**Keiko - Naked in School**

by base212assm

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STOP! If you are under 18 years old, please do not continue further. Your time will come soon enough. Enjoy an innocent life while you can. Your own writings will be much better for it later in life.

**Keiko - Naked in School, Monday**

I had a plan. I'm not saying a very good plan, but a plan nonetheless.

Over the school's public address system I heard, "Keiko, Keiko Wilson. Please report to the Nurse's station."

My pencil made a thunderous sound hitting the floor. The classroom

was empty except for Mr. Dennison and myself. I looked at Mr. Dennison with horror across my face. We both heard some laughter from the class across the hallway.

I asked with my voice breaking, "What... What do they want me for?"

Mr. Dennison looked as surprised, "Keiko, I think we both know. Why don't you take your things and hurry along. Delaying this just won't make it any easier."

I rose from my desk clutching my book and notebook in front of my chest. I held my trembling expression until I made it to the hallway. My smile exploded as I left Mr. Dennison's classroom.

Step number one complete. I could not have planned it this well. Mr.

Dennison and the other students accepted the announcement as part of

The Program. Me, Keiko Wilson, in The Program! No one would have thought it possible. But they accepted it as fact. I realized I needed to hold my happiness for later. Tonight. Not in school. I even had to hold myself from dashing to the Nurse's station.

The Program started last Fall. It was quite controversial when introduced. Afterall, how would the majority of people react to the plan of having high school students attending their classes nude. Not everyone. Just one female and one male from each year. Did everyone forget this rule? Apparently so. Or they simply were accepting the rules changing again this year. With any new program, there are plenty of problems to work.

My parents were quite vocal protesting the new policy, but due to their contract at the university, they could not pull me from public schooling. Liberals had forced all associate professors to enroll their children in public school. My father honors his agreements. He signed this agreement before he knew The Program was coming.

This week, my father and mother were on their Spring Break visiting an out of town university. They both hope to land a professorship as far away from this town as possible. I was planning on attending Princeton in the Fall. My father was trying to get me a better scholarship and internship. I still did not know for certain which University I would be attending.

Nurse Magee was only a couple years out of college. She always wore a long white nurse's dress with white hose and shoes. She was quite friendly with all the students, and I suspect many of the boys who had regularly felt ill were playing sick simply to see Nurse Magee.

She never pretended to notice all the attention she received from the boys and male teachers. She is beautiful, but she never tried to looked glamorous.

As I entered her nurse's room, I fought a smile. I was now like the males cutting class to see Nurse Magee. Step Two of my plan was more difficult. I had to get Nurse Magee to keep a secret. First, she would have to believe me, and I had already lied to her.

Nurse Magee looked up as I entered her little office, "Oh, Keiko. Right. The prescription cream, right?" I nodded fearing my voice would fail me. As she opened the locked cabinet, she said, "Why don't you get ready and sit on the table?" Placing my books on a chair, I sat on the examination table. Nurse Magee looked quite surprised seeing me sitting on the table. "Keiko, I cannot apply the cream with you like that."

I managed a barely audible, "huh?"

Nurse Magee looked quite puzzled, "How does your mother apply the cream?"

I wished I had done my homework on this cream. I forgot in all my other planning. Thinking as fast as I could, I said, "Oh, I usually apply it myself."

Nurse Magee cited as though she was reading, "No student is allowed to self administer prescription drugs. A qualified medical personnel shall administer all prescriptions, when available. Lacking such medical personnel, two administration personnel shall be present when prescription drugs are taken." She added, "Perhaps, you'd prefer me calling some of the office workers down for you."

I saw my plan unraveling and I had to stop it quickly. "No. No. You can apply the cream. Just tell me what you want me to do."

Nurse Magee said, "Well, for starters, it would help if you removed your clothing. I don't want to get any of the cream on your pretty outfit."

Oh this was too perfect! I jumped up and began to strip. As I folded my my skirt and blouse on top of my notebook, I wondered, 'What was this prescription?' I turned around wearing just my plain white bra and panties.

Nurse Magee smiled, "Keiko, I think you'll have to take something else off." I fumbled with my bra clasp and felt a tingle as the cotton cups pulled from my breasts. Nurse Magee didn't sound happy, "Okay, Keiko, let's hurry along with this. Remove your panties so I can apply this vaginal cream."

Vaginal cream!

I should introduce you to two of my closest friends. My left brain and my right brain. My left brain was turning cartwheels, but my right brain was scolding me and her sister, 'I wanted to do an internet search, but someone had other things to do!'

As I pulled off my panties, I kicked my sandals under the chair. My only clothing were two hair pins holding my hair in a top knot/bun.

Sitting on the exam table felt uncomfortable. I thought, 'Don't the

suppliers of these paper sheets ever go to the doctors themselves?'

Nurse Magee motioned for me to lay back reminding me I might feel a

little tingle at first. Oh, if she only knew! I couldn't bare to

watch her. I first felt the rubber of her free gloved hand spread my

labia open slightly. Then the coolness of the cream ringed my vagina.

With every swipe she seemed to penetrate a little deeper. I bit my

palm, 'Did she know what she was doing to me?'

Nurse Magee finally said, "You can get dressed now."

I meekly asked, "Do I have to right now?"

Nurse Magee spun around, "I suppose it might be better it you didn't

wear your panties. Would that be a problem for you?"

Still nude on her table, I asked, "Can I tell you something that you

promise not to tell anyone?"

Nurse Magee stated, "Whatever you tell me is strictly confidential. I

won't tell a soul. I promise."

I blurted out, "I don't want to wear my panties!"

She smiled, "That's fine, dear, you don't have to. I just told you

that. It probably would be best to allow the cream to get a little

air under your skirt for a little while."

I couldn't let her see my face, "I don't want to wear my skirt

either."

Nurse Magee knew me well. So, she didn't imagine what my statement

really meant. "Keiko, unless you have some pants in your notebook, I

don't know what else you can wear."

I stood up and walked towards the chair holding my clothes. I spun

around before my nerve was lost, "But I don't have to wear the skirt,

right?"

Nurse Magee was puzzled and had no idea what I meant, "Keiko, you

cannot remain in my office all day. You have to attend classes. In

fact, your next class will be starting in a few minutes."

I repeated her words, "So, I cannot remain in your office."

She was a perfect straight man for my ploy, "That is correct, you

must leave for your next class."

I said, "If you insist."

She insisted.

When she turned her back to drop the rubber gloves in the

wastebasket, I swung open the door and literally leaped into the

hallway. I was nude in the hallway of my school. Just then the bell

rung, and the hallway filled with students.

Nurse Magee was racing towards me. I told her, "You insisted. AND you

promised."

I think Nurse Magee finally understood, "I did." I allowed myself to

smile to her hiding my face from my fellow classmates who were

speechless at the sight of my body in full display.

Step Two went better than planned. But Step Three came all too

quickly. The hallway was filled with my fellow classmates. They all

were staring at me, afterall, I was nude! I didn't even have a chance

to react to this new experience. Amy Cartwright was racing down the

hallway to me. She gave me a big hug. I didn't return it. Hugging

another nude female would be too strange, especially with the crowd

gathered around us.

Mr. Harrison, the Principal, announced detention for anyone late for

their next class. The crowd dispersed. I was frozen to the hallway

tile. "Keiko? What are you doing?" Mr. Harrison asked. Fortunately,

the hallway was emptied.

I explained, "I thought I would gain a new experience."

He frowned, "I don't think your parents would approve."

I attempted to sound confident, "Oh no, you are wrong. My mother and

father are always encouraging me to try new things. In fact, they

left this decision to me." Not quite a lie, not quite the truth. I

thought I was busted when he asked me to his office.

Mr. Harrison fumbled around on his computer. He barely knew the on-

off switch. I saw him unplug it once before I showed him the little

button to press. I finally asked, "What file are you looking for?" I

knew his hard drive better then he did. As an office helper, I've

often had access to his computer. He wanted The Program database.

I reached over his arm to press a few keys. As I did I felt my

breasts skim across his suit coat. Oh my, my left brain may have

swooned, but fortunately my right brain was in control trying to

retrieve the requested database.

He paused a long time without a word. I was almost ready to confess

everything. I'd be totally embarrassed if the students heard about my

blatant nudity. I wanted them all to think I was forced to strip by

the rules of The Program. Nurse Magee knew the truth, and of course,

Mr. Harrison knew I was not on this week's list either.

The principal tapped a few keys on his computer. As he read some of

the highlights of my "permanent" record, he didn't look pleased.

Finally, he turned towards me and asked simply, "Why?"

I explained how my parents were out of town. After several months of

watching others gain from their experience, I knew I needed to join

The Program myself as my father would never have permitted me to

join. This was my sole chance to learn something about myself.

Mr. Harrison smiled for a short second. It was short lived, however,

"Miss Keiko, your father has refused you entry in The Program. I

cannot permit you to continue."

This was my worst fear. Strip and allow the school to see me nude,

then be forced to wear my clothing again. I would be a two-time

failure. I felt like crying, but I managed to hold my composure.

"Please, Mr. Harrison, I voluntarily stripped. I'm not IN The

Program. I'm just not wearing clothing. Isn't this allowed?"

The man looked pained as he said, "I cannot allow a minor to

disregard her parents expressed declarations. While I believe The

Program was intended for ladies like yourself, your father thinks

differently. The parents have the final say in the matter over a

minor."

Suddenly it all became clear; I smiled broadly. Mr. Harrison's look

was astonishment by my abrupt change in attitude. I savored the

moment, "Look at my personal record again, please." He was quite

puzzled as he scrolled up and down through the file. Finally, I

suggested, "Date of Birth."

As soon as he read the information he burst out laughing. He realized

the meaning. I had just turned eighteen but two weeks ago. I was no

longer considered a minor.

Mr. Harrison had me sign a new form to accept The Program fully. He

explained, "The lawyers like us to have this consent form. You can

sign it for yourself."

I quickly signed the paper without reading it. Mr. Harrison demanded

I read the ever word and ask any question I might have. I only asked,

"Does anyone have to tell my parents what I'm doing this week at

school?" He shook his head indicating it was MY signature on the

official form, not my father's name.

I promised Mr. Harrison I would fully follow the rules of The Program

this week. Mr. Harrison stated, "Miss Keiko, you are in The Program,

but you still haven't been selected for participation. You can only

be selected by random draw. You wrote this random name program for me

at the beginning of the school year. You will have to alter this

program of yours to allow your name to be drawn. I'll step out of the

office for a few minutes. When I get back, if your name is appearing

with the others, I'll chalk the double entries to a programming

error. Are we clear?"

I beamed, "Absolutely clear, sir."

We both rose, and I hurried to switch position with him. In my haste,

I bumped into him. What a strange feeling, too. His suit jacket

almost felt like silk against my bare breast and arm. I knew I had to

remember to hug more well suited men this week!

I quickly altered the software that I had written to randomly select

the students to be stripped for The Program each week. I also took

the time to correct the database - Keiko.K.Wilson.status :=

Volunteer.

As Mr. Harrison returned to the office, I proudly selected the option

for one female senior - the screen showed, 'Amy Cartwright Keiko

Wilson.' I giggled as I said, "Oops! the software picked two

students this time."

Mr. Harrison smiled, "Well, I guess we'll just have to live with two

then. Now, hurry off to your next class."

The women in the office all stopped working as I left. Maggie shouted

out, "Keep your head up, Keiko! You can do it!" What she didn't know

was I DID IT to myself. Hopefully, only Nurse Magee and Mr. Harrison

would know my secret.

Walking down the hallway by myself and only myself was strange. No

books, no shoes, no clothes! I managed to regain a somber expression

before entering my Spanish class. Senor Franks was surprised to see

me nude as was the rest of the class. No one said a word. So I

finally spoke, "Mr. Harrison called me into his office."

"Por favor, en espanola, Senorita Keiko," my Spanish teacher

insisted.

"Senor Harrison me llamo' en su oficina," I replied.

As is the case for most students in The Program, the teachers called

on them for extra attention. Senor Franks was no exception. He

decided I was to read the dialogue for the class. He called on Victor

to read the boy part. I was flipping the pages of a borrowed textbook

as Victor walked forward. I'll admit I always had a crush on Victor.

But I never knew how to attract his attention. Certainly, today he

would notice me!

When I started the dialogue, I looked at Victor to gauge his

expression of standing next me, a nude me! Both sides of my brain

shutdown instantly. Victor was nude too! How could I have forgotten

hearing his name called this morning! I was speechless. Victor is

gorgeous! He is a state wrestling champion in his weight class, and

he could have easily taken another weight division, but he allowed

another student to compete who had a chance to make the finals. This

is Victor - always trying to help someone else, and today was no

different. Victor leaned towards me and gave me the first line of the

dialogue.

I've had Spanish since the seventh grade, and Victor's grandparents

were Mexican. We both managed to breeze through the dialogue once my

right brain managed to convince my left side to shut up - she kept

screaming, 'We're naked! Victor is naked!' We knew this, she didn't

need to tell us.

As we finished the dialogue, the bell rang. Victor asked, "You're

going to the office next period, right?" I was stunned. Victor Gomes

knew MY schedule! He added, "I'm going to the gym. Do you mind if we

walk together?"

Mind? I practically blurted, "No. I might like the company."

I wasn't prepared for the hallway filled with students. The less

mature students had made a tradition of groping the newly nude

students in the hallways. I squealed when someone pinched me. Victor

responded instantly. In a blur, he had Bob Freschetti pinned against

the lockers. Bob Freschetti is not a small man either. Well, he was

small in one department, but not in height and weight. Still Victor

effortlessly had Bob Freschetti feet dangling a few inches off the

ground.

Bob Freschetti was talking fast, "It was just a joke, Vic. Sorry

amigo!"

Victor dropped Bob Freschetti like a garbage bag. Bob Freschetti

regained his feet as Victor pulled me along the hallway to a very

silent crowd. Everyone knew both Victor and Bob Freschetti could be

in big trouble if someone ratted on them. Fighting is a zero-

tolerance suspension.

I managed to thank Victor for coming to my rescue. He turned to me

and said, "Keiko, I know this is more difficult for you than me.

Well, probably more difficult for you than anyone else in school.

Don't worry. I'll be here if you need anything."

A white knight for me? My left brain screamed, 'Hug and kiss the

man!' My right brain replied, 'He's NAKED!' The left side laughed,

'EXACTLY!' Unfortunately, Victor didn't wait for me to stop debating

my own brain. He was gone.

I walked into the front office. All the workers were waiting for me.

They all hugged me. While nice and supportive, I regretted not

grabbing Victor and planting a kiss on him moments ago. The ladies

in the front office barely associated with the other students. Only a

few volunteered for office work during their study breaks. Most found

the office work boring. I spent all fifty-five minutes telling the

ladies about my 'embarrassment of being stripped nude.' They were

confident I could manage my week at school without clothes. They

reminded me of how even some of the meekest students had survived

their time.

When the bell rang, I hurried towards the cafeteria. The gym was

across the hallway. I waited for Victor to emerge.

"Keiko?" I heard his voice behind me. I had forgotten he had to use

the girl's locker room during his week. Then my right brain reminded

me, 'We have gym last period.' My left brain was doing somersaults,

'We'll be in the boys locker room - FINALLY!' My right brain

reminded us, 'Actually, we aren't officially in The Program. Should

we really shower with the boys?' My left brain answered, 'Certainly.

We don't want to let anyone to know we set this all up, right,

Right?' Right brain knew what a humiliation it would be to be found

out now. We agreed to go.

"Keiko?" Victor repeated.

I came out of the left-right brain debate, "Oh, sorry Victor. I was

just thinking about something."

He smiled, "How about we sit together for lunch? We can talk about

what's on your mind."

Victor stated, "I see you forgot your purse. Can I buy your apple for

you?" As he glanced towards his wallet on the cafeteria tray. I

smiled unable to speak for Victor knew what I ate for lunch, too. He

has been noticing ME!. I nodded like a silly school girl. Okay, I AM

a silly school girl, but I AM also a woman who signed her first legal

contract a couple of hours ago.

As I entered the dining area while Victor grabbed his plastic spork,

a group of guys approach me. "What do we have here? The little

Chinese Princess without her satin robe?" I was ready to run for

cover. I knew they wanted to do some really nasty things. I could

hear it in their voices. "Payback for messing the grading curves over

all these years," I was told.

Victor pushed through this mob with his lunch tray. He spoke up, "If

you wish to speak to Miss Keiko, you'll have to ask politely. I was

enjoying her company, and it was quite rude of you to interrupt. You

should have asked me if you could disturb us."

Bob Freschetti froze. When he finally regained his composure, he

said, "Vic, you might be as strong as an ox, but you cannot take all

of us. They'll deport you."

I was scared. I didn't want to start a fight. I definitely didn't

want Victor to get into trouble either.

Of course, my hero, Victor said the perfect thing to Freschetti, "I

don't need to take all of you. All I need to do is place you in an

arm lock and snap your shoulder from its socket. These guys can do

whatever they like to me afterwards because they won't be able to

stop me before your shoulder pops."

Bob Freschetti stare into the shorter Victor's eyes promising, "Not

today. Maybe tomorrow or the next day. But I'll be ready and you

won't." Then the thug and his pack left us alone.

I reached over and touched Victor's bare shoulder, "Thank you. I'm

sorry if I caused all this trouble for you. You were kind to defend

me."

Victor turned and smiled, "Keiko, don't worry about me. I'll be fine.

If I may, I'd like to sit with you during lunch all this week." I

blushed as I nodded my head unable to speak, again.

As Victor and I chose a table a bit from the other students, I

finally noticed the other commotion happening across the cafeteria.

Then popping out of the crowd was Amy Cartwright. She was doing

cartwheels for the crowd. When she spotted Victor and I eating

together. She came running over to us.

She was talking to us long before she reached us, "Isn't being nude

great! I mean, total freedom. I only wished I was picked earlier. My

mother wouldn't let me go nude until I was selected. I wondered why

it took them so long to pick me. Wow! Keiko, I never expected you to

be in The Program. I mean your father and all." Before I could utter

a word, Amy continued without stopping for air, "And double WOW!

Victor. I should have been a regular to your wrestling matching. But

I always thought the wrestling on TV looked so stupid. How about you

guys, are you loving being nude as much as me?" Then without waiting

for a reply, she turned and yelled to her audience, "I'm on my way."

She left our table without either Victor nor I getting one word in

the conversation. Amy was repeating her cartwheels back to the crowd.

I looked at Victor, and we both started laughing.

I wanted to tell Victor the truth, but I couldn't. I waited for him

to speak first. He did, "Well, I'm not that happy about being nude in

school. Actually, it isn't that big of deal to me. My wrestling

tights reveal most of me anyhow."

What Victor may not have know was I never missed one of his home

matches. Little Miss Helpful always volunteered to collect money for

the tickets and quietly watched the matches from all but hidden

table.

I smiled, "I guess Amy missed your wrasslin' with The Rock for the

state championship." Victor laughed. I blushed, again.

We talked about all sorts of things, except nudity. The fact we were

seated without clothes didn't seem to matter. I lusted for Victor in

my dreams, but I knew I was now falling for him. And what? We hadn't

even talked that much before today. I was too shy or horny or both. I

felt myself melting into his brown eyes. Barely awaken by the bell.

Don't ask me about Physics. Left brain, right brain, and I were still

mentally in the cafeteria with Victor. When the class ended, I came

out of my dream. I was standing in front of the class. On the chalk

board was a crude drawing of a nude female with what only can be

described as a suspension bridge holding her breasts up. Mr. Royer

broke my dazed expression, "Thank you Miss Keiko for the

demonstration. We will need you to model the apparatus of the various

teams later this week." My puzzled expression spoke for itself, "The

Designing a Support Bra assignment. You were paying attention weren't

you?" I groaned at the thought, but hurried to my next class.

I ran right pass Bob Freschetti and his mob. They didn't say a word.

I noticed them staring, and I must have been a sight, too. Running

with my breasts bouncing up and down. Being only half-Japanese, the

Scottish side of my father had left me adequately endowed. Not large,

not small, a B-cup. But at the moment, a bouncing B-cup!

English class with Mr. Zank was not going to be easy. We were

reading Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Zank always had the students act out

the readings in class. I knew, he would delight in having me be

Juliet. He always picked on any student who was in The Program. Male

or female, it didn't seem to matter to Mr. Zank. I knew his game too.

He would ask for volunteers to be the actors, but he wouldn't let a

naked students not volunteer for a lead role.

When Mr. Zank asked for volunteers for playing Juliet, I have no idea

how my hand went above my head. My left brain denied doing it. My

right brain finally confessed aloud, "At least I get to kill myself

in the end."

