**Mai Naked in School**

By Don Gordon

**Mai Naked in School 1: A Cure For Shyness**

Oh god. Today has got to be the worst day of my life. I swear I've never been so embarrassed. It was like a bad dream or something. I still can hardly believe it. If I'm ever going to be able to tell you this, to make sense of it all, I'd better go back, and start at the beginning.

I guess the first thing was last week when my mom got a call from one of the teachers at school. I think it was Mr. Tanaka, my Japanese lit teacher. I knew it had to be him because I was supposed to do this presentation for his class, but I didn't do it. I had it all prepared and everything, and I'd even practiced it in front of a mirror just like he said, but when I got up in front of the class, and saw them all sitting there staring at me, I just froze. I stood there, terrified, not moving, completely freaked out by being up in front of all these people. Mr. Tanaka finally took pity on me, and said I could sit back down, but it was just the most embarrassing thing. I don't know what was wrong with me.

I'd done group presentations before, but in most of them, I'd just kind of sit at the side, and let my project mates do the talking. This time though, Mr. Tanaka wanted us to each do a presentation on our own. I wanted to - I swear I did, but just when I got up there, and saw everyone staring at me, my mind just went blank. I'm not really good with that kind of thing.

Mr. Tanaka was pretty nice about it at first, but after that, he was always watching me. Apparently, he'd been asking my other teachers about me. They must have told him I don't talk much in any of my classes. I don't know why. I'm just shy I guess, especially in front of large groups of people. That's how I've always been.

"Who was that, Mom?" I asked her when she got off the phone.

"Oh nobody."

I could tell from the look on her face though that it was something serious - something about me. But, why did Mr. Tanaka have to go, and phone my parents for heaven's sake? I mean it's not like it was a big deal or anything. I don't even think we were being marked on it. I always get good grades on the tests, so it wouldn't matter anyway, if I missed just one presentation.

When dad got home though, mom pulled him aside, and I could hear the two of them talking about me in the next room. When they finally came out, my mom phoned the school back, and said they'd take me in early Monday morning for an appointment with Dr. Ueda, the school psychologist. I swear I really thought everyone was making such a big deal over nothing. It was just one silly little assignment for heaven's sake.

Monday morning, my mom woke me up an hour earlier than usual. He doesn't usually, but today Dad drove mom and me to school. My little brother, Hidenori, was still in bed when we left. I thought the whole thing was so unfair. I wanted to get it over with though as soon as possible, so things could get back to normal. I honestly had no idea they were going to do something so extreme.

It was so early in the morning I swear I almost fell asleep in the car. I was still pretty sleepy when we got there. The nurse, Ms. Yamada, came down to meet us at the front door, and escorted us back to her office. I always felt nervous when my parents came to school. I mean I'm a good student. I keep careful notes in class, do my homework, and study hard. It's just my parents take everything so seriously. I guess they just want the best for me, but it's kind of a bit much when they come all the way to school especially about something like this.

The school psychologist, Dr. Ueda, was waiting for us in the nurse's office. I'd seen him before around the school, but I'd never really talked with him. He looked very serious and doctorly in his glasses, white lab coat and stethoscope. He is a big man with a bushy black beard, but there is a streak of white in his hair. People say he studied in Europe for a while and in the United States, and he has this air about him of someone who commands a lot of respect.

"Dr. Ueda, the Horiis are here," the nurse called into his office when she saw us.

He stood up, and bowed.

"Hello, Mai."

I just kind of kept my head down looking at the floor. My mom shook my arm to get me to say something. I felt so nervous, but I bowed slightly in his direction. He motioned for us to sit down, so we did. My mom turned to me.

"Mai, Dr. Ueda just wants to ask you a few questions."

I nodded, but kept my head down. I could feel Dr. Ueda's eyes running up and down my body, probing and examining me like I was some kind of laboratory specimen. Nervously, I pulled down the hem of my skirt to cover my bare legs. The uniforms at our school have these really short skirts that always make me feel nervous. The other girls don't seem to mind, but I don't like it when the teachers or boys stare at my legs. I lifted my bag up, and set it down on my lap to cover up.

"Mai, don't be nervous. I won't bite or anything," he said smiling. For some reason, that didn't make me feel any better. Suddenly I imagined him as a bull terrier, drooling and getting ready to spring. I looked over at my mom, begging her not to make me do this.

