**Marcie, The Braless Warrior**

by[**regularguy13**](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=540063&page=submissions)©

*High School girl gets in trouble for not wearing a bra*  
  
Have you noticed that recently there have been a spat of newspaper stories about female high school students going braless and getting into trouble? Two that caught my eye involved Kaitlyn from Montana and Lizzy from Florida. Hearing their stories has given me the confidence to come forward and tell my story. Everything here is true.  
  
This is also a story about my personal growth and the journey that led me to embrace nudism. As in real life, in this story family members are naked in each other's presence. Remember, nudity does not necessarily mean sex.  
  
There is no incest or non-consensual sex in this story. There is exhibitionism, voyeurism, lots of nudity, and plenty of great, straight sex.  
  
My name is Marcie. In high school, I was a shy, quiet, person who didn't date a lot. I wasn't the smartest or the prettiest or the most athlete girl in school. I was an average girl living a quiet, modest, simple life.  
  
I wasn't someone who drew attention to herself so it was a big surprise to everyone, including me, when I became "The Braless Warrior". Suddenly, I was the face of a school protest and was interviewed by and appeared in the paper and on radio and on television.  
  
^^^Mid-May. Florida^^^  
  
Marcie had finished her shower and she was sitting on the edge of the tub shaving her legs. The eighteen-year-old heard the front door open and then, heavy footsteps walking through the entryway into the family room.  
  
She called out, "Hi, Dad."  
  
Her widowed father answered, "Hello." He continued his journey down the hallway to his bedroom. He walked passed the hall bathroom. Since the door was open, he looked inside and smiled at his only child.  
  
Marcie had a towel around her head and another around her body. She sat on the edge of the tub. Her left foot was in the tub and her right foot was propped up on the side of the bathtub. She was shaving her right leg below the knee.  
  
If he had taken another step, he'd have been able to see her pussy. Her legs were spread and the towel around her body only reached her upper thighs. But he didn't.  
  
He said, "So what's the reason for your spa day?"  
  
"Don't you remember? Tomorrow is Saturday and the church youth group is going to Orlando. I can't go the newest, biggest water park in Florida with hairy legs. I'll be in a bikini all day."  
  
"Oh. That's why the date on the calendar is circled," he said in a teasing tone. "I knew it was a day I could do anything I wanted because you'd be away. I was so grateful that I was free, I didn't care . . . I mean, I forgot where you were going."  
  
She finished shaving her right lower leg, looked up at him, and said, "Ha. Ha. We both know you're going to miss me."  
  
"I will, sweetheart."  
  
She put her razor down, grabbed a can of shaving gel, and shot some on her hand. She rubbed it on her right thigh. Then, she rinsed her hands in the four inches of water that was in the tub. She picked up her razor, swished it in the tub water, stuck her right leg out, and shaved her thigh.  
  
This time he saw her pussy. He learned that she had no pubic hair. He saw her cleft sex as she extended her leg and moved it about. She was so focused on getting every hair, she didn't realize she was exposing herself.  
  
Her pussy was the same design as her mother's. Both had a 'Horseshoe' style vulva. There was a gap between her labia majora at the top of her slit. It allowed some of her labia minora to pop out. Her thick, outer lips came together and touched at the bottom of her sex preventing her inner lips from falling out and hanging down. Her outer lips formed a horseshoe.  
  
George glanced at her vulva, but paid it no mind. He had no sexual interest in her. She was his beloved daughter. It had just been the two of them for the last five years. Ever since his dear wife had passed away from cancer.  
  
As Marcie shaved, she said, "This trip is going to be great. They have eight slides, two wave pools, and something they call the 'Dolphin Plunge'. On that ride, you travel in a transparent tube that takes you through a pool where dolphins are swimming."  
  
"Cool," he responded. He smiled broadly enjoying hearing the excitement in her voice.  
  
Marcie finished her right leg. She cleaned her razor and put it down. Then, she got the can of gel and sprayed some on her hand. Next, she put her left foot on the edge of the tub and rubbed the lubricious shaving gel on it. She rinsed her hands and began shaving her lower left leg.  
  
Her father said, "It sounds like you're in for a great time. I put $100.00 on the kitchen table."  
  
She studied her ankle and moved the blade slowly across the bony section. She said, "I don't need that much money. I already have a ticket to get inside."  
  
She continued her careful, deliberate work. The towel around her body was held in place by a corner tucked into her cleavage. Her movement pulled the corner out. The towel fell forward, exposing the top of her breasts. Then, a quarter of her boobs. Finally, her lovely light-colored nipples came into view.  
  
Marcie ignored the fact that her towel was slipping. She continued to hunt down the hairs on her left leg.  
  
Her father noticed that the towel was sliding off. He glanced at her pink, pointy nips, but didn't stare or have feelings of lust. He'd seen them before. It was hard not to see each other's bits when it was just the two of them in this little bungalow and they shared a single bathroom.  
  
George had been conscientious about giving his daughter 100% privacy after her mother died because she'd always been quiet and shy. His heart went out to the awkward thirteen-year-old struggling with puberty. The poor girl had to deal with hormones and all the changes happening to her body alone. She had no mother, sister, or close female family member to turn to.  
  
He'd noticed that in the last nine months, since she'd turned eighteen and her body had fully matured, she was less concerned about keeping everything hidden.  
  
Ever since she had moved up to a C cup, she had become more confident and relaxed about her body. She was no longer fanatical about covering up. She was no longer as conscientious about closing the door to her bedroom or the bathroom. He'd put it down to her being happier with her body. Now that she'd blossomed, she was more confident and self-assured.  
  
Since she had become more relaxed and no longer was fully dressed every time she left her bedroom, he too had become more casual. Walking from the bathroom to the bedroom after a shower naked under a towel became commonplace for both of them. It was no longer unusual for someone to show up for breakfast in their sleeping gear minus a robe. She'd now run to the laundry room in her bra and panties to grab an article of clothing she wanted to wear.  
  
George smiled at his daughter and said, "Take the money and have fun. Buy yourself a souvenir. Get some mouse ears."  
  
"I'm not going to Disney World," she said, looking up and smiling at him. "But I appreciate the gesture. Thanks. I love you."  
  
"I love you," he said. "Are you going to be home for dinner or do you have a hot date tonight?"  
  
"Is it okay if I miss dinner? I'd like to meet up with Jayme. She and I are planning to go to a party tonight."  
  
"Go. Have fun. Kiss all the boys and don't worry about a midnight curfew."  
  
She giggled, blushed, and said, "Oh, Dad."  
  
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That night, Marcie wore her long, black hair straight. She had on a bright yellow top that showed some cleavage and tight jeans. She was self-conscious about her height or lack of it. She was only 5' 3". She had on black ankle boots with three-inch heels, which she thought were the bare minimum necessary to move her from child status into the dating pool.  
  
She and her friend Jayme, unfortunately, fell into the category of overlooked high school seniors. They were shy, quiet girls who went unnoticed, They were invisible to the popular crowd. They were the lowest members in the hierarchy at high school. Joining the glee club and the marching band hadn't improved their status.  
  
The teens spent the evening nursing a beer and hoping that some good-looking boys would come over and talk to them. It didn't happen. Around eleven, the alphas began pairing off for sex. Then, the second tier found partners. By midnight, Marcie, her chubby friend Jayme, and the others that populated the lowest caste looked around to see who was left.  
  
Chas, a fat kid who was in the chess club, came over and chatted up Jayme. Marcie saw a tall, handsome, blond-haired guy slumped over asleep in an upholstered chair. She recognized him and was happy to see he was unattached. She went over and woke him up.  
  
She shook him and said, "Hi, Logan."  
  
He moaned.  
  
She said, "Great party, huh?"  
  
The young man stretched, opened his eyes, and said, "Hey, Morticia Addams. Funny meeting you here." He belched and said, "Yes, it was a good party. I drank a lot of beer."  
  
"My name's Marcie," Marcie said with a red face. She self-consciously combed the fingers of one hand through the long, black hair that had earned her the unflattering nickname.  
  
"Yeah," Logan said. "I know. I was just teasing you. With your long, black hair you look like the mom on 'The Addams Family' or the ghost in one of those Japanese horror films." He reached out and grabbed her. He pulled her into his lap.  
  
"Oh!" she cried in surprise, but she didn't complain or attempt to get up.  
  
They both knew where this was going. His intentions were confirmed when he kissed her on the lips. She kissed him back.  
  
After making out a while, he said, "Is a bedroom available?"  
  
"Let's go see," she responded.  
  
They got up and went into the hall that led to the bedrooms. Chas and Jayme were standing there, alone and talking. Marcie said, "You guys next?"  
  
They nodded.  
  
"Can we share?"  
  
Jayme looked at Chas and said, "I'm okay with it. You?"  
  
"Sure," Chas said.  
  
Introductions were made. They didn't speak much as they waited.  
  
Two of the school's beautiful people came out of one of the bedrooms. They were laughing, glowing, and straightening their clothes. Jayme, Marcie, and the boys entered the room. The bedspread was on the floor. The sheets on the bed were disheveled. The room smelled of sex. There was a large wet spot on the bed.  
  
Jayme grabbed a towel from a stack on the dresser and threw it over the sodden, soiled sheet. The eighteen-year-olds paired up, sat on opposite sides of the bed, and made out. After necking a bit, the boys stripped the girls down to their panties. Then, they took off their clothes.  
  
Logan pushed Marcie onto her back and put his mouth to her crotch. He sucked in her scent, tongued her clit, and then began kissing her thighs.  
  
"Oh," she cried out.  
  
He stopped kissing her leg and began sucking on her soft, milky white, inner thigh. He sucked hard enough to hurt her and to give her a hickey.  
  
"Ouch!" she cried out. Her eyes popped open.  
  
He ignored her cry of pain and gave her another one.  
  
"Ow. That hurts," she said. She sat up, pushed him away, and closed her legs.  
  
Before this happened, Jayme and Chas were sitting on the bed kissing. He kissed her lips, her neck , and then her collarbone. He used both his hands to lift one big, saggy tit. He grasped the soft flesh and brought it to his mouth. He looked like a shepherd raising a flimsy animal skin filled with wine. He kissed her nipple and sucked heartily.  
  
"Ohh," Jayme moaned in response.  
  
Logan stumbled off the bed. He regained his balance, looked up at Marcie as if just noticing her, and said, "Wow! You've got great tits," He attacked them with his hands and mouth, knocking her down on her back.  
  
"You're pretty and your boobs are nice too," Chas told Jayme. He touched them reverently.  
  
"Thanks," the chubby girl said.  
  
Logan pulled off Marcie's well-formed breasts, looked at Jayme's bosom, and slurred, "Those are floppy and saggy boobs. Now, this girl has a great set. See how firm they are?" He squeezed Marcie's right boob and held it out for all to see. She had full, round breasts. They jutted up defying gravity.  
  
Jayme's breasts required the same cup size as Marcie; however, they didn't have the same pertness. Her soft, flabby boobs puddled on her chest and slid down into her armpit. Even her nipples were a lower grade. They weren't as large, hard, and prominent as her friend's.  
  
Marcie's face turned red because Logan had put her boobs on display and everyone in the room was looking at it. She cringed when she heard her friend's body being disparaged.  
  
Chas said softly to Jayme, "I think you both have great boobs."  
  
Jayme smiled appreciatively at Chas and said, "You're a nice guy and you have a great cock." She grabbed his hard, thick unit and gave it a squeeze. She looked at Logan's smaller penis, raised her eyebrows, and said, "I can't say that about everyone in the room."  
  
Logan saw Jayme's dismissive look and heard her cutting comment. He climbed back on the bed, grabbed Marcie's head, and forced it down on his cock. Marcie opened her mouth and sucked on his diminutive member.  
  
Jayme went down on Chas. She noisily and enthusiastically gave him head.  
  
Marcie was a good cocksucker. However, she didn't have time to go through her repertoire of moves before Logan began to move frantically and groan loudly.  
  
"Ahhh. Ohhhh. OHH!"  
  
He jabbed his prick into her mouth and it exploded. The surprised girl caught his cum in her mouth and struggled to swallow. Logan lay still. Then, he sat up and said, "Thanks, Mary, for the blowjob."  
  
"It's Marcie."  
  
"Yeah. Right," Logan responded as he got off the bed. He got dressed and left the room.  
  
The others watched him go. Marcie sighed loudly and sadly.  
  
"What a jerk," Chas said.  
  
"You can stay if you want," Jayme said. She grabbed Chas' big dick, smiled, and said, "There's enough for everyone." She laughed.  
  
Marcie slid off the bed and reached for her clothes. She said, "Thanks. You're a good friend. You two have some fun. I'll wait in the living room."  
  
She dressed and left the room. Jayme and Chas had sex. Great sex. His big dick delighted the chubby teen.  
  
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Marcie grabbed a beer and sat on the sofa. She was lost in her thoughts. She was startled when someone plopped on the seat beside her.  
  
"Oh!" she cried and turned in that direction.  
  
A guy said, "Girl, you look sad. Pick the wrong man? I did."  
  
Marcie looked at the guy talking to her. He was her age and had a slight build. He was extremely well-groomed, had a nice tan, and wore tight-fitting, expensive clothes. He was short, had bleached, blond hair and big, blue eyes. She noticed two other things: he was obviously gay and he had a black eye.  
  
"What happened to you?" she asked.  
  
"It is the story of my life," he said in a dramatic fashion. "I always fall for the wrong guy. I'm Timmy, by the way." He stuck out his hand.  
  
She shook it and said, "I'm Marcie."  
  
"Please to meet you," he said politely as his hand barely squeezed hers.  
  
"I met a boy here. A handsome, fit young man," Timmy said and sighed. "My gaydar told me he was gay, but he wasn't out of the closet like me. We talked and flirted. I could tell he wanted more. We went outside to a secluded spot and I sucked his beautiful dick. He liked it, moaned wildly, and exploded in my mouth.  
  
"Then, he was filled with rage and shame. He called me terrible names and punched me." He touched his swollen eye and asked, "Is it bad?"  
  
"There's swelling and it's beginning to turn black and blue."  
  
"So what's your sad tale, sister?"  
  
"Kind of the same," Marcie said. "I went after a tall, handsome, football player. Someone from school who normally wouldn't give me the time of day. He'd had too much to drink. I thought I had a chance."  
  
She shrugged her shoulders and said, "I got him into the bedroom and expected to have a good time. I sucked his dick and he came in ten seconds."  
  
"I hate it when that happens," Timmy said. "Unless there is a round two." He raised his eyebrows suggestively.  
  
"I was disappointed, but as you say, the night was young. The evening could've been saved, but he got up, got dressed, and left. He made no attempt at satisfying me."  
  
She began to cry and said, "He got my name wrong as he walked out the door."  
  
Timmy leaned in and hugged her with his twig-like arms. He said, "That bastard." Then, he just held her until she was done crying.  
  
Minutes later, she leaned away and said, "Thank you."  
  
"Girl, we have to stop leading with our hearts. We knew the men we chose tonight didn't care about us."  
  
He brushed some hair out of her face and ran his fingers through her long hair. He looked at her kindly and said, "Sometimes when you want a better class of boyfriends, you have to be a better person."  
  
Marcie nodded.  
  
Timmy said, "Can I be brutally honest with you?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"This long hair is all wrong for you. First of all, you were not blessed with thick, rich, beautiful hair. Like me, you have thin hair. We have to accept it and make the best of it. You have to cut off this limp, stringy mess and go with something short and stylish. A pixie cut would look so good on you!"  
  