The class laughed. Mr. Zank smiled and thanked me for stepping into a

lead role. The surprise he gave us all after all the parts were

assigned, "While I won't be trying to put on a production after just

a week, we will hold the readings in the auditorium." He then

motioned for the class to rise and follow him.

I really attempted to concentrate on my readings. Shakespeare is

delightful reading, but trying to speak his old English with ease is

quite difficult. Mr. Zank insisted each line be spoken quite loud and

clear.

My line was interrupted by the PA system: "Keiko, Miss Keiko Wilson,

please report to the nurse's station immediately."

For some reason I had forgotten about my semi-daily 'treatments.' I

was relieved to get off this stage. It made my nudity a bit much for

my first day in the spotlight.

Nurse Magee was slipping on a rudder glove as I entered her office.

She didn't say a word as I sat on the table spreading my legs apart.

The cool cream was applied in silence. But even as she fingered the

insides of my vagina, the cream started to warm, no, to burn! Reflex

caused my hands to grab hers. I explained the cream was burning. She

looked a bit surprised, but mentioned that once the cream started to

work, I wouldn't feel a thing. I wondered exactly what sort of

concoction I made last night in haste.

I had to stand at the front desk waiting for a secretary to fill out

a late pass. I mentioned I was heading to gym for the final period.

As I turned to leave, she called out, "Keiko, remember you should use

the boy's locker room this week."

My right brain spoke to me, 'Oh my, we almost forgot about that rule,

didn't we?' My left brain was jumping up and down, 'Not me! We GET to

shower with the guys afterwards!'

I was late enough to gym that all the guys were already dressed in

their shorts and tee shirts and exercising. I gave Miss Taylor my

late slip. She is the girls' basketball coach and only female gym

teacher.

Miss Taylor spoke, "Usually I get an official notice from Mr.

Harrison about the ladies in The Program. Strange, I had to ask him

this week."

I offered a plausible explanation, "I think this week was the first

time two females from the same class were selected. Maybe he forgot

to send out both notices."

She replied, "No, he seemed quite surprised when I asked him this

morning after hearing the names on the PA system. I asked him whether

I should send you to the boys' class. He simply said, 'I'll leave it

to your judgment.'"

Miss Taylor finally decided, "I think it would be better for you to

join the boys this week. Maybe they will be more used to you, and you

to them, before you all shower."

I reported to Mr. Burns, a.k.a. Coach. What he coached was a mystery.

Although he preferred to be called Coach.

We were running track. Fortunately, Coach took a little pity on me.

He suggested I run on the inside of the track on the grass since I

was bare foot. He even gave me a head start on the guys. I decided I

might show some of these guys I could run with the big dogs, too. So,

off I ran.

"Tweet! Go get her guys!" Coach told twenty horny guys. I ran for my

life! I ran for nearly the whole period. I was exhausted when Coach

told us to hit the showers. After running to keep these guys away

from me, I now had to shower with them!

I keep my hair pinned up during school, and even in the shower - the

girls' shower. One guy, who I didn't know by name, asked me to let

down my hair for the shower. I did. The few guys not sporting

erections already, sprang forward when I pulled the pins.

My hair is long. It stops just shy of my butt. It is often a pain to

have long hair, but I did like my hair long, even if my mother and

father hadn't insisted on me keeping it long, I probably would have

kept it long myself. As I showered, a few guys were stroking their

erections. I had seen a few guys get 'relief' in classes, but the

sight of several guys masturbating while watching me was VERY

exciting. I managed to clean myself between my legs VERY quickly.

They didn't need to know how excited their sight was to me.

Coach asked me to gather the towels thrown about the locker room

before leaving school for the day. As I did, the entire Men's' Track

and Field team entered the locker room. Coach also asked me place a

stack of clean towels on each of the benches. A few of the guys were

halfway through changing into their track uniforms, and they were

quite embarrassed by seeing me walking around their locker room. As

I pinned my hair back up, I decided seeing the track team get dressed

was a simple reward for me after having the entire school seeing me

nude for the day.

I started to walk down the hallway towards the Main office near South

exit. Amy Cartwright stopped me. She said, "Keiko, you are silly. Our

clothes are at the other end of the building."

I said, "Oh, that's right. The girls' clothing is at the South side

of the building."

Just as I feared, since I wasn't actually in The Program

legitimately, my clothes were not in the box. Amy hadn't put on her

clothes yet so she offered to go back inside with me to the Main

Office for my clothing. I feared she would hear how I lied about

being selected for The Program. Fortunately, or unfortunately as it

may have been, the Main Office was already closed and locked. I

stopped by the nurse's station and it was also closed. Mr. Harrison

was on his way out when Amy called to him.

The Principal said, "Sorry, Keiko, I think Nurse Magee left a little

early today. Is there anything I can do for you?" I asked if he would

open the nurse's station for me to retrieve my stuff. He said,

"Sorry, that is the one room I do not have access. Nurse Magee should

be in early tomorrow." With that, he left. He left me standing in the

hallway nude without any means to get dressed.

Amy, of course, saw things differently, "Oh, you are lucky. My mother

probably will force me to get dressed on the ride home. Do you want a

ride?"

The thought of walking home frightened me. My bicycle was locked in

the racks, and the key was in my purse. Not that I could have ridden

my bike home nude. I don't think I would have survived.

"Thanks, Amy. Will your mother mind?" I asked.

Amy said, "Actually, I don't know if it will be Mom or Davy."

Davy, or David, is Amy's older brother. He was home for Spring Break.

Amy mentioned that David drove her to school this morning. Usually

her mother did the chauffeuring. Imagine my relief seeing Mrs.

Cartwright and her minivan pull up to the school.

Amy asked her mother, "Mom, Keiko needs a ride, do you mind?"

Mrs. Cartwright barely batted an eye at her nude daughter standing on

the curb. But when she saw I was as nude as Amy, her eyes grew wide,

"Keiko? How did you get into The Program? I never imagine your father

signing those papers."

Amy had the perfect answer, "Oh, he probably never submitted the

papers in some sort of protest. He is always protesting something.

Isn't he, Keiko?" I didn't really answer her when I nodded. Climbing

into the minivan, I apparently was giving the few guys still

lingering around the school's exit quite a show based on their

applause. Amy waved out the window to them.

--------------

Amy and I live next door to each other. Our parents never quite got

along, and so Amy and I never hung out together. By most accounts, we

could not be more different. Amy is quite outgoing, and her new

exhibitionism in school was welcomed. I was reserved and quiet. My

exhibitionism was portrayed as unwelcomed, although I had planned it

all.

The ride home was filled with Amy accounts of her day. I pretended to

be completely embarrassed by the day's events. I wrapped my arms

around my breasts, and gave one word answers to the few questions

asked of me.

Mrs. Cartwright pulled the minivan in their driveway. I thanked her

for the ride and raced to my back door. The door was of course

locked. The spare key wasn't under the stone Buddha either. I had

used it Saturday night and forgot to replace it during all my

planning.

Nude and locked out of my own house, I walked next door to the

Cartwrights to explain my problem. I wanted a locksmith, but Mrs.

Cartwright warned me they cost a couple of hundred dollars. I had no

way to pay that much money. Mrs. Cartwright simply insisted I stay

with them for dinner and the night. I could reclaim my purse at

school the next day. I promised to repay them for the food. Mrs.

Cartwright smiled but declined the offer.

I realized I had no homework for the first time in weeks. Amy needed

help in her trigonometry. I gave her a pretty good lesson, for she

finally could work the problems with ease before we were called to

set the table for dinner.

I was leaning over table to place the silverware, when the back door

opened, and a loud, "WOW! What an ass!" reverberated through the

house.

Mrs. Cartwright immediately scolded Amy's older brother, "David

Michael Cartwright! That is YOUR sister and our house guest. Now

apologize to the girls."

Davy could not help but to stare at my body as he talked sounding

very apologetic, "Amy, Keiko. I'm sorry for my crude remark. You both

are beautiful ladies." Amy held her arms crossed tapping her foot.

Davy finally broke his stare of my breasts turning towards his mother

in a tired tone of voice, "How was that, Mom?"

Mrs. Cartwright turned to us, "Do you accept his apology, Keiko?"

Davy was my childhood crush. I would watch him cut their grass in the

summer from my bedroom window. He was just one year older than Amy

and me. Probably due to the relationship our parents had, and Davy

having a sister my own age, he simply teased me. Our relationship

didn't exist. I finally uttered, "Apology accepted."

Amy wasn't pleased, "It wasn't like he meant a word of it." She

resumed placing the dishes on the table. I kept my head lowered but

still looking at Davy look at me. I saw him smile broadly as he

walked from the room.

Shortly afterwards, deja vous all over again... Mr. Cartwright

entered his house, "Damn! What an ass!" Mrs. Cartwright whirled

around as her husband squeezed her buttocks. It wasn't until they

ended their passionate kiss that Mr. Cartwright even noticed his

daughter and next door neighbor were nude. He simply smiled and

offered his surprise, but added we were both quite beautiful young

ladies. Amazing how father and son could mouth nearly the same words

but sound so different.

Dinner would have been strange no matter that I was nude, as was Amy.

The Cartwrights simply dive into their meals. Food was passed in all

directions. Four different conversations occurred simultaneously. I

was completely out of place trying to answer all the questions tossed

in my direction. I explained how my parents were gone this week, and

how I managed to lock myself out of the house. They soon placed me at

ease, assuring me that I was a welcomed guest for the evening.

Amy finally blurted, "I want to go to the mall tonight. Everyone else

gets all sort of free stuff for being nude."

My shocked expression was misconstrued. Mrs. Cartwright suggested it

would be rude to leave me at home. I meekly offered, "Actually, I

HAVE to go to the mall tonight. I'm suppose to work tonight." I had

not planned this event. My plans were to be dressed LEAVING school.

Amy was too excited, "Perfect! We can drive you to the mall to work,

and I can shop!"

I stuttered, "I.. I.. can't go to work like this."

Amy thought it was perfect, "Keiko, we'll get all this free stuff

from all the stores. Doesn't your store give things away? Which store

do you work at, anyhow?" She grimaced when I mentioned Vincent's

Antique Books. She summed it up in only a way only Amy could, "You

sell used books?" I couldn't help but to giggle. Most teenagers

didn't know Vincent's shop existed. I'm sure Vincent wouldn't like

his place being called an used book store.

Mr. Cartwright didn't like the idea of his daughter parading around

the mall 'begging' for hand-outs. He was ready to forbid Amy from

even going to the mall nude. I was pleased, until Amy argued back. I

was mostly shocked that she could use her tone of voice to her

father, especially given the tone of his voice. In my house, this

simply was not done.

Amy said, "When I got you to sign The Program papers, we agreed that

when I was selected, I could go all day, not just at school or in our

home. Besides ALL the other kids go naked."

Strangely, Amy managed to bargain with her parents. They agreed to

let her go to the mall, but she wasn't to ask for anything for free.

She was to charge her purchases, and they would pay the bills.

I finally broke my silence, "Um, even if Amy is going nude, I don't

have to go nude, too, do I? Can't I borrow something to wear?" Mrs.

Cartwright looked sympathetic towards me, but she thought it would be

best if Amy and I decided for ourselves after dinner.

I helped cleared the table to Amy's dismay, and I talked with Mrs.

Cartwright about being reluctant to go to the mall in my condition -

nude! While she insisted it was more my call than hers, she

encouraged me to accept it and enjoy my freedom. I might have been

begging for something to wear when I learned the Cartwrights have one

ironclad rule. Amy couldn't wear any of her mother's clothing. Mrs.

Cartwright felt it would be best if I borrowed clothing from Amy.

Amy wasn't even listening to my pleas for something to wear. She was

proud to be nude, and she felt I needed to learn to be proud, too. I

finally even asked Davy for something to wear. He laughed. His

clothing would have been way too large. Besides, most of his stuff

was at college.

Davy was elected to drive Amy and me to the mall. I pulled my legs to

my chest as we drove the few miles to the mall. Amy was hanging out

the window waving at everyone along the way.

--------------

The mall had taken a totally new atmosphere since the start of The

Program. Several teenagers were shopping nude. At first it was just

those in The Program, but once word got out about the free stuff,

more and more stripped down. At times it was really comical,

especially just before Christmas. I saw more adult women shopping

nude to get more gifts. This was often to the dismay of their

children. A few were not happy with their mothers parading around

nude for gifts, but a few were really upset when their mothers

insisted they too went nude for the free stuff.

When all this nudity started, Vincent had me paint a sign, "No

discount for no clothing." We had few naked people the store

afterwards.

Amy tagged along with me to see the 'Used Book Store' so she would

know where to find me at closing. I managed to walk through the mall,

but my feet froze a few yards short of Vincent's shop. Amy pulled me

along as I looked down at my naked body.

Vincent greeted us, "Sorry girls. No discount for no clothing. Didn't

you see the sign?" I looked up. Vincent's expression made me think my

plans were all a silly school girl's dream. "Keiko? But how?"

Amy replied to him as I couldn't speak. She explained The Program and

how we both were selected today. Then she promised to return before

closing, adding, "Maybe, I'll find a book to read here." She had no

idea the books started at several hundred dollars.

I was scared. I was alone with Vincent, and I was nude. What was he

thinking of me? Finally, he just said, "Well, Keiko, I guess this is

this. You should sign-in. Then I need you find the first edition of

the Last of Mohicans. I couldn't sell it this morning, because I

couldn't find it."

I smiled, "Vincent, you had me arrange all the books by the Library

of Congress catalog numbers. Didn't you look it up on the computer?"

Vincent is even worst than my principal when it comes to the

computer. Rather than search on the computer for the number, he

searched the print-out he insisted I made.

I went into the back of the store to sign-in, no time clock, no

checking, I simply logged my hours and Vincent tallied them at the

end of the week. He always rounded my hours up. I knew exactly where

the book was located, but I decided it was time for another computer

lesson for Vincent. He patiently tried to understand the simple

commands. I even wrote them down AGAIN. I then escorted Vincent to

the racks. I pulled the ladder to the right section, and without

thinking twice, I climbed the ladder with Vincent standing below. I

simply kept explaining everything I was doing. When I pulled the

book, I glanced down to Vincent. His mouth was wide open. I realized

the view I was giving him. I hurried down the rungs in total

embarrassment. I couldn't face him as I hide my face while hiding

behind the counter.

I think Vincent was as embarrassed as I was. He finally thanked me

for retrieving the book. He suggested that my nudity was something

difficult for him to get used to seeing. HIM! I realized, he was

right. I wasn't the only one to be embarrassed. Soon we were laughing

about it. I reminded him of one customer who insists on holding the

ladder whenever I climb up. We both suddenly realized why, and those

times were with me wearing full panties.

As Vincent placed the phone call to the customer who requested The

Last of the Mohicans, I took the time to look through this classic.

James Fenimore Cooper told an excellent tale, and I made a mental

note to borrow it from the library.

We had one customer all evening - the one to purchase The Last of the

Mohicans. His eyes were transfixed on the book. I'm not even certain

he noticed the girl wrapping his treasure was nude. His eyes were

completely on the book.

Vincent took his usual break after I convinced him I would be fine

alone and nude in the mall. I reminded him of the mall Security. He

asked one of the guards to keep an eye on me while he ate dinner. The

guard was a bit creepy. He kept leaning over the counter to get a

better look. All day long, I get ogled, but the one to creep me is a

uniformed guard. I was happy to see Vincent return. The guard didn't

leave for several minutes, but his walkie-talkie summoned him.

As soon as he left, Amy bounced into the store. No bags, no

purchases. She was simply spending the evening in the mall to be

seen. When she spotted the guard leering at me, she placed an

anonymous call to the mall security about a potential shop lifter.

Vincent apologized for making me feel uncomfortable. I was fine,

really I was. I just didn't enjoy the guards stares. I never felt

threatened. In fact, I didn't tell them I had some jujitsu training.

Since I had repeatedly begged Vincent to decorate the front windows,

he finally offered me my chance. He handed me $100 from his money

clip, and told me to buy the supplies I would need.

Amy was nearly as excited as I was. She wanted to help. I couldn't

say no. I thought I'd enjoy her company shopping for supplies. As we

walked down the mall, I explained my vision for the store front - the

Mystic Powers of Books. She reduced it to "Oh, a Harry P0tter thing,

right?" Not exactly, but she didn't need it explained.

The first store we entered was the fabric store. The ladies were

quite helpful, although it didn't occur to them I wasn't making a

dress. I suppose I couldn't blame them. Two naked girls buying

material - what else would they do with a bolt of fabric? That is

when I realized I was nude, again. I was so excited about getting to

decorate the window, I had forgotten I was nude. My left brain

snickered, she knew, but she wasn't letting it out for fear my right

brain would have us run out of the mall screaming!

The drug store had all the other supplies I needed. I spent less than

$25. My biggest problem was where to put the change. No pockets!

Left brain had a nasty thought about hiding the change, but right

brain noted the unclean coins. I interjected to myself, 'If they were

clean, Ms. Right Brain would you have agreed? You are suppose to keep

us OUT of trouble.'

By the time we returned to Vincent's, it was nearly closing time.

Vincent suggest we get started tomorrow. Amy called her mother to

drive us home. I smiled knowing my own parents would never have done

so. When I got this job, they made it clear, they would not be my

taxi service. So in nice weather I rode my bike; otherwise, I rode

the bus. The thought of riding the public bus nude wasn't something I

wanted to experience. At least not on my first day.

Perhaps I should have expected something like this. Afterall, my

parents didn't think much of the Cartwrights. Mrs. Cartwright pulled

her minivan to the curb. She was topless. Amy was excited, but Amy

demanded her mother shed her pants as well. Right in the drive at the

curb, Mrs. Cartwright finished disrobing. I could never imagine my

mother doing the same thing. Amy and her mother embraced and told how

much they loved each other.

Inside their home, I mentioned I'd like to take a shower. Amy pulled

me passed her parents who were kissing passionately again! Amy said,

"Come on, I don't want to see this." I thought it was romantic, but I

imagined Amy didn't want to imagine where it may lead.

Amy retrieved some towels and escorted me to the bathroom. She

started the shower and gave me my choice of shampoo. I was tempted to

read the labels, but my left brain spoke, "Your hair always smells

nice. Which one do you use?" Amy beamed a smile at the words I wished

had not come from my own mouth. She tossed the tube of shampoo to

the floor and handed me the bottle. I pulled the two pins from my

hair and shook my head causing my hair to tumble down from its

topknot.

Amy gasped, "Keiko, you have beautiful hair. Why do you pin it up all

the time?" I didn't have a reason, I just did. That was how I always

wore it. Amy lift and release a large lock of my hair allowing it to

feather out. She smiled at the sight. Somewhat embarrassed, I

retreated to the shower. To my surprise, Amy followed. "We don't want

to use all the hot water. I think my parents will be showering

tonight, too."

The shower stall was tight for two. After thoroughly soaking

ourselves. Amy poured a large amount of fragrant shampoo in her hand.

When she handed the bottle to me, I thought I was going to get some

shampoo for myself, but with my hands occupied, Amy started to lather

my hair! I was startled, but her touch was so gentle. Sometimes, my

mother washed my hair, although not recently. My mother washed it

more like she was washing a dog. Hard and fast. Amy was slow and

deliberate. After thoroughly lathering my hair, she declared it was

her turn. I rinsed a few suds from my face, and I started to shampoo

Amy's curly hair. Her hair was more golden than blonde. With her hair

wet, the curls extended far below their normal shoulder length. to

the touch, her hair was completely different from my own. Different,

but still beautiful and a pleasure to run my fingers through. We

rinsed and repeated the shampooing.

Rather than bar soap, Amy used some sort of lotion. When I hesitated

to smear the lotion across my breasts, Amy did it for me. If I had a

place to jump back, I would have done so. The tight quarters offered

no retreat. Amy turned around and asked me to clean her back. As I

almost finished spreading the lotion on her spotless back, she spun

around. My hand was holding her breast. I pulled back immediately.

Amy simply smiled. I insisted I clean my lower torso, but Amy helped

when I bent over. She gently caressed my rear.

After the shower stopped giving hot water, we raced out of the stall.

Amy immediately started to dry MY hair as I dried my body. She

continued to drip water on the tile. Once I was finished, Amy took

another towel and wrapped my long hair carefully. Amy handed me a

towel and asked me to dry her. I assumed she wanted me to dry her

hair as she had done for me. But no, she started to dry her own hair.

I was left to dry her body. She even spread her legs to give me more

access. My left brain wanted to say, 'Oh, you are pretty from down

here, too.' My right brain had managed to gag her sister brain from

actually saying this. I remained silent.

