**Meyer’s College - Human Sexuality 201**

**Part 01**

We were all apprehensive as we filed into the classroom. No one really knew what to expect from this course: Human Sexuality 201.

Southeastern had never offered it before. The course description was quite vague. It was a 3 hour elective course open to every major. It counted specifically to majors in psychology, education, biology, and Physical Education. The course was restricted to students age 18 and over. Granted, not many students were younger than 18 - but a few were. And no other class had an age restriction.

In addition, a letter had been mailed to all enrollees advising them that the first class would be introductory and stating that they could drop and receive a full refund for the course before the beginning of thPart 01e second class.

All of this was highly unusual.

And we were all curious and a little nervous about it.

Most considered this a blow off course on sex ed - similar to what many had had in high school. My sex ed class in high school had been about as exciting as a Gilligan's Island marathon.

We all sat down and waited for the professor - a new teacher no one had ever had before: Dr. Amy Thompson.

Precisely as the bell was ringing (yes our school uses bells) she strode in.

She shut the door. Walked to her desk. Set her stuff down. Turned to the class. And slipped off her robe!

The whole class immediately got very quite.

For what seemed like a lifetime she stood still in front of the class, completely nude, allowing all of us to have a close look at her body.

She was stunning. She was about 5'2" , thin, with long auburn hair. She looked to be in her early 30's. Her breasts were small to medium with small aureoles and firm nipples. Her pussy was completely shaved. She was tan from head to toe.

"Welcome to Human Sexuality 201," she announced. "If you're in the wrong class, pull your tongue back in your mouth and leave."

Everyone laughed, nervously.

"As you have probably guessed by now, this class is going to be a little different from most of your other classes. You're not in high school anymore. This class is on human sexuality and that is exactly what we will be studying. When you leave this class you will know more about sex than 99.9% of the population. You will be comfortable with your body and will know how to bring pleasure to both yourself and your partners."

"Now, a few of the ground rules. One of the goals of this class is to become comfortable with your body. Therefore, beginning Wednesday, each of you will disrobe as soon as you enter this class. All clothes will be placed in the cubicles in the back of the room. That's right. This class will be conducted entirely in the nude!"

We all squirmed a little.

"You also need to be aware that this is a practical course. In other words, it's hands on!"

She picked up a packet of papers and began walking up the aisle, handing them out.

"This is the syllabus. Take it home this evening and look through it carefully. It will explain in detail what we will be studying and what will be expected of you."

"Basically, we will discuss every aspect of sexuality beginning with a physical examination of our bodies, followed by studies of self stimulation, oral sex, anal sex, and sexual intercourse. We will also examine society's views on nudity and public displays of affection. Towards the end of the semester we will study the areas of sexuality deemed by society to be perverse, including pornography, bondage, S&M, exhibitionism, bestiality, water sports, and more."

Everyone was very quite. Shocked would be more accurate.

"Your grade will depend largely on your participation. The more you participate, the better your grade will be. Tests will be given, but they will be performance based. In other words, you'll be expected to do what we have studied!"

"The syllabus I have handed you is very detailed and explicit. It will tell you exactly what we will be doing and what you will be expected to do. There is a consent form at the back of the packet. At the beginning of the next class you will turn this in. Essentially it states that you have read the packet and agreed to the curriculum and requirements."

"You will never be forced to perform an action that you are uncomfortable with. However, failure to perform will affect your grade. Therefore, there will be a certain amount of pressure to go beyond your comfort level. Rest assured that the curriculum has been viewed and approved by the department and by the board of directors for the university. Southeastern aims to become the predominant university in the nation in the area of human sexuality. This course is an integral part of that. Eventually it may even become a required course for all new students."

"At our next class I will answer any questions you may have. Until then, discuss this among yourselves and decide if this course is for you. If you choose to drop the course simply take your syllabus to the registrar before the next period and they will immediately give you a full refund."

"Class is dismissed."

She turned. Slipped on her robe and walked out of the room.

That Wednesday fully 25 to 30% of the previous class did not show up. They had all dropped. Looking around, it looked like there were only 25 to 30 students, about half male half female. Being used to classes overflowing with 75 to 100 students, this looked incredibly small.

It's hard to explain why I didn't drop. I rationalize it by saying that it will help me in my psychology major. Human sexuality is the root or symptom of an awful lot of psychological problems. Having a thorough understanding of it would be helpful in my career. Sounded good anyway.

The truth is, I just wanted to. I'd been brought up in a very conservative home. I lost my virginity just before graduation. One reason why I chose this college was that it was a long way from home. I wanted to break out and experience life. I wanted to be wild for a while.

That's why I signed up for this class as a freshman. I wanted to experience everything.

As we walked into the classroom we all nervously made our way to the back of the room, where the cubicles were. We knew that we were required to be nude for this course, but no one seemed to want to be the first to strip.

Finally one guy said, "To hell with it!" and pulled his shirt over his head, then dropped in jeans. In a flash (pun intended) he was nude.

We all laughed nervously. Since the ice was broken everyone else joined in. Soon 30 young men and women were standing around nude.

We made our way to the desks, trying to act normal and at the same time positioning ourselves so that we were as "hidden" as possible.

Right on queue the bell rang and in walked Ms. Thompson. She set her books down, slipped off her robe, walked to the coat rack by the door and hung it up. Turning she looked up at her class and smiled.

"I'm glad to see how many of you were brave enough to return. And that each of you were willing to strip. By the end of this term you will be very comfortable with this. Trust me!" She laughed.

"I'm curious, who was the first to disrobe?"

The man raised his hand.

"And what's your name?"

"Jim. Jim Hawthorne."

"Well Jim, you've just earned 5 extra points. Well done."

"Now, everyone, please turn in your consent forms. Remember, by signing and turning in these forms you are stating your willingness to fully participate in all aspects of this class."

We all passed our forms to the end of the rows.

This was surreal. Here we were, totally nude, acting as though everything was normal.

"To begin, I've found in situations like this that very little can be accomplished because everyone is trying to look at everyone else while keeping themselves hidden. No one is able to concentrate."

"To overcome this, you are each going to introduce yourselves. As I call your name, come to the front of the room, step up on this desk, turn all the way around once, put your arms behind your back and tell us about yourself. I have a list of questions I want to know. What is your name? How old are you? How old were you the first time you had sex? How often do you masturbate?"

"Lisa Armstrong, you're first"

My heart sank. All my life I had lived with the curse of the A. I was always first to be called. Always put in the front row. Always at the front of the line. Now I had to stand up nude in front of a room of strangers - first.

I took a deep breath, stood up, and walked to the desk. I started to walk around it to climb up from behind but Ms Thompson stopped me.

"No Lisa. Climb up from the front."

Now, I'm short - 5'0" exactly. The desk was tall - well above my waist. I knew as I raised my leg to climb up that the entire class was seeing my pussy and ass spread wide open for them.

I stood up and turned around.

"I'm Lisa Armstrong. 18. I first had sex about 3 months ago." I stopped.

"And how often do you masturbate, Lisa?"

I swallowed. I felt like crying. "About 3 times a week," I replied.

"When was the last time?"

"Last night," I muttered.

She walked up to me and stood in front of me, looking right up at my pussy.

"Notice, class, how fine the hair is on around her pussy. Studies have shown that little or no hair around the vagina is extremely attractive. I must agree." She smiled and displayed her own shaved pussy to the class.

"Alright Lisa. You may take your seat."

I climbed off and sat down.

It felt so good to be done.

For the next hour I sat transfixed as student after student stood and displayed there wares to the rest of us. There were 15 girls and 14 guys. Seems I was the youngest. The oldest was a 27 year old man. There were all different sizes. Some beautiful. Some sexy. Some big.

It was incredible. I had only seen a few nude people in my entire life. Only one guy. My former boyfriend. We broke up shortly before I came here. I'd seen girls in the locker rooms, but this was different.

By the end of the period, we were all quite comfortable with each other. We had shown everything and seen everything. There really was no reason to hide.

"Alright class. Before I dismiss you, a couple of things to note."

"First," and she began handing out a packet of paper, "this is information on your term project. Review it before Friday's class. You are all expected to do a research project by the end of the term. Friday we'll discuss it. Monday your topic should be chosen. As you think about this bear in mind that virtually anything goes. The more outrageous the better, and no one can cover the same topic. With 29 students your going to have to think outside the box." She smiled wickedly at her double entendre.

"Second. I'm doing some research of my own. There is opportunity for extra credit throughout the term. I'll discuss this with you in future classes."

"Third. Friday's class. Now that you've had the opportunity to see each other's bodies, Friday we will physically examine and measure each aspect of each other. It should be quite interesting."

"Class dismissed."

She walked to the door, slipped on her robe, and walked out - leaving the door open.

We quickly ran back to the cubicles to dress just as the bell rang. Students walking in were treated to a wall of full moons while we all tried to pull our jeans and shorts up.

On Friday we all went straight to the back of the room and stripped.

It was weird. We all knew we had to do it. We had all done it once before. We had all seen each other nude. But somehow simply walking in and undressing at school was so unnatural.

Nevertheless, by the time the bell rang we were all sitting in our seats, totally nude. We were all too self conscious to be standing around. Somehow if we were seated we felt covered.

Ms Thompson strode in right on time, as usual. She slipped off her robe and hung it up.

"Alright class. Today we will measure each others bodies. To do this we need to go to the Biology lab. Please bring your notebook and leave your other things here. I'll lock the door to protect your valuables. Please follow me."

"I can't go out there like this!" a blond behind me screamed.

"Of course you can," replied Ms Thompson. "It's a beautiful morning. The sun is shining. And we don't have any of the instruments here. Come along!"

With that she opened the door and waited for us to join her.

None of us moved for a moment. Then one man stood up and walked down. Then a girl. Another guy. I got up and walked down. And then we all joined her. Even the girl behind me.

Stepping out into the hallway was the hardest thing I've ever done. I didn't know what to do with my hands. Do I cover my breasts or my pussy? I had shaved it bald last night, so everything was visible. Or do I simply pretend I'm dressed?

I looked around. All the guys had their notebooks rather strategically placed. They were so lucky. Most of the girls seemed to be as undecided as I was.

I decided that if I was going to make it in this class I was going to have to force myself to act as normally as possible. With a surge of determination I put my notebook under my arm, but my hands to my side, and began following Ms Thompson.

Imagine what you would do if you were on an average college campus and thirty nude men and women came strolling past.

I felt like I was in a damn parade! Literally everything stopped as we walked by! People stopped walking. Stopped talking. Stopped eating. One guy dropped his drink and spilled coke all over the hallway! Looking back on it, it was sort of funny. Going through it was terrifying.

I've never felt more embarrassed. More visible. I felt like crying. Felt like turning and running for the nearest cover. Two days ago I let a group of strangers see me nude for the first time. Now I was on display for the entire world to see.

I bit my lip and kept walking. Ms Thompson simply strode on as though she were dressed in a business suit.

The Biology building was half way across campus. We had to go downstairs, outside, across a major street, through an outdoor commons area, into the biology building, downstairs to the basement, and down the hall to lab 114.

I don't know how many people saw us. There was almost a wreck when we crossed the street! The commons area became deathly quiet as we walked through! People didn't know how to react. They just stared.

When we finally got to the lab, we all groaned. Lab 114 had a glass wall! The only lab with a glass wall! This lab was set up so that people in the hallway could see in at what was going on. The whole front wall was a window!

Some of the older students had been worried about this as they came over. Being a freshman, I'd never had a biology lab and didn't have a clue.

We rushed inside. Somehow we felt a little more covered. But not much.

Ms Thompson went to the front of the room.

"Class. Today you will be measuring each others bodies. Please pay attention while I read off your lab partners for this morning."

It turns out one other girl had dropped, so there was an even number of guys and girls. I was paired with a Sophomore named Steve.

"OK class. Take a place at one of the tables. All the necessary instruments are laid out at each table. Here are your instructions. I suggest you take turns and do each other at the same time. One rule: you cannot measure yourself. The other person must perform each measurement."

Steve and I nervously looked around. Somehow we'd been paired towards the end of the group. That means we were the last to find a seat. Guess what seat was left! Right by the huge window.

We sat down and looked at the instructions. I was afraid to read the whole thing, so we just started on number 1.

Weight. We went to the scales. I was 98. Steve was 179.

Height: 5'0". Steve: 5'11".

Arm length from tip of finger to shoulder.

Arm span from tip of finger on one hand to tip of finger on the other hand. We had to stand straight up with our arms extended.

Head circumference. Head circumference? We had to measure how big around our heads were. That was silly.

Waist. I wrapped the measuring tape around Steve's waist. 30". This was getting a little intimate. Steve's cock was beginning to twitch somewhat.

Chest. I measured Steve first.

Then he wrapped the tape around me. He had to get the tape right across my nipples. It tingled some. 27". (I'm very small!).

Breast dimensions. This one took us by surprise. There was a special tool that had to fit over the breast, almost like a boot. It was then tightened down until the entire breast was enclosed. It measured exactly how big around the breast was and how long it was. It didn't hurt. But it felt really strange.

Steve had to grab my breast and fit this cup over it, then tighten it down. And he had to do it for each breast. It wasn't easy to make it fit. Seemed to need three hands, and Ms Thompson was making sure that none of the girls helped. He had to step in really close and use his body to sort of hold it in place. His cock was now hard and pressing up against my hip. Finally we got that done.

I looked up. Half a dozen people had gathered in the hall to watch. Not 6 feet from where we worked!

Nipple length! Steve had to tweak my nipples to get them hard and then measure how long they were. Since they were already hard, this didn't take long.

Length of foot.

Length of calf.

Length of thigh from crotch to knee.

I spread my legs while he placed the measuring tape against my bare pussy. I could feel the moisture starting to run down my leg.

I moved behind him to measure his leg but Ms Thompson stopped me. The instructions said to measure from the front.

Kneeling down to put the tape against under his crotch put my face right in front of Steve's now hard cock. A long string of pre cum was dripping out of it. He looked really embarrassed.

Hips.

Measuring around his hips meant pressing his cock against his body. It jumped some when I did it.

Testical dimensions. Again there was a special tool. I had to put a little cup around his sack and tighten it down. His balls felt hard and firm, pulled all the way up to his cock. Tightening it down meant pulling them away some. He grimaced and I thought I had hurt him, but he assured me he was OK.

Vagina length!

I had to sit up on the table and spread my legs while he measured the length of my vagina. Looking up I saw at least a dozen people standing at the window. Suddenly they clapped and cheered. One of the guys behind us had cum and shot semen all over his partners face and chest!

Ms Thompson calmly handed him a roll of paper towels and said this was to be expected. She told him to clean her up and restated that the girls could not help.

Cock length. I had to measure form tip to base, pulling it up to get the full length. Steve looked like he was about to cum as well, but somehow he held it all in.

Labia dimensions! I sat back on the desk and opened my legs. He had to spread my pussy and lips as wide as possible and measure their length. Talk about needing to cum. I was beginning to tremble as his fingers gently pulled me apart. Behind me I heard another guy lose it and the sounds of a girl in ecstasy.

Cock head dimensions. A cup had to be placed right over the head of the cock. I knelt down and put it over his cock and tightened it in place. The viewers cheered as I took it off and got shot right in the nose and lips with his cum as he spewed. It seemed to last forever. He was so embarrassed. I grabbed some paper towels and he wiped my face off. Some had gotten in my mouth. Salty.

Clitoris dimensions! Another little cup had to fit directly over my clitoris. I had never even really looked at it before. Steve gently pulled me apart and felt around for it. He had to rub it quite a bit to bring it out for the hood to go around it. In the best of times it would have been difficult. I made it more so by jumping and moaning every time he touched it. He slipped this tiny little hood over it. I felt incredible. Suddenly my toes curled, my legs straightened out, my back arched and I bit my lip to keep from screaming as shots of pleasure rang through my body.

Steve looked at me and grinned as I relaxed, breathing deep. He gently removed the hood.

Seems there was nothing else that had to be measured on Steve.

But he had one more measurement for me.

Vagina size.

There was a large dildo attached to the table top. I'd been trying to ignore it the whole period.

The instructions said I had to get on the table and lower myself on to it as far as I could comfortably go. Then Steve was to mark it right at the point of entrance.

I looked around. A couple of teams were already done and watching the rest of us. A few girls were carefully lowering themselves down. The crowd had grown.

I swallowed.

Climbed on the table and squatted down. The dildo was huge. It started small and gradually grew larger around as it went down. Mostly it was long. I guess to make sure that it filled each girl up.

I pushed the tip inside me.

It felt incredible. I was still super charged up from my previous climax.

I rose up and slid down again, going a little lower. I wanted it all inside me.

Up. Down lower. Up. Down lower.

I was fucking this dildo with a crowd of spectators 6 feet from me!

Finally I slid down as far as I could go.

I nodded to Steve.

He knelt down and reached up to mark the dildo but instead he pressed his thumb against my clitoris and rubbed.

I exploded!

Pleasure ripped through me like I had never felt before. I grabbed his hand and pushed it against my clitoris. I bounced on the dildo, pushing it further into me. My back arched. I screamed. O my God, I screamed.

I think I climaxed for 5 minutes. I just couldn't stop. Couldn't control myself. Didn't want to stop.

When I came to myself I was impaled 13" on this dildo. My body was covered in a sheen of sweat. And everyone was staring at me. Even Ms Thompson. Then suddenly everyone broke into a round of applause. I just grinned embarrassingly.

Ms Thompson quickly came over and helped me get off. I felt incredibly week. Steve and another boy helped me down from the table. Ms Thompson carefully examined me and cleaned off my soaking pussy.

She announced that I was fine. Boy was I ever fine.

I leaned against the table, barely able to stand.

She told me I would probably be a little sore in the morning. The understatement of the year!

I sort of brought the class to a close.

We gathered up our stuff and headed back to our room.

The walk back was uneventful. A lot more people were around. Word had gotten out that we would be coming back and people had gathered to watch. I had just had a world shattering orgasm in front of dozens of people. Walking nude through the commons didn't seem like such a big deal anymore.

As we entered the class room the bell rang. Ms Thompson announced that we needed to be prepared to discuss our term projects for the next class.

Monday morning I couldn't wait for class.

Friday's class had changed my life.

I kept thinking about it all weekend long.

Being a freshman and new to the area, I didn't know many people so I stayed in the dorm much of the time. God it felt so good to be nude. That climax was so incredible!

I couldn't get these thoughts out of my mind.

I masturbated 4 times over the weekend.

I've always been a very conservative girl. Never did anything out of line. Didn't even have sex until a few months ago.

Now I felt like a raging nymphomaniac.

Saturday and Sunday I slept nude. I've never done that before.

This morning (Monday) I didn't bother to get dressed until the last minute. I walked to the shower nude (our dorm room shares a bathroom with the room on the other side). They're all girls and nudity isn't a problem, but most of the time people at least have a towel around them. Not me. I stood there in my birthday suit brushing my teeth and combing my hair. It felt marvelous.

I walked into class and had my shirt off even before I got to the back wall.

Everyone seemed as excited as I did.

At the same time, everyone was a little nervous because today we would be choosing our term projects.

My idea was wild - but I'll come to that later.

As the bell rang Ms Thompson came walking in (I never have figured out how she timed that so well). She carried a big bag full of stuff. Her robe came off and she stood before us, nude.

"Class, today you will present your ideas for your term projects. I hope you've put some real thought and imagination into them. Although I'm sure you've read them, I want to emphasis a few of the basic ground rules before we begin."

"First, this is a science class. Therefore your project must have some sort of scientific basis. You must be examining something or recording the reaction of others. Realize that almost everything can be made into some sort of study. Your project must have some sort of goal and be reaching some sort of conclusion."

"Second, I encourage you to work with and help your classmates. However, they cannot be part of your study. All participants must be outside of this class."

"I have talked to the administration, campus security, and the city police department. All of them have agreed to support your activities. Therefore, you will not be arrested or charged with indecency for anything you do in connection with this class as long as you are not physically injuring someone against their will. You are not limited to the campus. I've even had some discussions with the governor. Nothing settled there, but if it comes down to it I'll be glad to press the issue further."

"Any questions?"

We all sat nervously silent.

"Jonathon, lets begin with you. Come to the front of the class and share your idea with us."

Jonathon walked to the front of the room. He was obviously a body builder and proud of it (with good reason). Every muscle looked sculpted and hard. He was about 5'10 and 190 pounds. No fat.

"I've met some nudists and would like to study their lifestyle. I'd like to spend some time at a nudist resort and report on how society in general reacts to the nudist culture."

"I see," replied Ms Thompson. "How do intend to do this?"

"Well, there are a half a dozen nudist resorts within a couple of hundred miles from here. I'd like to go to each one and interview the visitors. Get to know some of them. Simply try to learn more about their culture."

"Have you ever practiced nudism, Jonathon?"

"No ma'am."

"Would you like to?"

