**Lisa's Naked Club**

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On the way back from the nightclub to their residence hall at the large university in the north of England where they were all first-year students, Lisa's suitemates, Melissa, Sharon and Susan, noticed that her gauzy leopard print top clung to her skin, which was sweaty from dancing and a sneaky fuck with a stranger in the corner of the club. This had two effects: first, it accentuated the shapely curves of her breasts and the texture of her nipples; and second, it kept her top from blowing open even though it was still unbuttoned nearly to her waist.

Soon, though the night air dried her and occasionally the breeze would catch her top causing one side or the other to billow out. This would expose a breast to her companions, but generally not to others approaching the girls head-on. True to her nature, Lisa was unconcerned with the exposure and paid no attention. She just enjoyed the fresh air on her bare skin in place of the damp, clingy blouse. When the girls arrived at the hall, she even undid the final buttons in the lobby and flapped her top to free it where is still clung to her. Her suitemates rolled their eyes when Lisa left her top completely open in the lift, and they were relieved no one else got on.

The women's bathroom was near the lift doors, and as the girls passed it Lisa stopped and announced she was going to have a quick shower. Sharon and Susan said they wanted one too but they headed to their suite first. When they returned to the bathroom a couple of minutes later in terry robes, they saw Lisa's shoes and two items of clothing on the floor outside the shower. They exchanged a dubious look but shrugged, and then they hung their robes on the hooks and pulled back the shower curtain.

The shower had not been modified into separate cubicles since the hall was built in the 1970s, and was a large tiled room with six shower heads. Lisa stood under one of them, letting the hot water wash over her naked body. Sharon and Susan took two other shower heads, leaving gaps so they were spread out at every other head.

"Don't you need any soap?" asked Sharon.

"I mostly just need to rinse off, but actually, could I borrow yours for a moment?" replied Lisa. Sharon handed over her bar of soap, which Lisa used to lather her hands before handing it back. Then Lisa began rubbing the lather over her hairless vulva. She squatted slightly and reached deep between her legs to get the soap into the area immediately surrounding her vagina. Sharon and Susan were used to showering with other girls by then, but they and all the other girls they had showered with always faced the wall when washing their most intimate parts. Lisa, however, faced into the centre of the shower block as she carefully washed her deepest recesses and ran her soapy fingers through the folds of her labia.

"Is that all you're going to wash?" asked Susan.

"Yeah," answered Lisa. "I really should wash it after every fuck, but sometimes I want to keep the scent. I got really hot and sweaty tonight, though."

"What do you mean?" asked Sharon. "You mean you had sex? When? Where?"

"In the club, just before we left," said Lisa, matter-of-factly. Sharon and Susan exchanged another look with raised eyebrows.

Lisa turned toward the shower head and rinsed her sex clean as the other girls finished their showers as well. Sharon and Susan faced the wall as well and lathered and rinsed their breasts as quickly and unobtrusively as possible. They reached out for their robes to put on, but Lisa just stepped out into the bathroom and gathered her shoes, skirt and top.

"Oh, sorry," said Sharon. "We should have brought you a towel. Shall I run get you one?"

"Nah, that's OK, thanks," said Lisa. Then she stepped, dripping, out into the corridor. Sharon and Susan ran after her, hurriedly tying their robes.

"Are you walking back to the suite like that?" asked Sharon.

"Sure," said Lisa. "There's hardly anyone around."

The corridor was indeed empty, but Sharon and Susan still exchanged another surprised look. Then Susan surprised Sharon even more by suddenly undoing her own robe and handing it quickly over to her. She ran down the corridor giggling, thinking Lisa would follow, but Lisa continued walking with Sharon at a leisurely pace. Just before Susan reached the door of the suite, a door opened and a startled male student stepped out into the corridor holding his toothbrush and toothpaste.

Susan shrieked and crossed her arms over her bare chest, bent over and tried to keep running with her knees together. This did nothing to hide her neatly trimmed triangle of pubic hair from her male neighbour, who then turned and watched Susan's shapely bare bottom jiggling as she ran past, still bent over in case she encountered others. In fact, in her bent-over posture, he could even see the tips of her labia in the gap at the top of her thighs. Susan dashed though her doorway to safety, and he turned back just as Lisa and Sharon walked casually by, one naked and wet and the other in a terry robe, carrying another.

