**Girl Power**

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**Girl Power Ch. 01**

I discovered my power by accident. I wouldn't call it a super-power, but it did come to form my self-identity. I also discovered my power could also be my weakness.  
  
Let me start at the beginning.  
  
I was hanging out at a friend's pool with a bunch of my high school friends. I wore my new two-piece, which was not sexy or all that revealing. What it had, though, was a stiff bra. So when I leaned forward, the material did not cling to my chest, but produced a gap. A gap I was completely unaware of.  
  
We were having a good time and the guys seemed friendlier than usual. They were talking to me and laughing at all my jokes. After a bit, I went inside to use the bathroom and my best friend Lisa followed me.  
  
"Having a good time?" she asked.  
  
"Great. I even had Brad talking with me. God, I'm usually invisible to him."  
  
"And you know why he's hanging around you, Gretchen?"  
  
"I don't know. 'Cause we're like friends?"  
  
"No, Brad and every other guy here are getting a boob flash every time you lean forward or bend over."  
  
My heart sunk into my stomach.  
  
"What?"  
  
Lisa dragged me into the bathroom and positioned me in front of the full-length mirror.  
  
"Bend over and look."  
  
I bent from the waist and looked at my reflection. I saw my both my small boobs, nipples and all.  
  
"Shit," I said and sat on the toilet.  
  
"So, Miss Popularity, what do you think now?"  
  
"God, I am so naïve, Lisa," I moaned. "I never had a clue. You mean all those guys saw my bare tits?"  
  
"Why do you think they've all had tents in their pants?"  
  
"You mean they're..."  
  
"Yep, stiff as a board."  
  
I put my head and my hands and rocked back and forth. To think all the guys were erect standing next to me and I never even noticed.  
  
"I cannot go back out there."  
  
Lisa stroked my hair. "Yes, you can and you will. You will go out like nothing has happened. You will be the funny and happy Gretchen. But, you will not flash them again."  
  
Lisa paused to make sure I was looking at her.  
  
"Of course, unless you want to."  
  
"Why would I want those guys to see my tits?"  
  
"Gretchen, did I not tell you that you had these guys turned on? That's power, girl. So use it, but at least know when you're using it."  
  
Lisa and I took turns peeing. On the way out I grabbed my tee shirt and pulled it on.  
  
She was right my jokes were a lot less funny and I demanded much less attention than just a couple minutes ago.  
  
First lesson of power learned. I could affect how guys behaved by using my body. A seed now planted in my psyche began to grow. I didn't know then, but it was to become a living thing that drove my life, at least my sexual life.  
  
Later that night, I was in bed thinking about the afternoon. I was feeling sorry for myself. The guys in my class saw my naked tits. How embarrassing I thought. As I was replaying the scenes in my mind, I slipped my hand inside my panties. I touched my clit and felt a jolt. I explored a little deeper and discovered lots of moisture. I was not that naïve not to know I was seriously turned on. I moved my fingers in a familiar rhythm and had to put a pillow over my face to muffle the scream from the intensive orgasm. I realized I was turned on by letting guys see part of me naked.  
  
Second learned lesson about power. Showing yourself can turn on those looking and also turn me on big time. I trace my love affair with exhibitionism to that afternoon. As with any budding love affair, it took time to bring it full bloom.  
  
Freshman year at college was a fertile time for growth.  
  
Calling on a gene pool populated by my mother's side, my small boobs developed into ones that moved me a little, but not much, beyond what Lisa used to call my "titlets". I added to their allure by always choosing tops that accented what nature gave me. My mother helped me pick clothes that showcased what I wanted people to notice.  
  
After settling in my dorm on the first day, I kissed my parents good-bye and tingled with the anticipation of being on my own for the first time. I walked around campus taking in the activities and excitement of young people like me stepping into a new world. I arrived back at my dorm to find my roommate hugging her parents as they were leaving.  
  
"Hi, I'm Gretchen," I said.  
  
"Morgan."  
  
We spent the next hour sharing background. Morgan and I both came from a family of girls and professional parents. She was from Connecticut while I was raised in Rhode Island. Hitting it off talking and laughing, we ate together in the Commons. Back in the room we put all our stuff away and kept talking. We were surprised when we realized it was almost eleven. We both had early morning classes and agreed to call it a night.  
  
Together we went down the hall to the bathroom. After using the toilets, washing our faces and brushing our teeth, we returned to our room. I knew this was the time to bring up a potentially touchy subject.  
  
"Morgan, I know we just met, but I need to ask you something."  
  
She smiled.  
  
"I usually sleep nude. If that freaks you out or makes you uncomfortable in any way, please say so. I don't want you not feeling at ease in your own room."  
  
Megan looked at me and I could see her eyes moving up and down.  
  
"Completely nude?"  
  
"Yep. Bare as bare can be."  
  
We both laughed. Hers sounded more polite than hearty.  
  
"Gretchen, thanks for being so honest. Let me reply the same way. Basically, I'm shy. I always have been. I didn't participate in any athletics. I'm more of a drama and arts person." She smiled, "My sister says I'm more of a drama queen than a drama student. Anyway, one of the reasons I steered clear of athletics was that I never wanted to have to get undressed in a locker room with a bunch of other girls."  
  
I nodded and told her I could understand that.  
  
"Morgan, I'm not asking you to do anything you're not comfortable with. I just want to make sure my being naked won't disturb you."  
  
"That's the thing. I don't know."  
  
I thought about her answer and then said, "You mean you've never seen another girl naked?"  
  
She shook her head.  
  
"Even your sisters?"  
  
Morgan turned red.  
  
"Gosh, no. I think they may be shier than I am. Our entire family is like that. No one runs around in underwear or anything. We are always dressed."  
  
This conversation was starting to turn me on, thinking I could expose myself to someone who never had seen a naked person.  
  
"How about we try this?" I said.  
  
Morgan waited for me to continue.  
  
"I'll sleep nude tonight. Tomorrow, you tell me—and be really honest—if it bothered you. If it does, then we'll work something out. Do you think you could go along with that?"  
  
Morgan nodded and quietly said, "Sure, I can do that." She paused and then added, "I hope."  
  
We both smiled.  
  
"Well, here goes. You can look or not look."  
  
Morgan sat on her bed and looked at me.  
  
I pulled my shirt over my head and tugged my shorts off. I tossed them on my desk chair. I turned and pulled down the covers on my bed.  
  
"Wow, those are sexy panties."  
  
I was wearing a red thong.  
  
"Thanks. I kinda like to keep my underwear to a minimum. Makes me feel good."  
  
Morgan snorted. "I still wear undies that could be classified as granny panties."  
  
"Hey, as I said, I'm not trying to do anything except feel comfortable." I was thinking that Morgan was now curious. I was feeling more excited. With my back to her, I undid my bra, slid down my panties and added them to the pile on the chair. I stood still.  
  
"Gretchen, you can turn around. I won't scream. Probably."  
  
I faced her. Hers eye grew wide and I just let her look at me. Before it could get awkward, I walked over to my desk and grabbed a book.  
  
"I'm almost finished with this. It was on the reading list they gave me for freshmen English. If it's ok with you, I'm gonna read for a bit."  
  
Morgan nodded.  
  
I got in bed and pulled the sheet up, but kept my breasts exposed.  
  
"Gretchen."  
  
"Yea?"  
  
"You have a pretty body."  
  
"Thanks. Not freaked out?"  
  
"Not totally," she said and we both laughed.  
  
I pretended to be absorbed in my book as Morgan began getting ready for bed. She turned her back and took off her outer clothes while standing near her closet. I stifled a laugh seeing her panties; she was certainly accurate in her description. They were full and covered her entire butt, which was a little wide but kinda cute. Her bra in the back looked industrial strength. She reached behind her and fumbled with the hooks.  
  
"Need a hand?" I called from my bed.  
  
"God, no," she said. I saw her take a deep breath. "I mean I can get it."  
  
Finally she unclasped it. I could see the deep marks on her back and shoulders. She had been wearing an oversized men's shirt all day and it was hard to determine the size of her breasts. By the looks of the bra and the stress it put on her back, I thought she must be heavy in front. Morgan pulled a nightshirt on and put her clothes away. She turned. I could see she was still blushing.  
  
"Kinda geeky, huh?" she said.  
  
"Not at all."  
  
She looked at my exposed breasts.  
  
"Wow, this is definitely not like home."  
  
