**Hyacinth's Buddy**

a Blanke Schande story by Donnylaja

She kept crying, clutching the pillow in front of her and her drawn-up knees, as if the pillow were an article of clothing. But she had no clothing, nor did the three roommates who sat around her on her bed. It was the first rule of the college: at Blanke Schande, female students had to be naked at all times. They weren't even allowed shoes. She knew this from the beginning, of course, months ago when she ordered the catalog and then called for more info and, as naturally as if she had asked about the meal plan, was told the truth. And immediately hung up, but then as the days went on . . . It titillated her sense of adventure, and as much as she fought it, made her horny. Walking around naked in front of all those guys! She knew the power a curvy body like hers had over men, she saw how they jumped at doing anything for her when she went around in her little tube top or her low-rise jeans with the thong sticking out. Life was so goddamned boring where she grew up, in a suburb of San Diego, and as a smart 18-year-old girl with much artistic talent, she just felt more and more drawn to this little college where she could study art and indulge in a secret fantasy . . .

August was only a few weeks in the past, but how long ago it seemed now! It was clear by now that she had signed up for a tour of Hell. It would be one thing to give the guys a thrill and then run back to the room and put on clothes, but to be constantly naked every minute of every day, with no relief, naked in the bathroom, naked in class, naked in the dining hall, naked walking through the quad . . . and to have guys staring at you and staring at you and still looking even after you had gotten sick of being looked at and just wanted to run and hide -

But of course that was against the rules too. No female was allowed to hide or even cover her breasts or pussy with her hands. Worse, every female student was to show any part of her body on request to any male student -- what was known as "presenting". Theoretically this included a request for a close-up look of a girl's elbow, but of course, the requests all involved spreading legs. And then taking a good hard look, sometimes three or four guys at a time, at a girl's most intimate parts. At such times Hyacinth shut her eyes and felt her face burn red with shame. It was bad enough showing her pussy. But when they asked her to spread her butt cheeks to see her butthole, that really freaked her out. She had been told during orientation to clean herself extra well in the shower; now she knew why.

And it was always the dorkiest, most obnoxious guys who asked to "present". Some girls like Janie weren't bothered by it at all, eagerly opening up her legs, even on the quad, while laughing as if to say, "Go ahead and look -- you'll never get to actually touch this in a million years!" Then there was Jacqueline, a junior majoring in Human Sexuality, who calmly and without shame showed everything as if patiently instructing medical students. But to most girls, especially the freshmen, it was an ordeal. Two of Hyacinth's roommates were freshmen too, and they had cringed each time, so shamed that they hadn't wanted to talk about it afterward. For Hyacinth it was beyond cringing; it was traumatic.

Half an hour ago had been the last straw. That fat frat guy had asked her to "present" in the student union, right on top of a table. And then a few others joined him, leaning forward as she looked forlornly at the ceiling, the tabletop cold and gritty under her bare back -- then as she spread open her pussy lips she could feel their breath down there and one of the guys erupted with a gutteral laugh -

She had jumped up, pushed her way through the guys, and tearfully ran back to the dorm, bare feet slapping up the stairs, and buried herself under her pillow. She wailed and wailed, bringing the attention of the others.

Not an uncommon sound in the freshman dorms, a girl freaking out over her new life of permanent nakedness. To help the female freshmen adjust, each was assigned to an upperclassman "Buddy". Hyacinth's Buddy was Jessie, a junior with big glasses, red hair, and a very slim, white-skinned frame. Now, watching the naked suffering girl, Jessie looked at her with sympathetic eyes. This was Jessie's first freshman freak-out, and she concentrated on all she had learned during that training course.

The sobbing girl sniffled and shook her head, her messed up blond hair stiff with dried tears. "I'm -- not going out there again. Not w - without clothes." She looked up at the empty closets, doors open. It seemed cruel to have closets in this place because no girl had any clothes to put in them. The washing machines downstairs were a waste too. And that was not the end of their lack of privacy. This suite was just four beds in one big room along with desks and computers, a kitchenette, and a bathroom with no door and an open shower.

Jessie reached out to hold Hyacinth's hand. "I know it's hard," she said.

"It's not hard, it's im - POSSible," she said, grabbing Jessie's hand but punching the other one down onto the mattress. Then they could see her clench her butt and she closed her eyes. "Clothes, please God, I want clothes, something to put on." She looked down at her bare feet. "And shoes. And socks. Please, I want to be covered up again."

