the sight of my dick inside of her mouth, as her head bobbed up and down. It wasn't long, before I let my load loose inside her mouth. She took it all, like a dutiful wife would do for her husband, and swallowed every last drop with gusto.  
  
Vicki ran her tongue all over the underside of my dick, cleaning up every last drop, before taking her mouth from it. She smiled broadly at me, and then snuggled up against me, running her fingers through my hair.  
  
"Good morning, my Love." she said sweetly, as she gently licked her lips. "Was that a nice way to wake up?"  
  
"It was." I said with a smile. "I'd love to wake up to that every morning!"  
  
"Then I will do that for you!" she asserted dutifully. "No more alarm clocks for my special man! From now on, you tell me when you want to get up, and I will suck you awake, okay? You just lay there and let your darling Vicki suck your dick until you cum in my mouth. Then, we can both get up and shower together. I will do this for you every morning for as long as you want. Nothing is too good for the father of my children. I told you Jack, I will make you the happiest man in the world.  
  
"Then, while you're getting dressed, I'll fix your breakfast. I won't have to worry about getting dressed any more," she giggled, "so I can spend that time making you scrambled eggs and sausage. While you're eating your delicious breakfast, I'll slide under the table and suck your cock until it's hard again. Then while you're eating, I'll give you another wonderful blowjob, and you can cum in my mouth all over again! While you're swallowing the protein from your eggs, I'll be swallowing the protein from your sperm. Would you like that?"  
  
"Very much." I replied. "Why don't we take that shower together and get dressed, so that we can be at the courthouse when it opens? The sooner we get there, the sooner you can register and take your clothes back off."  
  
"Sounds good to me." she agreed.  
  
We had a very cozy shower together, then dressed and headed out. Vicki chose to wear nothing but a pair of denim shorts, a thin white tee shirt and a pair of black and white high-top Keds. She looked really cute too, but not as cute as she would look once she was wearing nothing but the sneakers. We arrived at the county court complex just as it was opening, so we were the first to arrive at the County Registrar's office. He greeted us personally, as his clerk hadn't arrived yet.  
  
"Good morning!" he said cordially. "How may I help you two this morning?"  
  
"Good morning, yourself." I replied. "My fiancee and I would like a marriage license, and in addition, she would also like to become a registered nudist."  
  
He smiled at my reply as though I had made a humorous remark.  
  
"The marriage license I can help you with okay, but there's no such thing as registering to become a nudist." he replied. "Your fiancee is pretty cute though, and I'll admit that while I would love to see her nude, there is nothing to make it legally happen. I wish there was some sort of registry to make all of this happen, but at this point in time there isn't. I'm sorry."  
  
"It's a federal ruling." I replied. "Registered nudists are now a protected class. She was just hired by the Park Service to become their first clothes-free docent. She needs the paperwork so that she can get her ID."  
  
"Like I said," he responded, "I'd really like to help you out, but as far as I know, there's no such thing as registering to be a nudist."  
  
"Then you need to contact a federal judge." I said politely but firmly. "Even if you don't have the proper forms here in the office, you can download them, I'm sure. You're an elected official. You should stay on top of this stuff. Not trying to be a hard ass here, but if you don't get the proper forms for her to fill out, you and the county will be in violation of the ruling, and subject to a discrimination lawsuit against nudists."  
  
The registrar suddenly smiled again.  
  
"C'mon, did Herbie put you up to this?" he inquired. "I haven't been back in the States for twenty four hours yet, and he's trying to get me already. You guys!"  
  
He let out a laugh.  
  
"So, did you really need a marriage license, or was that just part of the act?" he asked with a guffaw. "You two are good. Are you local talent or something?"  
  
"No," I replied, in a somewhat annoyed tone, "we are a couple who need a marriage license, and my fiancee needs a nudist license on top of it. Just getting back in the States? Where the hell have you been, anyway?"  
  
"I've been in Puerta Vallarta for the past two weeks, why?" he answered in a slightly stuck-up tone of voice.  
  
I looked sat Vicki and shrugged.  
  