Morgan crawled into bed, turned her back to me and said good-night. I read for another twenty minutes and turned out the light. I was turned on. My fingers found their home between my legs. I ran my middle finger the length of my cleft and thumbed my clit. I didn't intend for my groan to burst the silence of the dark room.  
  
"Are you ok, Gretchen?"  
  
"Uh, yeah, just had a little leg cramp. Ok, now. Good-night."  
  
Using all my will power, I pulled my hand from between my legs. It would not work out for me to masturbate on the first night in our room. I was sure that would send Morgan screaming into the hallways. "Delayed gratification can sometimes be more powerful," I told myself. "Bullshit," I thought. "Waiting to get off when you're ready is just plain torture."  
  
Morgan was already up and dressed when I awoke. She grabbed her tablet, a couple books and stuffed them in her backpack.  
  
"Gonna run and get a breakfast," she said hurrying to the door. "See you later."  
  
"Have a great first day," I said sitting up, letting the sheet fall to my waist.  
  
Morgan quickly glanced at my breasts and bolted from the room. Within fifteen minutes, I was ready and heading out the door. The first day was fun. I met lots of new people and made some friends over lunch. Arriving back in my room around four in the afternoon, I found Morgan sitting at her desk and working on her laptop.  
  
"Hey!"  
  
She turned and smiled, "Hi, Gretchen. Have a good day?"  
  
"Yeah, how about you?"  
  
She turned and we shared the news of our first day. As we were talking, I walked to my dresser and pulled my top off. I wore a light bra. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Morgan staring. I unhooked my bra and put it back in my underwear drawer. I bent and pulled a tee shirt from the bottom door. As I turned back to Morgan, I held the shirt in my hands. She smiled and I pulled the shirt over my head.  
  
"Ah, now that feels better," I said. "I hate wearing bras."  
  
"Oh, yeah, sure," Morgan said.  
  
I asked her what she was working on and she said she had a paper in chemistry due by the end of the week.  
  
"Boy, they don't waste time, do they?"  
  
"I think it's going to be like this in pre-med."  
  
"So, lots of time in the room and the library?"  
  
"Since most of the material is on-line, I think I'll be here more than the library. I hope that doesn't bother you."  
  
"I can't see why," I said. "I may not be pre-med but I plan to go to grad school and want a scholarship. So, I'll be booking it, too."  
  
"Great, we'll be spending lots of time here," she said with a smile.  
  
I could tell Morgan wanted to talk about something and I was sure it was what happened last night.  
  
"So, Morgan, did you think about last night?"  
  
She turned red and said, "God, yes." She immediately looked away, and added, "I mean I have thought about what you said."  
  
"And?"  
  
"God, Gretchen, I don't know how to talk about this."  
  
"Morgan, you won't offend me. Let's just talk."  
  
She took a deep breath.  
  
"Ok. At first I was shocked. As you know I'd never seen anyone naked."  
  
"Not even yourself?"  
  
"What?"  
  
I smiled and said, "You never looked at yourself naked in the mirror?"  
  
Again, Morgan could not hold my gaze. Taking a deep breath, she slowly shook her head.  
  
"Cool," I said.  
  
"Really?" she replied with a snort. "I think it's pathetic. I'm eighteen years old and have never even looked at my own body. So, obviously seeing you naked was quite a revelation."  
  
"Grossed out?"  
  
"God, no. You're like beautiful. If I looked like you, I wouldn't wear clothes either."  
  
She thought about what she said and laughed. "That's a lie. I can't ever imagine being so casual about nudity."  
  
"So, we're good about last night?"  
  
"No problem."  
  
I gave her a high five and wondered if she were just being nice or did she get a buzz from seeing me nude. I thought I'd press it a little.  
  
"Thanks, Morgan, I would never want you to be uncomfortable in your own room. And, if you wanted to do the same, it certainly wouldn't be a problem."  
  
I thought she was going to faint. "Oh, god, uh, no. I could never do that."  
  
"Morgan, you're pre-med. Don't you think that being a doctor is going to involve looking and touching a lot of naked people?"  
  
Morgan fidgeted in her chair. "I'm planning to be an anesthesiologist, like my dad. You don't have to do too much in the area of examining people."  
  
"Yeah, but you've got med school and stuff. Won't you have to like rotate through all different specialties?"  
  
"I guess so, but that won't be for a long time."  
  
"Sure. But, if you ever need to practice on a real person, let me know."  
  
"You mean like on you?"  
  
"Yeah, if you have to practice physicals, checking vital signs, breast exams, that kinda stuff."  
  
I had everything to do to keep from laughing looking at Morgan's face. I think the thought of touching my breasts was going to push her over the edge.  
  
"Uh, thanks, I'll remember that."  
  
Another lesson learned, I thought. I can make people react to my exhibitionism. Maybe I could even make them do something they thought they'd never do. I was determined to work on that aspect. That night I stripped facing Morgan and then walked around my room, making like I was looking for stuff and tidying up. In reality, I was turned on my having her watch me. Again, Morgan turned her back to undress to her undies and pull on a nightie.  
  
Putting out the lights, we said good-night. I figured it was time to push the envelope.  
  
"Morgan?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"I'm sorta embarrassed to bring this up and I hope you won't think I'm some kinda perv..."  
  
"Gretchen, you can talk to me."  
  
"Thanks. Well, I'm used to relieving tension, you know?"  
  
"Tension, like what?"  
  
"Like sexual tension. I mean I like to make myself have an orgasm."  
  
I could hear Morgan take in breath. "Masturbation?"  
  
"Yeah. I like to do it at night. It helps me sleep. I can try to be quiet, but you might hear something."  
  
Morgan was quiet for a long time. I knew I had to let her speak first.  
  
"Were you doing that last night when you made that sound?"  
  
Now, I was a little embarrassed. "Yes, but I stopped when I knew you heard me. I really need some relief. I guess I could go to the bathroom, but that's not very private. Plus, I like to do it in my bed, not on the toilet."  
  
"Gretchen, I don't want to sound like a prude, but I don't know."  
  
"Well, you could do it, too. I wouldn't mind."  
  
Morgan was so quiet I thought maybe she passed out.  
  
"Morgan?"  
  
Nothing.  
  
"Morgan, are you awake?"  
  
Finally, I heard her exhale.  
  
"Gretchen, I never did that."  
  
I couldn't believe my ears. I sat up and turned on the lamp on the table between our beds.  
  
"What? Never?"  
  
Morgan looked at me. My breasts were clearly on display.  
  
"Morgan, what do you do when you're really horny?"  
  
"I don't know that I have been."  
  
I couldn't help myself from laughing.  
  
"Oh, god, I am such a geek," Morgan sighed and pulled her sheet over her head. I crossed over and sat on her bed. I tugged at the sheet until she let me expose her head.  
  
"Morgan, you are not a geek. You just haven't experienced some things, yet. Hey, that's what college is for, trying out new stuff."  
  
"I don't think I can ever do some of this stuff."  
  
"Like what?"  
  
Morgan let her eyes roam over my naked body and giggled. "Well, I don't think I could ever sit on your bed without any clothes on."  
  
"You never know," I kidded her.  
  
Morgan just shook her head, but she did look me over again.  
  
"What?" I asked.  
  
"You're really pretty, Gretchen, and have a great body."  
  
"Oh, so like are you...?"  
  
"Oh, my god, no," she said as she grasped my arm. "Gretchen, I didn't mean I was sexually attracted to you. I just meant that you are like pretty. You have a great body. Well, it's the only body I've seen, but it looks good. I'm not trying to date you or anything."  
  
"Chill, Morgan. It's ok. Even if you were like lesbian, I wouldn't freak out."  
  
"Well, I'm definitely not."  
  
"No problem," I said, but I wondered if she really knew what she was since she was so sexually inexperienced. I took a chance and bent down to give her a hug. Morgan hesitated and then hugged back.  
  
Giggling again, she said, "You're the first naked person I've ever hugged."  
  
"And, the sky didn't fall," I added.  
  
"No it didn't."  
  
I went back to my bed. "Gretchen?"  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"You have a nice butt, too."  
  
"Ah, thanks, Morgan."  
  
I smiled to myself. Morgan was moving along in an interesting direction. The darkness covered us. I sensed that Morgan was not sleeping.  
  
"Gretchen?"  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"If you need to do, you know, what you were talking about before, I guess it'd be ok with me."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"God, I don't know," she said while exhaling. "But, if you need to do something, I don't want to be in your way."  
  
"Thanks, Morgan, that's sweet. I'll try to be quiet."  
  
