**Lily Peterson, Remainder**

by daviezwei

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 1**

Lily Peterson, peculiarly pretty and now increasingly popular high-school senior, sat in the passenger seat of Mrs. Haverknott's SUV fidgeting with her dangling belly-button piercing. It was a pink gem heart in a silver encasement on a short silver chain. Lily rather liked it. Along with it she wore a simple silver necklace, a few slender rings on her fingers, and even a couple of rings on her pink-nailed toes.  
  
Given her unique situation, though, that was the entirety of her outfit.  
  
"Nervous?" Mrs. Haverknott asked, reaching over to pat the girl on her leg.  
  
"Yes! Actually, I'm super-nervous! I don't know what it is but my stomach is full of flutters."  
  
"You seemed fine this morning, Lils," the older woman said, giving her new ward a gentle squeeze on the thigh.  
  
The court had just approved of her guardianship this very morning. Lily had stood in court, naked, and testified to both being a nudist and to accepting Mrs. Haverknott as her guardian. Lily was of age, which of course meant that she did not require guardianship, but her nudity was of particular interest to the judge. He was concerned that Lily did not fully understand the weight of her decision, so the court saw fit to legally appoint Mrs. Haverknott to watch over her for the time being.  
  
Lily's mortified parents had quickly accepted the judgment. They took the next flight out to Paris after promising that they would make an effort to return for her graduation.  
  
After a wistful sigh, Lily put her hand atop Mrs. Haverknott's hand and curled her fingers over it.  
  
"I... I think it was all adrenaline, Bice," she said. "When I thought I had it all figured out I just couldn't wait to waltz into your classroom and lay it on you." Lily giggled nervously. "I mean, I went in all 'thug' and everything!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott laughed. "Yes, you did. It was quite a surprise. You were very 'gangster' weren't you, dear?"  
  
"Yeah, I was! But now it's like all that energy is just... gone. I'm sitting here naked, Bice! I'm going to school totally naked. I'm going to be naked all day – all year! It's... I can't even wrap my head around it. It's just crazy... just... crazy..."  
  
"There is no turning back now, young lady."  
  
"I know..."  
  
"And I will have to treat you the same as the other students while in school, you understand. Especially now that I am your legal guardian. There can absolutely be no hint of favoritism."  
  
"I know, Bice."  
  
"I think that, in the car to and from school, you should get in the habit of calling me Mrs. Haverknott."  
  
Lily snorted. "You just want me to call you that because you're kinky."  
  
Mrs. Haverknott smiled. "That, too, of course. But if you slip up at school, Miss Peterson, I will have no option but to address the issue. You understand, don't you?"  
  
"Yes, Mrs. Haverknott."  
  
"Don't be worried about your classes, dear. You have always been an exceptional student. Keep that in your mind at all times."  
  
"You're right. Thank you, Mrs. Haverknott. I will stay focused!" Lily asserted, squeezing Bice's hand in her own.  
  
"Good girl."  
  
They pulled into the faculty parking lot minutes later. Mrs. Haverknott slid out of the car and gathered her things but Lily hesitated, just staring out the window at the school.  
  
"Oh gosh... I think I'm going to pee myself," the girl said.  
  
"Come now, Miss Peterson, out of the car," Mrs. Haverknott ordered, her demeanor effortlessly transforming into that of a respected school authority. "There will be no students in the building for at least an hour, now."  
  
"I know... just all my teachers!"  
  
"It will be good for you, young lady. This will give you ample time to acclimatize to your situation. If, in the future, you would rather not arrive so early, you are welcomed to take the bus instead of riding along with me."  
  
"The bus! No, no I couldn't do that. Not... yet. No way! The bus... all those people... all my classmates... oh gosh... oh no!"  
  
"Out, Miss Peterson. Now."  
  
Lily was startled to her senses by Mrs. Haverknott's stern tone. She opened the door and hopped out of the car. The pavement was rough, but cool, under her bare feet. There was a chilly breeze that made Lily shiver. Her rosy nipples atop her barely-there breasts were immediately stiff.  
  
She was really going to do this. She was going to school naked. Totally, completely, butt-and-boobs naked!  
  
She clenched her fists at her sides to keep from covering up. She could do this! She had to do this!  
  
Lily burped and clapped her hand over her mouth. Ugh, she had almost thrown up...

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 2**

Inside the school building was warmer, thankfully, but there was still a bit of a chill. Lily was certain that, at this temperature, her nipples were sure to be hard all day long.  
  
And, as if that wasn't embarrassing enough, Mr. Collins had just come around the corner to see her tweaking her nipple between her forefinger and thumb!  
  
"Miss Peterson, a moment, please," he said, waving her over.  
  
Lily walked over to him, her cheeks burning.  
  
"Yes, Mr. Collins?"  
  
He gave her a genuine smile but it was obvious he was fighting to keep his gaze on her face.  
  
"Ah. This may not be opportune timing, given your newly-found... nudity... but I put in a request with the school board at the start of the year and I've just now heard back from them. You see, I wanted to make sure the idea was approved before making the offer to you. Now, however, it may be... unsuitable for you."  
  
Lily's interest was piqued. She asked, "What is it, Mr. Collins?"  
  
"Have you considered becoming a teacher, Miss Peterson?"  
  
Lily thought for a moment and then shook her head. "No, I suppose I haven't, Mr. Collins."  
  
"Does the idea appeal to you at all?"  
  
Again Lily took a moment to think and then said, "Yes, actually! I think I might really like that, Mr. Collins."  
  
He smiled and nodded. "Good! I had thought so! I had hoped so, anyway. You have the capacity to make for an excellent teacher, Miss Peterson. A professor, even. I have no doubt of it."  
  
Lily smiled. "That's very kind of you to say, Mr. Collins."  
  
"Only true, Miss Peterson. Which is why, of course, I sought approval for you to be a teacher's assistant this year."  
  
"Really? I– I could do that?"  
  
"Of course! Given your academic excellence, it was a painless process to gain approval. In fact, if you were to accept the offer, I had planned on you taking over my lessons immediately – with me as your supervisor, of course."  
  
Lily grinned. She could teach? She could give lectures?  
  
"That sounds wonderful, Mr. Collins!"  
  
He smiled but then, a moment later, cleared his throat and took on a serious look.  
  
"Only, Miss Peterson, I thought... perhaps... given your current situation..."  
  
Lily was suddenly struck by the plain fact that she was absolutely naked. How had she forgotten?! Suddenly she felt hot all over. She clenched her teeth together and balled her fists at her sides. This was a grown man in front of her and she was completely nude in front of him!  
  
"I'm sorry, Miss Peterson," Mr. Collins said, noting her discomfort.  
  
"No," Lily said in a huff. She wouldn't rob herself of this opportunity! "It's... I'm fine, Mr. Collins. I– I would very much like to accept the offer."  
  
"Yes?" he asked, his eyebrows raised.  
  
"Yes."  
  
Mr. Collins smiled and said, "Excellent!" He reached up to pat Lily on the shoulder, as he often did, but stopped short and lowered his hand.  
  
Lily looked to him and shook her head just slightly. "Please, Mr. Collins, don't treat me any differently... than before."  
  
Mr. Collins nodded, his face full of conviction. He reached up and placed his hand on her shoulder – but this time his touch was electric on her naked flesh. She shivered, feeling something like a gentle jolt of lightning flow through her, but she managed to smile at him and give him a nod.  
  
"I'll see you in class, Miss Peterson – my assistant," he said, dropping his hand and turning to leave. Then he turned around and asked, "You will have to wear your running shoes at track, Miss Peterson. That won't be an issue, right?"  
  
Lily swooned at the thought: she'd be running track naked, too!  
  
She swallowed and said, "No, Mr. Collins. That won't be a problem."  
  
"Good," he said, nodding once again before heading down the hallway.  
  
"Running track naked," Lily muttered to herself. She reached up and took her very modest breasts in her hands. "I guess these little-bitty boobies of mine can be a blessing sometimes, too."  
  
Of course, that's when both Mr. Burgess and Mr. Doddings rounded the corner and found Lily groping her chest.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 3**

Lily stared at Mr. Burgess and Mr. Doddings, hands still mid-squeeze on her breasts, and the two teachers stared back at her. It seemed an impasse: no one knew how to handle this situation.  
  
Of the three of them, it was Lily who found her bearings first. She slowly lowered her hands to her sides and said, as calmly as she could muster, "Good morning, Mr. Burgess. Good morning, Mr. Doddings."  
  
Mr. Doddings, perhaps because he had seen her naked once before, recovered his composure next.  
  
"Good morning, Miss Peterson."  
  
Mr. Burgess, however, was still apparently dumbstruck.  
  
"We were just heading to the teacher's lounge for some coffee," Mr. Doddings explained. "It may be a bit improper, but given that there are no students about at this hour, I could fetch you a cup of coffee if you would like, Miss Peterson."  
  
"Oh, thank you, Mr. Doddings," Lily said. The thought of a hot mug of coffee to curtail her chill sounded wonderful. "I would appreciate that very much. I suppose it wouldn't be too improper," she continued, perhaps a little too proudly, "now that I'm a teacher's assistant."  
  
Mr. Doddings tilted his head, giving her a curious look.  
  
"Is that so, Miss Peterson? Then, by all means, please join us. I'm quite sure the teacher's lounge is available to assistants as well."  
  
That seemed to bring Mr. Burgess out of his stupor. He said, "Yes, I believe that would be perfectly acceptable, given your new status, Miss Peterson."  
  
The teacher's lounge? For her?! Lily couldn't help but bounce up on her tip-toes in excitement. This, unfortunately, seemed to cause both of the men to be rendered speechless once again.  
  
"I would be happy to accept your offer, Mr. Doddings," Lily said, clasping her hands behind her back and forcing herself to contain her enthusiasm.  
  
Mr. Doddings cleared his throat and nodded, but didn't move.  
  
"Should I– should I follow you, Mr. Doddings?"  
  
"Oh, no. No, Miss Peterson. Please, walk here beside us."  
  
As it happened, Lily took up the space in between them as they walked to the teacher's lounge. It was an interesting feeling, being altogether naked and escorted by two finely-suited gentleman. The fact that they were both considerably taller than Lily and that they both were having a difficult time keeping their eyes off of her was strangely thrilling.  
  
Mr. Burgess held the door open for Lily when they had arrived at the lounge and Lily thanked him for his courtesy. Casting a quick glance over her shoulder as she entered, however, proved that Mr. Burgess's motives were less than gracious: his eyes were completely fixated on her exposed bum!  
  
Mr. Doddings went about making the coffee and handed Lily a delightfully warm mug of it.  
  
"Careful, now," Mr. Doddings advised.  
  
"Yes, Mr. Doddings," Lily said. "Thank you."  
  
After a few minutes of standing around in silence sipping coffee, Mr. Doddings cleared his throat and got their attention.  
  
"Perhaps we should address the elephant in the room, Miss Peterson."  
  
Lily looked at each of the men and slowly nodded. "My... being naked... right?"  
  
"It is not your fault, of course, but the situation does cause some difficulty for Mr. Burgess and myself. You see, you are a very young girl, Miss Peterson–"  
  
"I'm of age, Mr. Doddings."  
  
"Oh thank God!" Mr. Burgess exclaimed, collapsing into a lounge chair with a great sigh of relief.  
  
"Mr. Burgess?" Lily asked, concerned.  
  
"I'm sorry," Mr. Burgess said, collecting himself. "Only I thought I was a pervert! I mean, in all my years of teaching, I've never... I've never even thought... of... oh..." Mr. Burgess cleared his throat and looked away. "My apologies, Miss Peterson. That was wildly inappropriate of me."  
  
Lily said, "Well... Mrs. Haverknott did say I look a bit younger since I... um... shave everything."  
  
This statement, of course, caused both men to turn their focus to Lily's crotch – which not only caused her whole body to flush red but also caused her to let out a shy little "Eek!" and clamp her thighs tightly together.  
  
Mr. Burgess immediately looked away, mortified, but Mr. Doddings brought his gaze back up to Lily's eye-level and chuckled a bit.  
  
"Apologies, Miss Peterson," Mr. Doddings said, smiling. "You understand the situation will necessitate some acclimation."  
  
"Oh. Yes... I think it will. Mrs. Haverknott mentioned that I would have to acclimatize. I guess everyone will have to get used to me... well, being naked."  
  
"I mean this in the most professional way, of course, but I assure you," Mr. Doddings said with another chuckle, "that would be akin to someone attempting to 'get used' to a beautiful sunrise everyday, Miss Peterson."  
  
Lily felt herself blush again. She hid her face in her mug, not caring about how hot the coffee was on her tongue as she gulped it down.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 4**

Lily had quickly finished her coffee and excused herself from the teacher's lounge. She strode down the hallway towards the bathroom, intent on splashing some cool water on her burning cheeks.  
  
Somehow she'd never considered of it before, but she suddenly realized what a handsome man Mr. Doddings was. Mr. Collins, too, of course, with his slight beard stubble and strong jawline! Mr. Burgess was less handsome than either of them, but he still was fairly good-looking. In fact, now that Lily thought about it, all of her teachers were more or less attractive.  
  
That fact certainly wouldn't make being naked in front of them any easier!  
  
Lily hurried to the sink and splashed water on her face, taking deep breaths. She was trembling all over. Her toes curled against the cold tiles under her bare feet. She clutched the sink for support and stared at herself in the mirror.  
  
By gosh, she was pretty. She wasn't conceited – she hoped, at least – but she couldn't deny the fact that the face staring back at her could easily grace the cover of any teen model magazine. Big golden eyes, full lips, and a cute button nose: Lily had clearly won the genetic lottery.  
  
"Thanks, Mom," she said, half-jokingly. She did take after her mother, and her mother was simply stunning. A bit of a bitch, though. Which Lily thought was probably the reason she had fought with her own ego: she didn't want to be like that. She didn't want to be like her mother – at least not in that sense.  
  
Lily stood back from the mirror and looked at herself. Besides being very nearly tit-less, she thought, her body was perfect for her. She had just enough musculature to fill out her slender form. She had a decent rump, too, and dainty little feet with cute little bubble toes.  
  
Now that she was stuck naked, winning the genetic lottery seemed to be more of a curse than a blessing. Of course people would look at her! She had to admit that even she sometimes enjoyed looking at herself, despite however much humility she tried to enforce upon herself.  
  
Lily shook the thoughts out of her head and dried her face with a paper towel. What little makeup she had put on this morning had smeared, so Lily tried to wipe it all off.  
  
The bathroom door squeaked open as Lily was tossing away the paper towel. Her best friend, Tiffany Alster, stepped in. Immediately the blonde's jaw dropped open and her big eyes seemed to bulge from her pretty face.  
  
"Lily! It's true! You're still naked!"  
  
Lily gave her an embarrassed smile and a hint of a shrug. "Yeah. Still... naked."  
  
"I've never seen you completely naked up close! You. Are. Gorgeous!"  
  
Lily giggled and looked away, screwing her big toe against the tile under her foot nervously.  
  
"Whew," Tiffany continued, fanning her face in an exaggerated fashion, "my goodness, girl. I think I'm in total lesbians with you now."  
  
"Stop!" Lily said, bursting out laughing.  
  
"Aww, you're so cute!" Tiffany said, stepping right up to her. "Ooh, your makeup got a little messed up, huh? Don't worry, I brought my clutch!"  
  
Tiffany held up her small makeup bag and wiggled it about.  
  
The blonde happily said, "We'll get you sorted in no time, hotstuff."  
  
"I don't usually wear very much and–"  
  
"You shut your mouth right now. I'm very good at this. Don't you dare try to tell me no!"  
  
Lily laughed again. "Okay then, just a little..."  
  
"That's what I thought!" Tiffany took Lily's upper arm in her hand and guided her over to a sink. "First, we gotta get some gloss on those big fat stupid sexy lips of yours..."

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 5**

The biggest mistake of her morning, Lily thought, was letting Tiffany put a bit of rouge on her areolas. She said it would give her the illusion of fuller breasts, but all it seemed to do was make her already perma-hard nips absolutely un-ignorable.  
  
Lily could deal with the glistening lip balm and the dark eyeliner – in fact, Tiffany had been surprisingly subtle in applying the makeup to her face – but her stiff red-rosy nipples were just too much! She had to get to class right away but afterward she would definitely be rubbing that off.  
  
"Oh great," Lily murmured to herself, "now I'm thinking about rubbing my nipples..." The very thought seemed to make her chest ache to be touched.  
  
Lily slipped into her first period classroom just before the bell rang. She didn't want to answer questions before class. She knew she'd have to, afterward, but she would deal with that when the time came.  
  
When she sat down at her desk, she immediately shivered. The chair was quite frosty on her bottom. She should have brought something to sit on!  
  
Lily crossed her legs and tried to concentrate on going over the material covered in yesterday's lecture just in case Mrs. Wen had questions for them. It was hard to stay focused, though, because she was well aware that everyone in the classroom was sneaking glances at her, if not simply outright staring.  
  
Thankfully when Mrs. Wen entered everyone faced forward. Mrs. Wen was well known as the strictest teacher in the school – even more strict than Mrs. Haverknott – but Lily thought she was very fair. She was also obviously very, very smart and that made her one of Lily's favorite teachers.  
  
Mrs. Wen was a short, thin woman in her late thirties. She had raven-black hair, pulled into an austere bun, and high cheekbones that gave her an exotic, almost sultry look.  
  
"Miss Peterson," the teacher said immediately upon settling at her desk, "I understand this inappropriate condition of yours must be tolerated, but if your presence disrupts my class in any way, I'll have you out. Do you understand me?"  
  
Lily was shocked and not just a bit hurt that Mrs. Wen had called her out and, on top of that, made the not-so-vague accusation that she expected Lily to be disruptive.  
  
It took Lily a moment to reply. She bit her quivering lip and said, "Yes, Mrs. Wen."  
  
For the first time ever, Lily had trouble keeping her attention on a lecture. She only sat there, on the very verge of crying, with Mrs. Wen's voice droning in her ears. This was ridiculous – she was ridiculous! Naked in school! It was the most ridiculous thing she could think of! And here she was, being stupid and silly and robbed of all dignity.  
  
She was stupid. This was stupid. Everything she had worked for was gone. She was no longer the "stellar" student. She was just the naked one...  
  
The hands of the wall clock wavered in Lily's vision as she watched the time tick by. She quickly wiped a hot tear from her cheek when she felt it spill from her eye. She just had to make it to the bell and she would leave – she would go home and get dressed and figure out how to get out of this situation. She would fix it. She had to fix it!  
  
When the bell rang, Lily nearly jumped out of her seat to run out of the room.  
  
But Mrs. Wen said, "Miss Peterson, stay."  
  
The teacher didn't even look at her when she said it.  
  
Lily sat still while all her classmates filed out of the room. Ms. Wen shut her classroom door when the others had all left, leaving only the two of them in the room.  
  
"I have tenure, Miss Peterson. That means it would be extremely difficult for the school to get rid of me. I'm the only teacher here with tenure. Do you understand that? I worked very hard to achieve the level of respect I have gained here at the school."  
  
Lily wasn't sure how to reply, so she simply said, "Yes, Ms. Wen."  
  
"So you understand that I am not afraid to speak my mind. And what I think is that you are making a mockery of this institution. More importantly, you are making a mockery of my class!"  
  
"No, Mrs. Wen, I–"  
  
"You were one of my finest students, Miss Peterson. Why? Why?! WHY are you throwing it all away?!" Mrs. Wen demanded, thumping her fist against her desk.  
  
Lily couldn't take it. She burst out crying and dropped her head to her desk, wrapping her head in her arms and sobbing.  
  
"Stop that, Miss Peterson," Mrs. Wen ordered, but her voice lacked conviction. "Stop that this instant," she commanded altogether too softly.  
  
After a minute of silence, Lily was able to control herself – at least down to only sniffling. She looked up to see Mrs. Wen patiently waiting for her to return to her senses.  
  
"I can explain," Lily said, her voice cracking and shaky.  
  
"I don't care," Mrs. Wen said, "and I don't want to hear it."  
  
Lily swallowed and looked away. She wiped snot from her nose with the back of her hand.  
  
"You are going to have to work twice as hard to earn half the respect I once had for you, Miss Peterson. I doubt you have it in you."  
  
Lily turned to face her again.  
  
"I do. I can do it. I can, Mrs. Wen. I promise!"  
  
"You had better," Mrs. Wen said, turning away from her. "Now get out of my classroom."

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 6**

Lily rushed to the bathroom, ducking behind her books to hide her shameful face. Once inside the bathroom, she immediately washed and scrubbed away all her makeup. It was ruined anyway from all her crying.  
  
She couldn't believe what just happened with Mrs. Wen, but she wouldn't dwell on it. The teacher was right: Lily would have to work twice as hard to keep any respect anyone had for her. She was naked. It was too easy to simply label her as "the naked girl" and disregard all her achievements!  
  
Lily stomped her foot and nodded at herself in the mirror.  
  
"Clothes or no clothes, you're Lily Peterson," she told herself. "Now get to class and get to work, you beautiful badass!"  
  
Heartened by her own pep-talk, Lily collected her books and rushed to Mr. Burgess's class.  
  
She stepped inside and greeted the classmates she knew warmly. She answered a few questions – yes, she really was a nudist now and no, it wasn't just some sort of bet or blackmail – and then she sat down, legs crossed, and prepared for the lesson.  
  
Which, strangely, didn't come. A good five minutes into class now, and Mr. Burgess was still not there. The students were getting antsy. They started to chat. They started to ask Lily questions again.  
  
"Right," Lily suddenly said, making the snap decision to stand up and march to the front of the room. "As a teacher's assistant it falls to me to get class started if the teacher is delayed. So everyone get your books out, page one-nineteen, and we'll continue with the downfall of Napoleon."  
  
"You're a teacher's assistant? But you're naked!"  
  
"One thing has nothing to do with the other," Lily said sternly. "Now get your book out or get a mark."  
  
The boy seemed stunned, but he did as he was told.  
  
Everyone looked at Lily expectantly, so she confidently began the lesson. She had read the whole chapter before anyway, and besides she rather liked talking about Napoleon. Lily didn't even break her stride when Mr. Burgess finally turned up. He was obviously surprised to find her at the front of the class, but he only waved for her to continue and took a vacant seat near the back of the room.  
  
But even as her confidence soared, so did Lily's embarrassment. All of them were looking at her! Nude, walking about in the front of the room, turning to write on the chalkboard – she was completely exposed and they were all drinking her in.  
  
And, right along with her confidence and embarrassment, a new, strange feeling arose: Lily felt something so burning hot welling up inside her that she could swear her belly was full of peppers!  
  
Every gaze started to feel like soft, fiery fingers stroking her naked flesh. Her mouth watered and her stiff nipples ached. To say her delicate bits were "a bit damp" would be a wild understatement.  
  
What was going on?! Why was she so... agitated?! She'd never experienced anything like this before and she hated it every bit as much as she relished it.  
  
But Lily gritted her teeth and set her mind to the task: she was teaching this class! She would persevere!  
  
Heedless of her slickened thighs and the faint but undeniable aroma of her arousal, Lily pressed on. She did, however, take up a position behind the desk in an effort gain some coverage and, hopefully, some composure.  
  
When she was done with the lecture portion of the class, Lily assigned the worksheet questions to the students and, quite surprisingly, they all began to write out their answers! Mr. Burgess approached the front of the room and told Lily she had done a marvelous job.  
  
"Thank you, Mr. Burgess," Lily said, beaming. "Might I ask to be excused to the restroom, though? I need a moment to–"  
  
Mr. Burgess held up his hand to interrupt her and shook his head.  
  
"It's important for teachers – and teacher's assistants – to spend at least a few moments with each student individually. You need to walk through the room and check on their work, Miss Peterson. That's just as I do."  
  
"But," Lily said, feeling quite feverish by now, "I'm in a... sort of... agitated state, Mr. Burgess."  
  
"That's quite obvious to me, Miss Peterson, and I doubt very much my students are so stupid to have not noticed their lecturer was working herself into an absolute froth. Lord knows they were paying rapt attention to you, Miss Peterson!"  
  
"Mr. Burgess..."  
  
"If you want to remain a teacher's assistant, you will have to do the work required of the position. That's the end of this discussion, Miss Peterson."  
  
"Yes, Mr. Burgess. Of course. I understand."  
  
"Good. Now, take a moment to catch your breath and see to the students," Mr. Burgess said. He added quietly, "There's a clean gym towel in that desk drawer there if you need it for... anything."  
  
"Oh gosh," Lily said, clapping one hand to her mouth and the other to her crotch. "Was it really so... obvious, Mr. Burgess?"  
  
Mr. Burgess chuckled. "Honestly, Miss Peterson, I was bracing myself for your imminent orgasm. You must really like teaching!"  
  
"Oh..." Lily groaned as what seemed like all the blood in her body rushed to her face.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 7**

The simple fact was, Lily had never had a proper orgasm – at least she didn't think so. The times she had touched herself were okay, she thought, but nothing to make a fuss over. The way she had just felt teaching Mr. Burgess's class, however... that was something entirely different. Even now she still felt flush and her knees felt weak and her toes were positively tingling. If an orgasm is what comes after the feeling she had while teaching, she very much wanted one now!  
  
"Aww, your makeup is off again," Tiffany said, catching her in the hallway. "Don't tell me I have to be the girl in our relationship! You're prettier than me!"  
  
Lily laughed and reached out to hug her friend, who seemed all too happy to oblige. This felt really nice, Lily thought. She had a hell of a morning. She needed her best friend.  
  