With a huge pile of wet towels on the wet floor, Amy suggested we

slip downstairs for a some ice cream. I simply followed. We heard

moans coming from Amy's parents room, Amy pulled me along, "Don't

even think about what their doing. Geez, they are almost forty and

they still do IT! Gross."

I finally spoke, "I think it is romantic."

Amy covered her ears, "I don't want to hear that!"

We laughed as we walked to the kitchen. As we scooped the ice cream

into two bowls and poured a unhealthy amount of chocolate syrup over

them, Davy returned home. He wasn't alone. His old buddy was with

him.

Amy turned around and said, "If you guys want some ice cream you'll

have to get your own." I was shocked that Davy would bring a stranger

into his house knowing his sister would be nude - and of course

doubly so, knowing I would be nude, too.

Davy's friend was stunned at the sight. While I felt mortified, I

realized, this guy was probably seeing his first naked females - Amy

and ME! I managed to act as bold as Amy. We left everything on the

counter and raced back to her room with our bowls of chocolate, er,

ice cream.

Amy and I talked, rather Amy did a lot of talking. I listened a lot.

She was so excited about finally being picked for The Program. She

had everything planned out from early in the school year. What she

would do, what she would not do. Some girls allowed the boys to

finger their pussies; others allowed the boys to stick their

erections partially into their pussies; and rumors abounded that some

girls openly had sex. Amy had decided she would allow the guys one at

a time to touch her, but she didn't see any reason to let them go

further.

I, of course, heard the same rumors. The rumors started early too.

One girl was supposedly gang banged by five, ten, or more guys

depending on who was telling the story. I couldn't imagine allowing

even one guy to do that to me. Well, okay, one guy - Victor. Amy

teased me a little about being in love with Victor. I tried to deny

it, but I admitted to her that I did like Victor a little.

With our hair dried, Mrs. Cartwright knocked on the door to 'ask' Amy

to clean up the bathroom and kitchen before going to bed. Amy

resisted, but I also insisted on cleaning up since the mess was half

mine. I offered to clean the bathroom, if Amy cleaned the kitchen.

She screamed, "DEAL!" as she leaped down the stairs. I wondered if

Davy and his friend were still down there.

No. Davy was upstairs getting ready to use the shower. I was on my

knees mopping the water with the dirty towels when Davy entered the

bathroom. "Thanks, Keiko. Amy is such a slob." I spun around,

afterall, I was presenting a rather rude appearance to him.

Davy was wearing just a towel, and from the looks of things, his

erection was soon going to pull the tucked end of his towel loose. I

hurried in my cleaning. Davy simply stepped in the shower and tossed

his towel half over the door. I don't know how long I was staring

through the frosted glass door, but Amy startled me urging me to call

it quits and come to bed. I did so reluctantly.

Amy only has one twin bed. I suggested it might be better if I slept

on the sofa. Amy slipped all the way over and motioned there was

plenty of room for the two of us. I decided I was too tired to insist

on making a bed downstairs. I pulled my hair over my right shoulder

as I laid down on my right side. Amy pulled the covers up over us.

Her fingers tickled as they slipped down my side and back under the

sheets.

**Keiko - Naked in School, Wednesday**

I awoke confused. I realized I was in Amy's bedroom, but my mind

was trying to determine what my back was feeling. A gentle snore

informed me it was Amy. During her sleep she must have moved

across the bed. I was barely on the bed. Her entire body was

touching mine. I feared pulling away, for I knew I would drop from

the bed. I soon realized she had her right arm across my waist,

too. I gently managed to free myself without falling or waking

Amy.

I was standing nude in Amy's bedroom. I looked at Amy still

asleep, still nude. I smiled. Her gentle snore was cute. She was

cute. Ever since I was standing nude in the school's hallway, Amy

has been there to support me. She thought being nude was

wonderful. She had always wanted to participate in The Program. It

took me months before I fantasized being nude in school. Even then

it was just a fantasy. Months more before, I really wanted to be

in The Program; however, my parents forbade my participation. My

father lead the opposition to The Program. The vast majority of

parents had decided this was a unique way of getting us all more

accepting of each other. Nothing to hide. I agreed. I decided to

take the opportunity of my parents leaving town for the week to

"join" The Program. My plan was already derailed. I was locked

out of my house. Amy Cartwright and her family took me in their

house without question. I smiled at a new friend I had in Amy.

My morning routine was demanding attention. My bladder made

herself known. I hurried down the hallway. The bathroom door was

ajar, and I pushed it wide open. Davy, Amy's older brother home

from college, was standing in front of the toilet as nude as I

was. Our eyes locked for several seconds, both of us quite

surprised to see the other. His eyes started to wander down my

nude body. My eyes dropped to see him holding his penis. He had

ample opportunities the night before to see every inch of me, but

this was my first time to see him nude. Tall and lean, he was

attractive. His penis curved upwards as I stared.

"Damnit, Keiko! I can't piss with this erection."

I managed to apologized, "Sorry, Davy, I didn't know you were in

here. I'll wait outside until you are finished."

Davy replied, "You might as well use the toilet until I can relax

enough to piss."

Davy stepped back from the toilet making no effort to hide his

erection from me. As we switched places, I stood by the toilet

waiting for him to leave. He didn't. He simply leaned against the

vanity.

Davy said, "Well? Are you going to use the toilet or not?"

I was shocked, "Aren't you going to wait outside?"

"No. I was pissing just fine until you interrupted me. I think it

is only fair for you to see what it is like."

My bladder overrode the pleas of my right and left brain

suggesting debating points. I sat down and started to pee. Davy's

eyes widened as I relieved myself. When I realized his right hand

was stroking himself, my right brain thought, 'GROSS! He likes to

see someone peeing.' My left brain thought, 'But he likes seeing

us pee!' My bladder finally said, 'Done. Let's get out of here.'

I wasn't even down the hall when I heard Davy moan loudly. Having

witnessed a few boys at school get relief, I knew he climaxed.

Back in Amy's room, Amy was awake, but barely so. She smiled as

she greeted me, "Good morning Keiko. I thought yesterday was a

beautiful dream, but seeing you tells me it really did happen.

Didn't it?" I confirmed it had. We were nude since first period

yesterday. Nude all day at school. Nude at dinner. Nude at the

mall where I had to work. I tried to frown as I explained my

dismay by the events. Amy smiled broadly, "Nude in the shower.

Nude in bed. It was wonderful. Wasn't it?"

Amy suddenly sprang from bed. Pulling me downstairs, she

explained, "Mom will be making pancakes this morning. She

promised." But Mrs. Cartwright wasn't in the kitchen. I suggested

we could make the pancakes rather than wake her mother. I felt

like I needed to return the several favors the Cartwrights had

done for me.

Amy had no idea how to make pancakes. She also knew very little

about where anything was in the kitchen. I found the ingredients

and started to mix them in a large bowl. I tried to explain to Amy

how to grease the griddle, but she clearly had never cooked. She

was amazed I knew. I was amazed she didn't.

By the time we had the first batch off the griddle, the rest of

the household was awake. Mr. Cartwright and Davy wore just pajama

bottoms. Mrs. Cartwright was wearing the matching top to her

husband's bottoms. She attempted to take over the cooking, but I

assured her I could handle it as I flipped a couple of cakes on a

plate for her to eat. Everyone really enjoyed the pancakes too. I

didn't think much of them. I missed my family's favorite brands of

ingredients.

Mrs. Cartwright mentioned, "These are fantastic Keiko. I didn't

think we had enough batter left."

I replied, "Left? I made the batter."

She looked shocked, "You didn't use the ready-made batter in the

carton?" It seems Amy lack of kitchen knowledge was due to her

mother using prepared food stocks. "Keiko, you are a wonderful

cook." I was tempted to mention that my mother taught me

everything, but I refrained. My parents weren't favorite people of

the Cartwrights, and I thought it was cruel to mention my own

teachings at home in lieu of Amy's home lessons. I simply thanked

her.

I finally suggested, "I should cook something for you tonight!

Would you like that?" I was pleased I thought of a way to thank

them all for their kindness. I refused to let them decline, too.

Everyone seemed happy. Well, maybe not Amy when I suggested she

could help me cook tonight.

Mr. Cartwright reminded us of the time, and Amy and I hurried back

upstairs to get ready for school. I really expected Amy to dress

for school, but she reminded me she would simply have to undress

outside once we arrived. She added, "Besides, you don't have

anything to wear. So I'll go nude like my friend!" I blushed at

her calling me her friend. I liked the thought. Only I had hoped

she would dress so I might be able to borrow something to wear for

the walk to school.

Amy laughed, "Walk? We'll get Davy or Mom to drive us."

After brushing our hair and teeth, we really didn't need to do

much else. Amy did brush her pubic hair asking me if it looked

pretty. I barely glanced down at her bush as I said it looked

fine.

Amy sighed, "Yours looks wonderful. My blonde hair is barely

visible, but your black hair is amazing. How did you trim it to

look like that anyhow?"

I was shocked, "I didn't! It just grows that way."

Amy was quite puzzled, "Really? I have to shave mine all the time

to keep it pretty." I openly stared down at her pubic hairs. She

did have them neatly groomed. I could tell exactly where she had

shaved the triangle back. My own bush was naturally narrow.

Just as we were leaving the bathroom, Amy slipped a little. "Yuck!

What is that stuff?" I grimaced knowing it was Davy's excitement

over watching me pee earlier. 'Yuck!' wasn't yucky enough to

describe my feelings.

Mrs. Cartwright was just finishing loading the dishwasher when Amy

asked who was driving us to school. The mother simply said she

would be ready in a few minutes. We could get in the minivan and

wait for her. Amy bounced outside swinging her book bag around in

circles. I couldn't decide whether I wanted to be outside nude in

the daylight or not. Left brain kept saying, 'WooHoo!' Right brain

kept saying, 'This wasn't the plan at all.' Left brain won the

battle of the feet, but right brain won the battle of emotions.

Just as I approached the minivan, Victor came running by wearing

just his jogging shorts and running shoes. When he spotted Amy and

me, he stopped to greet us good morning. I was embarrassed to be

seen nude outside of school by Victor. I cannot explain why. I

spent a good portion of the day nude with him. In fact, he was as

naked as I. Today, however, he was clothed no matter how briefly.

I think he sensed my discomfort, "Keiko, I'll see you after first

period. I have to hurry along now."

I blurted out, "You could ride with us." He declined wanting the

exercise. I frowned a little and mentioned I would see in Senor

Frank's Spanish class.

As Victor started to jog off, he said, "I'll come by Mr.

Dennison's room right after first period. We could walk together

to Spanish. Okay?" He didn't wait for a reply. I think he knew I

would agree. Amy said he didn't want to give me a chance to turn

him down.

I told Amy, "I'm not sure I could turn Victor down for anything."

Amy beamed, "K-I-S-S-I-N-G, Keiko and Victor sitting in a tree..."

"Amy Sue Cartwright!" was all her mother had to say to stop the

grade school verse.

Amy hugged me whispering in my ear, "Sorry about that Keiko. I

shouldn't have made fun of you. I think you do like Victor, and I

know he likes you."

"Really? Victor likes me?" I asked her.

She pulled back slightly and nodded smiling. We hugged again. This

time I felt our breasts squeeze against each other. It felt odd

but nice.

Mrs. Cartwright said, "Okay girls, time to go to school." This is

when I realized Mrs. Cartwright was still 'dressed' in only the

pajama tops. Her bottom only partial hidden from view until she

bent as she climbed in the minivan.

As we drove past the North side of the school, I noticed a large

crowd of girls gathered around as Victor ran to the box. He had

his shorts off in seconds to the cheers of the girls. He

disappeared from my view as the girls encircled him. I felt a bit

jealous as we circled to the South entrance.

A mob of boys waited at our entrance. Just as we left the van, I

saw one girl nearly in tears as she began to disrobe. The boys

started to taunt her, too. I rushed to her side. I ignored the

comments. I had no idea who this girl was, but I felt sorry for

her. She started to cry on my shoulder. I told her to be bold.

Some of the boys were trying to make her feel bad. I insisted she

not let them win. She was better than them. She looked up through

her teary eyes, and she said, "Keiko, I don't know how you do

this. I thought you never could have done this. But hearing you so

bravely go through this, I'll try to be as brave as you." I used

my bare fingers trying to clean her mascara tears. As she finally

and completely disrobed, I used her own panties to clean her face.

The guys were not making this easy for us, but Amy came to the

rescue.

Amy shouted, "Hey guys! Wanna watch me do a cheer?" Amy had been

on the cheerleader squad for years, but this year she dropped it

before she had heard about The Program. She wanted to date more,

and the cheerleader advisor wouldn't allow Amy back on the squad

once she had a replacement. Amy's chance to cheer in the nude were

crushed. This was her opportunity. The guys immediately swarmed

around Amy performing high kicks and splits.

I snuck the slowly recovering girl in the school doors just as the

morning warning bell sounded ahead of the boys. Fortunately, the

normal morning gropes were lost to the mob.

I quickly made my way through the hallway to my first period

class. Mr. Dennison greeted me, "Good morning", and perhaps I too

cheerfully responded. He added, "I see you are already getting

used to the idea of being nude." I tried to express my displeasure

while accepting my condition. Mr. Dennison continued, "It looked

like you had no problem last night at the mall or this morning

either." I tried to explain everything while not letting him know

my secret of how I was naked by choice.

We talked for most of the period since my notebook and textbook

were still in the nurse's station. Just then, "Keiko, Keiko

Wilson, please report to the front office." I stood excusing

myself explaining I had to get my medicine from Nurse Magee.

Mr. Dennison, "Strange. They told you to report to the front

office, not to Nurse Magee." I was puzzled, too.

On my way to the front office, I passed the nurse's station. The

door was locked, and no light emerged from under the door. The

ladies working the front office greeted me by name. I asked where

Nurse Magee was this morning. I was told, she went home sick soon

after arriving. She had left my 'prescription' cream with the

front office.

Mrs. Brown, one of the office workers, asked me, "Can you apply

the cream yourself? Or would you prefer one of us do it for you?"

I decided I would do it myself. This may have been a mistake. I

was told to sit on the desk and apply the cream as two adults had

to watch. In fact, the entire office staff watched as I rubbed the

'vaginal' cream deep inside me. I still had no idea what this

concoction was. I had hastily mixed several creams the other

night. While cool at first touch, the cream soon heated. As I

rubbed the mixture around, I felt totally humiliated. Just then

Principal Harrison stepped in the office, "What is going on here?"

Mrs. Brown explained the situation with Nurse Magee absent. I

still had my fingers inside me as Mr. Harrison stared openly at

me. He knew this must have been part of my hoax pretending to be

in The Program. Only he, Nurse Magee, and myself knew this dark

secret of mine. If anyone else knew, I would probably be label a

slut in seconds. I couldn't bare to have that reputation. I saw

the time was nearly for the bell, so I quickly excused myself and

rushed to met Victor back in front of my math classroom.

While a few boys stood around me asking all sorts of embarrassing

questions, I worried someone would ask to finger my pussy. What

would he think since I've just finished applying a generous amount

of cream. Would he think that was my own juices? My right brain

nearly fainted at the thought. My left brain saved us - me. She

screamed inside me, 'Victor is coming!'

As soon as Victor pushed his way to the front of the crowd, the

crowd quickly broke apart. Victor apologized, "I'm sorry I was

late. I had some of those 'reasonable requests' myself." I broke

eye contact to see Victor's erection.

Jealousy was not my emotion. Outright rage! I had mixed thoughts,

'Who touched MY Victor? Did he enjoy them touching him? Would I

ever get to touch him?'

As we entered Senor Franks classroom, the teacher mentioned

Victor's growing problem, "Will you be needing relief?"

Victor insisted he would not, but Senor Franks wasn't about to

listen. He simply started to name some of the other girls who

Victor could ask to help. While I fumed at the thought of allowing

another girl to relieve MY Victor and my right brain tried to

rationalize the situation, my left brain volunteered! Everyone was

shocked, but no one more than myself. Victor accepted my offer.

I whispered to Victor, "Tell me how."

He simply set a rhythm by holding my hand on his erection. When I

started to pick up the rhythm, he let go of my hand to support

himself against the teacher's desk. I must admit I was complete in

awe at the sight, feel, and sounds. Once he climaxed, the odor was

surprising sweet to my senses. His erection softened slightly as I

continued to pump watching the last bit ooze from his penis.

Victor placed his hand on my to stop my motions. Victor helped me

to my feet whispering, "Thanks, Keiko, You did a wonderful job." I

smiled.

Senor Franks suggested I wash my hands across the hallway. I did

spend a little extra time alone in the restroom masturbating

myself until I realized I was using the same hand I had used on

Victor. Perhaps a silly schoolgirl thought, my right brain asked,

'Could we get pregnant this way?' Unfinished, I washed my hands

and returned to class. Victor was reading to the class. I entered

on cue. I stood right next to Victor reading the book he held. We

constantly brushed against each other. My nipples hardened as I

wondered if everyone could tell how much I enjoyed being next to

Victor, both of us nude.

Victor escorted me to the front office where I work on my study

break. Bob Freschetti stood momentarily in my way, but after a

quick look towards Victor, he moved to the side.

Victor said to me, "I'll meet you after this period for lunch,

okay?" This time, my right brain was telling me to accept, but my

more impulsive left brain planted a kiss on Victor's lips. We

raced away before sensing his reaction.

The ladies in the office had seen it all. They assured me Victor

was smiling as he left.

Part of my duties in helping out in the Front Office is to run

notes to and from the office and classrooms. Yesterday, I spent

most of the time simply talking with the ladies who were suppose

to be working. Today, it was back to business as usual, except I

was still nude. I was immediately handed a couple dozen notes for

various teachers and students throughout the school. I didn't even

consider this when I planned on my 'enrollment' in The Program.

The only thing that would have exposed me to more students and

teachers would be an assembly.

I often had to wait for the teachers to read and respond to the

notes. The entire time I had to stand nude in front of their

class. As part of The Program, I was also expected to submit to

'reasonable' requests. Most of these were simply questions. While

I waited for the responses, I was inundated with questions.

"Why did you always wear your hair up before today?" Just always

have.

"Why didn't you cut your hair short?" Just never did. I like it

long.

"Do all Chinese girls have black pubic hair?" I do not know. I'm

half Japanese, half Scottish.

"Do you shave my pubic hair?" No. It just grows that way.

"Do you shave my legs?" Yes, but it grows slowly.

"Do you enjoy being nude?" No. (No one said I had to tell the

truth!)

"What was the most embarrassing thing for you to do?" Sing.

Fortunately, no one asked to grope me. Many had already done that

to previous girls and the novelty had worn off, somewhat. Sure

there were still a few guys wanting to feel up every girl, but

they were fewer and fewer. The girls learned a valuable trick. We

could ask the nude guys to let us touch their penis. So many gals

would pump their erections and stop just before the guy received

any relief. The guy had to stagger down the hallways in a world of

pain and shame. One guy always seemed to be finishing himself off

as the final bell rang for the next class. He gain the reputation

as a constant masturbator. All the girls giggled. I never dared

joined their teasing, but I enjoyed the giggling. Just returns.

I finished my errands just before the period ended. So I was

excused a few minutes early to lunch. I walked to the girls locker

room remembering Victor would be showering with the girls as part

of his Program. I walked down the ramp and turned towards the

showers. I could have died right then. Six nude girls were

washing Victor! One gal, Marilyn, was kneeling in front of him

giving his genitals too much attention. When Victor spotted me

standing there watching he quickly persuaded the girls to stop.

Marilyn didn't look happy about it either.

He quickly dried himself, as his hair is very short, he barely

needed to wipe the towel once to completely dry.

He took my hand, and I soon found myself wrapping my arms behind

my back as Victor pulled me tight against him. We kissed. We

kissed passionately. I had never kissed anyone for more than a

quick smooch before this. This was a real kiss. We only stopped

when the bell rang. A few girls were standing and watching us,

forgetting to dress themselves. The punishment for not getting

dressed in the required time was that you had to spend the rest of

day with just the clothing you had on as the bell rang. Two gals

screamed realizing they had only a towel. The other three weren't

so lucky. I smiled. Marilyn had a reputation in school, but she

had never been selected for The Program. She was now going to be

nude for the rest of the day.

In the cafeteria, Victor and I sat together, closely together. We

snuck kisses in between taking bites of our lunch. There could

have been several hundred students in the cafeteria that day, I

knew of just one other - Victor.

Just as the bell rang, Amy bounced over to greet us, "Hey you

guys! I'm having a great day. How about you two?"

Victor answered for us, "Wonderful!"

Amy said, "I didn't think it could be better myself, then I saw

Marilyn running through the lunch room! She is such a slut. Sorry,

but she is." We smiled at Amy not telling what had happened.