"Hi, Lisa," he called out to her, ignoring Sharon.

"Hi, Jim. Your bathroom's down that way," said Lisa with a smile, pointing to the far end of the corridor in the direction she was walking. She and Sharon walked past him and he turned again to watch Lisa's tanned and bare bottom as she walked causally along. As she walked upright, he could not see her sex from behind, but when she got to her door, she turned and faced him straight on and waved.

"Good-night, Jim," she said.

"Good-night, Lisa," he replied. His eyes darted up and down between her breasts and vulva and never even budged sideways toward Sharon. Lisa noticed this and nodded her head in Sharon's direction. "Oh, good-night, Sharon," he said at last.

"Good-night, Jim," said Sharon with a slight tone of annoyance as she followed Lisa into the suite.

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The next morning, Melissa emerged from her room to find Lisa, naked as usual, lying on her back on the sitting room carpet doing crunches. As she did so, she kept her legs up off the floor and extended them alternately. This gave Melissa an unobstructed view of Lisa's sex. By now Melissa was used to Lisa's morning routine and knew that Lisa didn't mind what she was showing, but Melissa couldn't help remembering that the last time she had seen Lisa's sex had been at the nightclub the night before when Lisa lifted herself off of the man she had been fucking in a dark corner and the obvious signs it had shown then of being fucked. Melissa was still taken aback by the memory. Lisa finished her set and jumped to her feet, then stretched her lithe, athletic body as she greeted Melissa.

"I'm glad I caught you," said Lisa. "I've got a crazy day -- lecture in fifteen minutes, then running around all day until the meeting tonight. I hope you're coming."

"Oh, I really don't know," said Melissa. Somehow, she had been manipulated by Lisa into signing up for the Student Naturist Association that Lisa was starting, but she had misgivings. Despite growing up in a naturist household herself until she reached puberty, Melissa had grown self-conscious and had not been naked with strangers for many years.

"Please, please, at least for the first meeting," pleaded Lisa. "The men who signed up outnumber the women by about five to one, and I don't want the women who do show up to be put off if their numbers are too low. I really need a show of support, and every woman counts."

Lisa had told Melissa that the important thing was to sign up and that there was no commitment to follow through by attending meetings. Now she was saying the important thing was to show up for the first meeting. She wondered just how far Lisa would twist her arm and how far this would go, but she had a pretty good idea.

Melissa felt an obligation to Lisa as her first and still best friend at university, and of course she knew all the intellectual arguments for naturism. She knew there was no rational reason to be shy about being naked with other naked people, but she also knew she would never feel as unself-conscious as Lisa.

"I don't have to get naked, do I?" asked Melissa.

"No, but --" started Lisa.

"I don't want to hear any 'buts.' As long as I don't have to be naked, I'll be there." Lisa was a little disappointed, but glad at least that another woman would be coming.

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That evening, Lisa, Melissa and about 25 other students were gathered in a classroom for the first organizational meeting of the Student Naturist Association. Lisa stood at the front while the others sat round at student desks. Most of the students were male, but there were four or five other women besides Lisa and Melissa.

"Hi, everyone, and welcome. I'm Lisa, as I think most of you know." As she spoke, she began unbuttoning her shirt-dress as nearly every other pair of eyes watched in amazement. As she unbuttoned down past her chest, several men gulped when it became clear to all that she was not wearing a bra, but Lisa kept unbuttoning, showing that she wore no knickers either.

"I started this club because I've been a naturist all my life." She let the shirt dress slide off her shoulders and put it on the table. She stood before the assembled students completely naked, evenly tanned all over, hairless below her head and unadorned by anything except the small tattoo of a cat's face on her left outer labia. As she saw many eyes drawn to the tattoo, she made a little joke.

"Oh, that's my pussy. Feel free to look at it all you want." They all laughed, which broke some of the tension in the room.

"Anyway, I've pretty much never worn clothes except when I had to, which basically meant at school or shopping, etc. Now that I'm away at university for three years, I think I'd go crazy if I had to stay dressed all the time, so I decided to try to find other like-minded students. I'm glad so many of you signed up. Feel free to get comfortable."

