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

by: The Cape Cod Beach Bum

**AN INTRODUCTION**

This story takes place on the campus of Meyer's College, a division of Southeastern University. It is named in honor of Jacob Meyer, without whose endowment and foresight, the College would not even exist. Dr. Meyer was a member of the original Masters and Johnson sexual research team in the mid 20th Century.

The co-founders of the College are Dr Elizabeth Finch-Walker, MD,OB/Gyn and Sexual Dysfunction; her husband Dr Carl Walker, MD, Psychiatry; and Dr Amy Thompson, MD, Psychiatry.

Both Beth and Carl were original class members, of the first course given at Southeastern University in the field of Human Sexuality, HS-201. It was taught by their colleague, and College co-founder, Dr Amy Thompson, MD. Other classmates of theirs are also Professors at Meyer's, and Southeastern University, and will be introduced as the story unfolds.

The setting is a recently vacated and renovated mansion on a hill, overlooking the main section of the Southeastern University campus. It formally housed the Alpha Omega fraternity, and became available due to declining interest in fraternity life at the end of the 20th Century. The building is two stories, approximately square in plan, with twelve bedrooms on the 2nd floor around the building's perimeter, surrounding two staircases and a communal bath-shower room in the core. Each bedroom is designed to house two occupants. The 1st floor consists of a kitchen, a community dining room, 2 quiet study rooms, a recreation/TV room, a gymnasium, and office/treatment rooms for the Staff. An Olympic sized swimming pool in the rear garden rounds out the facility.

**Part 01**

We now pickup the story in progress. The group is assembled in the recreation/TV room, Doctors Walker and Dr Thompson have just finished introducing themselves, and given their credentials to the assembled students. Carl is speaking.

"We would like to take this opportunity to welcome you, the initial class here at Meyer College. We realize that most of you are wondering what you are doing here, and why you are a separate entity, yet a part of Southeastern University."

"Eight short years ago, Southeastern undertook the challenge of turning out the highest trained group of graduates in the field of Human Sexuality. It began by offering one of the first, and certainly the most trailblazing of courses ever offered in the field, Human Sexuality, HS-201."

"Beth and I were both members of that class."

"It was taught by Dr. Thompson."

"It is still on the curriculum today. Little has changed. It is still taught and attended in the nude. It remains a 'hands-on' course, where class participation in the subject matter, is the primary basis for determination of grade. But it was not enough. It was determine by the Board of Regents, that we needed to expand into a full curriculum."

"You are the result of that decision."

"Most of your parents are products of the 60's and 70's. Those that are not have most certainly been highly influenced by that time period. Some have even taken Dr. Thompson's course here at Southeastern."

"Your PARENTS submitted your names for consideration for this program. They felt that it was advantageous for YOU to attend. But the final decision is ultimately yours. We realize that most of you were kept in the dark by your parents, regarding the particulars of The Program."

"We agreed. We felt that it was necessary to get the most reliable results from the battery of tests and exams that you were subject to. They are now complete. You have been chosen and are now here, whether or not you remain is your choice. You are all legally adults and have the right to choose whether you continue or not. If after this initial orientation discussion, you choose to opt out, no ill effects will befall you. No one will think anything less of you. You will simply be transferred into the mainstream University. Your position will then be offered to an alternate student on the waiting list."

"If there are no questions so far, I am going to turn over the floor to my wife, Beth, the other Dr. Walker."

"As you see in the handouts, both Carl and Amy are Doctors of Psychiatry, I am also a Doctor. My specialties are OB/Gyn and Sexual Dysfunction. All of your medical needs can, and will be taken care of right here in the house. Our offices and the treatment rooms adjoin this room."

"As Carl has already mentioned, please call us Beth, Carl, and Amy. Carl and I aren't that much older than you, and we ALL prefer the informality."

"If you haven't already noticed (fat chance of that), there are 24 students here, chosen for the initial phase of The Program, evenly divided among the sexes."

"There are twelve bedrooms upstairs. For anyone delinquent in Math, that means two students per room. (Laughter around the room) Your room assignments have been based upon computer analysis of the personality exams you were administered prior to your acceptance into The Program."

"Your room assignments will be given to you this afternoon, after the morning orientation program has concluded, and after you have had a chance to discuss your decisions with one another, over Lunch in the next room."

"We don't want your decisions to be based in any way upon who has been assigned to be your initial roommate. That is why we will not give out the assignments until after your decisions have been rendered. We need you decision based solely upon your wish to participate or not. Anything else would simply not be fair to the others. If your initial roommate is not compatible for one reason or another, you both will have two weeks to find a compatible choice among the others, otherwise the initial pairing will remain for the balance of the semester."

"Each room contains one closet, one dresser, one Queen sized bed and two nightstands. These furnishings have been chosen and sized as such for a specific reason. The reason will become apparent to everyone in a moment. . .The assignments will be one male and one female per room."

(a collective gasp....followed by a low undercurrent of discussion can be heard among the students attending)

"We don't expect, nor do we ask that you remain monogamous with each other. We just ask that you remain as an occupant of ONE ROOM for the entire semester. After all, how can you learn about relationships, if you don't allow the opportunity for one to develop?"

"At the end of the semester, we will re-evaluate where we stand. Any questions so far? Good. To continue..."

"Now for the house rules. You will each receive two copies. One copy will be signed by each of you, and kept on record as proof of your commitment to us, and to each other, that you willingly agree to abide by these rules."

"A legal contract among us, if you will."

"Remember you are all adults. If after reviewing and discussing the rules with your peers at Lunch, you find that you are unwilling or unable to agree to them, you will be dropped from The Program without prejudice."

"However, it is a one way street. Once you opt out, you are out, there is no returning to The Program at a later date. There will be NO EXCEPTIONS on this point. Is that understood? It is extremely important that there are no misconceptions at this juncture. Good!"

"Nudity will be REQUIRED while on the PREMISES after this afternoon. It will be OPTIONAL ELSEWHERE on the campus and in the town. The ban on nudity has been lifted in this jurisdiction."

"Remember, nudity is required here, this means you will also be sleeping in the nude. One boy and one girl to the bed (at least only one of each in the beginning) and we do expect there to be sexual contact. The beds are large enough to accommodate two or even three people comfortably, but not large enough to allow the occupants to hide from one another."