Amy said, 'Oh, Keiko, my Mom will pick us up a little later today.

I promised the Photography Club I would pose for them. Oh, do you

want to model with me?" I declined knowing there was enough

evidence of my nudity in existence.

Victor walked me to Physics, and we kissed goodbye. If I had been

daydreaming yesterday in Physics, today, I was lost in another

world. The bell rang shaking me back to reality. What was I

wearing? I had ropes and strings all over my upper torso. What had

happened? Then I remembered, the Support Bra assignment. Silly for

me to be the model as my B-cups hardly needed additional support I

thought as I tried to untangle myself from the knots.

Mr. Zank was a little upset with me. I had forgotten we were

meeting in the auditorium. I was late after finding an empty

classroom. We continued to read Romeo and Juliet. Mr. Zank

insisted I act much more dramatic than the part called. But after

a little bit I started to enjoy it. That was until I was in bed

with Romeo. Mr. Zank insisted my Romeo strip before laying next to

me. Just as we started the debate of nightingales versus morning

larks, the PA system declared, "Keiko, Keiko Wilson, Please report

to the Front Office." Mr. Zank was quite upset as I made my exit

in haste.

Oh, in my delight to leave the stage, I had forgotten the reason.

I soon remembered as the ladies in the front office had clear the

counter for my afternoon 'vaginal' cream application. It wasn't a

real prescription. It was some concoction I made from several

different types of creams from my parents bathroom. The jar was a

discarded prescription my mother had used: Kim Wilson, but the

label simply read K. Wilson. The school never checked.

With Nurse Magee absent, two adults had to witness me taking the

prescription. I had several extra witnesses. I was told to ensure

I applied it liberally per the directions. I was two fingers deep

when Principal Harrison walked in the office. He stopped watched,

smiled, and continued along. Bob Freschetti was behind him. He

stared until the principal scolded him to hurry along.

My last class of the day was gym. Normally, I enjoy the exercise,

but yesterday I was running for my life. Well, maybe not

literally, but I was certain I was running to keep my virginity

intact. Today, Coach had us running the hurdles. Since only a few

can race at a time, I had an audience at each hurdle. I tried to

ignore their comments at my very unladylike hurdling position. To

add to my humiliation was the hurdles were much taller than the

girls hurdles. Hitting the hurdle hurt my bare feet. Clearing the

hurdle took everything I had. Legs spread wide. When I stumbled

halfway over the last hurdle, I hit the hurdle hard. I fell down.

My hands went to my crotch. It hurt. It hurt bad. Coach insisted

on inspecting for real damage. Everyone else got quite a view,

too!

Even though I was ready to walk it off, Coach insisted on having

some of the guys carry me to the bench. I was given a water soaked

towel to ease the pain. So I watched the remaining boys run while

I had a towel crammed between my legs. The towel was wet and some

of the cream concoction had oozed on it too. I quickly folded it

and hide it away. I imagined someone would think it was my own

juices.

Since I was feeling better, I was drafted in collecting the

hurdles with a couple of the guys. Everyone else hurried to the

showers. The bell rang, and I was alone to collect the remaining

hurdles. I was a complete mess as I finally walked back through

the gym. There were a few guys in the gym wrestling even thought

the season was over. I turned around and saw Victor.

I asked, "Why are you practicing by yourself?"

Victor smiled to melt my heart, "No guy will wrestle a nude guy."

I reminded him that the ancient Greco-Roman wrestlers did. I

jokingly suggested, "How about the best of two falls?" He

surprised me by agreeing. Both sides of my brain decided, 'Why

not?'

We playful circled each other. Victor darted really fast. I knew

he could toss me around like a rag doll. But he preferred to play.

When one of the guys noticed us, and called out, "Get her Victor!"

Victor lunged at me in a very unwrestling move. My jujitsu

training from years past simply reacted.

Wham! I had tossed Victor over my back! The guys immediately

started to hoot and holler. Victor was completely surprised, but

he rebounded instantly. Fortunately he was smiling. But that was

bad for me. I stopped wrestling to admire his smile. The next

thing I knew, Victor had me wrapped from behind. His arms locked

my arms against my torso. I've seen Victor wrestle enough to know

I could be kissing the mat hard in a split second. I squirmed but

he held tight, not hard, just tight. He wasn't trying to flatten

my face as he might a real wrestling competitor. The rest of the

guys in the gym were really cheering. I managed to wrap my foot

around his leg, and that is when I felt his groin firmly in my

crack. I must have turned three shades of red, yet Victor could

not tell my embarrassment. I don't think the guys realized what

was happening either.

Someone said something that distracted Victor. I had my foot

perfectly placed to toss him off balance. Unfortunately, I had no

way of controlling the fall. I'm certain Victor decided to roll us

so he would take the brunt of the fall. As he did, I managed to

spin around. Laying on top of him he realized I thought I might

actually have him pinned, but in the split second we were rolling

around on the mat. I had nothing to do with the decision of when

we would roll or which direction. Victor was in complete control.

I did managed to spin again. This time I was face down on the mat

with Victor laying lengthwise on me.

"TWEET! Victor Gomes get off that girl now! What the hell do you

think you are doing?" Coach was completely puzzled. Victor and I

were laying on the mat laughing.

I finally got up and ran to the showers. What was everyone

thinking? We were rolling around on the mat nude! Alone in the

showers, the boys showers, I managed to relieve my own sexual

tensions. Once I started, I knew no matter what I had to finish.

When I heard voices approaching, my legs buckled slightly.

Finally!

I met Amy outside just as her mother arrived. As we climbed in the

minivan, Amy kissed her mother and immediately started to relive

her day.

When I was asked how my day went, I decided to leave out the

details. After finishing my abbreviated day, I added, "Oh, Mrs,

Cartwright? Could we stop at the grocery store on the way home? I

wanted to get some things to fix dinner for you all."

She replied, "Keiko that really isn't necessary. I was thinking of

ordering a pizza tonight."

I exclaimed, "Oh, please let me make a pizza for you!"

Amy stated as fact, "Keiko, you don't make a pizza. You order a

pizza. Silly girl." Mrs. Cartwright and I started to laugh. Amy

was confused, "What's so funny?"

Mrs. Cartwright decided it was time for Amy to learn something

about cooking. She turned the van around to the grocery store.

In the parking lot, Mrs. Cartwright handed Amy a credit card and

reminded her to only purchase supplies for the pizza, no midnight

snacks. I asked, "Aren't you coming in with us? I don't know what

you might already have in your kitchen." I realized, not much,

after the pancake batter question this morning. Mrs. Cartwright

declined and told us to hurry along.

Then Amy reminded her mother, "Mom the grocery store has never

allowed me to use your card before. Remember last time?"

Mrs. Cartwright said, "Well, how about we do the pizza tomorrow

then?"

I wondered aloud what the problem was getting everything now. Amy

pointed to her mother's lap, "Mom is bottomless." I pulled myself

around to see that she was in fact just wearing a sleeveless

blouse.

I laughed reminding her, "Amy and I are stark naked!" I added a

bit of untruth, "If I can go inside nude, I would have thought you

could. Afterall, isn't Amy your daughter? Where does she get her

exhibitionism streak from anyhow?"

Together, mother and daughter replied, "Father." "Daddy."

Mrs. Cartwright finally decided she could go inside the grocery

store with us. Amy tried to get her mother to leave the blouse in

the van, but Mrs. Cartwright compromised by unbuttoning the

blouse. While I've seen a few ladies at the mall bare themselves,

I really looked at Mrs. Cartwright's breasts. I could not imagine

more perfect breasts. Her nipples pointed slightly upward. We had

every guy in the produce department tripping over themselves to

help us. An older woman was in shock as we purchased some seafood.

Amy wasn't happy about my selection of fish, but she accepted her

mother's decision to let me pick out whatever I needed. I did have

Amy help me pick the cheese. She didn't see how a big chunk of

chess would melt evenly across the pizza. You would have thought

three women could manage to carry two bags of groceries to the

car, but we had three bag boys fighting over who was going to help

out. Amy was delighted; Mrs. Cartwright was understanding; I was

amazed!

We pulled into the Cartwright's driveway just as Mr. Cartwright

step from his car. Amy raced to greet her father. He swung his

nude daughter around has they exchanged a tender kiss. Mrs.

Cartwright asked Amy to help me with the groceries, but her father

was having too much fun swinging her. Once Mr. Cartwright saw what

Mrs. Cartwright was wearing, not more exactly not wearing, he told

Amy to hurry along and help. As Amy's parents embraced, the blouse

was slipped from her shoulders and puddled at her feet. Amy told

me, "Come on, they are likely to be kissing out here for a long

time!"

I started to unpack the bags as Amy watched in complete wonder.

Amy had no idea where anything was in the kitchen. I managed to

find the cheese shredder and put Amy to work. She was in awe that

the thing worked! I had the flour and other ingredients for the

dough all mixed as Amy finished the last bit of cheese. We both

worked the dough. Amy and I were covered in a light dusting of

flour. While we waited for the dough to rise, we chopped the

onions, peppers, mushrooms, and tomatoes. I agreed to only place

the seafood bits on only half the pizza in case Amy didn't like

it.

After I stretched the dough over a pizza pan, I showed Amy how to

spread the tomato sauce with her fingers. Somewhere we got silly.

She started flicking the tomato sauce at me, and I returned it.

Amy then took her completely sauced-hand and cupped my breast. By

the time Amy's parents entered the house (had they been kissing

all this time?), Amy and I were covered. We quickly finished

preparing the pizza and popped it in the oven. Mrs. Cartwright

sent us up to shower before dinner.

I tied my hair up to avoid getting it wet as Amy got the water

running hot. Again, she insisted on showering together. We were

quite a mess, and we scrubbed each other clean. Amy insisted I

wash her since I was the one who got her dirty. I know I wasn't

the one who got tomato sauce through her pubic hair, but I was the

one cleaning it. Amy showed me the same intention, maybe more.

After the shower, we had a wonderful rub down of some nice

smelling lotion. Amy played with my long hair after I let it back

down. I liked her touch. I liked it a lot. I tried to imagine

Victor touching my hair like she was doing.

The pizza smelled great! We passed Davy entering the house at the

foot of the stairs. He took a whiff and looked quite puzzled. I

explained, "Pizza."

He said, "No, it's fishy." Looking at Amy and me, actually looking

low at Amy and me. I started to laugh.

I can't tell you how the seafood pizza tasted. The Cartwright

devoured that half of the pizza. The veggie side was terrific.

Davy offered to drive Amy and me to the mall. I had to work, and

Amy could not get enough of being seen nude in public. She also

wanted to help me with my store window. Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright

insisted us kids forget about cleaning up and enjoy the mall. On

the ride to the mall, Davy explained their parents meaning - they

were going to make love and they prefer us out of the house. Amy

simply said, 'Eew, don't say things like that!" I thought it was

romantic.

As we waited for a light to change, I mentioned how beautiful Mrs.

Cartwright's breasts looked. This time it was Davy, "Please don't

make me start thinking of my mother that way." Amy laughed. I

suppose it is strange to see your mother or father nude. I

probably never would know.

Amy came to Vincent's Antique Book Shop straight away. We cleaned

out the window box of its simple sign, and started trading some

ideas. Amy seemed to understand my 'Magic of Books' theme better.

Not Harry P0tter. We used some threads to suspend books as if they

were flying. Vincent made certain we used less expensive books,

but he still checked each one to ensure it wouldn't be damaged.

The window box barely held two people, but when Vincent came in,

we were packed. Vincent seemed to not mind being crushed by two

nude, young ladies. What I didn't realize was we attracted a small

audience standing outside the store. My right brain attempted to

count how many times I had bent over. My left brain seemed to have

the answer right away, 'Twenty-three! And you forgot to bend at

the knees!'

Vincent was quite pleased with the display, but we both knew our

customers probably would not even notice. No matter how good it

looked.

Victor gave Amy several dollars for helping. She sprinted down the

mall knowing exactly what she was going to buy.

I finally had a chance to explain to Vincent how Nurse Magee had

locked my clothes up again today. I still didn't have a chance to

find anything to wear. He said, "That's okay. I'm starting to get

used to you not wearing clothes." I shook my head wondering if he

had any idea that maybe I wasn't used to being seen nude! He

probably never thought of it in those terms. That's Vincent.

Amy returned an hour later. She was simply bubbly. I was up on the

ladder when she returned. I asked, "I though you were going to buy

something."

Amy insisted she had. "You need to come down here to see."

As I stepped down I could now see her pubic hair was neatly

trimmed and dyed pink! She insisted I look closer. When I finally

agreed, I saw a small piece of jewelry clipped to her clitoris. I

thought is was pierced, but Amy showed me it was just slipped on.

Vincent and I were watching Amy trying to clip the little jewelry

back in place. She was having a difficult time, too. Finally,

Vincent suggested I help her.

Kneeling in front of Amy, I had to figure out how the clip worked.

It took me a few minutes to finally get it secured. Vincent

excused himself. He left walking a little strange. Amy whispered

to me, "I think he enjoyed your show."

I asked, "What show?'

Amy informed me that men do like women touching each other. I

thought it strange.

At closing time, Davy found the store. He had no idea this place

was here. Hardly anyone did.

Amy showed off the window, as I helped Vincent close for the

evening.

Amy and I each grabbed one of Davy's arms as he escorted us to his

car. On the way, I asked, "Davy, I hope you don't mind me asking,

just say so if you do, but do you like seeing two women touching

each other?" The whole ride back I asked questions and Davy

answered. Back in the driveway, Davy just sat in the car as Amy

and I walked to the house.

Amy whispered, "I think you got him so horny he can't get out of

his car."

We giggled as we ran through the kitchen to the stairs. By the

way, the dishes were all still laying on the table, and no sign of

Mr. or Mrs. Cartwright.

Amy suggested we wash our hair again tonight. Afterall, we had

crawled around in a dusty window box for more than an hour.

This time we sat in the bathtub rather taking a shower. Sitting

with my back to Amy, she shampooed my hair with great care. The

shower wand felt wonderful as Amy would rinse the suds. I was in

heaven. When we switched places, Amy sat much closer to me, and

her wiggles caused her butt to rub against my pelvic bone. She

often leaned back pressing her back against my breasts. She was

enjoying her special treatment as well. When I declared her hair

done, she reminded me that we forgot to shampoo ALL of our hair.

I was puzzled, so she squeezed a small amount of shampoo into my

hand guided it to her pink pubic hair. I amazed myself as I

lathered the small bit of shampoo. It felt strange, but she felt

soft and wonderful. When Amy turned around to shampoo my pubic

hair, she did so kneeling on all fours. Well, on threes, her

fourth was massaging me into heaven. I finally decided to give in

and let her work her magic. Between my flushed face and smile, I

think Amy knew what she had accomplished. She smiled.

We dried each other thoroughly, and my right brain had to tell

Amy, "If you continue to dry me there, like that, I'll only be

getting wetter again." Amy started laughing. I've never talked

that way before, well, at least never aloud.

This time, I insisted we clean the bathroom before leaving. Even

though it was a little early, we decided to go to bed. Amy wrapped

the linen over us, and her arm and hand rested on my side and

stomach. She was laying right up against my back. Even though it

was a warm night, her body warmth felt wonderful. I remembered

Victor laying in much the same position earlier this afternoon. I

fell asleep unable to answer Amy's endless questions.

**Keiko - Naked in School, Wednesday**

I awoke with Amy draped across me. The linen covering us last

night was gone. Amy's body had kept me warm all night. I didn't

want to move. I felt completely confused. I wanted Victor. I

wanted Victor in the worse way. Yet I enjoyed the feel, sight,

smell, and sound of Amy laying so close. Yes, Amy's muffled snores

were endearing to me. I was confused, but I was enjoying whatever

it was I was feeling.

As Amy awoke, I laid quietly hoping she would just lay close and

wait for the alarm to sound. She didn't. Her hand traced itself

along my side. From my hip to my shoulder. She then fingered her

way down my upper arm. Where my elbow turned my forearm under my

head, Amy fingers wander from my arm to my breast. I was surprised

by her light brushing across my erect nipple, so sensitive to her

touch. When she realized I was now awake, Amy whispered a good

morning to me. I rolled back against her and returned the morning

greeting. This only caused her free hand to brush against my other

breast. As I didn't pull away, Amy cupped my breast and gave me a

light kiss.

My right brain must have still been asleep, there is no other

explanation. Left brain was in control. I returned her kiss a bit

more passionately then hers. This started us into a kissing

frenzy. I had heard of French kissing of course, but I had never

stuck my tongue into someone's mouth, nor theirs in mine.

Although, Victor and I might have gone further yesterday if time

had permitted. So, my first French kiss was with Amy. I liked it.

My left brain without any practice seemed to know what was

required. Amy soon was crawling on top of me. Her lips glued to

mine; her hands glued to my breasts; even her legs intertwined

mine with her thigh pressing slightly into my pelvic bone.

BRRRRRING! Amy slapped the alarm clock off the side table and

shouted, "Damn!"

The door swung open and Mrs. Cartwright said, "Okay you two

sleeping beauties, it's time to get ready for school." All I could

was smile at Amy. We crawled out of bed together.

We ran around this morning eating breakfast and brushing our

teeth. No time to fool around. I can't figure out why we were

running late. We were up at the first alarm. We didn't need any

time to dress. Afterall, I had no clothes, and Amy was certain to

not wear clothing until forced to do so. Even Mrs. Cartwright

might as well have been nude. Her sheer, short robe hid nothing,

and even if wasn't sheer, she had no belt or other means to close

it. Mr. Cartwright had spent most the morning hugging and kissing

his beautiful wife. I smiled as I watched Amy's parents still

passionately in love after all these years. I knew I wanted that

same feeling. Davy hadn't managed to come down for breakfast yet.

Mrs. Cartwright mentioned how he was out late last night.

Amy grabbed her book bag. I had nothing. I reminded myself to stop

at Nurse's Magee station first thing. I really needed to retrieve

my purse to get my house keys. The Cartwrights were so nice to

allow me to stay with them. They expected nothing in return, but I

felt obligated to find someway to repay them all.

Mrs. Cartwright told us to get in the minivan, and she would be

along shortly to drive us. A few minutes later, Mr. and Mrs.

Cartwright appeared together in the driveway. Mrs. Cartwright was

still dressed in her sheer robe. Just then Victor came jogging up

the street. I waved at him, and he came over to greet us. No

kiss. Just a wonderful smile and a good morning. Even though he

would be as nude as I was at school, Victor jogged wearing his

sneakers and shorts. Nothing else.

After Mrs. Cartwright gave her husband another kiss, she turned to

see Victor smiling at her. She said, "Oops! I probably ought not

drive to your school wearing this." Mr. Cartwright agreed and

slipped the robe from his wife's shoulders. She was smiling at her

husband simply 'helping' her with her request.

I asked Victor to ride with us, "If that would be okay with you

Mrs. Cartwright."

She smiled, "If he wants a ride, we seem to have strict dress code

this morning."

Victor wasted no time shedding his shorts to the driveway. Mrs.

Cartwright simply smiled and climbed in the minivan. Amy, Victor,

and I scrambled in as well. We all sat together in the middle

bench. Amy at the far window, me in the middle, and Victor to my

other side. I wrapped my arms over their shoulders and pulled them

closer, "Thanks. You all are making this week much easier for me.

Mrs. Cartwright can I cook dinner again tonight? And if possible

can Victor join us?"

What could she say as she looked in the rear view mirror seeing me

smile with my eyes pleading for her to accept. "Okay Keiko. Give

me a grocery list, and I'll get the food on my way home." Amy

opened a notebook and I wrote down all the things I would need for

a special recipe my mother had taught me.

Before Victor climbed out of the van at his entrance, he turned to

thank Mrs. Cartwright for the ride. He promised to walk me to

Spanish class. Then he leaned to kiss me. Left brain took control.

My tongue found his, but for a brief moment. He was smiling as he

backed out of the van never breaking eye contact with me. Mrs.

Cartwright mentioned how happy Victor and I looked after our kiss.

Amy piped up, "I think they were Frenching." Mrs. Cartwright

thought her daughter was a bit rude for saying this and asked her

to apologize to me.

I attempted to ease the situation by saying, "No. Amy was right. I

think maybe I've been having too many lessons lately."

Mrs. Cartwright didn't see me smiling at Amy. She said, "Oh, sorry

about Mr. Cartwright and me. I don't know what has gotten into us

lately." Amy and I started to laugh realizing her mother had no

idea.

Amy kissed her mother good-bye, and Mrs. Cartwright wished me a

good-day. I responding by giving her a light kiss full on the lips

before climbing out of the van to a LARGE crowd gathered at our

entrance.