Two other students, a man and a woman, both stripped off right away, showing light, even tans all over. They sat apart and did not seem to know each other, however. Melissa also took her top and bra off, and then her trousers, keeping on a conservative pair of navy blue knickers. Her pale, white skin still showed the red marks left by her bra, but her firm, round breasts did not seem to need its support.

When they saw the first ones undressing, most of the other students began doing so too, but rather more slowly. To Lisa's disappointment, they all kept their underwear on. She began walking around the room, studying each joiner. She noticed one man in particular she liked the look of. She stopped at his desk, leaned over and whispered something in his ear. He turned slightly red and briefly looked hesitant, but then he stood and dropped his briefs. He stood triumphantly waving them above his head to the playfully appreciative applause of the others. It was clear from his distinct tan lines that he wasn't accustomed to sunbathing naked, and most supposed correctly that this was his first experience of public nudity.

Just as Lisa had hoped, his boldness inspired others, and several other men followed suit and all but one of the few women shyly removed their bras. The last woman, though, soon felt uncomfortable being the odd one out and finally removed hers as well, though she kept her hands over her breasts for some time. Eventually, she relaxed and put them down. To Lisa's disappointment, all of the other women except her and the one other woman who had stripped at the beginning kept their knickers on, but at least there were only a few men left in briefs.

Lisa asked for a show of hands who had already practised naturism. She raised her own hand, as did Melissa and the man and woman who had stripped right away. Lisa asked them to introduce themselves and asked each to come up to the front and say a little about their experience.

At Lisa's urging, Melissa came up first. She looked a bit uneasy standing in her knickers in front of all the others, but she did not hide her breasts. She explained her naturist childhood with her parents (she had no siblings) and that she had drifted away as she grew older, though her parents were still naturists -- they just no longer all went to nude beaches as family. She did not want to go into her reasons for becoming self-conscious at puberty, so she said nothing more about it. She just said she was looking forward to making lots of new friends.

The man came up next and introduced himself as Greg, a second-year student. Like Lisa's, his body was hairless below the neck, which made him more exposed than any of the other naked men there, but he showed no sign of embarrassment or self-consciousness on that account.

He explained that like Melissa, he was raised in a naturist household from birth, but he went off nudity when he hit puberty. Unlike Melissa, though, he had both younger siblings who remained unabashed and older siblings who had overcome the same shyness and returned to revealing their bodies once they had been through their development. His family didn't have the option of abandoning nude beaches and swims just to accommodate one awkward teenager.

He spent a couple of years sulking on the side-lines while the rest of his family cavorted happily naked, and then resignedly joined in again. He quickly found it wasn't the big deal he thought it would be, and that a number of his childhood acquaintances returned at the same time. It was strange at first seeing friends he had last seen as children now appearing all of a sudden as sexually mature, and the boys and girls did check each other out on re-meeting, but they took the physical changes in stride, and it seemed his textile friends had far more anxieties and hang-ups about their bodies and the opposite sex's than he did.

By the time he left for university he was a firm believer that growing up in a naked household was the best possible upbringing. He learned and accepted from early on that naturism was not about sex and in fact that complete lack of diffidence about seeing and showing naked bodies tended towards less fixation on sex rather than more. Children raised in naturist homes were less likely to fall victim to early pregnancy or disease than those driven by curiosity to do too much too soon. He firmly believed the world would be a better and less sex-obsessed place if more people embraced mixed-sex social nudity.

His interest in the naturist club was mostly social, but he was also interested in political activism or evangelism for a cause he believed in. Though he didn't say so, he suspected that some of the other men at the meeting were there in the hope of meeting naked women for a sexual thrill, so he stressed that he was there simply for making new friends in an environment free from prudish coyness and pretence.

When he was done, the other students clapped appreciatively, and the woman came up next and introduced herself as Birgitte. She was Danish but chose to go to university in the UK to study English. She sported sparse blonde hair in her untended armpits and pubic region, slightly darker than the blonde hair on her head. Like Greg, she showed no signs of embarrassment.

She explained that she had not been raised a naturist, but as a teenager she discovered some of her friends were naturists and had on occasion visited naturist clubs with their families. On one such occasion, she met a boy who was to become her boyfriend. Through him, she eventually became more interested in organised naturism and joined the club herself. Because her introduction to naturism came after puberty, she hadn't gone through the same awkward and soul-searching moments about nudity growing up. Like most Danish children, she went naked on the beach as a small child before adopting a swimsuit as she grew older, and even after that nudity was not considered a big deal so she saw nothing unusual or embarrassing in naturism when she discovered it.