"Um, Mrs. Horii. Is your daughter always like this?"

My mom looked at me with this disappointed look, but dad said,

"No, she'll talk to us... and her younger brother sometimes, but as I guess you've heard, she doesn't really talk much in class."

"Doctor, what do you think it is?" my mom asked. Dr. Ueda rubbed his beard thoughtfully.

"Hmm. I've seen cases like this before. It seems to be some kind of autonomic imbalance or perhaps extroversion deficit disorder, but don't worry, Mrs. Horii. Clinical psychology has come a long way in recent years, and I think I know exactly what young Mai needs to get her back on track. Ms. Yamada!"

The nurse appeared at the door.

"Could you take young Mai into the examination room, and help her get undressed?"

Undressed? Why do I have to get undressed? I looked at my mom, but she just patted my arm reassuringly. The doctor went on,

"I think we might have to try Wagnerian therapy. It seems to be the best approach in cases like this."

Ms. Yamada looked a bit shocked at first, but she finally nodded, and led me away. Once we were alone in the examination room, I started undoing my scarf. I asked her,

"What's Wagnerian therapy?"

She looked over at the door as if she was afraid of being overheard.

"Oh, don't worry," she told me. "It might feel a bit strange at first, but it's not that bad really. I even had to do it when I studied for a year in the States. It's apparently really popular there now, but it's just been reaching Japan lately. Anyway, the doctor will explain everything in a minute."

I was still a bit worried, but anyway, I started undoing the buttons on my blouse. I took it off, and set it on the bed next to my scarf. I looked down at my breasts somewhat embarrassed. You could see my cleavage between the white lace cups of my bra. I had to put my hand over my chest to cover up. I got up on the bed, and just sat there.

"Oh, you have to take off your skirt too," Nurse Yamada told me.

I just kind of looked at her, surprised. Why would I have to take off my skirt? What kind of examination was this anyway?

"Oh don't worry. I'll be right here," she smiled reassuringly.

I hesitated for a moment, and then finally got down from the bed, and undid the side zipper on my skirt. I thought back to the physical I'd had in first year, and I realized I must have taken off my skirt then too. I was so embarrassed. Now it would be even worse because my hips were even curvier than before. I slipped out of my skirt, and looked down nervously at my panties. They were one of my favourite pairs, but I hadn't really expected to show them to anybody. They had this curly Q lace pattern. Looking closely, I wondered if you could see my pubic hair through the thin parts of the pattern.

In the next room, I could hear Dr. Ueda explaining something to my parents. I heard my mom say,

"We understand completely. By all means, do whatever you can to help her. This has gone on long enough. We're ready to try anything at this point."

What does she mean by that? Nurse Yamada spoke bringing me out of my thoughts.

"Oh, and the bra too."

I opened my eyes wide, and looked straight at her, not quite believing what I had just heard.

"Pardon," I whispered meekly.

"The bra. The bra too." She took the skirt from me, and gathered up my blouse and scarf. What's she doing now? I was already feeling embarrassed enough waiting there in just my underwear. I just kind of stood there, until she pointed towards my chest. She continued to look at me impatiently, so I reluctantly reached around, and undid my bra. I covered my breasts with my hands as I peeled the bra off, and handed it to her. I felt so cold, naked and vulnerable, sitting there in just my lace cotton panties.

"I'll be right back," she said as she walked off, taking all of my clothes with her. What is going on? I guess I haven't had very many examinations in my life, but this was the first time a nurse had ever walked off with my clothes. I was looking around for something to cover myself with when the doctor appeared. I cupped my breasts even tighter, and turned away, but he walked over to get in front of me. He was holding up a tongue depressor.

"Come on. Don't be shy. Say 'aah'."

I opened my mouth, and tried to cover as much of my breasts as I could. My heart was beating faster and faster.

Next, he motioned for me to give him my wrist. He obviously wanted to take my pulse. I moved my left arm up trying to cover both breasts, and gave him my right. My breasts had gotten much bigger lately too, so it was hard to hide them behind my slender arm. I looked down, and you could see most of them already. My arm was just barely covering the nipples. I took a deep breath, and tried to calm down.

"Your pulse is running a bit fast."