He put both his hands into her hair. He lifted it out of her eyes, off her face, and said, "I thought so. You have a round face. Square face people can pull off long hair. Not those of us with round faces.  
  
"You have beautiful, green eyes, but no one can see them! Girl, don't you know green eyes are the rarest color in the world. Show them off. Play them up like I do my blue eyes. Be honest. Look at my face. What's the first thing you notice?"  
  
"After your injury, your blue eyes."  
  
"Exactly. They are my best feature and I don't obscure them by having long hair that could fall into my eyes. I don't have a nose or lip ring because I don't want to draw attention away from my baby blues.  
  
"You need to do the same. Chop off your lackluster long hair. Get rid of it so the world can focus on your beautiful green eyes. And one more thing, bitch. You're short. What were you thinking? Long hair makes you look shorter.  
  
"I'm a short dude. I know all the tricks to appear taller. Sure, I wear heels, but I also have excellent posture. I'm fit and trim. And look at my hairdo. I have a fluffy wave on top that makes me taller.  
  
"I know every girl wants to have long, beautiful, wavy hair, but not everyone can pull it off. In your heart of hearts, you know what I'm saying is true, don't you?"  
  
She nodded.  
  
He pointed to her chest and said, "Straight guys love jiggly boobs. You've good a bosom." He continued to study them and said, "Sorry. I don't understand the appeal. They look like lumps of flesh. Maybe I'm missing something." He put his finger on his chin as he considered them.  
  
Marcie said, "They are very soft. You can touch them."  
  
He reached out slowly and carefully, like he was dealing with a nuclear bomb. He pressed a finger into one of her mammary glands and said, "It's very cushiony, but I still don't get it."  
  
He stood, reached out to her, pulled her to her feet, and spun her around. He said, "Overall, your body is good. Your butt isn't as nice as mine, but how many are?"  
  
He laughed and waved his index finger in a circle in front of Marcie and said, "That top has to go. Yellow is not your color. You have pale skin with pink undertones. Deep reds and cooler colors like blues, purples, greens, and dark pink work for you. Bright colors, like yellow and orange, overpower you and leave you looking washed out."  
  
"I like this top," Marcie said defensively.  
  
"I understand," Timmy said. "The problem is yellow doesn't like you."  
  
He pulled out his wallet, took a card out, and handed it to her. He said, "My mother owns a hair salon. When you're ready to emerge from your cocoon and become the fabulous woman I see, make an appointment with my mother. She's great at cutting hair. I see you rocking short hair, like P!nk, and looking just as good."

He picked up her hand, kissed it, and said, "I've got to go. I enjoyed meeting you. I hope to see you again. Bye." He turned and walked away. It was a sassy walk.  
  
She said, "You do have a better butt than me."  
  
He shook it, turned his head, and gave her a smile.  
  
"Bye," she called out.  
  
She sat on the sofa thinking about what he said. Jayme joined her. She was happy, excited, and babbled all the way home about how great Chas was.  
  
"His dick was huge!"  
  
"I know. I saw it," Marcie said.  
  
"He's such a great lover. He made sure I came before him."  
  
"He's a total gentleman," Marcie commented.  
  
Jayme cried when she said, "He didn't shame me about my fat, flabby, saggy, jiggly body."  
  
Marcie said with sincerity, "He's a keeper."  
  
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Saturday morning Marcie, Jayme, and the other members of the youth group went to the waterpark. They had a great time. They rode all the rides. Some, multiple times.  
  
The church group gathered at the designated time and place to return home. Everyone laughed as Roger told the story of losing his bathing trunks in the wave pool. Allie's face couldn't have been redder as she recounted her most embarrassing adventure. Her top came off when she went down one of the tall water slides.  
  
One of the boys said, "Marcie, you're red. Didn't you use sunscreen?"  
  
She looked at her arm and chest and saw the redness. She said, "I did and I applied it many times."  
  
"Geez, Marcie," Jayme said. "It looks bad. What SPF was it?"  
  
The sunburned young woman reached into her bag and pulled out the bottle of sunscreen. She said, "I think it was rated SPF 30." She checked the label. Showed it to Jayme and said, "It says SPF 30."  
  
Jayme took the bottle and said, "You have the right level of protection. The problem is you didn't get one that was water resistant. This stuff is fine for sunbathing, but it washes off in water. Why did you pick this one?"  
  
Her friend had a chagrined look on her face as she said, "I picked it because I like the way it smelled. Now I'll pay the price. I've got a bad sunburn."  
  
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Sunday morning, Marcie woke in pain after a restless sleep.  
  
"Ow. This sunburn hurts. Boy, that was a stupid mistake."  
  
She was careful as she dressed for church. She was miserable during the service. As they drove home, she said, "Dad, can we stop by the pharmacy? I need some stuff for this sunburn."  
  
"Yes. You're very red. That has to hurt."  
  
"Yes. It does. I effed up and I got the wrong kind of sunscreen."  
  
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"I've got to get my bra off!" Marcie said as soon as the car stopped outside their home. She hurried inside carrying the bag of stuff she'd bought at the drugstore that she hoped would ease her pain.  
  
She dropped the pharmacy bag on the sofa in the family room. She unzipped her dress and let it fall to the floor. Next, her bra came off. It landed on the couch.  
  
"Ohhh! That's better," she sighed, closed her eyes, and stood still. Being embarrassed over being topless in front of her father never entered her mind. She wanted relief from the constricting bands and the killer straps of her bra. She savored it.  
  
Her father looked at her. Most of the skin of her substantial breasts was milky white. The top and the area of her cleavage were red and angry like her arms, shoulders, stomach, and legs. Her nipples were hard and pointy. They were a light pink color as befits a maiden. Her mother's nips were that color when she and George met. They grew larger and darker after she became pregnant.  
  
Marcie looked at her father and pleaded, "Dad, I don't think I can wear clothes today. My skin is so sore and the slightest pressure irritates it."  
  
"That's okay. You don't plan to go outside, do you?"  
  
"No, I don't need more sun." She paused, made a face, and stuck out her tongue when she realized he was joking. She said, "Ha. Ha. Very funny. Have mercy on me. I'm miserable."  
  
"Sorry, Pumpkin," he answered. His eyes squinted as if he was deep in thought. He said, "That seems wrong. You're red, not orange. I should call you radish or red bell pepper."  
  
He came up to her, kissed her on the forehead, and said, "Do what is necessary to be comfortable. Why don't you take a bath? I'll get some baking soda. I remember my mother putting baking soda and oatmeal in my bath to soothe my burnt skin."  
  
She went into the bathroom, pushed down her panties, and sat on the toilet. She was peeing when her father walked in with a box of baking soda. He stopped, looked at her, and smiled.  
  
Marcie was naked. She looked at him with innocent eyes and said, "What are you smiling about?"  
  
"I know I tell you often how much you remind me of your mother. You did it again."  
  
"How?" she asked. She shook her long, black hair and ran her fingers through it to get it out of her face.  
  
"Your mother, God rest her soul, rarely peed in front of me. She was embarrassed by the tinkling sound you females make. On the infrequent occasion when she did, she'd blush, and her face would turn bright red."  
  
Marcie finished pissing, grabbed a wad of toilet paper, and dabbed her vulva. She said, "I guess, we all are self-conscious about something. For me, when you have to go, you have to go. I've never worried about the sound."  
  
She went to the tub and turned on the cold water. Her bright white bum stuck out. It was round, yet firm.  
  
George glanced at her ass and then at her long, stringy hair. He said, "Your mother had long hair when we met. After she had you, she cut it. She said she didn't have the time to deal with a baby and her long hair."  
  
Marcie stood and turned to her dad. She said, "I'm thinking of cutting it." She lifted a section of it and said, "Mom's hair was thick and wonderful. Mine is thin and flat. Too often it looks limp and stringy."  
  
"Your mother did have great hair. I'm sorry you got my hair. Are you sure you want to cut it off? It's practically the only hair you've got. You'll be down to just eyebrows."  
  
He tilted his head and looked at her hairless sex. He raised his eyebrows and, in an obvious manner, looked at her eyes. He quickly shifted his eyes back and forth looking at her vagina and then, focusing on her eyes.  
  
It was a comical, exaggerated gesture. She laughed. So did he.  
  
Then he said, in a thin, wheezy, old man's voice, "Back in my day, a woman's vagina had hair."  
  
She continued to laugh, punched him playfully on the chest, and said, "DAD! Times change. Fashions change. I think it's more hygienic."  
  
"You know I'm teasing," he said. "I wear a John Deere hat and a plaid shirt every day to work. What do I know about fashion? Shave what you want and style your hair any way you please."  
  
Marcie stepped into the tub and shivered. Her nipples tightened up and her points got pointier. She said, "Burr!"  
  
She sat down and said, "Wow! The water's cold, but it's helping with my sunburn. My skin was radiating heat. Not anymore."  
  
George went down on one knee and poured in the baking soda. He put his hand in the water and swished it around to dissolve the powder. He said, "I hope this helps."  
  
He ran his eyes up and down his daughter's beautiful, nude body and said, "Have I ever mentioned how much you remind me of your mother? Two very beautiful women."  
  
She smiled. He smiled and left the room.  
  
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After soaking for a half hour, Marcie drained the tub and dabbed at her body with a towel. She applied one of the topical lotions she'd bought. The one that had Aloe Vera in it. She came out of the bathroom clutching a clean, dry towel to her front.  
  
She found her father in the family room watching major league baseball. She asked, "How are our Indians doing?" She had inherited a rooting interest in the Cleveland team from him. He'd been born there and was a lifelong supporter.  
  
He said, "Good. We'll make the playoffs. I'm sure."  
  
"Absolutely," she agreed. "The bath was nice. I've put lotion on my front. Would you mind doing my back?"  
  
"Of course not."  
  
She handed him the bottle of lotion, spread the towel on the sofa, lay on her stomach, and watched the game. He knelt on the floor and began applying the Aloe Vera to her shoulders.  
  
She stiffened and said, "Ow."  
  
"Sorry."  
  
He continued to apply the lotion as gently as possible. He worked his way down her body. He skipped over her smooth, white, alabaster ass and did her thighs. She spread her legs a bit to give him access. Again, he saw her hairless, cleft sex.  
  
He also saw two love bites, small, circular hickeys on the thighs. She cringed when he rubbed the bruises. He moved on and did the rest of her legs.  
  
He crawled around to her head so he could look her in the eye. He said, "Marcie, you're eighteen and are legally an adult. You've been having a period for years and you've blossomed into a beautiful woman. There's no doubt you've grown up. But, you know, to me, you're my daughter. I'll always love you and always worry about you."  
  
He paused and gave her a serious look and said, "I not so naive to believe that you don't have sex."  
  
"Dad!" she whined embarrassed. "Where is this going?"  
  
"I saw the hickeys on your thighs. Just tell me you're being careful. That you're using condoms?"  
  
She answered in a soft voice, "Remember? On my last visit with Dr. Janet, she wrote me a prescription for Ortho-Novum. I'm on the pill. I won't get pregnant. I am careful. I avoid dangerous situations. Jayme and I look out for each other."  
  
He nodded, stood, and said, "I'm getting a beer. Want one?"  
  
"Of course! You can't watch a ball game without a beer. You taught me that."  
  
^^^  
  
Marcie was naked all day. She put lotion on periodically. She tried all the anti-inflammatory creams -- Aloe, calamine, and hydrocortisone. George did the parts she couldn't reach.  
  
Before bed, she took another cold bath. Her father playfully poured the oatmeal on her breasts, stomach, and legs.  
  
She slept poorly.  
  
^^^  
  
Before he left for work, George stopped by his daughter's bed and said, "It's okay for you to stay home if the sunburn still bothers you."  
  
She yawned, stretched, and said, "I want to go. The Glee Club is performing for the school. I think I'll be okay."  
  
He kissed her on the forehead and said, "Okay. Whatever you decide."  
  
^^^  
  
Marcie got up and did her morning routine. She looked at her naked body in the mirror, toyed with her lifeless, long black hair, and said, "The boys have teased you about being a Japanese ghost. On bad hair days like today, I can't argue. The proof is as easy to see as today's rat's nest in my hair."  
  
She looked as the sunburned body and said, "Today, they'll probably call me 'Lobster Girl'."  
  
She got dressed. She did so slowly and carefully. She said, "Loose clothes are the ticket today. Ow. Fuck! This bra is killing me."  
  
She cringed and said, "Can I go without one? Why not? No one notices me anyway. I'll wear a dark, high neck, long sleeve T-shirt and no one will be the wiser. As Logan said the other day. I have great tits. They're perky. Poor Jayme's boobs jiggle like loose change in an old man's baggy pants. I think I can get away with going braless for one day."  
  
Marcie went to school. She had no incidents on the bus or in homeroom. Between classes, she clutched her books to her chest. While she sat at her desk listening and taking notes, her hard nips dented the shirt and the soft cotton draped itself around her boobs. But it wasn't that obvious.  
  
She performed with the rest of the choir before lunch in front of the whole school. She walked slowly to the center of the gymnasium and tried to appear casual as she kept her arms crossed. She sang well and even forgot she was braless. No one noticed the girls weren't being supported.  
  
However, issues arose. She was scared shitless during lunch. There was no way to cover her boobs when she needed two hands to hold her food tray. She heard some guys laughing and talking amongst themselves. She didn't know if this was their normal joking around or if someone had seen her bosom bounce and jiggle.  
  
She was a little unnerved after that. So much so that she forgot and left her paper on 'How Volcanoes Formed Hawaii' in her locker. She remembered when she walked into the classroom. She had to go back to get, and then, she had to rush to get to class on time.  
  
She descended the steps quickly. Her boobs bounced quite a bit. A classmate she ran passed on the stairs nearly shit himself seeing her tits flying about.  
  
A boy in her science class was at the bottom of the stairs. He saw her boobs leaping and caroming under her top. Her T-shirt rippled as her breasts bounced, swayed, and jiggled.  
  
"Dude," he said to the guy next to him. "Check out Marcie on the stairs. She must not be wearing a bra. Her tits are bouncing like crazy."  
  
The second guy looked and said, "Fuck! I thought you were kidding. She's got bigger tits than I suspected. Man! They're like two cats in a bag fighting."  
  
Word spread among the male students in the class. Marcie had to stand, walk to the front of the class, and deliver her report on volcanoes. The guys snickered and whispered and stared at her shirt while she walked and when she did her presentation.  
  
Mr. Thompson, Marcie's science teacher, liked to wander around his classroom. He came up behind some of the boys and overheard their comments. He ogled her chest and noted her pokey nipples and the subtle movement of soft, feminine flesh under her cotton shirt.  
  
When the bell rang, he visited the school's office and talked to Violet Velazquez, the school's dean of students.  
  
"Violet, I have some distressing news," Thompson said.  
  
"Spit it out, Cliff," the school's dean said. "I'm very busy."  
  
"The boys in my class are laughing and talking about Marcie Amazon because she's braless. She's a terrible distraction and frankly, I'm uncomfortable that she isn't wearing the appropriate undergarment. I don't want to be accused of leering at a student and get fired. Her state of dress is a violation of our dress code."  
  
"What? Marcie's a good girl. She's never been in any trouble and you're claiming she's pulled this stunt?  
  
"The boys can't stop laughing and talking about it. And I saw it with my own two eyes. Her breasts lack proper support."  
  