She and her boyfriend, who were still happily together, became very active in local naturist youth groups, and Birgitte came to be a firm believer in the benefits of widespread mixed-sex nudity. Neither she nor her boyfriend ever felt threatened in their relationship by the company of other naked people their own age, and they had remained faithful. Her boyfriend stayed in Denmark for university, but they stayed in close touch and planned a number of visits back and forth. As a newcomer not only to university but also to a new country, she thought a naturist group would be the most natural and ideal way to make new friends.

"So what about you, Lisa?" asked one of the female newcomers. "You said you pretty much never wore clothes when you didn't have to. What was it like for you growing up?"

Lisa explained her naturist family and that she, her parents and older brother, Alistair, generally did not wear clothes at home (nor, of course, at naturist at clubs or beaches) and she grew up with the run of the house and a spacious, sheltered garden to enjoy without clothes. She explained that when non-naturist visitors came, the rest of her family donned robes, but she never did.

"So what did your visitors think?" asked another student.

"Family and friends didn't take much notice, as they were used to me and my brother staying naked when we were very little. No one paid any attention, because it was not unheard of for small children to undress openly at the beach while their parents and older siblings changed awkwardly under towels, and often small children would just stay naked on the beach. On the few occasions that our family found themselves stuck on a 'textile' beach, where swimsuits were the norm, I certainly never bothered with one -- in fact, I've never owned or worn one.

"So people who saw us naked at home didn't think much about it. As I gradually got older, I just stayed that way, but by then frequent visitors were used to it and didn't seem to notice much as I had gown gradually before their eyes. By the time I was ten or eleven, though, my parents started getting funny looks when I was naked on a textile beach, so we only visited nude or clothing-optional beaches after that. If we had first-time visitors or workmen, my parents always explained that we were naturists but that they would wear robes if anyone objected, but that their daughter probably would not. Some people were fine with that and even told the rest of the family they didn't need to dress if they didn't want to. If someone really objected, I'd just try to keep to my room unless I had to get something."

"Wow. What about when you had friends your own age over?"

"Well, some of my friends were from other naturist families we knew from clubs, so it didn't matter and the whole family stayed naked. When I was very little and 'textile' friends came over to play in the garden in the summer, it was still pretty normal for boys and girls alike to play in the sprinklers or on the trampoline naked, and most loved skinny-dipping in the pool. My parents would cover up and speak to the other parents to make sure it was OK for the children to play naked, though. Most were fine with it, and a few even said the rest of the family didn't need to cover up in front of the small children if they didn't want to. For the most part, those parents didn't mind if my family stayed naked even as their children grew older, as the children were used to seeing them that way for years. One or two asked us to begin covering up, but they didn't mind if the children and I stayed naked."

"What about when you got older?"

"When I started school, many of my old childhood friends began wearing clothes when visiting, but most were still happy to strip off for the sprinkler or pool. When I made new friends at school and invited them over, some of their parents were fine if the children skinny-dipped in the pool, but after a certain age the parents of most boys shied away. If the parents of visitors were OK with the skinny-dipping, my parents would explain that I 'usually' (they avoided the word 'always') stayed naked afterwards. Most of the parents who were fine with the skinny-dipping were fine with that too."

"And what did the other children think?"

"First-timers were surprised when I stripped naked as soon as I walked through the door, but as our first stop was usually the pool, they just assumed I was really eager to swim. Newcomers were sometimes shy at first about getting naked themselves, though most eventually started stripping for the pool. By the time we'd been skinny-dipping a while, they no longer thought about the nudity or minded if I stayed naked. A lot of them did the same."

"And what did their parents think of that?"

"Well, they were not likely to object as they had already consented to my staying naked. They often said they doubted their own children would choose to join me, but most were surprised to find that they did."

"And did you go through a shy phase at puberty like others?"