Hearing this just made me even more nervous. My face was getting hot, and my heart was pounding away in my chest. He let go of my wrist, and suddenly, I felt the cold steel of the stethoscope on my bare back. Startled, I jumped up, and put both hands on the bed to brace myself. Shivering, I suddenly realized that he was looking straight at my naked breasts. I rushed to cover them, but he grabbed my arms, and held them down. I started to panic, but then Nurse Yamada appeared at the door. Oh thank goodness. She'll help me.

"Oh, Ms. Yamada. Good. Could you come here, and take Mai's arms for me? I was just about to explain."

Nurse Yamada came over, and grabbed hold of my arms, leaving my naked breasts fully exposed in the bright light of the examining room. I could hear the halls outside filling up with my classmates. What on earth are they doing? I have to get to class.

They got me to stand up, Nurse Yamada still holding my arms.

"Mai, have you ever heard of Karen Wagner?"

I shook my head. I couldn't even imagine what would make them do such a thing to me. I felt violated. I just wanted them to hurry up, and give me my clothes back.

"She's a famous American, a pioneer in this field really. You see, she found out that the best cure for the shyness that you suffer from is to meet it head on."

I turned my body away from Dr. Ueda, and tried to hide my breasts as best as I could. Nurse Yamada had a very sympathetic look on her face, but she did not let go of my wrists. She looked into my eyes.

"I told you it may seem strange at first, but don't worry I'm sure your feelings will change once you get used to it."

I really had no idea what they could be talking about. Then, suddenly I felt the doctor's fingers touch my panties at the waist. I started to struggle, but the doctor said,

"Hold her tight now, Ms. Yamada. This will just take a second."

I felt my panties begin to slide down my thighs past my knees all the way to my ankles. I was completely panicking. The hair on the back of my neck stood on end, as I realized Dr. Ueda was looking down at my uncovered pubic hair.

"Mom!" I yelled, breaking into tears. Mom soon came to the door.

"Don't worry, honey. The doctor knows what he is doing. When this is all over, I'm sure you'll thank him."

My dad's head appeared too. He seemed shocked to see me naked like that. He hadn't seen me naked since I was just a little girl. There seemed to be tears in his eyes as he told me,

"Be brave, honey. They say it's for the best."

Even more than Dr. Ueda, I couldn't stand having my father see me like this. I shook back and forth crying more and more. I kept struggling to break free of the nurse's grip, but I could also feel this strange feeling building up inside, a warm feeling spreading out from the depths of my belly. My senses were on fire. I mean I was afraid and embarrassed and everything, but this other feeling I'd never felt before. I stopped struggling, and somehow the doctor managed to lift up my feet, and pull my panties right off.

"There, that's better now, isn't it?"

The nurse backed away, and all four of them looked at me expectantly. I fell back onto the bed relieved that Nurse Yamada had let go, but quickly covered my pubic hair and breasts with my hands.

"Where are my clothes?"

The doctor turned to my parents.

"Oh, just when I thought we'd made a breakthrough."

I got up on the bed, and then dropped down over the other side trying to hide.

"Bring me my clothes."

The doctor shook his head.

"Well at least she's talking," Dad said hopefully.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Horii. Sometimes it does take some time for Wagnerian therapy to work its magic. I'm afraid it looks like she's going to have to spend the day like this."

What? What's that supposed to mean? I looked at my dad, but he just nodded sadly.

"Well, she can't just go to her classes like that," the doctor began gravely. "I'll write her a note that she can show each teacher when she walks in."

A note? What kind of note? Dr. Ueda went back to his office, while my parents and the nurse tried to calm me down. I was frantic though by then.

"Everything's going to be alright, honey. See, the doctor's writing you a note explaining everything." My mom looked at me seriously. I still couldn't understand what they were planning. The doctor came back in, and handed me the note and my bag.

"You can come back here, and pick up your clothes after school. I have to go now, but Nurse Yamada will be here. After school, you can tell her all about it. I'll come in again tomorrow to see how you are coming along."

I peeked up over the side of the bed at the note.

"Go ahead. Read it."