"Christ! I need this like a hole in the head," Violet said. "Okay. I'll deal with it."  
  
Ms. Velazquez walked over to the public announcement system, picked up the microphone, and said, "Marcie Amazon. Marcie Amazon. Please report to the principal's office."  
  
She turned and looked at the balding, middle-aged teacher and asked, "Satisfied?"  
  
He nodded and left.  
  
A few minutes later, Marcie appeared in the school office and told the secretary, "Hi, I'm Marcie. The principal is looking for me."  
  
"Yes," the chubby woman said. "Ms. Velazquez wants to talk to you. Her office is there." The matron pointed to a door behind her.  
  
Marcie walked around the counter, went to the designated door, and knocked. She heard a voice call out, "Come in."  
  
She opened the door and went inside. Violet looked up at her. She gave her a hard look, stared at her chest, and then said, "Please have a seat. Marcie. I'm going to cut to the chase. Are you wearing a bra?"  
  
"What?" she screamed and sat upright in the chair.  
  
"It's a simple question. Are you wearing a bra?"  
  
"Why would that be any concern of yours?"  
  
"Anything that interferes with learning is of my concern. Answer my question, please."  
  
"This weekend I got a bad sunburn," Marcie said. She tugged on her long sleeve shirt and showed her red forearm. "The straps of my bra are more than I can bear so I didn't wear one today. But everything is covered. My shirt has long sleeves and a high collar."  
  
"Yes, but I have reports of boys in your class laughing and telling other students that you aren't wearing a bra. You're disrupting the class. You're a distraction. That is a violation of our dress code.  
  
"Furthermore, a male teacher is uncomfortable being in the same room with you. Teachers have moral clauses in their contracts. They can be fired for sexual misbehavior. Being accused of encouraging female students not to wear bras or being accused of ogling a student could be grounds for dismissal."  
  
Marcie was stunned speechless. Ms. Velazquez continued, "I'm not accusing you of wearing revealing clothing, but you are being provocative and are a distraction from learning. You need to control your bosom. Do you have a bra with you or in your school or gym locker?"  
  
"No, ma'am."  
  
Ms. Velazquez stood, left her office, and went to the lost & found container. She fished out a woman's camisole that would fit Marcie. She returned to her office, handed it to her, and said, "Go into the bathroom next door and put this undershirt on. Maybe if we double the fabric we can hide the fact that you're not wearing a bra."  
  
Marcie took the cotton shirt and went into the single-occupancy bathroom. She removed her dark T-shirt, put on the white camisole, and covered it with her long sleeve shirt. She put her hands on her nipples and pushed. She whispered, "Go down. Go down."  
  
She checked her hair in the mirror, smoothed it, opened the door, and walked back into the dean's office.  
  
Violet looked up and said, "Walk back and forth."  
  
Marcie did as she was ordered.  
  
"That's better. I can barely notice them bouncing, but I can still see your nipples. Go see the school nurse, get four Band-Aids, and 'X' out the bumps."  
  
Marcie was in a stupor as she went to the nurse's office. She walked in. The nurse was alone at her desk. Marcie said, "May I have four Band-Aids? Dean Velazquez wants me to put them on my nipples."  
  
The nurse looked at her as if she was crazy. Her phone rang. She answered it. It was the Dean.  
  
"Yes, Marcia Amazon is here."  
  
Ms. Velazquez explained the situation and how she was trying to solve the distraction problem.  
  
"Okay. I can give her Band-Aids," the nurse said. She hung up the phone. And then she went to a cabinet. She opened it and withdrew four adhesive bandages. She handed them to Marcie and said, "You can use one of the exam rooms."  
  
Marcie started to cry. She went into the nearest exam room and closed the door. She pulled up the two shirts she was wearing and looked at her breasts. They were normal breasts with normal pink nipples. She got out her phone and texted her dad. Then, she took off the shirts and put her original top back on. She cried some more.  
  
The text read, "I feel completely sexualized and I'm so embarrassed. Please come get me. I'm at school in the nurse's office.'"  
  
Her dad read the message and immediately left work. He drove to the school and went to the office. He was ushered into Dean Velazquez's office and asked, "What's going on? I got a text from my daughter. She's very upset."  
  
"Have a seat," the Dean said from behind her desk.  
  
Mr. Amazon sat.  
  
"Your daughter has been a distraction today," Violet said. She placed her elbows on the desk and interlaced her fingers.  
  
"What are you talking about? Was she in a fight? Is she disrupting the class?"  
  
"She isn't wearing a bra. The boys have noticed and they are distracted. She explained she didn't have a bra on because of her sunburn. Perhaps, she could stay home until she recovers and is able to wear one? Marcie is resting in the nurse's office. It's been a trying day for her. Why don't you take her home?"  
  
Ms. Velazquez escorted him to the nurse's office. They found Marcie sitting quietly. She had on her dark shirt and was holding the unused Band-Aids. She got up when she saw her father, ran to him, and hugged him.  
  
"There. There," George comforted his daughter. "Let's go home."  
  
On the drive home, Marcie said, "Dad, I didn't do anything. I wasn't provocative. I didn't flaunt the fact that I wasn't wearing a bra. You know how bad my sunburn is. The straps dig into my shoulders and it hurts."  
  
She stopped speaking and started to cry.  
  
"I believe you," her father said.

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That afternoon, George had two more conversations with school officials. The bottom line was his daughter was not in trouble. She hadn't violated any dress code by not wearing a bra because the code doesn't specifically require underwear to be worn, but she was called out of class for being a 'distraction'.  
  
They sent him the current dress code and highlighted one line. "Student attire that is deemed a disruption to the learning environment will be considered a violation of the Dress Code policy."  
  
^^^  
  
Jayme and Marcie's other friends called her. They had heard about what had happened. They were outraged and completely on her side.  
  
Marcie sent out a tweet to her school's twitter account. "I decided not to wear a bra today and got pulled out of class because one of my teachers complained that it was a "distraction to boys in my class." My school basically told me that the boys' education is far more important than mine and I should be ashamed of my body."  
  
^^^  
  
After dinner, Marcie soaked in a tub of cool water and oatmeal. She dried off and walked into the family room naked, carrying a towel and some lotion. She said, "Dad, is there something wrong with me?"  
  
"No."  
  
She bared her body to him and said, "I didn't think so. Why did the boys go crazy and why did Ms. Velazquez try to constrict my breasts with a tight undershirt and want me to hide my nipples?"  
  
George came to her and put his hands on her shoulders. He smiled, looked her in the eyes and said, "You're beautiful. You are a perfectly normal woman. You have are the usual parts in all the usual places."  
  
She stepped into him, hugged him, and said, "Thank you."  
  
He kissed her on the top of her head and said, "You're not the problem. Women are not the problem. Boobs that aren't in bras are not the problem. It's society. It's the way some boys and men reacted that is the problem. Distraction is a choice. How are you supposed to control someone's reaction?"  
  
She raised herself on her tiptoes and kissed him on the cheek. She said, "Thanks. Can you rub on some lotion?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
She placed the towel on the sofa and lay on her tummy. George gently applied it. He made a point of touching the side of her boobs and brushing his fingers against her sex. He sat back and asked, "My hands strayed a bit. Was that sexually exciting for you?"  
  
"No!" she answered forcefully. She turned over to look at him. Her legs splayed and he saw her pussy. The swift movement caused her breasts to bounce and jiggle.  
  
He smiled and said, "I touched you to prove a point. Having your breasts touched or touching a woman's breasts is not necessarily a sexual act. It didn't arouse you or me. They say 'Beauty is in the eye of the beholder'. I take that to mean it's all about perception. Seeing you naked, putting lotion on your bare skin, touching your boobs, is only sexually if we intend it and perceive it that way."  
  
He stood, unbuckled his pants, and pulled them down along with his underwear. He showed her his cock. It was six thick inches of flaccid meat. He said, "Here's proof that I haven't been sexually aroused by anything I did tonight."  
  
"Holy shit! That's thing's huge. Wow. There is a big difference between men and boys." She leaned in and got a good look at his cock. Then she said, "No wonder mom always had a smile on her face and a song in her heart!"  
  
She had a look of wonder and amazement on her face. She looked up at his face and asked. "How big does that thing get when it's erect? Twelve inches?"  
  
"No. Didn't your mother cover this? Cocks are like boobs they come in many types, colors, sizes, and shapes. Some men are circumcised and some are uncut. Some men have penises that are two-three inches long when flaccid and grow to five or six or more when erect. Not all penises double in size. My dick expands when I'm aroused. It gets thicker and firmer, but not that much longer."  
  
He grimaced and said, "I showed you my penis to prove that I didn't have an erection. That I wasn't sexually aroused. To prove the point that you weren't to blame for the boys in your class misbehaving. If the boys have lust in their hearts, that's their problem. That is something they need to deal with. To control. It is not something you can control."  
  
She nodded.  
  
He said, "Just to clarify things, men have can have a dozen erections in a day and another four to six while sleeping. We generally wake up with a big boner. Hence the term 'morning wood'. And this can all happen without any sexual stimulation. It is just to test the equipment and keep it in good working order."  
  
He reached out and touched her erect nipple.  
  
"Oh," she cried in surprise.  
  
"Dicks are like nipples in that sometimes we are aroused and they get hard. But that's not the only reason, so I don't assume you're aroused right now. Nipples get hard for lots of reasons. It could be caused by wearing tight clothes, the fabric of the shirt, a reaction to cold weather, or in response to a nice breeze."  
  
"Thanks, Dad. I get it."  
  
"The bottom line is boys get excited and they misbehave whether you wear a bra or not. You could be wearing pants, bend over to pick up the pencil you dropped, and all the guys in your class could get a boner. It's not your fault. And the onus is on them to behave properly at all times."  
  
"Exactly," she said.  
  
A sneaky smile crept across her face. She said, "If you were to get one of those non-sexual, spontaneous erections, could I see it?"  
  
A crease appeared on his forehead. She saw his look of concern and said quickly, "It's for science." She gave him an open, honest look and said, "Dad, I'm curious. I figure this is a safe place to learn these kinds of things."  
  
He paused and then, said, "This is a safe place."  
  
"Thank you," Marcie said. "I'm going to be nude tonight. Will you join me? It's necessary for me. I'd appreciate not being the only one." She tempted him by adding, "It's freeing and kind of fun."  
  
He kicked his shoes off and teased, "You won't objectify me, will you?"  
  
She giggled and said, "Noooo!" She smiled. Her face beamed as he undressed. When he was naked, she came to him, gave him a big hug, and said, "Thank you."  
  
Her soft flesh pressed against his hard body. Her hard nipples scored his chest. He hugged her back.  
  
"Ouch. Ouch," she squealed.  
  
He dropped his arms and said, "Sorry."  
  
She gave him a kiss on the cheek and said, "I love you."  
  
He said, "I'm proud of you. I love you and everything about you."  
  
^^^  
  
They sat together on the sofa and watched television. During a commercial, she blurted out, "I don't want to wear a bra to school tomorrow."  
  
"Then don't."  
  
She turned to him and explained, "If I did, it would mean I'm admitting that my breasts are the problem and they aren't."  
  
"I agree."  
  
She sat up on the couch. Her bare breasts jutted out. The high beams were on. Her nipples were long and hard. She said, "Lots of people at school have been supportive of me. They think the way I was treated was sexist. That the school is body shaming me for having boobs and ignoring the boys' bad behavior."  
  
"I agree."  
  
"My friends are calling for a 'Bracott'." She giggled at the funny term. "A bunch of my classmates won't be wearing bras to school. They've started a Facebook page titled 'No Bra, No Problem'. People on the internet are commenting and supporting me. They are calling me, 'Marcie, the Braless Warrior'."  
  
"I like that name. This is a fight worth having. Go for it!"  
  
^^^  
  
Marcie went to school the next day without her bra. Nearly a hundred females supported her by not wearing bras. Many carried signs. Some of the signs said, 'Said No to Body shaming!" or "Bracott! For Equal Justice!" or "Worry About Supporting the Movement, Not Boobs."  
  
The teachers and principals ignored them. None of the braless students were dragged to the principal's office and accused of being a distraction.  
  
The next day, the number of Marcie's braless supporters grew to two hundred. Some women tied the bras they weren't wearing to their backpacks and let them hang out for all to see. Some boys showed up at school wearing a bra over their T-shirts.  
  
The signs got edger. One braless senior used a magic marker to write on her white tee shirt, "Do My Nipples Offend You?". Another classmates had shirts that stated, "Woman are the Boss of their Body!"  
  
Again, the adults in charge ignored the protesters.  
  
After school, Marcie's phone rang. She didn't recognize the number, but she answered it anyway. "Hello."  
  
"Hi, This is Jane Friend. I'm a reporter with WFLA."  
  
"The radio station?" Marcie said.  
  
"Yes. Are you Marcie Amazon?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"I've heard about your 'Bracott'? Can I ask you some questions about it? Many of us support your efforts to end body shaming and want to share the news of your fight."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"How did it start?"  
  
"I expected last Monday to be a normal school day," Marcie said. "I didn't set out to make a statement for women's equality. I'd gotten a bad sunburn over the weekend. My shoulders were too sore to wear a bra so I didn't. I made sure I picked a shirt that covered everything. It had long sleeves and a high collar."  
  
"What happened?"  
  
"Nothing at first. I went to a couple of classes and everything was fine. Then, one of the guys must have seen me jiggle. Word spread like wildfire that I wasn't wearing a bra. A lot of guys stared at me, pointed, and laughed. I was sent to the office for being a distraction."  
  
"So the boys didn't get in trouble?"  
  
"That's right. Nothing happened to them. The boys were pointing, laughing and talking."  
  
"Sounds like they were disrupting the class. Then what happened?"  
  
"I was sent to the office. The Dean of students made me feel like it was all my fault. Because I wasn't wearing a bra. She tried to fix me. At first, she had me wear a second shirt. Then, she told me to put Band-Aids over my nipples."  
  
Her voice caught and Marcie began to cry.  
  
The reporter said, "I'm so sorry you were treated that way."  
  
Marcie said, "I've got to go."  
  
"I understand. Be strong. Bye," Ms. Friend said.  
  
^^^  
  
The reporter wrote her story and broadcasted it. It got a lot of buzz. People in her town were talking about her.  
  
George came home from work and called out, "Where's the Braless Warrior? I heard about you on the radio."  
  
"In the bathroom," Marcie answered.  
  
He came down the hall. The door was open. He went inside. His daughter was nude and soaking in the tub. She smiled at him.  
  
He smiled back. His eyes swept across her body: the short legs, her hairless cunt, the womanly hips, a narrow waist, her big, bountiful breasts, and her pretty face. Her long hair had been pulled back and put into a ponytail.  
  
He looked into her green eyes and said, "It was great. You're garnering a lot of support. Men and women at work are telling me what happened to you isn't right."  
  
"My phone is blowing up. More girls have joined the protest and have ditched their bras. I got a call from a local TV reporter."  
  
"Oh. La te da," he teased her. "Do you want to be on TV?"  
  
"Yes, but not because I want to be on television. So many classmates and other women have shared their experiences with me of being sexualized or shamed. I feel I should do the interview because I have the opportunity to speak out. I'm being offered a platform the others aren't."  
  
"Then do it."  
  
"Can I have a fifty dollars? I want to cut my hair first. If I'm going to be on TV people will see me and judge me. It shouldn't matter, but how I look will affect how they hear me. This message is too important to be derailed because I look like a kid and I have terrible hair."  
  