"You have to hold on," Ruth, one of the freshman roommates, said. "You have to stick it out." Not that all did; one reason Blanke Schande admitted four women for every man was that almost half the women dropped out during the first semester. Hyacinth had heard the testimonials of graduates, and had read that the women who graduated from Blanke Schande enjoyed phenomenal success once back in the "real world" of clothes. But graduation seemed impossibly far away. Right now, all Hyacinth felt was shame and panic. She clutched the pillow more tightly, technically an improper covering up but something which Jessie had discretion to overlook.

"I c - can't do -- that again," she said. "Especially not my -- my butt."

"Yes, Hy, it was crude," Jessie said. "I heard about it. The man is supposed to be polite when he asks you to present."

"I don't care about crude or polite anymore," Hyacinth said, becoming a little more calm. "I want out."

Her choice, Jessie knew. Yet what an opportunity she would be missing by dropping out! It was like any homesickness by a freshman the first couple of weeks away, you had to acknowledge the feeling but urge that she stay. Jessie had an idea. "Why don't we work on it."

"She said she wanted out," said Kristin, the other roommate.

Jessie gave Kristin a stern look. "That's her choice, but right now she's so upset." Then looked at Hyacinth again. "I have an idea. Why don't we -- " Wait, too fast. "Why don't we have some salad and juice? And chicken soup. Definitely chicken soup." Lunch, something normal.

While the sobbing girl stayed on her bed the other three padded around the kitchenette and set things up. In a minute Hyacinth had been coaxed up and the four of them sat and ate around the table, feeling their bare butt cheeks against the cold metal folding chairs, their bare toes absently curling around the chair legs. The food was good even though it was all low-calorie; with the steady diet of low-fat food, combined with the many exercise/sports classes the female students were required to attend, the nude quartet were in the best physical shape each of them had ever been in. Even Hyacinth would have to concede that.

"My idea," Jessie said, "is for us to help you present. I'll -- I'll do it first. On the table." At the sight of eyes rolling, Jessie said firmly, "I mean it!"

Things were cleared away and Ruth was assigned to be the "guy". She stood up and looked at Jessie sitting across from her. They all knew this was a little hokey. Ruth smiled and in a low grunty voice said, "All right, bitch!"

Some giggling. "No come on, really," Jessie said. No guy would get away with that.

Ruth took a deep breath, her bare tanned breasts rising and falling. Then she opened her eyes, getting into the mood. "I would like you to present for me, please."

Jessie slowly and carefully got up onto the table, her toes brushing past the other two girls right and left, and sat cross-legged, looking up obediently at Ruth. Then she leaned back on her hands and spread her legs, each bare foot sticking out in the room, giving a clear view of her pussy, slightly opened. "Is this how you want it?"

"No," Ruth said, using words she had heard several times. "Please turn over. And spread your butt cheeks so I can see all of you."

Jessie, wanting to imitate the average freshman's shame, bit her lip slightly and then slowly turned over. She put her face onto the table top, reached back and spread her lower cheeks. As she looked past Hyacinth she gulped and stared at the far wall in a convincing portrayal of mortification.

"Spread more. You have a very cute butthole." Ruth leaned forward, exhaling into Jessie's lower crevice. Jessie pulled her hands apart more, stretching her wide rear valley with the coffee-colored orifice in the center.

Ruth felt that this was enough. "Okay?" she asked Jessie in a stage whisper.

"Yes."

"Thank you," Ruth said, the usual signal that presenting was over. Jessie turned around and sat back up on the table top cross-legged. "You want to try it, Hy?"

Hyacinth looked down at her breasts and crossed her arms over them. "We did this same thing during class," she said, referring to the compulsory Anatomy and Movement ("erotocize") classes that all female students had to attend. "It's just different doing it for a -- a guy."

A knock on the door. "Come in!" It was a girl Hyacinth had never seen before, a tall, lithe, deeply tanned girl with sharp features and long black hair. She looked like an athlete.

"Hi Wen," Jessie said. "Thanks." The tall girl was returning a book. "You know Wendy, from Alturas?"

No, and as Wendy bent down the three at the table gave her the typical greeting Blanke Schande women gave to each other, a kiss on the lips. No one knew how that custom started.