But when she pulled back from the hug, Tiffany kissed her square on the mouth. It was definitely not a "friends" type of kiss.  
  
Lily pulled her mouth away, confused, but remained held in Tiffany's arms. She looked at her friend, wide-eyed and speechless. But Tiffany only smiled back.  
  
Finally Lily found the words to ask, "Tiffany, are you–"  
  
"Yeah," Tiffany said simply with a curt nod.  
  
"But you don't even know what I was going to ask."  
  
"I mean the question could only kinda go one way, right? 'Tiffany, are you gay?' 'Tiffany, are you into me?' 'Tiffany, are you sure you want to do this?' 'Tiffany, are you super-duper horny from seeing me walk around school in my birthday suit?' 'Yeah' is the answer to all those. See?"  
  
"You're gay? But I didn't know! Wait, what about Marc Roberts at the end of last year with all the making out you did?"  
  
"Okay, yeah no you got me there. I do like boys. I guess the question I was answering was 'Tiffany, are you gay for me?' instead of just being, like, strictly gay."  
  
"Who have you been with?"  
  
"Girls? Well, you'll be my first. I mean, if you're down with it. You're down with it, right?"  
  
"I– I don't know, Tiffany. This is really sudden!"  
  
"For me too!"  
  
Lily laughed. "Maybe you're just confused."  
  
"Maybe. We should find out together!" Tiffany said.  
  
Lily let out a shocked gasp when Tiffany gave her bare bum a hearty squeeze.  
  
"Ladies," a deep voice said next to them.  
  
Lily and Tiffany quickly released one another and turned to face Mr. Collins.  
  
"No overt PDA in the hallways. You know the rules," Mr. Collins said. "You may hold hands, but that is the extent of any displays of affection permitted. Understood?"  
  
"Yes, Mr. Collins," both Lily and Tiffany said together.  
  
"Good," Mr. Collins said with a nod. He smiled and added with a wink, "That said, you two do make an awfully cute couple."  
  
He turned on his heel and walked away.  
  
Lily felt as if she could melt in embarrassment. Luckily, Tiffany caught her before she collapsed into a humiliated heap.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 8**

When Lily and Tiffany entered mathematics class, Mr. Collins shot the two of them another wink, sending Lily right back into the flush-faced flustered feeling from which she had only just minutes before recovered.  
  
Tiffany took Lily's hand and tugged her along to her desk since Lily seemed quite unable to move under her own power.  
  
"What is with you, silly?" Tiffany asked as she helped her friend sit down. "Oh no," Tiffany said, giggling and looking back at Mr. Collins, "you like Mr. Collins!"  
  
"Shh!" Lily said in a panic. "I do not!"  
  
"Oh my gosh you do!"  
  
"I do not!"  
  
"Aww, my baby's got a crush on teach."  
  
"Tiffany, please! Don't you have to get to your own class?"  
  
"Yeah," Tiffany said, frowning. "See you later, baby-cakes!"  
  
Tiffany leaned down to give Lily a smooch on the lips, making sure that Mr. Collins saw her do it. He wagged his finger at her and she shrugged, feigning innocence, and dashed away.  
  
"Miss Peterson, up front, please," Mr. Collins said, waving her up.  
  
Lily slid out of her chair and stepped up to the front of the room. "Yes, Mr. Collins?"  
  
"Well, surely you didn't forget that you're my assistant already!"  
  
"No, of course not, Mr. Collins!"  
  
"Well then of course you'll be up front with me during class."  
  
"Oh..."  
  
"Mr. Burgess informed me that you did a remarkable job teaching his class this morning."  
  
"Oh! Oh, yes, I did teach it. It was kind of Mr. Burgess to allow me to do so."  
  
"Well, I want to see it for myself, Miss Peterson. Grab your book. You'll be heading the lecture for today."  
  
"Oh," Lily said, feeling her heartbeat quicken. "Did Mr. Burgess mention..."  
  
"He did," Mr. Collins said with a smile and nod. "I must admit, I want to see that for myself, too."  
  
"Oh..." Lily said, suddenly feeling very faint. She steadied herself with a hand on Mr. Collins's desk.  
  
"Stay calm, Miss Peterson. I was only teasing you. But it is important that you get accustomed to speaking in front of the students, regardless of whatever effect it may have on you. You shouldn't let stage fright deter you from your interest in teaching."  
  
"Oh, if it were only stage fright!" Lily said, wistfully.  
  
Mr. Collins chuckled. "Your book, Miss Peterson. Hurry now. Class starts in a few moments."  
  
Lily fetched her book from her desk and returned to the front of the room. She felt like she was in some sort of crazy dream! Everything looked so bright and foggy! Her head was swimming – and her body already felt like it was revving its engine. What if she did orgasm in front of the whole class? Oh gosh! The humiliation! She'd never live it down! How bad would it be? Would she be writhing on the floor, drooling and moaning and fondling her own body?! Was that about to happen?!  
  
"Miss Peterson?"  
  
Mr. Collins's voice sounded far-off and reedy. She looked to him and opened her mouth, but nothing came out.  
  
"You look quite red, Miss Peterson," Mr. Collins said, chuckling a little. "It's perfectly natural to have a bit of the jitters. I'm confident you will be great."  
  
If it were only jitters! Someone had turned up the heat inside her and her blood felt like lava!  
  
She swooned on her feet. Her head felt too light. The room spun around her.  
  
Mr. Collins lurched forward and caught her in his arms just as she was falling.  
  
And that put her right over the edge. Looking up into Mr. Collins's face, cradled in his arms, naked as the day she was born: it was all just simply much too much for Lily to process.  
  
She blacked out.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 9**

When Lily woke up, she was still cradled in Mr. Collins's strong arms: one of them securely around her back, the other hooked under her knees. One of her hands rested on her stomach, but the other was held right against Mr. Collins's chest. Naked as she was, she felt very warm in his arms.  
  
He was carrying her down the hallway, steadily along, as if she weighed nothing at all. His cologne was pleasant but faint – Lily found herself inhaling just to smell it. It was a nice, clean scent, and a manly one all the same.  
  
She looked up and he looked down. His stormy blue eyes locked onto her own. He didn't seem to look at her, or through her, but somehow... right to her. Right here... exactly where she was trying to hide.  
  
Lily felt like she might pass out again.  
  
"It's okay," he assured her. "You're fine. It was overwhelming. And entirely my fault! I should have eased you into it."  
  
"I... I... fainted."  
  
"You did," he said, smiling. "It was like something out of an old romance novel. You teetered about and then keeled right over, all dainty-like."  
  
Lily groaned. How silly she must have looked!  
  
"Tiffany and I aren't a couple," Lily said, although even as she said it she had no idea why.  
  
"That's a shame," he said. "You've always been so serious with your schoolwork and with track. You don't seem to make time for much else. I think it would be good for you to have a relationship."  
  
"You do?"  
  
"Yes, I do."  
  
Lily sighed. "Well, maybe we are a couple. I don't know. I did... enjoy her kisses. I think."  
  
Mr. Collins chuckled. "Well, I'm all for it. If you are going to have a relationship, I'd rather my leading track star didn't risk pregnancy with one of these hormone-overloaded boys around here."  
  
"I– I wouldn't do that, Mr. Collins!"  
  
"You'd be surprised how stubborn and convincing these little bastards can be," he said, laughing.  
  
"Well I'm not like that! I would never... do that. Not... yet."  
  
"Glad to hear it."  
  
Lily tried to look around, but she was rather securely nestled in place against Mr. Collins's chest.  
  
"Where are we going?"  
  
"The nurse's office. I know you seem to be feeling better now, but she should still get a look at you just in case."  
  
Once they were outside the nurse's office, Mr. Collins set her on her feet and made sure she could stand up on her own.  
  
"Feel okay?"  
  
"Yes. Thank you."  
  
"Good. It'll look better if you walk in on your own two feet."  
  
"Oh! I'm so sorry, Mr. Collins, I didn't mean to put you in an awkward situation where–"  
  
"Oh no, it's not that. It's just better for you to walk yourself in, or the nurse may insist on sending you home for the day."  
  
"Oh! Oh... right. Thank you."  
  
"Hey, look," Mr. Collins said, taking her shoulders in his big hands and gazing into her eyes, "you have nothing to be ashamed of, okay? I don't know your reasons and there's obviously some... conflict of some kind going on with you. Whatever decisions you make, you can change them. Or you can stick to them. You just need to find out which is better for you."  
  
"Thank you, Mr. Collins. That's very good advice."  
  
"I don't know. I don't know if I'm very good at advice at all," he said, straightening up. "But what I will tell you is that you damn well better convince that nurse that you can make track practice this afternoon. If you don't, there will be hell to pay, Miss Peterson."  
  
Lily smiled. "Yes, Mr. Collins. I'll be there."  
  
"You had better," he said. "Now get in there, Miss Peterson."  
  
Lily nodded and went inside the nurse's office.  
  
"Now what the hell is this about?" the nurse immediately asked upon seeing Lily.  
  
Lily had never been to the nurse before – well, yesterday, but the nurse wasn't in that time, just Mrs. Haverknott. So it came as somewhat of a surprise to find that the nurse was a larger, older woman with apparently no compunction about picking her teeth with a toothpick while talking.  
  
"Um, well I kind of fainted while–"  
  
"Oh you know what I mean, girl, why are you running around with your monkey out?"  
  
Lily couldn't help but laugh. "My... my monkey?"  
  
"You know what I mean," the nurse repeated, pointing to Lily's crotch. "Why are you naked, girl?"  
  
"Oh! I'm sure you heard at the staff meeting this morning–"  
  
"I don't go to those meetings. I'm not salaried. I'm a contractor. I don't get paid to sit around and listen to those old windbags chat about this and that."  
  
"Oh. Well, I'm... I'm a nudist."  
  
"You're the nudest you can get, that's for sure. Can't get any nuder!" The nurse laughed and then added, "That was a joke, you know. I know what a nudist is."  
  
"Right," Lily said, laughing along nervously.  
  
"So what is it you're here for, nudist?"  
  
"I kind of fainted in Mr. Collins's class."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"I... I think I was just nervous. It was stress, I think. I was supposed to teach the class."  
  
"Like that?" the nurse asked, waggling her toothpick at Lily.  
  
"Yes. Yes, ma'am."  
  
"Huh. You're one brave little girl. Or crazy. Or both! You'd be surprised how many brave people are crazy and the other way around. But I guess I better check your blood pressure and temperature before I let you go on out of here."  
  
"Okay. Yes, ma'am."  
  
"Come on over and sit your narrow ass down in this chair while I get the wrap."  
  
Lily did as she was told, feeling a little slighted that the nurse had called her bum narrow when Lily herself thought she had a rather nicely proportioned bottom.  
  
"Freshman?" the nurse asked as she wrapped Lily's arm in the blood pressure testing cuff.  
  
"No, ma'am. I'm a senior."  
  
"You don't look it," the nurse said.  
  
"Well, I am."  
  
"Ah now don't get defensive! I wasn't insulting you, girl. It's a good thing to look young." The nurse pumped up the cuff and watched the gauge for a bit. "Well, these are good numbers. You're in good shape. You look to be in good shape, of course, but sometimes people's insides don't match their outsides."  
  
"Thank you, ma'am."  
  
"Right, now your temperature. I'm afraid I only have the butt ones. You know, the ones that get your temperature from being stuck up your booty. Hope that's okay, little Miss Nudist!"  
  
"Oh..." Lily said. It's a good thing the nurse already took her blood pressure, because it most certainly was spiking right now!

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 10**

"I'm just joshing you," the nurse said, laughing. "Oh, girl, you shoulda seen your face! Of course I got mouth thermometers. Hell, I got everything you can think of in this office – a school like this can't skimp on making sure medical needs are taken care of!"  
  
Lily laughed and breathed a sigh of relief.  
  
"Whew! I really did think you were going to put one in my bottom," she said, giggling nervously.  
  
"I still can. I got those too."  
  
"Oh, no, please, ma'am. The mouth thermometer would be much more preferable!"  
  
"Well well! Don't you talk smart? I like it. You're like a little woman, aren't ya?"  
  
"Well, yes. I do like to think so, ma'am."  
  
"My advice: don't get all caught up in acting too grown-up. You can always act more grown-up, but people tend to judge you if you act grown-down. So just act like you are, I say. Enjoy it."  
  
Lily nodded. "Okay. Yes, ma'am."  
  
"Like don't call me 'ma'am' for one thing. My name's Harriet. What's yours?"  
  
"My name's Lily. I'm very pleased to meet you, Harriet."  
  
The nurse laughed. "Yep, grown woman, all packaged up in that itty-bitty body!"  
  
Lily shrugged and laughed along.  
  
"You're fun, girl. I like you. You should come visit me more often. You could faint all the time, if you want. I'll cover for ya, Lily girl!"  
  
Lily laughed at that too. "That's very kind of you, Harriet."  
  
"I'm serious, though. I get awful bored all day long. A visit from a pretty little woman every now and then would just make my day. You'd be my personal naked little fairy, floating in here and spreadin' your joy with sparklin' sprinkles!"  
  
"Oh, gosh, what a thing to say!" Lily said, pressing her hands to her face and giggling. "I'm... oh... sorry! I seem to get embarrassed really easy these days!"  
  
"Seems odd to me for a nudist to get so easily embarrassed," Harriet said, looking a bit suspicious.  
  
"Oh, well..." Lily responded, trailing her voice off. She quickly changed the subject, saying, "I actually do get a little time between classes, so I promise stop by every now and then. Okay?"  
  
Harriet grinned. "That's very kind of you, Lily. Look at us! Friends already, aren't we?"  
  
"Yes, I think so, Harriet!"  
  
The nurse patted Lily's knee. "Well, you done made this old girl really happy, Lily. Say now, can I maybe suggest something to ya?"  
  
"Of course!"  
  
"How about you try your hair up, girl? I mean, you got a real pretty face, and all that hair fallin' in it is a real shame."  
  
"Oh? I haven't had my hair up in years. I just kind of let it... be messy, I guess. So you mean, like, put it into a ponytail?"  
  
Harriet laughed. "Well pigtails would make you look just about twelve, girl! I think ponytail is the way to go for sure, but you might try puttin' it up in a bun if you're aiming to look older. But... nah, I don't think that would suit you very well. It'd look silly with your hair like that and you being naked and all."  
  
"Oh, no! I sure wouldn't want to look silly and naked at the same time!" Lily said, giggling.  
  
Harriet busted out in a hearty guffaw. "Stop that now, little woman," she said, still chuckling, "you're gonna make me pee myself!"  
  
After their tittering had subsided somewhat, Harriet fetched an elastic hair tie and a brush and carefully arranged Lily's chocolate-brown hair into a ponytail.  
  
"Hmm," Harriet said, looking this way and that at Lily's new hairstyle. "Well, it looks good. I can tell you that much. Real pretty and it does suit you, Lily girl. Only, I think it does knock you down a notch on what you look like for your age, little woman."  
  
Lily hopped up and took a look at herself in the full-length mirror. She did look a bit younger than before, she thought, though it certainly was nice not having her hair in her face.  
  
"Gosh, Harriet, it looks like we went in the wrong direction!"  
  
"Still looks good, though! Even if I'd call you a liar right to your face if you told me you're a senior now," Harriet said, chuckling.  
  
"It's my boobs, isn't it?"  
  
"What boobs?" Harriet said immediately.  
  
They both broke out in laughter again. After a few moments, Lily made a frowny face at her.  
  
"I wish I did have boobs, though," Lily said.  
  
Harriet looked down at her own bountiful bosom and then back to Lily. "They ain't all they're cracked up to be, little woman. A hassle, is what they are. Especially when you get older. And, heck, you being naked and all, having big ol' boobies would be a real downside, I figure."  
  
"Yeah, I guess so," Lily said. "I run track and having them flop around would be... well, I don't know. But it doesn't sound fun."  
  
"Nope, sure don't! Not that I ever ran a day in my life," Harriet said, grinning.  
  
Lily sighed. "I guess I should get back to class now."  
  
Harriet nodded. "Yeah, I reckon so. You want me to undo that ponytail for ya?"  
  
Lily thought for a moment and then shook her head.  
  
"I think I'll try it out. It's actually really nice not having to deal with my messy hair. I had gotten so used to it being in my face all the time but now that it's out of the way, I don't think I could stand it!"  
  
"There you go, little woman! Give it a shot, why not? Try it out."  
  
"Yep, I will! Thanks, Harriet. I'll come by again soon. This was a lot of fun!"  
  
"You bet. See you soon, Lily girl."

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 11**

When Lily got back to Mr. Collins's class, the period was almost over. He paused his lecture and shot her a double-take when he saw her new hairstyle, but he quickly recovered after waving her to her seat.  
  
Lily sat down, crossing her legs of course, and set to work in catching up on the lesson. She sped through the worksheet problems, just barely writing out the last solution before the bell rang.  
  
"I trust you are feeling better, Miss Peterson?" Mr. Collins asked as she stopped as his desk before leaving class.  
  
"Yes, thank you, Mr. Collins. For everything, I mean, of course."  
  
"Think nothing of it, please. Tomorrow, you will be teaching my class, Miss Peterson," he said seriously. "If you faint again, I will throw a bucket of water on you."  
  
Lily tried to hold her laugh in but it came out as a snort. She clapped her hands over her mouth and nose, embarrassed.  
  
Mr. Collins chuckled. "Off you go, Miss Peterson. I believe you and Tiffany have relationship matters to discuss, no?"  
  
Lily slowly nodded. "I guess I need to make a decision about that, Mr. Collins."  
  
"Then make it," Mr. Collins said. "But keep in mind that no decision is permanent, Miss Peterson. Circumstances change, and people change their minds all the time. Life is an irrational number, Miss Peterson. It defies expression in simple fractions."  
  
Lily smiled at that. She said, "That's a very interesting thought, Mr. Collins."  
  
He shrugged. "Don't take it to heart, Miss Peterson. I'm a mathematician, not a philosopher."  
  
"You can be both, Mr. Collins."  
  
It was his turn to smile. "You, Miss Peterson, never fail to brighten my day."  
  
"I bet you say that to all the naked girls."  
  
Mr. Collins laughed. "Out, now, Miss Peterson. Out, out! Take your wit to your next class before you are late. I will see you at track practice."  
  
Lily nodded and left the classroom, only to bump right into Tiffany, who was obviously waiting for her.  
  
"Hey, girlfriend!" Tiffany said, giving her a hug.  
  
Lily hugged her back. It felt very nice. It felt... safe. And completely comfortable, despite her nudity. It made her happy.  
  
Actually, it made her very happy.  
  
Lily breathed in the scent of Tiffany's long blond hair, and she decided that made her happy, too.  
  
"Lily!" someone shouted.  
  
Both of the girls released one another and turned to see Marc Roberts standing in front of them. A handsome enough boy, sure, but well known for not staying in any relationship for very long.  
  
"Hello, Marc," Lily said.  
  
"Hey! Look, Bart's big party is this weekend and I wanted to ask if you'd go with me."  
  
Tiffany rolled her eyes and looked away.  
  
"That's very sweet of you, Marc," Lily said, drawing Tiffany close to her, "but you should know that Tiffany and I are together."  
  
Tiffany absolutely beamed at this, clutching Lily's arm and nestling her head against Lily's shoulder. Marc looked to Tiffany and back to Lily.  
  
"Oh. I'm sorry. Hey, didn't know."  
  
"You didn't even say hi to her," Lily said, frowning at him.  
  
Marc's eyes went wide. After a moment, he nodded.  
  
"You're right. I'm sorry." He turned to Tiffany. "I'm sorry, Tiffany. That was impolite of me."  
  
"Okay, Marc," Tiffany said. "I accept your apology."  
  
"Thanks. I mean, really, I can't believe I did that! But, hey, you guys will still be going to Bart's party, right?"  
  
"That's up to Tiffany," Lily said. "She wanted a quiet night in together, but maybe she'll reconsider."  
  
"Oh! Oh, please, Tiffany, won't the two of you come to the party? You just have to! Please?"  
  
"You just want Lily there," Tiffany said, throwing Marc a pout.  
  
Marc sighed. It was obvious he couldn't deny that was the case.  
  
"Yes," he said. "I'm not going to lie to you. I'd love it if you came, Tiffany, of course, but... you're right. Everyone is looking forward to Lily being there."  
  
"Why?" Tiffany demanded.  
  
"Because... everyone thinks she's a lot of fun. She's smart, she's funny – and she taught Mr. Burgess's class this morning! She's just..." Marc trailed off and looked away.  
  
"Amazing?" Tiffany asked.  
  
"Yeah. Amazing."  
  
"And super-hot?"  
  
"Well... yeah," Marc admitted, rubbing the back of his neck and looking away.  
  
By now, Lily was completely unable to say anything. Her face was burning with embarrassment yet again and she didn't trust herself to open her mouth. She hoped Tiffany was going somewhere with this!  
  
"Well she's my girlfriend!" Tiffany said, poking her finger at Marc's chest. "So if you want her to come, you have to invite me. You get it? She's coming with me, if I even decide to go at all! Understand?"  
  
"Yes," Marc said.  
  
"Now invite me. Invite me like you were inviting some guy to that stupid party just because you wanted his girlfriend there. Do it, or we're not going!"  
  
Marc swallowed. "You're right. I'm sorry, Tiffany. I did this all wrong. In my defense, I didn't know you two were together. Of course I would have done the proper thing and invited both of you if I had known. Hell, Tiffany, everyone expects you to be there! You're super popular! And I do want you to come – really I do! But... yes, I admit that I really want Lily to come, too. We all do... the whole school."  
  
"The whole school wants my girlfriend to come to that stupid party?" Tiffany asked.  
  
"Well, yeah. You know, we talked about it and... I said I would ask her. Please, Tiffany, won't you come?"  
  
Tiffany sighed. "Oh, I don't know. What do you think, honey?" Tiffany asked Lily.  
  
Lily took a moment to compose herself. Then she said, "If you want to, Tiff."  
  
"Sometimes she calls me Tiff. Most times, though, she just..." Tiffany said, letter her voice soften to a whisper, "...moans it."  
  
Marc's eyes went as wide as they could possibly go. He swallowed, hard.  
  
"But," Tiffany said, shrugging, "I guess we could make an appearance."  
  
"Great!" Marc said, after regaining his composure. "I'll see you guys there! And, really, I'm sorry about... you know, not saying hi and all."  
  
"Well, I'm sure you'll say hi to me at the party."  
  
"Oh yeah! Of course!"  
  
"Okay. Now off you go, Marc. Lily and I need to talk about what I'm going to wear to the party. And what she's not going to wear."  
  
Marc nodded and hurried away.  
  
Lily blushed at the sudden thought of being naked at a party full of her classmates. What had she just done?!  
  
"Don't worry," Tiffany said, squeezing Lily's arm. "I'll be right there with you, baby-cakes."

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 12**

"I can't believe I just agreed to go to Bart's party naked!" Lily said as soon as Marc was out of earshot.  
  
"Hey, don't worry about it! I'll be right there. I just told you that!"  
  
Lily turned to Tiffany and nodded, just slightly.  
  
Tiffany asked, "You meant what you said, right? About us being together?"  
  
Before Lily could answer, Tiffany quickly pressed her finger against Lily's lips, mushing them down so that Lily wouldn't say anything.  
  
"Wait! I want to do this right! Don't say anything!"  
  
Tiffany took a deep breath with her eyes closed and then opened them. She stared at Lily, smiling.  
  
"Lily 'Hotstuff' Peterson," she said, taking Lily's hands into her own, "would you please do me the honor of going steady with me?"  
  
Lily pressed her lips together to keep from grinning. She clutched Tiffany's slender fingers in her own and said, sincerely, "I guess."  
  
"Woo! Good enough for me!" Tiffany said, leaning in for a smooch, which Lily was happy to accept. "So, like, are we total lesbians now?"  
  
Lily shrugged. "I don't know. You like boys–"  
  
"And you like Mr. Collins–"  
  
"So I guess we're like, half-lesbians," Lily said, finishing the sentence with a shrug.  
  
"Yeah! That's cool. And, hey, since you don't have boobs, you can play with mine."  
  
"And since you don't have a brain," Lily countered, "I'll do all the thinking."  
  
"It's perfect!" Tiffany said. She gave Lily another smooch.  
  
"I have to go. I'll be late to class," Lily said.  
  
"Go on, nerd. Get your brain all stuffed with... stuff. My boobs will be waiting for you."  
  
Lily pulled Tiffany close and gave her a real, genuine, authentic, loving kiss. It lasted several moments, and several moments more besides. Their lips parted and their tongues touched, ever-so-slightly, and the kiss broke away with a promise of more to come.  
  
"My gosh," Tiffany said, smiling dreamily, "I'm starting to think you really do like me."  
  
"Eh, I'm still not sure," Lilly said, trying to look doubtful. "We should maybe try more of that later."  
  
"Don't threaten me with a good time!" Tiffany said, wiggling her eyebrows.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 13**

Lily hurried into Mrs. Haverknott's class, having only a minute to spare. Lately she had been cutting her arrivals to her classes very close and she worried that, one day soon, she'd foul up her timing and actually be late for the first time in... forever!  
  
"Good of you to join us, Miss Peterson," Mrs. Haverknott said.  
  
Lily looked around the classroom. Sure enough, all of her classmates were already seated with their books open, ready to learn. Of course, they were all staring at Lily. Naked Lily. Super-naked Lily. Totally exposed, completely uncovered, no-secrets-nude Lily!  
  