I let my fingers stray to where there was a huge ache. Quickly I moved to from trying to be provocative with Morgan to just easing the ache. I was groaning and moaning while moving my hips to hump my fingers buried inside me. I reached my peak and used extra pressure on my clit. I cried out and came and came. As my breathing returned to normal, I wiped the sweat with my sheet.  
  
"Guess you'll sleep a little better now," said Morgan.  
  
She was so cute that I just laughed. Soon, she was joining me. Within ten minutes we both were asleep.  
  
The rest of our first week went quickly. I think Morgan began to become accustomed to my regular full or partial nudity in our room. I often caught her looking, but never made a big deal of it. I hope she was also getting used to the sounds of me getting off every night. She took a big step on Friday and wore a tee shirt in our room rather than the over-sized shirt as was her habit.  
  
The first time I saw her in the tight-fitting shirt, I understood why she had an industrial strength bra. Her chest was full, make that really full. Morgan noticed me staring at her chest.  
  
"I know. They're grotesque."  
  
"Get the fuck out of here," I said. "How about gorgeous instead of grotesque?"  
  
"Not according to my mother," she said.  
  
I remembered seeing her mother on move-in day. My impression was a tall, lean woman, looking like a fashion model.  
  
"She said that?"  
  
"Not in so many words. She just implies that my chest is too large to look good in most clothes. So, I try to hide it."  
  
Morgan crossed her arms over her chest, a habit I'm sure she had developed over the years. She's a pretty girl, but doesn't do much to promote her good features. Her face is round, but not fat. She has clear skin. Her blue eyes, hidden behind dark-framed glasses, combined with soft blond hair gave her an open and innocent look. The problem with her hair was that she had a terrible cut and did little to take advantage of the thick waves. She was probably about fifteen pounds overweight, but everything was evenly distributed. If she could pick better clothes and do something with her hair, I knew she could turn heads.

"Morgan, not everyone looks the same. Few people look like your mom. Believe me, you could be really hot."  
  
Her laugh was harsh. "Get a grip, Gretchen. I'm a fat, dumpy geek."  
  
"Morgan, do not say that again." She startled at the intensity of my voice.  
  
"You are pretty, get that, pretty. You might want to think about how you dress and some other stuff. But, you are so far from what you said. That's ridiculous."  
  
Morgan pulled her glasses off and dried the tears welling in the corner of her eyes. She grabbed some tissues and blew her nose.  
  
"No one has ever said anything so nice to me. Thanks, Gretchen."  
  
Morgan jumped up and hugged me. I squeezed her hard.  
  
"I think this is going to be a good year," she said into my ear.  
  
"Absolutely awesome," I responded. All this time I was overwhelmed by how big her tits felt as they pushed into me.  
  
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One of the things I enjoy most about college is meeting new people. I was sitting in my Art History course. It's held in an auditorium and has close to 100 students. The professor shows a lot of slides of famous paintings and sculptures. She is interesting and I find myself imaging what it must have been like to live in Renaissance times.  
  
Sitting next to me were two guys, Eli and Zeke. Over the first week, we got chatting and I discovered they were roommates and both working on degrees in fine arts. They said they were looking forward to their life drawing course. It was starting a couple weeks late because the instructor had an accident and was just now getting back to campus. There was no one else to cover the class. To make up for the lost time, in the first month they were going to have two sessions a week instead of one.  
  
As I was walking back to the Commons I saw a notice on the bulletin board in the Fine Arts Building. "Model Needed for Life Drawing Class". Well, that set my mind to work. I copied the info down and called the number as I was sipping an iced coffee in the student lounge. The woman told me the position was still open. She explained what the pay would be and that I had to agree to pose for at least five classes. She also asked me if I would be open to posing for more if they couldn't find other models. I assured her I could.  
  
"You realize this is nude modeling," she said.  
  
"I do."  
  
"Have you done this before?"  
  
"No, but I don't think I'll mind it," I assured her.  
  
"Ok, but if you do, there is no pressure to continue. Professor Adams has a couple anatomical mannequins he can fall back on."  
  
Again I told her I was sure I could handle it. She gave me the details and said she would email me a preparation sheet. She also told me to show up at the studio the next afternoon a half-hour early to complete the paperwork. That night I told Morgan.  
  
"No way!" she screamed. "You are going to pose naked for an entire class. Boys and girls?"  
  
"Oh yeah," I replied with a wide grin.  
  
"I could never do that. I want to throw up just thinking about you doing it."  
  
"And," I said indicating there was something even better to come, "guess who are going to be in the class?"  
  
"Haven't a clue."  
  
"Eli and Zeke."  
  
"No way. Those two cute guys you've been talking about from your Art History class?"  
  
"Those guys."  
  
"Oh my god, Gretchen. I can't believe you."  
  
"What?"  
  
Morgan was squirming on her chair. Her cheeks were beet red and she was sweating a little. She was wearing a white tee shirt. I could see her dark colored bra underneath. For the first time, I also saw the outline of her nipples pushing through both the bra and the cotton of the shirt. Shy Morgan was getting turned on.  
  
"It's one thing to pose nude," she said, "but to do it with people you know looking at you naked. That is crazy."  
  
I smiled.  
  
"Do they know?"  
  
"I'm keeping it a surprise."  
  
"I bet it will be one," she said. "A nice surprise. They're gonna love your body."  
  
"Morgan," I claimed in mock surprise, "Have you been checking me out."  
  
Morgan had a deep laugh that only came out when she let herself go. This time she roared. "As if I had a choice," she said trying to control her breathing. "I think you're naked more than you're dressed."  
  
"And, you think they'll like what they see?"  
  
I knew I was pushing her, but this is the most she's ever admitted regarding my exhibitionism.  
  
"Only if they have eyes," she said.  
  
"That's nice. Thanks."  
  
We talked more about what the class entailed and I told her as much as I knew. While we were speaking I stripped. I stood in front of the mirror on the closet. I turned each way looking at my naked body from different angles. I could watch Morgan following my moves, although she was trying to remain cool. I turned and faced her.  
  
"Ok, here's the question," I said thrusting my hips forward.  
  
"Hairy or bald?"  
  
Morgan's mouth opened but no sound came out.  
  
I keep my pubic hair slightly trimmed and recently shaped it into a wide rectangle. It was still thick and wiry, with bursts of stray tufts sticking up. I didn't shave my lips nor between my legs. I wish Lisa were here to both advise me and to help me with the grooming.  
  
"You're asking me?" Morgan finally said.  
  
"Yeah. What do you do?"  
  
Morgan covered her mouth with her hand. Shaking her head, she said, "Gretchen, I've never done anything. I was shocked to see that you did something there. So, I am not qualified to give you any advice."  
  
I ran my fingers through the darkness. Morgan stared.  
  
"I think I'll just do a little trim job. After class I'll ask the prof what he prefers."  
  
"You're going to have a conversation with a professor about your...your..."  
  
"Pussy?"  
  
"God, I hate that term."  
  
"Really, I think it's cute. What do you call yours?"  
  
"Jeez, Gretchen, I don't have a pet name for it."  
  
"Bush?"  
  
"Never."  
  
"Cunt?"  
  
"That's disgusting."  
  
"Well, when you think about it, what name do you use?  
  
"I don't think about it."  
  
"Come on, Morgan, every girl thinks about her pussy, or whatever. How about when you pee or have your period? You must think about it then."  
  
Morgan continued to shake her head. I bet sometimes she must think an alien lived with her.  
  
"According to what you told me, you don't masturbate, so I guess you wouldn't scream something out in the middle of coming."  
  
Morgan swooned in her chair. She patted her chest and took in a large gulp of air. "God, if I had to give it a name it probably would be vagina."  
  
"That's the inside. How about the part with hair; what do you call that?"  
  
"I'm not even going to answer that, Gretchen. Please stop. You're really making me uncomfortable."  
  
I knew I had pushed too hard. It was just so easy to tease her.  
  
"Hey, Morgan, I'm sorry. I was just messing with you. I'll never ask you about your vagina and that whole, big, hairy area outside your vagina again. Ok?"  
  
She screamed and made to hit me. I turned and she slapped my bare ass.  
  
"Sorry," she said.  
  
"Hey, no need to apologize. I liked it. Wanna do it again?"  
  
I thrust my ass toward her.  
  
"You're impossible," she said laughing. To my surprise, she did slap my cheek again and let her hand linger for just a second. I joined her in laughing and noticed that her nipples were more pronounced than before. Morgan is enjoying this.  
  