"Sounds reasonable to me." He reached for his wallet and pulled out three twenties. He placed them on the sink and walked out.  
  
Marcie got out the tub, dried herself, and walked naked to her bedroom. Her father was across the hall changing out of his work clothes. He was putting on an old pair of jeans. She stopped in his doorway and said, "Stop. Please."  
  
"What?" he said  
  
"Can we have a naked dinner?" she asked. He gave her a queer look. She explained. "You know how good it feels to go barefoot in a lush lawn of green grass?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"That's how I feel when I'm naked. It's great. Comfortable. Free and easy. Even better than being barefoot in the grass because it's not just my toes. It's my whole body. I liked sharing that experience with you last night. I want to do it again."  
  
"Okay. It was nice," George said. He smiled and took off all his clothes. His cock and balls stretched out and hung free. His long, thick, soft penis swung naturally when he moved.  
  
She smiled at him. He smiled back. Then, she went into her room. She went to her desk, her dresser, and the dirty clothes hamper. She picked up things and looked in drawers.  
  
George watched her check here and check there. Her body moved fluidly. He saw her muscles stretch and flex. Her boobs quivered. He said, "What are you looking for?"  
  
She paused, turned to look at him, and said, "I have a card with the number of a beauty salon."  
  
She jumped forward, her breasts bounced, and she said, "There it is." She picked up a business card, grabbed her phone, and punched in the number.  
  
"House of Beauty," a voice said.  
  
"Timmy? Is that you?" Marcie said excitedly.  
  
"Yes. Who's this?"  
  
"It's Marcie. I met you at a party last weekend. We both had disappointing rendezvous? I'm the girl with the long, black hair." She turned away from her father and concentrated on her phone call. George smiled at her dimpled ass and then went into the family room.  
  
"Yes. Hi, Marcie. Are you ready to do something with your hair?"  
  
"Yes. Have you heard about the Braless Warrior and the kerfuffle about a girl not wearing a bra a school?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"That's me."  
  
"Really? Good for you. Go girl power!"  
  
"Thanks. A local TV station wants to interview me and I want the town to see a put together, confident woman. The long stringy hair has to go."  
  
"You know I agree, sister."  
  
"The problem is they want me tomorrow. Can your mom help me out?"  
  
"Let me check." He put the phone down. Marcie heard two people having a conversation, but she couldn't understand the words. Timmy picked up the phone and said, "I begged, pleaded, and agreed to work two Saturdays to get you the appointment. Can you be here at 7:30?"  
  
"Yes. Thank you! You're a lifesaver."  
  
She hung up the phone and said to her father, "Dad, can you run me to the salon tonight? We'd need to leave at 7:10."  
  
"Sure."  
  
^^^  
  
Marcie cooked dinner. She made a mac and cheese casserole with three kinds of cheese and some leftover chicken.  
  
George smiled when he was called to the table. He said, "You're so cute naked under that apron. A regular Betty Crocker or Suzy Homemaker"  
  
"Ha," she guffawed. She turned around, bent over, and shoved her ass out. She said, "Have you ever seen Betty Crocker naked? Does this look like Suzy Homemaker's ass?'  
  
They both laughed.  
  
Then, George said, "I have seen that before and I don't mean your bare bottom. When we were first married, before a kid came along and cramped our style, your mother would dress like that. She was a great gal. I'd come home to find her naked in the bedroom waiting for me or wearing just a smile and an apron and cooking my dinner."  
  
"Good for you," Marcie said earnestly. "So like mother, like daughter. I've come by my appreciation of nudity honestly."  
  
She took off the apron and plated the food. The new nudists sat, ate, talked, enjoyed the view, and being totally comfortable.  
  
Marcie and her Dad cleared the table and washed the dishes. They played around. He put dabs of soap bubbles on both her nipples. She gave his half erect cock a white, bubble beard. He replaced her missing pubic hair with a triangle of bubbles on her abdomen. They laughed and had fun.  
  
They got dressed, left on time, and drove to the salon. Timmy greeted Marcie with a hug. He introduced her to his mother. She was a stylish woman in her mid-thirties with platinum blond hair. A half-smoked cigarette hung from her mouth.  
  
"Call me Babs," she said to everyone.  
  
Marcie introduced her father. "This is George Amazon."  
  
"Please to meet you," Babs said. She smiled as she gave him the once over.  
  
George didn't notice. He was too busy checking out her curves.  
  
George had a seat in the waiting room while the fashion conscious trio discussed options. The singer, P!nk, was their inspiration. A decision was made, scissors and clippers came out. A ton of hair fell to the floor.  
  
While she was cutting her hair, Babs, pumped Marcie for information about her father. She let it drop that she was divorced, available, and looking. She told her that she found her father quite attractive.  
  
When it was done, Marcie looked in the mirror and said, "I love it!"  
  
Timmy said, "Mom, you nailed it. It's spectacular!"  
  
"It's what you asked for," Babs said. "Very short on the sides and three to four inches of hair on top which I moussed so it fluffs up and goes back. It is fun and gives you the appearance of being taller."  
  
George came over. He stared open-mouthed into the mirror at his daughter. He said, "You're beautiful. You have been hiding that beautiful face and those gorgeous, green eyes."  
  
"Exactly what I told her the other day," Timmy said. "She was a hottie one hair cut away from happening. The butterfly is out of her cocoon."  
  
Babs said to her son, "Timmy, why don't you discuss makeup options with Marcie. Work on playing up her eyes."  
  
The kids ran off. Babs said to George, "They'll be tied up for a few minutes. Care for a cup of coffee?"  
  
"Sure. Decaf if you have it."  
  
"Come this way." She led him through the shop to her kitchen and living room. She said, "The front half is the beauty shop. The back and upstairs is where we live."  
  
She made them coffee and adjourned to the living room. He sat on the sofa. She sat in an upholstered chair to his right. While they talked, she constantly crossed and uncrossed her legs. She had long, shapely legs and he couldn't help but notice. She laughed at his jokes and she told a few dirty ones of her own.  
  
During the conversation, both mentioned that they were unattached. Their body language and facial expressions showed they were interested. Babs was not shy. In addition to showing off her legs, she 'accidentally' let him see her breasts.  
  
She came over to the coffee table in front of him to clear away his empty coffee cup. She leaned over at the hip. The front of her dress fell away from her body. She stood like that for an extra couple of seconds. Her pretense was she was cleaning something Timmy had spilled on the table.  
  
"Darn kids. Always making a mess. What is this? Jelly?"  
  
She wiped at the table with a napkin. The whole time, she gave George the chance to look down her dress.  
  
He took advantage of the opportunity. He saw round breasts held in place by a demi-cup bra. There was so much tanned flesh he was pretty sure she sunbathed topless. Perhaps, totally in the nude.  
  
She gave him ample time to inspect her goods. Then, she crooked her neck, smiled, and asked, "See anything you like?"  
  
George's face went red. He was too flustered to answer. Babs straightened up, came around the table, sat beside him, and said, "We're too old to be cute and play coy. We don't have the time. I like you and I think you like me. Am I right?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Then, let's cut the bullshit."  
  
She leaned in for a kiss. He kissed her back. They embraced each other and traded spit.  
  
Babs pulled back and said, "You're a good kisser. Am I a good enough kisser to be asked out on a date? Dinner? Friday?"  
  
"Yes," George said. "Let's do dinner."  
  
She leaned in again. Her hand pressed on his groin. She smiled when she felt his big, hard dick. "Great." She squeezed his cock so there'd be no doubt that the placement of her hand was an accident.

She added, "We'll do dinner and maybe more."  
  
The kids came into the room. Soon, everyone was saying their goodbyes.  
  
On the drive home, Marcie asked, "So you really like my hair?"  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
She giggled and asked, "What do you think about Babs?"  
  
"A very nice woman. One hell of a stylist."  
  
"And? Anything else?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Dad, she's nice. She's pretty. And she likes you. I wouldn't think badly of you if you dated her or some other woman. Moms' been gone a long time. She'd want you to be happy."  
  
"Thank you, sweetheart. We have a dinner date this Friday."  
  
"Good," Marcie said. "Don't worry about any curfew."  
  
George laughed.  
  
^^^  
  
When they got home, they undressed. George got two towels. He spread them out on the sofa. They sat naked on the sofa and watched television.  
  
After a while, Marcie got up and took a cool bath with some baking soda. She came back to the family room carrying a towel and a bottle of lotion.  
  
"Can you do my back?" she asked.  
  
"Sure."  
  
She placed the towel on the sofa and lay on it. George took the lotion and applied it to her back and legs.  
  
When he was done, he sat on the floor and they watched a cable show.  
  
A central aspect of the story was 'townies' vs. 'hippies'. The hippies lived in a commune where their lives revolved around peace, love, sex, drugs, and rock 'n roll. At a glance, you knew which camp a person was in. The uptight 'townies' dressed in preppy outfits. The hippies were in cool, colorful clothes and all their women went braless.  
  
After the lotion had soaked into Marcie's skin, she changed position. She sat cross-legged on the sofa. Her vagina gaped. She said to her dad, "There's room for you up here." She patted the seat beside her.  
  
"Thanks," George said. He sat on the sofa.  
  
The show continued. It was entertaining. The counterculture, braless chicks were attractive and sexy. All of them.  
  
If they had big breasts, the boobs bounced provocatively. If they had small breasts, the costume designers put them in silk or satin tops so you could see the boobs shimmy and quiver. Those that were flat-chested, were blessed with over-sized nipples that threatened to bore through their shirts and formed pokeys so large that they could not be ignored.  
  
George began to get an erection watching all the braless pretty young things. Their breasts were covered, but not hidden.  
  
When it was flaccid, his penis slumped forward and to the left. As he got hard, it thickened and lengthed and became firmer. His dick stretched and lifted.  
  
Out of the corner of her eye, Marcie detected motion. She looked toward the movement. Her eyes focused on her father's dick. She watched as it filled with blood and became thick and stiff. It lifted itself and the tip fell against his belly.  
  
"Cool," Marcie said.  
  
^^^minutes ago^^^  
  
George felt his dick growing. For a split second, he contemplated walking out of the room, but then he thought, "The poor thing has been naked for days. I've seen her breasts, pussy, and hard nipples. We've discussed how there is nothing wrong with a naked body. It would be weird to say thirty seconds ago it was okay for you to see me naked, but not now."  
  
He gritted his teeth, kept his eyes on the television, and didn't make a big deal about his cock getting hard.  
  
^^^back to the present^^^  
  
"That's so cool how that happens," Marcie said staring as her father's dick. "May I?" She lifted a hand.  
  
"May you what?" George said with some trepidation.  
  
The tone of his voice caused her to giggle. She said, "I'm not going to ask you if I can try it out. May I touch it?"  
  
"Okay."  
  
She touched him, squeezed it, and inspected the crown and sides. She said, "You have a great dick. The biggest I've seen. Thanks for letting me see it."  
  
She let go of his penis and looked him in the eyes. She said, "This show is titillating. I'm not surprised you had a physical response. When James pinned Jessica up against the door and kissed her forcefully my vag got a little wet.  
  
She kicked her legs out and sat normally on the sofa. She leaned into him, intertwined her arm with his, and put her head against his shoulder. She said, "We're human. Our bodies react to stimuli. We have nothing to be ashamed of. Being with you now reminds me of that."  
  
She snuggled up against him. Her big, left breast pressed against his bicep. She said, "Mom taught me that lesson years ago. One day I asked her why she hung her stained period panties in the bathroom where you and I could see them. She answered, 'Because I washed them and they need to dry.' I said, 'But you're announcing you're on your period!'  
  
"She grabbed me by shoulders, got up in my face, and said, 'Don't ever be embarrassed because of your period. Everyone knows women bleed every month. It's the way God made us and it gives us the ability to have children. It's nothing to be ashamed of and that's why I don't hide my blood-stained panties.'"  
  
George chuckled and said, "Your mother was a strong woman." He chuckled and added, "Have I ever told you, you remind me of her? Standing up for yourself and other women with your bracott would have made her proud."  
  
The sat together and watched the show. George's erection faded away.  
  
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Thursday morning, George sat on his daughter's bed. He woke her and said, "Good morning. I'm off to work."  
  
She yawned, sat up, and stretched. The sheet slid off her body and exposed her erect nipples and nice breasts.  
  
"Good luck with your TV interview," George said. He looked his daughter in the eye.  
  
"Thanks. Have a good day at work."  
  
George went to work. Marcie got ready for school. It was a breeze because she didn't have to deal with her long hair. She followed the tips Babs gave her and quickly recreated the short, fun doo.  
  
She went to school again without her bra. Banners and signs of support for the 'Braless Warrior' and 'No Bra, No Problem' were everywhere. More classmates were supporting the bracott. They numbered nearly 300.  
  
Everyone gushed over her new hairstyle. Some of the boys that previously hadn't noticed her, said hello and engaged her in conversation.  
  
Marcie wondered if her transformation from invisible to visible was because of the new hairstyle or the protest. She smiled and was proud that she'd stood up for herself and all women.  
  
After school, she met up with the pretty, young television reporter named Ella Jane. Her crew had set up their equipment across the street from the school in a park. The reporter said the school would make a good background.  
  
Marcie recognized Ella. She'd seen her many times on TV. She walked up to her and said, "Hello. I'm Marcie Amazon."  
  
"Hello," Ella said. She flashed her signature bright smiled. She added, "You look great. I love your hair. Listened, there's nothing to be worried about. This will be nice and easy. Just two girlfriends having a conversation."  
  
"Good. You look great too."  
  
Ella laughed and said, "I should. I have a hair and makeup team." Her eyes dropped to Marcie's chest. She could see nipples gently denting the cotton shirt. She asked, "Are you braless now?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you mind if I tell the viewers?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Great. Thanks." She looked at her cameraman and said, "Are you ready?" He gave her a thumbs up. Ella turned to Marcie and said, "I'll ask you some questions. Okay?"  
  
Marcie nodded.  
  
Ella looked at the camera and smiled. She had an amazing smile and super white teeth. She said, "Good day, Florida. With me today is Marcie, the Braless Warrior. Marcie, I understand you're an eighteen-year-old senior at River High School."  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Please tell us how you got your nickname."  
  
"Last weekend, I went with my church youth group to a water park. I ended up getting a terrible sunburn. I couldn't wear a bra. My shoulders and back were too tender. So I wore the shirt you see today. I picked it because it provides me with full coverage. It has long sleeves and a high neck. And it's an opaque dark gray."  
  
Ella said, "I don't understand. We heard that a braless young woman was causing a major distraction at your school. So much so, it was interfering with the teachers and students' ability to do school work."  
  
"That is what I was accused of. Ella, I mentioned this is the shirt I wore. I am also not wearing a bra today. In your opinion, am I a distraction?"  
  
"No. You strike me as a level headed, young woman and you are dressed modestly."  
  
While Ella was talking, she gestured to her cameraman and had him give their audience a close-up view of Marcie's T-shirt clad braless chest. Then she had him focus on her face.  
  
The news reported adopted a very concerned look and asked, "What happened to you on Monday?"  
  
"I was called out of class and told to report to the dean of students. She asked if I was wearing a bra."  
  
"That had to be embarrassing."  
  
"It was. She told me she had a complaint from a male teacher and a report that I was distracting the boys and interfering with their ability to learn. All I was doing was attending classes, taking notes, and participating in classroom discussions. Like every school day."  
  