She swallowed hard. She felt a shiver shoot up from her toes to her head and all the way back down again. Would she ever get used to this?! This feeling was maddening!  
  
The bell sounded at that very moment, causing Lily to jump.  
  
"I believe the rules state that students must be in their seats when the bell sounds, Miss Peterson. Yet here you are, standing at the front of the class, mouth agape like a dying goldfish."  
  
Lily looked to Mrs. Haverknott. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Haverknott. I had–"  
  
"An excuse? No, I'm afraid an excuse will not do, Miss Peterson."  
  
Lily stared at her. They were supposed to be allies in this plan! Sure, Mrs. Haverknott had to act impartial but it would have been a reasonable accommodation to allow Lily to simply take her seat. Instead, Mrs. Haverknott seemed to take a special exception to Lily's near-tardiness.  
  
"I'm sorry, Mrs. Haverknott. I do not have an excuse."  
  
"And you believe admitting that fact absolves you of responsibility, Miss Peterson?"  
  
Lily fought back her anger. Favoritism was one thing, but this was the exact opposite! Mrs. Haverknott was obviously treating her more strictly than she would any other student.  
  
She started to say something, but stopped herself. Nothing she said would change what Mrs. Haverknott had decided. She would simply wait for her sentence in silence.  
  
But Mrs. Haverknott said nothing more. She simply stared at Lily, as if waiting for an answer to her obviously rhetorical question. Lily waited a few moments more but still Mrs. Haverknott remained silent, staring at her with uncaring eyes.  
  
Lily turned and strode right out of the classroom, heading towards the principal's office.  
  
"I won't do this anymore," Lily said through clenched teeth. "She got me into this and now she thinks she can treat me like that?! No! I'm done. This is all done! The charade ends now!"  
  
Lily walked right past the secretary and marched directly into the principal's office. Mr. Hartwell looked up from his laptop, surprised at the interruption.  
  
"Miss Peterson? I'm very sorry, I wasn't aware we had an appointment..."  
  
"I'm not a nudist!" Lily exclaimed.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 14**

Mr. Hartwell slowly closed his laptop and clasped his hands together atop it.  
  
"Miss Peterson... ah, you've changed your hair, I see. You look quite... sporty. Very fitting."  
  
Lily was a more than a little disarmed by the compliment. She said, "Oh, well, yes. Thank you, Mr. Hartwell."  
  
"Of course. Now, you've said you changed your mind about your decision to be a nudist?"  
  
That word unfortunately set Lily's mood dial right back to 'angry' mode.  
  
"I was never a nudist!" she shouted. "I was tricked into it by Bice– by Mrs. Haverknott! She took my clothes, piece by piece, pretending it was a punishment or even for my own safety, and then she told you I was a nudist but I'm not! I never was! I never wanted to be naked!"  
  
Mr. Hartwell simply stared at her for nearly a whole minute. Finally, he stood up from his desk and closed his eyes. He took a deep breath.  
  
When he opened his eyes, he looked to Lily with great concern.  
  
"Is this entirely true, Miss Peterson? I do not mean to doubt you, young lady, but I need to make sure that this is the absolute truth. You are telling me that Mrs. Haverknott tricked you into–"  
  
"It's true!" Lily asserted, her fists shaking at her sides. "It's true, Mr. Hartwell! I'm not lying to you! She got me naked and then told you this is what I wanted! But I don't! It's embarrassing! It's humiliating! I can't take it anymore!" Lily took a deep breath and added, "I feel like I'm going crazy!"  
  
"Miss Perkins!" the principal bellowed to his secretary.  
  
Miss Perkins rushed into the principal's office. It was unlike Mr. Hartwell to shout, but when he did, it was of immediate concern.  
  
"Sir?"  
  
"Get Mrs. Haverknott in here immediately," Mr. Hartwell demanded of Miss Perkins. "Take over her class, Miss Perkins. She is not to have single word to any of her students! She is not to get a single answer from you! Do you understand? You are in charge of her classes until I say otherwise!"  
  
"Yes, Mr. Hartwell."  
  
"Go!" he yawped, his whole body shaking.  
  
Miss Perkins dashed away. Mr. Hartwell collapsed into his chair, panting heavily.  
  
"I cannot believe, in my school, something like this could happen," he muttered, hiding his face in his hands.  
  
"I'm sorry, Mr. Hartwell. I didn't– I didn't mean for it to go this far..."  
  
"You are blameless, Miss Peterson," Mr. Hartwell said, looking to her. "You wouldn't know, but Mrs. Haverknott and I had several discussions about your decision – rather, the decision she told me that you had made. I was concerned – of course I was! – but she assured me that you were perfectly happy in your choice. She has lied to me, Miss Peterson. And that, I cannot abide!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott walked into the office a couple minutes later. She looked at Lily and then to Mr. Hartwell.  
  
"You called for me, Mr. Hartwell?"  
  
"What have you done, Beatrice?"  
  
"She was bound to come to you sooner or later, sir. I thought sooner was best."  
  
Mr. Hartwell looked at Mrs. Haverknott as if his eyes could project death-beams. He said, "Explain to me, this very moment, why this bright young woman has been forced to be nude in my school!"  
  
"Nothing was forced, Mr. Hartwell," Mrs. Haverknott asserted. "Miss Peterson enjoys her nudity more than you or I could ever hope to understand."  
  
"I do not!" Lily said.  
  
"Then why, Miss Peterson, are you standing there without a stitch of clothing on? I would think that, if your nudity concerned you so very much, the first thing you would have asked for from Mr. Hartwell would be something to cover yourself."  
  
"I– I just didn't think of it! Of course I want to cover myself!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott made a doubtful tutting noise.  
  
"It's true! I don't like being naked!"  
  
"That is precisely the opposite of what I heard from Mr. Burgess and, indeed, his entire classroom this morning after your impromptu lecture, Miss Peterson. If I recall correctly, the term Mr. Burgess used in describing your enthusiasm to me was... 'unbridled ecstasy.'"  
  
Lily blanched. She tooked to Mr. Hartwell, who now looked doubtful himself, and then back to Mrs. Haverknott.  
  
"That... wasn't my fault. I really was embarrassed and–"  
  
"And, Miss Peterson, you very clearly enjoyed yourself immensely," Mrs. Haverknott said, smirking.  
  
"I– I don't," Lily said. "I don't... like it..."  
  
Mr. Hartwell looked back and forth between the two of them.  
  
"Just what the hell is going on here?!"  
  
"Lily Peterson needs to be naked, Mr. Hartwell. I say that in absolute sincerity: she needs to be naked! Her nudity empowers her. Being nude allows her to soar to heights unattainable by other students. Mr. Hartwell, I am telling you quite plainly," Mrs. Haverknott said, smiling, "that, in clothing, Lily Peterson is bright young woman – but, outside of them, she is a genius."  
  
Mr. Hartwell stared at Mrs. Haverknott for a good, long while.  
  
Finally, he said, "That is, very possibly, the most ridiculous thing I have ever heard, Beatrice."  
  
The idea threw Lily for a loop – she didn't feel any smarter naked! Did she? No! That was silly. And thankfully it seemed Mr. Hartwell wasn't about to be convinced by such an absurd excuse.  
  
Mr. Hartwell continued, "This was your plan, Beatrice? This... strange notion that we must keep Miss Peterson naked for her own academic benefit?"  
  
"Honestly, Mr. Hartwell, I did not plan for this," Mrs. Haverknott admitted. "I sensed defiance in Miss Peterson and I knew I had to snuff it out immediately. It was an... impulsive decision. I played a hard hand, Mr. Hartwell. She called it, just as I expected she might, by rushing straight to you. She may feel she is entitled to leniency due to the situation we find ourselves in and, now that I am her legal guardian and indeed the two of us are living together, there can be no inkling of favoritism whatsoever."  
  
Mr. Hartwell sighed. He said, "This all certainly seems over-dramatic, Mrs. Haverknott. You could have simply come and talked to me about all this... nonsense! Now what are we to do? Miss Peterson is clearly distraught by her condition and the nonsensical explanation that she is some sort of 'naked genius' – bah, the absurdity! The justification does not seem to appeal to her in the least. That leaves us – all of us – in quite a lurch, Mrs. Haverknott!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott shrugged. "It's either she accepts her role in this or we are all going down," she said. "If the story breaks, and Miss Peterson is not on our side of it, every teacher employed here will lose his or her job. They will never work as teachers again. My goodness, they will never be allowed near children again! You included, Mr. Hartwell. The entire school will crumble. Indeed, the entire institution will come crashing down, taking all of us with it."  
  
"Now this, Beatrice? Blackmail?!"  
  
"No, Mr. Hartwell, this is not blackmail. As you said, the narrative is useless unless Miss Peterson agrees with it. If she likes, she can bring us all down and still walk away without a scratch. Her decision is entirely her own. In either scenario, she will continue to live her life free of any responsibility to us regardless of whether she saves us or damns us all."  
  
Mr. Hartwell sat back in his seat and huffed.  
  
"Excellent," he said in a sarcastic tone. "So, your plan is to pin all our hopes on a student that you have admitted maligned? That you have, for whatever insane reason, forced into being nude?!"  
  
"Forced is perhaps too harsh a word, sir," Mrs. Haverknott said. "I would offer 'coaxed' as a more apt term for what occurred."  
  
"I don't care what you would offer! I would not blame this young woman in the very least if she burned this whole place to the ground! And that's on you, Beatrice. All of this is on you."  
  
"Yes, Mr. Hartwell. I accept that responsibility. I made a grave mistake and, if I could, I would go about things differently. But Lily must decide on the punishment," Mrs. Haverknott said, turning to Lily, "for us all."

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 15**

"I could still say something," Lily said, sitting in the passenger seat of Mrs. Haverknott's SUV. "I could still get you in big, big trouble!"  
  
"You could indeed, Miss Peterson."  
  
"I just didn't want to miss track."  
  
"And, perhaps, you didn't want to see Mr. Collins put out of his job without any hope of ever gaining a position in teaching again."  
  
"Mr. Collins is a good teacher!"  
  
"And a rather handsome one."  
  
"That... that doesn't matter to me. That has nothing to do with it! Don't be stupid."  
  
Mrs. Haverknott only shrugged, smiling.  
  
"Naked genius," Lily muttered and snorted. "What a stupid story!"  
  
"It was the best I could come up with off the cuff, Lils," Mrs. Haverknott said. "It worked rather magnificently, did it not? You're officially gifted, dear."  
  
"Oh, sure! I'm a genius, with only the trivial caveat that I have to be naked for my genius to apparently function!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott laughed. "You're only proving my point, Lils. Name a single other student in our school who would use the phrase 'trivial caveat' in a sentence. You cannot do it. And do you know why you cannot name a single student with your breadth of language? Because they wear clothes, like idiots."  
  
"Yeah, right! They're the idiots but I'm the one running around my butt out."  
  
"Genius is suffering, they say."  
  
Lily sighed. "I still don't understand why you did it. Why did you treat me so bad in your class?"  
  
"I didn't treat you that poorly, Lils. I might have done the same with another student – if I were having a trying day, for instance. It was only a matter of time before you took exception to my treatment of you, regardless of whether it was fair or otherwise. And since you had that leverage over me, I simply had to act. You could always go to Mr. Hartwell, so I had to take that out of the equation. Now, you cannot. Simple at that. You've now officially confirmed to the school board that you're a nudist. Your statement has been recorded and notarized. Any change in that assertion will have no effect on the school any longer."  
  
"I could still say something," Lily said again.  
  
"But your word is much, much less valuable now. Whatever you say, the records show that you have explicitly established that the decision to be naked is entirely your own."  
  
"Dangit, Bice, I feel like you tricked me again. And it feels rotten!"  
  
"I did," Mrs. Haverknott admitted. "A little, anyway. I am truly sorry, though, Lils. It was for the best."  
  
"Yeah, right. Just what else are you going to do that's for the best?"  
  
"Well, I donated all your clothes, for one."  
  
"What?" Lily asked, turning to her. "You donated my clothes?"  
  
"All of them. Yes. Every stitch. Out of the house."  
  
"But I really liked some of those outfits!"  
  
"It's not as if you could wear them any longer," Mrs. Haverknott said with a shrug. "I thought it best we get rid of the temptation."  
  
"I– but– really?! I can't believe you'd do that!"  
  
"You should believe it. I did it."  
  
Lily crossed her arms and sat, grumbling to herself, for a few minutes.  
  
"I really can't believe you!" she finally said in a huff.  
  
"Is that so? Why? Honestly, Lils, I've made my intentions quite clear: I very much enjoy you naked and I certainly intend to keep you that way."  
  
"You're really quite a pervert, Mrs. Haverknott!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott chuckled. "I never once denied that, Lils." She pulled into the driveway of the house and put the car in park. "Now get that hot little naked ass of yours in the kitchen and start dinner."  
  
Lily kept her arms crossed. "Maybe I don't want to!"  
  
"You don't?"  
  
Lily's growling stomach betrayed her.  
  
"And just what am I supposed to be making, anyway?" she demanded.  
  
"Lasagna. Everything is in the refrigerator, dear. Directions are on the counter."  
  
"Dangit," Lily said, throwing open the door and hopping out of the car. "I love lasagna!"

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 16**

What Lily really didn't understand about men is how they could stare at the exact same thing for so very long and all the while look like they had just seen it that very moment, every moment. Such was the case with Mr. Haverknott, who had been sitting at the kitchen table watching Lily make dinner for over an hour now.  
  
"You getting a good eyeful, you old fart?" Lily finally asked.  
  
Mr. Haverknott nodded.  
  
"You're just staring at my bum! It can't be that interesting, can it?"  
  
Mr. Haverknott nodded again.  
  
Lily threw her arms up and then turned around in a huff. Apparently barely-legal bare butt could provide endless entertainment for lecherous old men.  
  
It was kind of flattering, really, that Mr. Haverknott could be so entertained with only her naked backside for so long, but honestly the old guy should really get a hobby. Lily giggled at the innuendo of Mr. Haverknott taking up 'wood working' but then made an audible 'blech!' sound when she got a visual image of the concept in her head.  
  
Maybe she really wasn't into boys? Because she definitely wasn't into Mr. Haverknott!  
  
That, of course, got her thinking about Tiffany. She should have asked Tiffany over. Tiffany liked lasagna too, didn't she? Probably! The two of them shared so many common interests that lasagna would have to be a given. Who the heck didn't like lasagna? Lily's tummy grumbled when she just thought of the word!  
  
Yes, her tummy, which was a little messy at the moment. Lily really should have worn an apron. She had flour all down her front-side and smatterings of red sauce here and there on her bare skin. With as much of the ingredients as she was wearing, she could probably crawl right into the oven and be Lily-sagna in less than an hour.  
  
"I have to take a shower," Lily told Mr. Haverknott. "If the alarm goes off before I'm back, take the pan out of the oven or we'll be chewing our dinner like bubblegum."  
  
Mr. Haverknott nodded yet again.  
  
At this point, Lily thought it was probably important to consider the fact that Mr. Haverknott didn't speak very much English at all. She mimed at the oven clock and then at the lasagna pan in the oven and hoped Mr. Haverknott understood what she was trying to say.  
  
"When this goes 'beep beep beep' take the food out. Out out out! Yeah? You got it?"  
  
All that Mr. Haverknott would offer is more nodding.  
  
"Whatever," Lily said, shrugging. "Heck, I'll eat crispy lasagna. I don't care."  
  
Besides lasagna, showering was one of Lily's favorite things. Baths were okay, she thought, but there was something very pleasant about how showers 'rained' down on you and all the grime swirled away down the drain at your feet.  
  
After she was done washing up, Lily toweled off and took the time to put her hair back into a ponytail. She had become rather fond of the ponytail Harriet had suggested and it had now become her default hairstyle. All of her hair was kept out of her face and she looked quite sporty to boot – even Mr. Hartwell had said so.  
  
Lily realized that, after she had finished drying, she had unconsciously hung up the towel instead of wrapping it around herself.  
  
"Shoot! You'd better not be getting used to this, Lily Peterson!" she scolded herself in the mirror.  
  
When she got back to the kitchen, she was surprised to find the lasagna out of the oven and resting on the stove. It looked to be perfectly cooked.  
  
"Hey! Good job, old fart," she told Mr. Haverknott.  
  
He replied to her compliment with more nodding, of course.  
  
When Mrs. Haverknott returned from her study – which used to be Lily's father's study – she opened a bottle of wine and set a glass of the red wine at her place at the table and another at Lily's place.  
  
"You're giving me wine? Are you trying to get me tipsy so you can perv out on me or something?"  
  
"I do not require you inebriated to 'perv out' on you, dear. That thirst of mine is quenched by simply having you naked. I have no interest in anything more, young lady. Besides, it is perfectly legal for a guardian to offer her ward wine in the comfort of their home. Do some research if you doubt me."  
  
Lily eyed her suspiciously but set about portioning out the lasagna and then set plates out for the three of them. She sat down and wagged her fork at Mr. Haverknott.  
  
"Why'd you marry this old fart, anyway? You're pretty, for an older lady. You can do better than this guy. He's gotta be, what, eighty?"  
  
"While I thank you for the back-handed compliment, Lils," Mrs. Haverknott said, taking a sip of her wine, "this Mr. Haverknott is not my husband – he's my grandfather-in-law. My husband and I separated over a year ago."  
  
"Oh. I didn't know. Sorry." Lily took a bite of lasagna and chewed it thoughtfully. Then she said, "So you got to keep the old fart in the divorce?"  
  
"For now, yes. Once Richard returns from his work overseas he will pick up his father and they will once again live at his place."  
  
"Oh," Lily said, not knowing what else to say about that. She decided to change the subject. "So the movers were really fast, huh? All the stuff from my parents is totally gone and all your stuff is everywhere now."  
  
"Yes. Your parents picked up the expense," Mrs. Haverknott said. "Very sweet of them."  
  
"Sweet, yeah," Lily said with a snort. "They couldn't wait to clear out and leave me here with two old pervy farts."  
  
Mrs. Haverknott frowned. "Really, Lils, you're going to hurt my feelings."  
  
"It's not like you ever consider my feelings," Lily said in a sullen tone.  
  
"Lily Peterson, that is entirely untrue! Why, even while I was... tricking you, I several times complimented you in the process."  
  
Lily took a gulp of her wine and shrugged. "You said my toenail polish was nice. So what?"  
  
"And your breasts, which I recall saying are lovely and in good proportion."  
  
"Yeah right, I don't even have breasts!"  
  
"Of course you do, silly girl. I can see them from here and I can confirm once again that they are quite lovely. Anything more than a handful is a waste, I've heard some say."  
  
Lily scoffed and proceeded to grope her barely-there boobs. "Yeah but look, my hands are small, too!"

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 17**

She was lying atop her bed sheets, staring at the ceiling. Her tummy felt nice and warm from the glass of wine with dinner, and it was pleasantly full of lasagna, but her head was clear and her thoughts were razor-sharp.  
  
Lily had to do something about this situation. She wasn't going to make it a whole year like this. She wasn't even sure she could make it through tomorrow.  
  
Track had been an absolute nightmare! As lithe as she was, her bare bottom and thighs still jiggled obscenely when she ran. It was all she could think of, sprinting around in circles in only her pink sneakers: everyone is looking at my naked wiggly bum!  
  
Yet still, she posted some of the fastest times she'd ever run. Mr. Collins was impressed, though he said he'd have to check the rules to make sure that not having to carry the weight of clothing – even as minimal as it was – wasn't somehow against the rules for competitions.  
  
Competitions! People would fill the stands... and if Lily did well enough, she'd have to go to other schools to compete! The idea was absolutely, positively frightening!  
  
Lily concentrated on her breathing. She really was going to give herself a panic attack if she wasn't careful. At least if she fainted again, she was already in bed.  
  
A knock on her bedroom door startled her – she must have already been falling asleep.  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Lils, may I come in a moment?"  
  
"Is this were you perv out on me?"  
  
"We have had this discussion," Mrs. Haverknott said through the door. "I'm always perving out on you, dear."  
  
"Well, you can't do it from out there," Lily said in her 'sassy' voice. "I guess you better come in."  
  
Mrs. Haverknott opened the door and stepped inside. She looked around the room with a bemused smile on her face.  
  
"I hadn't seen your room yet," she said. "I told the movers not to touch a single thing in here."  
  
"Except my clothes, you mean. Even my socks and undies are all gone."  
  
"That wasn't the movers, dear. A very nice lady from a charity drive came by when I called her and picked everything up. 'Every stitch of clothing must go' is what I told her."  
  
"Well she did a dang good job then," Lily said. "I'm glad she left me my sheets and blankets, at least."  
  
"She was very happy. I assure you, your clothing has gone to a good cause."  
  
"I think the best cause they could go to is the cause of covering up my bare-naked butt. But whatever, I guess!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott sat on the end of the bed and tickled her fingernails across Lily's sole. Lily drew her foot away with a giggle.  
  
"You stop that," Lily said, throwing Mrs. Haverknott a frown.  
  
"Are you still sore at me?"  
  
Lily thought about it for a moment. She said, "Yes, I am. I'm actually very, very sore at you! Look at the situation you've put me in, Bice! I mean, it's absolutely crazy. This whole mess. It's unbelievable... and worse, it's completely humiliating."  
  
"Poor girl," Mrs. Haverknott said, shifting to face Lily. She pulled Lily's feet into her lap and started massaging them.  
  
"Hey now, I'm watching you. This better not be a come-on!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott chuckled. "Oh, please, Lily. Women rub one another's feet all the time. Once again, I assure you that I have absolutely no interest in anything more than keeping you quite bare from head to toe. Every one of these perfect little toes."  
  
"Uh huh. Sure. Just... nothing above the ankle. Got it?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Mrs. Haverknott said, smiling.  
  
"Hmm. It does feel pretty nice," Lily had to confess. "I've never had my feet rubbed."  
  
"You see? And I'm happy to do it for you, dear. Every night, if you'd like."  
  
"Still sore at you, though. This doesn't make up for anything."  
  
"When will you admit to yourself that you enjoy your nudity as much as – and perhaps even more than – I do?"  
  
"I don't, though," Lily asserted. "You're projecting, Bice. You like it, so you think I must like it, too. But I don't. It's like... Tiffany and lasagna! I am just so sure that Tiffany likes lasagna as much as I do that it would be hard for me to believe that she doesn't. Now do you see what I mean?"  
  
"I'm sure Tiffany likes lasagna, dear."  
  
"You know that's not what I mean!"  
  
"Yes, I do," Mrs. Haverknott admitted. "But let me ask you, Lils: if you do not enjoy it, how do you account for your extreme titillation while teaching Mr. Burgess's history class?"  
  
"I don't know," Lily said. "My body just... betrayed me."  
  
"That was more than just your body, dear. I assure you that a woman's mind is the most important factor in feeling the way you did."  
  
"Then my brain betrayed me, too! Because I don't feel that way. As a person, I don't. I'm not an exhibitionist. I'm not a nudist. I'm not anything like that."  
  
"Those are just labels, Lily. And you are right: perhaps those labels do not apply to you. But there is something – some part of you that makes you who you are – that did indeed enjoy teaching that classroom full of students in the nude. Denying that is just plain silly."  
  
Lily sighed and fell into thought. But her thoughts got her nowhere. They only went in circles.  
  
And as they spun around in her head, Lily fell asleep.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 18**

"Up up up!" Mrs. Haverknott said from Lily's bedroom doorway. "We'll get coffee on the way to school. My treat."  
  
Lily sat up in her bed and rubbed the sleep from her eyes.  
  
"Drive-through," she said. "I'm not going in!"  
  
"Yes you are," Mrs. Haverknott said.  
  
"No. I'm not."  
  
"You are if you want coffee," Mrs. Haverknott said, smiling.  
  
Lily groaned and fell back into bed.  
  
If there was any benefit to her situation, it was that she could sleep in a bit on school mornings. Without the need to pick out a different outfit every day, she could just roll out of bed and walk straight to the car.  
  
Well, no, she still had to brush her teeth and put her hair up, of course.  
  
Lily slipped out of bed and grabbed her toothbrush from the nightstand. She was soon finished with her few morning tasks so she ambled out to the car to wait for Mrs. Haverknott to catch up.  
  
Lily thought for a moment she might ask if she could drive the SUV – but she quickly perished the thought. In the passenger seat, she could slouch down and stay out of the view. She'd be totally exposed in the driver's seat because of course she couldn't hide herself while driving. Besides, she'd never bothered to actually get her driving license.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott finally came out and slid into the driver's side. She pulled out and down the road and it was soon evident, from the route she took, that she did indeed intend to go by the coffee shop.  
  
"I'm not going in," Lily said again.  
  
"I'd very much like you to come in, Lils. It would be good for you. But it's absolutely your choice."  
  
Lily crossed her arms and slumped further down in her seat.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott left Lily in the car when she parked to go in and get coffee. Lily watched, peering over the dash, as the older woman went in and spoke to the girl at the counter. After some back and forth, Lily saw that Mrs. Haverknott had indeed gotten two coffees. She carried both of the coffees out to the car and, when she got in, she handed Lily one of the cups.  
  
"I knew you'd get me coffee anyway," Lily said, sticking her tongue out at Mrs. Haverknott.  
  
"Of course I did, Lily. I'm not a monster," Mrs. Haverknott said, frowning. "But really, you need to get over this silly shame you think you feel all the time. Even if you continue to deny the very obvious fact that you do enjoy your nudity, you no longer have any choice in the matter."  
  