Cautiously I picked it up, and crouched back down behind the bed. It said,

"From the office of Dr. Manabu Ueda, chief psychologist for the Tokyo district school board,
On the recommendation of Ms. Horii's teachers and parents, it has been felt necessary to undertake Wagnerian therapy to help Ms. Horii deal with her excessive reticence. I fully realize that having Mai attend your class in the nude may lead to a certain disruption of the regular flow, but Wagnerian therapy has proven quite effective when it was tried out in the United States, and we are fully expecting similar success here. Your cooperation and sensitivity in helping Ms. Horii deal with her condition would be greatly appreciated.
Sincerely yours,
Manabu Ueda"

I looked up at them all as it gradually sunk in that they actually expected me to walk around school naked. I looked down once more at my body. No one, not even my parents, had seen me naked for years. Whenever I changed for gym class or swimming, I would always go into a toilet stall or cover myself up with a large towel. I always wore my swimsuit in the showers at school... and now they want me to walk naked through the school. I can't. There's just no way.

Nurse Yamada started moving closer.

"It's almost time for homeroom. You'd better hurry. You have a busy day ahead of you." She came around behind the bed, and put her arms on my shoulders. I didn't resist as she took hold of me, and lifted me up. I covered my breasts again, and tried to stop crying.

"There there now. That's a good girl. You don't want to disappoint your parents, do you?"

I looked at their faces, and they looked back sympathetically. It looked like I had no other choice. But how could they expect me to walk around school naked? It would be torture. I almost couldn't bare the thought of it. Reluctantly, I put my hand down to cover my pubic hair, and slowly stepped out from behind the bed. Nurse Yamada picked up the note and my bag, and handed them to me.

I turned my back to the doctor, and took my things from the nurse. I could feel the doctor's eyes on my behind. I moved my bag around to cover it up. He took off his glasses, and started cleaning them with a cloth, but he had this strange look in his eye. There was even a bulge at the front of his pants. My face started getting hot again. I quickly walked to the door, as my mom put her arm around me.

"See you later this afternoon," Nurse Yamada called out. I walked out into the hall, my parents on either side. There were some boys standing at their lockers and further off a bunch of my classmates walking to class. I huddled up against my mother trying to hide. I still couldn't believe I was there in the hallway with no clothes on at all.

"It's OK, honey. You'll be OK now. Everything is going to work out fine."

We walked past the boys as I tried desperately to hide my nakedness. They all turned toward me, and stared mouths wide. I honestly couldn't believe I was doing this. I couldn't walk around nude all day. I'd die. I'd simply die. The further we walked, the more people stopped to stare at me. Don't look at me like that. Please. They're making me do this, I swear. We finally got to my homeroom.

"Here, you'd better show the teacher the note," my mom said stepping away from me. Petrified, I slowly opened the door. As I walked in, all conversation stopped and everyone looked straight at me.

**Mai Naked in School 2: Restless**

The story so far: My name is Mai Horii, and I'm a regular high school student in Tokyo. Up until last week, I thought that everything was going so well at school, but then I got so scared when I had to make this presentation. Mr. Tanaka, my teacher, phoned my parents, and they agreed to bring me in to see the school district psychologist, Dr. Ueda. So early Monday morning, we all went in to his office, and they asked me to take off my clothes for an examination... except when the examination was over, they wouldn't give me my clothes back. The doctor said it was Wagnerian therapy, a treatment designed to cure my shyness. I really couldn't believe this all was happening, and then my parents took me down the hall to my homeroom. All my classmates and friends were all staring at me as I showed up at the door stark naked. It was horrible.

I just stood there, covering my mouth in embarrassment while they all stared right at me. I couldn't believe I was doing this - standing there naked in front of all my classmates. I could feel the cool air of the classroom swirling all around my body, and there they all were staring right at me. Makoto was there sitting right behind my desk looking up at me his eyes wide open. I looked down at the floor, but this feeling of intense embarrassment, this tingling all through my body, wouldn't go away not matter how hard I tried to think of something else. 'You have to understand this wasn't my idea,' I wanted to tell them, tell Makoto. Makoto was the boy who'd probably been the nicest to me, defending me when Kobayashi and Takashi and the other boys teased me. If there was one boy I didn't want to see me like this, it was Makoto.

Natsuko glared over at me equally shocked by my nakedness. She'd been my very best friend right from first year. But the way she was looking at me... this look of horror in her eyes. She just couldn't understand how I could come to class naked. I couldn't even understand it myself. How could I explain this to all of them?