"As in HS-201 no one will be forced to participate in anything not of their own free will. However, continued lack of participation will cause you to be dropped from The Program; for the good of The Program, yourself, and the others in it. It will not be arbitrary, and discussions with us will occur and ultimately, a warning will be given before action is taken. This Program is for your benefit and this thought should remain foremost in your minds."

"I repeat, being dropped from The Program is not to be taken as a punishment (in most instances, that is), but rather an action taken, both for the good of the individual and the collective good of the other participants. We realize that this Program is not for everyone, hence the battery of tests you all endured. We also realize that no bank of exams is infallible, and that accommodations will need to be made as time goes on. An example of this is your opportunity to opt out today, before we even begin."

"Nudity is required of you, not of your visitors. For them clothing is optional and the choice remains with them at all times. For everyone's safety I am going to repeat again for the record, coercion is unacceptable, and won't be tolerated at any time, either among participants or guests. It is a two way street on this point. If it occurs, criminal action will be instituted immediately. Is this perfectly clear? Good!"

"The last house rule is that unless you are attending class, you are participating in an extracurricular activity, engaging in a sexual act with the partner(s) of your choice, or in bed for the night; you should remain here, in the common areas. The bedrooms are not to be used to hide in, nor are the other areas of the campus and town, so that you are not exposed to others. I expect that this will become a moot point very shortly, as everyone becomes comfortable with one another."

"This is a program of participation, treat it as such and everyone will benefit the most from their experiences while you are here at Meyer's."

"Also, the requirements of this program are not to be allowed to interfere with the obligations that you have in other courses, and any extracurricular activities that you may be involved with. This is the same rule that has been adhered to from the beginning in HS-201, as have most of the other rules."

"I don't want us to come across as authoritarian, with lots of rules and regulations. We just feel that if we can all agree from the start, what is required and what is expected, of each of us, then we can all relax, and maximize this learning experience and growth together."

"In all honesty, we can really sum up this entire orientation session in a very few words. 'RELAX, PARTICIPATE AND ENJOY YOURSELVES, EVERYTHING ELSE WILL FOLLOW NATURALLY'. But we aren't sure how many of you would have understood this without the preceding introduction."

"Now if there are no questions, it's time for lunch. I don't know about you, but I'm starving. All of this talking has made me hungry! Let's eat!"

Suprisingly, everyone opted to remain. Even the one girl who seemed genuinely shocked that her parents would have volunteered her for a program that required nudity, and expected sexual contact, virtually from the start. In our original class in Human Sexuality, HS-201, approximately 1/3 of the class opted to not return for the second class. I anticipated that, at the least, there would have been a couple of students to bail out here, even if the initial selection process kept the numbers down.

Let's hope this bodes a good beginning.

**Part 02**

**AFTER LUNCH**

The story picks after the Lunch break is over. The students have now had an ample opportunity to discuss the morning's revelations, and their reactions and decisions regarding them. Dr. Amy Thompson MD, Psychiatry and a co-founder of The Program rises to address the group.

"Welcome back, everyone. It is now commitment time. Is there anyone who wishes to 'opt out' of The Program at this time? No one? Is everyone absolutely sure, before we continue?"

"Are there any questions?"

"I ask that you each now sign 1 copy of the rules you were given this morning. It is a sign of your commitment, and a contract with each other to abide by these rules, and participate fully in all phases of The Program. When you are finished, please hand them to our assistant, Tina."

"Again, I bid you welcome. But now as colleagues and fellow participants in this social adventure. It is an adventure, and we are in it together. It has never even been attempted prior to now. What WE make of it is our collective decision. Let's make it a good one."

"Tina, would you please assist me in passing out the room assignments at this time. Thank You."

"Before we adjourn, although it's Friday, and classes don't officially begin until Monday morning, I feel that it will be advantageous to The Program if we have our first session this evening at 7 PM. Until then, I release you, to do whatever you need to get done, to unpack, purchase books and supplies, or just plain unwind from your first day."

"Remember, The Program has now officially begun. ALL RULES NOW APPLY, including those regarding nudity. You should now disrobe, and you are dismissed. See you all at Dinner."

With that statement, Amy untied the straps to her sundress. Allowing it to flow to the floor, in a puddle at her feet, she revealed her sleek, trim, 5'2" body in all it's glory, to the group for their inspection. She had a deep golden, all-over tan and, other than her long auburn tresses, was completely shaven,. She appeared to be about thirty-five, approximately 102 pounds, with apple sized, perky breasts, and pink upturned nipples topping small aureoles. She was extremely fit and trim, with not an ounce of fat to be seen anywhere on her body. Overall, a magnificent specimen of womanhood. Beth, Carl, and Tina did the same before departing the room. Everyone else glanced around the room, then began to slowly disrobe as well, prior to gathering up their belongings, to carry to their new homes for the coming semester. (pun intended!)

**PETER AND LINDA'S ROOM**

"Peter, I am still having trouble accepting the fact that my parents volunteered me, for this Program!"

"Before this morning, I don't think anyone has seen me nude, other than my doctor, since I was a baby. Everyone has always been so careful about their modesty, even around the house. We always wore robes going to and from the bathroom, and never even sat around the house in our pajamas in the morning, or before bedtime."

"NOW LOOK AT ME!"

And look Peter did!

She was simply a magnificent sight to behold. Platinum blond hair cut in a modified boy's cut framed a delicate, oval shaped face, with piercing blue eyes, a cute button nose, cherry red lips, displaying a set of even, pearly white teeth and set into a wry grimace. Tall, about 5'8", around 125 pounds, with softball sized breasts, topped by erect, shell pink nipples set in quarter sized aureoles of a slightly deeper shade of pink. From there her body flowed smoothly to a very slightly rounded belly, curving gently as it traveled over her slim, but womanly hips into the longest, shapeliest legs Peter had ever had the good fortune to see.

Her ass was a glorious upside down heart shape, firm and uplifted. Her bush was small, sparse, and neatly trimmed, and of a very slightly darker shade than her tresses. It framed her delicate mons perfectly. Her hair style may have been a modified boy's cut, but the rest of her sure wasn't! The only mar to an otherwise perfect, light tan, were the 2 bands of white flesh, at her breasts and hips, revealing the usage of a rather modest bikini.