Lily scowled at her. "Yeah, thanks to you! You're not really helping your case by telling me what an impossible situation you've put me into."  
  
"Fine," Mrs. Haverknott said. "I did. I admit it. But you will just have to get over it."  
  
Mrs. Haverknott produced a couple stapled sheets of paper from her jacket and passed them over to Lily. She turned over the SUV and started towards the school.  
  
"What's this?" Lily asked, even though she could clearly see it was an application for a job at the coffee shop.  
  
"Your interview is this afternoon after school," Mrs. Haverknott said.  
  
"No way. You're crazy. I'm not working there like this!"  
  
"Oh? Well, I don't know what you're going to do for food, young lady. Your parents didn't leave me any money for your meals, you know. And as a simple public school teacher, I certainly don't make enough to continue to pay for all of us."  
  
Lily stared at her. "Are you kidding me? Really?!"  
  
"Lasagna is expensive, Lils."  
  
"Wow! Just... wow! You– you really are the worst!"  
  
"Now that is just rude, young lady. I am only trying to help you."  
  
"You're doing a rotten job of it!"  
  
"Really, Miss Peterson, I should have hoped you had quite gotten over the bratty stage of your development. You are acting like a child."  
  
"Oh you just wait, Bice! You haven't seen bratty yet!"  
  
"Careful, dear, you certainly would not want to spill your coffee."  
  
Lily noticed that, indeed, her cup was perilously close to spilling onto her naked thighs. She quickly righted it and held it in two hands.  
  
"You... just... shut up," she muttered.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 19**

As soon as they reached the school, Lily marched in and used one of the office phones to call her father. She left a message on his voice-mail telling him that she needed money for food and toiletries and she simply couldn't believe that he hadn't considered that before he left her alone with some woman she barely even really knew.  
  
By the time the tone beeped, signaling the end of the recording, Lily realized she may have been ranting a little too much. She hoped her father would understand that she was just worked up. But she decided leaving a second message for him, trying to apologize for what she'd said, would only be more irritating. She doubted he'd care to here an apology anyway.  
  
"Good news, Miss Peterson," Mr. Collins said when he happened upon Lily on her way to the bathroom. "Clothing is not required for track competitions! Actually, of course, a uniform is required but you have been granted a special exception. In fact, you don't even have to wear shoes if you'd prefer to run barefoot, Miss Peterson."  
  
"Oh, no, Mr. Collins, I think I'd really rather wear my running shoes."  
  
"Of course, if that's what you prefer, Miss Peterson. Either way is completely fine."  
  
"Thank you, Mr. Collins."  
  
"Certainly! And you should definitely keep the ponytail, Miss Peterson. I think that was an important factor in your run times yesterday. You seemed much more comfortable and confident without your hair fluttering about."  
  
Lily reached up and smoothed her hair back. "Oh, yes. I do think this is much better for running, Mr. Collins."  
  
Mr. Collins put his hand on her shoulder and gave it a little squeeze.  
  
"And don't forget, you're teaching my class today," he said, smiling.  
  
"Right... Yes, Mr. Collins."  
  
"Good. See you soon, Miss Peterson," he said, and then was quickly off down the hall.  
  
Lily immediately shook away the impending sense of doom that was creeping over her body. No! She didn't have time for that nonsense. She'd deal with it when the time came. She had other plans to think about right now. Plans that involved fixing her situation with Mrs. Wen!  
  
When Mrs. Wen entered her classroom, Lily was sitting in her assigned seat despite the class not starting for another half-hour.  
  
"Miss Peterson," Mrs. Wen said, once again not bothering to look at her.  
  
"Good morning, Mrs. Wen."  
  
Mrs. Wen shook her head. As she was setting up for the day, she noticed a mug on her desk.  
  
"What's this?" she demanded, pointing her finger at the mug and throwing Lily a look of suspicion.  
  
"Coffee, Mrs. Wen. I had to ask the other teachers how you liked it. I hope you don't mind."  
  
"These trivial gestures will not put you into my good graces, Miss Peterson."  
  
"I know, Mrs. Wen."  
  
"Then you should save yourself the effort."  
  
"I'm a teacher's assistant," Lily said.  
  
"Yes, I have heard. I have also heard what a debacle you made of lecturing a history class yesterday."  
  
"I did an excellent job, Mrs. Wen. Mr. Burgess and all the students said as much."  
  
"Oh, I'm quite sure they enjoyed your antics, Miss Peterson."  
  
"And I want to teach your class," Lily said, as confidently as she could muster.  
  
Mrs. Wen scowled at her. "I don't know whatever gave you the idea that I would ever allow that, Miss Peterson, but you should put it out of your mind forthwith. I would never even consider allowing you to teach my class."  
  
"You should," Lily said, still trying to sound brave even though she heard her voice crack. Still, she pressed on, though her voice was trembling and her hands were shaking: "Because I can teach it better than you."

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 20**

Lily sat outside the principal's office, kicking her legs back and forth under the chair since her feet didn't quite reach the floor.  
  
She'd made a gambit and it had failed – hard. Who knew such a small woman as Mrs. Wen could hold so much anger inside her? For a few moments in the middle of Mrs. Wen's raving, Lily was almost certain the teacher was going to lunge down the aisle and slap her right in the face!  
  
Instead, once she'd calmed down a bit, Mrs. Wen told Lily to go to the principal's office and never, ever show her face in the classroom again.  
  
It certainly didn't bode well for Lily: Mrs. Wen's class was a requirement for graduation.  
  
"Miss Peterson?" Miss Perkins, the principal's secretary, called from behind her desk. "Mr. Hartwell will see you now."  
  
"Thank you, Miss Perkins," Lily said, hopping up.  
  
"Good luck," Miss Perkins said in a whisper, giving Lily a thumbs-up.  
  
"Thanks," Lily whispered back.  
  
When she entered the principal's office, Lily found Mr. Hartwell hunched over his desk with his head in his hands.  
  
"Miss Peterson," he grumbled.  
  
"Yes, Mr. Hartwell?"  
  
"Why?" he groaned.  
  
Lily huffed. "I'm sorry, Mr. Hartwell. She hates me now that I'm naked. I had to do something drastic to try to fix it."  
  
Mr. Hartwell lifted his head and stared at her. "By insulting her?"  
  
"I... well... yeah. I'm sorry, Mr. Hartwell. I was nervous and... it came out wrong."  
  
"That you, Lily Peterson, high-school senior, could teach the class better than Mrs. Wen, a highly educated and vastly experienced and roundly respected teacher?"  
  
Lily cringed. She said, lamely, "I mean... I am a 'naked genius' right?"  
  
Mr. Hartwell's head went back down on his desk with a thump.  
  
"It will take everything in my power to simply keep you from being expelled, Miss Peterson."  
  
"Really? Just for insulting Mrs. Wen?"  
  
"Yes, just for insulting Mrs. Wen!" he said, once again looking at her. "Miss Peterson, you don't understand the influence Mrs. Wen has in this institution. She's untouchable."  
  
"Tenured, right?"  
  
"It's much more than that, Miss Peterson. Mrs. Wen is the cornerstone of this school. If she left, this school would suffer a tragic blow to its credibility and respect."  
  
"Oh," Lily said, slumping her shoulders. "Shoot!"  
  
"Shoot, indeed, Miss Peterson."  
  
"Okay. I'll talk to her."  
  
Mr. Hartwell snorted. "No, I think you've done quite enough of that!"  
  
"No, really! I'll apologize. She's a really smart lady. She'll know I'm being genuine."  
  
"I don't think that is a good idea, Miss Peterson. Not at all. Not in the slightest."  
  
"But...?" Lily asked, holding her palms up.  
  
"But," he said with a sigh, "I cannot stop you from trying."  
  
"Okay. Don't worry, I can fix this!"  
  
"At least wait until tomorrow, Miss Peterson. Give Mrs. Wen some time to cool down," Mr. Hartwell said. "You should be getting to your next class right now, anyway, shouldn't you?"  
  
"Oh. Yes, Mr. Hartwell. That's a very good idea. Thank you."  
  
"My only consolation is that there is surely no way you can make this any worse. And please, Miss Peterson, do not take that as a challenge!"

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 21**

"Miss Peterson," Mr. Burgess said when Lily entered his class, "I hope you wouldn't mind if I taught my class today?"  
  
"Oh, of course not, Mr. Burgess," Lily said, simpering. "Please do."  
  
"Before you go, Miss Peterson, I would like you to tell me: what was the cause of Napoleon Bonaparte's death?"  
  
"Oh! Well, according to our textbooks, Mr. Burgess, he probably died of arsenic poisoning. But," Lily said, "from what I've read in more recent studies, it is more likely he died due to being given various toxic substances by his doctors. They thought these chemicals would help him recover from his health issues, but several of them were pretty poisonous to the human body. And at the autopsy, they found out that he was so sick because of stomach cancer. So he would have eventually died from that anyway if they hadn't poisoned him while trying to help him!"  
  
Mr. Burgess nodded. "Very thorough, Miss Peterson. I am impressed."  
  
"Thank you, Mr. Burgess."  
  
"I am satisfied, Miss Peterson. You are excused to go to Mrs. Haverknott's class."  
  
"Mrs. Haverknott's class?" Lily asked. "But why, Mr. Burgess?"  
  
"Hmm? She told me just minutes ago that she had need of you in her class this period."  
  
"She did? I'm sorry, Mr. Burgess, she didn't tell me."  
  
"Oh? Well, run along and see what she needs, Miss Peterson. If you are excused with time to spare, please return to my class for the remainder of the period."  
  
"Oh, yes, of course, Mr. Burgess. I will try to be right back!"  
  
"Good," he said with a nod.  
  
Lily hurried out of Mr. Burgess's class just as the bell rang. The sound of her bare feet slapping the shiny tiles below her as she rushed along echoed throughout the empty hallway, sounding somewhat... obscene. She felt a little flustered that the sounds had brought to mind a naughty part of a cheesy movie she had watched when she was younger where a man and woman were... enjoying one another. Of course the movie didn't show anything obscene... but oh, the sounds they made!  
  
These thoughts certainly didn't belong in her head – not at school, especially! But her mind seemed to latch onto the memory and Lily could see it play in her imagination in great detail. The way the woman moaned, licking her lips, obviously fondling her breasts just off-screen...  
  
Lily's breath caught in her throat. She paused in the corridor to take a few deep breaths.  
  
"Oh gosh, Lily, get a grip!" she demanded of herself. She would never have these thoughts with clothes on! This... nakedness! It was turning her into a pervert!  
  
She shook her head and purposefully marched toward Mrs. Haverknott's class. Whatever Mrs. Haverknott wanted, it had best be academic! Lily was in no mood to tolerate that wicked woman's shenanigans right now!  
  
"Miss Peterson," Mrs. Haverknott greeted brightly upon Lily's arrival. "Thank you very much for coming to speak to us today. We truly appreciate you taking the time – don't we, class?"  
  
Everyone in the classroom – every single one of them staring at Lily! – nodded. Some thanked Lily outright. She didn't know many students in this particular class, but they all certainly seemed to know her!  
  
"Of... of course, Mrs. Haverknott," Lily said.  
  
"Anytime you would like to get started, Miss Peterson," Mrs. Haverknott said, smiling.  
  
"Um... well..." Lily said, clasping her hands in front of her and looking about for some sort of context.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott smirked at her. She said, "Why don't you start with describing to us how you came to embrace nudism as a lifestyle?"  
  
"Oh," Lily said.  
  
Of course, Lily thought, nudism! Mrs. Haverknott had lectured on that subject only recently. But this just had to be some sort of ploy to convince Lily she was a nudist... or at least convince everyone else. What a mean trick!  
  
And Lily was tired of her tricks. So very, very tired of them.  
  
"Well," Lily said, after shooting Mrs. Haverknott a scowl, "it started when Mrs. Haverknott took my shoes from me, and then my socks. Then she took my panties and then my bra. Then my skirt, and my blouse, and I was naked! And she told me I was a nudist."  
  
The students looked quite shocked. Their gazes slowly turned to Mrs. Haverknott, as if they feared she would do the very same thing to one of them next.  
  
Lily grinned evilly at Mrs. Haverknott. She said, "Oh, I'm very sorry, Mrs. Haverknott. Did you want me to lie to them?"

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 22**

"I cannot believe you've just done that!" Mrs. Haverknott said after she had dragged Lily into the hallway and shut her classroom door so the other students wouldn't hear their conversation.  
  
"You should believe it. Because I did it," Lily said, scowling. "Isn't that what you said to me after you gave away all my clothes?"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott closed her eyes, crossed her arms, and took a deep breath.  
  
"I am sorry," she said, quietly. She opened her eyes and said, "You are absolutely right. That was improper of me. I should have considered your feelings and I should have respected your property. I apologize, Miss Peterson. I ask that you kindly forgive my impertinence and I will, in the future, make an effort to never disrespect you in such a manner again."  
  
"Well," Lily said, a little stunned by Mrs. Haverknott's forthright apology, "that's right. You should have been... you should have been more considerate. To me."  
  
"Indeed I should have," Mrs. Haverknott said. "Now, that said, just how do you plan to fix the mess you've just made for us?"  
  
"That's easy," Lily said, smiling.  
  
"Easy, is it?"  
  
"Sure! I can fix that, no problem at all. But you have to do something for me: I want a school uniform. I want a blouse and skirt, and panties and a bra and socks and shoes and everything! Then you and I are going to figure out how to get me back into it. That's the deal."  
  
"No. I don't want you in a uniform," Mrs. Haverknott said, looking sullen. "You are naked and naked you will stay! You naked is very probably what I want most in the entire world, Miss Peterson."  
  
"I don't care what you want! This is about what I want, you crazy old bat!"  
  
"I do not care. Your offer is quite worthless to me," Mrs. Haverknott said. "I would rather the students believe me to be some twisted pervert intent on stripping every one of them than agree to your terms, Miss Peterson."  
  
"You are a twisted pervert!"  
  
"Regardless," Mrs. Haverknott said, waving Lily's assertion away with a hand gesture. "I find you most enjoyable in your current condition, Miss Peterson. I won't work against myself in this matter. You will simply have to ask for something else."  
  
Lily huffed. "No, I want a uniform! But... I'll stay naked at home. At all times. How's that?"  
  
The teacher shook her head. "No."  
  
"I'll take the job at the coffee shop."  
  
"Naked?"  
  
"well... how about in a bikini? An itty-bitty one. Hardly there!"  
  
"No."  
  
"Work with me, Bice! You're the one being a brat now!"  
  
"No clothing! Think of something else if you want to make a deal."  
  
"I. Want. A. Uniform," Lily said, stomping her bare foot down with each word. "And I will work bare-assed in the coffee shop to have one!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott stared at her for a long while.  
  
"Naked, at all other times, outside of school. No exceptions."  
  
"Yes!"  
  
After a long moment, Mrs. Haversknott said, "I will get you a uniform. You may only wear it at school."  
  
Lily considered the offer. She said, "I want to wear it to and from school as well."  
  
"No underwear, then," Mrs. Haverknott immediately countered. "Ever."  
  
"Geez, you perv, do you ever let up?" Lily asked, exasperated. "Fine!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott didn't look pleased. She said, "I do not like this deal, Miss Peterson."  
  
"Too bad!" Lily said. "You either agree to it or you have to manage the fallout from that bomb I just dropped in your classroom."  
  
"Very well," Mrs. Haverknott said. "I will agree to this deal with the 'trivial caveat' that I will find a way out of it, Miss Peterson. And when I do, you cannot blame me for it, since I have warned you that it will, most certainly, happen. I will have you back out of that uniform as quickly as I possibly can."  
  
"Well I don't like that sound of that!"  
  
"Not up for the challenge, then, Miss Peterson?"  
  
Lily gritted her teeth. She knew Mrs. Haverknott was angling to trick her once more, but she couldn't say no to the thought of wearing a uniform to school again!  
  
"I want lasagna again tonight," Lily said, attempting to squeeze one more demand into the negotiation.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott extended her hand for Lily to shake.  
  
"Deal," the older woman said, smiling.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 23**

"I'm sorry," Lily said to all the students when she entered Mrs. Haverknott's classroom. "I left out some very important facts. When school started, I explained to Mrs. Haverknott that I had, over the summer, learned about nudism and I very much started to think of myself as a nudist. I went naked all summer, in fact – at least inside my house, anyway. Mrs. Haverknott graciously agreed to help me, and we made a plan together so that I could live my preferred lifestyle at school as well as at home. She also wrote up her lecture on nudism for me. She wanted to ensure that you, my fellow students, had some sort of understanding of why I chose to be a nudist."  
  
Mrs. Haverknott glanced at Lily, obviously impressed with such a convincing recovery. Lily just stuck her tongue out at her as a reply.  
  
"But why did you make it sound like Mrs. Haverknott made you get naked?" one of the boys in the class asked.  
  
"That was wrong of me," Lily said. "I was just... irritated."  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because... I'd forgotten I was supposed to speak in her class today. And, I'm just... kind of in a grumpy mood. It wasn't very professional of me as a guest lecturer, and I apologize."  
  
"Why are you grumpy mood?"  
  
"Well," Lily said, racking her brain for an excuse. "I... am getting my period soon. And girls tend to get a little grumpy right before... that."  
  
"Oh, gross! Are you going to bleed everywhere?"  
  
"No!" Lily said, mortified. "No, of course not! I'll have a tampon in!"  
  
"Eww, you put them inside you?" another boy asked.  
  
"I think we're getting off topic," Lily said, floundering.  
  
"Does it feel good when you put them in?" yet another young man asked.  
  
Lily looked to Mrs. Haverknott, but the teacher was grinning, clearly enjoying Lily's fast fall from gracious lecturer to fumbling bumbler.  
  
"No," Lily said, taking a breath. "Not really. No."  
  
"What about other things you put in there?"  
  
"I don't– I don't put other things in there!" Lily said, wide-eyed and horrified.  
  
"Monica Carter puts her fingers in hers!"  
  
"All the girls do!" a young woman – probably Monica Carter – shouted back at the boy. "She's obviously lying!"  
  
"No! I don't! I– I swear!" Lily said, feeling the heat of embarrassment wash over her yet again.  
  
"You shouldn't lie, Lily," the young woman said to her, crossing her arms and giving her a look of severe disapproval. "Once you start lying nobody will believe anything you ever say!"  
  
"I..." was all the response Lily could muster.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott stepped up beside Lily and patted her on the shoulder. To the class, she said, "I believe that is all the time Miss Peterson has for questions, class. Perhaps we might have her back in again soon, since unfortunately her lecture was cut short due to a... misunderstanding. Thank you for your time, Miss Peterson," Mrs. Haverknott said, turning to her. "Unless... there's anything more you would like to say?"  
  
"I'm sorry," Lily said, quietly, while she trembled in humiliation. "I... Yes. All... all girls do it. I... I do it... too."  
  
"See! I told you, Karl Suthers! And Lily probably does it all the time because it's easy when you're naked!"  
  
"All the time?" the boy she was yelling at asked, looking at Lily. "Really?"  
  
"Yeah, you can tell because that's what happens to girls's nipples when they do it: they get all stiff and pointy like hers."  
  
Lily groaned and darted out of the room without another word.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 24**

Lily dashed right to the gym and immediately got under a cold shower. She had Mr. Collins's mathematics class next, but she really needed this right now. She was positively burning up!  
  
Once she was sure she had returned to a more normal temperature, Lily got out of the shower and toweled off.  
  
She made her way to mathematics with one thing on her mind: she would soon be back in uniform. All of this... humiliation would be behind her. Sure, she'd made a few concessions and she was really worried about working in the coffee shop nude, but this was a step in the right direction! Little by little, Lily would get back her clothing – and her life would be normal again!  
  
"Miss Peterson," Mr. Collins greeted her when she entered his classroom. "Are you ready to teach today?"  
  
"Yes, Mr. Collins," Lily said with a confident nod.  
  
"Excellent."  
  
And she was excellent. She presented the class with every bit of grace and dignity a true teacher should have. Every time she felt her embarrassment beginning to well up, she stuffed it right back down with a hard swallow. She ignored the sickly sweet sensation that poured over her like syrup every time she realized everyone in the room had their eyes on her naked body.  
  
Lily was in control. She was in complete control!  
  
Until, suddenly, she wasn't – thanks to Tiffany Alster, blue-eyed blonde-haired bombshell of a young woman who seemed to very much like kissing Lily.  
  
There she sat in the back row of the classroom: the bane of Lily's restraint. The cute blonde was smiling wickedly. She was absolutely, undeniably devouring every inch of Lily's naked body with her eyes.  
  
Lily had planned earlier on inviting her over tonight for lasagna. And perhaps Tiffany could stay the night after. And maybe they would kiss some more. And maybe... they would more than kiss.  
  
"Um..." Lily said, suddenly feeling very lost. She looked at her book and then back at the chalkboard, but she was completely bewildered. She couldn't remember what she had just said.  
  
Her mind was an absolute blank except for the very vivid image of Tiffany Alster's smoochy mouth.  
  
Lily just stood there, silent and still, stupidly watching Tiffany's lips – her girlfriend's lips? – as the blonde absentmindedly chewed on her pen cap while shamelessly ogling Lily.  
  
Her defenses crumbled to dust. Here she was, completely exposed to Tiffany! Completely exposed to Mr. Collins! Completely exposed to the entire class – to everyone! To everyone in the world! All they had to do was look!  
  
Lily shuddered so hard that she left a squiggle of chalk on the board where she had been writing the solution to the problem. The stick of chalk slipped from her fingers and fell to the floor, cracking in two as it bounced on the shiny tiles under her bare feet.  
  
"Oh..." Lily said, breathfully, when Tiffany cutely hid her giggling with her hands.  
  
"Well, Miss Peterson," Mr. Collins said, taking her by the shoulder, "that problem is particularly tricky, I think. Allow me, please."  
  
Mr. Collins guided the stupefied teacher's assistant to his desk and had her sit down. He stepped back to the chalkboard and gracefully took over the explanation of the problem, drawing the focus of the class away from Lily with his deep, commanding voice and authoritative presence.  
  
"You did great," Tiffany mouthed to Lily wordlessly. She made a heart with her fingers for Lily to see and then pointed to her and smiled.  
  
Lily nodded, trying to smile back. This wasn't Tiffany's fault – not at all! – it was hers. She couldn't blame Tiffany when it was quite obvious that she just couldn't control herself!  
  
Yes, there was no denying it and Lily had to finally admit it to herself: she was a pervert. Mrs. Haverknott had turned her into a pervert. And that was just what that wicked woman wanted!  
  
"I'm... broken," Lily muttered to herself, sighing.  
  
She could only hope that getting her school uniform back would somehow fix her!  
  
Mr. Collins wrapped up the day's lecture while Lily sat at his desk lost in thought.  
  
It was the sound of the bell at the end of the period that finally brought Lily out of her trance. She realized that she was now due once again in Mrs. Haverknott's class – and that Mrs. Haverknott was very likely going to make her talk about nudism again!  
  
"I'm not feeling very well, Mr. Collins," Lily told Mr. Collins when the rest of class had left the room. It was only a half-lie, since she truly wasn't feeling well. She wasn't sick, technically, but she was very anxious and on the verge of total panic.  
  
"What is it, Miss Peterson?"  
  
"Just... my stomach... feels... gross," Lily said – which was absolutely true, as her stomach was quite fluttery!  
  
Mr. Collins nodded. "Very well, Miss Peterson. You are excused to the nurse's office."  
  
"Thank you, Mr. Collins," Lily said, feeling better already.  
  
"If you don't attend gym today, I am going to come looking for you," Mr Collins said, smiling – but there was also a tinge of seriousness in his voice.  
  
"Oh, yes, Mr. Collins. I'm sure I will feel better by then."  
  
Lily turned to go but Mr. Collins stopped her by placing his strong hand upon her shoulder. She turned back around to face him.  
  
"If Mrs. Haverknott is treating you in a manner any less than befitting the most brilliant and pleasant young woman I have ever had the honor of teaching, you must tell me, Miss Peterson."  
  
Lily stared up at Mr. Collins, lost in his stormy blue eyes, for a long while. Should she tell him everything? Should she tell him how she was tricked into being naked? About how Mrs. Haverknott relentlessly pushed for her to be embarrassed – urging her to accept she actually liked it when it just simply wasn't true?  
  
But instead, for some reason, all Lily said was, "Yes, Mr. Collins."  
  
Mr. Collins slowly nodded. "Okay, Miss Peterson." He smiled faintly and repeated, "Okay."

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 25**

"There's my little woman!" Harriet said the moment Lily entered the nurse's office.  
  
"Harriet!" Lily responded, rushing forward with her arms out for a hug.  
  
Harriet happily wrapped Lily in her arms and even lifted the naked girl right off her feet to twirl around in a circle. Lily let out a delighted giggle and kicked her legs as Harriet spun around for a second time.  
  
"Well, you don't seem too sick at all, Tinkerbell!" the nurse said, setting Lily back onto her feet.  
  
"Oh," Lily said, blushing a little, "I feel better already, I guess. Just seeing you, Harriet."  
  
"Aww!" the nurse said, clapping her hands over her heart. "You are just the sweetest little woman ever, Lily girl."  
  
Lily pressed her lips together and shrugged, not sure how to respond to such praise.  
  
"Come on over here and sit on the bed. Let's us have a chat!"  
  
Lily nodded and bounded over to the bed and hopped up on it.  
  