"Well, umm. That's sort of why I want to do this. I want to learn whether I want to become a nudist or not."

"Do you think spending 4 or 5 weekends nude will be enough to make that decision?"

"I don't know ma'am"

"Do you think that going to a nudist resort is the best way to study how society in general reacts to the nudist culture?"

"Yes ma'am. That's where I'll find people who have lived in that lifestyle who can tell me the problems they have faced."

Ms Thompson got a firm look in her eyes. "Jonathon, go to the back of the class and bring me your clothes.'

With a worried look in his eyes Jonathon retrieved his clothes.

"Overall I approve of your project. The study of nudism and the view of our society on that subculture will be fascinating. However, you have not taken it far enough. This is a practical course. Going to a few nudist resorts will not get you the information you need. Living it will."

"Jonathon, your project is to live life as a nudist for the rest of this term. You may wear shoes and basic jewelry, but nothing else until you have completed the final exam. You will write a daily journal of your experiences as well as conduct interviews with several people both on and off campus. If the temperature falls below 32 degrees you may wear an overcoat while outside, but must remove it whenever you come inside. Points will be deducted for any situation in which you determine you must wear clothes. To many such episodes and you will fail the course. Any questions?"

Jonathon looked shell shocked. He couldn't say a word. He had just gone from wanting to see a few naked people over the weekend to parading nude for an entire semester!

Ms. Thompson handed him a large plastic bag. "Please remove any important items before placing your clothes in this bag. Write your name on the space provided. I'll return them to you after the final exam."

Speechless, Jonathon removed his keys and wallet from his jeans and placed them in the bag.

The rest of us squirmed uneasily. Each of us was wondering what she would do to our ideas.

"Maria, come forward and tell us your idea please."

Maria stepped forward. She was Hispanic. A junior. 20 years old. She had beautiful brown skin, large breasts with dark nipples. Her pussy was hidden in a lush tangle of black hair. She stood about 5'4" and weighed about 130.

"I want to measure men's cocks," she giggled. "I want to know for sure what the average size of a man really is!"

Everyone chuckled.

"O.K." replied Ms Thompson. "How do you intend to do this?"

"I'll ask a bunch of guys that I know.... And maybe some of the guys in here. They'll drop their pants and play with themselves until they get hard. Then I'll measure them."

"How many do you think you will measure?"

"I haven't really thought about that," she replied. "Probably 30 or 40."

"Do you think 30 cocks is enough of a sample to determine the normal size for society?"

"I think so. I don't know that many more men."

"Do you think they men you know accurately reflect the make up of American men?"

"Uhhh. Probably not."

"Maria, there are approximately 100 days in this semester. Five men a day would be a good sample. I want you to measure and record 500 different cocks between now and the end of the term. You will get 100 from each age bracket: 15 - 25, 26 - 35, 36 - 45, 46 - 55, over 55. You will record their name, age, race, cock length when flaccid and when rigid, and cock girth when rigid. Note any irregularities as well. Put this into a spreadsheet and calculate largest, smallest, and average as well as any other statistical information you think would be helpful. Also, it will be your responsibility to get the men hard, not theirs."

"Any questions?"

"What?!! How am I going to find that many men in that many age groups?"

"I don't know, Maria. That's your problem. You're probably going to have to go around town and ask people."

Maria looked just as shocked as Jonathon when she took her seat.

That's the way every project went. Someone would go to the front and present his idea and before he was allowed to sit down the whole thing had been expanded to much larger proportions than he had intended.

One girl wanted to wear revealing clothes. Ms Thompson cut off her jeans at the crotch, cut her sleeves off her t shirt and cut the bottom to just below her nipples.

One girl wanted to analyze the amount of semen from an average ejaculation. She was instructed to get 300 condoms full for her study.

One guy chose to study golden showers.

Another guy wanted to be trained as a submissive.

Both a guy and a girl wanted to study the reactions of observers to "accidental" exposures. They each had to have 100 "incidents."

For some reason I was one of the last ones called up.

"Lisa, please come share your idea with the class."

Instead of getting nervous as the class went on I had become more and more excited.

"I want to push my sexual envelope by doing things I've never thought of before," I stated. "Friday was the most amazing day of my life, but I would never of thought of that on my own."

"I want to perform various dares in public and record my own reaction and growth as well as that of those around me. However, I am not sure where to get the dares or how often I should perform them."

I turned to Ms Thompson, confident that she would have no problem whatsoever telling me where to get the dares or how often to perform them.

"Excellent, Lisa. Class, I think we can help her out on this one. There are thirty of us and 100 days. We will each write 11 dares on index cards for a total of 330 dares and place them in a bag. You will pull three out each day to perform. You may discard up to a total of 30 dares, but never more than one on a given day. If you discard one, you must draw another one to replace it. You will keep a logbook of each dare and a journal of you sexual journey. Any questions?"

I was tingling with anticipation. "No ma'am."

"Class. Here are some index cards. Take a moment now and fill out one dare each. Lisa will draw from these until Wednesday's class. I want all of you to have written 10 more dares for her by Wednesday."

"Lisa. You must not read any of these dares before hand. If a dare calls for you to do something that you are simply not able to do on that day but are willing to do at the first available opportunity then you will do it at that time. In other words, if you are dared to attend a football game in the nude and it is Thursday and the next game is Saturday, then Thursday you will perform the remaining two dares and on Saturday you will go to the game and still complete Saturday's dares. Does that make sense?"

"Yes ma'am." What was I getting myself into, allowing this class determine my fate for the rest of the semester.

"Alright class, turn in your dares."

Everyone handed up their index cards. Ms Thompson dumped them in a canvas bag.

"Lisa, come choose 3 cards for today's dare."

I was excited and terrified at the same time.

"I dare you to stay nude until the next class period."

"I dare you to give blow jobs to the first 5 willing guys you see in the hall after class!"

"I dare you to masturbate with a cucumber in the middle of the grocery store until you climax."

My God. What had I done?

A few people were left after me. I didn't hear anything they said. I was to busy thinking about my dares.

When the bell rang I sat in my chair, terrified. I had to complete three dares today. First, I was required to stay nude until Wednesday's class. Second, I was required to perform 5 blow jobs to the first 5 willing guys I found out in the hall. Third, I was required to masturbate with a cucumber in a grocery store until I climaxed.

My God. There was no way I could do this!

I looked around the room. A lot of people seemed unusually slow in getting up. Jonathon had to stay nude for the entire semester. He looked a little green around the edges. Janet's project was to wear extremely revealing clothes. She had stood up and was busy trying to pull her t shirt down far enough to cover her tits (Ms Thompson had cut it off for her).

I was terrified.

Not only did I have to walk out of this classroom totally nude, I had to give five strangers blow jobs! Until this class I had only seen one bare cock and I hadn't even kissed it, much less performed a real blow job. The closest I had ever come was when Steve blew his load in my face during the last class. What was I going to do?!

A couple of girls rallied around me to encourage me. It was evident that we were all going to be doing some pretty embarrassing and humiliating things. We were going to have to help each other if we expected to survive the class.

I fought back the tears and asked them to help me find some willing participants (like that would be very hard - how many college age men would turn down a free blow job by a nude 18 year old girl?!).

They agreed and ran out to round up some willing victims. I took the time to go to the back of the room and gather my things. I stuffed my clothes into my backpack and walked down to the door.

Jonathon was standing there trying to work up the courage to step out. We shot each other sympathetic looks, each took a deep breath, and stepped together into the hallway.

The hallway erupted into cheers and whistles. Jonathon sort of ducked his head and pushed his way through the crowd, disappearing down the hall.

Susan and Ashley had found five guys and gathered them near the door. They looked almost as nervous as I was.

I smiled uncertainly, took a deep breath and muttered, "Well, here goes."

I kneeled in front of the first guy. He was tall and thin, with blond hair. Pulling his shorts down he revealed his hardening cock. I took it in my hands and tentatively licked the tip of it. A bead of pre-cum slid out of the hole. I wasn't really sure what to do. Everyone was silent. I continued holding it as it grew, my lips just millimeters from the tip.

Finally I opened my mouth and slid it over the head. I swirled my tongue around it. Slipped it out again. Then back in. It tasted salty. Yet almost sweet. I was starting to get into this. I could hear the crowd beginning to chant and cheer. I slid it out and licked up and down. Slid it in again.

He was as hard as a rock. I began sliding smoothly up and down his shaft, feeling his head hit the back of my throat. I felt his hands grab the back of my head as he became more and more excited. Before long he was holding my still while he fucked my mouth. He kept pushing it deeper and deeper until I felt like I was going to choke. I felts his balls hit may chin and knew that he was entirely in my mouth and throat. My hands were gripping his bare ass. I pulled him even further in, pressing my nose and lips against his base. My tongue slid up and down his shaft. He tensed - and an explosion of cum erupted into my throat.

People talk about spitting or swallowing. I didn't even taste him. He was so far back in my mouth that he shot straight into my throat. All I could do was swallow.

We hung like that for a few seconds before he pulled out. I licked off the tip and he pulled away, pulling his shorts up. I looked into his face. He had an embarrassed grin as he backed away and the next guy stepped up.

The next guy was much shorter and bulkier. He made me think of a wrestler. His jeans were already open and he was already hard. The crowd was still cheering.

His cock wasn't as long as the first guy's, but it was bigger around. I could barely get my mouth around the head. I licked it up and down and sucked the tip, tickling his balls with my fingers. As my mouth got used to being opened that wide I started sliding further and further down his shaft. He stood stock still while I mouth fucked him, sliding my head up and down, twirling my tongue along his shaft.

As he tensed and shot his load I pulled back so that his cum landed right on my tongue. The crowd was cheering and I was becoming more and more excited. My fears and inhibitions were being replaced by an insatiable lust for more.

I sucked the last drops of his sweet cum off his cock and turned to number three. This guy had to be football player. He was huge. And so was his cock. He stood there waving it around for the world to see. It had to be 10 inches long and as big around as my arm. I held it in both hands and tried to get it inside my mouth. There was no way. I could barely cover the head with my lips.

I licked up and down his shaft and sucked the tip like I was a nursing baby. My hands gripped him and slid up and down as I masturbated him. I pushed my fist all the way down his shaft against his balls as he tensed and shot his load. He pulled back and sprayed me right in the face.

I swear I thought he would never stop. A long stream of white semen kept shooting straight out. On my nose. On my eyes. My chin. My cheeks. My tongue. My throat. My tits. By the time he stopped I was covered in white globs of dripping cum. I was laughing out loud while the audience erupted in cheers.

Number four stepped up. He was a thin black man with glasses and a row of pens in his shirt pocket. He looked like an accountant. Though his cock was a good 6 or 7 inches long, it looked small after the last guy.

I hungrily engulfed it in my mouth. I deep throated him immediately, pushing him to the back of my mouth and down my throat. My tongue moved wildly. I think he lasted a minute before tensing up to shoot his load. I backed off and opened my mouth while he sprayed my face and tongue.

Number five stepped up and dropped his shorts around his ankles. I grabbed his ass and pulled his cock into my mouth, sucking for all I'm worth. My hands reached around and found his crack and asshole. I'm not even sure what I was doing or where it came from, but my fingers pressed against his asshole and slowly slid inside. He pushed his cock all the way into my mouth. There was no where for him to move while I pushed my finger deeper up his ass. I slid it out and back in while doing the same with my mouth.

It must have been a sight. I was totally nude, on my knees, covered in cum, in the middle of the hallway with a crowd of spectators, fucking a complete stranger with my mouth while finger fucking his ass. With a load moan he shot into my mouth. His cum fired out in a series of hard, hot streams, coating my throat, mouth and tongue. As my finger wiggled in his ass he just kept firing shot after shot, filling my mouth faster than I could swallow. Cum overflowed and dribbled down my chin.

Finally he stopped. I kept him in my mouth while his cock slowly shrank down to its normal size. Slowly I slid my finger out of his ass. He looked down at me and smiled. Pulling up his shorts, he turned to go.

With the show over, the crowd began to disperse.

I sank to the floor and leaned against the wall. Cum dripped off my chin onto my tits. Susan and Ashley knelt beside me to make sure I was OK.

God, I was so horny. Normally I'm quite shy, but somehow, when I get really excited all my inhibitions go away. I was discovering that being seen by others was a tremendous turn on for me. My pussy was dripping with frustrated anticipation.

I heard the bell ring. That had taken less than 10 minutes. And I had a class to get to!

One of the rules that Ms Thompson had stated required that we continue our day as we normally would. If we missed a class or an appointment simply because of our project it would count against us.

I grabbed my shirt from my backpack and wiped the cum off my face and tits (I wouldn't be wearing it again today anyway). Stuffing it back in my bag, I thanked Susan and Ashley for their help and ran upstairs to my psychology class.

As I stepped into my psychology class I became intensely aware of my nudity. Class was already in session. This particular room entered from the front. I stood in the doorway looking up at a hundred students in stadium seating looking down at me.

"Nice of you to join us Miss Armstrong," boomed Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson was a large kind man with short dark hair and a powerful voice. I'd only had a couple of classes with him but he had become my favorite teacher. He struck me as being strict, yet he had a great sense of humor.

"Obviously straight from Ms Thompson's human sexuality class, eh Miss Armstrong? From the remains dripping off your chin I'd say your homework took a little longer than expected."

I quickly rubbed my chin and came away with a large wad of thick cum. I wiped it embarrassingly on my hip (my very nude hip) and went to take my seat.

This was the only class I had with assigned seating. Mine was about 5 rows up, right in the middle. I had to squeeze past several people to get to my seat.

The room was set up like a theater. The rows went up from the "stage" at the front. Long desks spanned from one aisle to another, with chairs attached to the tables. The teacher at the front of the class could see each student easily, but had to look up to do so. Most classes like this had vanity boards in front of each desk. This room did not. Girls in skirts had to be particularly careful not to flash the professor. Evidently nude girls were not expected at all when they designed the room. My shaved and dripping pussy was less than 25 feet from Dr Johnson and right at eye level.

Dr Johnson had already returned to his lecture as I found my seat. The first time he looked up and saw me he almost choked. My tits were still hard from my unfulfilled arousal, my pussy was sparkling with moisture, my legs were open slightly - it must have been quite a view.

He recovered nicely, yet his eyes kept wondering over to where I sat. Knowing the effect I was having on him just increased my arousal. I slipped my hand down and slid it along my pussy. Dr Johnson started coughing.

The girl beside me looked at me and frowned - sort of gave me the evil eye.

I realized I was far to aroused to continue this. If I touched myself much more I was going to cum right there. I gritted my teeth and started taking notes.

Class seemed to last forever. I started coming down off my sexual high and began feeling the eyes of the class staring at my body. I wanted to hide, but knew that I couldn't. I had to stay nude until Wednesday morning! I started thinking about what I had to do between now and then.

Suddenly I felt a rock in the pit of my stomach. Gymnastics practice was this afternoon! I'd been in gymnastics all my life and, though never Olympic quality, I was quite good. I had received a full gymnastics scholarship to come to this school. There was no way I could miss it. This was just the second practice.

After class I gathered my things together and went immediately to my room. This was my last class for the day and practice didn't start until 3:00. I hurried across campus, ignoring the stares and whistles.

I was afraid that if I masturbated and released all the pent up sexual energy within me that I would never be able to finish the rest of the day. Instead, I laid down and fell asleep.

My alarm went off at 2:30. It took me a moment to remember what was happening. I lay nude on my bed and in half an hour I had to be across campus for my gymnastics practice.

The sexual energy that had been building was stronger than ever. I was so horny. More than anything I wanted to reach down and rub myself until I came. At the same time, the thought of going across campus nude was incredibly stimulating. The only thing giving me strength was my pent up sexual energy.

I got up and fixed a small sandwich since I hadn't eaten lunch.

The gym was clear across campus. Normally I rode my bike. I reached for my gym bag and then realized I wouldn't need it. I headed down to the lobby and my bike.

Girls stopped and whispered to themselves as I walked down the hall. It's not like it was terribly unusual to see a nude girl in the hall. But it was evident that everyone knew what had happened earlier and word was out that I had to stay nude until Wednesday. No one believed I could do it.

I got outside and pulled my bike off the rack. September is still summer here. It was pretty and hot. I thought a moment about sunburn and made a note to buy myself to by some sun block. No time now though.

I straddled the bike and set off. God this felt good!. The breeze was waking up my nipples, causing them to stand at attention. My seat quickly worked its way between my pussy lips and was rubbing right into my clitoris. Every bump and dip sent shivers up my body.

People seemed to be everywhere. And everyone was looking right at me. I knew I should have felt ashamed. Should have felt embarrassed. Instead it was exhilarating. I loved it. I had never felt this way before. Traffic literally was stopping for me. How could I get this turned on by being exposed to strangers?

I pulled up to the gym, locked my bike, and went inside. My pussy felt engorged. A stream of pussy juice was rolling down my thigh.

Gymnastics practice was just beginning. It's coed, so both guys and girls turned to stare as I joined them. Coach Perrin grinned.

"Welcome, Lisa. I see you're in Human Sexuality as well. Saw Jonathon working out earlier. Quite a home work assignment."

I laughed. It was much easier knowing that I didn't have to explain myself to him.

Coach Perrin was about 35 and built just like a male gymnast should be. He was slim and muscular with broad shoulders and narrow hips. Dark brown hair and green eyes. A perfect 10. I thought he was sexy in normal times. Today I almost came just looking at him!

He led us through various stretching exercises. Gymnastics doesn't leave a lot of room for modesty. You're always spreading your legs and lifting yourself up into unusual positions. Others are always grabbing you in delicate places as your learn new techniques and maneuvers. But with a leotard on I always felt covered and secure.

Today everything was on display. Coach Perrin had us do a bridge. This is where you raise yourself up backwards on your hands and feet, arching your back as high as possible. My tits were stretched up and my shaved pussy was raised and wide open. With my head upside down I looked up and noticed that the whole gym had stopped to watch me.

After our stretching he moved me to the balance beam. This meant that for an entire hour I was on display four feet off the ground. I spun and twisted, flipped and turned. All the while Coach Perrin gave me special attention. We spent a lot of time practicing a maneuver where I come down from a hand stand, grip the beam with my arms, arch my back and lower my feet over my head. My tits are pressed into the beam and my pussy is wide open for viewing.

My God I was turned on!

Practice lasted two hours. By the time we were done I had practically forgotten that I was nude. I felt great. I was covered in a thin sheen of sweat and, more than anything, wanted to rip Coach Perrin's shorts off and impale myself on what I was sure must be a huge cock.

Somehow I restrained myself and headed out the door. In the entrance to the gym I met Susan, Ashley and Steve. They asked me how I was doing and I sort of unloaded on them, telling them how incredible I felt.

"When are you going to the supermarket," Steve asked.

"I was going to go late tonight," I replied. "But I'm not sure I can wait that long. I feel like I'm about to explode."

"Why not go now?" Ashley asked. "We'll take you."

"But it's 5:30. That's the busiest time of day!" I protested.

"Yeah," said Susan enthusiastically. "You said you loved people watching you. What more could you ask for?"

"No. No! I couldn't."

"Sure you can!" said Steve. "Come on."

He grabbed my hand and led me off to his car, flanked my Susan and Ashley. I protested. But not much.

As I climbed into the back seat I couldn't believe I was doing this. I was about to stick a cucumber in my pussy in a grocery store during the evening rush!

Since Steve's car had tinted windows I leaned back and relaxed. Ashley, who'd gotten in the back seat with me began rubbing my pussy gently.

"Can't have you getting to relaxed now, can we?" she purred.

By the time we got to the supermarket I was on the verge of cumming.

We had to park at the far end of the parking lot.

Up until now I had always been on campus. Nude girls roaming around was unusual to say the least, but kids did weird things on campus. Now I was in town. And no one knew what we were doing.

"Mom! That lady's naked!" A young boy screamed.

Everyone turned and stared. It all came rushing to me. I was naked! In a parking lot of a supermarket! With boys and girls and teenagers and moms and dads and grandparents and teachers and businessmen and men and women and and and everyone staring at me! Staring at my bare tits and my shaved pussy. My God! What am I doing?! I froze.

"You can do this," whispered Steve. "You have to do this!"

With the three of them around me I walked through the parking lot and into the supermarket. The cold air of the air conditioning swam around my nude body.

This was so different from campus. These were real people. Real people staring at me.

I felt like a robot, just walking blindly ahead to the produce section.

No one really tried to stop me. A couple of people grabbed their children and herded them away. Some completely ignored me, as though they saw a nude coed in the supermarket every day.

Most stared and followed, some looking for the camera that must be hidden somewhere.

I picked up a cucumber that was about 8 inches long and looked smooth and clean. It felt cold even though it hadn't been refrigerated.

I turned around and faced the crowd. Spreading my legs I rubbed the cucumber through my pussy lips.

"Ma Gad! She's gonna fuck a cucumber!" someone bellowed from the back of the crowd.