"What do YOU think of all this, Peter?"

Suddenly gasping, her eyes widened, Linda began to softly, and melodically giggle, as she brought her small hand to her mouth; realizing for the first time what Peter actually thought of it.

He was sporting the longest, hardest erection of his young life! It looked and felt to be about 2 inches longer and thicker around than his usual 6 1/2 inches! Peter was wearing only an all over, head to toe blush, of the deepest shade of crimson imaginable, as he realized what Linda was looking at.

"Never mind", she whispered softly, "I can guess what you think of it!"

With that, Peter's blush deepened even further.

Linda then took the time to fully appreciate her roommate's body. Peter stood about her height, was somewhat thin, but not bony, approximately 160 pounds, with short, neatly trimmed, brown hair, blue eyes, Roman nose and pouty lips. He was clean-shaven, and then Linda realized, that was over his WHOLE BODY! Then she remembered. Peter had mentioned earlier that he was here on a scholarship, a member of the school's swim team. No wonder, that's why he has such a sleek, compact body. Before he had disrobed downstairs, she had thought that he was dressed somewhat nerd-like. No matter, undressed he was quite pleasing to her eyes.

Linda looked up. Realizing that she had been caught staring at his body, her blush quickly matched his in color and intensity.

Then they both began laughing, until the tears ran rivers from their eyes. They reached out and embraced each other tightly, realizing that they were both truly comfortable in each other's presence. They knew now that no matter what was to come later (pun intended), they were friends.

"What do you say we go down to the pool?" Linda asked.

"You probably want to get in a workout, and I sure want to get rid of these tan lines while I can."

With that, they both ran naked down the stairs, and out to the pool; hand-in-hand, quietly giggling like young children.

Peter to swim laps, and Linda to even her tan.

Neither was in the least bit, any longer conscious, or bothered by their nudity.

**MICHAEL AND KELLY'S ROOM**

Michael and Kelly were quietly unpacking and arranging their belongings, talking about nothing in particular. He suddenly realized that there had been an unexpected lull in their conversation. Glancing up, Kelly was wide-eyed, and appeared ready to crumble to the floor. Kelly wore an expression of abject fear, a doe suddenly caught in the beam of approaching headlights. Michael moved swiftly to her side, catching her in his arms and guiding her gently to the side of the bed. He eased Kelly down onto the bed and sat closely by her side, his arm softly supporting her around her shoulders. Michael cradled Kelly softly, placing her head gently upon his chest, all the while murmuring soft words of comfort and assurance.

"It's okay, Kelly. I'm here. Relax. Everything's alright. Shhhhhh. Don't worry. It's okay, baby."

All the while Michael was rocking her softly and gently in his arms like a young child. He placed a soft, sweet, comforting kiss upon the top of her head; not knowing at the time just how right that simple action was.

Kelly jumped, suddenly realizing that she was naked, and in the arms of a naked boy. Michael held her firmly but gently around her shoulders as she came fully to her senses. He reached over to the nightstand with his other hand, and offered her a few tissues from the box that was there.

"Here, sweetheart, use these."

"It's alright, Kel. Relax. No one's going to do anything to you. Don't worry. Everything's okay."

"Michael, I'm sorry. I'm better. Thank you."

"Look at me, I don't know what came over me. I've gotten your chest all wet with my tears."

He looked. Kelly was around 5 feet in height, about 130 lbs. She had short, curly, red hair; emerald green eyes; a small button nose; and delicate red lips. They were set into a round face covered with abundant light freckles. Oh those freckles! They melted his heart the first time he had seen them. Her body was slightly on the plump side, but not fat. It was as if her body hadn't had a chance to shed it's baby fat as yet. Her breasts were about the size of half grapefruits. Not overly huge, but Michael thought they were the perfect size for her body. Her pubic bush was full, matching the color and texture of the hair on her head. It was trimmed into a small, neat triangle pointing down to her shaved labia. Her legs were short, but shapely, and she had tiny, delicate feet that matched her hands, and the remainder of her body.

Startled, now it was his turn to jump. He suddenly realized that he had been caught staring.

"Well, you did tell me to look, didn't you?" he joked, "So, I was looking!"

"I'm only a man, so I have been trained to take orders from pretty women seriously."

He grinned ear to ear taking the sting out of his little Joke, before he continued.

"Remember, I grew up as the only boy in a house with four sisters. My father taught me early on that things would go much smoother around the house, if we went along with what the women of the house wanted most of the time. Unless it was something important, or for some reason we felt strongly about an issue."

He grinned again.

"You're forgiven, Michael. I did tell you to look, didn't I?"

Now it was her turn to giggle. She lifted her head, and slapped him gently on his chest for his joke. And what a chest it was! And she let her hand remain there, her fingertips running softly through his curly and abundant chest hair. She felt the firm, solid musculature under his soft skin with her fingertips. How had she rated a roommate like this, she wondered. He was an Italian god, built like Adonis!

Michael had a mane of dark, curly brown hair; soft brown eyes; Roman nose; full and sensuous lips. He was clean shaven; with dark, olive skin belying his Italian ancestry. He was tall and muscular, as a star football player should be.

Boy was he tall! She remembered dreaming earlier this morning, when she first saw him, that he would be the perfect height for her to rest her head comfortably upon his chest. She remembered thinking, 'dream on girl, what would a Dreamboat like that want with a plain-jane tub like you?' Now here she was, and doing just that! Suddenly returning to the present, she became aware that her other hand was resting casually on Michael's thigh, inches from his glorious manhood!

When Michael realized that her attention was focused on his body, and one particular PART of his body at that, his cock began to swell and grow in appreciation at her interest. It soon expanded to its' full 8 inch length and 3 inch girth.

"WOW!" Kelly exclaimed!

"Oops! Sorry!" Michael stammered blushing deeply.

"Don't be, it's gorgeous!" she replied.

It was her turn to blush.

"Did I just say that? Me, who hadn't even seen a naked man in the flesh before today!" she exclaimed!