I finally couldn't take it anymore. I quickly handed Dr. Ueda's note to Mr. Yabe, ran over to my desk, and slid into my seat desperately hoping I'd somehow be able to hide there. I gave out a little squeal as I felt the cool metal on my bare behind.

"Whoa! Just too damn sexy, man," cried out Kobayashi. "Can you do that again?"

Practically, the whole class broke out laughing. I couldn't help squealing. The seats always felt cold. I'd just never felt one full on my bare behind before. I put my head down on my desk burying it in my arms, wishing I could somehow get away from this place, be anywhere but here. I glanced back at Makoto, but he had the strangest look on his face, almost as if he was really enjoying seeing me naked, seeing me humiliated like this. The other boys were all looking at me too, craning their heads from this way and that. I buried my hands between my legs trying to at least cover my most private place. But there was this sensation down there, running up and down the mouth of my slit, something like I'd never felt before, a warm wet tingling that was driving me crazy, making me want to touch myself. It was making me feel all nervous. And whenever I glanced back at Makoto and the other boys it just got worse. What is it? What on earth is happening to me?

I pressed my legs together as tightly as I could, but the feeling wouldn't go away. It just kept taunting and tormenting me, urging me to touch it. I felt like I would burst if I didn't do something. I tried to breathe in deeply, but it came out in little gasps. I covered my mouth trying to hide how excited I was getting. Everyone kept right on staring wondering what I was doing. How could I explain? How could I even start to tell them? I just sat there, my whole body quivering uncontrollably, praying for this all to end.

Anxiously, I peered out from under my bangs up at Mr. Yabe. He was just standing there staring at me, as flabbergasted as the rest of the class. Finally, he cleared his throat, and opened the note. Oh, please hurry! Start the class! Do something! I can't take this anymore.

"Um, yes, well, it says here that Ms. Horii's doctor has recommended this, um... treatment in order to deal with her 'excessive reticence.'" While I sat there wondering what he was going to say, he took out a handkerchief, and wiped the sweat from his forehead. He obviously didn't know quite what to make of my situation. No one would. The whole thing was crazy. He finally turned, and wrote out the words "excessive reticence" on the board. "Does everyone know what this means?"

Takashi, one of the main troublemakers in our class, perked up.

"You got me, but as long as it means we get to ogle Horii's sexy bod, who cares?"

The class erupted in laughter again, all the guys yelling and whistling and pointing at me. I raised my head, and glared at Takashi, but he just sat there with this silly grin on his face, wiping the drool from the corner of his mouth unable to conceal his delight. I need something to cover myself with, but maybe that isn't allowed. What am I to do?

"Yeah, man. Who knew she was such a fox?" Kazu cried out. I sat up straight, pushed my hair out of my eyes, and stared right at him. He just blew me a kiss. I looked up to Mr. Yabe for support. Why do I have to show my body to these perverts? What did I do to deserve this? I covered my breasts with one hand, keeping the other down between my legs. The tingling feeling hadn't gone away. In fact, it seemed to be coming on even more strongly, the more the boys taunted me. I ran the tip of my middle finger along the little opening down there, and then tensed as this wave of pleasure welled up inside me. What was that? Whatever it was, I'd better not do it again. I'm starting to lose control.

"OK, everyone. Quiet down now," Mr. Yabe called out. "It seems that this is on doctor's orders. Is that right then, Mai?"

I nodded, crinkling my face up, begging for sympathy. Even though I still felt incredibly nervous and vulnerable sitting here naked amongst my classmates, I did feel some relief that Mr. Yabe at least seemed to accept that this wasn't my fault. Mr. Yabe handed Natsuko Dr. Ueda's note, and she passed it back to me. A lot of the boys were still staring, but Natsuko and some of the other girls finally started to get out their books, signalling to Mr. Yabe to get on with the class. I was still wondering how I was ever going to get my clothes back from Nurse Yamada. Surely, they didn't expect me to stay like this all day. Who knows what the other boys might do? Any minute now Nurse Yamada will come in, and say it was all a mistake. I know she will. They would never let anyone suffer through this humiliation for long.

"OK everyone, you heard me. Settle down. I'm going to call out the roll, so yell out if you're here." Mr. Yabe was trying to act like this was just another day, but you could tell that he couldn't get over the fact that I'd shown up to class naked. He was usually so confident and in charge, but today he kept glancing over at me, just making me feel even more nervous.