"Never. I saw other kids who did, but I never understood why. First, the boys stopped coming -- either by their own choice or their parents' -- and the girls began to cover up more, particularly hiding their first growth of pubic hair or evidence of their first periods. Not me. When I began to show signs of puberty at eleven, even long-time family visitors began to notice and wonder if I should cover up, but I wasn't bothered. My parents knew by then there was no use trying to deter me, so any family visitors startled to see my first sprouts of pubic hair or breasts either had to stop visiting or make peace with it."

"Um," asked another girl hesitantly, "what about when you had periods?"

"The first time, I just asked my mum for a tampon. She showed me how to insert it. Then I just carried on as usual. Some of my female naturist friends would wear bikini bottoms to hide the string, but I never bothered, and neither did my mum. In fact, I was proud to have a string, 'just like Mummy's.' My friends were surprised at first, but they soon got used to it and some even told me it made them more comfortable about their own menstruation.

"But enough about me. I'd like to hear from some others who haven't been naturists before and why they've come tonight." No hands went up, so Lisa picked one of the women in knickers. "What about you? Come on up to the front."

She rose and came forward, glancing at Greg's hairless cock and balls as she passed. That looks hot, she thought. She stood next to Lisa, standing proud, and did not seem especially embarrassed to be topless. "Hi, I'm Erica."

"Welcome, Erica," said Lisa. "And what brought you here tonight?"

"I came along to make sure my boyfriend didn't get any ideas," said Erica, playfully wagging her finger at her boyfriend, Declan, sitting next to her empty chair at the back, still in his briefs. He looked a little embarrassed as several laughed. A couple of other girls nodded their heads, suggesting they had a similar motive.

"Thanks. And have you ever been naked in public?" asked Lisa.

"NO! Well, topless at the beach of course." Indeed, her large, evenly tanned breasts made that no surprise. She wore rather small but perfectly decent knickers, and the absence of any signs of tan lines around them suggested her bikini bottom must be even smaller.

"And what was it like going topless the first time?"

"Scary. But then really sexy. I'm sorry but it's true. I still find it really sexy."

"So do I!" called Declan. Most laughed loudly at this. Greg and Birgitte did not. Lisa didn't mind, however.

"So Erica, are you willing to try it without your knickers?" asked Lisa, hopefully.

Erica pondered this. I know guys get off on seeing my tits at the beach, and I actually like that. It's kind of hot just standing here with everyone looking at me. I don't know if I could show off my pussy, though. Or would that just be even hotter? she wondered. For now, though, she replied, "Oh, no. I don't think I could do that. I'm not ready to let people see me down there."

"Except me!" chimed her boyfriend, Declan, to even more laughter.

"That's" different, she said. "But wait till we get home."

"But it isn't different," objected Greg. "Or rather, I mean the whole idea of naturism is that if you hide your sex organs from everyone except those you have sex with, of course nudity will have sexual connotations. But that's really unhealthy and unnecessary. If, however, you're accustomed to seeing other people naked and letting them see you, you'll think about sex less, not more."

"That's right," agreed Birgitte. "In Denmark, where it's no big deal for teenagers to see each other naked, even briefly, they seem much less obsessed and anxious about their bodies and trying to see the other sex naked. When some of us girls were naked on the beach with boys from school, none of them stared or treated us any differently. And why should they?"

"But some of the girls wore costumes, right?" asked Erica.

"Yes. That was their choice," replied Birgitte.

"Well, knickers are my choice then," said Erica. What is Declan thinking about the two naked pussies here? Is he getting hard? I really don't know if that makes me feel more jealous or horny. It's a bit of both.

"But," said Greg, "this is meant to be a naturist club. It's not a public beach. I think it's counterproductive to have some members naked and some not. It sends really different signals. I think we should have a rule that nudity is mandatory at meetings."

A number of the men nodded their heads in agreement, but most of the women looked alarmed. Clearly, they were not yet ready for that step. Lisa sensed this and did not want prospective members to be put off coming. She wanted to see more women especially, and if they were only willing to try it if they could keep their knickers on, that was good enough for the time being. She hoped in time they would all see how silly that was, but she didn't want to rush them.

"I think that's something we should put off for another time," aid Lisa. "For now, I think we should welcome everyone brave enough to come along even if only partially nude."