The younger girl who was crying the day before was standing in her

bra and panties trying to delay the inevitable. She wasn't holding

up well to the jeers of the boys. I looked to Amy, and Amy knew

she was on stage, again! As Amy distracted the guys who admired

her pink pubic hair trim, I hurried to the girl's side. I then

realized why she was delaying. Most of the photography club was

there taking pictures of her strip tease. I simply unhook her bra,

and as she started to remove it, I pulled her panties to the

ground. She stepped from them, and we raced to the school doors.

For those distracted by Amy's impromptu cheers, they would have

the school's website to see me stripping this poor girl.

I saw Nurse Magee in the hallway across the court from the

offices. I called out to her, "Nurse Magee! I left my stuff in

your office Monday. I really need them. Can I get them after

school?" She assured me I could. Being seen carrying clothing

would mean the other students would know something was different

with my unexpected entrance to The Program. I couldn't bear to

think of what the other students would think of me spontaneously

joining The Program and stripping freely.

Mr. Dennison didn't seem to mind I didn't have my books. Rather

than me doing my independent study mathematics, we talked about

The Program. His own daughter Linda attended high school here. She

was a year behind me. She was on the cheerleader squad, and had

performed at numerous events nude already. However, Linda had

never been nude at home. I had seen Linda nude at the mall, but I

suspected Mr. Dennison knew nothing about her extracurricular

activities. Too many girls were getting free stuff from the stores

for simply being nude.

The PA system blurted, "Keiko, Keiko Wilson please report to the

front office."

Front office? I saw Nurse Magee earlier. Why to the Front Office

for my prescription? When I arrived the office, I heard some sad

news, Nurse Magee had to leave immediately after classes began.

Her father was rushed to the hospital. "Did Nurse Magee leave

anything for me?" I asked hoping she remembered my request and her

assurance. She hadn't. Too much was on her mind I suppose. My

hopes to reclaim my belongings today were crushed.

Now, I had to repeat my performance of applying the concoction I

made and placed in an empty prescription jar. I had no idea this

jar held some vaginal cream for my mother 'K. Wilson' for 'Kim'

Wilson. My own concoction always caused a tingling sensation as I

applied it. So again when my legs spread wide open to the office

staff. I rubbed the cream all around inside me. The school

custodian happened by the office just as I had two finger deep.

Principal Harrison noticed the custodian's stare and mentioned my

prescription. Yet the men didn't leave; they simply stared.

Feeling completely embarrassed and completely horny and completely

tingly, I managed to collect myself well enough to hurry back to

class before the next bell.

Victor was soon at the classroom door. While some of the other

boys sported constant erections, Victor seldom did. In fact, the

only time he sprang to attention was when we embraced. And

embraced we did, right outside of Senor Franks classroom. Victor

didn't disappoint me either. He was hard after we really kissed.

It seemed to me no one existed in the hallway. It didn't matter to

me one bit that Victor and I were nude in the school hallway

between classes. We were only people who existed in the world, and

our tongues were tying knots. When the bell rang, I sucked on

Victor's lower lip as we parted. Even though our audience was

clothed, it was clear several of the boys were sporting erections

as hard as Victor's own. Even Senor Franks seemed a bit distracted

by Victor's and my kiss.

One of the girls suggested to Senor Franks that Victor probably

needed some relief. I wasn't even halfway to my seat when I was

called back to the front of the class. Not that I knew what I was

doing, but left brain got into her spirit, and right brain managed

to sort things out well. Victor and I continued our kiss while I

stroked his erection. When Victor finally climaxed, I was soaking

wet from the inside and dripping from his semen. I asked

permission to clean up knowing I would try to relieve myself in

the bathroom while in private. It seems a few from the class asked

to clean themselves, too.

As per The Program policy, I had to use the boys restroom to wash.

Unfortunately, Victor was using the girls. There were three guys

joining me to clean themselves. They were at first embarrassed

that simply watching Victor and me kiss had made them climax, but

their embarrassment was short lived. Tom Thorton asked, "Keiko,

could I ask you to clean me?" Another suggested it was a

reasonable request. I felt trapped, but I managed to do as they

asked. John Koski had made a real mess in his shorts. I had to

strip off his pants and shorts before cleaning him. His erection

returned and I wonder if he would climax again so soon. I washed

his shorts in the sink, but we soon realized there was no way to

dry them off. John had to go back to class without wearing his

shorts. He was more frightened that I might pinch his erection, so

he zipped himself. He VERY carefully zipped his pants close.

After I cleaned up the restroom a bit, I returned to Senor Franks

class with John's wet shorts. I thought it would be funny, but

when I was told to just throw them in the trash, I saw a pair of

panties also quite wet in the barrel. Even Senor Franks laughed at

my expression of surprise. It seems Victor had some fun on his

side of the restroom, too.

Victor walked me to the Front Office after Spanish class. We

started to kiss, but Principal Harrison interrupted. He asked me

to help out down in the cafeteria. They were short handed and

requested some additional assistance. Mrs. Green, the head cook,

wasn't pleased the principal had sent a nude girl to help. Health

Codes barely allowed us to walk through the cafeteria lines, but

no way would they allow us to serve or prepare the food. So I was

forced to help unload a delivery truck.

The trucker driver just stood and watched us unload his truck. He

kept making comments every time I pass by him. They were all quite

rude and suggestive. He described what nasty things he would do if

we were alone. I realized, I really needed to be careful about

being alone until I could reclaim my clothing. I wished Victor was

there to protect me. Just as we emptied the truck, the driver

grabbed my butt and placed a hand across my breast. I dropped the

box I was carrying and caught his wrist. In total reflex action, I

had his arm twisted behind his back with him screaming for me to

let him go.

Principal Harrison realizing he made a mistake sending me to the

cafeteria, was racing towards the scene, "Max, get in your truck

and go. I'll be calling your probation officer. Any, and I mean

any, misstep will land you back in jail. got it?" I let go of his

arm, and the man scrambled for the towards the driver's door.

As the truck pulled away, Principal Harrison asked if I was

alright. He hadn't thought about all the problems with me working

in the cafeteria. Once he pieced together the situation, he raced

back down. It seems the truck driver had pulled something earlier.

I asked just how many girls would have to endure this convict's

actions? The principal nodded in agreement and promised to report

the incident immediately. I wondered how Max would explain his

re-incarceration: a nude girl threw me in an arm lock. I smiled

proudly.

As I walked towards the girls shower room, one gal suggested I

hurry inside. Marilyn was on her knees infront of Victor. Victor

was holding her head BACK. The other girls were either fleeing

from the shower or racing towards it.

I screamed, "Marilyn!" She turned and saw the anger in my eyes. We

started to argue. She thought it was a completely reasonable

request to give Victor a blowjob. Victor didn't think so. Neither

did I. We argued about it until the bell rang.

Marilyn shouted, "Shit! Now, I'm late! You kept me from getting

dressed on purpose!" I didn't plan it, but it was a pleasant

outcome. Marilyn would have to attend the afternoon classes nude,

again. teeteehee. For a girl who enjoyed giving guys, just about

any guy, oral sex, Marilyn didn't enjoy being stripped for

classes.

Victor was unusually quiet. We decided to skip lunch and talk. He

felt trapped by Marilyn. He didn't want to hurt her or her

feelings, but he didn't want her to give him his first blowjob

either. I stared in his eyes. We both blushed, if that is still

possible for two high school seniors not wearing clothing in the

courtyard. I leaned close to him and whispered, "Soon. I

promise." His penis reacted to the news immediately. I giggled,

"But now right now, okay?"

Victor was finally embarrassed to be nude. He hadn't shown much

lack of control, but now he was sporting a huge erection just at

my words.

Bob Freschetti and his pals must have been spying. They came from

no where. Bob challenged Victor, "I see the frigid boy and frigid

girl are thawing in the sunlight." Despite his erection, Victor

stood between me and Bob. Freschetti wasn't certain he wanted to

sure to tangle with Victor, but one of the football thugs pushed

Bob into Victor. My only thought was Victor would be suspended.

But out of no where, Tiny Tim tossed Bob Freschetti like a rag

doll to the cement. Tiny Tim then sat on Bob Freschetti. Tiny

place his entire 380 pound frame on Bob Freschetti. Tiny is the

school's unlimited weight class wrestler. Tiny sat on a screaming

Bob Freschetti. No one was about to tangle with Tiny. Not because

he was huge and could crush anyone in school, but because Tiny was

still eating a piece of chicken, and no one interrupts Tiny Tim

when he is eating. No one. But I did.

I leaned my little frame in to Tiny's arms and gave him a hug.

When I kissed his cheek, I could taste his chicken. Tiny Tim

blushed as he hugged me. I was so happy he had come to the rescue.

Principal Harrison saw Tiny and me hugging on top of the star

football player laying flat on the concrete. Clearly, the

principal understood the situation, but he didn't show it to the

fleeing football players. He said, "Timothy, are you done with

your demonstration to the football team?" Tiny smiled as he

suggested he wasn't finished with lunch yet. Tiny did roll off of

Bob, who scrambled and ran. Victor and I helped pull Tiny to his

feet. I wrapped my hands around Tiny's neck and pulled myself to

give him another kiss of thanks. He was beaming and offered me a

piece of chicken. I took a small wing and thanked him. The story

told around school wasn't how Tiny flattened Bob, not how the

other football ran away, not how a naked Keiko kissed and hugged

Tiny. No the story was Tiny gave away some food! I was honored,

and I still love Tiny for coming to our rescue.

In Physics, the class project to construct a support bra for me

was getting out of hand. Well, in hand, actually. The different

groups wanted to make their own weight measurements for their

calculations and strength analysis. Many of the guys thought they

could best estimate the weight of my breasts by feel. Mr. Royer

didn't discourage the practice either. He waited until everyone

had felt me up before suggesting a different method to produce

more accurate numbers. This class could not have ended too soon!

In English, Mr. Zank felt we needed to repeat the scene of Romeo

and Juilet laying in bed together. I was Juilet, and my Romeo was

again instructed to strip for the bed scene. His erection was all

too close to actually enacting the love scene. I managed to get

through the scene just fine. Mr. Zank didn't give Romeo a chance

to reclaim his clothing. We finished Act III, Scene V just as the

PA system announced, "Keiko, Keiko Wilson, please report to the

Front Office." Mr. Zank was quite unhappy, but it seemed a good

place to break for the day.

I didn't even look around the office as I climbed on the counter

and started to unscrew the jar's lid to my 'vaginal' cream

concoction. I just started applying the cream as the ladies

watched me. I started to think of Victor. I wish I hadn't. I

wasn't spreading the cream as much as I was masturbating in front

of the entire office staff. I finally stopped when I thought I

would stop breathing, but a moaned cleared the air to my lungs.

Principal Harrison was standing next to a man in a business suit.

Both men were staring with their mouths wide open. Their pants

were clearly unable to conceal their pleasures in watching me. I

thought I might hurry out, but the principal decided to introduce

the gentleman to me.

"Mr. Higgingbotham, this is Keiko Wilson." I knew that name from

somewhere I thought, as the introduction continued. "Keiko, this

is Mr. Higgingbotham from Princeton, Princeton University." My

right brain screamed. My left brain hid. I was left to fend for

myself. Mr. Higgingbotham was here to interview me for a possible

full scholarship. He immediately canceled the interview explaining

Princeton was a liberal university with a diverse student

population, but they had no room for a blatant exhibitionist like

me. He left. I cried.

Principal Harrison promised to call the admission director at

Princeton directly and explain everything. The ladies in the

office consoled me, but I just witnessed my life slipping away for

my foolish act. I cried straight through the last period. Finally

when the last bell rang, some of the ladies had managed to

convince me all would be for the best. I just needed to wait and

see.

I met Amy and Victor in the hallway. Victor mentioned he had to

exit on the North side. I told Amy to ask her mother to swing

around the building and pick Victor and me up. She thought I would

get into trouble for not leaving the building where all the boys

gathered to watch the girls get dressed. At least watch the ones

who had clothing. I had none. I just asked Amy to hurry and ask

her mother.

Victor asked, "What's wrong Keiko?"

I signed and said truthfully, "Nothing as long as I'm with you."

We walked through the North doors to a group of girls waiting to

see more of the boys. Marilyn was dressed, but she ran away when

she saw me with Victor. The girls were all quite polite compared

to the grope fest the boys afforded the girls on the other side of

the building. In fact, some girls started to cry as they watch us

walk with our arms wrapped tightly around each other's waist. We

appeared to be joined at the hip. As we heard many whisper, Victor

turned me towards him. We kissed. His strong hands slipped down

and cupped my buttocks pulling me in tight. My arms we wrapped

tight on his back feeling his strong back muscles. I felt his

erection push against my lower abdomen. We didn't break the kiss

until we heard Amy call for us to hurry. When we cleared the

steps, the girls gave us an ovation.

Mrs. Cartwright was in the passenger seat, and Amy was driving.

Neither had a single piece of clothing. Amy is not one of the best

drivers, but her mother insisted that Amy was doing better than

usual. Amy suggested her improvement was her lack of clothing. As

we bounced over the Cartwright's curb just missing the mailbox,

Amy slammed on the brakes barely keeping the minivan from killing

her father. NEWS FLASH: NUDE DAUGHTER RUNS DOWN DAD. The headline

was averted.

As Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright kissed each other, Victor and I kissed

again. Finally Amy shouted, "I thought someone was going to fix

dinner. Or do you want me to?" Both Mrs. Cartwright and I quickly

separated from our loves to stop the kitchen nightmare - Amy

cooking by herself.

I scooped Victor's jogging shorts from the lawn telling him he

could get them tonight when he returned at 6:00 for dinner. He

smiled and jogged home nude carrying the shoes and socks he left

in the lawn this morning.

While Amy did her homework, Mrs. Cartwright and I prepared dinner.

She insisted in helping me, and I talked to her about the incident

with the Princeton recruiter. She was very understanding, giving

me little hugs just before I was about to cry again. Her constant

presence helped me, helped a lot. She told me she had also planned

on going to a big named university, but she met Mr. Cartwright and

changed her plans. Her parents were upset, but she knows she had

made the right choice. She never looked back, for she was happy.

Just then Mr. Cartwright appeared wrapping his arms around his

nude wife's waist and kissing her bare neck. He explained they

made their life together, and no one or no turn on life's highway

would ever spoil their happiness. I couldn't help but smile

wondering if Victor was my path to true happiness. I thought so.

Amy was upset she had missed preparing the dinner. Although, she

was happy I was no longer sulking. With a knock on the door, I

panicked, "Victor is here!" I hadn't even brushed my hair. I

rushed pass the front door as Mr. Cartwright invited Victor inside

the house. "I'll be down in a minute."

Amy was taking her time, but she followed me, "Hiya Vic! Girl

stuff, ya know." I didn't hear Victor's reply, I was running pass

Davy to get to the bathroom first. Amy was a champ at getting me

pretty for my first evening with Victor. Even though Davy was

himself crowding in the bathroom with us, I sat down to relieve

myself. Fortunately, Davy didn't pay any particular attention. Amy

did, only because she had to go, too. As I washed, Amy took care

of her business. She insisted I wait for her to finish.

Just short of the staircase, Amy whispered to me, "I'll go down

first. It'll give you the opportunity to make an entrance." I

leaned against the wall hiding from view as Amy descended the

stairs. I heard Victor compliment Amy on her appearance. Now, my

father would have kicked a naked boy out of his house rather than

inviting him in. My father would have definitely knock the boy's

head off for commenting on his daughter's nude appearance. The

Cartwrights were different. I heard father, mother, and brother

all acknowledge Amy's beauty.

My left brain felt gloom, 'Wonderful! Amy gets the appreciation of

everyone, and we have to follow her act.' My right brain said,

'Let's go and get done with this.'

As I walked down the stairs, having absolutely no idea why Amy

insisted on an entrance, I hung my head down, peaking for a

glimpse of Victor. I was soon greeted to a rousing ovation! I

looked up to see all of them standing in the foyer cheering.

CHEERING ME! Standing at the base of the stairs was Victor,

holding a bouquet of flowers for me. I raced to his arms. We

kissed. Geez, I nearly jumped on him in my excitement. Finally,

Mrs. Cartwright suggested I needed to place the flowers in water

and check on dinner.

The tear trickling down my cheek was from pure joy. I was beaming

a bright smile as the Cartwrights each gave me a tender hug. I

hugged Mrs. Cartwright a little tighter.

As I pulled the pepper steak from the oven, I remembered to thank

Mrs. Cartwright for arranging the entrance. She tried to deny

doing it, but I was certain she had. We just hugged as more joyful

tears streamed. She finally cleaned my face telling me to just

enjoy the attention, especially from Victor. I did. Everyone was

delighted with the meal, too. I held my tongue thinking, 'They

should try my mother's pepper steak.'

Amy and Davy were volunteered to clean-up the table and kitchen.

Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright went upstairs together. I suggested to

Victor we could sit outside and talk. for whatever reason, we just

started walking. It was still light, but barely. Some street

lights were on. Some people were outside as we pass. Everyone

greeted us, Keiko Wilson and Victor Gomes nude as the day they

were born.

I almost diverted Victor across the street when I spotted Mrs.

Meadows walking her dog. She was an elderly widow, and she had

supported my father's efforts to end The Program. Not many had

publicly criticized The Program, but Mrs. Meadows seldom held her

opinions to herself. I feared a tongue lashing or worse - she

would tell me father I was naked with a naked boy. Victor greeted

the widow as we had the other neighbors. Mrs. Meadows stern face

changed, if by magic. She smiled and mentioned what a lovely

couple we made. I hugged Victor a little tighter as we wished Mrs.

Meadows a good evening and continued walking.

We had walked a long way. Neither of us seemed to mind at all.

This simply meant we had to walk back, and we would be together

for that much longer. We talked with complete strangers when they

stopped. We talked with other people from school. A few were nude

like us. Most were not. Victor noticed that more older women were

topless than the younger ones. I noticed more children completely

nude playing in their yards while their parents watched with their

arms hold each other close. Everyone seemed to be in good mood or

in love. Each time we waved to the couples, I snug myself tighter

to Victor. He held tight, too.

It was late when we returned to the Cartwrights. Amy was sitting

outside, nude on the porch steps. She looked sad. I asked, "What's

a matter, Amy?"

She didn't even look our way as she answered, "Davy and his

friends ran off before I could ask for a ride to the mall. Mom and

Dad are STILL upstairs. Everyone I know is already out for the

evening. I'm all alone. This week wasn't suppose to be this way. I

had plans!" Even though Victor wanted to wait for the Cartwrights

to thank them, Amy told him he could be waiting all night. I asked

Amy if she wanted to walk Victor home with me. She jumped up,

"Really? Can I?" I extended my free arm, and she snuggle in tight.

With me in between Victor and Amy, our nude parade continued to

Victor's house. It wasn't but a few blocks. Amy really enjoyed the

attention from the few people still out this late. Mostly fathers

placing the trash out by the curb.

One pleasant man told us, "If I was you young man, I'd be the one

in the middle of these beautiful ladies."

I informed the man, "These are my best friends, and rather like

the current arrangement." We all laughed as we continue pass the

man.

The Gomes house was dark. I didn't want to wake his family. So, we

kissed at his driveway. Amy was patient for a little while. She

said, "Do you know how stupid I must look standing here next to

you two?" I held my arm out for a group hug. Amy raced in for a

big embraced. I gave Victor a quick kiss and so did Amy. We

watched Victor race inside. Amy mentioned, "He does have a great

body, for a guy, doesn't he?" He does, but I really loved his

heart more; his muscles were simply an added bonus.

Amy and I simply walked home as we had walked to Victor's - arms

wrapped around each other. A few cars honked as they passed, and

one guy leaned out of the passenger window whistling. Amy waved; I

blushed.

I told Amy, "They probably think we are lesbians."

She answered, "So?" My left brain agreed, 'So what?' My right

brain started reciting my father's dogma. I agreed with my left

brain on this, and forced my right brain to sit back and enjoy Amy

friendship.

Amy wasn't surprised by the noises coming from the master bedroom.

She simply pulled me to the shower. I was in heaven as Amy washed

my hair and cleaned my body. It felt wonderful. I decided to

return the attentive favor. Amy started to moan, so I stopped for

a second. She looked at me and smiled, "Please don't stop now." I

giggled and continued giving her pink-dyed pubic hair a good

washing.

We sat downstairs eating chocolate chunk, chocolate ice cream

covered in chocolate syrup as our hair dried. Amy sat indian

style. She was completely exposed to me. For whatever reason, I

could not stop myself from sneaking peeks either. Amy caught my

glance once. She said she was thinking of shaving off the pink

hair, maybe dying it a different color. I managed to sound

convincing that I was thinking of how attractive her pink public

hair appeared although I was really staring where she trimmed the

hair off her labia. Her outer lips were slightly open. Her inner

flaps were fully on display. In fact, her clitoris was visible. I

felt my mine own vagina stirring at the sight.