"Your behavior seems to be what we'd expect from a student. I understand the boys were pointing at you, talking and laughing. You'd think they'd be the ones called to the office. Whatever happened to personal responsibility?"  
  
"Yes. You'd think the behavior of the boys would be the issue. Not what I was or wasn't wearing. My school basically told me that the boys' education is far more important than mine and I should be ashamed of my body."  
  
"Did the school do anything else that you found humiliated?"  
  
"Yes. After the Dean said I was a distraction. She told me to put on a second shirt to see if that would restrain my breasts. She had me march around her office to see how it worked.'  
  
"Really!" Elle said. Her voice and eyebrows shot up.  
  
"Yes. Ms. Velazquez wasn't happy with the results so she sent me to the nurse's office and told me to get four Band-Aids and 'X' out my nipples."  
  
"Oh. You poor dear. I can't believe the school would treat you like that."  
  
"I felt completely sexualized. I was so embarrassed. I cried."  
  
"I can understand your reaction, Marcie. How did the school justify their actions? Does the dress code require you to wear a bra?"  
  
"No. Undergarments are not addressed by the code in any way. The code doesn't allow a girl to wear a short skirt, have a bare midriff, or expose her cleavage. I did none of those things. Their policy seems to be because I have breasts, every day I'm a potential distraction. No boy has ever been body shamed and told to keep his equipment under control.  
  
"What they did to me is unfair. They sexualized my body and body shamed me. That's why me and the other girls at school are having a 'bracott'. Hundreds of my fellow students are supporting me. Many girls are going braless and clipping a bra to their backpacks. Boys are participating too. Some are placing Band-Aids on their shirts over their nipples."  
  
"How can the public help?"  
  
"They can like us on Facebook. We have a page called, "No bra, No problem". And they can call or write the school and the school board and get them to change this policy. We must address the argument that boys can't control themselves. That girls are, by our nature, provocative and we must be controlled. I believe it is everyone's job to control themselves and behave appropriately.  
  
"Other school districts have included in their dress code a clause that reads: 'All students and staff should understand that they are responsible for their behavior and for managing their own personal 'distractions' without regulating an other students' clothing or self-expression.'  
  
"That seems very reasonable, Marcie."  
  
Ella spied a good-looking young man nearby who was watching the interview. She was always looking for opportunities to build her 'reel', the tape she sent to large markets to impress them and get them to hire her and pay her ridiculous money. She saw this as a chance to be spontaneous and conduct a 'man on the street' interview.  
  
If this didn't work out the film would be cut in the editing room. She waved to the brown-haired teenager, got his attention, and said, "Excuse me. What do you think about how Marcie's been treated?"  
  
The very fit, stocky guy began to speak. Ella interrupted him and said, "Would you mind coming over here? You're off camera and too far away from the microphone for our audience to hear you."  
  
The young man walked toward them. Ella had him stand on her left. Marcie was on her right. This was how Ella pictured the world. She was at the center of everything. She bestowed a radiant smile on her new guest and asked. "What's your name?  
  
"Brian Kilpatrick," the green-eyed man said.  
  
"Do you know Marcie?"  
  
"Not officially. I go to River High and I've seen her in school."  
  
Ella turned to Marcie and said, "Marcie, this is Brian." She turned to the boy and said, "Brian, this is Marcie."  
  
The teenagers blushed and shook hands. Ella loved their innocence faces and bright, green eyes. She said, "Brian, what do you think about the way Marcie's been treated?"  
  
"I'm appalled. This is an important issue. It's about the respect we all owe each other. My mom has been sexually harassed. She's had to change jobs because men objectified, pursued, and constantly propositioned her. Women shouldn't have to put up with bad behavior from men. They shouldn't have to choose their outfits being concerned whether some man may deem it provocative or distracting."  
  
Ella smiled. She loved the fire in his voice and the personal experience with the issue that he brought to the story. This interview was going great.  
  
She smiled at Brian and said, "Thank you for your remarks. I'm sure all of Florida feels the same way."  
  
She signaled her guys that she was wrapping up the interview. They knew she wanted the camera focused on her and they came in for her close-up. Ella said,  
  
"School officials have said that while high school personnel could have handled the situation with more sensitivity, they were just trying to enforce the district's dress code. The Superintendent's Office has issued a statement that said, 'It is undisputed that this matter should have been handled differently at the school level and corrective measures have been taken to prevent a recurrence in the way this matter was addressed."  
  
Ella paused and then looked into the camera with her most serious face and said, "I have one thing to say to all the school officials involved with or who have commented on this situation. Bollocks!  
  
"Nipples and breasts are a natural part of every person's body, but they have only been deemed inappropriate for women. We need to end the body shaming and sexualization of women. I call on all our elected officials to stop criminalizing women for being women."  
  
Ella stood still for a moment, looking disgusted at the school's actions. Then the light on the camera went off. Ella's expression changed. She turned to Marcie and said, "You were great and what you're doing is important. I know when the mothers and fathers of school-age daughters see this, they will demand change."  
  
She turned to Brian and said, "What a pleasure to meet such a thoughtful young man."  
  
She said to both of them. "Thanks for giving me this interview. I've got to rush back to the station and edit this. We'll have it on the six p.m. and eleven o'clock news tonight."  
  
Ella gave them another fabulous smiled and hurried off, leaving Marcie and Brian standing there.  
  
He said, "Wow. She got out of here quickly."  
  
"Yes," Marcie said. "I'm sorry about your mother and how she was treated."  
  
"Thanks," he answered. "I'm sorry about how you were treated. I can't believe the Dean had you walk in front of her and told you to put Band-Aids on your . . ." He blushed and became too embarrassed to finish his sentence."  
  
"Yeah. I was so embarrassed. I expected it to be another normal school day and all of a sudden it was all about bouncing breasts and erect nipples."  
  
"You're having an impact. You're going to make sure some other girl doesn't have to put up with that kind of crap."  
  
The high schooler giggled and said, "I hope you're right."  
  
Brian looked into her green eyes and said, "You want to get a soda?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
It was Marcie's turn to break out a big, beautiful smile. She walked off with the handsome young man.  
  
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They walked through the park and talked heading North. Stores were located opposite that side of the park. They crested a hill and encounter three young women sitting in the sun. There was a blanket on the ground, food, and water bottles. One of them was feeding a friendly duck. It looked like a normal picnic.  
  
What made this picnic different was that the young women were topless and a small crowd had gathered around them.  
  
A police officer stood off to the side. He was explaining to an old man,  
  
"Sir, I understand you are upset. Perhaps you should remove yourself from this location These young women are not breaking the law. Public nudity is not illegal in this state as long as they do not engage in lewd behavior or have sex. These young women are sitting quietly and peacefully engaging people in a conversation. They are not being violent or threatening anyone."  
  
"Oh, for goodness sake," the old man cried out. He flung up his arms in disgust and marched off.  
  
Brian and Marcie heard a young woman with tattoos say to a young man who was ogling her bare breasts, "This is a picnic to normalize the human body. We are advocating for gender equality."  
  
Her equally bold and topless friend, the blond who had shaved half her head, said, "We are supporting Marcie, the Braless Warrior. The high school girl who was pulled out of class and humiliated for not wearing a bra. We are calling for the normalization and the anti-objectification of women's bodies."  
  
The third picnicker, a big breasted redhead who was feeding the duck said, "This is a peaceful gathering aimed at raising awareness about the double standard that applies to male and female nipples in pop culture and on social media."  
  
The three average looking, topless women had no signs with political messages. No loudspeakers. There was a bubble blowing machine and a hungry duck who snapped up food crumbs.  
  
Marcie grabbed Brian's hand and ran over to the girls. She said, "I'm Marcie. I was the girl pulled out of class for not wearing a bra. Thank you for supporting me."  
  
The three topless women stood and went to her. The blond said, "I'm Kelley." She pointed to the redhead and said, "This is Rose." Next, she pointed to the one with lots of tattoos and said, "This is Sierra. We are so glad to meet you.  
  
Kelley began to jump up and down. Her friends and even, Marcie, were caught up in the moment. The four of them jumped up and down. Their braless tits bounced and jiggled.  
  
The girls calmed down. Sierra said, "We wanted to show the people in our town that your body, our bodies, all women's bodies are not something to be ashamed of."  
  
"I wholeheartedly agree," Marcie said.  
  
"Breasts are not sexual organs, " Rose said sincerely. "They are for feeding babies."  
  
"Yes. Their purpose is to feed our children. Not to give men a thrill," Marcie said.  
  
"Absolutely!" Sierra said. "Join us and help us change the world."  
  
"Okay," Marcie said. She pulled her gray tee shirt over her head and bared her breasts to the sun, the crowd, her sisters in arms, and to Brian. She smiled at her fellow activists.  
  
She looked at Brian and asked, "Can I get a raincheck on that soda?"  
  
He checked out her bouncing boobies. Then, pulled his shirt off and said, "Yes, but you owe me a real date. Now, let's change a few minds."  
  
He was a co-captain of the school's wrestling team. His body was chiseled. The women smiled appreciatively at his physique.

After an hour of topless protest with her new friends, Marcie said, "I have to go."  
  
Sierra, Rose, and Kelley gave her boob-to-boob hugs goodbye. She also hugged Brian. He held her tightly. Her soft breasts flatten against his hard chest. She felt his hard cock pressing against her belly.  
  
He said, "I like you and look forward to getting to know you better."  
  
She smiled and said, "Likewise. I feel a giant rod pressing against my body. I'm taking that it's an expression of true affection and that you haven't been turned on by objectifying my boobs and those of my new friends."  
  
He ground his cock against her, smiled, and said, "You're correct. Didn't I mention I like you?"  
  
He kissed her on the lips. She kissed him back and rubbed her belly on his erection. They traded phone numbers and made a date to go out this Friday.  
  
She and Brian got dressed and went their separate ways.  
  
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Marcie got home, got undressed, and started on dinner. When her father came home, he found her naked in the kitchen chopping vegetables.  
  
"Hey, sweetheart," he called out. "That smells good. What's for dinner?"  
  
"You're smelling the beef stroganoff in the oven."  
  
"My favorite!"  
  
"I know. Go get undressed for dinner." She laughed and said, "That has a funny ring to it. I'm cutting up a few more things for the salad. Dinner will be ready soon."  
  
George laughed, went to his room, and stripped. He returned as she was plating the food. Marcie said, "Can you put the news on? Channel 2."  
  
George did as she requested. "Since when have you been interested in the news."  
  
"Today," she answered cryptically.  
  
They sat and had a relaxing, naked dinner. Midway through their meal, Marcie perked up. Her face became as pink as her nipples.  
  
Ella Jane was on TV and she did her story about 'The Braless Warrior'.  
  
George looked up at the television and listened with interest. He saw his daughter and called out, "Hey! You're on TV!"  
  
"That was my surprise. It was kind of cool."  
  
They both watched the piece. George looked at her and said, "Well Done. I'm proud of you."  
  
"Thank you."  
  
"Who's the guy next to you. He's a good-looking, well spoken kid."  
  
"That's my date for Friday night."  
  
"Good for you," he said with genuine good cheer. He stuttered a bit, "Er. Er. I have a date for Friday night too. Babs and I are going to dinner."  
  
"Maybe we could make it a double date." She looked at him expectantly. She held her poker face long enough to unnerve him. Then, she broke up, laughed, and said, "Just kidding."  
  
A look of relief came over George.  
  
Marcie said, "I have more news. I was topless in the park today."  
  
"Really!"  
  
"Yes. I was walking in the park with the boy you saw on TV. His name's Brian Kilpatrick. He's a senior at my high school. We stumbled upon a group of girls protesting what happened to me.  
  
"Actually, it wasn't a protest. They were having a picnic. They were topless to make a statement about the double standard society has about men and women nipples. Men can go shirtless and no one cares. If a woman bares her breasts everyone acts like it's the worst thing ever.  
  
"They were calling people out on this and asking to normalize and de-objectify women's bodies."  
  
"I see," George said.  
  
Marcie said, "I totally support their cause. My 'Bracott' has the same goal. To stop body shaming women. I was glad to join in. Is it weird that not only did I feel I was doing the right thing, but I enjoyed being topless? It was a sunny day. I was with three women who also were baring their breasts and a crowd of people were watching and talking with us."  
  
She looked her father in the eye and said, "I felt empowered and I also enjoyed being topless in public. I got a thrill that people saw me half naked."  
  
"Sounds like you are an exhibitionist."  
  
"Yes. I guess I am."  
  
They finished dinner. George said, "That was great. I'll do the dishes. You go relax in the bath."  
  
"Thanks," she said and stood.  
  
George stood too. He saw some stubble of hair on her pussy lips, inner thighs, and on her mound. His eyes swept up and he saw her full, round breasts, and proud pink nipples.  
  
She saw a soft, thick, hunk of meat hanging between his legs. She said, "I think I'll go with the oatmeal this time." She grabbed the cylindrical container with the picture of the guy with white hair and a black hat and headed to the bathroom.  
  
She stayed in her bedroom that night doing homework and telling Jayme about the tv interview, the topless picnic, her kiss with Brian, and their date tomorrow night.  
  
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Friday morning George dressed, had breakfast, and stopped by his daughter's room. She was asleep. She was laying on her stomach. The sheet was a jumble. Her feet and shoulders were covered, but her butt wasn't.  
  
George smiled and looked at her cute, pale white ass. Her legs were splayed and he could see her pussy. He tugged on the sheet and covered her behind. She woke.  
  
He said, "Morning. I'm off to work. Have a good day at school. Are you wearing a bra today?"  
  
Marcie rolled over and sat up. She bared her breasts to her father and said, "In the immortal words of the Thermians from the movie "Galaxy Quest", 'Never give up, never surrender!'"  
  
She giggled and her breasts jiggled.  
  
George suddenly adopted a serious look and he said, "By Granthar's Hammer, by the Sons of Warvan, I am with you."  
  
They both laughed. George said, "That's a silly movie, but I enjoyed it thoroughly." He kissed her on the forehead and said, "See you later."  
  
He left. Marcie got up and got ready for school. Instead of putting on a bra, she pinned one to her backpack.  
  
The school day passed excruciatingly slow for Marcie. As work did for her father. Both were looking forward to their dates. They rushed home to get ready.  
  
The two of them showed up naked in the hall outside the bathroom. George said, "I need to take a shower."  
  
Marcie said, "Me too, and I need to shave my legs and pussy."  
  
"How about we share a shower?" George said. "Then, I'll leave and you can have the bathroom to yourself while you shave."  
  
"Deal."  
  
They went into the bathroom. George adjusted the water and climbed in. Before he had a chance to get his body wet, Marcie climbed in. She stood in front of him.  
  
"Hey! You're hogging all the water," he said good-naturedly."  
  
"Just a second, let me get my hair wet. I'll step aside and shampoo it and you can wash."  
  
She thoroughly soaked her hair and then turned sideways and said, "The water is yours."  
  
He turned sideways and moved forward while she slid to the back. It was cramped with two people in the tub. His dick brushed against her belly. Her nipples dragged across his torso.  
  
He wet his body. She grabbed her shampoo bottle. It slipped out of her hand and slid to the front of the tub.  
  
"Can I have a little help?" she asked. "I dropped the shampoo."  
  
He picked it up, turned to face her, and said, "I'll help you." He squeezed out some shampoo and massaged it into her short hair.  
  