Having been born-and-bred in naturism, Lisa was familiar with the sometimes spirited debate between those who argued for mandatory nudity and those who preached that clothing should be optional. For her own part, she didn't much care about the argument that unless nudity is mandatory for everyone in a venue, it will encourage gawkers and discourage participation. Since it did not matter to her who saw her naked, it didn't bother her to be ogled by a clothed gawker. (In any event, she knew there were plenty of gawkers who were happy to get naked in order to indulge their voyeuristic needs, so mandatory nudity seemed a weak deterrent.) She knew, though, that others might have different reactions, and it was clear from this early exchange that there were strong feelings on both sides within her fledgling group that would need careful managing.

On her way back to her seat, Erica stole a glance at Greg. I wonder if I could get Declan to shave down there. She also noticed the few other men who had shed their briefs, but also that several who kept theirs on were sprouting erections beneath them. I wish I could see those! she thought. And what is Declan thinking about the two naked pussies here? Is he getting hard? I really don't know if that makes me feel more jealous or horny. It's a bit of both. As she sat down, she could tell that she felt a bit wet and hoped it didn't show through her knickers.

One of the male students raised his hand and said, "I know Greg was saying this wasn't about sex, but ... um ... what happens if a guy has an erection." Lisa could see from the tent in his briefs that his question was not purely hypothetical.

"There's no need to be shy," she replied. "None of you have anything the rest of us haven't seen before. And there's no reason to be embarrassed by erections. They're normally, healthy reactions, and quite understandable your first time. You'll find they go away by themselves quickly."

That, Lisa knew, was the standard line, but she never understood the fuss. She had seen plenty of erections in her time and knew most men were embarrassed if it happened in public, but personally she saw no reason to hide them. She understood perfectly well that the naturist movement wasn't about sex, but she also knew that naturists liked sex as much as anybody else. And she liked it more than most other people -- a lot more. This wasn't because she was a naturist -- she was just highly sexed. The only connection, as far as she was concerned, between nudity and sexuality is that she was completely open about both and didn't care at all what others saw or thought. If a man was sexually aroused by the sight of a naked woman, it was only natural -- so why hide it?

She herself did not usually find the mere sight of a naked man arousing, but it was rather convenient for window shopping. As she eyed the men in front of her at the meeting, a number of them looked nervous and were still in their briefs or boxer shorts, some of which were noticeably tented. This only reminded Lisa that with all else that had been going on, she had only managed to screw a few times in the past two weeks. That was not nearly enough to satisfy her libido, and neither her fingers nor a dildo was any substitute for the warmth, smell and motion of a live male body (or even occasionally a female one).

She also knew the effect her nudity had on men, and that even bona fide naturists couldn't help looking if she bent or sat a certain way, and that she could easily increase the tenting briefs both in number and magnitude if she wanted to. That would not make them any more likely to strip completely, though, and she really hoped a few more students would take the plunge and get naked -- first because she was worried that a naturist club where so many were afraid to get naked did not stand much chance of success and she wanted to encourage more participation, but second because she rather fancied seeing what the men had to offer.

Lisa knew that the most unassuming-looking guy might have the most enormous cock, and it was nearly impossible to know until he was naked. She didn't restrict herself to guys with enormous cocks, and she certainly knew how to get off on a small one, but sometimes she had a hankering for size. She knew better, however, than to try to push a guy who was embarrassed by his erection to show it off. Instead, she changed the subject.

"The talk of erections reminds me," she said, "that we need to have elections." A titter went round the room and defused some of the tension. Lisa explained that the club needed to elect a president, vice president, secretary and treasurer. Lisa was the obvious first choice for president, and Greg and Birgitte volunteered for the next two positions. In response to Lisa's imploring look, Melissa reluctantly volunteered as well to be treasurer. They ran unopposed and were duly appointed.

The meeting then opened up to suggestions for activities. Lisa, who loved to swim but did not own a swimsuit, was very keen to propose a naked swim night in the university pool. Others suggested parties, cooking sessions and excursions to the beach (though the nearest clothing-optional beach was some distance away). Birgitte noted down all the suggestions and the members were encouraged to think of others for the next meeting in a week's time.

When the meeting ended, Lisa caught the eye of the male student she had persuaded to strip off and gave him a nod. The guy sitting next to him noticed and asked him in a hushed tone, "So what did she whisper to you, dude?"

"She just said she'd make it worth my while if I stripped off."

"Wow, man! You're in!"

"I don't think she meant that. She can't have. But I don't know what else she meant."