In front of me stood a group of 4 young teenage boys. their cocks already tenting their shorts.

As I slid the cucumber inside me all my fears and inhibitions evaporated again. I had held myself on the edge all day. Now my pussy was full. I pushed the cucumber all the way in, twisted it, then pulled it out again.

I sank to the floor, spreading my legs wider, pushing and pulling. Then, to get a better view and because I was still warm from gymnastics, I wrapped my legs behind my shoulders, spreading myself even wider.

I pushed it all the way inside and then rubbed my clit with two fingers. The boys in front of me couldn't keep their hands off their shorts. Just as a saw a wet spot blossom on one boys crotch, I climaxed. It was like fireworks went off between my legs. The cucumber was filling my pussy completely. My fingers were flying over my clit and lips. I screamed loudly, arched backwards, brought my legs down and held myself tightly.

I felt like it would never end as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me. My body shivered and shook as I rolled on the cold floor.

I will never forget the look that greeted me when I calmed down enough to look around. There must have been thirty people of all ages standing around me, their mouths hanging open, a look of utter disbelief in their eyes.

"I want one of those!" piped up a young woman in the middle of the crowd. Everyone laughed - but no one moved.

I slid the cucumber out of my dripping pussy. Ashley and Susan helped me stand up. Without saying a word, I handed the cucumber to the 4 teenagers and walked through the crowd and out the door.

That night I lay in bed, still nude, marveling at what I had done today. I'd been exposed to literally hundreds of people. I'd had oral sex with five strangers. I'd practiced gymnastics in the nude. I'd masturbated in public with a fucking cucumber!

I felt embarrassed. How could I do that? I felt empowered! How did I do that?! I was ashamed. I was proud. I was afraid of what I might be required to do tomorrow. Yet I couldn't wait to find out.

**Part 02 - Day 2 of dares**

I awoke to the sound of the phone ringing. I rolled over, half asleep, and grabbed it before it woke anyone else up.

"Hello," I muttered.

"Hello, Lisa? I hope I didn't wake you. This is Coach Perrin."

"Coach Perrin? No. No. I was just about to get up. What time is it anyway?"

"6:45. I had to catch you before you left. I've got a project for you."

What now? Coach Perrin was my gymnastics coach. He seemed to take special delight in the fact that I was nude at yesterday's practice.

"O.K. What do you need, Coach?" I asked apprehensively.

"The gymnastics team takes turns teaching the junior high gymnastics class at Lincoln Junior High. Bob was going to do it today, but he just called me. Said he was sick. I checked the schedule and you're the only one without a first period class. I need you to be at their gym by 8:00."

"Coach, I can't!" I wailed.

"Why not?" he demanded, a note of irritation in his voice.

"Well, I can't. It's my Human Sexuality project. I have to stay nude until tomorrow's class!"

"Lisa, as I understand it, that class's requirements were not to interfere with any other responsibilities. Is that correct?" he demanded.

"Yes. But I can't go to a junior high class in the nude!"

"Lisa, I've already spoken to the principal there. He's a graduate of Southeastern and fully backs the initiative this school is taking to become the primary university in the nation dealing with all aspects of human sexuality. He has no problem with you coaching the students in the nude. Now is there any other reason that you cannot be there this morning?"

"No sir," I answered meekly. "What do I need to do?

"It's a mixed class consisting of a dozen boys and girls in 7th, 8th, and 9th grades. Most of them have been in gymnastics for several years and are well trained in the basics. You will be responsible for demonstrating and leading them in their floor exercises. The class starts at 8:00. Please report to the principal's office a few minutes early."

"Yes sir," I replied.

"Thank you, Lisa. I'll see you at practice this afternoon."

He hung up.

I lay there, stunned.

It was 6:50. In one hour I had to be at a junior high - nude! I had no car, so I would have to ride my bike - nude! And I had to teach gymnastics to a group of boys and girls - nude!

I wanted to cry. There was no way I could do this! But I was determined not to quit.

I sat up and reached over for the bag with the dares in it. May as well get all the bad news at once. I pulled out three cards.

"Stop shaving your pussy. (The class could see that my pussy was shaved when they wrote the dares). When you have sufficient growth, go to the Main Street Barber, strip, and have the owner shave your pussy. You must do this on a Saturday afternoon."

Well, at least I didn't have to do that dare today.

"Go down to the Fine Arts Theater - at the corner of HWY 57 and 12th St. Buy some Ben Wa balls. While at the counter, insert them in your pussy and leave them there all day. The theater is open 24 hours."

"You must pee outside all day long. You must have at least two observers each time."

It was almost 7:00. I had one hour to get to the theater, buy those Ben Wa balls (whatever they were), and get to the school.

I jumped out of bed and into the shower. It took a remarkably short time to get ready. Wash my hair, comb it out, put it in a tight pony tail, slip on my sneakers and I was dressed for the day!

Mindy, my roommate, was laying in bed watching. She thought the whole thing was hilarious. I had not met her until we got to school last week. She had heard rumors about the human sexuality class before she came and thought I was insane for signing up for it.

She was a lot more experienced sexually than I was (I think - hard to tell how much was just talk and how much was true). She seemed to get a kick out of finding out what I had to do.

I looked in the mirror before heading out. A fresh face with bright green eyes looked back at me, my dark pony tail swinging behind my back. My breasts were small, each about the size of a peach. The nipples were already standing tall. My narrow hips looked more like a boy's than a girl's, except for the shaved pussy in the middle. Looking in the mirror I realized that I could easily be mistaken for a student in the class rather than the coach!

7:15! I had to run!

I've discovered that when I'm in a rush it's much easier to ignore the whistles and stares.

I grabbed my purse, flung it over my shoulder, and ran out the door and downstairs to my bike. A couple of other girls were getting their bikes out too. They started asking me what I had to do today (I seemed to be the talk of the dorm). I quickly told them I was late and couldn't talk, mounted my bike, and took off.

I knew right where I was headed. The Fine Arts Adult Theater wasn't far away. It was strategically located near one of the main entrances to the campus. They obviously knew who their main clientele was. My mother had gone on one of her rampages when she saw it. She would be horrified to know that I was headed there. Of course, she'd be even more horrified to learn that I was riding my bike nude through the streets of town!

As I rode I began to realize that I had not peed since I got up. My bladder felt like it was about to burst. I knew I had to pee outside, and a wicked thought crossed my mind.

I pulled up to the store and swung my leg off the bike. A man coming out of the door got a clear flash of my wide open pussy and dropped his videos all over the sidewalk. Instead of picking them up he just stood and stared at me.

I looked around and saw another man getting out of his car, a look of shock on his face. Smiling at him, I squatted beside my bike and released a strong stream of urine. I must of peed for 30 or 45 seconds, a large puddle forming beneath me.

A small trickle ran down my leg as I stood up and walked inside, followed by my two observers.

I had never expected it to be busy at 7:30 in the morning. There must have been 15 to 20 men looking around. It took less than a second for every one of them to know that a nude girl had just walked in.

The man at the counter grinned and walked over to me.

"Morning ma'am. I need to see your ID please."

"What? Oh. Of course," I replied. I'd never been in an adult store before. There were rows and rows of videos in front of me. Along one wall was a whole rack of magazines and books. In the back was a doorway with a sign over it declaring video rooms for rent.

I showed the man my ID. He looked at it and chuckled.

"Alright Lisa. How can I help you?"

I stammered for a moment. I had become intensely aware of my nudity. A dozen men had gathered around me. I was surprised at how polite they were. No one was touching me or even coming very close to me. They simply stood and stared.

"I... I... um, need some Ben Wa balls," I muttered.

"Alright." he replied. "Those'll be right over here."

He led the way to the other side of the counter. The group of men parted as I followed.

In front of me was a collection of dildos, vibrators and other things that I could only imagine the purpose of. It seemed like hundreds of different sized toys for both men and women.

The man plopped 3 different packages on the counter. Each bag held 3 round metal balls and were marked small, medium, and large. The large were almost the size of a tennis ball. I' don't know how anyone could have gotten them in their pussy. The medium looked like silver ping pong balls, slightly smaller. The small was about the size of a large marble.

I pointed at the medium and he rang it up. $19.95.

He started to put them in a sack.

"That's not necessary," I said.

My hands were shaking as I tore open the bag and held the balls in my hand. They were perfectly smooth and felt cold as I rolled them in my hand.

The men stared in disbelief as I squatted, opened my legs, and slid each one in my pussy. I stood up and a wave of pleasure flowed through me.

I had to really concentrated to hold my pussy closed as I walked out the door. Everyone followed me outside.

I stopped at my bike, trying to figure out how I was going to get on it without the balls falling out. Holding my bike in one hand I held my pussy in the other as I threw my leg over the seat. Now I wish I had a more feminine bike. Mine was a unisex all terrain bike with a bar down the middle like a boy's bike.

Glancing at my watch I realized I only had 10 minutes to get to the school. I started off, still holding my pussy until I could press it against the seat.

I don't know how I made it to the school. I seemed to be in a sexual haze the whole way. I've never felt anything so incredible before.

The three balls in my pussy filled me completely. The motion of my legs peddling forced the balls to roll around constantly inside me. The seat of the bike split my pussy lips and rubbed right up against my clit. I was afraid the balls would slide out so I pressed myself as hard as I could on the bike. Everything I rode over seemed to transfer directly to my pussy. I felt like I was being fucked in the middle of town while riding my bike!

I felt a climax building as I turned into the parking lot of the school. I came to a screeching stop at the bike rack, put both feet on the ground and pushed my pussy as hard as I could on the seat. One hand went immediately to my clit. As soon as I touched it I began to moan and then scream as a tidal wave of pleasure swept over me.

Finally I settle down and opened my eyes.

Have you ever seen a junior high five minutes before the bell is going to ring? Twelve, thirteen, and fourteen year old kids were all over the place! And every one of them was looking at me! They each saw a young nude woman, sweat running down her breasts, her pussy pressed against the seat of her bike, her finger pushed against her clit, her thighs wet with cum.

The whole world seemed to have come to a screeching halt.

I was so embarrassed. I couldn't believe what had just happened. I'd masturbated - climaxed - in the middle of a junior high school yard.

No one had moved.

I wanted so much to leave. I wanted to turn and ride out of there as fast as I possible could.

But I knew I couldn't. I had no idea what Coach Perrin would do if I left. I might lose my entire scholarship.

I had no idea what Ms Thompson would do, either. It would certainly count against me if I refused to do it.

Besides, a tiny part of me tingled at the thought of what had just happened. I actually enjoyed being "forced" to do something that I would never do on my own.

Sheepishly I tucked my head and rolled off my bike. I felt the balls start to slide out and quickly pushed them back in.

My hand was still shoving them in my pussy when a man spoke up behind me.

"You must be Lisa"

I jumped and twirled around. A tall, heavyset man with a goatee and his dark hair pulled into a short pony tail was standing behind me.

"Bill Wright. I'm the Principal." He put out his hand.

Without thinking, I reached out and shook it. Horrified, I realized that my fingers were dripping with cum.

He grinned. "Coach Perrin told me about your Human Sexuality class. I didn't realize you were going to be giving live demonstrations."

I didn't know what to do, so I just stood there like an idiot. Like a very naked idiot.

"Come with me, Lisa. I'll show you to the gym."

He led me in the front door and down the hall. There was still a couple of minutes before the bell and the hall was full of kids. A wave of silence seemed to roll down the hall ahead of us as the kids became aware of our approach. You'd think they had never seen a nude girl walking down the middle of their hallway before!

The gym held a little more privacy. At least it wasn't filled with kids. The gymnastics training room was off of the larger basket ball court. Mr. Wright led me in.

There was nothing special about the room. All the basic equipment was there: a large floor mat, rings, balance beams, bars etc.

"The kids will be here in a few minutes. Here's the class roll. How you lead them or what you have them do is basically up to you. Class is over at 9:20, but you need to release them by 9:05 so they can have time to shower and dress."

"One point, Lisa. We've been emphasizing hygiene and the necessity of showering after class. Even so, some of kids are embarrassed and try to skip it. You need to go into each locker room and personally supervise that each child takes a shower."

"Any questions?"

"I have to go in the boys' locker room and watch them shower?"

"I'm afraid so. We can't have them going to class right after a work out. My office is at the end of the hall if you need me."

The kids all came in as he walked out the door. They couldn't believe that they had a nude teacher!

I'd worked as a part time trainer in my gym at home, so I was comfortable leading a class. Of course, I'd never led one in the nude.

It's weird. There are times when I almost forgot I was nude. Times when I was truly in the moment and really didn't care what I was or was not wearing.

There are other times when I am acutely aware of my nudity. When I feel like everyone's eyes are on me. When that happens I become embarrassed and want nothing more than to run and hide somewhere. Of course, most of the time when I feel that way I'm in a situation where running and hiding is absolutely impossible.

This was one of those times. As those seven girls and five boys stood there looking at me I became acutely aware of my nudity. I wanted to run. I wanted to hide. I simply wanted to cover up.

Instead, I reached for the clipboard with the class roster. As I stepped forward I felt it happening but couldn't react in time.

One of the silver balls in my pussy slid out. I clenched my legs and stopped the other two from falling but the first one hit the mat, bounced once and rolled to the foot of one of the boys! He bent down and picked it up.

"Uh. You dropped this."

"Sorry. Thanks," I muttered. Not knowing what to do I simply opened my legs and slid it back inside. They all stared incredulously at me. A small tingle began to creep into my pussy again.

I called role and looked at the class. There were seven girls, 2 7th graders, 2 8th graders, and 3 ninth graders. They each wore leotards, some surprisingly provocative. Three of them wore two piece leotards, cut high in the thigh. Another had a thin pink one piece that was almost sheer. None of them wore anything underneath.

The guys were all dressed in shorts and t shirts. The shorts were all the same, but were also quite short and thin, not unusual for gymnastics. All 5 of them had prominent bulges tenting their shorts.

"Well, let's stretch," I said, and motioned for everyone to sit in a circle, legs in front and spread.

As the leader, I joined them. With my legs spread wide open my pussy was visible to all of them except the two on either side.

I led them in several different stretching exercises, then stood up while continuing to issue commands. I had each one form a bridge. That's where you lay on you back, put your hands palm down beside you head and push yourself up, arching your back high above the ground. Looking around I saw five hard cocks pushing against the guys' shorts. Several of the girls had wet spots on their leotards.

I finally decided it was time to get to work. When I work out I work out hard; when I lead a class I see that they work out hard as well. From the way they were acting, I pushed them harder than they were used to. When the buzzer went off reminding me to send them in to the showers, those poor kids were worn out. Sweat was trickling off their faces.

"Alright guys. Time to hit the showers," I announced. "The principal demanded that I verify that each one of you takes a shower. Therefore, do not get out of the shower until I come in there. That goes for the guys too! Understand?"

"You're going to come watch us shower?!" one guy yelled.

"Absolutely! So get in there and get naked. I'll be in there after I've made sure all the girls have gotten in."

Both groups went running in to the locker rooms. I casually followed the girls into theirs. The balls in my pussy wiggled provocatively.

As soon as I walked in the girls practically assaulted me with questions.

"Do you really stay nude all the time?"

"What are those things in your pussy?"

"Do they feel good?"

"Why is your pussy bald?"

"Do you go outside like that?"

"Is everyone at your college nude?"

"Shut up everyone and let her answer," one girl yelled.

They all quieted down.

"All right girls. Get undressed and get in the shower and I'll answer all your questions."

They quickly peeled off their leotards and jumped in the shower, a large room with a dozen shower heads.

I'd never really looked at girls this age before. They were all 12 to 14 years old - and quite beautiful. Each one had the slim athletic body of a gymnast. Their breasts were just beginning to bud, their pussies just beginning to grow hair. As they soaped up they once again began shouting out questions.

"Slow down," I yelled. "I don't have much time, so you can each ask one question."

"Are you nude all the time?"

"No. Just yesterday, today, and tomorrow. It's for a sex ed class."

"God I'm glad our sex ed class doesn't make us go nude!" replied one girl.

Another girl piped up, "I don't know. I think it'd be fun!"

Everyone giggled.

"What are those silver balls in your pussy?"

"Their called Ben Wa balls. I have to keep them there all day.'

"Do they hurt?"

"No. They feel great. But sometimes it's a little hard to keep them inside."

"Is everyone at the college nude?"

"No. Just me and one other guy. But everyone has different projects to do."

"What's your project?"

"I've got to complete 3 dares every day. I never know what they are until that day."

"What else do you have to do today?"

"Well. I carry these balls all day. I have to have my pussy shaved in a couple of days at the barbershop and I have to pee outside with at least 2 witnesses."

Everyone giggled again.

I suddenly remembered the boys.

"I've got to go, girls. It's been nice working with you. Keep up the good work and I'll see you again later."

I turned and walked out and in to the boys' locker room.

The guys were all in the shower, waiting for me. They were each standing under a shower head letting the warm water flow over their nude bodies. They had obviously already finished washing up. The guys were gorgeous. Like the girls, they were slim and athletic. Their bodies were just beginning to develop real muscle, moving away from the skin and bones that young boys have. As they saw me their young cocks rose to greet me. They turned away, embarrassed.

"It's OK guys. I've seen hard cocks before," I proclaimed, trying to act casual.

The truth is, seeing these naked boys was incredibly exciting. I leaned casually against the wall until they had all turned around again. Now, I'm not an expert on male anatomy. Until this week my experience was extremely limited. Nevertheless, I was surprised at how large these young cocks were. Hard, they were almost, though not quite, as large as a grown man.

With an effort I tore my eyes away.

"Well boys, we had all better get to class. It's been a pleasure teaching you. I hope to see you again soon!" I grinned and walked out.

The bell rang as I walked out of the gym and in to the hall. Kids poured out of the classrooms like water from a dam. And once again, as soon as they saw me they stopped and stared, frozen in place.

The crowd magically opened before me as I walked forward. No one dared get close enough to touch me, but everyone stared. Hundreds of young eyes were glued to my body as I walked down that long hall. The fullness of my pussy sent tingles up and down my spine. I kept thinking of those nude athletes in the locker room.

I walked outside and climbed on my bike, careful to keep the balls from sliding out.

I headed towards school. I had a 10:00 class. I had plenty of time to get to the dorm, grab my books, and walk to class. I peddled slowly, enjoying the pressure of the balls rolling in my soaking pussy. Feeling the seat push against my sensitive clit. I actually enjoyed the look of shock and surprise of those I passed. I had never realized how much of an exhibitionist I was. My embarrassment seemed to have left completely, replaced by pure sexual energy.

I felt my climax slowly building. As I pulled into the dorm parking lot it filled my body. Just a gentle shuddering. Calm and relaxing.

I sighed deeply and rolled off my bike.

I went upstairs, got my books, and then strolled to class. Word had gotten out about the class. Everyone still looked, but the shock was gone. I was surprised at the reactions I was receiving. Some people just ignored me. Others stared in open curiosity, simply not able to comprehend how someone could willingly walk in public completely nude. Pure lust shone in the eyes of some. That excited me.

Disgust and shame shone in the eyes of others, their faces contorted with what I can only describe as hatred. I realized that these individuals had already judged me and found me guilty of - it didn't matter what. For them I was evil. Fortunately I didn't feel that from many.

I saw Jonathon across the commons from me and waved. He was relaxing at a table in the sun, totally nude. He, too, seemed to have gotten used to being naked. He'd better. He had to stay that way all semester. I headed towards him and saw Janet coming from the opposite direction.

Janet's project was to record the reactions of society to her extremely revealing wardrobe. That sounds so scientific. Basically, she had to wear really revealing clothes all semester and write about her experiences.

Today she wore a bandana for a top (like on Survivor). It was folded into a triangle hanging down over her breasts. Whenever she bent over or moved you could see her tits. She wore a slightly larger bandana around her waist, tied on one side. It hid absolutely nothing.

The three of us met at Jonathon's table. We were quite a site. A nude man and a nude woman next to a may as well be nude woman.

I heard a click and turned to see a kid taking pictures. I started to get upset, then realized it was inevitable and relaxed.

We stood there and talked for a few minutes before class was to start. It was nice to talk to some people who had gone through similar trials.

As we talked I realized I really needed to pee. I told the two about that part of my dare and asked them to watch. Janet then reminded me that since they were in the class they were disqualified.

With that she turned and yelled as loud as she could, "Hey everybody! Lisa needs to pee. Come watch!!"

I was horrified as everyone within hearing distance turned to see.

"Just trying to help," Janet grinned. "That was my dare!"

I wasn't sure what to do, but I did need to pee. And I did have my audience.

I squatted right where I was and tried to relax. That's hard to do when you're the center of attention.

After 10 seconds that felt like hours I finally felt myself release. A hard stream of urine flowed out of me. I looked up just as the kid with the camera knelt in front of me and took my picture. Since there was nothing I could do I just squatted there, holding the balls in my pussy as a pool of pee grew behind me.