And then Kelly blushed even deeper at the realization of what she had just admitted to Michael.

"I might as well get my full confession out in the open now. Then you can go downstairs and request another, more closely compatible, roommate, before everyone unpacks and gets settled into their rooms."

"Michael, I told you before, downstairs, that I was an only child. What I didn't tell you was, that I was a virgin. Not just an ordinary virgin, but a virgin who had never done anything. Never made love, never been fondled, never made out, never been kissed, never even had a date, or gone out with a boy before!"

She again began to sob uncontrollably onto his chest.

"My parents emigrated from Ireland. They are plain, hardworking folks, who tried to make the best life possible for me. My father is a laborer and my mother a seamstress. They worked hard all their lives, dreaming that someday, their children would go to College, and become somebody, and not have to work as hard as they did just to get by."

"There were complications with my birth, and my mother couldn't have any more children. I became their only hope to fulfill their dreams. I struggled hard all through school, to get the best grades that I could, so that their dreams could be realized. I'm not the smartest person alive, nor am I the best student, so I had to work a lot harder to understand the work than most of my classmates. Besides, I'm not even pretty, so the boys didn't even give me another glance anyway."

Michael started to interrupt.

Kelly placed her finger on his lips.

"Please, Michael, let me go on before I lose my nerve. It's important to me, to tell you this."

Realizing the simple truth, that it was important for Kelly to continue, Michael relaxed and remained silent.

"Southeastern has a good Education program, but so do a lot of other schools. I wanted to go to a school in my hometown. The tuition was cheaper, and I could live at home, making it even less expensive, and easier for my parents to afford."

"They were relentless, demanding that I attend here, and that I be enrolled in this program"

"I couldn't argue them out of it! No matter what, believe me I tried!"

"I didn't know what could be so damn important that I come here, and they wouldn't say."

"I found out last night, before I left home to travel here, why they insisted that I attend this school, and why they wanted me to be in this Program."

"I sat through the introductory speeches this morning knowing, that I was one the few, if not the only student there, who was aware of what was going on."

"I was dying inside, not with anticipation, but with dread, knowing what I was going to expected to do!"

"How was I going to go through with this program? And I knew that I was the only person there who didn't have a choice. I simply did not have the option of opting out! No matter what was to come, I had to do it. I can't let my parents down. They worked too hard for me. It was now my turn to reciprocate."

Michael could no longer hold it in.

"You're beautiful!"

"Whaaat?"

"I said you're BEAUTIFUL!"

"Michael, I like you. You're honest. Don't spoil it now, by lying to me."

"I know that when you go downstairs, and request a new roommate, they probably won't have one immediately available for you. I have no choice but to sleep naked, in the same bed with you tonight. I have no choice in the matter, I know that so don't spoil it by lying to me. You know you'll have whatever you want anyway."

"You're beautiful!"

"Michael, . . . "

"Let me finish. I let you."

"Okay."

"You're beautiful! Not just on the outside, although you seem to have a problem believing that, but also on the inside, the person you are is beautiful."

"Kelly, you are a warm, caring, intelligent, yes intelligent, person. Sure, you're a little shy, but we can work on that. You're outgoing once you warm up to people, and that doesn't take you long to do."

"Relax, nothing we ever say to each other, or do with each other will ever reach anyone from me. They will always remain between strictly between us, unless you choose to reveal them. The only exception would be, if something was life threatening to you, or someone else. Otherwise, never."

"I am not going downstairs and request a new roommate, the one I have is better than I could ever ask for! Why would I want to change?"

"But you're a star football player, and extremely handsome to boot, why would you want me...?"

"Because you're you, that's why, Kelly. I asked you to let me finish before. Please, may I?"

"Okay, I promise, no more interruptions." (knowing full well that would probably NOT be the case)

"Were you paying attention to Amy this afternoon? Or were you so worried about tonight that you didn't hear what she had to say regarding coercion?"

"Michael, . . ."

"Uh, Uh, Uh, remember your promise?"

He placed a finger gently upon her lips before continuing.

"I'm not suggesting that you think I'm going to attack you in bed tonight, and have my way with you. I'm not. And believe me, it has nothing to do with your looks. . . .before you interrupt me again, Kelly. But it has to do with me. If and when we do anything, it will be because you want to, not me. Trust me, I will probably always want to."

"The coercion I'm talking about is between you and your parents. Uh, Uh, Uh, remember both our promises? Nothing ever said between us will ever go beyond us. You may need a gag to help you keep yours about not interrupting. And lest you think I missed it, I did see your fingers crossed."

They both laughed and relaxed after the joke.

"I'm not saying you're forced to be here. What I am saying is that I think, you are forcing yourself to be here."

"Okay, it's a given that your parents feel guilty that you never had a social life in High School, and they think, probably with good reason, that things would not have changed, if you remained living at home while attending College."

"Somehow they heard of this new program, and decided that's just what Kelly needs! They love you very much."

"Knowing you would fight it, look at your objection to just attending Southeastern, they kept the particulars from you, while insisting that it was the best thing YOU could do."

"I think that is about time that you stop forcing you to be here. I don't think you will get the full benefit of The Program until that happens. But the decision's yours to make in any case, the rest of us can only help you do it."

"Yes, we will be in bed together naked tonight. Yes, I'll want to hold you in my arms and cuddle with you. I will enjoy that more than anything, and I don't think you'll object, seeing as how we've been doing just that for the last hour or so."

That startled her, and she jumped. Then she understood. She was naked in his arms, they were holding each other closely, gently caressing each other. There was no sex involved, his erection had long since deflated. What there was, was love, pure unadulterated love, nothing else. When Michael realized that Kelly finally understood, he bent his head down and softly kissed her on the tip of her nose, before pulling back to look into her emerald eyes.

"I love you, Kelly. And I know now I'll grow to love you even more as we get to know each other in the coming years."

And they kissed again, still gently but growing in intensity, before they pulled back with a soft sigh, relaxing in each other's arms.

"I love you too, Michael."

"Michael, . . ."

"Yes, sweetheart."

She liked the sound of that.

"Could you, would you, help me . . . you're a football player and all. . . .show me how to get in shape? I want to look my best for you, so you'll be proud of me."