She turned around so he could reach all her hair. "Mmmm," she moaned. "That feels good."  
  
He worked his fingers into her thin hair and massaged her scalp. His dick brushed up against her ass. He said, "I used to do this to your mother."  
  
"Which part?" Washing her hair or bumping your dick into her bottom?" She giggled.  
  
"Very funny. Do you want me to stop?"  
  
"No." She giggled again and pushed her butt out until she felt his cock.  
  
He pulled back, swatted her butt, and said playfully, "I know you're not evil so I'll put that unseemly behavior down to being horny. I hope you get some tonight and I get my well-behaved daughter back."  
  
She turned to face him and said, "You can stop now. My hair is so thin, there isn't much to wash. Thanks for the shampoo."  
  
She tapped his engorged dick and said, "I hope you and Babs get along. Maybe you can get some too."  
  
"That would be nice. It's been a while," he admitted.  
  
She pushed passed him and rinsed her hair. She stepped back and put the conditioner in her hair. She said, "I have to leave this in for three minutes. The water is all yours."  
  
"Thanks." George stepped into the spray and washed. He was bald so he didn't have to worry about spending time doing a hair care routine. He ran the bar of soap around his body, put the bar in the soap dish, and rinsed off. He made to leave the shower.  
  
"Hey," Marcie called out. She grabbed his shoulder and stopped him. "Jeez! That took less than a minute. Get back in here!"  
  
She picked up the soap and gently rubbed it on his balls, dick, and crotch area until she had built up a nice lather. She said, "Females have a better-developed sense of smell than males. Believe me, having a funky smelling groan is going to hurt your chances of getting any love tonight. You need to do a better job."  
  
She took her time. She wasn't embarrassed when her father became erect. He stood there chastised and let her do a thorough job. He was like the boy told to wash his hands who didn't do a good job and his mother took him back to the sink and washed his hands for him.  
  
She grabbed his shaft and wash it and the head of his dick as well.  
  
She said, "There's nothing worse than giving oral sex to a smelly guy. There. Sorry if I embarrassed you, but you'll thank me later."  
  
George smiled, hugged her, and kissed her cheek. His big, hard cock pressed against her abdomen. He said, "I'll thank you now. I appreciate your help. It's been years since I've been on a date. I'm rusty."  
  
He pulled back. Their bodies were still touching. He said, "I have no tips for you. You're gorgeous. Brian is lucky to be spending time with you. I hope you two hit it off. There's no curfew tonight."  
  
She broke out into a big smile and said, "You're the best."  
  
George exited the shower, dried his body, and went to his room. Marcie rinsed the conditioner from her hair, washed her body, and got busy with the razor. She hit everything: her underarms, legs, pussy, and around her asshole.  
  
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George was so excited that he knocked on Babs' door ten minutes early. He apologized when she answered the door in her robe. A cigarette with an inch of ash hung from her lips.  
  
He said, "I'm sorry. Ah. The traffic was lighter than I expected. I've been waiting in the car for thirty minutes. I took the chance that you might be ready."  
  
She took her cigarette out of her mouth. Then, laughed, and said, "When have you ever known a woman to be ready on time, much less early? Come in and have a drink."  
  
He followed her into the kitchen room. She opened a cabinet and grabbed a bottle and two glasses. She asked, "Is Scotch okay?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
She poured two Scotches. Neat. She handed one to him. She raised her glass and said, "Here's to new beginnings."  
  
"New beginnings."  
  
They clinked glasses. She downed hers. He sipped his. She took a long drag on her cigarette and ground it out in an ashtray full of butts with lipstick on the filters.  
  
She said, "You seem a little nervous."  
  
"I haven't been on a date in years."  
  
"I understand," Babs said. "This may help calm you. Here's how the evening is going to go. We'll have dinner and drinks. Then, you're taking me to your place for two reasons. One, Timmy will be here later. And two, I need to see how you live. If it's a pigsty, a broken down shack, a mobile home, you live with your mother, or other unacceptable things, the night is over."  
  
She gave him a stern look.  
  
"That's not the case," George said defensively.  
  
"Good, if you are an entertaining dinner date and you don't live in squalor, then we're going to fuck."  
  
"Oh."  
  
"As I said the night we met, George we're too old to do the full courting dance. Let's find out tonight if we like each other and are compatible. If we aren't, no hard feelings. We'll move on."  
  
"That makes sense," George commented.  
  
Babs untied her robe and let it drop to the floor. She was naked underneath. She paused, smiled, and let him have a good look at her. She had a full body tan. The thirty-six-year-old woman had a good figure: nice tits, a narrow waist, and wide, womanly hips. She had a full bush. It was the same platinum color as her hair.  
  
George carefully studied her body. She said, "If you're one of those men who expect a hairless cunt, I'm not your girl. By my way of thinking, women should have pubic hair. If it's a deal killer, say so now."  
  
"No. It's not a problem. I like what you did. The color."  
  
"Thanks. Take your pants off," Babs ordered.  
  
He chuckled and said, "Time to examine me? To see if I'm a one-inch wonder?" He unbuckled his belt and unsnapped his pants.  
  
Babs laughed and said, "No, I'm not checking the size of your dick. I did that the other day. Don't you remember me grabbing your cock?"  
  
"Yes." He unzipped his pants. Then, he pulled them and his underwear down. His fat dick tumbled out.  
  
"Lovely," Babs said. She got down on her knees. She fondled his unit. It grew in her hands. She looked up and said in a kind tone, "George, I'm going to give you a blowjob. It's your reward for putting up with my questions and demands.  
  
"Also, we are going to screw. I know you haven't been with a woman recently. In my experience that often means a man won't last very long. I don't want you to worry about having a quick trigger when we fuck so let's get that first orgasm out of the way now."  
  
She took his dick into her mouth and bobbed slowly up and down.  
  
"Ohh," George moaned. Her mouth was warm. Her tongue was active. He enjoyed her efforts and was happy that she could handle a dick his size.  
  
She pulled off, smiled at him, and said, "That's a big dick. Even a woman of my skills can barely accommodate it." She stroked his thick cock and said, "Thanks for washing it well."  
  
"My daughter helped."  
  
Babs gave him a strange look.  
  
George said quickly, "Obviously, she didn't wash me." He laughed nervously. "She told me to do a thorough job."  
  
"I'll have to thank her," Babs said. She grabbed his dick, looked him in the eye, and said, "I'm going to suck your dick until it explodes in my mouth and I will swallow every drop of cum."  
  
She got busy and gave him excellent head.  
  
George roared, "Ohhhhh."  
  
He shot off. She smiled victoriously. She caught and swallowed his thick jism.  
  
He collapsed into a kitchen chair. She stood, left the room, and finished getting ready to go out. George recovered and got dressed.  
  
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Brian rang the doorbell. Marcie had been ready for fifteen minutes. She was sitting in the living room. She popped off the sofa and answered the door.  
  
"Hi," she said.  
  
"Wow!" Brian said.  
  
Marcie stood before him in a short red dress and very high, high heels. The dress had a sheer top. Under it, she had on a push-up, demi-cup bra that only covered half her boobs. The bra pushed her breasts up and toward the center to display more cleavage. She had a lot of cleavage.  
  
"You have a bra on," Brian said.  
  
"Yes. I'm not some anti-man, women's libber who never wears a bra. I think women should be able to wear what they want. I decide. I think I look good in this outfit."  
  
"You look hot. And I agree. What you wear is your decision."  
  
The teenagers went out to dinner at a chain restaurant.  
  
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Babs came out in a short dress many women younger than she would be hesitant to wear. She had the legs to pull it off. She and George went to dinner. They had drinks, talked, flirted, and had a good meal.  
  
^^^  
  
After they finished dinner, Brian and Marcie went to a rave. They danced their asses off. It was amazing the moves Marcie pulled off in her five-inch heels.  
  
^^^  
  
George took Babs out to a nightclub after dinner. They danced, drank, and had a good time. Midway through the evening, Babs returned from the bathroom and handed George her panties.  
  
He instantly got an erection.  
  
^^^  
  
After partying and dancing for hours, the teens were covered with sweat. They sat at a table drinking bottled water and resting. Brian said, "Shall we go to The Point or do I need to get you home?"  
  
"I've no curfew tonight. Let's go to The Point."  
  
^^^  
  
Babs drained her drink, winked at George, and said, "Take me to your place."  
  
He quickly paid the bill, got her into the car, drove her to his house, and ushered her into his living room.  
  
She said, "I'm not a teenager. I don't make out on the sofa. Where the fuck is your bed?"  
  
"This way." George led her into his bedroom.  
  
She kicked off her heels and unzipped her dress. George got the hint and got undressed. Soon, they were naked, in bed together, and sucking face.  
  
^^^  
  
Brian drove them to The Point. Marcie slipped off her shoes while Brian opened the trunk and got out a cooler and a blanket. They walked past other coupled making out, found a secluded spot, spread out the blanket, and sat down.  
  
"Want a beer?" Brian asked.  
  
"No. I want a kiss."  
  
Brian smiled, closed the cooler, and took her in his arms. They kissed passionately. His hand found her breasts. She rubbed his erection through his pants.  
  
^^^  
  
George broke a kiss and slid down her body. He kissed and caressed her boobs. Babs closed her eyes, lay on her back, and sighed contentedly.  
  
"Ohh. Yes."  
  
George's mouth found a thick, dark nipple and sucked.  
  
^^^  
  
Brian broke a kiss and said, "Your top is so sheer and delicate, I'm afraid I might damage it. Maybe you should take it off."  
  
It was a sincere and reasonable request. Marcie got a mischievous look on her face and said, "I'll get naked, but I want you to get naked first."  
  
"Deal," Brian said with a smile. He stood and stripped. He showed her his fit body and a thick hard-on.  
  
"Nice," Marcie said. She stood and removed her dress.  
  
"Where's your underwear?" he asked as he stared at her shaved pussy.  
  
"I didn't wear any tonight. My undergarments are my choice. Remember?" she answered with a giggle.  
  
She reached behind her back, unsnapped her bra, and let it fall to the ground. She put her hands on her hips. She stood nude and proud in front of the boy she wanted to impress. It worked.  
  
"You are beautiful," Brian said.  
  
Marcie could hear the sense of awe in his voice. She smiled.  
  
Brian came to her. They embraced and kissed. They went to the ground. He got on top of her and they kissed more. His hands found her breasts. Soon his lips followed.  
  
"Mmmm." Marcie sighed as Brian took turns sucking on her pink nips.  
  
^^^  
  
George kissed her breasts and sucked on Babs long, hard nipples. He slid a hand down her body. He rubbed her belly and his fingers raked through her platinum pubes. He found her slit and dipped inside. Her pussy was as wet as a rainforest and as hot as a volcano.  
  
Babs moaned, "Oh!"  
  
He brought that finger to his mouth and savored her nectar. She watched him suck on his finger. She said, "You like that, huh?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Go down on me. Enjoy my honey pot."  
  
He did.  
  
^^^  
  
Brian enjoyed kissing and touching Marcie's firm breasts. He loved sucking on her rubbery nipples.  
  
"Oh. Oh," she cried.  
  
Brian snaked a hand down to her nether region. He found her clit and rubbed it.  
  
"OH! Oh, God! Oh, God!" she moaned.  
  
He stuck his finger in her vagina, swirled it about, and stuck it in his mouth. He groaned, "Mmmm."  
  
"You like my vaginal fluid?" she asked without any confidence.  
  
"No." He paused for effect and watched a look of concern spread over her face. Then, he broke out in a big smile and said, "I love it!"  
  
He shoved his face into her sopping, shaved pussy, and licked everything. He vacuumed up her juice.  
  
"Oh! Ohhh," Marcie moaned.  
  
^^^  
  
Babs pushed down on George's head. She held him against her sex. George rooted around licking and sucking. She flipped her hips against his face and cried out, "Atta boy. Eat my pussy! Oh. Yeah."  
  
^^^  
  
Marcie gripped the picnic blanket. She was breathing heavily. Her heart was racing. Her mind felt like it might explode. The pleasure she was experiencing was that intense.

"Fuck me!" she begged.  
  
Brian pulled his head out of her crotch. He slid up her body and kissed her with his messy lips. She tasted herself. It was acidic and musky. She didn't care. She sucked on his tongue until he slid his dick inside her. She twisted her neck so her head was free. She needed to scream.  
  
"Oh! Ohhhh!"  
  
"Oh. Oh!" Brian moaned. "Your pussy is so hot and so tight!"  
  
^^^  
  
Babs bruised George's lips when she lifted her hips off the bed and drove her pussy into his face.  
  
"Ah! Fuck!" she cried out as she spasmed and came. She held herself off the bed for five seconds, took a deep breath, released it, and slowly sank to the bed.  
  
She shouted, "Put it in. Put your cock in me!"  
  
George got up on his knees, grabbed his thick, hard cock, and fed it into her pussy.  
  
"Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh!" they both moaned.  
  
George wasn't overly concerned about hurting Babs. She was an adult and she'd had a baby, but still, he entered her slowly. This middle-aged woman was tight. He couldn't just shove his thick dick into her vagina.  
  
"Oh. Oh. Oh," they groaned as he forced his way inside her.  
  
"Your dick is huge," Babs said. "I love it."  
  
^^^  
  
Marcie yelled, "Your dick is so big! I love it." She rocked her hips into Brian. She craved his cock. She wanted it all. Inside her. Now!  
  
They rutted for a short while, but it was fierce. She came loudly on his cock.  
  
"Oh, God! Oh, God! Ohhhhh!"  
  
Her body spasmed. Her pussy pulsated. Her eyes rolled back in her head. She was lost in a world of bliss.  
  
Brian pounded her. He too came hard.  
  
"Ohh. Fuck!"  
  
He shot his load deep inside her.  
  
^^^  
  
George lay on top of Babs. He drove into her hard. She met every thrust with a forceful one of her own. They fucked like the horny, experienced lovers they were.  
  
They rode each other until they were sweating and groaning on every thrust. When Babs felt her orgasm was within reach, she changed the pace.  
  
She said, "Ohhh. Let's slow it down. Tease me."  
  
George wiped the sweat off his brow and matched her more relaxed pace.  
  
Babs smiled at him and said, "When I was young I'd bang away and grab my climaxes. Now, I like to linger in the pre-orgasmic state. I can feel it. It's there. Like a jungle cat pacing in a cage at the zoo. Waiting to get out."  
  
George sighed and said, "Thank God you blew me. I'd never have been able to hold back like this. You're tighter than a teenager."  
  
Babs flipped her hips into him. She caused him to go in deeper. She smiled and said, "Kegels. Momma does kegels all day long. I have strong muscles down there." She flexed.  
  
"Holy Shit!" George said as her pussy grabbed and throttled his dick.  
  
They fucked leisurely. George kissed her on the mouth. It evolved into a mutual, sloppy French kiss.  
  
"Ohhh," Babs moaned.  
  
^^^  
  
Brian and Marcie laid side-by-side in the moonlight. They basked in the pleasure of their climaxes. Marcie turned to him and asked, "So do you still like me?"  
  
"More than ever."  
  
"What do you like about me?"  
  
"Your green eyes. Your great body."  
  
He got up on his elbow and looked her in the eye and said, "What I like most about you is you have spunk. You spoke up after the Dean abused you. You stood up for yourself and all women. You are going to change the world. No longer will the issue be women distracting men. Men will be judged and held accountable for their words and actions."  
  
Marcie broke out in a big smile. She beamed at him.  
  