After such a busy morning the rest of the day was rather uneventful. I remained nude all day. I kept the BenWa balls inside me. Quite honestly, by the end of the day they had stopped being erotic at all. Instead they became quite uncomfortable. As the excitement began to wear off my pussy began to get dry. I was sore for several days afterwards.

Of course, I had to go to gymnastics. That was actually pretty fun. I found that there is a sense of freedom exercising in the nude. I loved it. And I loved the attention I received from Coach Perrin and some of the others. There's no way I could compete in the nude (the judges would hold it against me), but I wonder if I could arrange to practice nude all the time?

I slid the balls out of my pussy just before crawling into bed, still nude. I had been nude in public since Monday morning. Tomorrow after class I would be able to dress again.

I wonder what my dares will be tomorrow?

**Part 03**

I woke up early Wednesday morning and lay in bed, thinking. My Human Sexuality class was today. I couldn't believe that I had only been in this class for one week.

I felt like someone had turned on a light in an otherwise dark room. My whole life had changed in the course of less than a week.

Before I came to Southeastern I had only had sex with one other person. I wasn't really a prude. But no one had seen me nude except the girls on my gymnastics team, and that was only when changing. I had masturbated occasionally, but only in private. Sex was something to be giggled over. Dark. Mysterious. Unknown.

In the course of one week I had given 5 blow jobs, masturbated (or climaxed) in public numerous times, strode around campus nude, ridden my bike through town nude, led a junior high gymnastics course nude, and even practiced gymnastics nude!

How could I have changed so drastically?

I had no idea. I simply knew that I liked it. I loved to be nude - all the time! I loved the way the sheets felt against my nude body at night. I loved the way the wind blew against my moist pussy as I rode my bike. I tingled whenever people looked at me as I walked in public, nude. And I got an insane thrill whenever I was forced to do the unexpected, the perverse, in public.

My friends and I had giggled about "sluts" at school, calling them nymphomaniacs. I'd about decided that I really was one.

Instead of being apprehensive at the thought of what this day might hold, I anticipated it like I had never anticipated anything else.

I sat up and pulled the dares bag over to me. Closing my eyes I pulled out three cards.

"Volunteer to be a nude model for the art department."

"Masturbate in the dining room today, using food as a dildo."

"Spend the day topless and wear nipple clamps all day."

O.K.

I could tell that I was going to become a regular customer at the adult bookstore down the road. I'd have to go there this morning and buy some nipple clamps. Since I had to stay nude until class was over, I'd have to go in the nude. I was sure they wouldn't mind.

I rolled out of bed and took my shower. Combing my long dark hair out and letting it flow free, I got my book bag and walked out. It was still pretty early. Much of the dorm was still asleep.

I went out and got on my bike. As I peddled leisurely through the campus I wiggled my ass until I had wedged the seat firmly between my pussy lips. It felt good to feel the rolling pressure against my clit.

I still felt sore from the ben wa balls. It wasn't so much from the irritation. It was muscular. I had been working those muscles so hard to hold the balls inside. I felt like I did when I had a particularly hard workout after taking a week off. I realized that if I kept using them on a semi regular basis I'd be able to open beer bottles with my cunt!

I pulled up to the adult bookstore and walked inside as though it was the most natural thing in the world. I knew that inside men would be leering at my nude body. I was frightened. I was nervous. And I was excited as hell. My juices had started flowing from that bike ride and I actually wanted the men to look at me.

"Hello Lisa," boomed the man behind the counter. "It's a pleasure to have you visit my establishment again!"

His greeting caused every man in the place to turn and stare.

I smiled and ducked my head somewhat.

"Morning," I mumbled.

"What can I get you this morning, darlin'?"

Looking up, I grinned and said, "I've been dared to wear nipple clamps all day. Do you have any?"

"Right this way, my lady."

He led me around the counter again, past the men (who all seemed to have quit shopping for the time being).

In a glass counter were dozens of different kinds of clamps.

"Are you pierced?"

"What?"

"Are your nipples pierced?" he asked.

"Oh. No," I replied.

"O.K. I have several different pair, from the purely utilitarian," he set out a small package with two silver clamps, "to the beautiful." He pointed out a pair of gold clamps and a gold chain connecting them to a necklace.

"I've never bought anything like this. I'm not sure what to get."

"Well, darlin'. There are two main types. One just clamps down like a clothes pin and one screws down, allowing you to determine how tight they are. Why don't you try some on?"

I was startled at the suggestion. I had intended to put them on in the store, just like yesterday. But I hadn't really thought about modeling them for the men standing around me, murmuring encouragement.

"O.K. I guess."

He carefully opened a package. Instead of handing them to me, he reached forward and massaged my nipple to bring it to attention.

I gasped, surprised, almost angry. He smiled at me as though this was the way it was supposed to be done. I knew better, of course. But his rough hands felt good, so I let him do it.

He opened the clamp and attached it to my nipple.

"Ouch!" I cried. "That hurts." The clamp was like a clothes pin and was firmly biting into my left nipple.

"Well, darlin'. This is one that you can't adjust. If you wear it all day you'll become quite sore."

"Well, I don't wan that. Take it off." I leaned forward, offering him my breast.

He released it and opened another package.

"This one is adjustable," he said.

Reaching for my right breast, he carefully inserted my nipple and screwed it on. It felt tight, but it didn't hurt. In fact, it felt pretty good. I turned to show my audience. They all voiced their approval.

"Much better," I stated. "Show me some of those prettier ones."

He pulled out the necklace I was looking at. It was quite a contraption. A gold chain went around my neck like a chocker. A chain came down the middle and split into two chains that went to by breasts. A nipple clamp then attached to my nipples. The chain continued down to another chain that encircled my waist. If these chains hung loose they simply looked nice. However, they could be tightened so that they pulled on my nipples whenever I moved. I could adjust it as tight as I wanted. It felt great. And my audience obviously thought they looked great as well.

"How much are they?" I asked.

"Well, darlin'. You picked the Cadillac of nipple clamps. That's 14 caret gold. A real piece of jewelry. Price is $249.99."

I gasped. My parents aren't poor and I got a nice allowance, but there was no way I could afford to pay that much for nipple clamps.

I must of looked like a little girl that only got clothes for her 6th birthday!

I started to take them off when one of the men behind me spoke up.

"I'll pay fifty of it."

"Yeah, I'll put in twenty."

"Hey, I'd pay $30 for this kind of show any day!"

I turned and stared at them. Before I knew it, $250 was sitting on the counter.

I beamed at the men. "Thank you! Thank you so much!"

An old cowboy at the front of the group replied, "Well, little girl, it ain't often that these old eyes get a chance to see somethin as beautiful as you. It's the least we can do to make you happy."

I walked over to him, pressed my body against him, and kissed his cheek. Then I turned to the next man, and the next. I pressed my breasts and pussy against each man and kissed him tenderly on the cheek. Each one hugged me lightly, some caressing my ass. No one tried to assault me; they were all perfect gentlemen.

With my eyes tearing up in gratitude, my nipples clamped securely, the chains pulling then gently up, I walked out of the store.

Riding back to campus was a whole new experience. I had tightened the chains so that they pulled on my nipples each time I twisted or turned. Needless to say, my nipples were being constantly pulled from one direction to the other as I rode. It felt sensational.

I rode back to my dorm, locked up my bike, and walked to the dining hall. I had about 45 minutes before class, just enough time for breakfast and my next dare.

I ran into Janet, Ashley and Steve on my way in. Janet's project related to wearing extremely revealing clothes. Today she wore a pair of denim overalls with no shirt underneath. This left her breasts completely visible unless you were standing directly in front of her. She had ripped large holes in the legs, including one near her crotch. Since the outfit was baggy her shaved pussy was visible if she sat or moved in just the right way. She looked incredible.

Ashley and Steve had both paired up since both of them were experimenting with "accidental" exposure. Ashley wore a light sundress that buttoned up the front. Several buttons had popped open around her breasts. For the moment, Steve looked normal in a jeans and a T shirt.

They all thought my "outfit" was fantastic. Somehow the chains simply accentuated my nudity.

I was already excited at the prospect of masturbating at breakfast. I still don't understand how I could have changed into such a nymphomaniac so quickly. I literally couldn't wait for an audience!

As I went through the line I thought carefully about the dare. I wasn't required to masturbate to climax. I was simply required to masturbate with my food. I had to go to class afterwards, so I didn't really want to get to messy.

I went to the fruit bar and filled my plate with strawberries, grapes, cantaloupe cut into bite size chunks, an orange, and (of course) a banana. With a cup of coffee (for my mouth, not my pussy - I'm not into pain!) I was ready to play!

When we got to the table, I climbed up and sat my bare ass right on the table instead of sitting in the chairs. Steve, Ashley, and Janet just stared at me. I had intentionally kept them in the dark.

I picked up a piece of cantaloupe, opened my legs, and slid it into my dripping pussy. My God it felt cold. Shivers flowed through my cunt and up spine.

I looked up. Steve's mouth was hanging open. Ashley and Janet just grinned. No one else had noticed yet.

"One of my dares," I explained, sliding a large strawberry in behind the cantaloupe.

Ashley seems to take perverse pleasure in "helping me out."

"Hey everybody!" she yelled. "Lisa's fuckin' her food!"

Talk about a conversation stopper!

The dining room was relatively full. It was the natural meeting place before going to class. Class was the last thing on anyone's mind at this point. Everyone was staring at me!

I knew people were going to be staring at me. I mean, I was sitting nude on top of the table! But I didn't really expect it to be broadcast around the room! But it was kind of exciting.

I slid more fruit inside me. Another bite of cantaloupe. A handful of grapes. A couple of more strawberries. Before long almost the whole bowl of fruit pieces was filling my pussy. Juice was running out and pooling between my legs.

I'd never felt anything like this before. Completely full. Cool - almost cold inside.

I stood up and squatted over the bowl again.

Without using my hands, I began pushing the fruit out. It took enormous control. I wanted to squeeze it all out, but if I did that I would crush the fruit. Gently I pushed until, with a plop, a grape fell into the bowl. Then a strawberry. A bite of cantaloupe. Just as another strawberry popped out Steve reached under and caught it, popping it into his mouth!

"Better than whipped cream!" he exclaimed.

I kept pushing until I felt like I had gotten it all out.

"Steve, would you mind checking to make sure that nothing is left inside?" I asked.

I leaned back on my hands and raised my pussy up, widening my legs even more.

He gently slid his finger inside me and moved it around. Then another and another. I could feel him wiggling his fingers inside of me.

"There's something still in there," he said.

He kept reaching, but it was just out of reach.

"Janet, you have small hands. See if you can get it," he said.

Janet stepped up, grinning like the Cheshire Cat. She slipped two fingers inside. Then a third. Then a forth! I could feel them rolling around inside me. Beads of sweat were forming around my nipples. My breathing was getting heavier and heavier.

"I can feel it too, but I can't get it."

She slid out for a moment and then pushed in again, sliding her thumb in as well. I looked down and realized her entire hand, up to her wrist was inside my pussy!

Instead of reaching for the food, she wiggled her fingers like an octopus. My whole body spasmed, my back arched. I screamed as a waves of pleasure rolled up my back. She didn't stop, and neither did I. I pushed down, feeling her hand fill my pussy, her fingers wiggling wildly.

Slowly the world came back into focus. The entire dining room was looking at me, leaning back on my hands and feet, with my pussy in the air, Janet's hand entirely inside me.

"I think I've got it!" she exclaimed, withdrawing her hand with a small purple grape inside it. Grinning, she popped it in her mouth.

I lowered myself down onto my back and lay there, spread eagled, the bowl of fruit between my legs. The crowd were starting to disperse, most shaking their heads and laughing among themselves.

I sat up and started eating the fruit. It was sweet with a tinge of saltiness. I thought it was great! Ashley, Steve, and Janet decided it was a community bowl and helped themselves. Before I knew it, the bowl was empty and I was still hungry.

I started peeling the orange.

"You're not going to put that in you, are you?!" said Janet.

"Sure. Why not?" I replied.

"It'll sting," she stated. "Oranges are full of acid and it'll hurt like hell!"

I grinned as I started pulling the pieces off and putting them in the bowl.

"A dare's a dare," I said as I pulled my feet under me and squatted on the table again.

Gingerly I started sliding them into me again. I was still wet (and a little sticky) from my previous course. To begin with I didn't feel much at all. The thin orange skin kept the juice inside. It wasn't cold like the other fruit was. I began to feel disappointed.

It was a big orange, though. Soon I began to feel full again. I kept pushing the slices in. As I did so, the skins began to break and the juice began leaking out of my pussy. Janet thought it would sting. I'm not really sure how to describe it. It stung. But it was almost pleasant. It felt almost like my whole pussy was vibrating. It heightened my senses so that I could feel every cell in my juicy (literally) pussy.

I lay back and relaxed. It felt good. It felt weird. I wasn't sure if I liked it or not.

I sat up and squeezed them out again. I guess because of their size I didn't have any problem this time. Each piece slid out with ease.

Once again, all four of us enjoyed them together.

By now it was 7:50. Class started in ten minutes. Time to quit playing with my food.

I picked up my banana and decided to just eat it as we walked to class. We gathered our stuff and headed out.

"I wonder if anyone'll complain about the table being sticky?" giggled Janet.

We all laughed.

To tell you the truth, class was a little bit of a let down. This was just the fourth session. The other three had been so exciting that we had forgotten that this was supposed to be a serious study of human sexuality. No body fucked anyone on the desk or anything!

Instead, Ms Thompson spent most of the class lecturing on sexuality in general and the hang ups regarding sex in our society in particular.

Even so, there we sat, thirty nude students and one nude teacher.

She left about ten minutes for us to discuss our term projects. Mine seemed to be the most outrageous, but there were some others that were pretty far out there as well.

The class also turned in their dares for me. I ended up with a large bag of cards, some with items attached, for me to draw some.

I had a couple of questions regarding the dares. What happens if two dares conflict? For example, one dare says I have to be nude all day and another that I must perform a striptease. I was told to put the second conflicting dare back in the bag and draw again.

What happens if one dare requires an entire term to complete? For example, told to stay nude for the entire term. I was told that each dare should last 24 hours. If the dare states a longer time period I have the right to shorten it to one day.

I was also concerned about my gymnastics. I stated that I would not risk my health or my scholarship for a dare.

No one seemed to understand what I meant. I told them that I had known a man who left his wedding ring on while practicing the parallel bars. His ring got caught and tore his whole finger off. I refused to wear any rings or clamps while working out. The class agreed that was acceptable.

I also stated that it was necessary for me to wear clothes for official tournaments. Even if I received permission to compete nude, I was certain that the judges would hold it against me. Since my scholarship was dependent on my success, I could not risk that.

After some debate, the class and teacher agreed that I could override a dare during a competition.

The class was really getting into this project of mine. Someone asked if it would be possible to add special dares during the course of the term based on what may be happening in my life at the time.

Ms Thompson thought that was a great idea. It as determined that she or the class as a whole could give me additional dares throughout the semester as long as they related to something in particular that we were studying at the time or related to an unusual event occurring in my life or on campus.

As class was dismissed I realized that I had neglected to bring any pants. My nudity dare was over, but the dare for today included being topless, so I couldn't wear a shirt. Oh well. I had gone to Dr. Johnson's psychology class nude on Monday. May as well go again today.

As I gathered my things to leave Ms Thompson stopped me.

"Lisa. Your nudity dare is over. Shouldn't you be getting dressed?" she asked.

"My dare today demanded that I stay topless," I replied.

"And bottomless?"

"No ma'am."

"Lisa. Your project is to study the your responses and the responses of others to your dares. Becoming to accustomed to public nudity will weaken your results. Unless specified in your dare, you need to wear some type of clothing. Is that clear?"

"Yes ma'am. I guess that makes sense. I'll get dressed after my next class."

"All right," she replied. "I'm proud of the way you have taken to this so quickly, Lisa. You are quite unusual."

"Thank you."

I walked out and headed to class.

As before, I was seated at eye level. Opening my legs allowed Dr. Johnson an intimate view of my pussy. Even though I enjoyed teasing him, I quickly realized that this class was for real. I had to listen and take notes or I was bound to fail. The class flew by. I had actually become comfortable taking notes in the nude. I felt great!

I had mixed feeling as I headed back to the dorm. I had gotten used to being nude. But I was still embarrassed some by the way people looked at me. I wanted to be dressed. I wanted to be nude. Both at the same time.

Nothing said how I should dress. I wanted to wear something sexy but I didn't have much. My family was far to conservative to send me to college with revealing clothes.

I had managed to buy a pair of low rider jeans and a thong without my parents knowledge (what a rebel, huh). I pulled the jeans on. They were really tight and hung really low on my hips. Without knickers on my crack was clearly visible, especially when I sat. I grabbed the thong and stuffed it in my purse for later.

I looked in the mirror before I headed out. My body was thin and muscular. The nipple clamps and accompanying gold chain brought attention to my small breasts. My jeans hung low and tight. They hid very little.

I tightened the nipple clamps a bit and headed to lunch.

After lunch I went to the art department and spoke to the dean. She was thrilled with my offer to pose as a nude or erotic model. She stated that it was difficult to find students to pose nude and even more difficult to find students willing to pose for erotica. She took my name and number and promised to get in touch with me. I'm not sure what she has in mind.

At gymnastics I went in the locker room, stripped, and pulled on my thong. It was a small, white, cotton, French cut thong that slid nicely into my ass and barely covered my pussy. I knew that as I stretched and worked out it would soon be completely enveloped by my pussy lips.

Coach Perrin grinned as I came out. By now everyone on the team was aware of my project. They were all really curious about it. I had expected some to be upset with me. Instead, they thought it was cool that I would do something like this. We ended up spending almost half the session discussing it.

They all wanted to know what it felt like to work out nude. I told them it felt great.

Gymnasts are an unusual breed. We had all been taking lessons and training since we were children. We were used to wearing skin tight leotards with nothing underneath. We were used too coaches, both men and women, grabbing us and maneuvering our bodies in rather intimate ways. It wasn't sexual. It was just the way you learn. We had all had massages over various parts of our bodies based on various injuries or sprains.

Basically we had learned to be comfortable with our bodies.

But until this week, none of us had ever worked out nude - at least not in public.

"Maybe we should all try it," one girl stated.

"Try what?" someone else replied.

"Working out nude!"

"Naked! All of us?" a freshman guy exclaimed.

"Yea," said one of the older guys. "That's how the Greeks did it. Right coach?"

Coach Perrin looked rather unsure about this whole conversation. "Yes," he replied, rather apprehensively.

"Well that settles it!" exclaimed the first girl (her name was Tammy and she was a junior, though I didn't know her very well). She stood up, peeled her leotard off and threw it towards the locker room!

She was absolutely gorgeous. She had deep red hair tied in a tight pony tail. She was deeply tanned with a bright white tan line around her breasts and hips. Her breasts were small and firm. Tight red neatly trimmed curls peaked from between her legs.

"Come on team! Let's show some unity and spirit!" She yelled.

Rick, the senior that said Greeks worked out nude, stood up. "Yea!" He boomed. "Everyone! Let's do it nude!"

He pulled off his shirt and dropped his shorts, revealing a hard muscular body. His cock was at half mast, surrounded by dark curls.

Rick was the unofficial leader of the team (captains had not been chosen yet). Once he stripped everyone else followed suit, some less enthusiastically than others.

Before long I was overdressed.

"Come on Lisa! You got us into this. Take 'em off!" yelled Tammy.

I stood up, dropped my thong, and kicked it towards the locker room.

Everyone looked at Coach Perrin.

"OOOOH no!" he said. "You kids can workout nude if you like, but if I strip I'll be fired! Now - Let's get to work!" He blew his whistle and started directing people to various apparatus.

It was surreal. The team wasn't very large, but everywhere I looked there were nude bodies, bending, stretching, swinging, bouncing.

Some people started out trying to cover themselves with their hands. Coach Perrin soon stopped that by announcing that they had chosen to strip so they had better not try to hide by God! Besides, it's a little hard to cover up when your hanging from the rings or doing a handstand.

By the end of the workout everyone was relaxed and comfortable. Afterwards we gathered together in the center of the main mat, one large group of sweating nude coed athletes.

"What does everyone thing of this experiment?" asked Rick.

Everyone seemed to voice approval.

"All right. Everyone in favor of making this our new workout uniform say 'Aye'."

A chorus of "Ayes" rang out.

"All opposed?"

The room was silent.

"It's settled, then," announced Rick. "From here on out we will practice in the nude."

Just like that I had converted my entire gymnastics team to nude workouts!

Beaming, I headed toward the locker room.

"Lisa."

I turned to see Coach Perrin calling to me. I walked over to him, a bead of sweat dripping off my nipple.

"Yes sir?"

"Mr. Wright was very impressed with the way you led the gymnastics team at the junior high yesterday."

"Thank you," I replied.