"Of course, I will do anything you ask, but not for that reason. Okay? I already am proud of you, for the person you are! Sure, I'll help you work out in the gym, if that's what you want. But what we really need to work on is getting you some pride in yourself!"

They raised themselves to their feet, embracing lightly for another short, gentle kiss, before making their way down the stairs to the gym.

**Part 03**

**AT DINNER**

The dining arrangements were pretty simple, really. There were four round tables spaced around the room, each capable of seating eight comfortably. Meals were served 'family style'. Seating was not assigned, and the students were encouraged to vary their dining partners, so that everyone would get to know one another.

"How the HELL do you do it, Michael?", asked Billy, when they were getting settled at the table.

"Do what?"

"Not have a constant hard-on. All the rest of us are walking around here with boners that are ready to burst, and you're just going about your business, as if it's the most natural thing in the world to be nekkid around all these fine lookin' ladies."

"I mean, I'm not gay or nuthin', but it's kinda hard NOT to notice, it's not like we can hide it."

"Don't worry, Billy. I know what you mean, and put your mind at ease. You have nothing to worry about, I'm not gay either. Besides, if I was I don't think this would be a good indication of it anyway."

"How's that?"

"Let's face it, us guys are all naked as well, so if someone was gay that would give him something to look at too!"

"I hadn't thought of that. But getting back to my original question, how do you do it?"

"Well. . . I guess it comes from growing up as the only boy in the house with four older sisters. By the time I came along, the girls were pretty relaxed about everything and all. I suppose that it never occurred to them to change the way they did things."

"They had seen me this way since the day I was born, so that didn't bother them, either. Maria and Jennifer are old enough that, they even helped bathe me and change my diapers when I was a baby."

"We're not living in the slums, but we're not rich by any means. We only have one bathroom in the house, so that doesn't leave much room for false modesty. My sisters always had friends sleeping over the house, and I guess, they kinda sorta got used to the relaxed atmosphere in our house too, and it never occurred to them to treat me any different."

"So, I guess I'm kinda lucky. I'm used to being surrounded by lots of pretty girls, dressed and undressed, all the time."

"Damn, and I used to think I was lucky being an only child!"

With that everyone at the table laughed and relaxed.

Kelly took the opportunity to glance around the table at her other dinner companions. Seated with her and Michael were Peter and Linda, Billy and Keiko.

Linda had platinum blond hair cut in a modified boy's cut that framed a delicate, oval shaped face, with piercing blue eyes, a cute button nose, cherry red lips, and a set of even, pearly white teeth set into a wry smile. Tall, she stood about 5'8", around 125 pounds, with softball sized breasts, topped by erect, shell pink nipples set in quarter sized aureoles of a slightly deeper shade of pink. From there her body flowed smoothly to a very slightly rounded belly, curving gently as it traveled over her slim, but womanly hips into long, shapely legs . Her ass was a glorious upside down heart shape, firm and uplifted. her bush was small, sparse, and neatly trimmed, and of a slightly darker shade than her tresses. It framed her delicate mons perfectly. Her hair style may have been a modified boy's cut, but the rest of her sure wasn't! The only mar to an otherwise perfect, light tan, were the two bands of previously white flesh, at her breasts and hips, now tinged pink after their exposure to this afternoon's sunlight.

Linda's roommate, Peter, stood about 5'8", was somewhat thin, but not bony, approximately 160 pounds, with short, neatly trimmed, brown hair, blue eyes, Roman nose and pouty lips. He was clean-shaven, and Kelly realized, that was over his whole body! Then she remembered. Peter had mentioned earlier that he was here on a scholarship, a member of the school's swim team. No wonder he had such a sleek, compact body.

Michael had introduced her to Billy this morning. He had first met Billy a number of weeks earlier, when they both reported to preseason football practice. Neither knew at the time that they were in The Program together. Billy could be best described as a fireplug with legs. He was only about 5'11" tall, but must have weighed over 235 pounds. All muscle, as befitting the full-back that he was. The only way to describe him properly, was MASSIVE. Giggling to herself , she realized that included his COCK! It was huge! Erect it was over 8" long and must have been over 3" around. Billy's skin was coal black, his head shaved bald, with brown eyes, full lips, and a nose that showed signs of being previously broken.

Keiko was simply a China doll! She stood only around 4'8" and couldn't weigh more than 90 pounds soaking wet; with silky black hair that reached to her waist, worn in a simple pony tail; almond shaped black eyes; petite nose and dainty red lips. Her skin was head to toe porcelain perfection. Her breasts were only about the size of half oranges, tipped with tiny, freckle colored nipples set in dime sized aureoles. Her waist couldn't have been more than 20" around, flowing into a very flat belly, her mons very lightly covered in a sparse patch, of neatly trimmed, straight black hair. Thin but shapely legs, with delicate feet and hands completed the picture. Billy was going to have to be VERY careful in bed. If he rolled over the wrong way, he might just crush the poor girl.

Kelly herself was around 5 feet in height, about 130 lbs. She had short, curly, red hair; emerald green eyes; a small upturned nose; and delicate red lips. They were set into a round face covered with abundant light freckles. Her body was slightly on the plump side, but not fat. It was as if her body hadn't had a chance to shed it's baby fat as yet. Her breasts about the size of half grapefruits, not overly huge, but Michael told her he thought they were the perfect size for her body. Her pubic bush was full, matching the color and texture of the hair on her head. It was trimmed into a small, neat triangle pointing down to her shaved labia. Her legs were short, but shapely, with tiny feet and hands.

Dinner proceeded amicably, the students quietly joking and laughing amongst themselves, relaxing and getting to know one another.

Michael began to rise from the table, "Billy, I feel like some more cake and ice cream. What do you say we go get seconds for everybody?"

"I'm game, bro. Let's go."

"Where have you been, buddy? I haven't seen you and Keiko since our orientation meeting this afternoon?"

"Man, we went back to the room to unpack. Keiko looked like a rabbit facing a hungry fox. So I asked her to come take a walk with me, I'd show her around the rest of the campus. You dig? You know her and I could get in a world of hurt if the word ever got back to the powers, man. But I jus' had to get her to chill. She was coming unglued."