Natsuko looked back at me with this "what on earth are you doing" look on her face. I just shrugged, and rubbed my forehead. This wasn't my idea, let me tell you. She looked away obviously pretty embarrassed for me. What? Do you think I like sitting here like this? I glanced over at Kazu who was still leering at me. I stuck out my tongue at him, but he just raised his eyebrows at me in this disgusting way.

I was so thankful when the class finally started because at least some of the guys stopped staring, and faced the front. Mr. Yabe started writing notes on the board. Suddenly, Kobayashi called out,

"Hey, no fair. Mai doesn't even have her book out."

Mr. Yabe turned around, and looked over at me. I'd been so lost in my own thoughts, feeling sorry for myself that I hadn't even thought about taking notes.

"Kobayashi's right, Mai. You don't want to fall behind in your schoolwork just because of this."

Everyone was looking at me again waiting for me to get my notebook out. Seeing no other choice, I moved my hands to reach down, and get my notebook.

"Whhitt-pheww!" Kobayashi wolf-whistled. I pulled my hips in trying to hide, but there was just nothing I could do. There were guys on every side of me watching my every move. Worst of all, Makoto was sitting right there behind me. He was close enough to see my every little freckle, every little beauty mark on my creamy clear white skin. I glanced back at him as I leaned over to get out my books, but I caught him leaning over trying to get a look at my rear end. I sat up like a shot trying to cover my bottom with my hands, but all the boys noticed, and started laughing again. There was no escape. There was nothing I could do, but let them look. I bowed my head down, and closed my eyes, trying to get my feelings of shame under control. It looks like I'm going to be stuck like this for a while, so I'd better try to get used to it.

I looked back at Makoto, and he bowed an apology for sneaking a peek at my behind. It surprised me a lot that he would do that because usually he acts like he isn't that interested in girls. Then again, if he were sitting there naked, I'd probably look at him too. I wonder how big his you-know-what is. But what am I thinking? I shook my head trying to get the image of Makoto's thingee out of my mind. Why did that pop up? I have to settle down here.

I reached down again for my notebook, but I suddenly realized that my breasts were dangling in the air as I rummaged around in the bag. Even Mr. Yabe was staring. I straightened up again, but I still had to get my book. Covering my breasts with my free hand, I finally managed to get the book out, but I dropped my pencil on the floor. All the boys were staring as I reached down, and picked it up.

"Wow!"

I sat back up as straight as I could trying to act like it was just another day. I demurely set my left hand down on top of my pubic hair, and opened my notebook. First period dragged by so slowly with all the boys in class watching me, and the girls looking over at me shocked and appalled that I'd come to class dressed like this. I could tell the girls didn't like having me sitting here in the nude. It was like suddenly I'd become the center of attention with all the boys looking at me, and not them. Finally, the bell rang. Everyone got up, and flocked around my desk.

"What did you do to end up like this?" Noritake asked.

"It's all about that silly presentation for Mr. Tanaka's class," I admitted sheepishly.

"I guess you'll do your homework from here on in," Natsuko chided. I smiled at her, glad she didn't seem angry.

"Who's this Dr. Ueda?"

"The psychiatrist from the school board."

"How does it feel to sit in class nude like that?"

"Weird. I keep wondering where my clothes are."

"Do you have to walk home naked?"

"Where are you going to eat lunch?"

Suddenly I felt a hand on my side.

"Kyaaa!" I screamed, shocked that someone would touch me.

"It's just Kobayashi," Yayoi laughed. Yayoi was one of the more cheerful girls in the class, a little empty-headed, but friendly enough.

"I just wanted to see what your muscle tone was like," Kobayashi shrugged. Suddenly, other guys darted their hands in all trying to touch my pussy. I got up from my desk to get away, and then they started chasing me around the class. I was really seriously frightened. What are they doing? Trying to rape me or something? I wanted to call for help, but at the door to our class, there was just another whole bunch of boys from a neighboring class. I guess some of them saw me walking to class earlier and were coming to get a better look. I ran behind Yayoi and the other girls to hide.

"Hey, no fair. No peeking. Natsuko, can you shut the door?"

"Awww! That's no fun," the boys outside whined.

"Oh, c'mon, Mai. Give us a look. It isn't every day you come to class naked. How long do you have to do this for?"