We decided to go to bed. Amy's parents seemed to be in the height

of their lovemaking. I looked at Amy, "What has it been four or

five hours?" Amy told me when they got this way it might be

several more hours. I didn't that was possible. Amy figured they

enjoyed oral sex too much. That was the only way she could

understand their endurance.

When I asked, "Can oral sex be THAT good?"

Amy winked, "If you do it right."

I admitted I had no idea how. Amy sat up in bed tossing our cover

to the floor. "We won't be able to sleep with them going at it.

Let me show you how."

Amy dove on my pelvis. I clamped my legs together. She sat back

up, "I thought you wanted to learn?" When I agreed, I didn't

expect the demonstration to be real and on me! Amy simply said,

"There is no better way to learn." She turned and eased my legs

apart. I offered little resistance. I felt her hair tickle my

thighs. I felt her fingers open my vagina. I shook. Amy looked

back around at me and smiled. The next thing I knew she was

kissing me. Kissing me, down there! It felt nice, but not as nice

as what she started to do next. Her tongue eased its way inside of

me. I closed my eyes and gave into the pleasure.

My right brain had shut down for the evening. My left brain was on

overload. When I opened my eyes to attempt to regain control, all

I could see was Amy's own vagina. She was straddling me. I kissed

her. She quivered. I kiss her again. I wrapped my arms around her

waist with my fingers on her hips. I pulled her closer. I let my

tongue explore her insides. I was surprised by her responses. She

would squirm and push against my face depending what I was doing.

I was so engaged in getting her responses, I hadn't realized my

own lower movements. I climaxed. If my moan hadn't been muffled by

Amy pressed against my face, I would have set off car alarms! When

I recovered slightly, I redoubled my efforts to find that same

magic spot inside Amy. When I felt her wiggling, I knew I was

close. I started sucking on her clitoris, and that did it. Amy

shook. I think she screamed, but I may have been mistaken. Her

legs were locked over my ears.

Amy rolled off of me. she turned around and planted a VERY wet

kiss on me. I couldn't help but to respond in kind. She eventually

pulled away to race across the room to her dresser. She opened a

drawer and all I could see was Amy shuffling thing s around the

drawer. She turned around holding something.

I was shocked, "That's a penis!"

Amy smiled, "It's a dildo shaped like a penis." I was worried. I

was still a virgin, and Amy was walking towards me with a huge

pink rubber penis!

Amy sat on the bed's edge and told me to watch. She slide the

object in her mouth. Slowly she eased the thick dildo to the point

where I feared she might choke. With the thing still in her mouth

she stared at me with bright eyes; she spread her arms far apart;

and then she leaned towards me. Instinctively, I held the base of

the penis as she pulled away from it. I was left holding this

rubber penis bobbing slightly.

Amy told me to give it a try. Long ago, my right brain had gone

asleep, and my left brain accepted the challenge without a

thought. It was so thick! I had never seen a boys penis his big.

As I managed to get the tip in my mouth, Amy encouraged me to take

it deeper. I barely could. I started to gag! It took me a few

seconds to pull this huge monster from my mouth. Gasping, I told

Amy it was simply too big for me. She raced back to her dresser

drawer and returned with a smaller blue version. "I guess I forgot

how the first time was."

While this one was much easier to fit inside my mouth, it produced

the same gagging reflex. Amy explained it was something I would

simply get used to doing. I just needed to practice. I felt

strange inserting the blue rubber penis watching Amy handling the

bright pink monster.

The door swung open. It was Davy. I was completely embarrassed. We

both pulled the dildoes from our mouths. Amy was upset that Davy

didn't knock. He said, "Go tell Mom." From the constant noises on

the other side of the wall, I knew that wasn't an option. Amy

explained what we were doing - teaching me to give oral sex! I

turned red. Davy thought practicing on a rubber stick wasn't the

best method to learn.

Amy sat up straight, "Davy! How about you let Keiko practice on

you?"

Even my left brain questioned this, 'Let Keiko?' My right brain

stirred from its slumber, 'Just do it and let's go to sleep.' I'm

certain my right brain had no idea what she was saying. My silence

was taken as acceptance.

Davy dropped his pants and shorts. He said, "Amy, why don't you

wait down stairs?"

Amy replied, "No way! I'm staying her to make sure Keiko gets

proper lessons."

'Proper?' oh dear!

Davy's penis wasn't quite erect as I knelt in front of him. He

held it up as Amy watched and told me to open my mouth. I realized

as Davy's flesh hit my tongue that this was completely different

from the dildo. Davy soon became erect inside my mouth. I just

knelt there with his penis in my mouth. Davy started moving his

hips, and Amy encouraged me to take control, "Find what gets him

off just like you did with me." I tried to look up to see Davy's

expression as he must have realized what Amy was implying. I

couldn't see much besides Davy pelvis. I finally reached up and

grabbed Davy's hips to steady him. I then quickly mimic his

motions by pumping my head back and forth. Amy told me to suck

like it was a straw. I stared at her as I tried to obey. Davy

turned my head back to him. It was soon after this, he climaxed

right down my throat.

I pulled back and stood. I was gagging, but I managed to ask, "Why

didn't you tell me you were going to do that?"

Davy with a big smile on his face said, "Because you would have

stopped." I told him that of course I would have.

Amy summed it up, "Guys do that. I think they should suck on a

penis themselves before asking a girl to suck on theirs." Davy's

penis quickly wilted. He didn't like that idea on bit. He

collected his shorts and pants. Amy yelled, "You should at least

thank Keiko!"

Davy stopped and recited, "Thank-you Keiko. I'm sorry for not

being sensitive to your position. Anyhow, thanks again."

I had to brush my teeth before I could go back to bed. Amy was

right, we couldn't sleep with her parents making a racket. We

giggled at some of their noises. Amy had her arms around me from

behind; I held her arms tighter.

**Keiko - Naked in School, Thursday**

I did fall asleep, but the morning alarm was much too early. Amy

said, "Morning already? Let's hurry before Davy claims the

bathroom."

I giggled, "Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day: it was the

nightingale, and not the lark, that pierced the fearful hollow of

thine ear; nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree: Believe me,

love, it was the nightingale."

Amy replied, "Huh?" I laughed and crawled reluctantly from bed and

her arms.

Mornings in the Cartwright house are hectic. Everyone rushing

around. Even though three of us were not bothering to dress

anymore, this didn't seem to add any extra time. In fact, it may

have caused some additional delays. Amy would brush my hair, top

and bottom, for several minutes. I would return the favor, and Amy

mentioned how I spent as much time brushing her shoulder length

blonde hair as I did brushing her little patch of pink-dyed pubic

hair.

As I was kneeling before Amy, she asked, "Do you think I should

shave it off?"

Left brain controlled my hands as right brain answered, "I love

how your bush looks." Left brain added, "And it feels too nice to

shave." Amy smiled. I blushed realizing that those words were

spoken aloud. I had no idea what was coming over me, but I loved

the feeling.

Mrs. Cartwright yelled from the front door, "Amy! Keiko! Hurry

along. You'll be late!"

We raced to Amy's room to gather her book bag. My own bag was

still locked in Nurse Magee's office with my clothes and purse.

More importantly, my purse held the only keys to my house, besides

my parents' keys. Since my parents were out of town and they would

NEVER have approved of me joining The Program at school, I

couldn't even tell them how I came to be locked out of the house.

'Today,' I told myself, 'today, I will get my things, and I'll be

able to get ready for my parents return on Sunday. Today, for

sure.'

Once outside, my entire body tingled. Not so much because the

sunlight warmed my skin, every square inch of my skin, but because

Victor Gomes was standing outside wearing nothing but a beautiful

smile. Late or not, I ran to Victor. As I pressed against him, we

kissed, and I felt his groin respond - he instantly became hard as

we embraced.

I barely heard Mrs. Cartwright plea for us to get in the minivan.

When Victor and I reluctant separated, I saw Mr. and Mrs.

Cartwright embracing. It seemed since Mrs. Cartwright started to

participate in the clothing optional times, her husband could not

leave her alone. I held Victor as we watched the older couple in a

passionate embrace themselves. Only when Amy announced, "If you

guys don't stop kissing, I'm driving myself to school!"

Mrs. Cartwright, her husband, Victor, and I said in unison, "No!

We're done!" The funny part was Amy actually drove better while

nude. Now, her driving was still an official disaster area on

tires, but she managed to only nearly kill one person - her

father. Amy was bummed her mother insisted Amy move from behind

the wheel. We were late, and Amy driving was not the way to make

up for lost time. Accident reports take forever.

On the drive, Amy asked Victor, "Were you jogging by or were you

waiting for us?"

Victor blushed slightly but regained his composure, "Keiko stole

my jogging shorts yesterday. She didn't return them, yet."

I kissed Victor on the cheek and said, "I won't be returning them

until I can get to my own clothes." Victor smiled and told us he

had no problem with that condition.

I hated having to drop off Victor at the North entrance. So many

girls were lining up to see him. When I spotted Marilyn, my left

brain was screaming!

On the south side of the school were all the regulars. I saw a

repeat of the younger girl having to strip for the guys, and many

of them taunting her, too. I couldn't understand why they would do

this. She was going to be fully nude and submitting to any

'reasonable' request. I pity them more than her. They gain nothing

after nearly a full year of The Program. They probably never would

learn, either.

I touched Amy's bare shoulder and asked her to distract the guys

again. Amy said, "Gee, it's getting more difficult to distract

them. I guess I'll have to find something new for them." With

that, Amy kissed her mother good-bye, and so did I. I saw

Principal Harrison approaching the minivan, but I knew I had to

hurry, for Amy's antics would only hold the guys attention for a

few minutes.

The younger girl wasn't undressing too quickly. Amy announced,

"Oh! My pink-dye is starting to itch!" Every guy's head turned on

a swivel. I nearly ripped the poor girls clothing from her. I

should have been more careful, but doing so simply meant more

time. We had precious little time. I had escorted the timid girl

to the doors. I turned to see Amy scratching herself to the

delight of the crowd. Principal Harrison and Mrs. Cartwright were

oblivious to the commotion. I could hardly blame the principal.

Not many mothers were going nude all day, especially not the

beautiful ones. Mrs. Cartwright could turn the heads of any

pubescent male.

Being late, I went straight to Mr. Dennison's classroom for my

independent math studies. I was way ahead in my studies, so all

week, I simply talked with my teacher. Today, he was disturbed by

something. When I mentioned it, I wish I had kept my mouth shut.

Mr. Dennison told me, "My daughter Linda is no longer my little

daughter. She had sex. She has been having sex for a long time,

too. I never knew."

Linda Dennison is a cheerleader in school. She is a year behind

me, but everyone in school knew her. She was a beautiful brunette.

She has the stereo-typical traits of a cheerleader too. Gorgeous

body, gorgeous face, bubbly personality. Even the girls who were

jealous of her liked her one-on-one. Linda was friendly to

everyone. Even when she first had to strip for an assembly to get

the school spirit whipped up for a football game, Linda took it

all in stride. She smiled the entire time while some others were

completely embarrassed. Linda was everyone's favorite.

I finally told Mr. Dennison, "Linda is still your daughter. Just

because she had sex doesn't mean she stopped loving you, and it

ought not mean you stop loving her. She loves you, and you still

love her, right?" He agreed, and he decided to tell Linda right

then.

Just as he left, the PA system beckoned, "Keiko, Keiko Wilson,

please report to the Front Office." I fell back in my chair. My

right brain explained the problem to my left brain, 'The front

office means the nurse's station is still locked. No keys again

tonight.' I barely recall walking to the office, but there I was

sitting on the counter with my legs spread applying a concoction

of creams. Unfortunately, I hadn't done my homework of my mother's

empty prescription jar which I made the cream. Who knew why my

mother required a vaginal cream? But now everyone in the front

office thought I did. I kept telling myself to perform the

internet search when I had a free minute. That minute never seemed

to come.

When I climbed down from the counter, I noticed several of the

football members sitting in the plastic chairs outside of

Principal Harrison's office. They all had bruises and cuts, yet

they were all smiling at me as I hurriedly left. Had I really

given them all a view deep inside me? Had they noticed how I

always got a bit excited as I smeared the cream inside my vagina?

Fortunately, I never saw them while I was administrating my make-

believe prescription dose.

On my way back to class, I saw Mr. Dennison and Linda standing in

the hall hugging. I was pleased. As I passed them Mr. Dennison

mouthed the words to me, "Thank-you."

I realized we only had a few minutes before the bell, so I decided

to surprise Victor at his English class. After everyone flooded

from the classroom, I looked frantically for Victor. I asked Miss

Pouts if Victor was in class, and she said he wasn't here today.

I hurried to Spanish hoping to find Victor there. He wasn't. When

Senor Franks ask for me to recite something from the text book, I

declined. The class gasped. Keiko refused a teacher's request? A

simple request? Apparently, Senor Franks was just as shaken. He

called on another student. They had a little debate about why I

could decline, but he could not. I grabbed a text book from

another student and proceeded to read aloud the entire chapter

very quickly. I'm certain few in the class could have kept up.

Even Senor Franks seemed to be struggling to keep up. When the

bell rang, Senor Franks yelled above the racket, "Por favor,

estudio para el concurso manana." Everyone groaned about the

weekly quiz, especially since whatever I had read would be on the

quiz, too.

I hurried to the front office where I help out third period. The

football players were gone. I tried to get some of the ladies to

tell me what had happened. Just as Maggie was about to whisper to

me, Principal Harrison summoned me to his office. I hurried.

I smiled when I saw Victor, at least now I knew where he was. I

also smiled at Tiny Tim standing against the far wall. My

expression changed quickly when I heard the principal say, "Mr.

Freschetti will you please shut the door." I turned and saw Bob

Freschetti behind me. He clearly had been in a fight - and lost.

The principal explained calling me into the office. It seems Bob

Freschetti and the other football players were trying to get

revenge on Tiny for rescuing Victor and me yesterday at lunch.

Victor came to Tiny's rescue this morning. From the looks of the

Bob Freschetti and what I saw of the other football players

earlier, Tiny didn't have much trouble with only a small cut on

his hand. Victor barely was in the fight before some teachers

broke up the fight.

Principal Harrison asked me, "Keiko, what should I do?"

My left brain made a plead for excusing Victor and Tiny. My right

brain reminded me that any fighting was a strict code violation -

suspension was mandatory.

Although not quite Solomon, I made a bargain, "Mr. Harrison, it

seems those involved got taught a good lesson. Trying to punish

them by sending them home would do nothing but make them more

resentful. I think the principles in the fight should be stripped

and held accountable to the entire school. Have them compete in

their own pageant at the Friday assembly."

I thought Principal Harrison would see straight through my

sentence. Victor was already nude. Tiny Tim had shown no

embarrassment when he had his week under The Program. Bob

Freschetti on the other hand was completely embarrassed. Had he

thought anyone could forget his little manhood? Over Freschetti's

objections, Principal Harrison decided I had a just and reasoned

punishment. He accepted it.

Mr. Harrison, Victor, and I left the two guys to strip. I don't

think any of us cared to witness either sight. From Tiny's

massive 380 pound girth to Bob Freschetti's gorilla-haired skin,

maybe I had punished the school more. When the office door, Bob

raced out. Tiny yelled, "But Bobby, you're so cute!" Even the

ladies in the office couldn't control themselves. Everyone was

laughing. I saw Tiny throw his arms wide, and I rushed to give him

a big hug. I didn't care that we both were nude. I leaped up and

hung myself from his neck, well, the small bit that held his head

to his shoulders anyhow. I was swung around as Tiny laughed.

Victor, Tiny, and I ate lunch together. Amy bounced over surprised

to see Tiny nude, but still no less joyous. Amy mentioned the

rumors about Bob Freschetti being punished. I added, "Just wait

for tomorrow assembly. There's a surprise." Amy sat down wanting

the inside information. I refused, but I added, "I bet you could

sweet talk it from Tim."

Amy, being Amy, didn't care how others might see her snuggling to

Tiny. She wanted to know what was going to happen. Tiny was

grinning ear-to-ear as Amy crawled over him at the lunch table.

The rumors for the afternoon would not be that Tiny was nude. No

the rumors would be Amy's attention to Tiny had caused him to not

eat half of his lunch. The other gossip to circulate was that

nothing about Tiny was tiny. This was his first public erection.

It was huge! I smiled thinking of Amy's huge pink dildo. Tiny was

bigger.

During Physics, I had to review all the designs for the different

groups support bras. I hadn't even started my own. I pointed out

the various problems so they could make measurements and

adjustments for tomorrow's deadline. Some were clever, but most

were silly. Even though I was groped by nearly everyone in class,

I was still smiling. I was having fun, and the day was going well.

In English, I was reading the part of Juliet. I really was over-

acting the part. Mr. Zank loved it, but the other students didn't

like having to re-read their parts until they could put as much

excitement in their parts. I was actually disappointed when the PA

system called, "Keiko, Keiko Wilson, Please Report to the Front

Office."

I turned to Mr. Zank, "Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?" Smiling, I made my exit.

Yesterday, I had lost all my hopes for attending Princeton. The

recruiter had witness me applying the "vaginal" cream - openly and

without shame. He knew about The Program, but my ease at publicly

rubbing my exposed vagina was too much for even Princeton's

liberal minds. Today, I was too happy to be upset of the days

past. I was born anew. I made a bigger production of applying the

cream this afternoon. I talked to the ladies and the visitors. I

clearly did not need the cream, and clearly I didn't need as long

as I took to apply the concoction either. I was enjoying myself.

Maybe enjoying myself too much. I didn't even notice the climax

creeping up. I lost control, and everyone in the office stopped to

watch. Only slightly embarrassed, I smiled as I climbed from the

counter. I had to hurry to gym class.

I remember all the guys groaning when we were told to run a 5K

after the usual stretch and warm-up. I enjoyed the run, even

though I'm not much of a runner. My hair streamed behind me as all

the but the fittest guys fell well behind me. The few who kept

pace with me often lingered a few steps back. I knew they were

ogling my butt, but in the end, I had left the thought behind. I

was enjoying the run; I was enjoying the attention; I was enjoying

enjoying it all.

"Tweet! Shower!" signaled Coach. I didn't even slow as I turned to

back to the building. The guys were all falling down exhausted. I

had the shower to myself, but my left brain convinced the rest of

me to linger just long enough for the guys to return and strip. I

know they all saw me smiling. Did they understand? I didn't care.

Victor was in the gym as I left the locker room. His wrestling

buddies were still changing. "The benefit of not wearing clothes,"

he told me. I challenged him to a rematch. He mentioned Coach not

liking what he saw the first time. I promised Victor he wouldn't

have the opportunity to get me that way in our rematch. He laughed

as I moved around him ready to pounce. He toyed with me as the

guys started to enter the gym. I feigned several charges, but

Victor easily evaded them. I noticed Tiny Tim and Coach watching

from the stands. I waved, and Tiny waved back. That was when

Victor made his move. I was on my back with Victor facing me. The

guys were going wild. It took all my strength to roll over, and I

think I only managed to do so because Victor allowed me. This left

me face down with Victor very much on my back. Actually, he was on

my butt. If he start to get an erection, I'd had lost my

virginity! We were that tight, and this escaped no one notice.

Victor managed to quickly change position. We were face-to-face.

He asked, "Give up?" I responded by kissing him. Soon we rolled

over still kissing. I found myself on top of Victor, when another

wrestler signaled Victor was officially pinned. It was the first

time anyone had pinned Victor. He wasn't at all upset.

Amy came bouncing in the gym, "Keiko! I called my mother and asked

for her to pick us up in an hour. I wanted to see if I could get

the secret from Tiny before we left today." I pointed across the

gym to where Tiny was sitting, now alone. Amy smiled and shouted,

"Tiny! You can't hide from me!" I thought Tiny couldn't hide from

anyone!

I sat in the bleachers with Victor's arms wrapped around me. We

watched the other guys wrestle, and we watched Amy bubbling over

Tiny. Tiny was really pleased with all the attention Amy was

showing him. I smiled as I leaned completely in Victor's arms. He

would sometimes yell out moves for the guys to try. When I finally

looked back, Amy and Tiny were gone. I wondered where they went.

Just before our ride was to show, Amy emerged from the boys locker

room. She clearly had showered. She whispered to me, "Tiny told

me."

Mrs. Cartwright was standing by her minivan with Principal

Harrison and Mr. Dennison. At first, I thought I might be in

trouble, but I couldn't imagine why. Amy knew what was happening,

"I think it is weird that so many men are drooling over my mom. I

mean don't they realize how old she is?" I smiled reminding Amy

that the men were just as old, if not older.