"Don't worry about it, buddy. Your secret's safe with me. We can't let the opposition ever find out that you're not a Grizzly bear, just a big ol' Teddy Bear!"

Michael slapped Billy on the back, both of them grinning widely.

Billy replied, "Thanks, bro. I owe you one."

"Let's get that cake and ice cream before they think we forgot."

Back at the table, the girls realized that Keiko was very quiet.

Linda asked, "Keiko, is something wrong? You've hardly spoken two words since we sat down. As a matter of fact, I don't think I've seen you lift your eyes from your plate!"

Keiko looked up and said.

"The customs in the Japan are very different from the customs here in the America. In the Japan, we are taught we do not speak until we are spoken to."

"My parents and I came from the Japan two years ago. My father died in a plane crash last year."

"My Momma told me, "Maybe the old ways are good for the Japan, but they are not the ways for the America."

"My cousin, also named Keiko, went to the High School with Dr. Carl and Dr. Beth. She told Momma about this program. My Momma told me I should come here, and learn the new American ways."

"I am so sorry that my English is not so good."

Her eyes dropped back to her plate.

Kelly told her, "Don't worry, Keiko. We're all friends here. You're English is excellent, and we'll all help you. We'll learn together."

Keiko smiled for the first time since she arrived on the campus.

The boys returned with the seconds on desserts, and Keiko joined the others in the joking and laughter; finally relaxed, knowing truly she was among friends.

**Part 04**

**OUR FIRST CLASS**

Dr. Amy Thompson strolled into the recreation/TV room and glanced around at her class.

"Good evening. I'm glad everyone remembered to come."

Laughter.

"At least we're off to a good start. I wanted to meet with you tonight for a sort of a 'break the ice session'. I realize that most of you have met at least a few of your fellow classmates over the course of the day, but we think a more structured introduction is in order here."

"You are each going to introduce yourselves. As I call your name, come up, turn all the way around once, place your hands behind your back, and tell us a little about yourself."

"Michael, would you please start us off tonight? "

Michael walked to the front of the room next to Dr. Thompson, turned around as requested, placed his hands behind his back, and began.

"Hi, I'm Michael Russo. I'm a freshman Business major, and plan to minor in Pre-Law. I'll be the starting quarterback for the Rebel's JV football team this year, and hope to get some varsity playing time as well. My hometown is Dallas, Texas. I'm the youngest child in our family, and have four sisters. Even though I've received a full athletic scholarship, I also have a part time job at the Junior High School, assisting their football coach, to cover my other expenses."

"Thank you, Michael, for your introduction, but I have a few other questions for you. How old are you? "

"I'm 18. My birthday was just last week."

"Very good. How old were you the first time you had intercourse? Also, who was it with? A girlfriend? A relative? A friend? A prostitute? Please be specific without naming names please."

"I was 15, and it was with a friend of one of my sisters."

"How often do you masturbate? And when did you first do it? "

"I don't know, Amy, I really don't do it very often. I guess I was probably around 13 the first time I did it though."

Thank you again, Michael, you can be seated."

"Linda, it's your turn."

Linda stepped forward, turned around, placed her hands behind her back, and faced the class.

"My name's Linda Simpson. I'm also a freshman. My major is in History, and I plan on continuing on to obtain my Masters in Education. My dream is to teach at the High School level after graduation. I'm an only child, from a small town south of Boston, where my father is Pastor of our local Church. I've taught Sunday School there for the past two years. That's where I discovered I had a love of teaching."

"Okay, Linda, same questions as Michael. When did you first have intercourse? Who with? How often do you masturbate? When was the first time you did? "

Blushing Linda admitted, "I'm still a virgin, I first started masturbating when I was about eleven or twelve, and I do it usually about once a day." her face getting an even deeper shade of red.

Amy continued calling of each of them, alternating between the boys and girls, until she came to Billy. Billy stood, walked to the front of the room, put his arms behind his back, and did a pirouette.

"Hey y'all. My name's Billy Wilson. I'm from Macon, GA., where my parents own a grocery store. I haven't declared a major as yet, but I'm thinking about Sport's Medicine, seeing as how I play football and all. I'm a fullback on both the JV and varsity teams. And before y'all ask, I'm an only child. I lost my cherry to a neighborhood chick down by the creek. She was 14, I was 12. Seems to me I musta been born masturbating, and do it all the time!"

With that, the whole class broke up. Even Dr. Thompson joined in the laughter. Soon it was Kelly's turn in front of the class.

"Good evening, everyone. My name's Kelly O'Rourke. I'm an only child, from a small town in upstate New York. Like most everyone else, I'm also a freshman. My major will be Psychology. I'm a virgin and I've never masturbated."

Amy looked at her rather skeptically, "You've never masturbated? Not even ONCE? What did you do after you returned home, from a heavy make-out session on a date, to relieve your tension? "

Kelly replied ashamedly, "I've never been out on a date with a boy."

Shocked, Amy replied softly, "I'm sorry, Kelly. Please forgive me my insensitivity. I honestly didn't know. I certainly didn't mean to embarrass you."

"It' okay. It's probably why Mom and Dad want me to be here."

"I think you're right, Kelly, and I think you'll do just fine."

Soon, all the students had taken their turns introducing themselves except Peter and Keiko. Peter rose from his chair, and strode to the front of the room.

"I guess it's my turn. My name's Peter Tardonico, from White Plains, New York. I'm the oldest in the family, with one brother and two sisters. Thank God I was offered a scholarship to come here, I needed to get away from the little brats! I'm on the swim team, and my major is Pre-law. I'm sort of a preppy nerd, who went to an all boys High School, so I didn't lose my virginity until a couple of weeks ago. It was a kind of mercy killing, a cousin of mine didn't want me to go off to College still cherry, so she took it. Oh, and yeah, I almost forgot. I guess I masturbate 3 or 4 times a week or so. I can't remember when I first started doing it, but it must have been a long time ago!"

Shaking her head Amy replied, "Peter, your timing and sense of humor will do you well in the Courtroom. Last, but certainly not least, Keiko, come up front and introduce yourself to everyone."