Harriet sat in the chair next to the bed and scooted it around so that she was facing Lily.  
  
"Well now, what seems to be the trouble, Miss Nudist? You haven't run outta fairy sparkles, have ya?"  
  
Lily giggled. "No – at least I don't think so! How would I tell, Harriet?"  
  
"Well," the nurse said, seriously, "you wouldn't be able to bounce around like you do. And your laughing would start to sound just like farts."  
  
Lily laughed so hard that Harriet had no choice but to join in as well.  
  
After a time, Harriet was able to get control of herself again. She wiped tears out of her eyes and took a few deep breaths.  
  
"I'd say there's plenty of fairy sparkles left in you, Tinkerbell. No worries there!"  
  
"Oh, thank goodness!" Lily said, still giggling a bit.  
  
"Now, little woman, why are you really here? I thought you'd come between classes, like you said, but I know there's a class on right now."  
  
"Oh," Lily said, trying to sound somber now, "it was my stomach. I think it was stress, again, Harriet."  
  
"Hmm. That so? You got an awful lot of stress for such a smart and pretty thing as you are."  
  
Harriet took Lily's hand in her own and placed two fingers of her other hand against Lily's wrist.  
  
"Now," the nurse said, "you might think I'm taking your heart rate, and that'd be true, but I'm also checkin' that you aren't gonna lie to me, little woman. I got a lot of experience at this, and I can tell just from your pulse if you're lying or not. You got me?"  
  
Lily bit her lip and nodded.  
  
"So," Harriet continued, "you best not try to fib. We're friends, anyway, and friends don't lie to friends, do they, Lily?"  
  
Lily shook her head.  
  
"That's right. Now tell me true, little woman, why you got this stress on you."  
  
Lily swallowed hard. She looked down, at the nurse's fingers placed gently against her wrist, and then up into Harriet's eyes – deeply dark eyes nonetheless ashine with concern and compassion.  
  
Lily wanted desperately to tell her the whole truth... but she knew she couldn't. She would jeopardize the employment of everyone at the school: the poor Mr. Burgess, the silly Mr. Doddings, and the... wonderful... Mr. Collins.  
  
"I... I miss clothes, Harriet," Lily said, opting for a small truth rather than a big one.  
  
Harriet smiled just a little. "You do," she said, as if confirming Lily's assertion. "And what you miss about them, Lily?"  
  
"I miss... picking out an outfit. I miss matching up my socks," Lily said. "I miss being... you know, covered up."  
  
"Covered up? That's like hidin', isn't it?"  
  
"Even if it is hiding, everyone does it!" Lily said.  
  
"Maybe. But not you."  
  
Lily frowned. "So you're saying I shouldn't miss clothes?"  
  
"I'm saying I like you just the way you are, Lily girl," Harriet said. "Maybe clothes won't make no difference, and that's fine. But if they did make any difference at all, I'm against 'em."  
  
Lily pulled her hand away from Harriet. "That's selfish of you, then."  
  
Harriet nodded. "Maybe it is. But you asked me, and I told you honest. Friend's don't lie, Lily."  
  
"Well the truth is I don't like being naked!" Lily suddenly shouted.  
  
Harriet smiled and reached up to take Lily's hands into her own.  
  
"Now we're gettin' to the real truth," she said, squeezing Lily's palms with her fingers. "Now you're gonna tell me what's really giving you that stress, Lily girl."  
  
Lily stared into Harriet's eyes and felt emboldened by their friendship. She was well beyond caring about consequences now – she wanted to tell the truth!  
  
She blurted out, "It was all a trick! I was tricked, Harriet! I didn't want this, I promise! But I... I agreed to it. I signed papers! And I made a deal with Mrs. Haverknott to stay naked all the time outside of school so I could wear a uniform at school again but she's going to trick me and I just know it because she said so and she's so good at it and I just know she'll do it and there's nothing I can do!"  
  
Harriet pulled Lily into a hug, holding her tight. Lily felt more warm and comfortable than she had all day.  
  
"This Mrs. Haverknott," Harriet said, squeezing Lily against her, "she the one that tricked you, little woman?"  
  
"Yes," Lily said, near tears.  
  
"Well, she done f---ed up."

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 26**

After getting Harriet to promise she wouldn't do anything crazy, Lily left the nurse's office and headed to the gym. The period was almost over and she didn't care to show up for Mrs. Haverknott's class for only the last few minutes.  
  
Which made Lily worry about herself a little bit – she would never have missed a single second of any class before! But now, she just... didn't care.  
  
Social studies class was always so boringly easy anyway, Lily told herself.  
  
She put on her pink running shoes – still feeling quite silly that they were the only thing she was wearing despite having run naked before – and then went out to the track for practice laps on the track. Unfortunately, the thoughts of what Harriet might do and what might happen in the near future distracted Lily during her laps, and her run times were less than impressive.  
  
When Lily was done running for the day, though, she realized she never once thought about being naked the whole time she was on the track. Even though, now that she realized it, she had noticed many of the boys and girls from not only track but the other sports had stopped to watch her run.  
  
"I just... have too much on my mind," Lily said to herself. "It's not like I'm not embarrassed!"  
  
Lily walked across the field, her naked flesh glistening with a sheen of hard-earned sweat, and got a cup of water from the cooler.  
  
"Looking really good out there, Lily," Tony Baskins told her. He was a tall sandy-haired boy with an easy smile. He was also a shoe-in for prom king but, more importantly he was one of the fastest runners on the boy's track team. Getting a compliment like that from him was a tremendous boost to Lily.  
  
"Thank you, Tony," Lily said, beaming.  
  
Tony's gaze was everywhere but her face, so Lily made a noise as if to clear her throat.  
  
"Sorry," he said immediately, looking her in the eye. "You're just– you're in amazing shape, Lily. It's hard for us guys not to notice that. You're hot. Super-hot."  
  
Lily was once again awash in a frustrating fluster.  
  
"Anyway," said Tony, "I know you're with Tiffany – and that's hot as hell, too, by the way – so please don't think I'm hitting on you but would you want to run with me sometime? I mean, I'm the fastest boy and you're the fastest girl so we should do some laps together sometime. It'll be good competition."  
  
Lily nodded. "Okay, Tony. Yeah, I'd like that."  
  
"Great!" Tony said. He looked over her from head to foot and back again. "Sorry! It's like, totally automatic. Not trying to be rude, I promise! But, hey, of all the girls who could have been nudists, I'm sure glad it was the hottest chick in school!"  
  
Tony gave her wink and jogged away. Lily threw the water remaining in her cup right on her face to cool down her burning cheeks.  
  
Two cups of water later – one for her belly and another for her face – she went over to see her coach.  
  
Mr. Collins seemed concerned about her slow running times, but he dismissed her sluggishness as the after-effects of her upset stomach earlier. He suggested she drink plenty of water and maybe have a cup of yogurt before bed, because that always helped him when he had stomach problems.  
  
"Thanks, Mr. Collins. I'll see about getting some yogurt tonight, too."  
  
"Let me guess... strawberry?" he asked, raising an eyebrow.  
  
"Yes, I like do strawberry!" Lily said, nodding. "I think peach is my favorite, though."  
  
"Peach!" Mr. Collins said, chuckling. "I should have known, Miss Peterson."  
  
Lily was a little confused. "Why?"  
  
"Well, I thought because... of... Miss Alster..." Mr. Collins said. Then he cleared his throat and shook his head and said, "Nevermind, Miss Peterson. I was... rambling."  
  
Lily frowned, more confused than ever.  
  
"Tiffany likes peach?" she asked.  
  
Mr. Collins snorted, trying to hold in a laugh, and looked away.  
  
"Perhaps," he said, not looking at Lily, "it would be best if you asked Miss Alster, Miss Peterson."  
  
Lily shrugged. "Oh. Okay. Thanks, Mr. Collins."  
  
Tiffany was still finishing up her laps, but Lily didn't wait for her this time. She'd see her in the locker room, anyway, and Lily was looking forward to a nice, long shower.  
  
What she didn't expect, though, was for Tiffany to slip into the same shower stall as her a couple minutes later.  
  
"Tiffany!" Lily squealed, covering herself with her hands. "I'm in this one!"  
  
"Duh!" Tiffany said, grinning. "That's why I'm in it too!"  
  
She couldn't believe Tiffany would just get in the same shower stall as her! And Tiffany was just as naked as Lily was! And she was... wow. Just... wow! She looked really, really good naked...  
  
Lily giggled when Tiffany bumped her out of the shower spray with her hip and took Lily's position under the water.  
  
"Wait, did anyone see you get in with me?" Lily asked.  
  
"I dunno. Ashamed to be seen with me?" Tiffany asked, pouting.  
  
"No! It's just... it has to be against school rules, you know!"  
  
"Since when does the naked girl care about school rules?"  
  
"I've always cared about the rules!"  
  
Tiffany smirked at her. "I know. You're such a goody-goody! So be a good girl and wash my back, hmm?"  
  
Lily grabbed the bottle of body wash from the little shelf built into the corner of the shower and squirted a bit of the purple liquid onto her hand. She reached out and placed her hands on the backs of her best friend's shoulders and started to lather her up.  
  
"Lily, does me being naked make you as horny as you being naked makes me?" Tiffany asked, looking back at her over her shoulder.  
  
Lily swallowed and nodded. "Yeah... I think so."  
  
"Good!" Tiffany said, smiling.  
  
Lily continued to wash and rinse off Tiffany's back. She looked down for a moment to gaze upon Tiffany's shapely bottom – but she jerked her head up and clamped her eyes shut a moment later. She was having some really naughty thoughts!  
  
"Tiffany," she said, thinking that talking might take her mind off her naked friend, "do you like peach yogurt?"  
  
"What?" Tiffany asked, laughing. "What a weird question!"  
  
"Oh. Well, Mr. Collins asked what flavor yogurt I liked and I said peach and then he said 'oh I should have known' and then he mentioned you. But why would–"  
  
Tiffany spun around to face her friend. "Oh my gosh you're so cute, Lily!"  
  
Lily was confused again. "I... I don't get it?"  
  
"What does a peach look like, Lily?"  
  
"Umm..."  
  
"Doesn't it look a lot like a girl's... you know what?"  
  
"Oh," Lily said. Then her eyes went wide. "Oh!"

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 27**

Mr. Doddings's history class went by rather quickly. Lily took notes, of course, but was rather distracted the whole time with visions of Tiffany in the shower.  
  
As soon as the lecture portion of the class was over, Lily rushed up to Mr. Doddings and asked if he might had another clean gym towel she could use. She explained that the chair was too cold on her naked bottom – although the true reason that she took the towel back to her seat and sat upon it was that Lily was quite terrified that she would leave a puddle in the seat due to lewd images of Tiffany dancing in her head!  
  
Lily was now absolutely certain she had been turned into a raging pervert. She was barely able to keep her focus on her worksheets for the rest of the class.  
  
"Ready to go, dear?" Mrs. Haverknott asked her when Lily entered her classroom. Mrs. Haverknott packed up her briefcase and stood facing Lily, waiting for an answer.  
  
Lily was expecting... something. But Mrs. Haverknott didn't seem to be upset in the least! Maybe Harriet hadn't spoken with her? But, even so, why didn't Mrs. Haverknott ask why Lily had missed her class today?  
  
"Yeah. Yes," Lily said, realizing Mrs. Haverknott was staring at her.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott only nodded and walked right by Lily, so Lily hurried along behind her.  
  
They rode in the car in silence until Lily realized Mrs. Haverknott had taken a turn towards the coffee shop.  
  
"I– I really don't want to do the interview. I don't want to work there. Not naked."  
  
"This was part of our deal, Lils."  
  
"I know. I just– I really don't want to. Can't you understand that?"  
  
"Yes, I most certainly can understand it."  
  
Lily huffed. It was clear Mrs. Haverknott wasn't going to change her mind. And Mrs. Haverknott was right: Lily had agreed to the deal. She had agreed to working naked in the coffee shop. Trying to get out of it now was unfair – but that didn't make accepting it any easier, though.  
  
"Would you like me to go in with you?" Mrs. Haverknott asked as she pulled into a parking spot right in front of the coffee shop.  
  
Lily thought about it for a moment. "No. That would be silly, bringing someone into an interview with you."  
  
"I could sit in the coffee shop and wait."  
  
"No. Just... just stay in the car."  
  
"Very well, dear."  
  
"What if I don't get the job?"  
  
"You will. If you're thinking of sabotaging your interview, young lady–"  
  
"I'm not. I wasn't, I mean," Lily said. "Now I wish I had thought of it!"  
  
"This is part of our deal. If you don't get this job, Lils, then I will find another one for you. Somewhere, perhaps, even more public – such as the mall."  
  
Lily gulped. The coffee shop was bad enough, but the mall? Everyone in school would see her there!  
  
"Okay, I get the point."  
  
"Good luck, Lils."  
  
"Yeah, yeah," Lily said, popping open the passenger door and hopping out of the SUV.   
  
She looked around. Thankfully, there were no people in the parking lot. Lily could see a few of them inside, though.  
  
Here she was: naked, in public! The school had been one thing but this, this was the real world! At least in school she felt sheltered. The teachers were there to make sure she was okay. And the students, well, they all seemed to like Lily, mostly.  
  
But this was completely outside of that... protective habitat. Lily would be meeting strangers constantly. Strangers with questions – and people with opinions and beliefs that Lily's condition might agitate or even offend!  
  
Standing in the parking lot, though, was doing her no good. She gritted her teeth and marched into the coffee shop.  
  
"Lily Peterson?" the woman behind the counter asked her. She was tall and thick and wore her dark hair in a ponytail just like Lily.  
  
"Um... yes. That's me."  
  
"Come on back," she said, waving Lily around the counter.  
  
Lily did as asked. Every eye in the coffee shop was on her. But thankfully none of the people looked irritated with her.  
  
The woman waved Lily further back down a short hallway and into an office. Lily sat in the chair opposite the woman's desk when the woman sat down.  
  
"Your aunt told me you're a nudist so it was easy to recognize you," the woman said, smiling. "I'm Amanda. I'll be your boss."  
  
Aunt, huh? Lily wouldn't want Mrs. Haverknott for a real aunt, but she decided to just roll with it.  
  
"It's very nice to meet you, Amanda."  
  
"Ooh, manners! That'll be a nice change! Most of my baristas are... well, immature. They're good kids, though. It's just that they're kids."  
  
Lily nodded politely.  
  
"Well start you off on cold coffees so you can work up to the hot stuff when you're comfortable. I wouldn't want to see you spill hot coffee on yourself! You know, because– well, because you're naked, of course. I don't mean to have a hangup about it, it's just I've never met a nudist before. I'm sure you're used to people getting used to you. If that makes sense."  
  
"Yes, it does. I understand."  
  
Amanda stared at her.  
  
"I hope you talk more, usually. I mean, you're kinda coming off as a robot right now."  
  
"Sorry," Lily said. "I do talk more. I talk a lot. Probably too much. I'm just... nervous."  
  
"Right. I can understand that. This is your first job ever, right?"  
  
"Yes," Lily said. She wanted to try to talk more, so she added, "I haven't ever had a job. I haven't really thought about it but really I was rather blessed in life. My father and mother have a lot of money so I never wanted for anything and I didn't need a job. I've always focused on school."  
  
"Oh. Well. Why do you need a job, now?"  
  
"My parents left the country and forgot to leave money with– my aunt."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Well, sort of. It was– there was a situation." Lily looked away. She didn't want to explain everything to this woman. Lily looked back at her and she said, "Work experience, actually. I need work experience for my college applications."  
  
"Oh. Right. Okay," Amanda said, although she looked quite confused.  
  
"Sorry. It's just being naked makes things complicated."  
  
"Yeah, I imagine! Why do you do it, then?"  
  
"I just... like it," Lily said. She didn't like lying, but there was no way around it without very possibly causing trouble for everyone. "It's just what I want, I guess."  
  
"So, like, does it get you off?"  
  
"What?" Lily said, nonplussed. "N– no..."  
  
"Sorry, sorry. That was a dumb question, I know! I guess you have to put up with all sorts of stupid questions like that. Sorry."  
  
Lily shrugged. She said, "Sometimes. I really don't mind questions, as long as they aren't too personal."  
  
"Well," Amanda said, smiling, "I can confidently say you really blew the interview. I mean, totally blew it."  
  
Lily laughed and then Amanda did, too.  
  
"So you're hired. Your first shift is tomorrow afternoon, after school is out. If you want the job."  
  
"I do want the job, Amanda," Lily said with a nod. "Thank you."  
  
"Okay." Amanda stood up and held out her hand for Lily to shake. "Welcome to the team, Lily. See you tomorrow."  
  
"Thank you very much," Lily said, shaking her hand.  
  
Lily left the office and headed back to the SUV. She didn't want the job, honestly, but she had to take it. There was no way she was going to risk working at the mall! And Amanda seemed nice, so it wouldn't be too bad to work for her.  
  
"How did it go, dear?" Mrs. Haverknott asked when Lily opened the door and hopped inside the SUV.  
  
"Rotten," Lily said, huffing. "I got the job."

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 28**

Once they were pulling out of the coffee shop parking lot, Mrs. Haverknott said, "So, Lils, I had quite a heated discussion with the school nurse today."  
  
Lily looked over to her but didn't say anything. So Harriet had talked to her!  
  
"She is under the impression that I somehow forced you into this nudist lifestyle of yours. She simply would not be convinced otherwise, despite the mountain of evidence that it clearly isn't so."  
  
"It is too so!" Lily said.  
  
"I will admit, at the start, I did spur you down the path you find yourself upon now, but I can hardly be held accountable for the choices you've made since then."  
  
"I only made those choices because you kept tricking me!"  
  
"Do you believe so? But, tell me, Lils, why did you continue to be a nudist?"  
  
"What do you mean? I didn't want to get anyone in trouble, that's why! You were right there – you told Mr. Hartwell that was the only option!"  
  
"The only option to save the school from a scandal was to have you agree that you were not compelled to experiment with being a nudist. There was nothing before or after that to impose this lifestyle upon you. At at time, you could have simply changed your mind and told everyone that you were no longer a nudist."  
  
"But... no... everyone would have gotten in trouble!"  
  
"For what, Lils? For allowing a young woman to explore her beliefs and then for accepting her decision when she changed her mind?"  
  
Lily was shocked by the realization. It was true: nothing was keeping her from deciding not to be a nudist anymore! It was her decision! As long as she didn't blame anyone, no one would care!  
  
"I can wear clothes again," Lily uttered, astounded.  
  
"Well, no, of course not now, dear. We have a deal."  
  
Lily turned to Mrs. Haverknott and exclaimed, "No! You tricked me! Again!"  
  
"No, I did not. Some part of you kept you from realizing you could change your mind at any time. The part of you, Lily, that absolutely wants to stay naked. That has nothing to do with me, dear."  
  
"There's no part of me that wants this! And I don't care about our deal – I'm changing my mind and that's my right! Forget our deal! Forget it all! Call me a liar if you want, I don't care!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott sighed. "I am very sorry to hear that, Lily."  
  
"I don't care. I don't care what you think anymore," Lily said, crossing her arms and huffing. "And where are we going, anyway? You missed the turn for the house, stupid."  
  
"To the supermarket, of course."  
  
"You can't make me go in!"  
  
"Of course I cannot. But," Mrs. Haverknott said, "I had thought you wanted lasagna tonight. We'll need cheese, and pasta, and sauce, and a great many things. Lasagna is a complicated dish, is it not?"  
  
"Well, you get it, then. You promised me–" Lily said, but stopped short.  
  
"Hmm, I see you've realized that the lasagna was part of our deal – the deal you only just disavowed."  
  
"Then whatever. No lasagna. Fine. Let's go home."  
  
"Very well. But Miss Alster will be sorely disappointed."  
  
Lily turned back to Mrs. Haverknott and said, "What do you mean? What are you talking about?"  
  
"Well, I took the liberty to invite her for dinner tonight. I know how well you two get along and I know you had been wondering if Miss Alter enjoys lasagna. I can now say for a fact she surely does. She was positively ecstatic when I explained to her that you would be cooking for us."  
  
"More plotting! More tricks!" Lily said. "Why do you do this to me? I thought we were becoming friends!"  
  
"We are friends, Lils. That is precisely why I am doing this," Mrs. Haverknott said. She pulled into a parking spot in the supermarket lot and turned to Lily. "Now, shall we go shopping?"

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 29**

Lily walked beside Mrs. Haverknott through the supermarket parking lot, fists clenched at her sides and teeth gritted tightly together. She could do this. She would do this – for Tiffany. And then tomorrow she would wear clothes again and nobody could say anything about it!  
  
Mrs. Haverknott pulled a shopping cart from the stack outside and scooted it through the automatic doors. Cool air swished down on Lily as she followed Mrs. Haverknott inside.  
  
There were a lot of people here. And they were gasping, and pointing, and talking about Lily. They were staring, dumbly, or scowling, menacingly. Some laughed, some tutted, some even expressed their surprise or outrage out loud: "Oh my!" "Shameful!" "What does she think she's doing?"  
  
One of the other customers had obviously informed the staff, because a young man with the title 'Assistant Manager' under the name 'Steve Erdot' came running up to them.  
  
"Ma'am! Ma'am!" he called as Mrs. Haverknott started in to the store proper.  
  
"Yes?" Mrs. Haverknott said, looking annoyed.  
  
"You can't– she can't– ma'am, you can't bring your daughter in... naked. There's– it's policy. Shoes and shirt required. And pants!"  
  
Lily trembled in humiliation. Of course she wouldn't be allowed in here naked! Mrs. Haverknott was just trying to embarrass her again – and it was working, of course!  
  
Lily groaned, wishing she were anywhere else at all.  
  
"Is that so?" Mrs. Haverknott asked.  
  
"Yes, ma'am. She'll have to... wait in the car. For you."  
  
"Ah! One moment," Mrs. Haverknott said. Lily watched her walk over to a checkout display rack and pick up a black leather dog collar attached to silver chain.  
  
What... what was she doing? They didn't have a dog! Lily suddenly felt very concerned.  
  
"She's not my daughter," Mrs. Haverknott said when she walked back over to the two of them.  
  
"Still, ma'am, she can't be in here like that. I'm sorry but those are the rules."  
  
"But you allow pets in?"  
  
He frowned. "Well, yes, this is a pet friendly store but–"  
  
"Well then, she is my pet," Mrs. Haverknott said while strapping the collar around Lily's neck in one quick, smooth motion.  
  
Lily was stunned. She reached up and touched the collar around her throat and let out a gasp.  
  
"Ma'am... I really don't–"  
  
But Mrs. Haverknott was no longer paying him any attention. She clasped the end of the chain onto the shopping cart and started towards the dairy aisle. The chain went taut, eliciting another gasp out of Lily when the collar jerked on her neck, and Lily was forced to follow behind Mrs. Haverknott.  
  
The assistant manager seemed to be much in the same daze as Lily, because he just stood there and let them walk away.  
  
"This is a delightful surprise, isn't it, Lils?" Mrs Haverknott asked, grinning. "I would never have thought of this – but what fun!"  
  
Lily started to come to terms with what had just happened: she had a dog collar around her neck! And Mrs. Haverknott was leading her around the store like... some... animal!  
  
Lily tried to say something, but she lost all her words the moment she opened her mouth.  
  
"Just be grateful I don't make you get on all fours," Mrs. Haverknott whispered to Lily, giving her a wink.  
  
Lily shook her head to clear it. What was she doing?! All she had to do was take off the collar! She reached up to remove it but paused when she was distracted by an older man bounding down the aisle toward them, shouting "Ma'am!" the whole way.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott rolled her eyes and turned around to face the man.  
  
"What is it? Might I simply get my shopping done without all these interruptions?"  
  
The man stopped in front of them and swallowed. He took a moment to catch his breath. Lily noted that his nametag read 'Mike Beasle' and that 'General Manager' was printed under his name.  
  
"I'm very sorry about how you were treated, ma'am," he said. "My assistant manager did not handle the situation very well."  
  
"I'll say! My dear friend here has never been more embarrassed in her life, Mr. Beasle. Honestly, to be told her lifestyle is not accepted here in your store! The nerve!"  
  
"Yes, her... her lifestyle."  
  
"As a nudist, of course," Mrs. Haverknott said, frowning at him.  
  
"Yes. Yes of course! Of course she is accepted here, ma'am. Fully accepted. My store does not discriminate!"  
  
"Good. Then we'll get along with our shopping."  
  
"One moment, ma'am. Might I... would you... can you take off that leash, please? It's... well, it's..."  
  
"Hmm. I really don't know if that's a good idea, Mr. Beasle. She's been quite feisty lately."  
  
"Hey!" Lily said, experiencing a moment of clarity from being insulted.  
  
"You see? What if she were to harass one of your customers?" Mrs. Haverknott asked, clearly enjoying herself. "What if she were to... oh my... hump one of them?"  
  
Lily let out an embarrassed whine and clapped her hands over her face.  
  
"I– I– I– " the manager said, apparently at a complete loss. He quickly recovered, though, and said, "Well, ma'am, it's just that... you haven't paid for it, yet. I can't allow... her to wear it in the store. That's... that's right. I'm sorry. It's policy. Nationwide! I'm sorry."  
  
Mrs. Haverknott nodded. "Well, of course, if it's policy, Mr. Beasle. We are nothing if not law-abiding citizens!"  
  
"Oh, yes. Of course. Perfectly understandable misunderstanding. Thank you, ma'am, for your understanding, I mean."  
  