"For several years our team has taken turns coaching the junior high. The problem is that rotating teachers removes consistency from their training. Mr. Wright would like you to coach the team throughout the entire year."

"Coach, I'm not sure that's a good idea. I mean, look what my sexuality project has done here in just three days!" I replied. "I projects involve completing random dares. I have no idea what I may be required to do."

"Lisa, this is quite an honor. A freshman gymnast has never been asked to coach a junior high team before. I've explained your project with Mr. Wright and he doesn't see any problem with it. In fact, he's been trying for several years to bring a more enlightened approach to their own sex education classes. I think it would be beneficial for you to accept it."

"OK Coach. I'll do it. But Mr. Wright has to understand that my class work comes first and I won't shirk my project just to coach his team."

"Understood," Coach Perrin replied. "You can discuss it with him in the morning. He'd like to meet with you at 7:30 before the class starts."

"OK. I'll be there," I said.

With that, I turned and went into the locker room.

The coach was right. It really was an honor to be selected to lead that team. But it was also rather scary. I had no idea what lay ahead of me - or what I may be required to do next!

BRIEF REVIEW

My sheets felt incredible against my nude body.

I'm one of those insane morning people that everyone hates. I always wake up early. This allows me to occasionally lie in bed and relax for a few moments in the quiet of the day.

Rolling over, I looked at the clock.

It was a little after 6:00 AM.

I sat up and pulled out my dares bag. It wasn't little any more. After yesterday's class it was full of cards, some with mysterious packages attached.

I reached in and pulled the first one out.

"You must only use the men's locker room or restroom for the rest of the day."

OK. I can do that.

I drew out the next card.

"Wear a butt plug all day."

A week ago I'm not sure I would have known what that was. After two trips to the adult bookstore I knew exactly what to look for. Looked like another trip was on my schedule.

"Try on at least 5 different outfits at Victoria's Secret between 6:00 and 7:00 PM. After trying each one on walk out into the store to look for the next one. If anyone is looking ask them what they think."

I grinned. That sounded fun!

I lay on my back. I was totally nude, legs spread. I reached down and touched my pussy. Small stubbles of hair were beginning to sprout. In another week or two I'd be ready to go to the barber for my shave.

I thought about the day. I needed to go back to the bookstore and buy a butt plug. I was becoming quite a regular there. From there I had to go to the Junior High and teach gymnastics. I decided I'd wait and take my shower there, since I'd be all hot and sweaty anyway. Come back here for class. Then, this afternoon I had gymnastics practice. No need to worry about leotards for that anymore. Later tonight I had to go to the mall to try on outfits at Victoria's Secret. I'd try to get Ashley or Janet to go with me. May be Steve too.

For the first time in a while I had to decide what to wear. Thinking about my wardrobe made me realize that I really needed to go shopping. I simply didn't have enough clothes to fit my new lifestyle.

After some thought I picked a white cotton sundress. It had spaghetti straps and came down to just below my knees. It fit pretty closely over my breasts but was basically formless. When the sun shown just right it was almost see through. No knickers. No bra. I slid my bare feet into a pair of brown leather strap sandals.

With my hair flowing around my shoulders I looked pretty good. Although you couldn't really see anything, you could tell I had nothing on underneath. The darkness of my nipples shown through on top.

I turned to see Mindy looking at me. I grinned.

"So what're your dares today," she asked.

We hadn't really done much together since the term began, but we were growing on each other. I got the impression that she wished she had joined the class as well.

"Well, first I have to use the men's room all day," I replied.

"That doesn't sound too bad," she said. "At least they have stalls.'

"Not if I use the urinals," I retorted. "Or the showers."

She grinned. "What else?"

"I've got to wear a butt plug all day."

"My god. How are you going to do that? You don't even have one."

"I'm going to go buy one on my way to Lincoln Jr. High."

"Oh. What else?"

"Tonight I have to go try on some outfits at Victoria's Secret and parade around the store."

"Cool. Can I come?"

"Sure," I replied.

"So, what's it like doing these dares everyday?" she asked.

She was sitting up in bed now. She was wearing a T shirt that was bunched up around her waist. I couldn't really tell from where I was standing, but it looked like she didn't have on any knickers.

I sat down on her bed. I had a few minutes to kill so I may as well get to know her a little better.

"It's incredible!" I replied. "On the one hand I feel dominated because I am bound to do whatever these dares demand. On the other hand I feel liberated, pushing my boundaries further each day."

"Wow." she replied wistfully. "I could never do that."

"I thought you'd done all kinds of shit."

"What gave you that idea?" she laughed. "I didn't even lose my cherry until the night before I came here. Then the bastard broke up with me at the airport!"

"Oh Mindy! I'm sorry." I said.

"That's OK. We didn't really love each other. I think we both did it just so we could say we weren't virgins when we got to college. He's on the other side of the country now. Good riddance."

"You just seemed so much more wild than I was," I explained.

"I hung out with the 'wrong' crowd some - but I never really did anything," she explained. "I don't see how you do it."

"To tell you the truth, Mindy," I responded. "I don't know how I do it either. Somehow last Friday a whole new world opened for me. I feel like a new person. Each day is filled with the unexpected. I'm embarrassed to admit it - but I love being exposed to the world like this. I love being nude. I love being on the sexual edge all day long!"

She looked at me with a yearning in her eyes.

"You want to do this too, don't you?"

"No!" she responded. "Well... yes. But I could never do what you do!"

"Do you think I thought I could do this a few days ago?" I asked. "My God! It's been less than a week since this whole thing started!"

"How do you do it?"

"I put myself in a position where I had no choice. I either do it or I fail the class. If I fail the class I lose my scholarship. If I lose my scholarship I go home a failure. I cannot do that. So I have to complete the dares. I have no choice anymore."

"See. I have nothing driving me like that. That's why I could never do what you do.'

I looked at her for a moment. "So start slow," I said.

"What?"

"Start slow. I dare you to wear a dress with no underwear today!"

"What?!"

"I dare you to wear a dress with no underwear today."

"OK....OK. I'll do it!'

We grinned and hugged.

I looked at my watch.

"Oh wow. I gotta go or I'll be late."

I grabbed my bag and ran out of the door, leaving Mindy sitting in her nightshirt thinking about her dare.

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I walked into the bookstore like it was home. There seemed to be a lot more men than there was previously. Almost like they were expecting me.

A look of disappointment crossed Joe's eyes as he looked at me.

"Mornin' Lisa. Bit overdressed today, ain't ya."

"Well, Joe, it just wasn't in the cards today," I grinned.

"What a shame!" he replied. "Ought to be against the law to cover somethin' that beautiful. Whatcha need today?"

"I'm looking for a butt plug," I replied, a little too loudly, making sure that all my fans heard.

Joe's face brightened again.

"Right this way, little lady! Right this way."

Until this week I had never realized how many sex toys there really were. And this store seemed to have them all. Joe showed me to a wall loaded with all kinds of butt plugs, anal stimulators, anal beads, and anal "I don't know whats."

"Wow," I said.

Joe started pulling down various packages.

"This is the standard large," he said. It looked like a baseball bat!

"I don't think so!" I laughed.

"Probably not," he replied. "Here's the small."

It looked much better. Just a few inches long with a rubber type base.

"Here's one you might like," he said. "It's the Golden Daisy."

He held up one about four inches long. It started small and broadened out to about the size of a quarter, then narrowed abruptly down to the base. The base was in the form of a gold daisy.

"I'll try these two," I announced, pointing to the small one and the Golden Daisy.

"Try?" asked Joe.

"You don't expect me to buy one without trying it out?" I asked.

With that I pulled my dress over my head, laid it on the counter and turned around. Looking in my purse I pulled out a tube of KY and handed it back to Joe.

"Will you do the honors?" I asked and bent forward at the waist, pushing my bare ass in his direction.

"Uh... sure," he said.

He started opening the small package before he recovered his wits.

"Be glad to Lisa. But I think I can get it in a little easier if you climb up on the counter here."

"OK!" I replied enthusiastically, jumped up on the counter, got on my hands and knees and stuck my ass in the air so everyone could see.

"Put plenty of KY on it!" I warned.

Everyone began crowding around as I felt him place it against my ass hole. Slowly but firmly he began to push it in. It hurt a little as my sphincter tried to clamp shut. I willed myself to relax and it slid all the way in, clamping shut around the base.

I was an anal virgin. Never before had I ever stuck something that far inside me. I can't say it felt good. But it didn't hurt. I felt full. Almost like I needed to crap. I really wasn't sure what I thought about it.

I turned around and sat down on the counter, pushing it even deeper inside me. As my body became used to it tingles started to travel around my pussy. I stood up and walked to a mirror that hung along one wall.

I'm not sure why Joe had a mirror hanging up. I can't imagine that many people would need it, but it helped me out.

I turned and looked at my ass. A large rubber base poked out.

I grimaced.

"Let's try the other one," I said, and climbed back on the counter.

As Joe grabbed the base he slid one hand between my legs and felt my wet pussy.

"Wrong hole, Joe," I said.

He laughed. "Sorry little lady. Just got confused!"

I laughed and he knew I wasn't mad.

Grabbing the base, he slid it out with a loud plop.

He lubricated the other one and slid it in. It went in much easier this time. He pushed it in tight and backed away.

"Now that's a thing of beauty!" he exclaimed.

It was a little wider than the other one, but felt a little better.

I climbed down and walked to the mirror, turned, and looked at my ass.

Between my ass cheeks peeked a small gold daisy. It was the sort of thing you might not even notice, but if you did you couldn't help but think how pretty it looked. As I walked it rolled and wiggled inside me. I could tell that by the end of the day this thing was going to drive me wild.

"Sold!" I said. "How much?"

"On the house," replied Joe. "It's not every day I get to insert something up an ass as pretty as yours."

"Well, thank you, Joe." I picked up my dress.

"Lisa, may I talk to you in private," he asked.

"OK. I don't have long though."

We walked over to the edge of the counter, away from the crowd who had begun to disperse, though they all stayed within sight. I hadn't put my dress on yet.

"I have a proposition for you," Joe said.

"Now Joe, I know I appear pretty wild, but I'm not.."

"NO!" he interrupted. "Nothing like that. This is a business proposition. I want to hire you to work at my store."

I stared at him, intrigued.

"I want you to work however many hours you can. The rules are simple. I'll pay you $50 per hour. You'll work totally nude. You'll work the counter and the shelves. You may, at your discretion, demonstrate whatever toys someone is interested in buying. In addition, you get whatever toys you want for free."

I wasn't sure what to say. My father had demanded that I get a part time job, but I hadn't bothered to look for one yet. I certainly couldn't make this much money anywhere else.

"What about sex?" I asked, apprehensively.

"No sex." He replied. "There will always be at least one other man here while you're working. I'll kill any man who touches you - and they know it!"

"Why? Why would you pay so much?" I asked.

"Lisa, it's 7:15 AM. I usually have 5 to 10 customers. There's over 30 here this morning, just hoping you'll show up."

"I don't know. I need a job and this would be fun. But I need some time to think about it," I replied.

"That's fine," he said. "Whenever you decide you're ready, just let me know.

Grinning, I winked at Joe and walked out, carrying my dress with me.

Outside I slipped my dress over my head, straddled my bike and took of for the school.

My bare ass wiggled against the seat. The butt plug seemed to vibrate to the rhythm of the wheels. It wasn't as stimulating as the Ben Wa balls were. It's hard to describe. But it felt good. Simply a firm steady pressure within me.

I got to the school about 7:30 and headed in to see Mr. Wright. He wanted to see me about coaching the gymnastics team.

He was waiting in his office for me when I arrived.

He stood as I entered his office.

"Good morning, Lisa," he boomed, holding out his hand.

I shook it.

"Good morning, Mr. Wright. Coach Perrin told me you wanted to talk to me this morning."

"I'm sure he mentioned that I wanted you to coach the gymnastics team. What do you think?" he asked.

"Well sir. It's a great honor. But I'm concerned about my studies at school.," I replied.

"You mean your human sexuality class," he stated.

"Yes sir. I'm concerned that my term project could cause some problems with my coaching."

"Really. Tell me about this project of yours."

"Everyone in the class has to pick a project to work on all semester long. My project involves performing various dares. The other students in the class wrote out dares on a bunch of cards. I have to choose three dares each day to perform. I can reject a few, but basically I have to do whatever I'm dared to do. If I don't, I fail. So you see, I never know what I may be required to do from day to day."

"I see," he replied. "Coach Perrin told me some of what this class required. I'm curious, what are your dares today."

I grinned.

"I have to wear a butt plug all day. I can only use the men's restrooms and showers. And I have to go to Victoria's Secret this evening and try on 5 outfits, walking around the store in each."

Mr. Wright was almost drooling. It felt great to have this much power over a man.

"Well, Lisa, I don't want to endanger your grades in any way. If you accept this position, I will expect you to continue with your Human Sexuality project in whatever way is necessary. After your last practice on Tuesday I contacted the parents of each gymnast and discussed the situation. They have all agreed to allow you to do whatever you are required to do or whatever you think is best for the team. They have each spoken to their kids and instructed them to obey whatever you request. In addition, Lisa, if you accept this position, we will pay you a stipend of $1,000 per month."

I was astonished.

"I don't know what to say, Mr. Wright. What exactly would my responsibilities include?"

"You would have virtually total control over the team. You need to have at least 5 practices a week. I think we can arrange them around your schedule to an extent. The first meet is in four weeks. There are a total of 8 regional meets that we go to between now and the Spring. That's followed by the state and national meets if we qualify. In addition to the practices, we may wish to use you in various functions related to our own sex education classes. What do you say, Lisa?"

"What happens if the meets conflict with my own competitions?"

"Obviously one of the other coaches would have to fill in. That won't be a problem. That's what we've always had to do in the past."

I thought for a moment. This was too good to be true. The chance to coach a team on my own. I had dreamed of that for years. I couldn't quite believe that they would really let me complete my project though. I didn't want that to become a headache in the future. I needed to settle that issue now.

"Mr. Wright, I've begun practicing in the nude. Is there a problem with my doing that here?" I asked.

He smiled. "Coach Perrin told me what your team decided yesterday. Lisa, you have total control. You and your team may wear as much or as little as you decide! The choice is yours."

I swallowed. If I could work out nude and even have the team nude then I was certain that no future dare would be denied.

"What do the sex ed classes entail?"

"Honestly I'm not sure, Lisa. The staff is still contemplating that one. It could be anything from an anatomy lesson to a demonstration of various activities. I just don't know."

"Alright Mr. Wright. I'll do it!"

"Great!" he exclaimed. "I hope you realize that I expect you to win the state championship!"

"Of course!" I grinned.

The bell rang in the background.

"You have five minutes to get to the gym, Lisa."

He stood up and shook my hand again.

"Welcome aboard. I may drop by later to see how you're doing."

I grinned and danced out the door.

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My own gymnastics team! I couldn't believe it!

Walking to the gym I decided I would do my best to act as much like Ms. Thompson as I could. She seemed so natural, so comfortable, nude - even in public. She showed absolutely no embarrassment or shame. Despite the fear that tingled in the pit of my stomach, I resolved to act that way as well.

When I walked into the gym the kids were just beginning to straggle in. With absolutely no fanfare, I walked into the far corner and pulled my dress over my head. Turning I saw a class full of grinning faces. They had all seen me nude on Tuesday, but they thought that was a special circumstance. Now they knew, or at least suspected, that I would always be nude during our practices.

"Good morning, team," I announced.

"Good morning, Miss Armstrong," they replied in unison, struggling to keep from giggling.

I laughed. "Call me Lisa, please. I have an announcement to make - I'm going to be coaching this team all year."

The group cheered loudly.

"I'm glad you approve," I said. "Since we're going to be together all year I want to get to know you all better. Grab a spot on the mat and lets talk."

Gymnasts are used to team meetings on the mat. We've been doing it since the first day of lessons as young children. Everyone naturally sat cross legged in a circle, leaving space for me to sit as well.

I sat down and crossed my legs. The mat felt cold on my bare ass. The daisy in my ass pushed itself in deeper sending a small tingle up my spine.

As I looked around I saw that each student was staring directly at my open pussy lips. Once again, I became extremely conscious of my nudity.

"Ok. Now then. As I call your name, I want you to tell me your age, grade, how long you've been in gymnastics, and what your strongest apparatus is. You may then ask me one question."

"Phil Nolan."

Phil raised his hand.

"I'm 12 years old. I'm in 7th grade. Uhhhhh," he stammered.

"How long have you been in gymnastics?" I asked.

"Since I was 5. And I like the parallel bars." The words rushed out of him like rapids down a river.

Phil was the youngest boy in the group and also the smallest. He had close cropped short brown hair and beautiful green eyes. Not having begun to develop into a man, he still had the thin, wirey body of a boy. Nevertheless, I could tell he was strong for his age. He kept his hands crossed in his lap to hide his arousal.

"Do you have a question for me, Phil?" I asked.

"Ummm.... How long have you been in gymnastics?"

"Well, my parents got me in gymnastics when I was four and I've been training ever since. I've been competing since I was twelve and have won several regional and state championships. I tried out for the last Olympics, but quite honestly, I'm just not in that caliber. But that's OK. I just love the sport."

"OK. Let's move on. Natasha Jackson."

A young girl on my right raised her hand. She was the only African-American on the team. She had chocolate skin and deep brown eyes and a huge, contagious smile. She wore a simple blue leotard. Two small points on her chest revealed her budding breasts.

"I'm in 7th grade and I'm 12 years old." She sat perfectly straight and sounded very mature. I only started gymnastics when I was 9 but I really love it. My best apparatus is the vault. And I want to know why you're naked!"

I laughed at the shocked expression on everyone's face.

"Tash!" a girl across the circle exclaimed.

"It's OK," I said. "That's a valid question. And no question is out of bounds. I'll be glad to answer."

"Natasha,"

"Just Tash," she interrupted.

"Tash, I'm nude because I enjoy it. Like I mentioned last week, I'm in a class at school that has challenged me to push myself to do things I've never done before. Part of that included being nude in public. I've learned that I really like that. I especially like working out nude because I don't like the way my clothes feel when I get hot and sweaty. My gymnastics team at the college liked the idea so much that they voted to work out nude all the time. I asked Mr. Wright if he minded if I worked out nude here and he said that it was up to me. So here I am. I intend to be nude for all our practices."

Everyone muttered their approval.

"Angie Dillard."

"I'm 12 years old and I'm in 7th grade," a blond sitting next to Tash announced.

I knew from looking at her that she was what my mom would describe as precocious. She was the classic cheerleader type. Shoulder length blond hair pulled in a cute pony tail. Deep blue eyes. For a 12 year old she wore an extremely revealing two piece leotard. The top was tight around her still smooth chest but stopped just one inch below her nipples revealing a tight, firm stomach. The bottoms were French Cut revealing her thighs all the way to her waist. The back barely covered her young rear. Sitting cross legged as she was, her leotard pulled tight against her pussy.

"I've been practicing tumbling since I was 6. I'm a cheerleader and love the floor exercise."

"Great!" I replied. "And what's your question?"

"Do the boys workout naked on your team too?" she asked.

"Absolutely," I replied. "And it's quite a sight!"

Everybody laughed.

"OK. Nick Cain"

"I'm 13 and I'm in 8th grade," he replied.

Nick had a military haircut and was really built for a 13 year old. His shoulders had broadened and his arms were muscular. His t shirt had the arms torn off, emphasizing his muscles. He wore short black shorts that tented in the middle just like the other guys.

"I've been in gymnastics since I was 8 and I'm good on the rings."

"With those arms I would think so," I replied.

Grinning, he asked, "I want to know what your dares were for today."

Smiling, I said, "Well, I have to use the men's room and the men's shower all day today. I have to go try on clothes at Victoria's Secret this evening and walk around the store in them. And I have to wear a butt plug all day."

"Cool," he said. "What's a butt plug?"

"You've used up your 1 question," I said.

"Next. Nate Franklin.

"13. 8th grade. Since I was 3. Everything. What's a butt plug?"

"Wow! You don't waste time, do you Nate?" I asked.

Nate was the exact opposite of Nick. He had long blond hair, almost down to his shoulders. Deep blue eyes. He was long and slim, but obviously in shape. He sat cross legged in front of me with blue shorts on and no shirt. He had a dark tan, a smooth chest, and was extremely comfortable with himself.

"Well, a butt plug is a small dildo that fits into your asshole. Mine is gold and looks like a daisy on the base."

With that I rolled over and stuck my ass in the air, allowing the kids to see the small gold flower peaking out between my ass cheeks.

Sitting back down, I wiggled a little enjoying the feel of it filling my ass.

"Melody and Melanie Foxx. Twins?"

"Identical!" they answered in unison.

These two girls looked like porcelain dolls. They were petite with short pixie style brown hair and green eyes. They each wore identical green leotards. Though they were very small and very thin, they had obviously reached puberty. They were perfectly proportioned, with small peach size breasts filling out their outfits.