^^^  
  
Babs had been percolating for ten minutes. She said, "George, it's time. Put the pedal to the metal. Fucked the shit out of me and make me scream."  
  
George obliged.  
  
They sweated, groaned, screwed, and came.  
  
"Ohh. Yes. Ohh. Ohhhh!" Babs cried out.  
  
"Ahh. Oh. Oh. Ohhh!" George speared her pussy and filled her insides with his cum. He rolled off her. They closed their eyes. Babs was lost in bliss. George was happy and exhausted. And relieved that he'd lasted long enough to satisfy this beautiful woman he'd wanted to impress.  
  
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"That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me!" Marcie said. She sat up and put her mouth to his messy cock. She cleaned it and brought it back to life. Then, she climbed aboard and rode him to another glorious orgasm.  
  
Brian shot a second load into her. She collapsed on top of him. They dozed.  
  
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George went to sleep. Babs got out of bed, used the bathroom, returned, and crawled into bed beside him. She snuggled up against him and went to sleep.  
  
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Marcie woke at sunrise. The rays of the sun came over the horizon and hit her in the face. She squinted. Then, covered her eyes with her hand. She rolled over and saw Brian sleeping beside her. He was naked. She realized so was she and that they were outside at The Point.  
  
She sat up and said, "Oh, no."  
  
She shook her lover and said, "Brian, we fell asleep."  
  
"Huh? What?" Brian looked around. His mind got into gear. He said, "Are you going to be in trouble? My folks won't care. I'll tell them I crashed at a friend's house."  
  
"Probably," Marcie said.  
  
The teens got dressed and drove to Marcie's house. Brian said, "I'll come in and apologize to your dad. Maybe I can take the heat off you."  
  
"Thanks for offering. It's early. I'll sneak in and get into bed. Hopefully, my dad is asleep."  
  
"Okay."  
  
They kissed goodbye. Brian drove home. Marcie used her key to unlock the door and tiptoed inside. She continued walking quietly to her bedroom. She peeked inside her father's room. He was asleep on his back. Morning wood had arrived and he had a big erection. She saw Babs, also naked, sleeping beside him. Her hand rested on his cock.  
  
Marcie backtracked and went into the bathroom. She had to pee something fierce. She let loose a torrent. It was a long, noisy stream. She also pushed out Brian's two loads of spunk. She wiped, washed her hand, and returned to her bedroom.  
  
She glanced in her father's room. He was still asleep. Babs' eyes were wide open. She waved at Marcie and whispered, "Can you believe the size of this dick? I can't get enough."  
  
Babs got up on her knees. She showed her nude, all tan body and flashed her platinum blond bush at the young woman as she straddled George. She raised up, grabbed his erection, and guided it to her hole. She slowly shimmied down the large, hard cock.  
  
"Oh. Oh. Ohhhh," Babs moaned.  
  
George woke from the combination of Babs' moans and feeling her warm, wet cunt envelop his dick.  
  
"Ahhh," Babs groaned, "That hits the spot!"  
  
"Huh?" George croaked. He saw Babs naked and realized she was impaling herself on his cock. He smiled at her and said, "Hi, sexy. You're the best."  
  
Marcie rushed into her room and closed her door. She changed into her sleeping gear and got into bed. For the next fifteen minutes, she listened to them fuck. They both roared loudly announcing their climaxes.  
  
Marcie waited another fifteen minutes before leaving her room. She walked to the kitchen in her panties and a soft cotton tee-shirt covered by her robe. The adults were sitting at the kitchen table casually attired drinking coffee.  
  
"Morning, Marcie," her father called out when he saw here. He stood, turned away from her, closed his robe, and tied it.  
  
Babs was wearing one of George's button up dress shirts. It was unbuttoned. More than half of her breasts were exposed. Her hard nipples kept the shirts from closing. She smiled at Marcie and tugged at the edges of the shirt. She pulled the shirt closed and buttoned a few buttons. Her bottom slid easily on the kitchen chair because she was wearing shiny, slippery, satin panties.  
  
"Good morning, Dad. Good morning, Babs," Marcie said.  
  
She poured herself a cup of coffee and took a big sip. Then, she fixed a bowl of cereal and sat down.  
  
Babs asked, "Did you have a good time last night? Your father told me you had a date with a new guy." She gave her a friendly, genuine smile.  
  
"Yes!" Marcie said excitedly. She'd been wanting to talk to someone about Brian. Babs was nice and showed genuine interest so she spilled.  
  
George sat back and smiled as the women discussed every detail, every word uttered on Marcie's date. He was happy to see how excited his daughter was and to learn that her date had gone well.  
  
"So is this extensive, in-depth analysis typical of all dates?" George asked.  
  
Both women looked up at him as if he'd farted. Their stares knocked the smirk off his face. He was suitably chastised and shut up. They returned to analyzing the date while they cleaned up the kitchen and rinsed their dishes standing side-by-side at the sink.  
  
George was pleased that the two of them were getting along so well. He came up behind them, patted them each on the butt, and said, "I'm going to take a shower."  
  
His playful smack made everyone uncomfortable. The women's panties were soggy and he pushed the clammy fabric against their skin and it made a clunking sound reminiscent of a baby's wet diaper.  
  
"Ugh," Marcie groaned. She moved away from him.  
  
"Eww. Yuck!" Babs complained.  
  
"Sorry," George said reflexively though he didn't know what he'd done wrong.  
  
Babs gave him an 'Are you an idiot?' look and said, "What goes up must come down."  
  
George gave him a confused look.  
  
She explained, "What do you think happens to sperm? Every load you guys shoot into our vaginas eventually drains out. And it's not exactly a pleasant feeling to be wearing soggy panties and then, you go pushing it up against our skin."  
  
She gave him a 'Get a clue' look and said, "Marcie and I get the bathroom first."  
  
She turned to Marcie and said, "I got a load last night and one this morning. You?"  
  
Marcie smiled sheepishly and held up two fingers and said, "I got two last night."  
  
"And you came?"  
  
"Twice," Marcie announced with a big grin on her face.  
  
"Good for you!" Babs said. She held up her hands and the women high-fived.  
  
George had a shocked look on his face. He was speechless as he watched the women walk away. All he could think of was his daughter had had sex. He'd wished her well on her date. He'd hadn't expected her to have intercourse. Twice.  
  
The women stripped and hopped into the shower together. Both were attractive women with good, firm bodies. Babs was taller and her ass was bigger. Marcie had magical green eyes. Her younger nipples pointed above the horizon while Bab's older tits sagged a bit and her nipples had a downward tilt.  
  
They checked each other out and chatted while they washed. Each, nonchalantly, expressed as much sperm out of their vagina as they could and cleaned their cunts. They finished washing, turned off the water, and dried off.  
  
Marcie towel dried her hair and wrapped her body in it. Babs had long hair. She used two towels. One went around her head and she wrapped another around her body. They joined George in the living room.  
  
He stood as soon as they walked into the room. He said, "I'm a dunce. I want to apologize to both of you. Marcie, I love you and I'm pleased that your date went well. That he treated you nice and you enjoyed each other's company.  
  
"If you were one of my male co-workers who said he'd met someone and they had sex twice, I'd slap him on the back and congratulate him. If you were my son, I'd be proud and high-five you."  
  
He raised his hand and said, "It's wrong that because you're a girl, I'm viewing this differently." He smiled contritely. They slapped hands. He added, "Invite him over."  
  
George turned to Babs and said, "I like you. A lot. I apologize for the way I treated you. I was horrified that my daughter had had sex on the first date, yet I had sex with you on the first date. That is demeaning and hypocritical. The same actions should be viewed the same way."  
  
Babs nodded and said, "I accept your apology. It takes a big man to admit his mistakes." She came to him, goosed him, and added, "And you're a big man."  
  
"Oh!" George called out as she grabbed his privates. Babs laughed. George blushed and Marcie smiled.  
  
Babs turned to Marcie and said, "I understand I owe you a 'Thank you'. Your father told me you helped get him ready for our date."  
  
Marcie was initially speechless and they confessed, "Yes. I washed his dick. He'd done a half-assed job and I told him no woman enjoys sucking a smelly cock."  
  
"So you washed it for him? For me? Thank you. He was very clean," Babs said. She turned to George, raised an eyebrow, and gave him a questioning look.  
  
He babbled, "We only have one bathroom. We both needed to get ready for our big dates. We shared a shower. She thought my washing had been substandard and . . ." He stopped talking. His face was as red as a beet.  
  
Babs finished his sentence. "She grabbed your big dick and washed it for you."  
  
She smiled kindly at the two of them and said, "Thank you, Marcie. Guys don't seem to know how bad their dicks smell. George, It's okay. There's nothing wrong with family, helping family. I see you two are close. You have a great relationship. I know it's not sexual. So what if you've seen each other naked or shared a bathroom?"  
  
"Timmy and I are close too. We sunbathe naked together. Of course, our situation is slightly different. He's gay and not interested in women in any way. But I can relate. You love each other dearly. You'd do anything for each other."  
  
George nodded, released a big breath, and wiped some sweat off his forehead.  
  
Marcie said, "I've thought about sunbathing in the nude. I was topless in the park yesterday. It was fun. I like your tan. Where do you sunbathe naked?"  
  
"There's a club we go to," Babs said. "What are you doing today? Call up your hunky boyfriend. We can all go. They're having a party for National Nude Day."  
  
"What's National Nude Day?" Marcie asked.  
  
"It's a day to get together with family and friends and get naked. Some people think it's a cool thing to do on hot, sweaty days. Others do it because they believe the human body is most beautiful in its natural state."  
  
Babs pulled on her towel and let it drop to the floor. She showed off her all body tan and said, "Think of it as Arbor Day, but without the trees. Or Valentine's Day without pink hearts."  
  
"I've never heard of it," Marcie said with a giggle.  
  
"There are tons of national days. Some are serious like Memorial Day," Babs said. "Others are whimsical like 'National Bubble Bath Day' or 'Apricot Day'.  
  
Babs narrowed her eyes and looked into Marcie's green orbs and said, "Call your guy and invite him. It's a great excuse to get together again. Bring your friends. I have a cabin. We can make a day of it."  
  
"I will."  
  
^^^  
  
George and Babs arrived at the nudist club just after lunch. They went straight to her cabin. She opened the doors and windows to air the place out and tidy up.  
  
Brian, Marcie, Chas, and Jayme pulled up to the front gate. Brian was driving. He said, "We're guests of Babs. Sorry I don't know her last name."  
  
"No one does," the guard said good-naturedly. "She's Babs to everyone. She arrived a little while ago and told me to expect you. She's in her cabin. #13. Turn right. You can't miss it."  
  
Marcie leaned over and said to the shirtless fellow in the booth, "She said today was National Nude Day."  
  
The guard grinned and stood up. He was naked and showed the carload of teenagers his limp dick. He said, "Every day is a nude day here at Bare Mountain."  
  
The young people guffawed. Brian drove off. They quickly found Babs' cabin. Introductions were made and everyone began undressing.  
  
The green-eyed pair were nude first. Brian had a chiseled, athletic body. Marcie was short with great tits and a small, firm ass. Babs wasn't far behind. Her golden body glowed. Her ass and tits were in fine form, considering her age and that she was a mom. George's equipment drew stares. His big, soft cock caught people by surprise.  
  
Jayme was removing her clothes slowly. Marcie came up to her and said, "Are you okay? Have you changed your mind?"  
  
Chas was naked. His fat body was pink, soft, and saggy. He said, "We don't have to do this."  
  
Jayme unlatched her bra and defiantly threw it on the floor. She said, "I can do this. I want to do it." Her big, floppy tits rolled down her chest. She said, "I just lost my nerve for a second." She took a deep breath and pushed down her shorts and underwear. She stood nude before everyone. She bared her fat, flabby body.  
  
Babs came up to her. She was nude and gorgeous. Her body was fit, tanned and attractive. She put a hand on Jayme's chin and lifted her face so they were eye-to-eye.  
  
She said, "Honey, you are what you are. You will find this to be a very non-judgemental place. You will see every kind of body imaginable here. Skinny. Fat. Young. Old. Flat-chested and bodacious ta-tas like yours. Everyone here is kind. No one will make fun of you or stare. We share a bond of enjoying being naked and don't give a fuck what you look like."  
  
She pointed to Chas and said, "This guy is nice and he appears to like you. As a woman who's been around, let me tell you that makes you a lucky girl."  
  
Jayme smiled and said. "Thank you. I'm here because I want to be. Marcie showed me how a courageous woman behaves. She fought back when the school tried to shame her for having breasts. I'm here to own my body. I'm overweight. I'm jiggly, but this is me and I'm not letting the opinions of others make me hide."  
  
"Then, let's do this," Babs said.  
  
The group went outside. They were all naked except for flip-flops or sandals, sunglasses, sun hats, towels, and sunscreen. Babs showed them around. They walked around the pool.  
  
Marcie said, "The club has a great swimming pool."  
  
Chas said, "It's exactly as you said, Babs. Every body type is represented."  
  
Jayme said, "I like how everyone looks you in the eye and smiles or waves."  
  
They walked farther. Babs laughed and said, "A nudist resort would be incomplete without a volleyball court. We have croquet and horseshoes for those that don't want to work up a sweat."  
  
She led them over to a forested area and said, "If you like to hike, there are trails. There are tables to eat in the shade and if you're a true naturalist, you can swim in the lake instead of the pool." She pointed to the left.  
  
"Wow!" George said. "This place is something."  
  
"Yes. It is," Babs said. She turned to the group and said, "Don't take offense at this, but I don't want anyone to get into trouble. So let me go over the rules. This is a nudist club. Be respectful of others. No staring. No picture taking. Always carry a towel with you and sit on it."  
  
She looked around. Her guests were nodding.  
  
"Nudism is about enjoying being naked in the sun or in the pool. It is not an invitation to have sex anywhere and with anyone. A quick kiss is okay, but if you want to do anything more, go to the cabin. It is understood that men will have the occasional erection. Don't flaunt it. Hop in the pool. Roll over on your stomach. Or cover it with your towel."  
  
She smiled a wicked smile and added, "If it won't go away, I'll be glad to go to the cabin with any of you and take care of it."  
  
Marcie grabbed Brian's arm and pulled him to her. She said, "Keep your mitts off my guy. If a problem arises, I'll deal with it."  
  
Jayme said, "Yeah. Ditto." She pointed at George's large cock and said, "You might want to save your strength. If something wakes that monster, you're going to have your hands, mouth, and everything else full."  
  
George blushed. The others laughed.  
  
They had a delightful day playing in the sun. Many women came up to talk to Babs just to get a better look at George's cock. Most men aren't that large when soft.  
  
Timmy and a friend showed up. Timmy's skin had the same golden hue as his mother's. Unlike her, he had shaved everything down below. He had small balls and a nice, clean-looking dick. He and his friend were equally fit. They eyed George's junk enviously and then Timmy announced he and his friend were going for a walk in the woods

After hours in the sun, Babs announced, "This has been a great day. I need a little rest. George and I are headed to the cabin." As she said it, she winked at Marcie. The adults got out of the lounge chairs by the pool, gathered their towels, and walked toward the cabin.  
  
Jayme said in a sarcastic tone, "I bet they're going to the cabin to rest."  
  
The teenagers laughed.  
  
Jayme said, "I could use a little up and down therapy. How long do you think those oldsters can last?"  
  