Hyacinth breathed in, which resulted in a loud sniffle that showed she had been crying. "We've had a situation here," Jessie said.

"Bummer." Wendy looked down at Hyacinth. Hyacinth had heard about Alturas, that satellite campus way up north in the mountains, where it snowed five months out of the year. Yet female students had to be naked up there too. How did they stand it? She had heard that they learned to endure being outside in the cold for quite long periods, but she couldn't help but believe that in such a climate naked women were helpless creatures who were reduced to scurrying between buildings as fast as they could. Yet Wendy looked anything but helpless. She looked strong enough to pick up all those creeps who had asked her to present and throw them halfway across the quad.

"Wendy's on the rock climbing team," Jessie said. Then, to Wendy, "Hy's had a very bad presenting experience. Perfectly legal but they were creepy about it."

Rugged as she was, Wendy's face softened. "I really hear you. I almost dropped out my first semester. I just couldn't take it." She and Hyacinth looked at each other for a moment. Then Wendy walked around and bent down to place her arms around Hyacinth's neck, her face next to the stricken girl's. "Think of us, all of us. You have every other Blanke Schande woman to support you."

Hyacinth, feeling tears coming again, got up and turned to give Wendy a full-body hug. And now the scraping of chairs as the others got up too, forming a great big hug of bare female flesh with Hyacinth at the center. It felt so good, the warmth of another woman's naked skin against yours. Below, bare toes slowly rubbed against each other. Though none of the roommates had any lesbian tendencies, they enjoyed lying against each other on the same bed while watching TV or just talking or relaxing, skin against skin, as if the others' bare bodies were the only clothing they were allowed.

A clearing of the throat and Wendy disengaged herself. It was a guy with a pleasant face and wild black hair, dressed in a flannel shirt, jeans, and hiking boots. Not only his gender but his clothes set him apart, made him an alien being in this lair of naked females.

"Hank, you got finished?" Wendy said.

"Yeah. I'm done with the registrar. We can go back north. Not," he said, blushing, "like I'm in a hurry. I can come back later."

"No -- wait. This is my boyfriend," Wendy said, going over to him and kissing him on the cheek. He lazily put his arm around her, his hand curling around her hip bone. "He's also -- really something." She playfully bit his ear and grabbed his crotch.

"Ow," he said. "Careful, I'm still sore."

"You two must pork each other a lot," Jessie said, deliberately being playfully crude, feeling herself on the same wavelength as Wendy. The best thing right now for Hyacinth, seeing a man who was civilized and friendly.

"This lady will kill me," Hank said. "Four times a day. And my tongue is alwayth thore," he said with a lisp, causing Kristin to giggle.

"I love cock climbing, I mean rock climbing," Wendy joked.

"How can you -- live up there where it's cold?" Hyacinth said. "And I don't see how you can rock climb with bare feet. My feet are" -- she looked down -- "always chewed up just from the cobblestones."

Wendy, keeping her contact with Hank, stretched her foot out and put it on the table. "You just need some more conditioning. I can walk on anything by now. Go ahead, feel it."

Hyacinth hesitated but then felt Wendy's sole with her thumb. It was thick and tough, almost like the pads on dog's foot. Wendy spread her toes and Hyacinth saw that they were tough too.

After a moment of saying nothing, Wendy looked at Hyacinth and said, "Why don't we get Hank to ask you to present. As practice."

"Just what I was thinking," Jessie said.

Hank was so likeable and nonthreatening that after a moment of thinking Hyacinth couldn't help but agree. "How about a voluntary presenting," Jessie said. It was an exercise they had done in the erotocize class. By now Hyacinth knew the drill. But in front of a guy!

Hyacinth went ahead gamely. She was in the middle of friends and just couldn't let them down. Up on the table she went, on her back, as Hank took his place in front of her. The others gathered around as if they were other guys, though their nakedness rather upset that illusion.

Heels up against her butt, the girl spread her legs slowly and forced herself to look right at Hank. She had memorized the words. "Th - this is my vagina," she said, placing her hands on the inside of her thighs to frame it. She closed her eyes and took a breath to gather her strength. Now, she opened her legs further and reached down to open up her lower lips. "Go ahead, look inside me." Hank, after a quick glance at Wendy, decided to get into the role and leaned forward, even saying, "Open up more, please."

Hyacinth pushed forward and up so that her pussy was almost in Hank's face. She stretched her pussy lips apart more and did that thing with her stomach muscles from the class. "C - can you see up in there?" Hank nodded.