"You're quite welcome. Would you mind very much helping the dear out of the collar, Mr. Beasle? My fingers always find the clasp of those things quite fiddly."  
  
"Oh. Of course, ma'am. Of course!" he said. He reached up to remove the collar but stayed his hands. "Young lady, do... do you mind if I undo this for you?"  
  
"Yes, please, sir," Lily said in a muffled voice, her face still behind her hands.  
  
The general manager carefully unattached the collar from around Lily's neck and then handed it to Mrs. Haverknott, who unclipped it from the cart and wrapped the collar in its chain.  
  
Lily finally looked from behind her hands. She thoughtlessly took the collar when Mrs. Haverknott held it out to her.  
  
The general manager said, "Thank you, ma'am."  
  
"Yes, yes. May I get on with my day now?"  
  
"Of course. I apologize for the interruptions, ma'am."  
  
"Very well," Mrs. Haverknott said. She started down the aisle again.  
  
Lily looked down at the collar and chain in her hands.  
  
"What the heck do you want me to do with this?"  
  
"Hold onto it, dear, and we'll ring it up at the register."  
  
"What for?"  
  
"I may very well want to take you for a walk in the evenings," Mrs. Haverknott said, smirking.  
  
Lily shook her head and threw the collar into the shopping basket.  
  
"Waste your money if you want, I'm not wearing that ever again!"  
  
"But why? You certainly seemed to enjoy it, Lils."  
  
"I did not!"  
  
"I really don't know why you think you can hide your titillation. Your arousal is quite evident, dear."  
  
"It is not!"  
  
"Lily, you are positively flush with excitement. And even my old eyes can clearly see that your nipples are erect, your vulva is wet, and your labia are rather engorged."  
  
Engorged! Lily clasped her hands over her crotch. What a thing to say to her!  
  
"It isn't– they are– it's not– it's not like that!"  
  
"Oh, I know, dear. Your body is betraying you again, is it?" Mrs. Haverknott asked. "Perhaps it is about time you considered that your body is instead trying very hard to tell you something. Would it not be the most considerate thing to at least try to listen to it?"  
  
"No! People get aroused all the time from... nothing at all. I've read about it. It doesn't mean anything!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott sighed. "Very well, Lils. Whatever you say. Now, what cheese do we require for your lasagna?"  
  
"We need ricotta and mozzarella and Parmesan," Lily scoffed. "I made do with just mozzarella last time but I want to do this the right way!"  
  
"Oh, of course. For Miss Alster."  
  
"I– no! I just want to do it right," Lily said. She marched over to the display of cheeses on the cooler shelves along the aisle wall. She reached up on her tip-toes and grabbed a container. "I'm getting this brand of ricotta, too. It's a little expensive but it's the best kind for lasagna."  
  
Mrs. Haverknott smiled and nodded, pleased that Lily seemed to have so quickly forgotten her nudity.  
  
It then occurred to Mrs. Haverknott that she had been approaching this situation the wrong way: by constantly reminding Lily of her state of undress, she had forced the girl to consider her nakedness. The better plan of attack, she thought, was to offer suitable distractions for the girl in order to build up her tolerance and chip away at her inhibition.  
  
"Just what are you grinning about?" Lily asked her, scowling.  
  
Normally, Mrs. Haverknott would have taken the opportunity to remind Lily she was quite naked in the middle of a supermarket. Now, however, she simply said, "I was thinking of tonight's dinner, Lils. I had thought the lasagna last night was delicious. I simply cannot wait to taste your improved version of the dish."  
  
Lily frowned, suspicious, but then nodded.  
  
"Just you wait, Bice. It's gonna knock your socks off!" the naked girl said, oblivious to the irony.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 30**

"You know, Lils," Mrs. Haverknott said as she drove them back to the house after their shopping, "I was thinking that perhaps I could have a new pet name. 'Lils' is so cute and pretty, it really does suit you, but 'Bice' sounds... well, truthfully, dear, it sounds a lot like 'bitchy' to me."  
  
Lily laughed. "Well then I'd say it suits you just fine!"  
  
"Oh, please, Lils? It's such a very small request. I did, after all, buy you everything you asked for to make your special dinner, did I not? Won't you please allow me this rather trifling consideration?"  
  
Lily pursed her lips in thought.  
  
"I don't know. It's hard for me to come up with a nice name for you when we're at odds."  
  
"But why are we at odds, dear?"  
  
"For one," Lily said, frowning at her, "you put me in a dog collar!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott nodded slowly and said, "Yes. I am sorry about that, Lils. I acted without thinking and you are completely right. I apologize."  
  
"It's fine you can admit you're wrong but this isn't the first time you haven't considered my feelings. You got me naked, you took away all my clothes, and you made me wear a dog collar! That's three times, at least, that you treated me very badly!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott was silent for a few minutes. Lily waited for her to say something.  
  
"I believe the problem we are having is because I am so accustomed to getting my way, Lils. As a teacher of many, many years, I have come to expect students to do exactly as I say. But it is wrong of me to act that way with you, because we have a different type of relationship. Or rather, I would very much like us to have a different type of relationship," Mrs. Haverknott said. She glanced at Lily and said, "I would very much like for us to be friends, Lily. Good friends. The best of friends, in fact."  
  
Lily chewed her lip, thinking for a time. She finally said, "You haven't acted like it."  
  
"I realize that now."  
  
"And how do I know this just isn't another one of your tricks?"  
  
"I can only promise that it isn't," Mrs. Haverknott said. "And I have never broken a promise to you, Lily."  
  
After another long while of silence, Lily asked, "What's your middle name?"  
  
"Laverne."  
  
"Oh gosh," Lily said, laughing, "I can't do anything with that! Beatrice Laverne Haverknott! Your parents must have hated you!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott chuckled. "I suppose they must have, indeed."  
  
"Well, you don't like being called 'bitchy' so we gotta do something if we're going to be friends," Lily said. She tapped her chin thoughtfully and asked, "What about 'Tricksy' for a pet name? One, you've tricked me a lot in the past and two, it'll remind you that you're not supposed to trick me anymore if you want to be my friend."  
  
"Oh, I see: not 'Trixie' but 'Trick-sy' then, yes? Hmm. Still, don't you think perhaps it's a bit 'young-sounding' for me?"  
  
"No, I think it's great for you! You're not that old, Tricksy!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott smiled. "Very well, Lils: 'Tricksy' it is."  
  
"Yeah!"  
  
"Thank you very much for my new pet name. I actually do quite like it."  
  
"I knew it! See? I'm pretty good with nicknames."  
  
"Yes, you are. Do you have one for Miss Alster?"  
  
"Oh! No, I don't. Not yet. I'll have to think about it."  
  
"Well you'll have plenty of time tonight, Lils," Mrs. Haverknott said. "Does she have a nickname for you?"  
  
"Well... sort of," Lily said, biting her lip and looking away.  
  
"Yes? Oh, come on, Lils, tell your good friend Tricksy what Miss Alster calls you."  
  
"Well," Lily said with a wistful sigh, "she... sometimes... calls me... 'Hotstuff.'"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott laughed and shook her head.  
  
"My goodness, Lily! It seems Miss Alster is quite a hand at nicknames, too!"  
  
Lily's shoulders shook as she tried to hold back her laugh. But she burst out saying, "And sometimes she calls me 'Baby-Cakes' too!"  
  
Which sent Mrs. Haverknott into a laughing fit that Lily couldn't help but join.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 31**

After they brought all the groceries into the house, Mrs. Haverknott took Lily's hand and started pulling her towards Lily's bedroom.  
  
"I would like to show you something, Lils."  
  
"What?"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott opened Lily's bedroom door and ushered her inside.  
  
There, on Lily's bed, was a freshly-pressed school uniform.  
  
Lily bounded across the room and took the blouse in her hands with a squeal of delight.  
  
"It's perfect! It's the perfect size! And the skirt, too! And shoes and socks and– well, no underwear. But otherwise, it's perfect!"  
  
"I always keep my promises, Lils," Mrs. Haverknott said. "I brought it home for you over my lunch break so that you could wear it to school tomorrow, if you'd like."  
  
"I can? I can wear all of this? Tomorrow at school?"  
  
"Yes, if you like."  
  
"Of course I like! Of course I do!"  
  
Lily rushed to Mrs. Haverknott and threw her arms around her in a hug.  
  
"Thank you, Mrs. Haverknott! I mean, Tricksy! Thank you so much!"  
  
"You're welcome, Lils," Mrs. Haverknott said, patting her on the head. "You're very welcome."  
  
Lily pulled away from her.  
  
"Are you still going to try to take it from me, Tricksy?"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott nodded very slightly.  
  
"Yes, Lils, I am. I won't lie to you: I do not want you in that uniform and I will work very hard to get you back out of it."  
  
"But why?!" Lily demanded, stomping her foot. "We're friends now, I thought!"  
  
"We are. I really hope we are. And I'll promise you this: the choice will always be yours, even if it is a very hard choice to make."  
  
"So you mean I'll be able to just tell you 'no' then?"  
  
"Yes. I promise."  
  
"And you won't be mad when I do tell you no, right?"  
  
"Of course not," Mrs. Haverknott said, smiling. "I will just look for another way."  
  
"Hmm. Well, I guess I can live with that, Tricksy. So, really, thank you."  
  
"You're really welcome, Lils," she said. "There is one other thing, though."  
  
"Oh no," Lily said, sensing something dreadful coming, "what is it?"  
  
"If you would just flip your blanket down, you will see."  
  
"What now, you've stolen my sheets?" Lily asked, going over to her bed. She pulled her blanket down and gazed down at the garments that were previously hidden underneath. "What is this? It's like a naughty Halloween costume." Lily picked up the blouse and then the skirt. "It's a slutty schoolgirl stripper outfit, is what it is!"  
  
"I assure you that, with some creative interpretation of the uniform guidelines, it is perfectly within school uniform regulations."  
  
"What? You have got to be kidding me! The skirt is so short and this blouse – where are the rest of the buttons? And these are thigh-high stockings!"  
  
"All of it within the acceptable tolerance of a centimeter or two. I took great care to ensure that was the case."  
  
"So, it is another trick!"  
  
"No, Lily. Not at all."  
  
"You want me to wear this slutty uniform!"  
  
"Slutty? No. Racy, perhaps. I would argue it is, at most... slightly suggestive."  
  
"I can't believe you!"  
  
"Lily, if you absolutely must wear a uniform, I want you to wear that one," Mrs Haverknott said. "But!" she quickly added, holding up a finger to keep Lily from shouting back at her. "It is entirely your choice, dear. You may wear either outfit – or none, if I might so encourage you to consider that particular option."  
  
"No you may not!" Lily said. "And I'm most certainly wearing the non-slutty one tomorrow."  
  
"As I said, that is your choice. From now on, I will do my best to ensure you will always have a choice, Lils."  
  
"Good. Thank you, Tricksy. That's very friend-like of you and I appreciate it."  
  
"Of course. Now, shouldn't you be starting dinner?"  
  
"Right! Oh, I'm so excited about tomorrow, though!"  
  
"I would think you would be more excited about tonight. After all, your exceedingly amorous girlfriend is coming to spend the night."  
  
"Oh," Lily said. "Tiffany's staying over?"  
  
"Of course!"  
  
"Oh. Oh, dangit! Now I'm trembling all over, Tricksy! I– I don't know what to do!"  
  
"About what, dear?"  
  
"Well... if she wants to... do something? Something... you know!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott chuckled. "You needn't worry about that. Not at all, Lils."  
  
"Why? What do you mean?"  
  
"I am quite certain Miss Alster will take the lead," she said. "You will only need to decide how far you want to let her go."  
  
"Well... how far do you think she will, you know, go?"  
  
"Oh, sweet Lily!" Mrs. Haverknott said with a laugh. "If you allow her, I have no doubt Miss Alster will simply devour you. She will absolutely ravage you. Head. To. Toe."  
  
"Oh," Lily said, stunned. "Oh, gosh..."

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 32**

Lily paid no attention to Mr. Haverknott and his brazen goggling at her bare bum – there was simply too much to do! She had to get this pan into the oven straight-away and then have a quick shower and then just a little bit of makeup and if she had time she really wanted to re-do her nail polish and she wanted to put fresh bed-sheets on her bed even though she'd just done that yesterday and–  
  
"Lily, dear, you look positively frazzled!" Mrs. Haverknott said, placing her hand gently on Lily's back. "Calm yourself, won't you?"  
  
"Oh, I just so overwhelmed, Tricksy!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott pulled a wine glass from the cabinet and filled it with a nice red.  
  
"Here you are, sweetheart. A glass of wine, if you like. I do think it will help."  
  
"Oh yes thank you!" Lily said. She took the glass and had a large sip.  
  
"Don't gulp, dear. It is meant to be tasted, of course."  
  
"Yes. Sorry," Lily said. "I'm just so nervous!"  
  
"Perfectly understandable. Is this ready to go in the oven?"  
  
"Yes. All set."  
  
"Good. I'll watch the oven for you, dear. I know you said you wanted a shower."  
  
"I do! Thank you."  
  
Lily dashed to the shower and hopped under the spray the very moment the water warmed up. She frantically washed every bit little bit of herself. When she turned the water off and got out, Mrs. Haverknott was waiting for her with a towel.  
  
"Thanks," Lily said, allowing Mrs. Haverknott to dry her off.  
  
"On the counter, then," Mrs Haverknott ordered, putting the towel on the bathroom counter-top next to the sink. "Up up up!"  
  
Lily was a bit confused but she did as asked. Mrs. Haverknott had brought in a black bag, and from it she produced some nail polish remover. She quickly set about cleaning Lily's toenails and fingernails of her old chipped and scuffed pink polish.  
  
"Don't worry," she said, "I've set the oven alarm and I am paying close attention to the time."  
  
Lily nodded appreciatively.  
  
"Now, this is gel polish," Mrs. Haverknott explained, drawing a light blue vial from her bag. "I don't have pink, unfortunately, but I really do think this blue is going to look very nice on you. And I have a dryer that will cure it in just thirty seconds."  
  
"Oh. Thank you, Tricksy."  
  
"I know you want to look cute for Miss Alster and I'm very happy to help, dear."  
  
Lily watched as Mrs. Haverknott expertly painted her toenails and fingernails. Then she produced a bright UV light from her bag and had Lily hold her hands and feet under it for a half-minute each. Once done, she used a cleanser to clean and smooth the polish and Lily was amazed at just how perfect and pretty it looked.  
  
"Tricksy, I do think this color blue is really nice!"  
  
"It does look delightful on you, Lils. Very... playful. I am certain Miss Alster will approve."  
  
Lily blushed. "I think so, too."  
  
After just a bit of eyeliner, eyeshadow, blush, and lip gloss, Mrs. Haverknott deemed Lily to be ready for her dinner date. She helped Lily off the counter and gave the girl a spank on her bottom to send her out of the bathroom.  
  
"Hey, that stings!" Lily said with a forced pout.  
  
"Check on your lasagna or you'll get another one!" Mrs. Haverknott threatened cheerfully.  
  
Lily darted away to do as she was told, and found the lasagna cooking nicely.  
  
When Mrs. Haverknott entered the kitchen, Lily saw that she had changed. She was wearing a casual outfit of blue jeans and trainers and a delicate sleeveless blouse.  
  
Lily saw a blue-yellow bruise on Mrs. Haverknott's upper arm.  
  
"Hey, what happened to you?" Lily asked, pointing to the blemish on Mrs. Haverknott's skin.  
  
"Oh," Mrs. Haverknott said, looking at her arm, "well, I didn't see that. I'll go put on a light jacket."  
  
"But what happened?" Lily asked.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott frowned. "I hadn't realized I had bruised."  
  
"From what?"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott hesitated, but finally said, "Your nurse friend has quite a grip, Lils."  
  
"Harriet did that?"  
  
"And shook me quite fiercely, besides. I quickly came to understand she cares for you deeply, Lily."  
  
Lily looked at the bruise and then locked eyes with Mrs. Haverknott.  
  
"So, what's the deal, then? You won't tattle on Harriet as long as I wear that slutty uniform? Or are you just going for it all? Huh? Full-naked Lily, once again, in exchange for not telling on my friend? Is that it?"  
  
"Lily, please, I have no intention of reporting your friend."  
  
"Yeah yeah! In exchange for what?"  
  
"Lily," Mrs. Haverknott said, seriously, "Harriet did what she did because she believed she was acting in your best interest. That is, likewise, why I do what I do. I never for a second considered reporting your friend for her actions. I only wish that, one day, you and I have the relationship the two of you seem to enjoy. Quite honestly, that is my greatest wish."  
  
"You're really not going to say anything?"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott frowned, looking disappointed. She turned away and said, "I think my beige jacket will go with this outfit nicely." She walked away to her bedroom.  
  
Lily felt a little guilty about the way she had just treated Mrs. Haverknott – but it was only fair to be suspicious, wasn't it? She grabbed her wine and took a gulp.  
  
Just as Lily finished her glass of wine, she heard a car pull into the driveway.  
  
"Oh gosh, she's here!"  
  
"I'll pour some more wine for us all and put on some music," Mrs. Haverknott said, re-entering the living room now that she was wearing her beige jacket. "Oh, but she may need help with her overnight bag. I suppose I'll go out and see."  
  
"I'll do it!" Lily said, rushing to the front door – but she paused with her hand on the doorknob.  
  
"Lily? It's quite all right if–"  
  
"No. It's fine, Tricksy. I'll do it," Lily said.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott smiled when Lily opened the front door and rushed out of the house.  
  
"Heya, baby-cakes!" Tiffany shouted as Lily made her way down the driveway.  
  
She was wearing a pair of tight jeans, white sneakers, and a dark tank-top. Lily thought she looked very cute, indeed!  
  
They hugged one another – and then Tiffany teased her teeth on Lily's earlobe!  
  
"Oh!" Lily exclaimed.  
  
"Hello, Lily," a deep voice said. "Good to see you again."  
  
Tiffany released Lily and grabbed her hand to tug her over to the car. Tiffany's father was standing behind the open trunk, unloading a large duffle bag. He was a large man, in both height and width, and Lily had always thought he'd make a great Santa Claus if he only grew out his beard.  
  
"Hello, Mr. Alster," Lily said.  
  
"You're looking well! My, you sure have grown into a beautiful young woman, Lily."  
  
Lily tried to smile but she was sure her face had turned beat red.  
  
"Dad!" Tiffany said, pulling her duffle bag away from him. "Stop hitting on my girlfriend! You're so embarrassing."  
  
Mr. Alter chuckled and shook his head. He closed the trunk and nodded.  
  
"I'll see you girls later, then."  
  
"Bye, Mr. Alster," said Lily as Tiffany tugged her along back toward the house.  
  
Tiffany pulled Lily into the house and shut the front door. She tossed her duffle bag on the floor.  
  
"Wow, it smells so good in here!" she said.  
  
"That's my lasagna," Lily said, grinning.  
  
"Hello, Miss Alster," Mrs. Haverknott said as she walked up to them. She handed each of them a glass of wine.  
  
Tiffany looked a bit stunned, but accepted the wine glass nonetheless.  
  
"Would you mind terribly if I called you Tiffany outside of class, Miss Alster?"  
  
"Um, no. No, Mrs. Haverknott. Please do."  
  
"Please feel free to call me Tricksy while you're in our home, Tiffany."  
  
"Okay. Sure, Tricksy."  
  
Mrs. Haverknott smiled. "Good. Now, from what Lily has told me, the lasagna will be just a while longer. Shall we all sit and have a chat? Just us girls?"  
  
Tiffany looked to Lily, who only shrugged, and then said, "Sure, why not? Girl talk! I can dig that!"

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 33**

"And then, even though she had gotten into the shower before me, she stayed in for another few minutes after I got out!" Tiffany said, finishing the story to Mrs. Haverknott of when she got into Lily's shower stall earlier that day.  
  
"Oh my!" Mrs. Haverknott said, laughing.  
  
"Well I had to! I was interrupted and I had to finish!" Lily said, perhaps a little too defensively.  
  
"Oh you really are too cute!" Tiffany said. She smooched Lily on the cheek, which effectively banished Lily's consternation.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott said, "I am delighted to hear Lily is having some fun at school. She's always so very serious in all of her classes."  
  
"Yes, she is! But that's okay, she's so smart and she's going to get a great job and then she's going to be my sugar-mama. Right, hotstuff?"  
  
Lily pressed her lips together and shrugged shyly.  
  
"Aww, and she's so fun to embarrass!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott's eyebrows raised and she looked at Lily knowingly.  
  
"Well it's not that fun for me," Lily said, in a pout.  
  
Tiffany nestled her head against Lily's shoulder.  
  
"Aww, sorry babe," Tiffany said. She turned her head to give Lily's naked shoulder a quick kiss.  
  
Lily, once again, found that her irritation quickly fled her body whenever Tiffany applied her lips to it.  
  
Then Tiffany slid her hand on Lily's thigh, grazing Lily's exposed flesh with her fingernails, and that caused Lily to shudder and suck in a breath. But neither Tiffany nor Mrs. Haverknott seemed to take note of Lily's reaction.  
  
"Ugh. I can't believe my dad tried to flirt with you," Tiffany said.  
  
Lily shook her head. "I think he was just being nice, Tiff."  
  
"It's like just because you're naked he thinks it's fine to check you out and hit on you. So gross. He probably had the biggest, grossest boner, too!"  
  
Lily's eyes went wide and she started to slink back into the couch, drawing her legs tightly shut and putting her hand over her chest.  
  
Mrs. Haverknott certainly didn't want such ideas in Lily's head. It was hard enough to keep her naked without dealing with those kinds of thoughts! She shot a look at Tiffany that she hoped the girl would understand.  
  
Thankfully, Tiffany seemed to pick up on it. She pulled Lily close and laughed.  
  
"I'm just kidding, Lily! Oh, I'm sorry, I was just trying to embarrass you again," Tiffany said. "Of course my dad doesn't think like that! He's known you since you were 'Little Bitty Lily'!"  
  
Lily felt relieved. To think Mr. Alster would hit on her! The very thought seemed ridiculous.  
  
"I forgot about that silly nickname," Lily said, smiling just a bit.  
  
"You were such a cutie," Tiffany said, "and you've just kept getting cuter and cuter!"  
  
"It is rather unfair of you, Lily," Mrs. Haverknott said, grinning. "You've practically stolen all the cuteness in the world just for yourself, dear."  
  
"Stop you two!" Lily said, flushing beat red.  
  
The silence grew and stayed for a while, but Mrs. Haverknott was happy to let the quiet linger for now. The two girls were nestled comfortably together and Lily seemed quite happy.  
  
"Oh!" Lily suddenly said. "Guess what, Tiff? Tomorrow I'll be wearing my uniform again!"  
  
"You will?"  
  
"Yeah!"  
  
"But why?" Tiffany asked.  
  
"Because– just because I want to."  
  
"Oh? I didn't know you wanted to wear that stuffy uniform again," Tiffany said, giving Lily's thigh a little squeeze. "I honestly don't know why, Lily. You seem so much happier out of it!"  
  
"Because I want to!"  
  
"Whoa – okay, okay, Lily. That's fine. It's perfectly fine! If that's what you want," Tiffany said, giving her another smooch on the shoulder.  
  
"You won't break up with me?" asked Lily.  
  
"No! No way! Ha!" Tiffany said. "You'll have to try way harder than that to get rid of me, baby-cakes!"  
  
Lily leaned over to give Tiffany a kiss on the lips.  
  
"Oh, did you notice Lily's nail polish, Tiffany?" Mrs. Haverknott asked by way of changing the subject.  
  
"Yes I did! I'm sorry for not saying anything, Lily. It's adorable!"  
  
Lily felt herself blush. "Thank you."  
  
"Don't worry, Tiffany," Mrs. Haverknott said, smiling into her wine glass, "it's non-toxic."  
  
"Oh, good!" Tiffany said, laughing.  
  
Lily looked from one to the other of them, sure that she had missed something. But before she could ask, the oven timer went off.  
  
Lily hopped up and hurried to the kitchen.  
  
"She takes her lasagna very seriously," Mrs. Haverknott explained.  
  
"Aww! She is going to make such a perfect wife for me," Tiffany said, laughing.  
  
"Tiffany, while we have a moment – I think it's important that we support Lily in her nudism. I believe the sole reason she wishes to wear her uniform tomorrow is because she feels others are judging her. Perhaps even... desiring her."  
  
Tiffany nodded. "Yeah, you're right. That whole joke about my dad was dumb of me. She's so innocent, Tricksy. Things like that really get to her!"  
  
"So it falls to us, as her friends, to support her. As enjoyable as it is, I believe embarrassing her is counterproductive. Instead, we should concentrate on making her feel comfortable."  
  
Tiffany nodded again. "That's a good point. I think you're absolutely right."  
  
"Because you do want her to be naked, do you not?"  
  
"Oh yeah," Tiffany said, smiling. "Heck yeah I do."  
  
Mrs. Haverknott smiled back. "Then please consider us partners, Tiffany. For Lily's sake."  
  
"Okay, Tricksy! Yeah, it's a deal!"  
  
A moment later Lily shouted from the kitchen that dinner was ready.  
  
Tiffany stood up and walked over to the counter that separated the kitchen from the living room.  
  
"Hey, why do you have this?" Tiffany asked, holding up the dog collar and chain that had somehow been left out on the counter. "You guys don't have a dog."  
  