Trying to make my nudity seem part of our conversation, I thought I'd explain why I use a razor. I had already told Morgan about guys looking down my bikini top. She was mortified for me.  
  
"Morgan, I keep myself trimmed because of swimming."  
  
"What does swimming have to do with it? I can swim and I don't do anything down there."  
  
I explained that the summer I discovered boys checking out my tits I also found out that was not the only place they were looking.  
  
"Would you like to hear a story?"  
  
She nodded. Her nipples were poking out.  
  
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My friend Lisa was over and we were getting dressed to go to the pool. She was like me and we didn't have any hesitation about stripping in front of each other.  
  
I was standing in my bedroom naked as Lisa pulled off her panties. I noticed something new. Her pussy was not as bushy as it had been. When I asked her about it, she seemed happy.  
  
"You know, I wanted to bring this up, but wasn't quite sure how to do it."  
  
"What?" I asked.  
  
"You need to do some female landscaping."  
  
"Huh?"  
  
"Gretchen, when we were at the pool yesterday, you had like all these black hairs sticking out of your bottoms. I mean like a lot of hairs, like think forest. Once again, the guys were having a great time looking."  
  
I grabbed my bikini bottom and pulled it on. I looked carefully and saw what she meant. There was a ton of spillage. "Great. Now those guys not only saw my tits, but they've seen half my pussy."  
  
Lisa chuckled. "Not the whole pussy, just lots of your bush."  
  
"Yuck. I gotta do something."  
  
"Do you have scissors and a razor?"  
  
After I assembled the materials, we went to the bathroom. Sitting on the edge of the tub, Lisa tried to explain what to do.  
  
"I'll screw this up and probably cut my pussy off. Can you help?"  
  
"Seriously," she said. "You want me to shave your pussy?"  
  
"No," I said with a smile. "Just trim my bush."  
  
Shaking her head, Lisa leaned in and pulled the pubic hair along the edges and snipped them. She did the same on the top to give it a mostly triangular outline. She spread shaving cream along the insides of my thighs and on the edges of the triangle. Lisa looked up at me.  
  
"I've never been this close to another girl's pussy before."  
  
"And?" I prompted.  
  
"It's sorta sexy."  
  
"Yeah, for me, too. I'm getting wet."  
  
Lisa snorted. "I can see that."  
  
"Well, hurry up and finish. I might have to take over down there."  
  
Nodding, Lisa carefully shaved away my hairs until there was a straight line to the sides of the triangle. It looked far enough away from where my bikini would be that no more stragglers would stick out. Lisa was wiping away the excess shaving cream and ran the towel down my sex. I could feel her finger through the towel move over my clit and through my lips.  
  
"Ooh."  
  
"Sorry."  
  
"No, Lisa. That was a good ooh."  
  
"It didn't freak you out?"  
  
"No. It felt really good. Have you done that before?"  
  
"With another girl?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
She shook her head.  
  
"Do it again," I said.  
  
Lisa picked up the towel. I put my hand on top of hers.  
  
"Without the towel."  
  
My mouth was dry and my heart raced as her finger touched the top of my pubic triangle. Slowly she moved down, once more rubbing my clit and moving through my lips. Her fingertip parted my lips and my body twitched. She let the tip of her finger stray inside. I thought I would cum, but she pulled her finger away and I held back. She moved her finger back up and pressed against my clit. I was so close. She sensed my predicament and let her finger penetrate me a little bit once mot.  
  
"Lisa, I am so turned on right now. I need to get off."  
  
"You're so wet, I bet you have to. I wanna do it, too."  
  
We sat on my bed watching each other touch our private areas. Within a few minutes we each achieved the satisfaction we were seeking.  
  
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Morgan was no longer red, she was pale white.  
  
"You did that with her looking at you?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
Morgan was moving in her chair. I noticed her squeezing her thighs together and her nipples looked as if they might burst from her shirt.  
  
"Wow," I thought to myself, "Morgan is seriously turned on."  
  
I stood in front of Morgan.  
  
"Just thinking about that time makes me wet," I said and let my finger caress my lips.  
  
Morgan licked her lips.  
  
"Sorry, Morgan, I just have to touch myself."  
  
I slid a finger up and down my slit. It came away trailing liquid and glistening. Morgan clenched her thighs.  
  
"I can't wait. I need to get off. I don't care if you watch. I also don't want to upset you. So, if you want to leave, I won't be offended."  
  
I moved back and plopped on my bed, my legs falling apart. I had masturbated with Morgan in the room. It was always at night and with the lights out. She knew what I was doing and never said a word. Now, I was putting on a display. I ran my finger up and down my slit, covering my lips with my dampness. I let my other hand move to my breast and pinch a nipple. I cried out.  
  
I began pumping a finger in and out while I kept the pressure on my nipple. I could feel the liquid run out of my vagina and trickle down to the crack of my ass. I added a second finger and lifted my hips off the bed to receive the thrusting of my two digits. I mixed in using my thumb on my clit.  
  
Making more grunting sounds, I inserted a third finger and fucked myself to a climax. Like never before, I screamed and slammed my thighs together, trapping my fingers inside. The waves moved up and down my body. I released my tortured nipple and finally pulled my fingers from my vagina. I rolled on my side and held myself as I rocked back and forth. As my heartbeat returned to normal, I opened my eyes to look at Morgan.  
  
She had a hand on her large breast and was playing with her nipple. I smiled. She looked freaked and jerked her hand away. She then softened and smiled back.  
  
"That was intense," I said.  
  
"No shit," she said and looked down at the breast she had been touching.  
  
I had never heard Morgan use any vulgarities before. "You know it's a lot more intense when someone is watching. Thanks."  
  
"I've never seen anything like that in my life," she said. "God, I thought you were going to die or something."  
  
"It's awesome," I muttered. "You ought to try it sometimes."  
  
Morgan choked. Getting under control, she said, "I don't know if I will ever do that to myself. If I did do it, I know it would never be in front of anyone."  
  
"Morgan, one thing about sex..."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Never say never," as I licked my fingers clean.  
  
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On Tuesday, as I sat next to Eli and Zeke, I had all I could do to keep myself from jamming my hand in my pants. I was seriously horny.  
  
After class Eli said, "See you later, Gretchen."  
  
"Oh, yes you will," I replied and stared at him.  
  
He shrugged and walked off with Zeke.  
  
The drawing class was at four that afternoon. I got back to the dorm at a little after two. I stripped and wrapped a towel around me. I took a long shower and tidied up my bush. Coming back into the room I found Morgan and her friend Caitlin. They looked like they had been studying together. Caitlin was almost as shy as Morgan. She was seriously overweight and tried to compensate by wearing baggy clothes. It didn't work. She just looked like a big girl in ugly, dumpy clothes. She and Morgan had hit it off after meeting in chemistry class. Although it was hard to believe, Caitlin was a bigger nerd than Morgan.  
  
"Hi," I said. I had one towel wrapped around me and was using another to dry my hair.  
  
They both said hi.  
  
"So, this is the big day," said Morgan.  
  
"Yep." I told her I wanted to shower and get out of my clothes in order to let any lines from my underwear disappear.  
  
"Why?" asked Caitlin.  
  
"Did Morgan tell you I'm going to be a nude model?"  
  
Caitlin shot a glance at Morgan, who nodded.  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Well, the instructions I got told me that I should not wear anything that would leave marks. So, I'll not wear underwear and put on a sundress."  
  
"You're going to be walking across campus with practically nothing on?" said Caitlin in amazement.  
  
"What the heck," I replied. "In like a couple minutes after that I'll be totally naked."  
  
The two girls just stared at me.  
  
"Speaking of which, would it completely freak you out, Caitlin, if I lost this towel?"  
  
"Uh, I guess not."  
  
"Great." I dropped my towel around my ankles and used the other one to dry my body.  
  
"Welcome to my world," said Morgan. She winked at me and I knew she wasn't upset.  
  
"Gee, Gretchen, I guess you don't have a problem with nudity," Caitlin said letting her eyes move up and down.  
  
"No, not really. You should try it."  
  
Morgan rolled her eyes and Caitlin shuddered.  
  
"What?" I asked.  
  
"No one is ever going to see this body naked," said Caitlin. "I fucking hate myself."  
  
"Don't say that," I said. "You have nothing to be ashamed of. Bodies come in all different sizes and shapes."  
  