Amy drove us all home. If you ignore the one red light and two

trash cans we left behind, she did alright. She offered to drive

Victor home, but Victor and I both shouted, "No!"

Amy and Mrs. Cartwright were going to prepare tonight's meal. So I

walked with Victor to his house. We were hip to hip and kissing as

we walked. I didn't even think about what we looked like. Victor's

mother was outside as we approached. I was oblivious to her and

Victor's younger brothers and sisters. When one of the munchkins

called out, "Vic's home!" The whole family greeted him. Victor

gave his mother a hug and kiss, then he introduced her to me.

Mrs. Gomes said, "Oh, so this is the little girl who my little Vic

is talking about all the time."

I smiled, "He talks about me?"

One of the little girls said, "He talks about you all the time."

Victor was trying to get his brothers and sisters to leave and

play by themselves. But they were clearly enjoying teasing him.

Victor wasn't upset. He was just a bit embarrassed. Mrs. Gomes

asked me to join them for dinner, but I mentioned the Cartwrights

were trying to cook a dinner for me. She insisted I come the next

night. I accepted.

As I turned to leave, Victor held his little sister. She asked,

"Vic? Aren't you going to kiss the pretty girl bye-bye?" Victor

didn't set his sister down as we kissed lightly. She held our

heads together squealing in delight.

I hurried away, but Victor caught up with me explaining, "My mom

thought I should escort you home." I melted back into his arms as

we strolled along.

I pulled Victor to my porch where we would have a little privacy.

Our lips locked together. Our hands were all over each other.

Knowing our time was short, I whispered to Victor, "No one will

see us in the back yard." He followed me, not that I gave him a

choice with my fingers locked around his erection. In the back

yard, I dropped to my knees in front of Victor. He asked if I

really wanted to do this, or did I just think he wanted it. I

smiled, "I hoping the right answer is both."

My left brain was in charge, but my right brain kept listing off

the dos and don'ts I imagined. Whomever was causing me to act as I

was, did manage to bring Victor to the edge. He started to warn me

that he couldn't hold back any longer. I redoubled my efforts. His

resistance collapsed. I didn't gag on his semen, I nearly drowned!

I made certain I cleaned my lips as Victor pulled me to me feet. I

managed to swallow the last bit down before Victor planted a deep

kiss on me.

"Keiko! Keiko, dear! Dinner is ready!" Mrs. Cartwright yelled from

next door.

Victor promised to return the favor, "Soon, very soon."

The meat loaf was dry, but I told Amy it was wonderful. Mr.

Cartwright drenched his meat with ketchup, and told his daughter

she did well. Mrs. Cartwright was eating tiny pieces and saying

nothing. Davy kept poking his meat loaf with his fork. Amy ate

one bite and spat it out, "Are you guys crazy? This is awful!"

Everyone started to laugh. Mrs. Cartwright suggested we all eat at

the mall as I had to go to work there anyhow.

We all scrambled to the minivan. Mr. Cartwright grabbed his camera

even though Mrs. Cartwright looked at him in displeasure. She

finally smiled at something he whispered to her.

The entire event was documented in digital images - driving to the

mall, walking to the entrance, walking through the mall, ordering

from the food court, finding a table, eating the meal, clearing

the trash. I don't think Mr. Cartwright had eaten a thing. He was

too busy taking pictures of his family and me. Afterall, it is

rare your wife and daughter would be eating at the mall in the

nude.

Vincent was happy to see me. He couldn't find a special book for a

customer, and he knew I would be able to find it right away. I

tried to explain how to find things on the computer again. He

hadn't even thought to use the computer. While I explained the

system for the umpteenth time, the customer enter the store. It

was the same man who always looked up my skirts. I refused to be

embarrassed when he held the ladder as I fetched his book from the

upper racks. I knew the man was paying a couple of thousand for

the book, and if he saw what everyone had been seeing, so what!

The store window Amy and I arranged had attracted more customers,

unfortunately, many thought we were a magic potions store or

something mystical. A few asked for the store's phone number

noting they knew a relative who would love the store. Vincent was

quite happy with everything. When the Cartwrights stopped by to

say hello, Vincent hugged Amy and me explaining how business was

getting better. He insisted I take the rest of the evening off -

full pay.

Mr. Cartwright suggested we head to the ice cream parlor for a

treat. I kissed Vincent thanking him for the time off. Amy and I

held hands as we walked from the mall. Her parents were hugging

each other closely. Mr. Cartwright had appointed Davy the family

photographer. Davy had a difficult time taking nude pictures of

his mom and sister. His attention was mostly focused on me. I was

smiling non-stop! Any hopes I had to pretend I dreaded being nude

was gone. I was too happy!

The ice cream parlor was nearly empty. Every set of eyes was on

our group with Mrs. Cartwright, Amy, and I parading in the parlor

nude with a camera flashing the whole way. We decided to eat our

sundaes outside. I noticed several cars swing back around to get

their ice cream. Amy noticed each of those cars had the man

driving. We giggled wondering if it was her mother or us causing

them to circle back.

It was getting dark when we finally returned home. I pulled Amy

next door to my house. I had to tell her what I did with Victor

earlier. She was proud she had showed me how. She knew from her

brother's expression last night, Victor had quite a treat. She

admitted to taking Tiny's erection down her throat to get him to

tell her about the secret assembly event. I laughed saying I would

have told her tonight anyhow. She smiled, "I didn't mind. Besides,

Tiny sorts of grows on you, doesn't he?" He does.

I'm certain you cannot call our nightly shower a bathing event.

While we did get clean, Amy and I were simply spreading the soap

suds around each other as we explore the other's body. Amy really

worked on my vagina. I was moaning but I attempted to muffle the

noise by biting my hand. She explained, "I like to clean what I

eat." Pure lust was all I saw in her eyes. Did she see it in mine?

We must have made a lot of noise from Amy's bed. Afterall, we

could hear everything from her parents room; they surely could

hear us tonight. During a little rest break, Amy asked, "What do

you like better? Victor's dick or my pussy?"

I explained, "It is like comparing chocolate, chocolate chip ice

cream and Boston cream pies. I love them both, but I wouldn't be

satisfied with just type of desert." Amy understood. She fell on

me as we kissed and tongue wrestled.

When I woke, my head was laying between Amy breasts. I just had

to suckle them again. She stirred, pulling me to her face. This

time it was my thigh pressing against her pelvic bone. My leg was

getting wet from the inside and outside. We both kicked at the

alarm clock when it sounded morning.

**Keiko - Naked in School, Friday**

Friday morning, I woke with the most beautiful sight I've ever had

in the morning. Amy's nipple was inches from my mouth. I could not

resist the temptation. I kiss her nipple. She stirred but remained

asleep. I sucked on it for a second and her soft snore went quiet.

I thought I awoke her, but when I stopped suckling, she resumed

her cute little snore. My left brain had evil thoughts and

convinced my right brain to be the look-out. I nearly devoured her

breast. Right brain shouted, "That did it!" Amy pulled my face to

hers and we began kissing. Soon our tongues were entwined as much

as our bodies and legs. Clearly, we were having the same effect on

each other. My thigh was pressed against her pelvic bone. It was

getting wet, very wet. Some of that wetness was trickling down

from inside me, but not all of it.

"BRRRRRING!" Amy and I nearly fell from the bed trying to shut

that damn alarm off.

I fell back on Amy while she held my face against her cheek. I

whispered, "Thank-you. I love you, Amy Cartwright."

She whispered back, "I love you, Keiko Wilson."

Mr. Cartwright knocked on the bedroom door, "Time to get up you

two!"

We managed to unwrap ourselves partially. We walked down the

hallway holding each other about the waist. Amy's brother emerged

from his bedroom. When he saw his nude sister and me walking

towards him and the bathroom, he stopped to admire the sight. His

pajamas did nothing to hide his morning surprise. We decided to

have some more private time, and we shut the bathroom door on

Davy.

Amy decided her pink-dyed pubic hair just had to go. I took my

time shaving it, too. I carefully clipped the longer hair until

she had little choice to be clean shaven. Every swipe of the razor

was followed by me kissing the bare skin. I made certain even the

stubble surrounding her labia was fresh shaven. Each time I kissed

the skin. After I wipe her clean with a wash cloth, Amy made her

plea for me to 'finish' what I started. I was buried nose deep

into her. It didn't take long for me to find Amy's magic spot. She

was bucking, but holding my head in tight. Let's just say, Amy is

not very quiet. Davy was begging for us to let him the bathroom.

We giggled as we switched places. I didn't want to be bare, but I

did allow Amy to clean my labia of all little hairs. She also gave

me little kisses along the way. She didn't even bother with the

wash cloth first, her tongue attacked me. I fought the climax

until my left brain slapped my right brain, 'We want this right,

Right?' We did. I was quite embarrassed as I felt a wave of juices

flow towards Amy. Did I really need to let the neighborhood hear

me? She stayed in place until I was exhausted.

We had to quickly shower and brush our hair and teeth. I asked

Amy, "Can I touch it again?" She smiled, as I reached between her

legs. 'Oh, that's smooth!' my right brain acknowledged. My left

brain had short-circuited in the excitement. Too bad, she missed

something wonderful.

When we emerged from the bathroom, Davy was naked and masturbating

in the hallway. I said, "Good morning." He climaxed. Amy and I ran

downstairs giggling.

We could only grab a box of orange juice for we were again late.

My nude Victor was standing in the front. I pulled Amy along as I

greeted Victor. We had a group hug and kiss. I had each in one

hand as we walked to the minivan. Mrs. Cartwright was wearing a

sheer robe, and she looked like she didn't want to wait another

minute. Unfortunately for her, Mr. Cartwright had his own plans.

She didn't seem to mind. Victor suggested we just walk to school.

Amy agreed when she saw her parents heading back to the house.

So many cars passed us on the way to school. Everyone honking and

waving. I was having too much fun. My two best friends were with

me. None of us wearing clothes, none of us caring to wear any

either. I finally told Victor, "I told Amy about yesterday in my

backyard. I hope you don't mind. I thought she should know."

Victor looked around to Amy and smiled when he saw Amy smiling.

Amy said, "Are you going to tell Victor about last night or this

morning?"

I replied, "Should I?"

Victor was curious, "Should you tell me what?"

Amy said in a joking voice, "If she told you what, she would be

telling about it. Wouldn't she?" Amy did add, "Oh, go ahead and

tell him if you want."

I blurted out, "Amy and I made love."

Oops! I could tell that took Victor by complete surprise! Too

late. But as I've learned, never underestimate Victor for

understanding. He leaned back to tell Amy, "So you beat me to her,

eh? Good for you. Now, give a guy a chance, okay?"

Victor wasn't worried. I know he knows I love him. Just to be

certain, I kissed Victor and Amy, then yelled, "I love these

guys!" Just then we were passing Mrs. Meadows walking her dog. She

smiled.

We made it to school minutes before the bell was to ring. This

time all the girls had to watch me kiss Victor good-bye at the

North entrance, and I made certain to make the kiss something for

them to get jealous. I saw Marilyn walk inside rather than wait

for Victor to make his way through the crowd of girls. I think

they groped more than the guys.

Well, I thought the girls did until I was met with the unofficial

last day grope line. I was blocked from assisting Lynn. Lynn was

the girl who was having a terrible time stripping at the box each

morning with all the boys taunting. Amy came to the rescue, "Look

guys! Keiko shaved me bare this morning. It is really smooth too!"

Oh my, the guys understood every word of what she said, too.

"Keiko shaved YOU?"

"How do I know she did a good job?"

"Why didn't you shave Keiko?"

then "Are you two lesbian lovers?"

I knew I had one chance to distract the guys from Lynn. I turned

to Amy and smirked. She kissed me. As I returned the kiss, I

peeked to see Lynn racing for the doors. Amy and I parted to a

stunned audience. Amy said, "Guys are too easy." We raced up the

stairs laughing. Tiny Tim blocked our entrance. He handed Amy a

powdered doughnut and offered his arm to escort her. She bit the

doughnut spilling sugar powder down her front. She wrapped her

little arm around Tiny's massive arm, and they entered the

building together, together nude, together eating doughnuts.

Today was to be last day to attend school nude. I walked the halls

slowly and proudly. I had gone all week without a stitch of

clothing, day or night. I knew it would soon end, so I wanted to

enjoy my last day as much as possible. Everyone was being so nice

to me. I felt sorry for those girls who had had a bad time during

their week. I was walking on clouds.

Mr. Dennison thanked me again for helping him get over his own

daughter's actions. I didn't think confessing my own sexual

exploits would help any, so I simply offered to clean his

blackboards. We chatted about baseball as I wiped the boards. I

found myself agreeing to come to the high school baseball game

that afternoon. I immediately regretted not checking with Victor

first. This whole dating thing was new to me, but knowing Victor,

he would be okay with it. I told Mr. Dennison that I would have to

leave early if the game ran long. Mr. Dennison was happy, "You can

help Linda with the bat girl duties."

"Keiko, Keiko Wilson, please report to the front office."

I was too happy about everything to even think about what the

announcement didn't say. It wasn't until I was in the front office

I realized, "Where's Nurse Magee?"

Maggie told me, "Her father passed away. She probably won't in

school all next week either."

My left brain was saddened. My right brain wanted to get my purse,

but she knew not to say anything right now. Maybe later, but not

right now.

I very quietly applied my 'vaginal' cream. I then made my way to

find Victor at Mrs. Pouts classroom.

Victor and I kissed and started to walk towards Spanish class. I

saw Amy walking the other direction, so I called to her. She

appeared to be a different world until I actually touched her. She

had powdered sugar all over her breasts. In the hallway I tried to

brush most of it off her. She simply said, "Have you ever noticed

Tim's hands?"

Senor Franks had a quiz for us. I finished in a few minutes, but

it was clear the rest of the class was struggling. Senor Franks

suggested my quick read yesterday was the reason for everyone's

problems. I offered to re-read the chapter. I made sure to read

slowly. Most of the class finally understood the reading well

enough to finish their quiz. I even apologized to the class for my

behavior yesterday when I was wondering about Victor.

Victor and I strolled arm-in-arm to the front office. When the

principal needed a note sent to the gym for preparing the bleacher

for the afternoon assembly, I jumped at the chance. I ran to the

gym. Afterall, Victor would be there. I gave Coach the note but my

eyes never left Victor playing volleyball with the girls. He

wasn't paying any attention to his game either. The volleyball

bounced from his head. His smile simply expanded towards me. Not

even a spike from Marilyn would distract him.

We were a sight at lunch. Victor and I snuggled closely eating

very little except for each other. Amy and Tiny Tim were the

distraction of the lunchroom. Amy was feeding Tiny. She was

sitting on the table straddling the giant man. He was loving the

attention Amy was showing him. I think Amy had a real sweet spot

for Tim as well.

Just as lunch was about to end, the PA system announced, "Due to a

conflict, today's assembly will start in ten minutes. Please go

directly to the gym."

The four of us knew we were to meet the other students in The

Program, as well as, Bob Freschetti. Fortunately, the principal

didn't object to me participating in the assembly as a regular

Program student even though no one else in school knew I wasn't

actually drafted into The Program.

Principal Harrison had Victor, Tiny, and Bob wait in the hallway.

The rest of us followed the principal to the stand.

After the usual shriek of the audio equipment, the principal

announced, "Thank-you for making a last minute change to your

schedules. First, I would like to call Keiko Wilson. Keiko." I was

a bit nervous standing in front of the entire student body

exposing my entire body, but I was more nervous about what the

principal might say. He continued, "Keiko has, this week, proven

what The Program is all about. Not a one of us would have imagined

Keiko surviving a week without wearing her clothes. But she has

not only survived, she has thrived. I understand you haven't worn

a thing since Monday morning including working at the mall. Is

this right?" I agreed and pointed out Amy had also not worn

clothes all week. Mr. Harrison said, "Yes, that is my

understanding as well. However, in the case of Miss Cartwright, I

believe we all feel it was more difficult for her to wear clothes

all year than to be without coverings." The students started to

laugh. Amy blushed, but she step forward and did a little curtsey.

She lived for the attention.

Principal Harrison said, "Keiko, as the director of The Program at

this school, it is my pleasure to present to you a special award."

He hung a medal with a long red ribbon around my neck. Amy stepped

forward to pull my hair back to allow the ribbon to settle against

the back of my neck. The medal read, 'The Best Acceptance of the

Ideals of The Program" I cried. I don't know why. But I did. And

I wasn't able to stop. I was hugging Principal Harrison, and

making a mess on his suit coat. He simply wrapped an arm around

me, as he proceeded with the announcements.

He called for Victor, Tim, and Bob to come stand before the

assembly. I managed to look up through blurry eyes to see Victor

walking across the hardwood floor. Mr. Harrison mentioned their

fighting and how this was going to be a unique punishment. He

asked the students to vote on who would have their clothes taken

away for the remainder of the school year. Freschetti looked

towards the stand in complete disbelief.

The principal called out Victor's name and asked the students to

vote by applause. Several girls stood giving Victor an applause.

Marilyn was one of them. I knew she just wanted to see him nude

for her own chance to get him.

"Timothy, please step forward so the school can see you." The

little joke about Tiny's size caused several of us to laugh. My

tears were still flowing, but every one of them was a happy tear.

The principal called for the school to vote on Tiny. Not a word,

for Tiny wasn't the best looking of men nor anyone care to upset

him. Then Amy stepped forward cheering. She showed every ounce of

her cheerleading too. She got several kids to stand applauding for

Tiny. More than for Victor. Tiny was beaming for the support Amy

showed him. Odd reaction, I thought.

Now, it was Freschetti's turn. The school did not wait for the

voting announcement. Nearly everyone erupted with cheers and

applause. Bob's head dropped. We all knew a nude Freschetti was an

disarmed Freschetti. "Bob, you have about six weeks to go. Do you

accept your punishment? Or would you rather be suspended, repeat

your senior year, and lose your football scholarship?" Bob

accepted quite reluctantly.

I leaned to the microphone, "The drugstore has Nair on sale. You

might want to pick up a case or two." Even Principal Harrison

chuckled. Bob Freschetti's embarrassment was complete.

Lynn was selected as the winner of the contest. It took us all by

surprise. But I saw her shock to winning change to being proud.

Even though I knew Amy wanted to win, she was genuinely happy for

Lynn. I took notice, Lynn was beautiful. Lynn came forward, and we

hugged. The school responded to the sight of two nude girls

embracing. I felt it was right, so I gave Lynn a quick kiss square

on her lips. She smiled, but it was clear she was embarrassed.

Amy came up to congratulate Lynn as well. They quickly hugged and

kissed each other on the cheeks. I quipped, "Amy, you can do

better than that." Amy could and she showed. She planted a very

wet kiss on me center stage in front of all the students and

teachers. Amy and I left the stage holding each other. I pulled

Victor into our embrace.

I hadn't seen them before, but the Cartwrights were video taping

the whole assembly. We waved to the camera as Amy raced to hug her

parents.

Principal Harrison met us and informed Amy's parents that I was

performing Romeo and Juliet next period. He invited them to stay.

Amy asked to be excused from her next class to attend with her

parents. The principal was ready to say no until Amy whispered to

him, "If you let me skip class, I know I can get Mom to strip."

Mr. Harrison straighten up, "Well, it is a special day for you

all. I suppose it would be alright for you all to attend

together."

Mr. Zank was surprised by his sudden audience of several parents.

He decided it should be a more theatrical event. He asked us to

repeat Act III since we had done this one several times through

the week. We proceeded to read our parts, and everyone seemed to

enjoy the audience, except Romeo. He knew this Act ended with him

stripped nude in bed. He really didn't like the fact several of

the parents were recording the scene on their video cameras. Just

as were about to debate the morning, the PA system called, "Keiko,

Keiko Wilson, please come to the front office."

Mr. Zank moaned, "Not now!"

I apologized, but I suggested someone else could finish the role

of Juliet. Mr. Zank looked around for a volunteer. Amy stood up

and declared, "My mother play Juliet in a play once. She'll do

it!" I smiled as Amy started to undress her mother, "Mom, you have

to be nude for this scene." Mrs. Cartwright wasn't really trying

to stop Amy. I left hoping to see the video tape later. Romeo was

smiling.

The 'vaginal' cream jar was nearly empty. I made a lingering

application of what little was left. As the bell rang for the next

class, Principal Harrison, Amy, and the Cartwrights entered the

office. Amy and her mother were nude. I smiled at how easily Mrs.

Cartwright stripped. Clearly the two men escorting her were

visibly pleased with her outfit.