"This is my clitoris," Hyacinth said, stretching up the top of her pussy and delicately grabbing the little fleshy structure and pulling it out. She had never done that before taking those classes, in fact she probably wouldn't have known how. But like all the female students she had become intimately familiar, through the use of mirrors and looking up into each other during the classes, with each little part of her lower regions. She tugged on the little clit a couple of times, and the flush in her cheeks and the short quickening of breath were not things she could control. Hank had two sensations, one of wanting to take over and lick her pussy, the other a twang of pain in his tongue from remembering his labors in trying to satisfy his girlfriend, who liked to be licked several times a day, often in public or near-public locations.

Hyacinth stretched out the clit to a maximum. "Is this O.K.?" she said with a little gasp. Hank nodded. Now was when Hyacinth really hesitated. Now was the icky part. She froze.

"Go ahead," Jessie prodded.

Slowly Hyacinth got up and turned over on all fours, a quick and graceful motion that had been taught and practiced in class. "Voluntary Presenting" and all its motions were looked on as a necessary part of any Blanke Schande female's education, though nobody ever did it in "real life", presenting themselves only upon request, and maybe only Jacqueline Leontieff ever presented using the exact V.P. protocol.

Hyacinth's face burned as she stuck her butt up toward Hank. Now her hands nervously grasped each cheek and began to pull. Bad memories were coming thick and fast now but she consciously tried to suppress them. She knew her anal area was clean -- every girl was sure to clean there thoroughly in the shower, and before going out to meet a guy every girl was sure to show her private parts to her roommate to ask "Am I all clean down there?" -- but it was still horrid to display her most disgusting, private region to a guy. It was so unfair. Guys could wear clothes all the time, and not only did the girls have to be naked, they had to show all they had, every inch, every hole!

The sound of Hank's throat clearing reminded her that his was a friendly presence, which made it not too bad. She continued with practiced words. "This is my anus." She spread her cheeks apart more and then, most difficult of all, turned her head around to look her observer in the eye. "Go ahead, you can look closer. My anus is always very clean."

Hank looked at Hyacinth and Hyacinth looked at Hank from poles apart. The girl's eyes only partly hid the bottomless well of shame she was experiencing. This was the worst thing for any Blanke Schande female, the eye contact during anal presentment. In a tiny voice she said, "Is this O.K.?"

Hank smiled. "Yes, thank you."

Hyacinth released her butt cheeks and brought her hands forward to cover her face. "Oh God," she said, half in relief, half in tears. But now with an increasing feeling of satisfaction at having passed a difficult test. "Good job Hy!" Jessie said as the nude females gathered around and took turns kissing the teary face. Getting her energy back, Hyacinth sat up and found herself in the middle of another group hug of female skin, interrupted now by the intrusion of scraping clothes and a hug from Hank.

. . . .

It was breezy and a little chilly, at least by Southern California standards, when the four roommates gathered together at the benches outside the Student Union after dinner, snacking on chips. A crowded place this time of day, gaggles of clothed males and naked females sitting at tables mostly with each other, though there were several "integrated" tables at which clothed and naked sat together.

And now Wendy and Hank, hand in hand. Hyacinth braced herself. The planned moment had arrived. Hank, still holding Wendy's hand, walked over to Hyacinth and said, "Excuse me, you are very pretty."

"Thank you." she replied, feeling the blush on her breasts, her nipples stiff in the chilly air.

After a measured moment, Hank said, "Please present to me."

It wasn't the protocol, Hyacinth didn't describe her attributes, but the smooth concrete of the table felt rather nice on her bare back as she got up and spread her legs. Guys gathered around, no doubt having heard about this freshman girl's earlier freakout and wondering what would happen this time. She braved the stares, opened her pussy, fished out her clit and tugged on it. And now she flipped over.

She could feel every tiny breeze on her sphincter, every face on campus seemed to be looking at her as she turned and faced her observer. And there was her psychology professor, puffing on his pipe. And God knows who else. But then she looked over at Wendy, the rugged naked rock climber, who had to present too when asked, and yet was strong and confident and seemed like she could conquer anything. Maybe some of that rubbed off on Hyacinth just then. She was certainly feeling shame. But there was also the feeling that just maybe, she would be able to survive the rigors of Blanke Schande College after all.