"That explains it." I responded. "Look, this isn't a gag. No one's playing a joke on you. I have no idea who the hell Herbie is, but this was a federal ruling that went into effect while you were out of the country whether you realize it or not - and I'm serious - you need to call a federal judge and get the proper forms, or else I'm calling my attorney."  
  
"You're serious?" he said dubiously. "This isn't a joke?"  
  
"Do I look like I'm fucking laughing?" I snapped. "You're pissing me off."  
  
"No, but that sort of language is extremely inappropriate." he said with a frown. "I'm going to have to ask you to leave."  
  
"Smile!" Vicki called out from my left, as she held her phone up. "You're being recorded discriminating against me by refusing to issue me a nudist license. This is all live streaming, by the way."  
  
The registrar looked flustered.  
  
"I don't know what you expect me to do!" he burst out.  
  
"Call a god damned judge, like I told you to, two minutes ago!" I growled. "I'm losing my patience with you."  
  
He threw his hands in the air, and let out an audible sigh. About that time, an older woman entered the office and smiled at us in greeting.  
  
"Wilma!" he hollered. "Do you know anything about some federal ruling regarding registering to go nude?!"  
  
The woman nodded.  
  
"Of course. We all got a memo regarding this. It's on your desk. It has all the information, including the form number, so you can print one out. We haven't gotten hard copies yet. I'm sure it's only a matter of time before someone wants to register."  
  
The registrar looked stunned.  
  
"I... uh... umm... don't know what to say." he mumbled. "I'm sorry. I really thought this was a joke or something."  
  
"Well it wasn't!" Vicki admonished him. "You should listen more carefully to your constituents from here on out. We voted for you!"  
  
"I will." he sighed. "Wilma, will you get the necessary paperwork printed out for her? While you're doing that, I'll get a marriage certificate."  
  
He turned back to us.  
  
"I'm really sorry." he apologized. "Not a good way to make a first impression, was it?"  
  
"No," I replied grudgingly, "but it does take a lot to admit you made a mistake. Not too many politicians do that these days. We accept your apology."  
  
He grinned broadly  
  
"Thanks!" he said with a smile. "You know, I feel really badly about all of this. I'd like to make it up to you if I may, by offering to marry you myself. I am a justice of the peace, you know."  
  
Vicki giggled, and I smiled.  
  
"What gives?" he inquired. "It's a legitimate offer."  
  
"My wife wants a nude wedding, and we were wondering where we were going to find someone to perform the ceremony." I replied with a smile. "Thank you so much for your offer. We will hold you to it."  
  
The registrar sighed loudly.  
  
"Open mouth; insert foot." he lamented. "Don't worry, I'll stand by my word. I feel really badly about all of this too. No charge for either license, either. Consider it part of my apology, and an early wedding present to the both of you. I'll take care of filing the marriage certificate after I perform the ceremony, and Wilma has the paperwork for you to sign to become a registered nudist. Just sign here, and here."  
  
Vicki smiled broadly and took the pen from him, carefully signing her name in both spots.  
  
"There you go." he said with a smile. "You are now officially registered as a legal nudist, Vicki. Congratulations!"  
  
"Can I take my clothes off now?" she inquired eagerly.  
  
"Yes, you are now an official nudist. I can't stop you. Not that I would anyway. You folks have a wonderful day."  
  
Vicki gleefully shed her shorts and tee shirt, leaving her wearing nothing but her sneakers. I took them from her and rolled them up, tucking them under my arm.  
  
"Just remember to have an ID made with your registration number on it!" he called after us. "No one will be able to stop you as long as you are properly identified."  
  
With that, we exited the office, and Vicki could barely contain herself (pardon the pun). She darted about excitedly, eliciting stares of disbelief as we left the building and headed back to my car.  
  
"Oh Jack, this is wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I feel so free! Oh my gosh, I can't believe I'm actually walking around nude in public! It was great at the park, but this is so much better! Thank you, Jack! Oh, thank you!"  
  
"You're welcome." I said with a smile.  
  