He and most of the others, including Melissa, dressed and slowly filtered out, though a number came up to ask questions of Lisa, Greg and Birgitte, who remained naked. Lisa's convert sheepishly made his way up to the front and spoke to Lisa. "Um, hi. I'm Tom, by the way." Lisa shook his hand. "So, what you said ... you didn't mean ..."

"Of course I did," replied Lisa.

"I mean, we don't have to ... to ... to ..." he stammered.

"Honestly, what is it with men? When will they understand that 'yes' means 'yes'?" joked Lisa. She grabbed her shirt dress and Tom's hand, leading him toward the door. She quickly dropped his hand to put her dress back on, though she was still buttoning it in the corridor outside, but Greg and Birgitte both noticed the brief hand-holding and glanced at each other with a look of concern.

Lisa and Tom walked across the moonlit campus, undecided yet whose room to go to. It was a pleasant, almost balmy evening and dark under the new moon, and Lisa had an idea. "How about here?" she asked.

"Hunh?" Tom replied. "What do you mean? On the path?"

"No -- over there, on the lawn, away from the lights," said Lisa.

"Um ... but I don't have a condom or anything," said Tom.

"Well, luckily, I'm always prepared," said Lisa, opening her bag and handing Tom a condom packet. She led him out into the middle of a large expanse of grass and lay down. She kept her shirt dress on as the grass was cold and bristly, but she unbuttoned it from the bottom up to just under her breasts and spread it open. She lifted her knees and parted them. Even in the dim light, Tom could make out the enticing shape of her splayed legs, inviting him to where they met, and he fumbled to get the wrapper off.

"Not quite yet," said Lisa. "Let's see what your tongue can do first."

Meanwhile, in a room across the campus strewn with their hastily-discarded clothes, Erica removed her mouth from Declan's throbbing erection. She was as ready as he was and quickly climbed on top of him. Guiding his cock to her slippery opening, she lowered herself onto him with a satisfying moan she hoped was not loud enough for her suitemates to hear. They were right outside, and she tried to screw him as quietly as possible.

After only a few minutes, however, she discarded any such concerns as wave after wave of ecstatic pleasure washed over and through her erotically charged body. She rode him for some time with such increasingly violent passion that his cock slipped out of her several times. Each time, she grabbed it and guided it back in, and each time it was more thickly coated in her juices. Her right hand was sticky, and she rubbed it off on her breasts. Declan strained his head upwards to savour the scent of her and tickle the tips of her nipples with his tongue.

When his cock slipped out a fourth time with a wet 'smack,' Declan quickly flipped Erica onto her back and spread her legs wide. Her opening gaped by now and they needed no hands to guide his cock back in. His tip found its mark and he thrust himself in up to his balls again and again. At first, they made a slapping sound as his loins crashed against hers over and over, but this was soon joined by the loud thump of Erica's bedstead banging into the wall behind. As they fucked furiously, she moaned with abandon now, past caring who heard.

Two of her suitemates trying to study in the sitting room outside Erica's door could no longer pretend to ignore what they had known all along was going on inside and looked at each other with embarrassed expressions. Erica's moans grew louder and more insistent as she raced toward the precipice of her own orgasm. Her final, unholy roar and quivering cunt let Declan know she had arrived and sent him over the top. With a loud roar of his own, he drove his cock as deep as it would go and erupted with spurt after spurt of hot semen. He kept pumping as long as he could before collapsing in Erica's arms.

They cuddled a while, his cock still buried deep inside her until it finally slipped out. Erica grabbed a tissue and cleaned up the mess as best she could before throwing on a long T-shirt and slipping out of her bedroom to go to the loo and get a drink of water. Her two studying suitemates were too embarrassed to look up at her, and Erica blushed and hurried to the loo. She was glad they were gone when she returned and climbed into bed to spoon with Declan.

"So, Hon," he half mumbled when he felt her naked body pressing against his from behind, "do you want to go back to the naturist club again?"

"Mmmm," purred Erica. "Yes. I don't care what they said -- it was hot."

"And will you get naked?" he asked.

"I will if you will," she replied. She reached around him to his flaccid cock and cupped it along with his balls and gave them the gentlest of squeezes. Then they drifted off to a blissful and sated sleep.

THE END