"Sure, that's easy for you to say," continued Caitlin, "you've got a wicked body."  
  
Caitlin was probably never going to be thin, but she could look a lot better. She had a pretty face and nicely textured hair that was disguised by her total inattention to it. Her clothes, hairstyle, make-up choices and attitude were all working against her.  
  
"Caitlin, I'm not going to insult you and say that our bodies are the same. But, I will say that you should not be so down on yourself. I think we all have to work to do the best with what we've got."  
  
"What I got, no one wants to look at," said Caitlin.  
  
"I said we have to do the best with what we've got. I don't want to hurt you, Caitlin, but you look like you don't even try."  
  
Tears formed in the corners of her eyes. She rubbed her nose with the back of her hand. "What would you know, Gretchen? You're like perfect."  
  
"Hardly," I said. "But that's not the point. No one wins by comparing ourselves to someone else. There are like a million girls on campus better looking than I am and have ten times better bodies. I can't do anything about that. What I can do is make the most of what I have. That's all I'm saying."  
  
Caitlin looked at my naked body and shook her head.  
  
"Gretchen, I would kill, seriously, I would fucking kill, to look like you for one day."  
  
"I think that's a compliment, so thanks. But, again, you are not going to look like me. How about we think about how Caitlin can look the best she can?"  
  
I glanced at Morgan whose eyes flitted between me and her friend.  
  
"Ok, just for grins, what would I have to do?"  
  
I looked at her with her black hair pulled back in a scrunchie.  
  
"Undo your hair."  
  
She hesitated and then pulled her hair free. It fell over her shoulders in thick waves.  
  
"You have beautiful hair, Caitlin. It needs styling and lots of conditioning, but it really is pretty."  
  
Caitlin ran her hands through her hair. "Really? You like this mess?"  
  
"It's a mess because you don't do anything with it. Just like your make-up."  
  
"I don't wanna look like some dumb cheerleader-type."  
  
I held back a smile thinking that no one would ever confuse Caitlin with a cheerleader.  
  
"That's not the point. Make-up can highlight the good parts and help hide the not so good parts."  
  
"Like?"  
  
I stepped up to her and pulled her glasses off. They were purple and had a slightly cat-eyed shape. I thought they definitely had to go.  
  
"Your eyes are super. They're a great shade of brown. You should consider contact lenses. With the right mascara and eye shadow, you could really make them the focus of your face."  
  
"I have contacts, but they're a pain to put in," she said while sulking.  
  
I ran my hand along her cheek. "We could do some exfoliation, get you into a good moisturizer and use some make-up to cover these zits. Don't freak out, we all get them. Eventually they'll go away, but why put up with them when you can easily cover them?"  
  
"I don't know, Gretchen. This all sounds like a lot of work for what will probably be not much reward." Caitlin stared at my naked body as we talked. Her look made me get a little excited. I wondered if I were having the same effect on her.  
  
"Caitlin, I have to get ready to go to the class. But, if you are willing, I could come by your room sometime and we could experiment with some stuff. Then, I'd be happy to go with you to look at clothes."  
  
"What's the matter with the way I dress?'  
  
Morgan laughed. "Caitlin, you don't dress, you throw on the baggiest stuff you can find. I bet Gretchen could give you some ideas that might look better."  
  
Caitlin sighed. "I don't know. I just want to study and get into med school. All this other stuff seems like it will be a distraction."

"It's up to you," I said, not wanting to back her into a decision. "Why don't you talk it over with Morgan and let me know. I would be happy to help."  
  
"Ok, thanks," said Caitlin.  
  
She packed her books and said good-bye.  
  
"That was so nice, Gretchen. Caitlin could really use some help. As you might know, I would be completely clueless in helping her. God, I'm just as bad as she is."  
  
I finished drying and hung my towels on the closet door.  
  
"How do you know about all this stuff?" she asked.  
  
"My mom."  
  
"Your mom is like a big size or something?"  
  
"No," I laughed, "my mom looks a lot like your mom. But, she does make-overs."  
  
"Like those TV shows?"  
  
I hesitated and then said, "She is one of those TV shows."  
  
"No way! Which one?"  
  
I told her.  
  
"That's your mom? I love her. She is so cool. She has a different name. Oh, I bet she uses her maiden name." I nodded in agreement.  
  
"Yeah, she is. And, I've learned how to dress to accent the good and camouflage the bad. So, if you want me to help you bring out your awesome beauty, just say the word."  
  
She looked at me as if I had six heads.  
  
"Morgan, you are beautiful. Sure, you could work on a few things, but believe me you are one attractive woman. You have so much going for you. You just need to learn how to take advantage of all you have. You are really, really pretty."  
  
Morgan teared up. She stood and hugged me.  
  
I could feel her sobs. I rubbed her back as she embraced me.  
  
"You're the best roommate I could have ever dreamed of. Maybe you could help me, too."  
  
She caught her breath and held me tightly.  
  
"You're like one of the cool kids back at high school, except you like me. They would never even acknowledge that I existed, except to make fun of me. They never talked to me or were nice to me. I really like having you as a roomie."  
  
"Even if I don't wear any clothes?"  
  
I could feel her laughing.  
  
"Strange," she whispered, "I'm actually getting used to it."  
  
I squeezed her and stood back, holding her at arm's length.  
  
"Of course, Morgan, I'd love to help you. It would be an honor that you trusted me. But, I would need to have a better look at what I'm working with."  
  
"What's that mean?"  
  
"You'd have to strip for me."  
  
Morgan's mouth fell open. She then noticed the gleam in my eye.  
  
"Bitch," she yelled. She swatted me on the ass. I turned and bent a little.  
  
"You can't just hit one cheek. Even them off."  
  
Morgan hesitated and then struck my other cheek.  
  
Laughing, she said, "I can't believe I am slapping my roommate's bare ass. Gretchen, you are having some effect on me." She softly stroked my butt cheeks where she had hit them.  
  
I stood and turned back to her. This time I pulled her into my arms, "I hope so, Morgan, I hope so." I kissed her cheek and we hugged.  
  
I finished getting ready and headed out to the studio. The butterflies in my stomach were competing for attention with the throbbing in my pussy. This was going to be one hell of an afternoon.  
  
The studio was empty. I looked around at the easels scattered around the room and the small stage in the middle. One wall had windows starting half-way up and reaching the ceiling. I figured that let in natural light, but people couldn't see in. In the far corner there was a tri-fold screen, which I supposed would be the place where I stripped. I was still gawking when I heard a deep voice.  
  
"Gretchen?"  
  
I turned to see a tall man balanced on crutches.  
  
"Hi."  
  
"Hello, I'm Professor Adams, but you can call me Jacob."  
  
He extended his hand and I shook it, feeling his firm grasp and slightly rough skin.  
  
"Thanks so much for agreeing to be our model," he said making his way to a desk along the back wall. He leaned his crutches on the desk and sat on the edge. I looked at the cast on his right leg and foot.  
  
"Yeah, dumb accident," he said. "I was carrying a bunch of canvasses down from my studio at home. I missed a step and the next thing I knew I was all in a heap at the bottom of the stairs and my leg was pointing in a direction it definitely should not have been."  
  
"Ouch," I said.  
  
"True," he replied with a smile. "The worst part was not the pain or the surgery, drugs handled that. The worst part was getting used to using these damn crutches and learning how to navigate around. You don't realize all the barriers we erect for those who aren't able to walk normally. I will never again gripe about seeing the handicapped spaces close to an entry door."  
  
I smiled.  
  
"Anyway, tell me a bit about yourself and why you're here."  
  
"Sure, but I thought I was here to model."  
  
"Right, but why do you want to model?"  
  
"Well, let's see, the money is good."  
  
"That it is. You aren't worried about posing nude?"  
  
"Worried? I would say more twitchy than worried. In general I'm comfortable with my body and don't have hang-ups about nudity."  
  
"Good."  
  
I shrugged and asked why it was good.  
  
"Well, I've found that some models get too uptight. When that happens, they can't give us natural poses. If you start out with an open attitude like yours, then usually things go smoothly. Anyway, after a few minutes you'll probably forget you're naked."  
  
I doubted that. "Are you speaking from experience?"  
  
Jacob laughed. "Do you mean have I ever posed nude?"  
  
I nodded.  
  
"As a matter of fact I have. Just like you—only ages and ages ago—I earned extra money in college. For both life drawing and photography. Then, I continued doing modeling while I was trying to survive as an artist. You're the first model I've ever had who had the nerve to ask me."  
  