"They had a fifteen-minute workout this morning," Marcie said and laughed nervously. "I heard them going at it and hid in my room."  
  
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When Babs shut the cabin door, she turned to George and said, "Pucker up."  
  
They embraced and kissed. He walked her up to the wall and pinned her against it. They kissed and groped and moaned and groaned.  
  
The cabin was a simple structure. There was the main room where they were necking. In the back, there was a small bathroom and one bedroom.  
  
Babs was panting and enjoying being manhandled. George pressed his body against her. He kissed her lips, neck, and ears. And he thrust his manhood against her belly.  
  
Babs' head lolled to the right and to the left. She moaned, "Ohh. Ohh."  
  
George continued to press his body into hers. His mouth found her breasts. One hand pulled and pinched a nipple while the other breast was sucked.  
  
"Oh! Oh," Babs moaned.  
  
This went on for twenty minutes. They teased each other with their extended foreplay.  
  
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Jayme stood. Her big ass and tits quivered. She said, "Let's head to the cabin. They're probably done by now. I want some loving."  
  
The others got up, grabbed their towels, and headed to the cabin.  
  
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George and Babs stumbled into the bedroom. George kicked at the door, but didn't close it completely. Babs sunk to her knees and sucked his cock causing him to forget about everything else.  
  
"Oh, Baby," he groaned. "That feels good."  
  
She did various things. She took him deep in her throat, stroked his dick, and sucked his balls much to his delight. Then, she flopped on the bed and splayed her legs. George didn't need to be a rocket scientist to know what she wanted. He dove between her legs. He licked and sucked on her sex.  
  
"Ohhhh. Yes! Eat my honey pot."  
  
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The young adults made it to the cabin. They climbed up on the front porch. Marcie peeked in the window and said, "I don't see them."  
  
"They must be in the bedroom," Brian said.  
  
The guys sat on the steps and the women sat in rocking chairs.  
  
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"Ohh. Ohhhh. Ohhhh!" Babs shouted loudly as she came. Her body went rigid and her legs locked around George's head.  
  
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"Oh my God," Jayme said. She raised her hand to cover her mouth and said, "I heard Babs scream. I bet she just climaxed."  
  
The young people grinned at the thought of the old folks getting off.  
  
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When Babs recovered, she said, "Darling, that was wonderful. Now I'm going to do something special for you. Lay down on your back."  
  
George got in the middle of the bed. Babs mounted him.  
  
"Ohhhhhh!" They cooed as his thick dick went into her wet vagina.  
  
She leaned down and kissed his sticky lips. She slowly moved up and down on his dick so her pussy could get acclimated to his large cock.  
  
"Ohh. Nice," she grunted as he bottomed out. Then, she spun around so her butt was in his face and her face was toward the bedroom door.  
  
She fucked him reverse cowgirl. She laughed and said, "I've been told I have a nice ass."  
  
"Ohhh. Mmmm," George groaned. "You have a great ass."  
  
"Glad you like it. Enjoy the view. I'll do all the work."  
  
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Jayme said, "I know they're done. Babs screamed five minutes ago."  
  
"They probably are in the bathroom," Chas said.  
  
"Shall we do rock, paper, scissors to see who gets the room next?" Brian said.  
  
"I'm so horny," Jayme said. "I can't wait."  
  
"I don't want to wait either," Marcie confessed. "Why don't we share the room?"  
  
"Works for me," Chas said.  
  
Brian nodded.  
  
Jayme grabbed Marcie's hand and said, "Let's check if they're done."  
  
The two young women opened the front door and crept into the main room. They made their way to the back. They peeked in the open bedroom door and saw Babs with her eyes closed facing them and fucking George.  
  
She moaned, "Oh. Ohh." She rose up and got on her feet straddling his hips. She plunged herself down quickly and forcefully on George's stout cock. Her big boobs shook and quaked with every downward thrust.  
  
The young women were mesmerized by the sight of sexy Babs squatting and bouncing up and down on George's thick cock.  
  
Jayme gasped.  
  
Babs heard the quick intake of air and opened her eyes. She saw the two women staring at her while she had sex with George. She smiled reassuringly and mouthed, "Watch this."  
  
She moved even faster. She was like a girl on a pogo stick bouncing up and down like crazy.  
  
"Ohhh. Ohhhh." George began to roar. He thrust up into her mightily and erupted.  
  
"Oh. Oh. Oh! Oh!" Babs cried out as she came. She was sent over the edge by her lover's spewing cock and the expressions of awe on the faces of her audience.  
  
The young women backed out of the room and hurried outside.  
  
"Is the room ours?" Chas asked.  
  
The women didn't immediately answer him. They were gobsmacked over what they had seen.  
  
"Can we use the room?" Brian asked.  
  
"In a few minutes," Marcie answered. "They're just finishing up."  
  
"Were they fucking?" Chas asked with a big grin on his face.  
  
The women nodded solemnly.  
  
Chas leaned down and looked through the window. After a few minutes, he saw movement. He said, "There's Babs going into the bathroom."  
  
Another minute passed and George stepped out of the bedroom. Chas said, "George is going into the kitchen and getting a drink of water."  
  
The others looked into the main room. They saw Babs came out of the bathroom, go to her beau, and give him a big kiss. She grabbed two beers from the frig and led George outside.  
  
He opened the door. Babs announced, "The bedroom's free. What do you do toss a coin? Heads, you get the bed. Tails, you have the sofa?" She laughed.  
  
"Bedrooms are scarce. Jayme and I are good friends," Marcie said. "We've learned to share."  
  
"Oh, that has advantages. I know some people who like to watch," Babs said casually. Her eyes bored holes in the eyes of the young women who had been voyeurs watching her screw George.  
  
The teenagers scurried into the cabin. Babs handed George a beer. She sat in a rocking chair, twisted off the top, and said, "I wonder if your daughter meant they share a room, a bed, or lovers."  
  
George blushed and took a long sip.  
  
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The teens went into the bedroom. Brian hugged Marcie. She was tense. He said, "Are you okay? You seem nervous."  
  
Chas put his hand on Jayme's left tit and said, "How about you? Your heart is beating a mile a minute."  
  
Marcie closed her eyes. Being in Brian's arms calmed her. She hugged him tight and enjoyed the feel of his erection. It was trapped between their bodies.  
  
Jayme hugged Chas and said, "Give me a moment. I wasn't expecting to see Babs and George having sex."  
  
Marcie said, "It was just p in the v."  
  
Brian said, "But it was your dad!"  
  
Marcie rubbed her tummy against Brian's hard-on and said, "Olds folks deserve to have some fun too."  
  
The couples moved to opposite sides of the bed and sat down. The men sat, kissed the women, and caressed them gently. Nature took its course.  
  
Tits were played with. Dicks were sucked. Cunts were eaten. Moans and the smell of weeping pussies filled the room. When she was ready, Marcie said, "I want to try something. Let me be on top."  
  
"Okay," Brian said with a warm smile.  
  
"Me too," Jayme said.  
  
"Sure," Chas responded.  
  
They women straddled their men like Babs had. Their feet were side-by-side and they lowered their hungry cunts onto the hard missiles below them.  
  
"Ohhh"! The women cried out as they were speared.  
  
"Ahhh." The men groaned.  
  
Marcie and Jayme squatted and fucked the guys reverse cowgirl. Their hands rested on the boys' knees to keep their balance. Their breasts hung down and bounced as they bounced. The guys held their soft asses supporting them as they bobbed up and down on hard dicks.  
  
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Babs finished her drink and said, "I need another drink. How about you?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
She stood and reached out her hand to his. George grasped it and hesitated, "Do you think we should wait a bit?"  
  
She laughed and said, "Can't you remember being their age? It was wham-bam. You were done in seconds. Have you ever had sex with another couple in the room?"  
  
He shook his head no.  
  
"It accelerates the process. More moaning and heavy breathing. You're peeking at the other couple. Believe me, your motor gets revved up and you blow your top quickly."  
  
"That makes sense," George said. He stood and the two of them went inside.  
  
Babs opened the fridge. She gave him a brew and got one more for herself. George turned to walk back to the porch. Babs grabbed his shoulder and tugged. She put a finger to her lips and went "Shhh."  
  
She winked at him and cocked her head toward the bedroom door. She took a step and dragged him along. They got to the door and Babs opened it slightly. She peered in, grinned, and whispered, "You have to see this."  
  
She moved away and pushed him forward. George looked inside and saw both women squatting over their guy and fucking them using the same technique he and Babs had utilized.  
  
The women's eyes were closed as they concentrated on the big dicks they were riding. He saw their shaved cunts claiming the hard dicks, their breasts bouncing, and the sweat on their faces and bodies. His daughter and her friend had hard nipples. He heard the squishy sound of penises being shoved into tight, wet vaginas.  
  
The men moaned. The women cooed with pleasure.  
  
Babs slid in beside George. She said, "It's a lovely sight."  
  
Marcie and Jayme heard her voice. Their eyes opened. They saw the adults.  
  
"Turnabout is fair play. Ride'm hard, girls," Babs encouraged them. She opened the door further, stepped into the room, and brought George with her.  
  
George and Marcie were close. Within arms' reach. They locked eyes. She continued to squat and ride Brian's steely dick. She looked scared. George smiled, nodded, and encouraged her, "It's okay. Enjoy yourself."  
  
As soon as he gave her permission, Marcie orgasmed and cried out, "Ohhhhhh!"  
  
She sat on Brian's cock. A feeling like a shooting star exploding raced through her body. Even her toes tingled.  
  
Brian grunted and painted her insides with cum.  
  
Babs reached over and grasped one of Marcie's taut nipples. She squeezed it. The young woman's mouth shot open in a silent scream and Marcie climaxed again.  
  
Jayme stared at the visitors. She continued to bounce on Chas's cock.  
  
Babs said, "Give the girl a hand, George. She needs a little nudge to get over the edge." She grabbed George's hands and brought them to Jayme's saggy breasts.  
  
"Twist her nipples. Hard," Babs said,  
  
George grasped her downward dog nips, crushed, and twisted them.  
  
Instantly, Jayme orgasmed.  
  
"Ouch! Oh! Ohhh!!"  
  
Her cries of pleasure and pulsating womb got her partner off. Chas jabbed his stout rod into her and shot his load.  
  
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George and Babs went out to the porch. Babs said, "That was beautiful. Girls are different from boys. We don't cum every time we have sex. They needed our help. Marcie needed your permission. It was a good thing we were there for them."  
  
George nodded and said, "I'm guessing it is no coincidence that they were fucking in the same position we did."  
  
"No. They girls check in on us and stayed to watch us cum."  
  
George stared at her blankly.  
  
Babs said, "I enjoy an audience and I like watching too. I believe those two girls do too. They looked like they had huge orgasms."  
  
His face looked confused and pained.  
  
Babs said, "Don't worry. We won't make a habit of this. Jayme's climax was out of her reach. If you hadn't assisted her, I'm afraid the poor thing would never have cum."  
  
Babs grabbed his arm and said, "Let's go for a walk."  
  
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Babs and George returned an hour later. Everyone gathered on the porch, talked, and had a beer, but they were still raw about what had happened.  
  
George approached his daughter. Then went off to have a private conversation. He said, "I'm sorry we walked in on you while you were having sex."  
  
"You mean after I walked in on you having sex?" Marcie said and then giggled.  
  
George nodded, looked at his feet, and asked, "Are you okay?"  
  
Marcie touched his arm and said, "I am. A lot has happened in a short amount of time. I'm glad I stood up for myself and other women at school. I'm glad I met Brian. I've learned I like being naked. I haven't decided if I'll become a nudist or a naturalist."  
  
She laughed to break the tension. Her father laughed and said, "When you figure out the difference, please explain it to me."  
  
She said in a softer voice, "I've learned I'm a voyeur and an exhibitionist. I liked seeing others have sex and having people watch me. What happened today hasn't freaked me out."  
  
George looked his daughter in the face and said, "I'm relieved and I'm happy for you. Growing up is all about getting to know who you are and having the courage to be your true self. I was afraid things had gone too far."  
  
"I'm fine. Thanks for asking. You're the best dad ever, but I can explore being a voyeur and an exhibitionist without involving you."  
  
"That's probably best."  
  
She hugged him tightly. He hugged her for a long time. Her soft breasts were crushed into her chest. The dangling head of his cock rubbed her clit. Neither cared. Neither was uncomfortable with the contact of their nude bodies. They savored the closeness of their embrace.  
  
He patted her ass, kissed her on the cheek, and said, "I love you."  
  
"I love you, too," Marcie said. Her bright green eyes were shining.  
  
They released each other and returned to the group.  
  
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That night Timmy and his friend joined his mother and George, Marcie, Chas, and Jayme for dinner.  
  
Timmy smiled at Marcie and said to his friend, "I'm responsible for this beautiful woman."  
  
"Oh, really?" his friend said sarcastically. "Is this another of your tall tal es?"  
  
"No," Timmy insisted. "Tell him, mia bella signora, how I helped you become the beautiful flower you are now."  
  
Marcie teased him by saying, "Your mother gave me this wonderful haircut and it changed my life. I had long, drab hair. It hid my face and eyes. The kids in school used to call me Morticia after the mom on 'The Addams Family'.  
  
"Ha!" Timmy friend said.  
  
"But. But," Timmy stammered.  
  
Marcie smiled and stopped toying with Timmy. She said, "He's right. He was the one who convinced me to make a change. Without Timmy's advice, I'd still be an ugly duckling. Thank you, Timmy."  
  
Timmy puffed up with pride.  
  
"We've had a wonderful day here," Marcie said. "I'd never heard of National Nude Day. I'm so glad my dad and my friends were able to come and celebrate it."  
  
"What are you talking about?" Timmy said. "National Nude Day is on July 14th. We're still in May."  
  
Marcie stared at him for a beat and then said, "Your mother said today was National Nude Day. The guard at the gatehouse said it was too."  
  
Chas spoke up, "Actually, the guard said 'Every day here is a nude day'."  
  
Marcie got up and went over to Babs. She put her hands on her hips and said, "You lied to me. Today isn't National Nude Day."  
  
Babs laughed and answered, "Yes. I did. The official date isn't for a month or so, but does it matter? You got to spend the day with Brian and your friends. Everyone was naked. We had a good time and we all had rocking orgasms."  
  
She looked Marcie in the eye and said, "Should we come back next weekend and get naked again or wait until mid-July?"  
  
Everyone shouted the answer, "Get naked next weekend!!!"  
  
Marcie let go of her anger and said, "Babs, someday I'll get even with you, but until then, let's get naked every day."  
  
She reached out quickly and grabbed a hard, erect nipple and twisted it.  
  
"Ouch!" Babs cried out.  
  
She grabbed her injured breasts, squeezed it to calm the pain, and said, "I'm a bitch. I admit it and I deserved that. Truce? No more lying."  
  
"Deal."  
  
"Sealed with a kiss," Babs said. She leaned in. Marcie met her halfway. The women kissed on the lips. Babs snaked a hand around the teenager's head. She held her in place as she forced her tongue into the teen's mouth. She used her free hand to caress a bare breast.  
  
Marcie squealed and opened her eyes.  
  
Babs let go. The young woman pulled away. Babs lit a cigarette and said with a smirk on her face, "Love you, babe."  
  
Marcie shook her head and said with false outrage, "If you weren't sleeping with my father." She made a fist and shook it at her.  
  
Babs blew out a lungful of smoke and said, "I know. You love me too."  
  
The End