I hugged them all before racing off to gym class. Coach had a note

from Mr. Dennison asking me to help the baseball managers get the

equipment ready for the game. I was surprised to see Linda nude

in the boys locker room, but she explained, "My dad thought it

would help attendance to the games." Linda is gorgeous gal, so it

no doubt would bring many students to the game.

While other schools had seen us participating in The Program for

other sporting events, it was always fun to watch their initial

reactions to seeing nude girls running around. Linda seemed to

know just when to distract the opposing team, too. Coach Dennison

seemed to enjoy the final result. We won based on a twelve run

rule in the third inning.

I was going to be late for dinner at Victor's. Linda offered me a

ride. She didn't bother to get dressed either. As I rode, I asked

her, "What was sex like for you?" She was surprised wondering how

I knew she wasn't a virgin. I explained her father talking with

me. Linda told me in no uncertain terms to ensure I really loved

the guy and the guy really loved me. She made a big mistake. I was

certain Victor was not going be a mistake. I thanked her for the

ride and advice.

Something I had not even thought about was wearing clothes to

dinner. I was surprised to see Victor wearing a shirt and slacks.

Mrs. Gomes seemed to understand my embarrassment, too. She simply

hugged me, and pulled me inside and introduced me to their whole

family. I was amazed at all the people. The Gomes have a large

family, and everyone was talkative. Mostly trying to embarrass

Victor with childhood tales. I held his hand and squeezed as I

found them all endearing. I kissed Victor several times during the

course of dinner. His little brown-eyed, brown-haired sister

squealed with delight each time.

Victor and I sat in their backyard gazebo. Mrs. Gomes kept calling

the other kids back in the house to leave us alone. It seemed

every time we kissed, one of his little siblings popped up

laughing. Finally, I suggested I knew I place where we would have

some privacy. I thanked the Gomes' for a delightful dinner. Mrs.

Gomes invited me over any time. She also told Victor, "You cannot

walk this girl home wearing that. How do you think she would feel

being the only one nude on the streets."

Victor slipped off his clothes to walk me home. To my home. My

backyard actually. We found ourselves lusting for each other.

Victor reminded me it was his turn. He slipped between my legs,

kissing his way down. His rougher cheeks felt completely different

from how Amy felt sliding down there. The final result was the

same. I didn't try to muffle my pleasure this time. It is possible

everyone the neighborhood heard. I did not care. Victor gave me

the wettest kiss ever. It wasn't until he left I realized, some of

that wetness was me!

Amy and I ran upstairs to talk. I told her every thing as we

soaked in the tub together. We laid there for well over an hour.

We were pruned, but Amy's skin was even softer than normal. We

hurried to bed, but sleep wasn't on our minds.

**Keiko - Naked in School, Weekend**

I woke finding Amy wrapped in my arms. We faced each other. I felt

terrible about having to wake her from her cute little snoring

sleep, but I had to get ready for work. She stirred awake as I

tried to slip my arm from under her. Just awake enough to kiss me

and wish me a good day. I heard her gentle snore before I made it

to the bedroom door.

Walking through the Cartwrights' house in the nude while they all

slept was quite odd. I have no idea why I looked in each bedroom,

but I did. Davy was snoring, and it was anything but cute. He was

still wearing his clothes from last night. He must have gone out,

and crashed in his bed afterwards. Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright were

laying nude together. He had her pulled in tight, her back to his

front. They appeared the perfect image of spooning. She was

smiling in her sleep. I just stood there watching them sleep. I

could only hope for such love in my own marriage... someday. I

finally moved to the bathroom.

I felt awful turning on the water. Surely I would wake the house.

I attempted to be as quiet as the water pipes would permit.

Without Amy 'helping' me get ready, I was finished in a couple of

minutes. I smiled knowing Amy would have delayed me nearly an

half-an-hour. I would not have minded, either.

I was surprised to see that no one was awake after my noise

making. So I quietly eased downstairs. I wrote a note:

To the Cartwrights,

 You all have been such wonderful hosts and friends to me this

week. I do not know how I would have managed without your help. I

cannot express my thanks enough. I've left for work hoping not to

disturb you. I have one more favor to ask, but I will wait til this evening to ask. Please know I love you all, and I always will.

 Kisses,

 Keiko

The mall was three miles from our houses. The morning air felt

cool against my naked skin. It felt wonderful. My nipples

responded as I started a brisk walk. Bare foot, I made my course

along the side roads to avoid the gravel shoulders. Few were

outside this early. I knew I would reach the mall before the

opening, so I took my time simply enjoying myself.

It wasn't my plan to cross paths with Victor, but I did. He was

jogging this morning. When he caught up to me, he walked with me.

After a block or two, Victor tossed his running shorts and

supporter in someone bushes. He saw no reason to be dressed if I

wasn't, although he left on his shoes. We walked together slowly

making our way to the mall. We still were early, maybe by thirty

minutes. Victor washed my feet in the fountain, but there was

little else for us to do in the empty mall. We sat down with our

lips locked together. I really have no idea how long we kissed.

All I know is we never stopped until Vincent walked up and greeted

me good morning.

I introduced Victor to Vincent. Vincent looked uneasy shaking

Victor's hand. Vincent was barely used to seeing me nude, but

having a nude man shaking his hand was a bit much for him. I gave

Victor a quick kiss telling him I would be off work about four

o'clock. Vincent suggested I could leave at two if I wanted. I

told Victor, "I'll see you a little after two then!"

There is virtually nothing to do on Saturdays. Our business was

always quite slow, but more so on the weekend. I spent my time

dusting the books. I guess I should have be thinking about my

parents returning home tomorrow, but I had a plan and I never

imagined it going wrong. It was probably a divine warning that I

should pull a book of Robert Burns poetry to read, 'best laid

schemes o' mice and men...' I didn't see the warning at the time.

The day went quickly. Precisely at two o'clock, Vincent told me to

have fun. I intended to have fun... with Victor. I raced the

miles back to Victor's house. I didn't even realize I had ran the

entire way. I was barely out of breath, but I was sweating. Mrs.

Gomes answered the door and invited me inside. Victor was running

an errand for her, and she said he would be home soon. I asked if

I may take a quick shower to freshen up. Mrs. Gomes led me down

the hallway and gave me a fresh towel. Okay, it was weird to be

showering in their bathroom, so I quickly cleaned myself trying to

be careful to keep my hair dry. The terry cloth towel soaked the

dampness from my skin and the slight wetness of my hair. As I

stepped from the bathroom, Victor stepped down the hallway. I'm

not completely sure if I pulled him or he pushed me, but we were

back in the bathroom lip locked again. This time he was kissing me

hard, and I pushed back with my mouth. I felt the lavatory against

my butt. In a second, my feet were off the ground. Victor between

my legs. Oh, how easy it would have been for him to slide inside

me just then. I was wet. Somehow, we managed not to lock together

below our waists. Heaven knows we did little to avoid it. I could

feel the warmth and hardness of his erection pressing flat against

my inner thigh.

"Oh my!" Mrs. Gomes said. Victor stepped back. I turned three

shades of red. My legs were wide open! Just as I was ready to saw

NOTHING happened! Mrs. Gomes just closed the door for us. The

moment was lost. Victor started to laugh. I stared at him unable

to keep a straight face. I quickly kissed him as I hopped off the

counter top.

Victor suggested we take his uncle's boat for a ride around the

lake. I don't know if I feared what I would do alone with Victor

or what he might do to me, but I asked, "Can we take Amy along,

too?" If Victor had plans, he didn't show it. He thought it would

be fun to have Amy come with us.

Victor ran across the street to get his uncle's boat keys as I

telephoned Amy, "Amy! Victor and I are going for a boat ride. We

want you to come along... No, you won't be a third wheel...

Honest. Anyhow, a tricycle is more stable than a bicycle... It

means it won't fall over... I want you to come along... Victor

said it would be fun to have you come, too... Please! I really

want to be with you too... Great, we'll be over to get you real

soon... Love ya!"

Victor was smiling big time when he returned, "Uncle Pablo said I

could drive his Lincoln." Mrs. Gomes didn't like that, but she

just gave us some towels telling us to sit on them. The Lincoln

had leather seats. I never thought about what a mess a naked

person could leave. It finally dawned on me, all school year no

one ever seemed to pay this detail any attention. I wondered who

sat in my seats after each of my classes. Then I wondered who had

to sit in Bob Freschetti's seat. YUCK!

While the water was too cold to swim, the air was warm, almost hot

in the sun. It felt great as the boat roared from the dock. Amy

and I sat in the stern seat with the full wind against us. I

noticed Amy's nipples instantly become erect as the fine misty

spray hit us. I teased one of her nipples as I yelled over the

engine noise, "I see you are enjoying this!"

She yelled back, "You are too Nipple Girl!" My own nipples were

as erect as hers.

Victor was keen on watching the waves as we raced across the lake.

I motioned for Amy to follow me. Crouched down low I reached

towards Victor's muscular butt cheek. Amy reached for his other

cheek. Together we pinched him. He jumped a good two feet off the

deck! He brought the engine to idle then tackled both of us to the

vinyl bench. As we wrestled, Amy was helping Victor tickle me. I

fought back at both of them until I was completely out of breath

from laughing. Then Amy planted a kiss on me. I held her face

tight for a long time. Victor wasn't going to be left out. He

fell on my breasts suckling and massaging them both. I was loving

the attention. Then Amy broke free. She moved to the other side of

Victor. I could no longer see her, but I felt her hair brushing

the inside of my legs. As Amy kissed her way up my inner thighs,

Victor made his way to my lips. I was soaking wet from all this

attention. It wasn't long before I couldn't breath. I had to hold

Victor back for a minute. Amy hit the spot! When I thought I could

not take it another second, Amy found the spot on the spot! My

hips convulsed. This was intense. From blurry eyes, I saw Victor

just smiling broadly at me as I bucked in reaction to Amy's

actions. Just when I was ready for her to continue, she stopped.

SHE STOPPED!

Amy dove for her small bag. She rutted through it for a few

seconds. "Found it!" she exclaimed. And handed Victor something

small.

Victor looked troubled and showed me a small red square. I was

puzzled. Amy grabbed the red square back and ripped it open.

Although I had never seen one up close, I knew it was a condom.

I nodded to Victor. He asked, "Are you sure?"

I grabbed the condom and started to slip it over his erection. Amy

sat back, but told me, "Don't put it on too tightly. Leave a

little at the end." I had no idea what I was doing and it showed.

I ripped the condom. I screamed!

Amy found another one, and this time she slipped it on Victor as I

watched closely. Victor's erection seemed to grow within the

rubber. I was a nervous wreck. Victor sensed this, as did Amy.

They teamed up again to get me over my nerves. Amy started kissing

me on the lips, and Victor kissed my other lips. I was humping his

face in seconds. Then I felt Victor pull away and slide himself

back between my legs. Amy pulled away. Victor was entering me! I

looked at his eyes looking straight in my eyes.

The pain was sharp. I knew it would be from all I had read. Victor

seemed to be pulling back as I showed the pain, but I grabbed his

hips and pulled him back in deeper. It hurt, but it felt strangely

wonderful at the same time. His motions were quick but constant,

and I saw his expression turn to a painful twitch. He pulled out.

I was bleeding. Amy was quick to clean me with a wet towel. Victor

had to walk around Amy to kiss me. I was crying, but I was happy,

very happy. Victor just held me as Amy cleaned my mess.

Amy offered to drive the boat as Victor and I cuddled. I was quite

surprised. Amy was a very good at steering the boat. Much better

as a boat captain than a driver in a car. Victor had me wrapped in

his arms. I was both sad and happy. I never expected to lose my

virginity before my wedding night, but I knew I would never have

traded this day for anything.

Victor told Amy to reduce the power. He and Amy switched

positions. Victor slowly steered us back to the dock. I thanked

Amy for being here with me. She made my first time very special,

and I would never forget her for making it possible.

As we climbed from the boat, I saw the bloody towel. It appeared

we had gutted fish with it. Victor simply wrapped it up and

carried the filthy thing under the other towels. My friends, no,

my lovers, each were holding me close as we walked back to the

car. I was really worried about soiling his uncle's car seats, but

Victor insisted I just lay down. He cradled me in the back seat.

It took me several minutes to realize, Amy was driving. I sat up

quickly foreseeing my death! Amy had us safely back at her house.

I kissed Victor, "I love you Mister Victor Gomes."

Victor said, "I love you Miss Keiko Wilson."

Amy was tearing up. She threw herself on us in a group hug.

I was crying in joy myself. Amy and I waved good-bye to Victor

after Amy promised to take very good care of me.

Well, she had done an excellent job so far, but her good luck

ended. We were locked out of the house. It seems Davy had left

early to return to college. Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright were out. I

started to laugh. I managed to get locked out of TWO houses within

a week. As we started to walk around the house to see if we could

find a window open or something, I heard a scream...

"KEIKO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"

The voice was my mother. I froze. They weren't due back yet! As I

spun around, I saw my father's look of horror. I immediately

covered myself. My father grabbed my mother's arm and pulled her

inside our house. I chased them, but the door was slammed shut

and locked by the time I reached it.

"Mom! Dad! Please let me explain!" I screamed over the wailing of

my mother. My father approached the locked door only to pull the

curtains shut. I pounded on the door pleading for them to let me

inside.

My father yelled, "My daughter would not be nude outside. I have

no idea who you are, you little tramp."

I screamed, "Daddy, please let me explain!"

My father carried my mother away from the kitchen door saying, "We

no longer have a daughter."

I started sobbing. Amy raced to my side, "Come on Keiko. Let's go

back to my house. They will calm down."

I have no idea how long we sat on the Cartwright's porch. I never

stopped crying. Even when Amy's parents came home, I simply cried

in Mrs. Cartwright's arms. I knew my babbling was making no

sense. Amy attempted to explain what had happened. Mr. Cartwright

was steamed. He left the house. All I could hear was shouting,

the words made no sense. What finally pierced my sobs was the

police siren. Amy, Mrs. Cartwright, and I raced to the window. My

father and Mr. Cartwright were being held back by two officers

with two more moving fast.

I ran from the house towards the commotion. Unfortunately, that

simply sent my father in further hysterics, "Keep that whore off

my property!" One of the policemen grabbed me, and pulled me to

the curb. He was asking me questions, but I couldn't answer. I was

shaking and babbling and crying. Amy translated for me. My father

was escorted back in my house, and Mr. Cartwright was forced back

to his own lawn.

Mrs. Cartwright made sure her husband was alright before racing to

my side. The policemen suggested I stay with the Cartwrights until

my parents settled down. I knew my father would never settle

down. My life was ruined. Mrs. Cartwright carried me back inside

their house.

When I woke, the pillow was wet. I had no idea how long I cried

or slept. My gut ached. I felt like throwing up. I made my way to

the bathroom unable to throw up. I splashed water on my face. I

wanted to crawl away and cry myself to death.

Amy appeared. She looked strange. I couldn't place it at first.

She was wearing clothes! I finally noticed, so was I. The tears

flowed again. Amy held me close, and laid me back in bed. She

rocked me back to sleep.

When I woke, I felt better. My stomach was twisted in knots, but

at least my complete despair was waning. Amy was still holding

me. She smiled, "If you need to cry some more, I can put on a

clean shirt." I laughed, but it hurt too much. We went back to the

bathroom to freshen up.

Downstairs, I asked, "Have my parents come over yet?"

Mrs. Cartwright said, "I'm sorry Keiko. No. I think I saw them

drive off last night."

I realized I had no idea what day it was. "Last night?" I was told

I had cried and slept for about the last twenty-four hours.

Amy started to cook some soup for us. I decided to help her so I'd

have something edible. She didn't seem to mind. She held me close

as I stirred the tomato soup. Amy said, "Victor has been calling.

I explained what had happened. I hope you don't mind."

I said, "Thank-you, I don't think I could have told Victor. Did

you tell anyone what happened earlier yesterday?" Amy placed her

forefinger to her lips.

As I poured the soup into our cups, the doorbell rang. I looked

up, "Daddy?"

It was Victor. He had a bouquet of flowers. He dressed in suit,

too. I raced over to hug him. I needed his strength. He carried me

back to the kitchen. I sat in his lap as he fed me spoonfuls of

soup. I started to feel better, but not much. After I finished the

soup, everyone insisted I should go to bed and rest. I didn't feel

much like sleeping. Everyone kissed me good night as I laid in

bed. I was asleep in seconds.

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When the alarm went off, Amy was leaning on the bed next to me.

She had sat on the floor and fell asleep with her head on the

mattress. She looked sore as she knocked the alarm clock to the

floor. I reached over and massaged her shoulders. Amy suggested we

shower before going to school. I slowly rose from the bed.

Without thinking, I pulled off the clothes they had put me in

sometime ago.

This shower with Amy was simply to get clean. We lacked the

playfulness of the past week.

Amy said, "Mother wants me to wear clothes for a week. Then I can

decide whether to wear them to school or not." I asked if I could

borrow something to wear. "Of course." A simple white blouse,

denim skirt, and panties is all I wore. Her few bras and numerous

shoes were too large on my tinier body.

I never could remember dreading attending school as I did this

morning. Mrs. Cartwright told Amy to stop pulling at her clothes.

Amy looked very uncomfortable wearing clothes again. I managed to

thank Mrs. Cartwright for the ride before I flung myself into her

arms crying. Mrs. Cartwright suggested the sooner I return to my

normal routine, the sooner I could get back to normal.

The walk to the school doors never seemed longer. I saw Nurse

Magee in the hallway. I ran over to her and wrapped my arms around

her. I told her how sorry I was to hear her father had died. I

added, "I know how it is to lose your parents." Maybe I didn't

exactly, but it had certainly felt that way. She held me tight

thanking me.

She moved us over to her office. "Keiko, I think you left your

things here last week."

A new emotion came over me. "Those are no longer mine. My father's

daughter owns that stuff."

Nurse Magee closed the door asking me to explain. I told her

everything. Including making love to Victor. She was very

understanding and supportive. No lectures. No blames. We talked

for a couple of hours. I hardly noticed the time. Afterwards, I

knew I needed to get to my classes. Fortunately, my next class was

my study break where I worked in the front office.

Principal Harrison seemed relieved to see me with Nurse Magee.

They talked briefly. Then I was asked to go into the principal's

office. Mr. Harrison looked quite tense. "Keiko, we have a little

problem. Your parents have filed a law suit against the school.

The school district's attorney has already called to say I will

have to make your consent form public. I hope you will

understand."

I looked up more upset that my father would have taken action so

quickly. It was bitterness that spoke, "Why does HE have the right

to sue? HE has disowned me. HE has no daughter attending school

here. HE has no legal standing. HE didn't sign anything, I DID!"

Principal Harrison was shocked. He immediately dialed the phone

and hit the speaker on. He called the school district's attorney.

I was asked to repeat my position. The attorney was quite pleased.

He said I would make a fine lawyer. I joked, "Sorry, I might be

too honest." Fortunately, he laughed.

It was towards the end of lunch Principal Harrison found me eating

with Victor. My father's attorney admitted my father had no case.

The suit was dropped.

Mr. Royer must have heard something from the principal. The whole

support bra project was going to be dropped. A few students were

upset since they had worked to make their 'bras'. Last Friday, the

assembly interrupted the fittings. I decided for Mr. Royer. I

stood up tossing my shirt over my head. I announced, "Since I'm

not wearing a bra, I suppose I should see if any of the projects

actually work." The class cheered, and Mr. Royer made certain I

wanted to do this. I did.

As I said before, these attempts to construct a support bra had

the appearance of a suspension bridge. A couple of them actually

did make a crude support, but most were simply a tangling of

strings and were quite uncomfortable. I got a strange look as I

rubbed my breasts after they removed one such tress. When the

bell rang, I grabbed my books and followed the rest of the class

out the door.

I didn't even realize I had left Amy's blouse in the Physics class

until Mr. Zank mentioned my half attire, "A new fashion statement,

Keiko?"

I laughed, 'See what a week of being nude will do to a girl?"

In gym class, I was back with the girls. I have no idea why, but

I just wore my tee shirt and gym shoes. We were given knee and

elbow pads to play volleyball. I had a really good time playing

too. I really worked up a sweat playing. I was constantly wiping

the sweat from my eyes using the tee shirt tails. I finally cast

the shirt completely off. I felt even better. I was making bumps I

never would have made a few weeks ago. I was really feeling good!

After showering, I locked Amy's skirt and panties in my locker. I

walked out of the locker room nude. Victor was there to meet me.

I planted a kiss on him before he could say a word. When I finally

allowed him to catch his breath, I said, "My life started over

last week. I didn't realize it then, but it did. Victor Gomes, I

want you to be part of the rest of my life."

Victor said, "Ain't no way you'll get rid of me."