"I was curious, so I asked. And, I don't think it was 'ages' ago. How old are you?"  
  
Jacob laughed harder than the last time.  
  
"You don't mess around, do you?"  
  
"Just wondering."  
  
"It's no secret," he said smiling. "I turn thirty-five next week. And, before you ask, it's Wednesday."  
  
I guessed he must be around that age because he did have his Ph.D. But, he certainly didn't look it.  
  
"So, what kind of 'natural poses' are you looking for?"  
  
"All kinds of things. Sitting, standing, bending and leaning on the stool. We sorta move through a number of different poses during a session."  
  
"Sounds like what I expected. What did you mean by some models not being able to do this?"  
  
He seemed to become a little embarrassed.  
  
"I guess it's more with women than men," he said. "I mean with a guy it's all hanging out in front from the beginning. With a woman, her most private parts are still not visible. So, I ask a model to pose with her legs spread apart, some just can't do it."  
  
"I get it. I definitely won't have a problem with that."  
  
He gave me a funny look.  
  
"No, it's not that I spread my legs for every guy who asks."  
  
That sounded really warped. I quickly added, "I mean I don't think that will freak me out."  
  
Jacob laughed and said we were going to get along great. He reviewed all the paperwork one last time and said I should go behind the screen and undress. Saying that I would find a robe to wear, if I wanted, he shook my hand and wished me good luck.  
  
Behind the screen was a stool, a coat rack and a full-length mirror. A blue terry robe hung on a clothes tree next to the mirror. I pulled my dress off. I ran my fingers through my hair and shook it loose. Most probably like every other model, I checked myself out in the mirror. Having what most people called a long frame, which I think means not much meat on the bones, I inspected my body starting at my toes. I liked my legs. Long and toned. With hips that clearly showed my femininity, I looked at my tummy. Definitely not as flat as I would like and no sign of a six-pack, but it was attractive in a soft way. My breasts enjoyed sitting high on my chest and, thank god, did not sag. I don't put much stock in bra sizes since they really don't indicate what a boob looks like. When Lisa and I used to compare bodies, she described mine as pale apples. I like that description. They are sorta apple-shaped and about the size of an average apple. I still have puffy nipples that make me look more like a high-school girl rather than the highly mature college freshman of twenty days that I am.  
  
People have called me a brunette or auburn-haired. I just go with brown, but I do have some dark red highlights. These appear naturally, a gift from my red-headed father. Currently my hair almost touches my shoulders. I've been contemplating cutting it short, but haven't found the courage yet.  
  
I made faces in the mirror trying to decode what people have said makes me pretty. Some say cute, but I think that's because of the bridge of freckles that spans my face from cheekbone to cheekbone. I see everything as average, but if others want to think I'm attractive, who am I to argue? I do like my blue eyes. They can appear to change color depending on my ever-changing emotions.  
  
My self-exam was interrupted by Jacob's voice calling me. I snapped out of it and realized that there was a buzz of voices behind the screen. I debated whether to wear the robe and opted for a more dramatic entrance and left the blue garment on the hook.  
  
I stepped out from behind the screen and froze for a second. My stomach flipped at the sight of twenty young men and women sitting at their easels. Maybe I wasn't so brave after all. I hadn't spotted Eli or Zeke yet. Stepping forward, I kept my gaze on the stool in the middle of the stage. It was then that I saw Eli and Zeke staring at me, amazement overtaking their faces. For some reason, this helped settle the butterflies. I boldly strode forward.  
  
Well, let's say I took one bold step, caught my bare toe on the leg of a stool, screamed in pain and took a header. I was sprawled on the floor looking at an assortment of feet gathering around me.  
  
"Are you Ok?" "Are you hurt?" "What happened?" "Did she faint?"  
  
I shook my head to clear the cobwebs.  
  
"Could someone help Gretchen up?" called out Dr. Adams.  
  
I felt hands under each arm pit and I slowly stood. I saw Eli and Zeke on either side of me.  
  
"You ok, Gretchen?" Eli asked.  
  
I nodded and limped to the stage and plopped my naked butt on the stool.  
  
"Well, class," said Jacob, "I guess you've all met Gretchen. She sure knows how to make an entrance."  
  
Everyone laughed, including me. That cut some of the tension in the room. Jacob continued with his introduction.  
  
"She will be our model for the next couple weeks, at least. Uh, Janelle, could you grab that towel on the desk and hand it to Gretchen."  
  
"I'm fine, Dr. Adams," I said. "I don't need to cover up."  
  
He made a motion along the front of his body. I looked down to see my breasts, tummy and thighs covered with dust and dirt from the floor. Janelle, a pretty dark-skinned girl, handed me the towel and I wiped myself. I dropped it by my feet and tried to smile bravely. I think I probably looked like a baboon with serious flatulence.  
  
So much for first impressions I thought.  
  
Jacob said they would start with a series of quick sketches. He had me pose still sitting on the stool with my arms above my head. This pose made my breasts tighten against my chest. Following his instructions, I went through a bunch of sitting and standing poses. By the time he called for a break an hour had gone by. I was stretching out numerous kinks when Eli and Zeke stood in front of me.  
  
"How come you didn't tell us?" asked Zeke.  
  
"Thought it'd be fun as a surprise. Are you surprised?"  
  
"Oh yeah," he said.  
  
"Jesus, Gretchen, this is so fucked seeing you like this," said Eli, his eyes moving all over me.  
  
"Like what?" I asked in my most innocent voice.  
  
"Like fuckin' naked."  
  
"Complaining?"  
  
"Gretchen, you are seriously hot, so, no it's not a complaint."  
  
"Glad to hear it," I said as I shook my arms to relax them. Of course, that made my breasts bounce.  
  
"God, you're killing us," said Eli.  
  
I looked at his shorts and definitely saw a tent.  
  
He saw where I was looking. "What'd you expect, Gretchen?"  
  
I smiled and turned to stretch my quads by bending over. Zeke had a perfect view of my butt. I heard a soft groan.  
  
Jacob was calling the class back in session.  
  
"Maybe we can get an ice cream after," I said.  
  
The guys agreed and headed back to their easels. Jacob said we'd work on a longer pose. He stood close to me, balancing on his crutches, and spoke softly.  
  
"Gretchen, you're doing great. I take it you know those two guys."  
  
"Art history with Prof. Anderson."  
  
"Bridget does a nice job," he said. I thought that when he said her name he smiled. Could be a little inter-faculty hanky-panky I figured.  
  
"Any way, I wonder if you could turn about halfway in your stool to face the windows."  
  
I swiveled on the stool and now was facing a new array of students, including my friends. They only had a side view of me before.  
  
"Keep one foot on the bottom rung and the other on the top rung," he said.  
  
I complied and noticed it exposed my sex a little more.  
  
"Can you open your legs a little wider?"  
  
I looked in his eyes. I could swear he was doing this because he now knew Eli and Zeke would be staring right at my exposed lips and the opening to my vagina. I took a deep breath and slowly opened my legs. With every inch a new rush of adrenaline raced through my body. This is what I was hoping for and yet it terrified me.  
  
"Great, hold that for fifteen minutes," he said and touched my shoulder. I shivered at his touch and my pussy began to get really wet. His gaze fell to my pussy. I opened my legs wider. "Take that, Professor Jacobs," I said to myself. My hands rested on my hips and my look fixed on the wall above the heads of those looking directly between my legs.  
  
After five minutes of not moving a muscle, I lowered my eyes. Eli, Zeke, Janelle and two other students were engrossed in transferring their impression of my exposed body to paper. I recalled the tent in Eli's pants. I was learning another lesson. I could overcome my fear and make a guy hard. I wondered if I was having any effect on Janelle or any of the other students. I figured a little experiment was in order.  
  
I caught Janelle's eyes and let a small smile cross my lips. She smiled back. I slowly opened my legs wider. Her gaze travelled down and her mouth opened to form an "O". I couldn't see what I looked like, but I figured that as turned on as I was that my inner lips were probably peeking out. Maybe she could even detect dampness. When she looked up again, I could tell she was breathing harder than before.  
  
"Cool," I thought.  
  
I shifted my gaze to Zeke, who was sitting next to Janelle and probably had an equally good look at my spread sex lips. He didn't notice me staring at him as he adjusted his shorts. Another wave moved through my body. I had given another friend an erection.  
  