"I don't know. The doctor didn't say. I go back to see the nurse this afternoon after class."

Suddenly, the boys staring at me from the door scattered. Mr. Takeuchi, our world history teacher, came in, and stopped dead in his tracks when he saw me.

"What is the meaning of this?"

I ran over, got Dr. Ueda's note from my desk, and handed it to him. Mr. Takeuchi was shaking with anger and shock. The way he was looking at me, I thought his eyes were going to pop out of his head. I covered my pussy and my breasts, and waited there politely for him to finish reading the note.

"Is this some kind of joke?" he boomed gazing down his nose at me.

"I only wish it were. Nurse Yamada took my clothes away from me this morning, and she won't give them back."

He seemed pretty upset.

"Could you maybe ask her to give them back to me?"

The boys all started booing. Mr. Takeuchi read the note again.

"I see. Since when has this...?"

"I think I'm the first one in Japan, sir. The doctor said something about this kind of treatment coming from the States."

"OK, everyone, settle down. Take your seats. Miss Horii, I... uh... want you know that I don't usually allow this sort of thing in my class, but if... there is a solid medical reason, then I may be willing to make an exception."

"I told you, sir. This wasn't my idea. I'm ready to put my clothes back on anytime."

The boys booed again.

"Quieten down, I said. So I think I understand the situation now. This is some sort of punishment for something you've done."

"Dr. Ueda said it was a treatment, Wagnerian therapy, I think he called it. It says so in the note, doesn't it?"

"Richard Wagner, the composer?" Mr. Takeuchi always tries to show off his knowledge of world history.

"I believe they said it was a woman, sir."

"A woman named Wagner is making you walk around with no clothes on."

"Yes, sir. Something like that, sir."

"OK, then, well as long as we understand each other. You may sit down, Ms. Horii, and try not to attract attention to yourself. We have a lot to get through today." Mr. Takeuchi was obviously trying to sound very stern and professional, but after he sat down, he stayed there for the longest time staring at my breasts. I covered them up as best I could, but his staring was making me more and more uncomfortable.

"Sir?"

"Yes?"

"Could we start the class? I believe you said we have a lot to get through today."

"Oh, yes. Mai, is it? I was wondering if you could put on some clothes. I'm finding your appearance here very distracting."

"I would like to, sir. Do you think you could go get my clothes from Nurse Yamada?"

"Oh, yes, that's right. Doctor's orders. Well, we'll just have to make do then. Where was I?"

The class went on like this, Mr. Takeuchi, occasionally stopping his lecture to stare at me, and then losing his train of thought. I couldn't wait for the class to end, but some of my classmates found it funny. I didn't think so. I was in really no mood for jokes.

At the end of second period, there was an even larger group of boys outside our door. Natsuko pushed them out the front door, while Yayoi closed the back. Obviously, everyone in the school must be rushing around telling their friends about me. Soon the whole school would know. No, that would be horrible. How was I ever going to escape?

Ms. Shiraishi, our social studies teacher, came in next. I know this isn't very ladylike, but to tell you the truth, I never really got along very well with her. I'm not sure, but I'd heard rumors that she didn't like the way Makoto and the other boys fawned over me. Anyway, it was clear she thought my being naked was some kind of punishment for something bad I'd done, and she was fully convinced I deserved it. All through class, I tried to hunch down, and hide from her. Right at the end, she said,

"Ms. Horii?"

"Yes?"

"Well, I hope you've learned your lesson, and you'll be on your best behavior from here on in."

"Yes, ma'am," I nodded, bowing my head. As soon as she left, the boys all broke out laughing again, imitating what she'd just said. I laughed too. Obviously, I wasn't the only one who didn't get along with her. Soon though, more boys were all swarming outside in the corridor again. Natsuko and them all had to work together to get the doors closed, and even then the boys kept trying to push back in.

"Oh, this is crazy. Someone had better phone Nurse Yamada," I pleaded trying to cover up my body. Makoto volunteered to help, but before he could get through, Mr. Sato, our chemistry teacher, showed up. He glanced at me, and then did two or three double takes. Natsuko passed him up Dr. Ueda's note. He stood there glancing up at me nervously, as he slowly read the note.