"We're 13 and in 8th grade," said one.

"And we like synchronized gymnastics," said the other.

"And we've been doing it since before we were born," said the first.

"Our mother was a gymnast," the second responded to my quizzical look.

"And I want to know if you've always liked being nude," said the first.

"No," I replied. "Until I came here and took this class I'd never really tried being nude. I wish I had though. I feel like I really missed out on something fun."

"And I want to know if we can work out nude too," asked the second.

"What? You want to work out nude as well?" I asked, astounded. I expected the kids to be curious about nudity, but I really didn't think anyone would want to join me.

"Yea. We're nude at home all the time. I think it'd be cool to be nude here too."

"Your nude at home?" asked Nick.

"Yea. Our whole family is. We hardly ever wear clothes when we're at home," said the first (I still wasn't sure which was which).

"Unless someone's coming over," said the second.

"Only if it's someone important," replied the first.

"So can we?" asked the second (I felt like I was watching a tennis match between these two!)

"Well," I thought. "Mr. Wright said that he had no problem with me working out nude. And he also said that I could do anything I wanted to with you guys. So... Yes. If you want to you may practice in the nude. But only if you want to. And proper leotards must be worn for all competitions.

"Cool!" they responded in unison. Then they both stood up at the same time, pulled their leotards off and tossed them back towards the door before resuming their seat cross legged on the mat.

We couldn't help but stare. They were relaxed and confident. Tan all over. Their small breasts and nipples were firm. Their pussies had a thin cover of fluffy brown hair. I lost my concentration for a moment.

Pulling my eyes away I noticed Nate's hand up.

"Yes Nate?"

"Can I strip too?" he asked.

"You want to work out nude?" asked Phil incredulously.

"Sure," he replied. "My mom gets mad at me sometimes when I walk around naked, but I love being nude. Do it a lot at home."

"Well Nate, yes. If you want to be nude you may. Does anyone else want to join us?"

Nobody said no, but nobody else moved as Nate quickly pulled his shorts down and tossed them next to the girls' leotards.

Nate's cock was about half erect, and like him, was long and thin. Light blond hair was just beginning to sprout around his balls.

Silence hung in the air for a few seconds.

"OK... OK," I stuttered. "Mark Mathis."

Mark was obviously uncomfortable. He was a big boy. I don't mean fat. He certainly wasn't fat. He was just bigger than anyone else here. His growth spurt had hit. He must have been almost 6 feet tall, broad and muscular. He had short dark hair, dark eyes, and a hint of stubble showed that he was already shaving, at least occasionally.

"I'm, ummm, 14," he stammered. "I'm in 9th grade. I've been involved in gymnastics for 6 years. I like the horse."

"OK. What's your question?" I coaxed.

"Ummmm. What time will you be at Victoria's Secret tonight?" he asked, ducking his head.

"Mark, I'm going to try to be there at 6:00."

"Do you mind if I come and watch?" he asked, looking up at me like a little puppy dog.

"Of course not Mark. I'd be glad for you to be there."

He grinned.

"Robert Preston."

"I'm fourteen and in 9th grade," he replied. "I've been in gymnastics since I was 7 and I like the floor exercise."

If Robert wasn't the class president, he should have been. He was perfect. He had short reddish hair and light blue eyes. His body was just beginning to fill out. He had broad shoulders and narrow hips. I swear his t shirt was pressed and it looked like his shorts were too. It looked like he was hiding a tree between his legs.

"Since you are so involved in dares, I'd like to know if we can dare you to do something?" he asked, with an all too innocent smile on his lips.

I sat silent for a moment.

"Robert, I don't think that would be appropriate at this time. But I won't rule it out for some time in the future," I replied.

"Fair enough," he said.

Yep. He was gonna be politician when he grew up. I just knew it.

"Emily Branson."

"I'm 14 and in 9th grade," she replied. "I like the uneven bars. I started when I was five."

Emily's short blond hair was streaked with purple and probably hadn't been combed this year. She wore a bright purple two piece leotard the clearly revealed her blossoming breasts. Emily was a woman waiting to happen.

"How many guys have you fucked?" she challenged.

Suddenly it dawned on me that, although I had done some of the wildest things I could have imagined, I hadn't actually fucked anyone since this whole adventure began.

Staring her straight in the eyes I replied, "Actually, I've only fucked one guy." Then grinning, I added, "so far!"

She smiled.

"I dare you to join us," barked Melody (or was it Melanie?)

"Yea," replied the other. "You're the wild one on the team!"

"Get naked."

"And enjoy the fun!"

"We dare you!" they laughed in unison.

Emily was clearly caught off guard. I'd known girls like her in school. I suspected that she pretended to be much more rebellious than she actually was. Now here she was, challenged by two eighth graders to prove it. I waited for a moment to see what would happen.

"Go ahead," Nate spoke silently. "I know you want to."

Nate had a strangely compelling power to his quiet voice.

Emily looked at him, a mix of fear, excitement and lust filling her eyes.

She looked at me and I simply nodded my head once as encouragement.

Suddenly she stood up, pulled her top off, dropped her bottoms, tossed them behind her, and sat down again.

Emily's breasts were firm, her nipples hard. She had shaved her pussy into a thin straight strip (obviously copied from some porn model). She stared at the team as though daring them to laugh.

No one did.

"Sheri Harris."

Sheri was a tomboy with long dark hair braided into two long tails. Evidence of a summer spent outside showed in her dark tan.

"Here," she said. "I'm 14 and in 9th grade. I like the uneven bars and I've been training since I was 7. I'd like to know if you've ever gone skinny dipping?"

"No, Sheri, I'm afraid not. Until last week my life was pretty boring. I didn't do any of that stuff growing up."

"And you must be Brandy Simmons."

"Yep," she replied. "I'm fourteen and in 9th grade. I like the balance beam best and I've been in gymnastics since I was 5."

Brandy was probably the most naturally beautiful. She had shoulder length blond hair, perfectly styled. At fourteen she could easily pass for 18. Dressed properly she could probably fool people into believing she was 21 or 22. Her breasts, though not large, were well developed. She was also very much aware of her body and its affect on others. She was wearing a pink leotard that was virtually sheer. Her nipples were clearly visible through the thin material. The lack of a shadow between her legs proved that she shaved her pussy.

"What would you like to ask me, Brandy?"

"Where did you get your toys?"

"There's an adult bookstore just off campus that sells them. I go there."

The twins chimed in again. "Take it off, Brandy. Take it off!"

Brandy's eyes twinkled as she absorbed the attention.

"Take it off! Take it off!" the M&M twins chanted.

Raising her hand, Brandy quieted them down. "Only if Robert strips too!" she proclaimed.

"Ohhhh noooo!" responded Robert. "Not me!"

"Take it off! Take it off!" chanted the three nude girls.

"Come on Robert," purred Brandy. "I'll show you mine if you'll show me yours!"

I wasn't sure how long I'd let this go on, but I sort of wanted to see Robert nude too, so I just sat quietly for a moment.

Peer pressure is a wonderful thing. After a few more seconds of chanting, Robert stood, pulled his t shirt over his head and dropped his shorts. Everyone whistled as his hard cock popped into view. It was long and thick with a mass of read curls around the base.

"Your turn," he barked at Brandy.

Brandy slowly, seductively, slid the straps off her shoulders and let her leotard fall to her waist. Her breasts were smooth, the size of a large apple with beautiful pink aureoles. She rolled on to her knees and slid it over her hips, revealing a perfectly smooth and glistening pussy. Sitting, she slid one foot out and with a perfect flick of her other foot she sent her leotard flying across the circle to land right on Robert's head.

I looked at my watch. We only had about 15 minutes left before I had to release the team to the showers. I led the team in a few quick stretch routines that left everyone extremely aware of their nudity. I then had them follow me through a grueling 10 minute obstacle course that covered virtually every apparatus. It wasn't easy, but I wore them out in 10 minutes.

Robert slipped his shorts on before stepping out into the main gym. Brandy and Emily started to pull their leotards on, but when the twins tossed theirs over their shoulders and nonchalantly walked out the door, they followed suit. Nate didn't even bother to pick his shorts up.

I followed the boys into their locker room.

"Hope you don't mind, guys. I have to used the men's room all day. Remember."

I looked around. I needed to pee. Seeing the urinals I decided to have some fun.

Phil had just gotten undressed and was going towards the showers with his towel carefully wrapped around his waist.

"Phil, I've never used one of these before. How do they work?" I asked, with a twinkle in my eye.

He looked confused and started stuttering.

"You can't use a urinal. You're a girl. You have to have a... have a... have a penis!" he exclaimed.

Robert and Nate both stood in the distance, watching, trying hard not to laugh.

"I bet I can," I replied.

"No you can't!" retorted Phil. "There's no where to sit and girls can't pee standing up!"

"I bet I can pee in this urinal and not spill a drop," I challenged.

"No way!" he exclaimed.

"If I win you have to spend the next practice nude! And if you win I'll give you your first blow job!"

He almost came just thinking about it.

"You're on!" he exclaimed, coming close to watch, forgetting for the moment that he had nothing on but a towel.

I turned around and bent over, pushing my ass into the urinal, and released a long stream of urine. Looking up I saw 5 nude boys gathered around me, their hard cocks pointing straight ahead, while I peed in their urinal.

Making sure I was done I stood up and turned to Phil.

Robert walked over. "Not a drop on the ground, Phil. Looks like you're gonna be joining me and Nate in the nude tomorrow!"

At this point Phil was so hard he didn't really seem to care.

Laughing, I strode to the showers, followed by five bobbing cocks.

The showers were all in one large room with about a dozen shower heads sticking out of the wall. I walked to the one in the middle and turned it on, stepping quickly to the side to let it warm up. Moving underneath the hot streams, I let the water flow through my hair and down my nude body.

The boys were all under their own showers, but their eyes were glued to my body. They had long since given up trying to hide their erections.

I leaned over and picked up Robert's soap (he seemed to be the only one that brought any). I ran the soap up my stomach and softly caressed my breasts. Bending over, I slowly lathered each leg up to my hips. Turning to face the guys, I squatted and slid the bar of soap slowly back and forth between my legs, pushing it into my pussy lips. I sighed contentedly.

Each boy was now actively masturbating, running their wet hands over engorged cocks.

Still squatting, I reached behind me and gripped my daisy plug. Slowly I slid it out of my ass. Standing, I held it under the water and washed it off until it sparkled. I turned so that my ass faced the guys, bent over keeping my legs straight, and slowly slid it back into my ass. I heard a grunt and saw Phil shooting wads of cum into the air. Like a row of dominos, each of the others followed, long strings of cum arching into the air.

I straightened up and turned off the water. Walking out of the shower with a huge grin on my face, I picked up Nick's towel and dried off.

My dress was still in the gym. The boys were crowded around the shower door, still nude, still dripping wet, small strings of cum hanging on to their half erect cocks.

"See you tomorrow boys," I laughed, and walked into the gym.

The bell hadn't rung yet, so the gym was empty. I casually walked through and into the gymnastics training room, slid my sundress over my head, and headed toward the bike stand.

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During practice it had begun to rain. A steady downpour was falling.

I guess I'm a little odd, but I love the rain. Maybe it's because we had so little of it where I grew up. I enjoy being out in the rain, especially when it's warm like it was today. Without hesitation I walked to my bike, feeling the warm streams striking my body.

I had plenty of time before my next class, so I enjoyed myself, riding through puddles and basically acting like a little school girl. By the time I pulled up to the dorm I was soaking wet. My dress was plastered to my body and had turned completely transparent. My nipples could be clearly seen. The wet cloth hugged my pussy and ass revealing each detail of my body.

Laughing at how my outlook had changed in the last week, I ran and got my books and headed to class without bothering to dry off.

By lunch my dress had basically dried. As I walked into the dining room, Mindy came running up to me.

Grabbing my arm she quickly whispered in my ear, "I did it!"

Quizzically I looked at her. "Did what?" I asked.

"Your dare! I'm not wearing any knickers!"

I looked her over. She had on a t shirt with a denim skirt that came to about mid-thigh.

"I feel great!" she bubbled.

"I don't believe you." I said with a twinkle in my eye. "Prove it!"

"What? Here?"

"Yea. Show me that you don't have any knickers on," I laughed.

She hesitated. Then quickly raised a lowered her dress, revealing for a millisecond her neatly trimmed pussy.

Laughing, I hugged her.

"It does feel great, doesn't it?" I remarked.

"Oh yes! I feel so free. So daring!"

"Come with us to Victoria's Secret this evening and try on some outfits," I invited.

"I'll come," she replied, "but I don't know about the outfits."

We joked some more through lunch and made plans for the evening.

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That evening Ashley, Janet, Mindy, and I headed for the mall.

Ashley was wearing tight jeans, a blouse that buttoned up the front, and tennis shoes - no knickers). Her dare involved accidental exposures, and we had come up with a great idea for her at the mall.

Janet's dare was to wear extremely revealing clothes. Tonight she wore a denim mini dress that buttoned up the front and high heeled shoes. She had cut off all but the two buttons below her belly button. No bra. No knickers. Whenever she walked the dress opened enough to reveal a peek of pussy. Bending showed plenty of breast. She wanted to try on some of the exotic clothes that Victoria's Secret sold.

Mindy was mostly just along for the ride. She was still wearing her mini dress with no knickers. I fully expected her to get more into this as the night wore on.

I was still wearing my white sundress with nothing underneath. I had to try on 5 outfits and walk around Victoria's Secret in each. I also wanted to try on and probably buy some more revealing outfits.

Ashley's dare was first on the list. Hers required an element of surprise, and we figured we would have attracted an entourage of spectators by the time the evening was over.

We headed directly to a specialized store in the middle of the mall. All it sold were swimsuits of every size, shape and description. Since it stays hot here well into October, buying a new swimming suit in September was not all that unusual.

It was the changing rooms that made this place so interesting. They were in the middle of the store, facing the entrance to the mall, which was wide and open. The white doors stopped about a 18 inches from the floor and only went up to about head level. Basically, if you were tall enough you could stand behind the closed door and look over it, directly into the main mall hallway. Even better, standing in the mall hallway, you could look at the dressing rooms and see women as they undressed. Young teenagers always claimed the benches across from the entrance so they could watch knickers and jeans fall to the floor under the doors as the girls tried on suits.

We wondered through the store picking out several revealing suits for Ashley to try on. This time of day the mall was pretty crowded, but we seemed to be the only ones looking for swimming suits. A thin high school girl with long blond hair and a dark tan was the only salesperson. It wasn't long, however, before a bevy of boys began gathering at the bench in the hallway. Four college students looking for swimming suits meant someone was probably going to be trying them on soon.

We finally found four bikinis for Ashley to try on. She entered the door and turned around. The door came to about chin level on her, so she could see over it easily. She unbuttoned her shirt, took it off and hung it up on the hook behind her. Then she unbuttoned and unzipped her jeans. She then sat down on the floor to take off her shoes. Mindy, Janet and I pretended not to notice the guys in the hallway as they watched Ashley. The way she was sitting, she couldn't see the boys, but they had a clear view of her open jeans, the top of her pussy, and when she bent over just right, her bare breasts.

She slowly untied her shoes and slid them off. Then she stood up and pulled her pants below her hips. Really playing it up, she sat down on the floor again and pulled her pants off each leg. This gave the boys a clear view of her wide open pussy as she tugged on each pants leg (they really were tight).

When she finally had them off she stood up and hung them on the hook with her shirt. She slid on her bikini and stepped out for us to look at it.

At least 15 guys were standing around the bench watching. We completely ignored them.

Ashley had put on a thong bikini that was about two sizes to small. The thong was completely hidden between her ass cheeks. One pussy lip refused to stay inside. The top barely covered her nipples. She twirled around a couple of times and then we all, rather loudly, agreed that it was too small. She stepped back in to change.

She dropped the thong and stepped out of it, then removed the top.

And this is where the plan came together.

Ashley is a Biology major. More importantly, Ashley loves bugs. Even worse, in my opinion, she loves studying spiders. She had brought a large wolf spider with her in a little bag she hid in her shirt pocket. She said it was a common house spider, but I'd never seen one that big before - except the tarantulas at the zoo and in pet stores. This wasn't nearly that big, but it was big enough. It's body was about as big as the end of my thumb, with long hairy legs. To me the only good spider is one curled up in a ball, dead. But Ashley was fascinated with them.

She took the spider out of the bag and set it on top of her shirt. Then she let out the most bloodcurdling scream I have ever heard. I swear everyone in the mall must have heard her. The door slammed open and she bounced out, totally nude, still screaming hysterically.

The sales girl came running over and tried to calm her down, but she just kept screaming and yelling about spiders, all the while turning and jumping in an hysterical fit.

I'll tell you, if Ashley ever decides to quit studying bugs, she could earn a living as an actress. Within seconds the hallway was filled with people wondering what was attacking this poor nude girl.

After at least two or three minutes a security guard pushed his way through and grabbed Ashley by both shoulders.

"Young lady!" he barked. "What's the meaning of all this? Where are your clothes?"

With a trembling hand Ashley pointed into the dressing room.

"Well what are you doing out here?" he asked exasperatedly.

"Spider," she quivered. "Big, big spider.... on... my... shirt... hate.... spiders.... big.... spider."

Trying to hide his smile behind a grim face, he strode to the dressing room and looked in. Pulling out his flashlight he carefully shook the shirt.

Nothing happened.

He shook it again.

Nothing.

Gingerly he picked it up and shook it out.

"Well ma'am, there's no spider on this shirt."

Instead of handing it to her he held it while he knocked the flashlight against her jeans.

Nothing.

He lifted them off the hook and shook them.

"Oh my God!" he yelled as the spider fell onto his leg.

Ashley started screaming again. "THERE IT IS! THERE IT IS! KILL IT! KILL IT!"

The security guard was having his own little fit as he frantically knocked it off his leg and then started stamping both feet at once, chasing the spider as it ran under the swimming suit racks.

Mindy, Janet and I were about to die!

There was Ashley, totally nude, jumping around like a crazy woman at the entrance to the mall, surrounded by people of all ages - men, women, teenagers, boys and girls - screaming her fool head off. And a security guard holding her clothes and running around the store stomping his foot like some deranged Frankenstein monster!

"Got it!" he yelled.

He came strutting out from between the swimming suit racks like Barney Fife.

"Alright people! Move along! The spider's dead," he announced.

I swear you'd think he just killed a mountain lion.

People moved away from the front of the door, but not very far. Ashley was still standing in the middle of the store, stark naked.

"You may get dressed now, ma'am," he stated.

"Thank you, officer," Ashley whispered in her best Miss Pitiful voice.

She reached over and hugged him as though he had just rescued her from a gang of Hell's Angels bent on defiling her innocence. She pressed her bare breasts against his chest and opened her legs, pushing her mound against his crotch. A red tide rose up his neck and over his face.

Stepping back he stuttered, "You're welcome."

Ashley stepped back as well.

"Umm... may I have my clothes back?"

"What? Oh! Yea! Sorry!"

Taking her jeans she pulled them on right where she stood.

"No way in Hell I'm going back in that dressing room!" she muttered.

She picked up her shirt and pulled it on, buttoning the bottom three buttons and "forgetting" the rest.

"Come on girls!" she said as though trying to regain her dignity. "Let's get out of here!"

As she strode out of the store the crowd parted like the Red Sea. We followed, trying hard not to laugh.

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Victoria's Secret sells all kinds of lingerie and 'exotic' apparel. Everything from beautiful flowing nightgowns to push up bras and matching silk knickers can be found there. They also sell outfits that can be worn in public, if you're daring enough

This one was bigger than any I'd seen at home. It was on a corner, opening on to one of the main squares of the mall. As a result, it had entrances on two adjacent sides, with a large open area in between. The dressing rooms were located in the very back of the store, secluded and almost invisible to the rest of the store. There were small dressing rooms that opened to a larger secluded viewing area, so that you could walk out and show someone your outfit without the whole world seeing you.

The four of us walked around some, getting a feel for the store and how it was laid out. It seemed that some of the most revealing stuff was kept at the front of the store. Eye candy to pull in horny husbands and boyfriends.

A couple of women were whispering together while looking through the knickers and bras. A young husband was nervously looking through a rack of teddies. There were two sales girls, both in their early twenties, talking at the counter.

I wanted to do some serious shopping before I actually began the dare. Since I slept nude and didn't wear underwear anymore, I really didn't need any lingerie. But Janet and I both needed some more revealing outfits. We'd already bought some things in other stores, but we both knew this place would probably have the hottest outfits. We each tried on several outfits, parading out into the store to show each other and to look for the next ensemble. After 15 minutes or so we'd each picked a couple of extremely short miniskirts and revealing tops. I also noticed that several men seemed to have stopped to 'rest' in the main square in front of the store. I saw Mark (from my junior high gymnastic team) standing in the corner trying to be invisible. On the other side, Mr. Wright just happened to be looking in the Radio Shack window.