My name is Keiko Mitsumi, I'm from Tokyo, Japan. My Father, Momma and I moved to the San Francisco two years ago. I have no brothers or sisters. My major is Economics. My Momma sent me here to learn the new American ways of doing things. I am also a virgin, but I like the feel of the water jet in the hot tub; the way it hits my body. Amy, is that masturbation? If I don't use my hands? "

Amy smiled. "Yes, Keiko, that is also a form of masturbation. You'll learn many others here very shortly."

"Thank you all for sharing with us tonight."

"Your grade in this class, as I mentioned earlier, will be based solely upon your participation in class and related outside assignments. You will each begin and maintain a Daily Journal, detailing your experiences while in the program, your reactions, and the reactions of others to those experiences."

"It will serve two purposes. First, it will facilitate our evaluations of you, your growth, and The Program in general. However its' primary function, will be serving as a permanent record of your growth and your experiences, for you to reference later in life. It is our wish that The Program will be only the first step, in a life long quest for that growth and knowledge."

"With that said, your first assignment will be to remain nude at ALL TIMES until after Monday's class. Any questions?"

Michael quickly raised his hand and spoke up, "Dr. Thompson, I mean, Amy? Billy and I have a problem. You told us we were not to let the requirements of The Program interfere with our other responsibilities and obligations?"

"That is correct."

"Billy and I have football practice tomorrow and Monday. We can't practice in the nude, it would be dangerous. We could get seriously injured if we did."

"That brings up a very valid point. The requirements of The Program are not to interfere with the requirements of your other responsibilities, but neither are they intended to place you at personal physical risk while performing those activities."

"We hope that you will always act prudently and responsibly, now and in your future life. If common sense dictates that you take certain safety precautions, it is your responsibility to yourself and others to do so."

"For example, we are not suggesting that you attend a Chemistry Lab, without the proper attire. (ei: lab coat and protective apron)"

"I agree with you, there is a definite risk of personal injury, if you participate in football practice while nude. So yes you may. . . no, let me rephrase that, you WILL wear your pads, uniforms, and other gear during practice. . ..at all times."

"However, to make it fair for everyone, and so no one thinks that I'm playing favorites, we'll add a special codicil to YOUR assignments."

"Michael, you and Billy will plan, shop for, and prepare Sunday's dinner meal. You can ask for help from anyone else, in the planning and preparation. We have an account at the supermarket in town, so you won't be responsible for the monetary end of it. But it will be your sole responsibilities to do the shopping for the necessary foodstuffs."

"But, we'll be NAKED this weekend!" Billy objected.

Amy agreed softly, "Yes, you will be naked, Billy. Won't that be fun?"

Stunned, they were not sure about THAT PART of it. But, they realized they had little choice in the matter anyway. So, they nodded their heads in reluctant acceptance of their assignment.

"Class dismissed."

**Part 05**

**AFTER CLASS**

Billy asked, "Can y'all stick around for a couple of minutes? We need to talk about Sunday, while we're all here."

Michael agreed, "Good idea, Buddy. Grandma taught me to cook a few simple things when I was a kid. If it's alright with everyone, I'm thinking, maybe a salad, some ziti, sausage, meatballs, and fresh garlic bread. Does that sound okay to everybody?"

Linda asked, "What do you put in your sauce?"

"Well, it depends on what I can get fresh at the market. But I usually use Italian sausage, meatballs, pepperoni, mushrooms, onions, green peppers, basil, oregano, parsley, garlic, a little red pepper flakes, wine, Romano cheese and carrots. Oh, and tomatoes of course."

"I don't want to be a bother or anything, so I'll have the salad and garlic bread. I'll be fine."

"You're not being a bother, Linda. We want everyone's input, that's why we're here. Is there something you don't like, or can't eat?"

"It's okay, I was raised a vegetarian. So, don't go crazy just for me."

"Hell, that's easy. It's not a problem. I'll just leave the meat out of the sauce, and cook it separately. We'll set aside some of the sauce after it's finished cooking, and add the meat to the rest. That way we'll have both kinds, and no extra work."

Kelly asked, "You put CARROTS in your sauce?"

"Yeah. A lot of my family are diabetics. So instead of sugar, my Grandma used grated carrots to take the acid out of her tomato sauce."

"Oh, I've never heard that before."

"Anybody else? No? Great, easier than I thought."

They broke up to return to their rooms, Billy and Michael remaining behind to finalize their list.

"I'm glad you can cook, Michael, 'cause I sure can't. Aren't you worried about shopping nekkid tomorrow though?"

"Worried? Hell, I'm scared SHITLESS!"

"You don't show it."

"I'm just not gonna give 'em the satisfaction of finding it out. Did you catch the look in her eyes, when she gave us the assignment?"

"Nah, I was trying to slide under the rug at the time," Billy replied.

"Everybody was sitting there kinda relaxed, figuring on sticking around HERE all weekend. I mean, being naked around the group isn't such a big deal any more, is it? WE were the only ones that had to leave here, right? WE have football practice in the morning."

"Yeah, right."

"So now WE have to be the first ones out in public, and off campus too. She wants to see if we've got the BALLS to do it."

"Son of a BITCH!"

"Yeah. . .ain't it though."

"Shit. . .let's go see what we're gonna have to pick up tomorrow afternoon. With a list, maybe we can make it fast."

IN THE KITCHEN

Michael began looking through the cabinets, "Yo, Billy."

"Yeah? What's up, Bro?"

"Get a load of this. The cupboard's bare, except for the dishes!"

"What do y'all mean, bare?"

"Just what I said. I mean there's nothing here. . .no food, Guy!"

"I'm not trackin', Michael."

"We had grilled burgers for lunch and pizza for dinner, right?"

"Yeah, Carl said the kitchen help didn't start work 'till Monday."

"That's only part of it. Looks like the food's not gonna be here 'till Monday, either."

"Ya mean. . .?"

"Yup, the jokes on us. The only thing in the 'fridge is ketchup, mustard, relish and onions. Oh yeah, and two dill pickles. Everybody's gonna have to go to the cafeteria, or into town, to eat tomorrow, or else go hungry!"

"Shit, wait 'till they hear 'bout this!"

"What do you say, we NOT TELL them, Billy, let them find out tomorrow?"