It was wonderful to see the love of my life so happy. She was acting like a little girl on Christmas morning; tearing open present after present, and trying to play with all of her new toys at once. We got into the car, and as I guided it down the parking garage ramps toward the exit, Vicki happily began playing with herself; no toys needed.  
  
I had to smile at her innocence. It was so cute too see her sitting there, wearing nothing but a pair of Keds and openly masturbating in public, simply because it felt good. We approached the exit, and I turned to her.  
  
"Hold up a sec." I said casually. "I have to pay the attendant. What you're doing is technically illegal."  
  
"It is?" she asked in a surprised tone.  
  
"Yes, I told you before, you can't masturbate in public. Even though you're a nudist now, what you are doing is still considered lewd behavior. You can be nude; just not lewd. Remember what I told you at the park?"  
  
"Yes, I had forgotten," she replied, "but I will make certain that I do not touch myself in public again."  
  
"Good Girl!" I complimented her. "Once we get back on the road, it will be okay, as long as no one sees you do it."  
  
I pulled up to the attendant's shack and gave her my ticket. Her eyes bugged out of her head as she looked at Vicki sitting next to me totally nude, and smiling back at her in the most friendly manner.  
  
"Wow, you sho' is brave, goin' around like that!" she exclaimed. "Good fo' you, Girl! Show them titties!"  
  
I smiled and nodded.  
  
"She just registered to be a legal nudist." I explained, as I handed her a dollar. "No one can say anything about it. Maybe you should try it too. Looks like you have a nice set of boobs on you too. Just go the County Registrar's office."  
  
"Hell no! I ain't flopping these big ol' titties out!" she laughed. "They'd prolly hang down past my belly button."  
  
"That sounds pretty sexy." I replied, as the gate lifted. "Too bad. I've love to see them. Have a great day though!"  
  
We turned onto the main road and headed for home.  
  
"First stop, the pharmacy!" I exclaimed. "Let's get you one of those medical bracelets made up with your nudie number on it, okay?"  
  
"Okay!" she agreed happily. "Then, will you take me to lunch?"  
  
It was at this point, that everything began to actually dawn on me. This was no longer a fantasy; it was real. Vicki was fully nude, and I would be under just as much scrutiny as her, simply by association. I pulled into the parking lot of the pharmacy with a great deal of trepidation. My heart was beating fiercely with anticipation, as we exited the car and entered the store.  
  
As expected, several people gasped at Vicki's exhibitionism, and an employee came forward to handle the situation. By his white shirt and sloppy blue tie, it was obvious that he was the store manager. He gawked at her unclothed body for a few seconds, before clearing his throat and finally addressing her.  
  
"Umm... Miss... are you aware that you aren't wearing any clothes?" he finally inquired in a hoarse voice.  
  
"Of course!" she replied. "That's a stupid question. Wouldn't YOU know it if you weren't wearing any clothes?"  
  
I snickered as quietly as I could, but it still garnered his attention.  
  
"Are you with her?" he demanded.  
  
"I am." I responded as casually as I could. "What seems to be the problem here?"  
  
"She's naked!" he burst out. "That's the problem! I can't have someone walk into my store without any clothes on! It's against the law!"  
  
"Actually, it's not." I said coolly. "That's why we're here."  
  
"She obviously has a mental problem." someone whispered quietly to her friend. "Call the police before she leaves."  
  
Vicki whipped around and addressed the other patron.  
  
"First of all, I do NOT have a mental problem!" she snapped. "Secondly, I am not deaf either. I may be autistic, but I can hear just fine, thank you very much!"  
  
"So, she DOES have a mental problem then!" the woman exclaimed. "She's autistic. Call the cops! She's a streaker! Lock her up!"  
  
"She's a registered nudist!" I stated loudly. "And anyone who calls the cops on her is liable for a lawsuit. So shut your mouth."  
  
I turned back to the manager.  
  
"The whole reason we are here," I explained, "is for her to get one of those medical ID bracelets with her name and identification number on it. Be advised, if you do not honor this request, you will be in violation of federal law. I have all of her paperwork right here, seeing as she has no place to put it herself. I strongly suggest that you look it over completely, before you make any hasty or otherwise stupid, decisions."  
  