Lily felt a fright shake her down to her bones. She spun around to look at Mrs. Haverknott, who was grinning wistfully.  
  
"Oh that," Mrs. Haverknott said, continuing to smile at Lily. "That's for a friend."

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 34**

"That lasanga... was delishish," Tiffany said as Lily helped her to the bedroom.  
  
"Tricksy is pretty upset you sneaked so many glasses of wine," Lily said, laughing. "Well she was, until you fell over on the couch and started making all those weird noises!"  
  
"I made weird noiseish?"  
  
"She said you sounded like a penguin and a seal trying to make a baby!"  
  
Tiffany frowned and sobbed, "Oh my gosh that would be so cute!"  
  
Lily hefted her girlfriend into the bed and took off Tiffany's sneakers and socks.  
  
"Is this were we bump and hump?" Tiffany asked, eyes closed and grinning.  
  
"I don't think you're in any condition to do either one of those," Lily said, laughing. "I don't exactly know what half-lesbians do – I mean, I kind of have an idea – but as drunk as you are, you'd probably just lick my elbow for an hour or something."  
  
Tiffany sighed. "Your pretty, pretty, pretty-pretty-pretty elbows..."  
  
"Besides, I want both of us to remember... you know, our first time."  
  
Suddenly Tiffany burst into tears.  
  
"It's your first time?" Tiffany bawled.  
  
"Hey, it's okay, Tiff! Hey, what's the matter?" Lily asked, sitting beside her prostrate friend and running her fingers through Tiffany's luxurious blond hair.  
  
"It's your first time and you want to do it with me!" she cried. "I can't believe it! I don't deserve you!"  
  
Lily laughed. "Aww, Tiff! Of course you do."  
  
"I don't! I don't! I've done it twice! With boys!"  
  
Lily laughed again. "That's okay, I don't care! It's our first time. That's what meant. Our first time, when we, you know... bump and hump."  
  
"You mean it?" Tiffany asked, clutching Lily's arms in her hands and looking up to her with glassy eyes.  
  
"Of course I mean it, you dummy."  
  
"I am dumb," Tiffany said, smiling. "I'm a big dummy, aren't I?"  
  
"You're my big dummy," Lily said.  
  
Tiffany closed her eyes, grinning.  
  
"I'm gonna pass out..." she muttered.  
  
"Okay. But can I play with your boobs for a bit?" Lily teased.  
  
"Yes, please..." Tiffany said, trying to pull up her tank-top but quickly giving up. "I can't get them out, Lily. I can't... get my boobs out..."  
  
"Oh, well," Lily said, still giggling. "Another time then."  
  
"Raincheck," Tiffany said. "You have... one free coupons... for boobs. My boobs. Not other boobs."  
  
"Wait, how many coupons?"  
  
"Two," Tiffany said. "Because I have two boobs. One boob, two boob."  
  
"Oh. That's very generous of you."  
  
"You get one of each boob."  
  
"That's so thoughtful, Tiffany."  
  
"It is! Because my boobs... are great! There just... my boobs... I mean, come on. My boobs?"  
  
"Are great."  
  
"Yeah!"  
  
"I'll get you a glass of water," Lily said, standing up from the bed.  
  
"Is there more wine?"  
  
"I don't think so. I think you drank the house dry, Tiffany."  
  
Tiffany only smiled at that. And then – it seemed quite sudden – she began to softly snore.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 35**

Lily woke up in the darkness to a wet kiss on the back of her neck. Tiffany must have taken her own pants off sometime during the night, because Lily felt the skin of Tiffany's legs, soft and hot, pressing into her own as Tiffany held her from from behind.  
  
"Sorry," Tiffany whispered.  
  
"It's okay."  
  
"I drank too much."  
  
"I know. It's okay, Tiffany."  
  
"I was so nervous."  
  
"Me too."  
  
Tiffany kissed Lily's neck again. "I was so nervous, Lily. You're so beautiful. I don't want to mess anything up."  
  
"You didn't mess anything up."  
  
"I wanna make love to you," Tiffany whispered.  
  
Lily suddenly felt very awake.  
  
"Right now?"  
  
"No... I'm still drunk, Lily. I don't want to mess anything up."  
  
"It's okay. I like it right now. I like it when you hold me."  
  
"I want to hold you forever."  
  
Lily smiled and nestled back into Tiffany, pulling her girlfriend's arm around her.  
  
"I'd like that," she said.  
  
After a long silence, Tiffany asked, "Will you stay naked for me?"  
  
Lily took a deep breath. "No. I'm sorry, Tiffany. I don't want to. Not anymore."  
  
"Okay," Tiffany said. She took a deep breath of Lily's hair. "That's okay."  
  
"Sorry."  
  
"Don't be sorry, baby-cakes," she said. "Don't be sorry. I don't care. I don't care if you wear a snowsuit."  
  
Lily laughed. "A snowsuit?"  
  
"Like spacemen."  
  
"Tiffany, that's a spacesuit."  
  
"Spacesnowsuit."  
  
"I don't think they have those."  
  
"Good," Tiffany said. "One less thing for you to wear."  
  
Lily was lost in thought for a while, feeling Tiffany's soft breath on her neck and her warm flesh pressed against her own.  
  
"Are you still awake?" Lily whispered.  
  
"Yeah," Tiffany said. "Sorta."  
  
"Why... Tiffany, why do you want me to be naked?"  
  
"'Cause you seem so happy," she said.  
  
"I'm not. It doesn't make me happy."  
  
"Okay. Just seems like it. Seems like it does."  
  
"I– I don't know," Lily said with a sigh.  
  
"No snowmen suits," Tiffany said. "Space snowmen... suits."  
  
"Okay, Tiffany. I promise to never ever wear a spacesnowsuit," Lily said with a laugh.  
  
"Stop giggling at me," Tiffany said. "I need my beauty rest. So I can try to be half as pretty as you. In the morning."  
  
"Tiffany, stop. You're every bit as pretty as I am."  
  
"Shush. I'm the dumb one. Shush your pretty mouth, hotstuff. I'll kiss it shut."  
  
"Don't threaten me with a good time," Lily said, using her friend's line against her.  
  
Tiffany laughed softly and once again kissed Lily's neck.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 36**

Lily woke up in bed alone and, of course, naked. She glanced to her closet, wherein she had hung up her school uniform. She was going to wear it today! But first, something smelled delicious...  
  
She got up and walked to the kitchen, where she found Tiffany eating eggs and Mrs. Haverknott drinking coffee.  
  
"There you are, sleepybutt!" Tiffany said. "C'mon, sit down. Tricksy made eggs for us."  
  
Lily padded over and sat next to Tiffany. She smiled when Mrs. Haverknott set a plate of eggs and toast and bacon down in front of her.  
  
"Wow! This looks really good, Tricksy!"  
  
"Thank you, Lily," Mrs. Haverknott said, smiling down at her.  
  
"Hey, are you feeling okay, Tiff?" Lily asked Tiffany around a mouthful of scrambled eggs.  
  
"Yeah, actually. I mean, I was super-drunk for sure, but I actually feel okay right now."  
  
"You're young," Mrs. Haverknott said. "Give it a few years, and hangovers become a real thing."  
  
"Forget that!" Tiffany said. "I've learned my lesson. I'm a two-glass girl from now on. Maximum!"  
  
Mrs. Haverknott chuckled. "Good luck getting through college with that rule intact."  
  
Tiffany laughed. "You're probably right. But it's okay, Lily is going to take care of me."  
  
Lily smiled. "My girlfriend, the lush!"  
  
"Luscious," Tiffany said. "I'm quite sure you mean luscious!"  
  
"Oh, of course I did!" Lily said. "My luscious lush!"  
  
As soon as they were done eating, Tiffany pulled Lily back to her bedroom.  
  
"Are you really going to put on that dumb uniform?" Tiffany asked, pushing her bottom lip out.  
  
"Yes. Please, Tiffany, stop asking me that."  
  
"But you have to listen to me. I'm the guy in our relationship!"  
  
"Ha! Not with those boobs, you're not. I'm obviously the guy!"  
  
"We'll wrestle for it," Tiffany said. She pulled off her tank-top and threw it aside. Then she unbuttoned her jeans and quickly shimmied out of them.  
  
Seeing Tiffany standing in her bedroom in just her underwear, Lily gulped. She was just too perfect!  
  
"Wrestle for what?" Lily asked, feeling quite... agitated at this point.  
  
"I win, you stay naked. You win, you wear whatever you want."  
  
"Tiffany..."  
  
"Scared I'll take you down, baby-cakes?"  
  
Lily thought about the offer for a moment. First of all, she definitely, and desperately, wanted to wrestle Tiffany right now. The very thought of it gave her shivers! And, secondly, she was sure she could beat Tiffany in a wrestling match. As fit as Tiffany was, Lily was certain she'd never wrestled before – something Lily had actually done during her freshman year.  
  
"What do I get out of it if I win?" Lily asked, crossing her arms.  
  
"You can wear your uniform. I just said!"  
  
"I can do that now! You have to come up with something that I don't have already!"  
  
"You can... play with my boobs. Whenever you want!"  
  
Lily scoffed. "You already gave me two coupons for that!"  
  
"I did?"  
  
"Yeah, you did!"  
  
"Dang. Okay. When do they expire?"  
  
"They don't! No expiration date. You said whenever I want!"  
  
"Wow. I was really drunk! Usually I make sure to include an expiration date."  
  
"What? Who else have you given boob coupons to?!"  
  
"Oh, don't worry about it! They're all expired by now!"  
  
Lily forced herself not to laugh. She said, "Well then, it seems like you have nothing to offer me if I win. I have my uniform and your boobs. I think I'm set for life."  
  
"Foot massage," Tiffany said, smirking. "I'll give you a foot massage. Hour long! And, trust me, you'll love it. Heck, you'll probably have an orgasm from me just rubbing your feet! That's how good I am."  
  
Lily bit her lip. She'd only recently been introduced to foot rubs, thanks to Mrs. Haverknott, but she had really enjoyed the experience. The image of Tiffany massaging her feet was delicious, indeed!  
  
"Okay," Lily said, more meekly than she intended.  
  
Tiffany grinned. "All right! Get ready to stay naked, baby-cakes!"  
  
Lily lunged at her, taking her by complete surprise, and whipped her around to throw her on the bed.  
  
Tiffany shrieked and fought back, but Lily was able to get ahold of her wrists. Then Tiffany bucked against Lily, gaining enough space to wrap her long legs around Lily's hips. She twisted her hips and Lily was forced off-balance. She had to release Tiffany's arms to catch herself before she tumbled off the bed.  
  
"Where'd you learn that?!" Lily demanded.  
  
But Tiffany only laughed, breathing heavily, and tried harder to topple Lily over. She reached up to grab Lily's boobs but Lily slapped her hands away. Tiffany took the opportunity to throw her arms around Lily's back. She pulled Lily down to her.  
  
Now held against Tiffany, Lily found herself in a perilous position. She was quite excited, for one, and that was proving to be a serious distraction. Secondly, Tiffany was much stronger than Lily had anticipated.  
  
But there was no way Lily was going to lose her uniform!  
  
Tiffany tried to roll over atop Lily, which sent both of them spilling out of the bed.  
  
In one smooth motion, Lily straddled her and took her wrists in her hands again, causing Tiffany to squeal and kick her legs. But it was already too late: Lily had the advantage. She leaned down and mashed her lips against Tiffany's, completely disarming her opponent and causing Tiffany to give up entirely, losing herself in the kiss.  
  
Lily released Tiffany's wrists and Tiffany immediately reached up to take Lily's head and neck in her hands as they continued to kiss. Tiffany moaned, happily, and shifted her hands to pull Lily down against her again.  
  
"You got me," Tiffany admitted, softly, as she gazed into Lily's eyes.  
  
"You're not mad?" Lily asked.  
  
"Oh please! I am the complete opposite of mad," Tiffany said, laughing.  
  
"So I win again, then!"  
  
Tiffany nodded. "But will you try the sexy outfit first?"  
  
Lily glanced back at her closet. The regular uniform was hung up on a hanger, but the slutty one was crumpled in the corner.  
  
"You saw that?"  
  
"Mmmhmm."  
  
"But there's no way I'm going to wear that! It's– it's– vulgar!"  
  
"Just for me? Just so I can see you in it?"  
  
Lily looked into her girlfriend's bright blue eyes and sighed.  
  
"Okay. Fine. I'll try it on. But I'm not wearing it to school! So you better get that idea out of your big dumb head."  
  
Tiffany only wiggled her eyebrows.  
  
Lily slid out of bed and went to her closet. The blouse and skirt went on easily enough, but she took care with the stockings so as to not run them with her toenails. They were probably too thick for that to be a concern, but Lily didn't want to take the chance on ruining them. After slipping on her shiny black shoes – the ones with this outfit having a good three-inch heel – she was done dressing.  
  
Lily turned around so Tiffany could see.  
  
Tiffany said, "Ooh, I really, really like it!"  
  
"Yeah well that's because you're a pervert."  
  
"Maybe I am! That skirt is so short, Lily! And I didn't see you put on underwear, hmm?"  
  
"Well, I don't have any," Lily confessed.  
  
Tiffany grinned. "Won't you pretty pretty please wear that one to school?"  
  
"No way! I feel like a whore."  
  
"But you look absolutely delectable," Tiffany said, throwing her a pout.  
  
Lily blushed. "I feel more naughty than when I'm naked."  
  
"Oh? Then stay naked, instead!"  
  
"No, Tiffany. Please stop. Please? I want to wear my regular uniform."  
  
Tiffany frowned. "I really wish you didn't. But I understand. If that's what you want, Lily. Okay. What you want will always be okay with me."  
  
"You mean it?"  
  
"Heck yes I mean it! Now take that silly thing off and come kiss me! We still have some time to make-out before school."  
  
Lily dug the toe of her shiny black shoe against the carpet and shrugged. "I could... leave it on... for just a little bit."  
  
"Ooh! Can I play teacher?"  
  
Lily grinned and shrugged again.  
  
"Miss Peterson," Tiffany said, pointing to the bed. "Step into my office, right now!"

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 37**

Lily proudly marched through the hallway at school – in uniform! And not the slutty one, either!  
  
She wanted to happen upon someone, so she could explain her decision to wear her uniform at school, but unfortunately she didn't see any of the staff in the hallways.  
  
She was rather disappointed that she made it all the way to the principal's office without seeing anyone else at all. Perhaps she should have stopped by the teacher's lounge?  
  
Miss Perkins had a double-take at Lily when Lily strode into the office lobby. The secretary raised her eyebrows and opened her mouth, as if she was about to ask something, but then just closed her mouth and stayed silent.  
  
Lily continued marching right into the principal's office proper.  
  
Mr. Hartwell took one look at Lily and stood up from his desk. He gaped at her.  
  
"I've decided to wear my uniform at school," Lily said, proudly. She clasped her hands behind her back and stood tall and gave the principal a nod.  
  
"But... why?!" he asked, wide-eyed.  
  
"Well," Lily said, a little put off by his reaction, "I just... decided to. I want to wear my uniform at school. That's all."  
  
"Now?! Really?! You suddenly decide now?!"  
  
Lily frowned. She hadn't expected this to be a problem. She'd just changed her mind, right? There shouldn't be an issue with that!  
  
"Yes, now. I'm sorry, Mr. Hartwell, but I don't want to be a nudist anymore."  
  
Mr. Hartwell plopped back into his seat, causing it to creak and groan, and sighed.  
  
"Well, f--k," he said.  
  
"Mr. Hartwell!"  
  
"Miss Peterson – Lily, if I may, since we seem to be getting to know each other very well lately – we have just received a very large grant from an institution based solely on the fact that we have a nudist student in attendance. That's right: because we have accommodated your supposed wishes to be a nudist, a foundation focused on non-discrimination for special cases has just given the school a much-needed donation!"  
  
"Much... needed?"  
  
"We are completely behind the times, Lily! Most schools of our caliber have completely modernized the classroom: digital whiteboards, tablets for every student, fully-functional database systems for the teachers! Lily, we're behind on everything. It's a miracle we are still considered relevant. This grant will change everything!"  
  
Lily blinked. And stared. And blinked again.  
  
"And... if I keep wearing my uniform?"  
  
"It is very likely the grant could be rescinded!"  
  
Lily took a deep breath and asked, "Is Mrs. Haverknott behind this?"  
  
Mr. Hartwell flashed a pained expression.  
  
"She was... quite instrumental... in getting the grant institution involved. Yes."  
  
"Dangit!" Lily screamed, shaking her fists. "She got me again! She did it again! Ahhhhh... shoot! Shoot shoot shoot!"  
  
"Lily, please! Calm yourself!"  
  
"And I can't even be mad at her since she said she was going to do it! It's not fair!"  
  
"Come now, Miss Peterson, control yourself!"  
  
"I just have to scream, Mr. Hartwell! I just have to!"  
  
"Scream a little quieter, then, please," he said. "And why don't you just call me Frank, Lily? At this point, I think we're well beyond worrying about principal-student professionalism."  
  
"You just want me to think of you as a friend!"  
  
"Well, you're very smart, Lily. But try it, won't you? Just call me Frank."  
  
"Okay, Frank," Lily said. Then she returned to shouting, "Well that just feels weird, calling you Frank!"  
  
Mr. Hartwell waved his hand to dismiss her concern. "You'll get used to it. I'm just a man, like any other. Now think for a moment, Lily: there's something in this for you as well."  
  
"What? Not clothes, I bet!"  
  
"If the school keeps this grant, you'll be a hero. A real hero, Lily. That's something even Mrs. Wen would not be able to contend with."  
  
Lily was immediately curious. "I'll be able to fix things with Mrs. Wen?"  
  
"Oh, most definitely! She would not dare to dispute your contribution to this school! It's quite a card for you to play, Lily. Quite a card, indeed!"  
  
"If I'm naked."  
  
Mr. Hartwell nodded, solemnly.  
  
"But... I'm sure being back in my uniform would be enough for me to repair the damage with Mrs. Wen, Frank. Ugh! Dangit! Calling you Frank is so weird! It's making me angry!" Lily said, shaking her fists again.  
  
Mr. Hartwell laughed. "Lily, come now, you're acting ridiculous."  
  
"Yeah well I'm allowed to be a little ridiculous right now! Don't you think?"  
  
He nodded, smiling. "You have a good point there, Lily."  
  
"Because you want me out of my uniform again!" Lily accused him.  
  
"I– well, it is not my choice, is it, Lily? It's yours. It's your decision."  
  
Lily snorted. "Just like she said: it would be my choice – no matter how hard that choice would be."  
  
Mr. Hartwell nodded. "That seems very much like something Beatrice would say."  
  
"She just keeps tricking me! It's worse than calling you Frank!"  
  
Again, Mr. Hartwell had to laugh.  
  
"If it bothers you that much, you don't have to call me Frank, of course."  
  
"But now you look like a Frank, and not a Mr. Hartwell. I don't know how to fix it in my head!"  
  
"I think you are fixated on the wrong thing here, Lily. The right thing is getting you out of that uniform so the school can keep this grant."  
  
"But why should I care, huh? I'm graduating this year, anyway."  
  
"Lily, I'm surprised at you! Doesn't this school mean very much to you?"  
  
"Nope! Not enough to go naked the rest of the year. So, there!"  
  
"Two weeks," Mr. Hartwell said, holding up two fingers. "Give me two weeks to secure the grant and ensure it cannot be rescinded, and then you'll have your uniform once again."  
  
"So two more weeks of me prancing around naked? That's what you want?"  
  
"That's what I'm asking, Lily. You don't think having to spend the rest of your year here as a nudist is worth it. You've said so. But what about just two more weeks? Does the school mean enough to you to make two more weeks worth it, Lily?"  
  
Lily stared at Mr. Hartwell. She took a deep breath.  
  
"Well, f--k," Lily said.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 38**

Lily stood outside Mrs. Wen's classroom, naked from head to toe once again. It had been disheartening, leaving her school uniform in Mr. Hartwell's office, but she was determined to help the school if it only cost her two more weeks of humiliation. And that humiliation promptly began when Mr. Hartwell realized that Lily hadn't been wearing any underwear. Thankfully, he didn't say anything about it.  
  
Being naked again was stupid and silly – but Lily told herself she would work very hard to make her embarrassment worth the price!  
  
Some time later, Mrs. Wen came down the hallway. She entered her classroom without a glance at Lily.  
  
She said, "Move along, Miss Peterson. There is nothing more to be said between us."  
  
"A lot of people fail your class," Lily blurted out. Oops, that was not how she meant to start this conversation!  
  
Mrs. Wen shot her a look. "And I suppose if you taught my class, you'd ensure all the lazy students pass. Is that your claim, Miss Peterson? If so, you are only digging your grave deeper still."  
  
"No! I just mean you have to teach summer school every year because of the students that fail. Last year you had two full summer classes, I remember."  
  
"What is your point, Miss Peterson? Make it quickly."  
  
"You teach me how to teach your classes," Lily said, "and I'll teach your summer classes! You'll be free to do whatever you want over the summer."  
  
Mrs. Wen's scowl faltered for only a moment. Then she said, "I would still need to be here to supervise you."  
  
"I can be supervised by any accredited teacher, Mrs. Wen. The rules state that I only need to be qualified by the original instructor to teach the course."  
  
Mrs. Wen stared at Lily for a long while.  
  
"You would delay college to teach the degenerates in my summer classes?"  
  
"I can't graduate without your class anyway, Mrs. Wen. This is a win-win deal for the both of us."  
  
Again Mrs. Wen stared at Lily for a long while.  
  
"I've heard about the grant, Miss Peterson."  
  
"Oh, yes. That's very nice for the school, isn't it, Mrs. Wen?"  
  
"And so you think you now have some leverage, Miss Peterson?"  
  
Lily shook her head. "No! I wouldn't offer to teach your summer classes if I thought so."  
  
"But that grant is precisely the reason I am even considering your offer, Miss Peterson."  
  
"Then I'm glad it worked out that way, Mrs. Wen."  
  
"Yes, I see that you are," Mrs. Wen said. "You've always been a clever, Miss Peterson. Just not smart enough to keep your clothes on, apparently."  
  
"That's... more true than I care to admit, Mrs. Wen."  
  
Mrs. Wen stared at her, looking inquisitive, but she said, "If I accept your offer, you will prepare my classroom every morning. And I expect a few cup of coffee on my desk when I walk in. And you will also grade all homework assignments for all of my classes."  
  
"Yes, Mrs. Wen. I can do that," Lily said with a nod.  
  
Mrs. Wen stared at her for a long while again. So long it began to make Lily feel uncomfortable.  
  
"Mrs. Wen?"  
  
"Did your parents fail to discipline you adequately, Miss Peterson? Is that why you are acting out in this manner?"  
  
"I'm– well, I'm not acting out, Mrs. Wen. And no, I suppose my parents weren't much for discipline. I've always been a rather good girl, you know."  
  
"Good girls do not gallivant about in the altogether, Miss Peterson."  
  
Lily frowned. "I suppose I don't think being naked is necessarily bad, Mrs. Wen. In fact, as you know, some good things have recently happened simply because I’m naked!"  
  
"Your mother should have thrown you over her lap and spanked you mercilessly at your first inclination to leave the house in less than proper attire."  
  
Lily's eyebrows went up. What a thing for Mrs. Wen to say! Lily wondered why she would say something so specific as that because Mrs. Wen hardly spoke without a reason. She often said that one's language should always be as precise as possible. And if that were the case here, she was broaching this particular topic intentionally.  
  
"Perhaps she should have, Mrs. Wen," Lily said after careful consideration.  
  
Mrs. Wen responded, "Realize that, do you now? Perhaps, then, it is not too late."  
  
That about affirmed it in Lily's mind: Mrs. Wen wanted to punish her. In fact, Mrs. Wen was offering to spank her!  
  
Lily swallowed but didn't break eye contact with the stern teacher.  
  
"My mother is on holiday, Mrs. Wen," Lily said, "so if someone else should have to spank me, I would like it to be someone I respect."  
  
Mrs. Wen’s eyes narrowed. "What are you asking, Miss Peterson?"  
  
"I would like you to spank me."  
  
"That's hardly appropriate, Miss Peterson," she said in a tone that lacked all of her usual acerbity.  
  
"I'm afraid it's part of our deal. If you want me to teach your summer classes, I mean."  
  
Mrs. Wen pressed her lips together for a moment.  
  
"You've put me in a difficult position, Miss Peterson."  
  
"Then... I guess... I guess I should get punished for that, as well."  
  
Mrs. Wen seemed to consider the offer for a few moments and then said, "I suppose I have no other choice. I accept your offer, Miss Peterson."  
  
"Thank you, Miss Wen."  
  
"Won't you go away now?" Mrs. Wen asked, waving her hand for Lily to go leave.  
  
"I'm in your first class, Mrs. Wen."  
  
"It doesn't start for nearly half an hour, Miss Peterson. Go see Mr. Hartwell about the teacher's assistant paperwork."  
  
"But what about–"  
  
Mrs. Wen's eyes went wide and she said, "No, no. After school. Come see me, after."  
  
"Okay, Mrs. Wen."  
  
Lily hurried off to the principal's office to give Mr. Hartwell the good news. Well, most of it – she certainly wasn't about to tell him she'd agreed to be spanked!

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 39**

Mr. Hartwell had been ecstatic that Lily was able to repair her relationship with Mrs. Wen. He assured her that the grant was the primary motivation of Mrs. Wen's change of heart, but Lily rather thought it was more about allowing her bum to be swatted.  
  