I decided to start off elegantly. I picked a beautiful, long flowing nightgown. In the dressing room I slipped off the skirt I'd just tried on and set it to the side to buy later. Then I slid the nightgown over my head.

My God it felt so luxurious. It was black silk with a three inch sheer lace strip winding around it from top to bottom. My soft whit skin shown clearly through the lace which passed directly over my right nipple and my bare pussy.

Taking a deep breath of courage I stepped out into the store to show my friends. Even though I'd been nude in public several times now, it was still difficult to take that first step.

I walked into the center of the store while Mindy, Janet and Ashley oohed and ahhed over it - a little to loudly perhaps.

A young couple had come in while I was changing and were looking at nightgowns together. They grinned at each other as they watched me. The man and other ladies had already left. The sales girls turned to watch, but made no move to stop me as I twirled around to show my friends.

I walked over close to the entrance and picked a small teddy from the rack. I held it up to my body and then turned to walk back to the dressing room. From the corner of my eye I saw a group of teenage guys stop dead in their tracks. My audience was building.

I slid off the nightgown and pulled the teddy on. It was light blue and sheer. Push up cups held my breasts up against delicate lace. The one piece outfit hugged my body and wrapped between my legs and up my rear with a small one inch ribbon of satin. My breasts were clearly visible and though my pussy was technically covered the material was so tight against my skin that nothing was hidden.

Once again I took a deep breath and walked out into the store. The guys were still standing where they'd stopped, hoping I'd come out with it on. Mr. Wright was now watching from the other entrance. Mark had moved a little closer as well. One of the sales girls was helping the couple look at other nightgowns. They both stopped to watch. The other sales girl came towards me.

I was afraid she was going to kick us out of the store. Instead she smiled and asked, "Is there anything in particular you're looking for?"

"Actually, I'm just looking for something sexy," I replied.

"Let me show you these," she said as she led me over to a rack against the wall.

She pulled out a small one piece rubber outfit. Since it wasn't sheer I didn't think it'd be all that sexy, but she assured me that it was and encouraged me to try it on.

"I'll be out here when you're ready," she called as I walked back to the dressing room, my bare ass swaying seductively.

The young woman that had been looking at outfits with her husband or boyfriend was just stepping out of the dressing room into the private viewing area when I walked in.

She had on a silk baby doll with matching thong knickers. The rear was nothing more than a string passing up her crack. It was nearly sheer, giving a seductive hint of what it covered.

"May I ask you a question?" she whispered.

"Sure," I replied.

"I've never been here before. My husband told me that everyone tries on outfits and walks through the store to show their friends like you were. The sales girl said the same thing. Am I really supposed to go out there in this?"

My God, how naive could this lady be? I was an innocent 18 year old (until last week anyway) and I knew that no one ever walked through lingerie stores like this. Yet she was as sincere - and scared - as she could be.

"Oh yes," I lied as sincerely as possible. "People always try on outfits and model them in the store. How else will your husband know if he likes your outfit or not?"

"Aren't you scared, walking out there almost naked?" she asked.

"In a dress shop you walk out in the dresses you try on, don't you?"

"Well, yes."

"Well. This is a lingerie shop. You model what you try on to see if you like it."

"That's what my husband said."

"Go on out. He'll love it. You look great!"

Trying to hold back tears, she stepped out into the store, her bare ass peaking out from beneath the baby doll.

I felt a little bad, talking her into revealing herself in public like that. But it was also sort of a kick to see someone else exposing herself for the first time. I couldn't help but wonder if she would get as turned on by it as I was.

Rubber is hard to put on. The outfit was tiny and all one piece. I put my legs in and pulled it up to my hips, then struggled to slide my arms through the holes. Finally I got it up to my shoulders and then it snapped into place. Literally. And it felt incredible.

I stepped into the private viewing area and looked at myself in the mirror.

The thin black rubber had molded itself to every part of my body. It was a second skin. I'd never seen anything quite like it before. I may as well have been naked. My nipples. My pussy. My ass. Even my daisy was clearly visible though totally covered. I felt and looked incredible! The black rubber covered me completely, yet I had never felt more naked. Instead of hiding my body, it accentuated it.

I walked out into the store. Everybody stopped. It was actually pretty funny. Everyone walking by outside stopped dead in their tracks. The lady in the baby doll was looking at teddies with her husband. Both stopped and stared. Even Mindy, Janet, and Ashley were speechless.

"You look great!" proclaimed my sales girl.

I grinned.

"Let me show you something else," she said, and led me right over to the main entrance.

Ignoring all the eyes, I followed her.

She handed me a pair of lace knickers, bra, and stockings.

"Try these on," she suggested.

Grinning, I turned and walked back to the dressing room.

The dressing rooms were so small that I didn't even bother going inside. This rubber was going to be hard to get off. Instead, I started peeling it off in the private viewing area.

I'd just gotten it off and was standing there nude when the lady came back in.

"What'd he think?" I asked.

"He loved it!" she replied, breathlessly. "Now he wants me to try this on." She held up a small teddy.

"You'll look great." I said. "Are you OK."

"Yea. I'm fine. It's... It's sort of fun."

I laughed. "Yes it is! By the way, I'm Lisa."

"Mary Ann. Good to meet you."

I sat on a bench and pulled on my lace knickers and stockings. Then completed the ensemble with the bra.

Looking in the mirror, I realized that the sales girl really knew what she was doing. I looked great.

The stockings were light red and stopped exactly one inch below my pussy.

The bottom was a string bikini of red lace. An incredibly thin string held the front panel of red lace and circled around my hips to another string that slid between my ass cheeks to meet the panel in front. The panel was for decoration, not cover. Nothing was covered. The panel disappeared into my pussy lips, never to be seen again. My golden daisy had nothing more than a thin red strip over it.

The top was almost as revealing. It was sheer red lace that pushed my breasts up and out. The lace stopped less than a quarter of an inch above my nipples.

Mary Ann just stared at me as I walked into the store.

I swear no one had moved since my last visit. Quite a crowd had gathered at the entrances. A group of teenage kids were on one side. Even women had stopped to wait.

"Lisa! Lisa!"

I looked over to one side and saw Melody and Melanie from my gymnastics team pulling their parents through the crowd, followed my their older brother.

"See. We told you she'd be here!" they bubbled as they walked up to me.

For the first time that night I wanted to hide. It's one thing to expose yourself to a group of strangers or to friends who know you. It's another thing entirely to meet the parents of one of your students, wearing nothing but see through underwear!

But there was no where to go.

"Hello Lisa. I'm Alistair Foxx. My girls have told me all about you."

Their father was perhaps the most handsome man I'd ever seen. He was over six feet tall and walked with the natural grace of an athlete. His dark hair was perfectly groomed. His skin perfectly tanned. His teeth perfectly straight and white. He was perfect! My pussy, already wet from exposure, began to tingle.

I shook his outstretched hand, trying not to cover myself with my other hand.

He, on the other hand, acted as though it was totally natural to meet a nearly nude teenager at the mall.

"This is my wife, Blair, and my son, Charles."

I shook both their hands. The whole family could have been models. Charles was smiling broadly as his eyes fed on my body.

"The girls tell us you have to try on five outfits tonight. What are you up to?" Blair asked.

God, this was so weird!

"Um. This is my forth."

"See Dad. We told you we'd miss it!" the girls whined in unison.

"Well I've got the perfect outfit for your last one," stated Blair as she turned to walk towards a rack in the center of the store.

"I'm a step ahead of you, Mrs. Foxx," said the sales girl who had been helping me as she handed Mrs. Foxx the hanger.

Grinning, she turned and handed it to me.

"You must come here a lot," I said.

"Oh yes. Ginger here calls me whenever something new comes in that I might like."

Without looking at the outfit I walked back to the dressing room.

Just before I went in, Mary Ann stepped out in her teddy. It was white lace and clearly revealed her nipples and the dark patch of curly bush between her legs. Her husband was standing near the entrance, forcing her to walk all the way to the crowd to see him. From the way her bare ass swayed, I could tell she was starting to really get into this.

I walked into the private viewing area and took off my outfit.

Then I looked at what Blair had given me. And almost choked.

It was a harem outfit. Sort of.

I put it on and looked in the mirror.

The bottoms were long, purple, loose, sheer silky material. Elastic held it to my ankles. The legs were split inside the ankles all the way up to the outside of the elastic belt around my waist. This had the effect of pulling the material completely away from my pussy. I was totally bare!

The top was a cut out bra. Gold filigree straps cupped and surrounded my breasts, but didn't cover them at all!

A loud round of applause greeted me as I stepped into the store. I grinned, actually embarrassed.

The Foxxes were standing next to the Mary Ann and her husband along with Mindy, Janet, and Ashley - the crowd right behind them.

I walked over to them, very aware of my dripping pussy and erect nipples.

"You look great!" Blair proclaimed. Alistair echoed her approval.

"Show her your daisy!" said the girls in unison - again. I think they must share a brain or something.

I groaned. "No, I don't think that's necessary," I stated.

"Sure it is," replied their mother. "I want to see it."

With that, she turned me around and bent me over. Before I was even aware that I was doing it, I was bending at the waist, legs straight and apart, with my bare ass pointed to the parents of two of my students and a crowd of leering strangers. And I'd never been more excited.

"Why it's beautiful, Lisa," said Alistair.

"Is it the metal daisy or the rubber one?" asked Blair.

"Let's see," replied her husband before I could answer.

With that he reached forward, gripped one of my ass cheeks, and gently pulled the daisy out of my ass. I gasped in surprise.

"It's the steel one," stated Blair. "Stainless steel with gold plate. Joe got you the real thing," she said approvingly, still holding me down with her hand on the small of my back.

Alistair placed one hand against my pussy as he gently slid the daisy back into may ass. I moaned quietly.

"The steel one is much better because it's easier to clean and slides in so much easier," lectured Blair to her husband and the crowd.

She kept going, but I don't have any idea what she said. Alistair was sliding the dildo in and out of my ass while ostensibly holding me open with his hand between my legs. His fingers were gently rubbing a wiggling between my pussy lips, gently prodding my clitoris.

The world around me seemed to fade away. Melody and Melanie were gone. Their older brother Charles disappeared. Mindy, Janet, and Ashley faded away. Mark was a forgotten memory. Mr. Wright was unknown. The crowd around me evaporated.

My only sensation, my only thought, my only desire was Alistair's fingers against my soaking pussy and the hardness of the dildo invading and retreating in my throbbing ass.

I began rocking back and forth to the rhythm of his movements, pushing my pussy against his soft hand while Blair rattled on about various anal stimulators.

My breathing was short. Gasping. My eyes closed.

Suddenly he pushed three fingers deep into my pussy while simultaneously pinching my clitoris with his thumb and shoving the dildo deep into my ass!

My orgasm exploded as I stood straight up, impaling myself on his hard fingers, screaming loudly as waves of ecstasy rolled through my pussy and ass up my spine and out my mouth. It wouldn't stop. Wave after wave shot through me. Every time it began to subside he would pinch my clit again creating a new cascade of waves through my body.

Finally I was exhausted.

When I came to my senses Alistair was literally holding my up by his hand in my pussy. I was leaning back against his arm with all my weight.

The crowd was staring wide eyed and open mouthed. No one said a word. Even Mindy, Janet, and Ashley were speechless. The M&M girls were grinning like Cheshire cats.

Smiling, Blair lifted me off of her husband's hand. It sounded like someone squeezing a sponge. I gasped as he flicked my clit on the way out.

Blair reached over and took her husbands hand. Looking me straight in the eye she held it to her mouth and ran her tongue up all three fingers at once.

"Sweet as honey," she purred.

I smiled, embarrassed.

I looked at Mary Ann. She had quietly backed up against her husband's body and was humping his hand. He had unsnapped the crotch and was pushing his fingers in and out of her wet pussy.

Still filled with arousal, I stepped to her, squatted, and licked her exposed clit.

That one touch sent her over the edge. With a loud animal-like grunt she climaxed, pushing down hard on her husband's hand. I continued tickling her clit until her movements settled down.

I turned to face the crowd and was greeted with applause. I grinned, Mary Ann's juices dripping off my chin.

I took Mary Ann by the hand and we walked back to the changing room, legs shaking unsteadily.

The first thing I did when I woke up, as I had every day this week, was grab my dare bag and pull out my first dare.

The card had a small pocket alarm clock attached to it.

"Give the alarm clock to the first person you see. Ask them to set it for any time between now and midnight. Carry the alarm with you. When it goes off, stop whatever you're doing, push the snooze button, strip, find something in your immediate vicinity and masturbate with it, penetration required. You must use a different item each time. Masturbate until the snooze alarm goes off (9 minutes). You may not stop masturbating until the snooze alarm goes off no matter how many times you climax. Likewise, as soon as the alarm goes off you must stop masturbating, no matter how close you are to cumming. Then give the alarm clock to the nearest person and ask them to reset it for any time up until midnight. You must not check the alarm time or change it in any way. After 11:30 pm you no longer need to reset the alarm. The number of times you must masturbate depends on the times set by others. Unless it is part of another dare or assignment, you must not masturbate or have sex at any other time."

"Wow!" I thought. Fortunately I didn't have a whole lot planned today.

I pulled out the second card.

It was titled "Traffic Light Strip Game."

"Put on the following clothes: bra, knickers, jeans (or shorts), shirt, socks, and shoes. Get someone with the car to drive down 8th street from Broadway to McCart at 3:30 PM. There are twelve stoplights. Each time the car is forced to stop at one, get out of the vehicle, take off one piece of clothing, hand it to someone in the car behind you, walk all the way around your car and get back in. The driver must not speed up or slow down to miss or hit a light. If you are nude before the end of the road, you must stand on the trunk at each stop and dance seductively until the light turns green."

I took a deep breath. This was going to be hard.

I apprehensively pulled the third card out.

"Go to the dining room and eat cereal for breakfast."

An arrow pointed to the back of the card so I turned it over.

"Instead of milk, the bowl must be filled with fresh semen taken from guys in the dining room. Semen and cereal together must fill the bowl completely. Lick the bowl dry to complete the dare."

I took a deep breath. Somehow this day seemed like it would be a lot harder than my previous days. They had mostly included exhibitionism. It had developed into more than that last night - my God I still got shivers thinking about that - but this included a lot more. At least it seemed that way.

Mindy came out of the restroom while I was looking at the cards. She was nude, too. She was slowly becoming an exhibitionist as well.

"What's in the cards this morning?" she asked cheerfully.

Silently, I handed them to her and watched as her grin broadened with each card.

"Wow! You've got to fill up a whole bowl with cum and then eat it! Cool!"

"If you say so. How many guys do you think it'll take to fill up a bowl?"

"God, I don't know. Probably 10 or 15."

"And you have to masturbate all day long. What's the most you've ever done?" she asked.

"The most I've ever masturbated in one day? I don't know. Maybe three or four."

"The car thing sounds fun. I'll drive you," Mindy offered.

"OK. Thanks. Wonder why he wants me to do it at 3:30?" I guess he thinks that'll be a busy time. I'm sure the idea is to get you nude!'

"I guess. My junior high gymnastics practice is over at 3:15. Can you pick me up there?"

"Sure," she replied. "No problem."

"Listen. If you're going to give 15 hand jobs this morning, you better get moving!"

I rolled out of bed, took a quick shower and put my hair in a long braid. I picked out a short dress that I had bought yesterday. It was a light blue cotton t shirt type dress that hugged my breast and stopped two inches below my pussy. If I was going to have to strip twelve times today, I may as well make it easy.

While I was getting ready, Mindy set the alarm for my first dare.

I then gathered the clothes I'd need for the traffic light dare, stuffed them in my backpack and headed for breakfast.

Mindy had pulled on a man's style button up shirt and a pair of short shorts that she had bought last night as well. She tied the shirt under her breasts, revealing her flat belly.

I stopped her just before we went out, turned her around, grabbed a pair of scissors, and clipped off the buttons she had buttoned. Now the only thing holding her shirt together was the knot below them!

"I dare you not to adjust that knot all day!" I challenged.

She giggled. "You're on!"

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It was just barely 7:00 AM when Mindy and I walked into the cafeteria. The college cafeteria is a ghost town at 7:00 AM. There were only about a dozen people scattered around the room. Only about four men.

I went and got my bowl of cereal - dry. I'd never realized how big the bowls were. They were larger than the bowls I had at home.

I swallowed hard. Although I'd given five blow jobs in the hall after class one day, I hadn't had to ask the guys. Someone else rounded them up for me. I didn't know any of the men here, yet I had to go to them and ask them to masturbate in my cereal bowl!

I decided that if anyone was going to take me seriously I was going to have to be nude. Otherwise they would think they were on SPY TV or something.

I pulled my dress over my head and handed it to a surprised Mindy.

Then I picked up my bowl and walked purposefully to the nearest guy who was engrossed in his morning paper. He was about my age, slightly overweight, dressed conservatively. Probably a business major.

He looked at me and almost spilled his coffee as I squatted in front of him, spreading my legs as wide as possible.

"Excuse me. I need some milk for my cereal," I purred.

Then I reached for his waist and undid his belt.

"I'm afraid I'll hurt your beautiful cock if I unzip you while you're sitting. Would you please stand?" I looked up at him with the most sultry look I could imagine.

The poor man must have thought he was having a wet dream. He stood up without saying a word, his mouth still open in surprise.

I carefully unbuttoned his pants and slid the zipper down. I opened them just enough to pull his cock and balls out. It was already rock hard with the first drops of pre-cum on it. As I caressed it I felt him take a shuddering breath.

This was going to be fun.

I gently licked the tip of his cock, then inserted the head into my mouth.

Without warning, strong streams of cum shot out, filling my mouth and dripping down my chin. Locking my lips around his cock, I stopped myself from swallowing as his cum swirled around my tongue and cheeks.

I'm not sure this kid had ever cum in his entire life. My cheeks were bulging when he finally stopped pumping. I slowly pulled his cock out of my mouth, turned to my bowl, and let it all slide out onto the cereal.

"I hate dry cereal, don't you?" I asked.

He barely nodded as with glazed eyes he sank slowly into his chair, his shrinking cock still hanging out of his pants.

I turned around and two freshmen guys were staring at me. I know they had to be my age, but they looked like they had never seen a naked girl give a guy a blow job in a cafeteria before!

Still squatting, I turned to face them and motioned them to come to me. They dropped their trays with a clatter on the table they were standing by, orange juice spilling everywhere, as they rushed over to me.

I pulled out both cocks and started sucking them, one after the other, rubbing one while sucking the other. Again, they came in just a matter of seconds, almost before I'd really gotten them wet. Just as I was about to empty my mouth of the first one, the second started spewing long strands of cum. As quick as I could I turned and clamped my lips over his cock head, mixing his cum with his friend's in my mouth. Finally I slid off and dumped both in my bowl, which still looked rather empty.

No one else had come in, but the other two guys were definitely interested.

I picked up my bowl of cereal and walked to the nearest man. He was much older. Maybe a teacher or visiting lecturer. He wore a coat and tie.

"May I?" I asked, kneeling in front of him.

"Of course."

I unzipped his fly and slid his rising cock out of silk boxers. I licked up and down the shaft, then slid my mouth over the head and down to the base, deepthroating him.

A low guttural rumbled through his chest as my tongue wildly massaged his cock. As I squeezed his balls he erupted in my mouth. Once again, I held it, turned, and let it slide into my bowl of cereal.

People were starting to come in now. And word was getting out. Guys were rushing in and then just standing around, not sure what to do. A group of about 10 guys were standing in the middle of the cafeteria, watching like hungry wolves. I walked over to them with my bowl of cereal.

"Can you guys help me out?" I asked.

They all sort of mumbled.

"I'm tired of milk in my cereal so I'm trying cum instead. Will you help me fill it up?"

"Sure!" the one in the middle announced.

I stepped towards him and started unbuttoning his shirt.

"What are you doing?" he stuttered.

"I'm undressing you," I replied lustfully.

"You didn't strip that other guy!" he responded.

"Yea. But I'm hotter now," I grinned, sliding his shirt off his shoulders. Looking at the ten guys standing around, I had decided I wanted all ten of them bare-assed naked before blowing them.

He was still protesting as I slid his jeans and underwear down to his ankles. I lifted one foot and pushed his pants all the way off. Then pulled them off the other leg. He stood in front of me, nude, cock hard, extremely uncomfortable.

I licked the tip of his cock making it jump.

Then turned to the guy beside him and pulled his shirt over his head.

"Wait! What about me?" the first guy protested.

"Not until all of you are all nude," I replied, unbuttoning the second guys jeans. Some of them didn't want to strip, but with a little encouragement I soon had 10 naked men standing around me, cocks dripping long streams of pre cum.