I thrust it at him, and he took it from me. He glanced over it for a few seconds, noting the official seal on the document and nodded.  
  
"My apologies." he responded. "I had no idea. You are totally welcome in this store, Miss. In fact, I will make the bracelet myself. Please follow me and have a seat in the pharmacy's waiting area. I will have this made up for you in less than ten minutes."

I nodded, and we followed him to the back of the store. Vicki and I sat down on the row of seats, and a young girl looked at us intently, as her mother shielded her eyes and tried to look the other way and brush us off.  
  
"Hey Lady, how come you're not wearing any clothes?" she asked inquisitively. "Isn't that against the law?"  
  
"Yes it is!" her mother snapped. "Don't you talk to her, Sallee. She's disgusting. She'll be going to jail, I'm sure."  
  
"No it isn't," Vicki explained in the same professional voice that used when taking my order for a delicious grilled and spicy chicken sandwich at 5:00 AM, "and despite what your mother says, I will not be going to jail. You see, people like myself who think it's just as wrong for the government to force us to be clothed as it would be for them to tell you or your mom to go around naked, won a court battle. I have the right to be nude all the time. Even here, in this store."  
  
"Wow!" the girl burst out. "That's so cool! I love the way it feels when I come home from the pool and take my bathing suit off in my room. I just love to stand there with nothing on! It feels so weird and free at the same time. And you get to be like that all the time! That's awesome! Hey Mom, why don't you try it?"  
  
"I think not, Sallee!" her mother retorted, jerking her off the chair by her wrist. "Those people are disgusting. Don't talk to them anymore. They have no ethics or shame. She's nothing but a circus freak! A freak who likes to prance around without any clothes on. She belongs in the middle of a circus ring. Disgusting bitch!"  
  
I glanced over at Vicki, who suddenly looked like she was on the verge of bursting into tears. She had done her best to navigate the situation - and I was very proud of her - but now, it was time for me to stand up for my soon-to-be wife.  
  
"What gives you the right to trash talk my wife?" I demanded. "Is it because she has a great body and wants to be able to show it off? Maybe you're just jealous, because you look like a living jelly roll! Are you the official mascot for Drunkin' Doughnuts?"  
  
I was furious at this point, and Vicki touched my arm reassuringly.  
  
"It's okay, Jack." she said quietly. "I don't want any trouble. Let's just get my bracelet and leave, okay?"  
  
I glared at the woman for a second, and then nodded. At that point, the manager approached us with Vicki's shiny new stainless steel nudist bracelet in his hand.  
  
"Here you go!" he said enthusiastically. "Thirty five bucks. Follow me and I'll ring you up myself. So sorry for the issues earlier."  
  
"I have a new one." I stated tersely. "This woman bullied my wife for expressing her right to be nude. She called her names and tried to make her feel like she was some sort of a freak."  
  
The manager turned to the woman in question.  
  
"Did you call this lady a freak?" he inquired.  
  
"Well, yeah... I mean she's parading around without any clothes on." she stammered. "No one in their right mind would do that. And her boyfriend sticking up for her! Don't tell me you think this is okay, let alone legal!"  
  
"It is." he replied. "And I want you to know that from here on out, you are permanently banned from this store. If you ever come back, I will call the police and have you trespassed from the entire chain, do you understand me?"  
  
The woman looked at the manager with the same blank and dumbfounded stare as an elementary school student who had just had his lunch taken from him by the school bully.  
  
"But I need my meds!" she protested. "You can't just kick me out!"  
  
"Your order will be filled," he replied, "but you will need to contact your doctor to have your prescriptions sent to another location from here on out."  
  
He turned to Vicki.  
  
"Please follow me." he instructed. "I am so sorry for all of this. People can still be stupid I guess, even in this day and age."  
  
"Don't worry about it." I replied. "That's their ignorance; not yours. Have a wonderful day, and a Happy Fourth of July as well! I know we're going to have a lot of sex with fireworks to celebrate. That's a fact."  
  
Vicki smiled at me.  
  
"That reminds me of an old movie." she responded. "That's the fact Jack!"

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