Sure, it was entirely unprofessional and even unethical, but Lily had been running around completely nude for days. She could hardly stand on her morals!  
  
Now in Mrs. Wen's class, Lily kept catching the teacher's eye. But outside of the certain dread – and perhaps a bit of a strange thrill – she felt at the idea of Mrs. Wen spanking her, the time went by quickly and without issue.  
  
Even though no one knew that Lily had actually worn a uniform this morning, Lily felt more exposed now than she remembered feeling before. She'd been dressed! She'd gotten free of this crazy imposed nudism! But now she was right back in it again, butt-and-boobs naked. She felt as if she had been humiliated all over again.  
  
Her walk to Mr. Burgess's classroom was... interesting. She looked around the hallways at her fellow students as they bustled along to their next class. Sure, many of the students paused to ogle her, but life went on. Everyone continued their day. Even Lily.  
  
She supposed she had always been too embarrassed to notice it, but everyone was busy living their own lives. Lily's nudity was only a small part of that, if they even bothered to think about it at all.  
  
But that pleasant thought fled Lily's mind the moment she stepped into Mr. Burgess's classroom. Once again, all eyes were on her. Judging eyes and hungry eyes. Smiling eyes and annoyed eyes. All sorts of eyes, all on Lily.  
  
"Oh..." she gasped, feeling now as if she were standing in front of a roaring fireplace.  
  
"Miss Peterson," Mr. Burgess said. "Please take your seat."  
  
Lily nodded to him and padded over to her seat. She sat down and prepared her notebooks. And before she knew it, Mr. Burgess's class was over. All she had thought about the entire time was history. She realized that she hadn't even bothered to cross her legs!  
  
Walking to her next period, Lily felt out of place yet again. All these students in their uniforms, and she was just walking among them without a stitch of clothing on! It was preposterous! Yet everyone acted as if it were nothing odd in the very least.  
  
This hot-and-cold fluctuation between tension and relief put Lily in quite a state of constant titillation. She found that she could still be productive when she was aroused, as she had just done in history class, and that was as much a worrying thought as it was a comforting one.  
  
"Hey, Lily!" Tony Baskins greeted her. He was in his track outfit of shorts and a t-shirt in school colors.  
  
"Hello, Tony. How are you?"  
  
"Great! I was waiting for you. Ready to run with me?"  
  
"I have Mr. Collins's class right now."  
  
"Nope! I told him that we wanted to get some track time together and he excused you from his class this period. He said it was a great idea. And he said you knew the equations he was going over better than he did, anyway!"  
  
Lily felt herself blush at the compliment.  
  
"That was very kind of him to say," she said.  
  
Tony shrugged. "I guess. Let's get moving, huh?"  
  
Lily followed Tony as he weaved towards the gym through the crowd of students. He stopped in front of the locker room doors and held one open for her.  
  
"Tony, that's the boy's changing room," Lily said. "I can't go in there."  
  
"Oh sure you can! The guys don't care if it's you, Lily. I mean, it's only fair, right?"  
  
"But–"  
  
"C'mon, I already grabbed your shoes for you."  
  
Tony went inside and waved for her to follow. And Lily did.  
  
Inside it smelled of guy-funk and soap. And there were boys. Lots of them. In various states of dress – but mostly undress. It didn't take Lily very long at all to realize that she did, indeed, like boys.  
  
There were pretty ones, and handsome ones, and soft ones and muscly ones. And their wieners, apparently, came in a dazzling array of shapes and sizes: long swinging things and pudgy little fatties and ones that dangled off to one side or the other. And their bums! Well, Lily thought, all their cute little compact bums were possibly the very best thing about them.  
  
Although some of the young men covered themselves when they saw her, none of them seemed concerned at all with her being there. A few of them even said hello.  
  
"Here you go," Tony said, setting her pink running shoes on a bench for her.  
  
Lily suddenly felt very steamy and she wasn't sure it was just from the humidity of the showers. Here she was, a girl, naked in the men's locker room! There were guys all around her! They just had to be looking at her and they just had to be having lewd thoughts! Because she certainly was, and boys were always more horny than girls, weren't they?  
  
"Hey, c'mon. Time's a wastin'!" Tony said.  
  
Lily nodded and grabbed her shoes. She squatted down to put them on so that she wouldn't be sticking out her ass at anyone.  
  
Once she was done tying her laces tight, Tony rushed her out of the locker room.  
  
Lily took one last wistful look around before she headed out to the track.  
  
Yep, she thought: she definitely liked boys.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 40**

Running track with Tony proved to be both exciting and exhausting. Lily’s times were some of her best. Tony certainly knew how to keep her up to pace, with just the right amount of encouragement and just enough push to keep her lungs burning without burning her out.  
  
They ended the period with some sprints, which left both Lily and Tony gasping for breath with their hands on their knees.  
  
“You’re fast, girl,” Tony said between breaths.  
  
“Thanks.”  
  
Tony pulled his shirt off and used it to wipe his brow. Lily glanced up to see his naked chest. His well-defined, wiry build was certainly pleasant to look upon. The muscles of his chest and abs flexed under his sleek, shiny skin and Lily caught herself licking her lips.  
  
She shook her head. She told herself: What has gotten into you! Behave!  
  
“You okay?” Tony asked, stepping up to her.  
  
“Yeah,” she said. “Just getting my breath.”  
  
“You should stand up. Put your arms over your head, too. That’ll open up your airway.”  
  
Lily nodded. She knew that, but she was also conscious that it would look like she was thrusting her little boobies out for everyone to gawk at.  
  
Still, Lily stood up. She made do with just putting her hands on her hips, though.  
  
“I’m feeling... better,” she said. “Whew! What a run, huh?”  
  
“Yeah,” Tony said. His gaze went over her body again. “Man, I wish you weren’t taken! I’d totally ask you out if you were single, Lily.”  
  
“Well...” was all Lily could bring herself to say, feeling quite flustered yet again.  
  
Tony leaned in and reached up to her face. Her heart skipped beat. He touched her cheek as he brushed a loose strand of hair behind her ear.  
  
And suddenly their lips were pressed together. Her hands were on Tony’s back and his hands were on her back, too. His fingers traced along the slippery, sweaty skin of her lower back until his hands rested on her ass. He gave her rump a gentle squeeze and Lily sighed into their kiss. Their tongues touched. Tony’s mouth tasted like peppermint.  
  
Lily realized what she was doing and she pushed away from him. He let go of her and she took a few steps back.  
  
“Oh... gosh... oh... I’m sorry,” Lily said.  
  
“Hey, I’m not complaining,” Tony responded, smiling.  
  
“I’m– I’m with Tiffany.”  
  
“Hey, no problem. It was just, like, some weird in the moment type thing. Right?”  
  
“Yeah.”  
  
“Yeah, no big deal,” Tony said. “I’m gonna hit the showers. See you later, Lily. Hey, you’ll be at Bart’s party, right?”  
  
Lily nodded, still stunned at what had just happened.  
  
Tony shot her one last smile and then jogged off towards the locker rooms.  
  
“Why did I do that?!” Lily scolded herself. “What is wrong with me? Dangit!”  
  
Lily had to tell Tiffany what had happened. She wouldn’t keep a secret from her girlfriend! And Tony would probably tell everyone, anyway.  
  
Lily felt a sour sickness in her stomach. She’d cheated on Tiffany – a kiss, only, but still! – and Tiffany had been so good to her. What would she think? What would she do?! Lily wanted to cry at the thought of losing Tiffany as her girlfriend – maybe even losing her as her friend, entirely!  
  
Mr. Collins startled her when he said, “There you are, Miss Peterson.”  
  
“Yes, Mr. Collins. We just finished some sprints. Tony– Tony and I.”  
  
He nodded but frowned. “Yeah, about that – I didn’t know about it until now, Miss Peterson, but Coach Raffer from our sister school has brought over two of his runners for a match. For the district competition.”  
  
“He has?”  
  
“Yeah. I hope you have a little more gas in the tank, Miss Peterson. I need you to beat one of them so we can go to the district competition,” he said. “There’s two slots, and I want you in one of them. I don’t have anyone else that can come close to the times these young women post, so I need you to hustle this one out for us. Think you got it in you?”  
  
Lily huffed. She was exhausted. And, if she were honest with herself, she had very little interest in going to the district competition naked. But she didn’t want to let down Mr. Collins, either.  
  
Lily decided that if she lost, it was fair-and-square, so she would run. If she was meant to go, even if she was this tired, she would beat the other runners. Let fate decide.  
  
“I’ve already gotten Mrs. Haverknott to excuse you from her class this period,” Mr. Collins said. “So don’t worry about that. I just need to know if you want to run.”  
  
“Yes, Mr. Collins,” she said, nodding purposefully. “I’ll run.”

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 41**

Coach Raffer was taller than Mr. Collins. He was thin except for a prominent beer-gut. He also had a thick mustache.  
  
His two runners were very different from each other: the one taller than Lily was slender and had long legs but the one about the same height as Lily was squarish in build and had legs thick with muscle. They both were, of course, wearing track outfits in their school colors – which made Lily feel vulnerable in their presence, being without a stitch of clothing herself.  
  
That wouldn’t affect her performance, she told herself, but she wasn’t sure how truthful she was being.  
  
“This is Patricia,” Coach Raffer said of the short one, “and this is Mikela.”  
  
“Nice to meet you,” Mr. Collins said. “This is my best runner, Lily Peterson.”  
  
Lily smiled and said hello to all of them.  
  
“Right,” Coach Raffer said, “the naked one. I didn’t really believe the rumors.”  
  
Lily suddenly felt even more exposed. The other two girls looked at her, but their expressions were blank. If anything, they looked completely bored.  
  
“Her personal lifestyle decisions are really none of your business,” Mr. Collins said, bluntly.  
  
Coach Raffer frowned. He said, “What is my business is these run times of hers. I think your stopwatch is running a bit slow, Chris.”  
  
“I assure you it is not.”  
  
Coach Raffer snorted. “Maybe you accidentally skipped a second, then.”  
  
“I’m all for friendly competition and a little trash-talk, Brad, but now you’re just being insulting. Miss Peterson posted those run times.”  
  
“I guess we’ll see, huh? Let’s get ‘em out on the track.”  
  
“She’s just been at it for the last hour. Give her ten minutes to recuperate a little.”  
  
“I’d say it’s unfair she’s already warmed up,” Coach Raffer said, smiling. “My girls do an hour before I even let them start timing their laps.”  
  
“Then you’ll have some time to get them warmed up.”  
  
He jerked his head at his two runners. “Take a couple laps, ladies. Go on.”  
  
They both nodded and then set off down the track at a leisurely jog.  
  
“So,” Coach Raffer said, “you’re really going to push on this? I mean, come on, Chris, a naked girl running at district? It’s absurd.”  
  
“First of all, don’t talk about Miss Peterson as if she weren’t right here. And secondly, one thing has nothing to do with the other.”  
  
Lily smiled, remembering how she’d said the same thing about being naked and teaching class.  
  
“Yeah, well,” Coach Raffer said, “I’m just thinking of you, Lily. There’ll be a lot of people at the district competition and most of them won’t understand why you’re– well, why you’re like the way you are.”  
  
“They don’t have to understand,” Mr. Collins said.  
  
Coach Raffer just shrugged. “I’ll tell you what does matter, though, and it’s your girl’s shoes.”  
  
“What about them?” Mr. Collins asked.  
  
“She can’t wear them to district if she’s not wearing her track uniform. It’s all or nothing. I checked the exception myself.”  
  
Mr. Collins frowned. “I put in that exception request myself.”  
  
“Well you screwed it up, then. It says ‘nude’ and only that. There’s no shoes accounted for.”  
  
“Of course shoes are acceptable! It’s only common sense,” Mr. Collins argued.  
  
Coach Raffer shook his head. “Common sense and rules are two different things, Chris. She goes to district in shoes, she’ll be ineligible to run.”  
  
Mr. Collins sighed. He turn to Lily and asked, “What do you think?”  
  
Lily responded by shrugging and kicking out of her shoes. Not like she was hiding anything! And she could run barefoot, she was sure of it.  
  
Mr. Collins smiled at her. His smile turned to a smirk when he shifted his gaze to Coach Raffer.  
  
Coach Raffer rolled his eyes. He turned and watched his runners as they jogged around the track.  
  
Mr. Collins put his large hand on Lily’s shoulder and gave it a gentle squeeze.  
  
“Feeling good?”  
  
She nodded. She could beat these girls. And she would!  
  
“Great,” Mr. Collins said, smiling. “Get out there on your mark. I want to see a trail of fire behind you. You understand?”  
  
“Yes, sir,” Lily said with another nod. She went out to the track and did a few stretched and jumps as she waited for the other two runners to come around. The granulated texture of the track felt prickly and rough under her bare feet, but it was kind of a pleasant sensation – almost ticklish!  
  
Whether she actually wanted to go to district or not, Coach Raffer had settled Lily’s decision firmly on trying her very best to win. He was a jerk! Lily wanted to see the look on his face when she smoked his best runners.  
  
Patricia and Mikela stopped on the lines in the two lanes next to Lily. They didn’t say a word to her. But that was fine. If they wanted to be like that, then Lily would just relish her victory all the more.  
  
“On your marks!” Coach Raffer called. “Get set!” He paused. “Go!”  
  
Lily launched off down the track, beating Patricia off the start by a good bit but falling a half-step behind Mikela’s jump. She threw one leg in front of the other, catching just her toes and a small portion of the front of her foot to the track before pushing off for her next step.  
  
Patricia was gaining, slowly, but Lily was catching Mikela. She might be burning everything too early, but she thought if she could just get ahead of these two, she would be able to make herself keep the lead.  
  
She only needed to beat one of them for a district spot, but she damn sure wanted to beat both of them!  
  
Shick-shick-shick went the other girls’s shoes on the surface of the track, while Lily’s shoeless feet only made gentle pats that could barely be heard. She’d caught Mikela now, side by side, but Patricia was still making some slow progress up. Lily just needed to get past this tall girl and then she would ignite every vapor in her gas tank she had left to dust them!  
  
Patricia started gaining, hard. She may have just been a late burster, but Lily got the impression she was going all out. Her breathing was ragged and wild. No way she would last long like that!  
  
Soon enough, all three of them were at pace, with Lily between them. Mikela was clearly falling behind now, though. A half step. A whole step. Lily was pressing into the lead.  
  
Patricia grunted. She wavered. She roamed into Lily’s lane and stumbled, slamming right into Lily and sending her toppling down onto the coarse track.  
  
Lily shouted. Her ankle rolled wrong on her fall. She skinned her knee and her elbow and landed hard on her shoulder.  
  
Patricia was on the track, lying on her side and holding her knee. Mikela was gone, gone... gone.  
  
“Lily!” Mr. Collins called as he ran up to her. He braced his hand on her back and held her shoulder with the other. “Are you okay? Are you okay?”  
  
“Yeah,” Lily said. “Just my ankle, I think.”  
  
Lily sucked in a breath when Mr. Collins placed his fingers on her ankle.  
  
“Dammit.”  
  
“S--t,” Coach Raffer said as he helped Patricia to her feet.  
  
“I’m okay. I can walk it off,” Patricia said.  
  
“You sure?”  
  
“Yes, coach,” she said.  
  
He let her go and she set to limping around in the middle of the field.  
  
“How’s she?” Coach Raffer asked, nodding to Lily.  
  
“Looks like a sprain. I’m going to get her to the nurse.”  
  
Coach Raffer put his hands on his hips. “Dammit, Chris, I wish it hadn’t of gone this way.”  
  
Mr. Collins picked Lily up effortlessly and cradled her in his arms.  
  
“It hasn’t gone any way, yet, Brad.”  
  
“I dunno, Chris. That looks like a pretty bad sprain. I don’t think she’s going to walk that off, bud.”  
  
“That’s because you don’t know Miss Peterson,” Mr. Collins said, turning from him and marching off the field toward the nurse’s office.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 42**

"What's happened?" Harriet demanded immediately when Mr. Collins carried Lily into the nurse's office. The nurse hefted herself out of her seat and hurried over to Lily.  
  
"She took a spill on the track," Mr. Collins said. "Looks like she may have sprained her ankle."  
  
"Get here over on the bed here and let me take a look."  
  
"Hi, Harriet," Lily said when Mr. Collins gently placed her down on the bed.  
  
"Hey, Tinkerbell," Harriet said, giving her a strained smile. "Had a tumble, did ya?"  
  
"It wasn't her fault," Mr. Collins said, anger tinging his voice. "And if I find out that girl was put up to this, there's going to be hell to pay!"  
  
"Okay now, sir. Why don't you go deal with what you gotta deal with and I'll take good care of my girl Lily here, okay?"  
  
Mr. Collins nodded and stormed right out of the office.  
  
"Ooowee, Lily! Mr. Handsome's in a real huff, isn't he? Seems he really cares about you, little woman."  
  
Lily shrugged a little, trying not to smile.  
  
"He's my track coach. And my maths teacher."  
  
"Lucky girl, gettin' to look at a fine-looking fella like that twice a day!"  
  
"I– I guess he is nice to look at," Lily admitted.  
  
"Don't play coy with me, girl! You got them stars in your eyes!"  
  
"Harriet! I do not!" Lily said, covering her eyes with her hands and laughing.  
  
“And you still got your monkey out, I see,” Harriet said, chuckling.  
  
“Yeah,” Lily said with a sigh. “It’s... a long story. I guess.”  
  
"Mmmhmm. You gonna tell it to me sometime. But for now let me get a look at this busted-up ankle so you can get back to your big handsome not-boyfriend," Harriet said.  
  
The nurse wrapped her warm hands around Lily's ankle, putting a little pressure here and there to assess the injury. When she flexed Lily's foot gently upward, Lily clamped her lips tightly together, clutched the sheets of the bed in her fists, and let out a little whine.  
  
"Yep," Harriet said. She flexed Lily's foot downward, causing Lily to wince and suck in air through her clenched teeth. "Uh huh," the nurse said. "Sprained. Sprained good, too, but nothing broke in there. Lucky girl!"  
  
"I don't feel very lucky," Lily said.  
  
Harriet went to the refrigerator in her office and retrieved an ice-pack from the freezer. She then gently tucked the ice-pack over Lily's ankle, causing the naked girl to shiver with the shock of the cold pack on her skin. Harriet placed a hand towel over the ice-pack and patted Lily's knee.  
  
"That's gonna help the swelling some, but you're gonna have to be off that for a good long while, little woman."  
  
Lily felt the start of tears welling up in her eyes. She clenched her teeth together and shook her head.  
  
"Harriet... please... I need you to tell them I can run," she said.  
  
"Not a chance, Lily girl! Ankles are complicated things, you betcha! You run on this and you might could cause real, permanent damage. You might never run again! You wouldn't want that, would you? No ma'am, you need a couple days rest, minimum. Maybe you think I'm silly, because I'm not all professional like all your regular teachers, but I got twenty years plus doing this job. You can't run on this. No way, no how."  
  
"I'm not going to run! I promise! But... I need you to tell them that I can."  
  
Harriet looked at her, suspicious. "You're not gonna run?"  
  
"No. Cross my heart!"  
  
"But you want me to tell them that you can?"  
  
"Yes. Please, Harriet. Please?" Lily pleaded, clasping her hands together and throwing her best pout at the nurse.  
  
Harriet sighed. "All right. All right! Dammit, I've always been a sucker for a pretty face, just like them old dime novel detectives." Harriet shook her head, chuckling. "But if you're lying to me, and you try to run on this, I'm gonna slap the dust right outta you, Tinkerbell. You got me?"  
  
"Yes, ma'am! I promise, Harriet. I won't run a single step!"  
  
"And when you're done foolin' whoever you're tryin' to fool, you gotta be on crutches for the weekend. That's my price for covering for you. We got a deal?"  
  
"Yes! I'll hop right over, right after, and you can give me the crutches straight away!"  
  
Harriet nodded solemnly. She removed the ice-pack to look at Lily's swollen ankle again. She prodded it with her fingers, causing her naked little friend to grimace and bite her lip.  
  
"Hmm. Well, looks like this isn't as bad as I thought," the nurse said. "I suppose you can tell your coach you can be ready to run after just a little bit of rest. Let's just get this wrapped up for now."  
  
"Thank you, Harriet," Lily said, reaching out to hug her friend. "Thank you so much!"  
  
"You're welcome, little woman," Harriet replied, hugging Lily in return and patting her gently on the back.

**Lily Peterson, Remainder – Part 43**

Now only wearing a wrap around her ankle, Lily limped slowly through the hallways back to the track field. She was careful not to put too much pressure on her rolled ankle, because it felt as if all the gears inside had bound up.  
  
When she reached the field, however, Lily forced herself to take purposeful steps. She didn’t want to show a limp at all. Every step on her injured foot was teeth-grittingly painful but was determined to hide that fact that she was hurt at all.  
  
Mr. Collins hurried to to her but she waved him off and said she was fine.  
  
“Are you sure? What did the nurse say?”  
  
“She said I’d be ready to run again after just a little bit of rest.”  
  
“Really?”  
  
“Yes, Mr. Collins.”  
  
He didn’t seem convinced, but he walked back to the track with her without another word.  
  
“What’s the prognosis?” Coach Raffer asked as they approached.  
  
“Just needs a bit of rest,” Mr. Collins said.  
  
“District is in two weeks.”  
  
“I only need a couple days,” Lily said, confidently.  
  
Coach Raffer frowned. “Is that right? I’ve seen ankle injuries before, Lily, and that one didn’t look like ‘a couple days’ to me.”  
  
“I won’t tolerate you calling Miss Peterson and Nurse Harriet liars,” Mr. Collins said.  
  
“Fine, fine. My girls will be ready to run again in a couple days. Sure.”  
  
“No,” Lily said. “Patricia can’t run.”  
  
“Yes, she can,” Coach Raffer said. “She’s fine.”  
  
“Doesn’t matter,” Lily said. “She’s disqualified.”  
  
“What are you–”  
  
“This is an official match for a district place, right? She was out of her lane before she even stumbled,” Lily said. “She’s disqualified.”  
  
“She’s right,” Mr. Collins said.  
  
Coach Raffer grunted. “Fine, if that’s the way you want to win. Seems pretty unsportsmanlike.”  
  
“Your runner left her lane and all but tackled Miss Peterson,” Mr. Collins said. “You want to talk about unsportsmanlike?”  
  
“Tackled? C’mon, Chris, it was an accident.”  
  
“It better have been,” Mr. Collins said, scowling.  
  
Coach Raffer pursed his lips and shook his head.  
  
“Fine. We’ll be back in a couple days for a re-match for the lead spot, then.”  
  
“Mikela can be my second,” Lily said.  
  
“We’ll have another match to decide lead and second,” Coach Raffer said. “I’m not just putting my girl in the number two slot because you fell.”  
  
“I didn’t fall,” Lily said, “and Mikela has no chance. She was already burned out as we were rounding halfway. She was totally gassed and you know it!”  
  
“So were you,” Coach Raffer said. “All of you started way too hard.”  
  
Lily smiled. “Ask my coach if that’s true.”  
  
Coach Raffer turned to Mr. Collins.  
  
“I’ve seen Miss Peterson keep that pace for two laps, at least,” Mr. Collins said. “I told you those run times aren’t doctored. On top of that, she’d just been practicing an hour with my lead men’s team runner. Next time you come, she’ll be fresh and rested. You want to bring your runner here in a couple days just to get smoked, be my guest. But you’d be better off spending that time teaching her how to control her starts.”  
  
The other coach scowled but said, “I don’t like this, Chris. I don’t like this bully crap you’re pulling here.”  
  
“I’m only thinking of your runner,” Mr. Collins said. “There will be a lot of people at the district competition and most of them won’t understand why she comes off the blocks at an all-out sprint for a distance run.”  
  
Coach Raffer snorted. “That’s how you want to play it, huh? Trying to use what I said against me?”  
  
“No better way to show you how foolish you sound than to use your own words, Brad.”  
  
“Don’t be an ass, Chris. I get it. Fine. Mikela will take the number two slot,” he said. “We want relay, though.”  
  
Mr. Collins asked, “Why should we give you relay?”  
  
“Because you’re right, okay? You’re right, dammit. Mikela can’t control herself off the block. She shoots out like a bullet no matter how hard I try to get her to restrain herself. But that will be a blessing in relay and you know it.”  
  
“Well, as lead, it’s up to Miss Peterson to make that decision.”  
  
Coach Raffer turned to her. “What do you say, Lily? This is a team effort, right? Mikela can handle relay. You have my word she’ll take first.”  
  
“Yes,” said Lily with a nod. “On the condition that she take her track period here at my school for the next two weeks so that we can work together on her starts.”  
  
He frowned. “You think you can teach her better than I can?”  
  
“Not better, just different,” Lily said, having learned from her incident with Mrs. Wen that she shouldn’t make such a claim if she didn’t want to irk the man.  
  
Coach Raffer grunted. “Well, you’re a spunky little thing, I’ll give you that. Fine, fine. She’ll do track here up until the district match.”  
  
“Good,” Lily said.  
  
“Settled, then,” Mr. Collins said, holding out his hand.  
  
“Settled,” the other coach said, shaking hands.  
  
Lily and Mr. Collins said goodbye to the other coach and his runners.  
  
Once they were clear of the field, Lily asked, “Mr. Collins, would you please carry me back to the nurse’s office?”  
  
He laughed and scooped her up in his arms.  
  
“You are really something else, Miss Peterson,” he said as he carried her back to see Harriet.