I knelt down as all ten of them jockeyed for position, each trying to get their cock in my face first. Looking back on it, I think it must have looked pretty ridiculous: ten naked men huddled together, bare ass to bare ass, while my head bounced from one dripping cock to another. There must be a hell of a lot of editing in pornography to keep it from becoming comedy!

But at the time it was just about the most exciting thing I had ever done. I sucked one cock for a few moments then bounced to another. Meanwhile, my hands were frantically sliding up and down other cocks.

I wasn't long before one in my hand tensed and started to spurt. Quickly I wrapped my lips around it, catching as much as I could. I bent over and spit it into the bowl, only to find another guy squirting cum in a high arc over my head. I jumped to his cock and caught the rest of it, spitting it in the bowl.

One after another, sometimes two or three at a time, were cumming around me. I caught as much as I could, but in many cases guys just spewed all over my face, hair, back and tits. Whenever one guy was spent, another stepped in to replace him.

Finally I looked down and saw the bowl was about to overflow. I stood, calling out, "Enough! Enough! I've got to stop guys!"

Groans of disappointment reverberated through those who had not been satisfied. I grinned, cum dripping off my chin and tits.

"Maybe next time," I proclaimed. Then I picked up my bowl and sat down at the table behind me.

I've learned over the last week that I really like oral sex. I've learned that every guy tastes differently and overall I like the taste.

But.

Cum is best served fresh and hot. Cold cum is not my idea of a good meal.

Cereal in a bowl of cold cum is a soggy salty mess!

I ate it. I sat there, nude, cum drying all over my body, and ate every bite while guys gathered around and cheered, some openly masturbating despite the fact that we were still in the cafeteria. I even teased them some, opening my mouth to show them large gobs of cum on my tongue. When done I licked the bowl clean, just as required.

But. If I ever have the choice again - I will never eat another bowl of cold cum for the rest of my life. Personally, I think Fear Factor should try it as one of their challenges.

Now, cum in a bowl of hot oatmeal has real potential. Maybe I'll try that sometime.

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As usual, we all stripped as soon as we entered our Human Sexuality class. Everyone was buzzing about their projects.

Today Ms. Thompson walked in without her usual white robe. She was already nude. I wasn't sure what to make of that since she'd never done that before.

The first thing she did was ask all of us to write down our schedule for the entire weekend. We had to list everything we planned to do for the rest of this day, Saturday, and Sunday and then turn it in to her.

"Class, today we're going to discuss the role of nudism in our society. Jonathon, this is obviously your specialty, since you've had to be nude for the last week. What kind of responses have you received?"

Jonathon stood up and explained that most people on campus seemed to accept it with no problem, since word got around pretty quickly regarding his project. Even so, a lot of people seemed to keep their distance. They would stare, but not say anything.

It was more difficult when he went off campus. People tended to get rather upset and treat him like a serial rapist. He admitted to staying on campus as much as possible.

From there, Ms. Thompson led the class in a discussion of nudism. I found it fascinating though it's rather boring to write about here. She discussed the history of nudism, the role of clothes in society, the various styles that have been accepted and rejected in different cultures throughout history. I never knew there was so much involved with being naked!

As class was winding down, she announced, "Now class, I have a weekend assignment for you. You are each to leave your clothes in the lockers at the back of the room until Monday's class. For the entire weekend you will remain nude and you must not change your schedule unless other circumstances demand it. In addition, you must spend at least 4 hours in a public setting off campus."

Students all around me gasped in astonishment.

One girl exclaimed, "I have a date tonight I can't ..."

"Great!," exclaimed Ms. Thompson, "you'll get to use up your hours in public on the first day!"

The girl slid down in her seat, embarrassed.

"Jonathon and Lisa."

My ears perked up.

"Since you have both already spent considerable time nude in public, I have a special assignment for you. I've made reservations for you at Le Chateau at 7:00 this evening, followed by tickets to the Symphony at 9:00. Jonathon, here is a voucher to pay for the meal. The owner of the restaurant and the manager of the theater have agreed to your attire, but no one else at those establishments knows anything about it. You are also required to take public transportation throughout the evening."

I was stunned.

Le Chateau was the fanciest restaurant in town. I couldn't imagine what it would feel like to be totally nude in front of all those people dressed in suits and gowns. I looked at Jonathon. He'd turned as white as a ghost.

At that moment the bell rang. Everyone stood and started, by habit, to turn to the back of the room to dress, then remembered that they could not.

We had all been required to walk across campus nude, but it was a different feeling to have to walk around outside alone. I knew from experience how difficult it was.

Remembering my traffic light dare, I caught Ms. Thompson at the door and asked about it. She agreed that it would be fine for me to dress as instructed to complete that dare.

Jonathon was waiting outside the door and arranged to pick me up at 6:30.

Just as he started to talk, my alarm rang.

I looked up and saw Mindy standing at the end of the hall, grinning.

I sat my books down and looked around for something to masturbate with. The instructions said that penetration was required.

I didn't see anything in the hallway, so I reached in my back and pulled out my hair brush. It had a wooden handle about an inch wide and about 3 or 4 inches long.

I sat down on the floor and leaned back against the wall. Jonathon was staring with a puzzled look on his face. The hallway was crowded, since no once seemed to want to pass by with several nude students standing around.

I spread my legs and gently inserted the brush in my pussy.

I'd been wet with excitement at breakfast, but had calmed down since then. Even so, there was enough moisture not to make it too uncomfortable.

I slid the handle all the way in until the I could feel the bristles rub against my clit. Then I slowly slid it out again, feeling my pussy lips close over the empty hole. I pushed it in a little. Then out. Then all the way in again.

I looked around. I was surrounded by people, some standing on tiptoe to see over those in front. Three of the nude guys, including Jonathon, already had raging hard ons.

I leaned my head back, closed my eyes, and lost myself in the sensations of the smooth handle sliding in and out and the rough bristles scratching my engorged clit.

I started moving faster and faster, raising my hips to meet my thrusts. I could feel the climax building.

And then the alarm sounded!

I collapsed with a shudder of frustration.

Slowly I stood up and put my dripping brush back in my purse.

I handed the alarm to guy standing nearby.

"Would you please set this for any time between now and midnight?" I gasped.

"Uh. Yea. What time should I set it for?" he asked.

Turning to him I explained the situation and asked him again to set it for whatever time he'd like.

Grinning, he set the alarm and returned it.

With cunt juice sliding down my leg, I picked up my bag and headed for class.

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I barely listened in my next class. I had been so close to cumming. I wanted to touch myself again.

Nude, by moist pussy was making the seat wet and slippery.

I kept wondering when the alarm would go off. It was maddening. I wanted, needed, to masturbate again. But (as strange as it may sound) I was still scared of doing it in public. I wanted to be filled. I wanted people to see me. But I wanted to be in control.

Now I wasn't. It didn't matter where I was or what I was doing or who was around when my alarm went off. I'd have to stop and masturbate. Somehow that was frightening. And exciting!

And I had to find something different to insert each time. I found myself looking around for small objects to push into my pussy; wondering how it would feel.

Thirty minutes into class it happened. I knew it would. It caught me by surprise and I jumped, trying to shut it off before it disturbed the rest of the class. Instead I accidentally knocked it off the front of the table onto the floor of the row in front.

This room was set up like a theater with levels rising up, long tables going from one side to the other, looking down on the professor. I sat right in the middle of the third row.

As it started to fall I leaped forward to catch it, leaning flat on the table with my tits hanging over the edge and my bare ass in the air.

I missed.

My alarm was blaring on the floor six inches from my outstretched hand. Dr. Johnson had stopped his lecture in mid sentence. The entire class was looking at my nude body splayed out on the table.

"Miss Armstrong, what may I ask are you doing!" he bellowed over the beeping of the alarm.

Standing, I stuttered, "It's an assignment for my human sexuality class, sir."

"Your human sexuality assignment is to set off an alarm in my class, Miss Armstrong?"

"No sir. That ... that was an accident sir"

"And what is your assignment, Miss Armstrong?"

"I ... I have to masturbate until the snooze alarm rings again."

"I see," he said with a twinkle in his eye. "Well we mustn't let you miss your assignment. Mr. Withers, would you please hand Miss Armstrong her alarm. Miss Armstrong, since class is already disrupted, you may as well come down here to perform your assignment."

I quickly shut off the alarm and walked to the stairs and down to the front desk, an embarrassed tingle in my pussy.

Dr. Johnson had a half finished Coke bottle sitting on the middle of his desk. Since he never used notes, the desk top was otherwise empty.

Without saying a word, I climbed up on the desk and straddled the bottle. Having been in gymnastics my whole life I'm extremely limber. Planting my feet and spreading my pussy wide open I slowly lowered myself onto the bottle.

I had never really come down from my last masturbation session. My pussy was still dripping wet. Even so, it was difficult sliding onto the top of the bottle. The threads scratched against my tender slit. I kept sliding down until I felt the bottle widen, spreading my pussy as wide as it would go.

Clinching my pussy, I slowly stood, holding the bottle inside me. Reaching down, I began sliding it in and out. My legs were trembling. Electricity was building inside me. Each time I pulled the bottle out my pussy involuntarily pushed down in an effort to keep it inside me. I pushed it deep into me. Almost half the bottle was inside me.

Frustration crashed around me as the alarm blared on the desk by my feet. I slid the bottle all the way out and squatted to turn it off. My body was screaming for release. Beads of sweat covered my breasts and dripped off my erect nipples.

Still squatting, my soaked pussy spread wide for the whole class to see, I held up the alarm to Dr. Johnson.

"Would you please reset the alarm for any time between now and midnight?"

"Uhh. Sure," he croaked.

I'd never seen him rattled like this before. His cock strained against the confines of his slacks. Looking around I noticed that the whole class was squirming in their seats.

He reset the alarm and handed it back to me. As I sat back down at my desk Dr. Johnson picked up the Coke and took a long drink, licking his lips as he set it back on the desk.

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Waiting on the alarm was maddening. I wanted so badly to look at it and see when it was supposed to go off. Somehow I stopped myself.

Psychology is my last class on Fridays so I was basically free until 2:00 when I had junior high gymnastics training. Immediately after that I had to complete my traffic light strip dare. This evening I had a date with Adam, arranged my Ms. Thompson. I had to stay nude the entire weekend unless a dare required me to wear something for one reason or another.

I found Mindy in the room reading a book. She still wore her short shorts and white shirt. It was still tied, but I thought it looked a little looser than it had this morning.

She wanted to know all about the last time my alarm went off so we sat and talked for a while. She really seemed to get excited at the idea of my being nude and masturbating in front of the whole world.

I was torn. I had already done so much in public that it seemed ridiculous to be embarrassed or shy. Even so, I liked the relative safety of the campus. Word had spread around campus about the class and about me as well. I was gaining quite a reputation. But for the most part the rest of the city was in the dark. Everyone on campus was basically like me, young, horny, away from home. It was almost like being at summer camp - except with 4 hours of homework every evening! Off-campus was full of "other" people. Moms and dads and kids. Grandmothers, brothers, and businessmen. Although my experiences so far had been positive, I was still afraid of the reaction I might receive. When I really let myself think about it I wanted to curl up in a ball on my bed and hope the weekend went by as quickly as possible.

On the other hand...

I had just given a couple of dozen blow jobs in the cafeteria, been nude most of the day, masturbated twice in public, and still hadn't climaxed! I was so horny I couldn't sit still. I left wet marks everywhere I sat! And having people watch me was the most incredibly exciting feeling in the entire world.

If I allowed myself to think about what was actually happening I wanted to cover up and hide. If I followed my desires I wanted to fuck and masturbate in front of the world!

"I'm hungry. Why don't we go get pizza?" Mind asked.

"OK. Sure," I replied.

We got in Mindy's car and headed to the Pizza Hut on the edge of campus. And drove right past the Pizza Hut on the edge of campus!

"Where're you going?" I asked apprehensively.

"Oh, I know another place down the road. Much better!" There was a twinkle in her eyes.

The Pizza Hut she took me to stood on a corner right across the street from the local high school. It was 11:50. High school kids were swarming over it like ants on candy!

"My God, Mindy! I can't go in there like this!"

"Why not? You've done everything else!"

I was nearly frantic. I was so horny and the idea of dozens of students seeing me almost made me cum right there in the car. But that was exactly what frightened me. I didn't know what I'd do if something happened inside. And somehow I knew it would.

"Come on, Lisa. I dare you." There was a twinkle of excitement in her eyes.

I took a deep breath and stepped out of the car.

Laughing, Mindy stepped out and we walked arm in arm towards the restaurant.

I couldn't believe what I was doing. I was walking into a restaurant filled with teenagers. I was completely nude.

The parking lot seemed to come to a screeching halt.

"It's her!" someone called out.

"That naked girl's out here!" yelled someone else.

Mindy gripped my arm to give me strength as we walked inside.

The waitresses eyes widened as she saw me. She was about 40, overweight and graying.

"I'm sorry. No shirts, No shoes, No service!" she recited with a deep frown of disapproval.

"Oh, I think we can make an exception just this once, Vivien," boomed from behind her. A huge black man with a beaming smile walked up. White shirt and tie. Obviously the manager.

"You must be in Ms. Thompson's class."

I nodded.

"Vivien, show the young ladies a seat. Any friend of Ms Thompson is welcome here!" he announced, grinning broadly.

I couldn't believe how much power Ms Thompson seemed to have. What could the manager of a Pizza Hut know about a sex psychologist from the college across town?

The only table available was in the middle of the room. I sat down on the cold vinyl seat.

"Drinks?" barked Vivien. Vivien obviously disapproved of young ladies eating pizza in the nude.

"Diet Coke," we both replied in unison.

"Help yourself to the buffet." She turned on her heel and marched away.

The restaurant had been totally silent this entire time. Slowly whispers began to build around us.

"She's naked!"

"How can she walk around with nothing on?"

"Look at her friend!"

"Why isn't she naked to?"

"Move your head. I want to see!"

I took a deep breath and walked to the counter. Every eye was glued to my body. I was so embarrassed. I was so horny. I wanted to hide. I wanted to run. I wanted to fuck somebody. A small teardrop of juice slid down the inside of my thigh.

I got a couple of slices of pizza and made my way back to my seat, Mindy right behind me.

The alarm made everybody jump.

I quickly reached up and hit the snooze button.

"Not here. Not now," I thought to myself.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" I replied as waves of perversion washed over me.

I picked up my silver ware, spread my legs, and slid the handles of my fork and knife into my soaked pussy. The cold sent shivers up my spine.

"My God! She's masturbating!" the guy across from me yelled.

"She's sticking her knife in her pussy!" a girl on the other side said.

I used the two like a pair of tongs, scissoring them back and forth inside me, spreading my pussy apart. Sliding down, I spread my legs wider so that all could see. My fingers gently flicked my clitoris each time I crossed it, sending tingles throughout my body.

Sweat began to roll down my face.

My breaths were coming out in short gasps.

The alarm rang!

I froze. Frustration boiled within me.

I slid the silverware out of my and looked around. Thirty or forty teenagers were staring at me, some with their mouths actually hanging open. I swear a couple of guys were even drooling.

Taking a deep breath I handed the alarm to the guy across from me.

"Would you please reset this for any time between now and midnight," I asked.

"Why?" he asked. "What's the deal?"

"I have to masturbate every time it goes off," I answered.

"Every time?" he asked.

"Yea," answered Mindy with a twinkle in her eye. "Every time that thing rings she has to fuck herself!"

The guy handed it back to me, grinning.

Smiling sheepishly, I turned and picked up my pizza.

The alarm went off again!

"Way to go, Dan!" yelled someone in the back.

Hitting the snooze button I looked around for something to fuck. Mindy handed me the salt shaker.

It was about an inch and a half wide and three inches tall. Pressing the head against my palm to keep the salt inside, I leaned back, placed my feet on the table, spread my legs, and slid the base inside me.

My wet pussy seemed to suck it up into me. Before I knew it I was pumping it in and out, my hips squirming. My hand slid off the top and salt began pouring onto my dripping lips.

My eyes opened in surprise.

My whole pussy began to tingle. It seemed that I could feel every single grain of salt as it soaked up my juices and burrowed into my wet flesh. My orgasm washed over me making me oblivious to all around me.

Until the alarm sounded, bringing me back to reality.

I slid the salt shaker out. My pussy was tingling. Burning.

My hand shook as I handed the alarm to another guy.

"Set this to sometime between now and midnight," I trembled.

He set it, quickly, and handed it back.

Almost as soon as it touched my hand it started to beep again.

"Give her this!" called a voice from the back.

A large rolling pin from the kitchen was handed through the crowd to me.

"Put her on the table!" someone else shouted.

Strong hands grabbed my arms and legs, lifting me easily to the table top.

Standing shakily on top, I looked around at that faces staring up at me, hungry with lust.

I spread my legs and jammed the head of the rolling pen inside me. My cunt sucked it up. I pumped it in and out. My hips pushed down to meet it. My rhythm increased. Faster and faster I pumped. With a loud groan I pushed it as deep as I could and let the climax roll through me.

The alarm rang.

Someone grabbed it and reset it.

I slid the dripping pen out of my pussy as the alarm sounded again.

"Here!"

The manager shoved a huge sausage at me. It was wrapped in plastic paper and was about three inches thick and at least 18 inches long.

Squatting I thrust it inside me. My body was spread as wide as it had ever been. I felt like I would spilt wide open. I started sliding up and down.

Out of the side of my eye I saw a girl with her skirt around her waist, fingers busy sliding in and out of her knickers.

Guys all around me were rubbing themselves through their jeans.

One guy dropped his shorts and pulled his cock out for all to see. He gripped it, pulled once, and shot a long stream of cum straight at the table.

Someone else opened his jeans and pulled his cock out, sliding his fist up and down. The girl next to him had her hands deep inside her jeans.

Another climax ripped through me.

The alarm went off. Instead of handing it to someone I simply hit the snooze bar. What was the point of handing it to someone when I knew they would simply reset it for one minute anyway?

I pulled the sausage out of my pussy and looked for something else to fuck.

A guy beside me stripped off his pants and handed me his boxers! His cock stood out long and hard.

I lay down on my back and pushed them inside me. They went in and felt nice, but I still felt empty.

"More," I whispered.

Suddenly everyone seemed to be handing me their underwear and knickers. I started shoving each one inside me until someone pulled my hands away and started doing it themselves. It seemed that dozens of hands pushed against my pussy lips, stuffing me full of boxers, briefs, and knickers. As the alarm went off again I sat up and looked around.

Clothes were scattered around the floor as bare assed teens stared at my stuffed cunt.

Mindy stood up on her chair.

"One at a time come pull something out of her with your teeth!" she called out.

Without hesitation a 16 year old boy knelt down and pulled something out of me. Another followed. Then another. Boys and girls squatted between my legs and pressed their mouth to my lips searching for a pair of knickers. At first I could barely feel it as they were pulled out. The fewer there were, the more the kids had to push and feel with their tongues to find their treasure.

I came, crying out loudly. Another tongue slid into me. Then another. And another.

I felt something hot hit my stomach and looked up to see a string of cum fly through the air.

Two teens were actually fucking on the table beside me. Mindy was naked and in a 69 with a guy on the floor, his cock deep in her throat.

That's when I felt the first cock push inside me. I looked up and saw a guy pushing against my pussy. He looked like a football player. Large shoulders. Thin waist. I felt him explode inside me.

Another stepped up as he stepped back. Then another. And another.

I don't know how many fucked me before it was over. I seemed to slide in and out of consciousness with each passing climax.

I became vaguely aware of someone telling everyone to back off.

The manager, looking somewhat disheveled himself, was telling everyone to back away. He came over and gently wiped my face.

I sat up. A wave of dizziness washed over me. I grabbed the edge of the table to keep from falling down and leaned against his chest.

"Are you alright, dear," he asked, smiling gently.

I grinned.

I looked around.

We must have had a full-fledged orgy. Everyone was naked. 16, 17 and 18 year old kids were picking through the clothes looking for what belonged to them. Looking at my body I noticed that I was almost white with cum. It covered me almost from head to toe.

Mindy was standing beside me with a huge grin on her face. She was nude. A large drop of cum hung precariously off her chin.

I stood up and a gallon of sperm splashed out of my pussy, splattering on the floor. My legs were shaking. I leaned against the manager for support.

The room was strangely silent as everyone dressed and walked out. It seemed like everyone was in a daze. I don't know how many people lost their virginity, but everyone there had done something to someone.

I straightened up and looked myself over again. My pussy was red, my lips swollen. My legs were wet and sticky. I could feel the cum drying on my face and in my hair.

I looked at the clock. It was 1:55.

"Omygod! Mindy! I'm going to be late for practice. Come on!"

I grabbed Mindy by the arm and pulled her to towards the door.

"Wait! My clothes!" she yelled.

"No time for that. Come on! I'm gonna be late!"

I pulled her outside just as the manager called after us, "Y'all come back now!"

I dragged Mindy to the car, both of us naked except for sneakers, cum still running down our bodies.