Jacob told me to relax for a minute as he made his way around the class looking at the drawings. I moved my shoulders and casually let my left hand fall between my legs and scratch my neatly trimmed bush. Zeke nudged Eli who turned to look at me as I dipped my finger along the side of my labia to relieve an imaginary itch. We only had ten minutes left, so Jacob asked me to stand with my arms stretched above my head. I turned and faced away from Eli and Zeke to give another side of the class the opportunity to draw my naked front.  
  
I flexed my butt a few times, hoping my friends noticed.  
  
Jacob called an end to the class. He reminded the students that we were going to have two sessions a week to make up for the time he was out. I found I was perspiring and picked up the towel I had used before.  
  
"You did great, Gretchen," Jacob said. "More work than it looks like."  
  
I smiled and rubbed myself dry.  
  
"I'm tired," I admitted.  
  
"People think it's easy just to sit or stand. But, holding a pose is stressful. You add to that the adrenaline rush of being naked in front of people and you end up with fatigue. You will probably get used to it. For tonight, I recommend a hot shower. If you have a friend who could massage you, that would help a lot."  
  
I nodded and thought how Morgan would feel running her hands over my naked flesh.  
  
"So, see you Thursday?"  
  
"Absolutely. Same time?"  
  
He said yes.  
  
"Jacob, can I ask your opinion?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"I was wondering if you'd rather that I be like totally shaved?"  
  
He lowered his head and looked at my bush.  
  
"Really, Gretchen, that's up to you."  
  
"You don't have a preference?"  
  
He chuckled. "Gretchen, why do I get the feeling that you are trying to be provocative? As a professor and instructor in this class, I don't care one way or the other. As a man and you're wondering what I prefer in a woman...Well, that's none of your business. And, just to be sure you don't think I'm an idiot, I think you have a great body and you look fantastic posing."  
  
He smiled and hobbled back to his desk.  
  
"Still up for an ice cream?"  
  
I looked up to see my classmates.  
  
"You know, I think I'll beg off. I'm pooped. Next time?"  
  
"Sure," said Zeke.  
  
"See you tomorrow in class," added Eli.  
  
In a few minutes I was dressed and heading outside.  
  
I ran back to my room. Morgan was just coming out of the dorm. She was heading to dinner and asked me to join her. I was tired, but also was now ravished. We hit the café. Morgan went to the grill area and got a cheeseburger while I opted for the vegetarian pizza. I doubled up on ice teas and added a chocolate pudding to my tray.  
  
We sat with some other girls and made small talk.  
  
Walking back to our dorm, Morgan said, "Well?"  
  
"What?"  
  
"Don't be a tease, Gretchen. How'd it go?"  
  
"How about this, Morgan? I grab a shower and then I'll give you the whole scoop."  
  
"With details?" she asked grinning.  
  
"Oh, yeah, lots of details."  
  
It was a half-hour before I was back in our room. Morgan was deep into her Chemistry assignment. I needed to do some writing, so we agreed to work until nine. I pulled on a tee shirt and sat cross-legged on my bed with my laptop balanced on naked thighs. By the time I checked the time at the bottom of my laptop it was almost ten.  
  
Any good that I got from the hot shower was long gone and my back and legs felt like a reject from a pretzel factory. Turning my neck sounded like there was a ton of bubble wrap breaking apart. Morgan must have heard my groans and looked up from her screen. As I was contorting my body to gain release from the cramps and aches, Morgan shut down and sat on the edge of my bed.  
  
"You look like you're in real pain."  
  
"The combo of posing and sitting like this for hours has done a job on me." Morgan pulled the laptop from me and set it on my desk. I uncurled my legs and fell back. My tee shirt was bunched up close to my boobs and my entire bottom half lay exposed. Morgan looked closely at my newly trimmed area.  
  
"What?" I asked.  
  
"It's just that I've never seen one this close. I mean even when you're prancing around naked, I didn't see this much of your, uh, private area."  
  
"I take offense," I whined. "I never prance."  
  
Morgan slapped my feet and we laughed. Slowly, I spread my legs farther apart giving her an open view.  
  
"Gretchen, I didn't mean you had to..."  
  
"It's ok, Morgan. God, take a look. You should use a mirror and check yourself out, too. Girls gotta know what's what."  
  
Morgan returned her look to my crotch. I reached down and spread my lips with my fingers.  
  
"You must remember human biology class," I said and let my lips close.  
  
"We had a crummy text book with even worse illustrations and our teacher was at least 100 years old and probably couldn't even remember where her stuff was."  
  
"Morgan, you can look and I can show you. It's not being gay or anything. Think of it as scientific experimentation. But, honey, we have to get you to name what you're looking at."  
  
With red creeping up her neck and flushing her cheeks, Morgan said, "For now, how about we use like biological terms."

"Whatever."  
  
"Ok," I returned my fingers to my pussy. "This is the vulva. These are the labia major. Most people call them lips. They can be called sex lips or outer lips, even pussy lips."  
  
Morgan stretched out and with her head propped up by her elbow, moved closer.  
  
I tossed her a pillow. "Put this on my thigh and you can rest your head. At least you won't get a kink in your neck."  
  
Morgan rested her head halfway up my thigh with the pillow between my naked leg and her cheek.  
  
"This is so naughty, Gretchen. I'd die if anyone ever found out."  
  
I ran my fingers through her hair. "No one is going to find out. Besides, it's not naughty. It's just curiosity."  
  
I moved my fingers along my lips, touching and rubbing them. Blood began to flow in that direction.  
  
"Notice anything?"  
  
"They're changing a little. Darker, maybe?"  
  
"Good, I'm stimulating them and now they're responding. When I masturbate, this is how I start."  
  
I continued playing with my outer lips.  
  
"Morgan, you can touch anything any time you want."  
  
I heard a sharp intake of breath. "God, I could never..."  
  
"Not saying you have to, but just letting you know you can."  
  
Using fingers from both hands, I spread my outer lips.  
  
"Describe what you see."  
  
"Well, I can see your labia minora. They're a darker color, almost deep pink."  
  
While holding them open, I ran my middle finger along the insides. I felt the moisture and my sensual build-up kicked into a higher gear.  
  
"Can you see I'm getting wet?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
I played with my inner lips and spread some moisture around.  
  
"Can you smell me?"  
  
I could hardly hear her reply of, "Yes".  
  
"Gross you out?"  
  
"No," was the almost inaudible response. I pried apart my inner lips to expose the opening to my vagina.  
  
"Oh, my god," said Morgan.  
  
"I take it you're looking at my vagina?"  
  
I could feel her head nodding. I slowly slipped a middle finger inside. I couldn't help but moan.  
  
"It's nice and warm in here," I said. "My finger can feel the walls of my vagina."  
  
I moved my finger in and out. My hips moved in union with my thrusting.  
  
"That feels good?"  
  
"God, yes. Especially since I've been turned on all day. I've wanted to finger myself for a long time."  
  
I continued to play with myself. "What do you see now?"  
  
"You're really wet there, Gretchen. It's like running down into your butt crack."  
  
"Yeah, I can feel it." I added an index finger and moved faster.  
  
"Wanna feel the inside?"  
  
"No," she whispered, paused and added "not now."  
  
I was getting close to orgasm and pulled my fingers out.  
  
"Feel my fingers."  
  
I didn't know if I pushed her too hard. I kept my hand extended toward her. Moving in slow motion she touched the tip of my middle finger with her index finger. She rubbed her finger tips together.  
  
"Slippery."  
  
"That's so when you fuck, oops, have intercourse, the guy can glide back and forth."  
  
"Taste it?" I asked her. To show her it wasn't poison, I stuck my too fingers in my mouth and cleaned them. Morgan wiped hers on the sheet.  
  
"Now, let's get to the heart of it."  
  
I positioned my hand at the top of my slit. My clit was pushing hard against its hood.  
  
"You know the clitoris. I'm going to refer to it as a clit."  
  
I pulled the hood back and the pink button popped out.  
  
"This is my best friend in life," I said. I ran my tip around the base and squirmed. "Jesus, that feels so good."  
  
Morgan stared and I saw her wet her lips.  
  
"Honest, Morgan, you've never touched your clit like this?"  
  
"No."  
  
"You've never wanted to?"  
  
"I don't know. I mean I always thought that touching it or masturbation was like this really gross and bad thing. So, I never did it."  
  
"Are you Catholic?"  
  
"God, yes."  
  
"So, you were taught this was bad?"  
  
"All sex outside of marriage is bad," she said.  
  