He eventually nodded, handed the note back to Natsuko, and started telling us what we were supposed to do that day. It was an experiment, and he asked the class monitors for that day to get out the Bunsen burners and test tubes from the back closet. I suddenly remembered that it was my turn to be a monitor. I looked around, and all the boys were watching me licking their lips in anticipation. I really didn't want to get up. My desk wasn't much, but it at least provided a little cover from all these prying eyes. I slowly stood up while the whole class watched, and then scurried to the back of the class.

"Kyaaa!" I cried out softly, trying to cover up my embarrassment. I squatted down to get the equipment out, but I could feel everyone's eyes on my bare behind. I covered it with my hand, but it was just so senseless. There was nothing I could do but let them look. I set up the equipment on our group of desks as quickly as I could. The class was all quiet as the boys all watched me. I had to bend over, and reach way down under the desk to hook up the gas to the Bunsen burner. I suddenly realized that whoever was behind me could probably see my pussy. I covered it with my hand, but I was starting to get all hot and flustered again. I straightened back up, my hand still covering my pussy. Kobayashi and Takashi had been standing right behind me, and their trousers were now all puffed out like tents. I turned my back to them, and tried to concentrate on what Mr. Sato was saying.

"OK, wash off the test tubes in the sink."

I moved to do as he said, but Kobayashi took them from me.

"Here I can do that for you," he smiled. I was so surprised. Usually he's not that nice to me. He came back, and handed them to me, and we got them all set up, and started the experiment. Everything seemed to be going so well, when I suddenly felt something cold and hard brushing against my pussy lips.

"Kyaaa!" I squealed, causing everyone to look this way.

"Ms. Horii! Quiet, we're all trying to concentrate here," Mr. Sato demanded in a very stern voice.

"I uh... yes, sir," I bowed obediently. At first I wasn't sure what had touched me. Once everyone had turned back to the experiment, I glanced behind me, and found Kobayashi twirling one of the spare test tubes! I motioned for him to put it away, but he feigned innocence. I turned back to watch the experiment, but soon I felt the smooth round end of the test tube poking around between my legs again. I opened my mouth to protest, but Natsuko motioned for me to be quiet. The experiment was reaching some critical phase, and the people holding the test tubes needed complete silence or else they'd make a mistake. I reached around, and tried to push Kobayashi away, but soon he was back at it again. The test tube felt so ticklish. I covered my mouth trying not to laugh. Natsuko told me to shush, but Kobayashi pushed my legs apart, and was coming closer and closer to finding the mouth to my pussy.

"I can't find the hole," he whispered. "Help me guide it in."

I looked back at him shocked, but he took my hand, and got me to hold the test tube. We stood there struggling over it, trying not to disturb the experimenters, but somehow in the confusion, I must have tilted it the wrong way, and suddenly the test tube was sliding right up inside me! My whole body shuddered, convulsed in this spasm of shock at the sudden intruder. It was like these alarm bells had gone off in my head. My whole pussy was buzzing with this vexatious tingling unlike anything I'd felt before.

"Here jack it back and forth," Kobayashi whispered, guiding my hand to push it deep up inside me, and pull it back out. My hips started rocking back and forth, and I could feel something coming on - a typhoon, an earthquake, a volcano - I don't know what it was, but it was coming on fast.

"Here keep doing it. Now you got it. That's it. Ease it in there."

Kobayashi's fingers were probing around in my pubic hair, searching for something. Soon he found what he was looking for, my pleasure zone - a little bump just at the top of my pussy lips. It was usually buried inside its own little hood, but somehow in the excitement, it seemed to have burrowed its way out. The way he was touching me, the feeling of the test tube sliding in and out, was driving me crazy.

"Kobayashi, don't. I... I... I..."

Kazu, Natsuko, Takashi, Yayoi - they were all looking at me now. My breasts were all swollen, and my face must have been beet red with embarrassment. I wanted to stop, but it felt so good. Makoto looked over, and our eyes met. I couldn't hold it in any longer. I let go, and my whole body shook, and rocked, on and on for the longest time. I'd never felt anything like it before. A tidal wave of ecstasy filling me up, giving me measureless pleasure. It was like I was in heaven - a dream world of wondrous desire.

The shaking stopped, and I leaned forward onto the desk as it finally came to an end. I felt the test tube slide out dripping wet with my juices. Mr. Sato looked over at me.

"Ms. Horii?"