"Morgan, I can't imagine life, shit I can't imagine a day without feeling sexy. Without masturbation I would be a freaking, drooling idiot."  
  
Morgan laughed. I played with my clit more.  
  
"Can you see it swelling?"  
  
"Oh, yeah."  
  
"Give me your finger."  
  
Morgan just stared at me. "Seriously, Morgan, I want you to touch my clit. Feel how hard it gets."  
  
I reached out and took her hand. Slowly I moved it toward my pussy. I pulled her index finger until it was practically at my clit. "Now, touch it."  
  
Morgan took a deep breath and pressed her finger to my clit. I groaned and she pulled back. "No, move it around. See how the clit reacts."  
  
Morgan moved her finger slowly back and forth on my clit. I squirmed under her touch and got much wetter. Morgan pulled her finger away and wiped it on the sheet.  
  
"Well, now you've seen everything about the female anatomy. I'd show you my asshole, but not just females have them."  
  
"Thanks for sparing me," she giggled.  
  
"Morgan, I am going to finish what I started. You can stay right where you are. In fact I hope you will. But, if that's too uncomfortable, I understand."  
  
"I shouldn't. I think I've gone too far already."  
  
"Just stay a little longer," I pleaded. "I want you to watch me.  
  
Morgan remained silent, but didn't move. I played with my clit and inserted two fingers back inside. Morgan's head remained on my thigh. I could feel her hot breath along the side of my thigh.  
  
I knew I could not last long. I began plunging faster and flicked my clit with a fingertip. As I was right at the edge, I added the third finger and pounded myself. I screamed and felt a strong flow go past my fingers, down to the sheet. I bounced Morgan's head off my leg and pulled my knees to my stomach. The aftershocks racked my body. I was now in a fetal position, resting on my side. I was shocked to feel Morgan's hand run over my butt and down the back of my thigh. I felt her fingers brush my thigh near to my quivering pussy.  
  
"That was awesome," she said. "Thank you for showing me how beautiful sex can be."  
  
Morgan pulled the sheet over me. I opened one eye to see her undressing at her closet.  
  
With her nightgown on, she crawled into her bed and pulled the sheet up.  
  
"Probably don't want to tell me about posing now, I guess."  
  
"No, I'd love to tell you. Actually, now that I've come I can probably do a better job."  
  
Morgan turned out the light. After my eyes adjusted, I could make out her form a few feet away. I began by describing Jacob.  
  
"He sounds dreamy," she said.  
  
"God, very high on the hot hunk scale. I knew just being naked in front of him would be fun."  
  
Morgan howled as I described my fall and having to wipe dirt from my front.  
  
"Honestly, Gretchen, if that were me—and it would never be me—but if it were, I would have just stayed on the floor and hoped to die."  
  
When I described opening my legs to let Eli and Zeke see my sex, Morgan took a deep breath.  
  
"What?" I asked.  
  
"Well, I just saw what they must have seen, at least partly. It affected me."  
  
"Affected like turned you on?"  
  
"I don't know, but it made me feel funny."  
  
"Feel funny between your legs? Made your nipples hard?"  
  
"Yes," she said in a whisper.  
  
"Are you feeling that way now?"  
  
There was a long pause. I knew I had to wait for her to answer.  
  
"Yes," even softer than before.  
  
"Morgan, touch your nipple."  
  
"Oh, I can't."  
  
"Yes you can. You did it the other night when you watched me get off for the first time."  
  
"You noticed?"  
  
"Yeah and I thought it was cool."  
  
"But, I've never done it without a bra on."  
  
"Just do it, Morgan. Trust me on this."  
  
In the darkness I could just make out her hand moving up to her chest.  
  
"Ooh," she said.  
  
"Feels good, huh?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Pull your nighty up far enough that you can get your hand underneath and touch your nipple."  
  
"Like on bare skin?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
Slowly Morgan squirmed around and I could tell her nighty was bunched around her waist.  
  
"God, oh god."  
  
"Feels even better, right?"  
  
"I never experienced anything like this, Gretchen."  
  
"Play with both nipples. Roll them between your fingers, pinch them, pull them. Have some fun with them."  
  
Morgan was rolling back and forth and I could hear her labored breathing.  
  
"Why don't you take your nighty off? It will be easier. You can keep yourself covered with the sheet."  
  
Morgan sat up and pulled the long garment over her head. I could see the side of one large breast. She dropped back down and pulled the sheet to her chin. Her hands moved back to her breasts.  
  
"Oh, this is better, Gretchen."  
  
Knowing what my roommate is doing made me wetter. I slipped two fingers inside immediately and started pumping.  
  
"Are you wet, Morgan?"  
  
"I don't know."  
  
"Touch yourself."  
  
"I can't, Gretchen. I've never done it. I just can't."  
  
"Yes, you can. Take one hand and run it over your crotch on top of your undies."  
  
After what seemed like an eternity, I saw the shape of her arm move under the sheet. Her hand crept down her body and stopped between her legs.  
  
A low moan escaped her lips. I could see her legs move wider apart, stretching the sheet.  
  
"Now, put your fingers under your waistband."  
  
"Gretchen..."  
  
"Just do it, honey. Trust me."  
  
The shape shifted and I knew her hand was now in position.  
  
"Ok," she said.  
  
"Slide down until you touch yourself, your slit. You remember how I did it. Do the same."  
  
"Oh god. Oh god, Gretchen, it feels so good."  
  
"Now, are you wet?"  
  
A second later she said, "Yes."  
  
"Can you put a finger inside?"  
  
"I don't think so. But, god, this feels could just rubbing along the outside."  
  
"Just put one finger in. You only have to keep it there a second. I can help if you want."  
  
"No, please. I mean, I can try on my own."  
  
There was no sound for a while. Then I heard a long, low groan.  
  
"Is it inside?"  
  
"I can't believe this. Yes."  
  
"Slowly move it in and out. You saw how I did it."  
  
Morgan's breath started coming in short gasps. Her knees raised and I could make out her hips moving against her finger.  
  
"Touch your clit, just like you touched mine."  
  
Morgan moved her hand. Suddenly she screamed and pulled her knees up. "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,' she wailed.  
  
I smiled.  
  
"Congratulations, Morgan. I do believe you just had your first orgasm."  
  
Morgan kept muttering 'Jesus' as her knees swayed back and forth.  
  
When she finally seemed to calm down, I said, "Listen."  
  
We were both quiet. There was some noise outside and we heard music from a room down the hall.  
  
"So?" I asked.  
  
"So, what?"  
  
"Did you hear the heavens splitting apart?"  
  
Morgan snorted and gave out her deep laugh.  
  
"No."  
  
"So, I guess that one beautiful girl masturbating did not bring about the end of the world."  
  
Still laughing, she said "Guess not."  
  
"Can I give you a hug?"  
  
"I'm not ready for you to see me naked."  
  
"Keep the sheet pulled up. That's ok."  
  
"All right."  
  
I moved to her bed and sat on the edge. Morgan held the sheet near her chin with one hand.  
  
"Give me your other hand."  
  
"I can't. It's, it's gross."  
  
"That's not gross, Morgan."  
  
I reached under the sheet and pulled her right hand out. I moved it to my mouth and sucked her middle finger.  
  
"Oh, Jesus," she said. Morgan twitched on the bed and slammed her thighs together.  
  
"I'd say that makes number two." I moved her wet finger to my breast and pressed it to my hard nipple.  
  
"See, you can turn me on, too."  
  
I stretched out next to her and pulled her into my arms. With just the thin sheet between us, I could feel her tremendous breasts pushing against me, her nipples hard pebbles.  
  
"What you did was normal, healthy and, obviously, fun. Don't spend a second worrying about it. You're not going to hell because you acted like a normal eighteen-year old girl."  
  
I felt the tears on her cheek.  
  
"Thank you, Gretchen."  
  
I kissed her forehead. She looked up at me. I kissed her lips. They were soft and sweet.  
  
"Does this make us..."  
  
"It makes us nothing except friends. I kissed you because you looked so beautiful. Don't take it for any more than that."  
  
"Ok."  
  
I held her, stroking her naked back.  
  
"Gretchen."  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"I still don't think I can be naked in front of you."  
  
"Don't have to."  
  
"You won't think I'm a wuss?"  
  
"Nope. Just be comfortable with yourself."  
  
"Thanks. But you can still run around bare-assed."  
  
We laughed, cutting some of the tension.  
  
"I think you like it when I do that."  
  
Morgan kissed my cheek.  
  
"Yeah, I think I do."