The light dawned, "Michael, y'all are one, EVIL, Son of a Bitch!"

"Ain't I though?"

Laughing, they went to join their roommates.

**MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE**

Carl asked, "When do you think they'll figure it out?"

"Probably not until the morning," answered Amy.

"I think you're wrong about that," suggested Beth, "I just passed Michael and Billy in the hallway. They were headed towards the kitchen with a pad; probably to make up a shopping list. The cat's going to be out of the bag a little early, I suspect."

Carl mused, "I wonder if they're going to say anything?"

"I don't follow you, Sweetheart."

"Just an idle thought, that's all."

Tina turned on the tape recorder and Amy began, "Let's recap so far. . .

1.) We sprung 'The Program' on them this morning and gave them the list of 'The Program' rules and requirements. 2.) They were given the opportunity to withdraw from 'The Program'. 3.) Everyone elected to remain. 4.) They stripped, and spent the afternoon naked around the College; becoming comfortable in each other's presence. 5.) This evening, we gave them their 'First Assignment: Total Nudity for the Entire Weekend', to stretch their comfort zone. 6.) At this point, they're probably still relaxed, figuring they'll spend the whole weekend around here. I don't think anyone's planning to venture out this weekend; except Michael and Billy, that is. 7.) We assigned the 'First Special Assignment' to Michael and Billy. That should push THEIR envelope more than just a little bit! 8.) Tomorrow morning, at the very latest, the others will realize they will ALL have to, at the very least go onto the Main University Campus for meals. It shouldn't be TOO bad, most of the other students won't be arriving until Sunday afternoon. 9.) Michael and Billy don't seemed thrilled at the prospect, but I'm SURE they'll fulfill their assignment. They'll go grocery shopping, naked tomorrow afternoon. 10.) Since they'll be eating Sunday Dinner here, it won't dawn on the rest until Sunday night; they'll be spending ALL DAY Monday NAKED on the Main Campus, during registration etc., in front of the entire student body."

"Oh, I almost forgot. . .I wonder when Linda will remember she has to teach SUNDAY SCHOOL this weekend? You remembered to call Reverend Whitman, didn't you, Carl?"

"It's all set, Amy. He seemed pretty comfortable with the idea. He planned to contact all the parents today, to get their consent. If any objected, he's made special arrangements for their children to attend another class on Sunday morning. He was only concerned about one or two parents anyway."

Beth said, "Well, it looks like everything is on schedule. How about a soak in the Hot Tub before we turn in?"

"Sounds good, Darling. Join us, Amy? Tina?"

"Love to."

"Great."

**PETER AND LINDA'S ROOM**

"I think I'm going to go take a nice hot shower, Peter."

"Want some company?" he asked hopefully.

"Sure, why not?" she giggled, "Grab a couple towels."

As she headed for the showers, Peter lagged behind to admire his beautiful roommate. Although her platinum blond hair was trimmed in a modified boy-cut, there was nothing boyish about the rest of her. Linda was tall, about 5'8", around 125 pounds, with softball sized breasts, topped by erect, shell pink nipples, set in quarter sized aureoles of a slightly deeper shade of pink. From there her body flowed smoothly to a gently rounded belly, curving as it traveled over her slim, but womanly hips into the longest, shapeliest legs he'd ever seen. Her ass, heart shaped, firm and uplifted. Her bush small, sparse, and neatly trimmed, just a shade darker than her tresses; it framed her delicate mons perfectly. The two narrow bands, of formally white flesh at her breasts and hips, were tinged pink after exposure to today's afternoon sun.

When she turned her head, checking to see if he was following; he gazed into her piercing blue eyes. She smiled, her cherry red lips parting to reveal a set of perfectly even, pearly white teeth.

"Are you coming?"

"Right with you, Lovely Lady."

"I'll wash your back, if you wash mine," she giggled.

"You're on, Gorgeous."

"Start the water, I'll be there in a sec. Uh, would you please, uh, turn around, Peter?"

"Little shy are we, Linda?"

"Please. . .I've never done it with someone watching before."

"Okay, THIS time, but I would like to watch!"

"Pervert."

"Maybe I am. I've never seen a girl pee before, but just the thought of it turns me on."

"Well, at least you're honest about it. . .Maybe next time, okay?"

"Okay." He turned around and started the water running, masking the sound of her urine stream. He heard the toilet flush, and shortly thereafter, felt the touch of her soft hands lightly on his shoulders.

"Hand me the soap, Peter."

Her hands gently worked the suds into his smooth skin.

"That feels terrific."

"Relax. You're all tense, let me work the kinks out."

As she rubbed him with the wash cloth, she felt the firm musculature of his sleek, compact swimmer's body under her fingertips. Peter stood about her height, and weighed around 160 pounds, with neatly trimmed brown hair, brown eyes, Roman nose, and pouty lips.

"I know WHY you shave your body, Peter. . .It cuts down on the drag. But HOW do you reach your whole back? You must be part contortionist to manage that without cutting yourself to ribbons."

He laughed, "Naw, nothing quite that exotic. We pair up, and then take turns shaving each other's backs. Thank God, I won't have to do that anymore, now that I've got a pretty lady to do it for me. There will be a small price however. I'm going to demand EQUAL TIME, and shave you."

"That won't gross you out?"

"Gross ME out? No way! I'm looking forward to it!"

Adding more soap to the washcloth, she dropped to her knees. She began slowly soaping his legs, starting at his ankles and working steadily upwards, until she reached his tight ass.

"Do a good job," he teased.

"Don't worry, I will. Turn around."

"Oh, wow," she gasped, Peter's hard-on inches from her face, "It's beautiful."

She began to examine his erect member, its' size a testament to the stimulus provided by her glistening body. Hesitantly she reached out her hand, her fingertips gently caressing its' underside. Tracing the path of the pulsing artery, from its' origin near his balls, swollen with the massive load generated within; to the tip, where a small drop of pre-cum was slowly beginning to form. The soft texture of his skin in sharp contrast to the steel-like hardness of the member it sheathed.

Tentatively, she stuck her pink tongue out. Touching its' tip to the growing drop of clear liquid, she drew it back into her mouth, savoring its' salty taste. She wet her lips, and then parting them slightly, bent forward and took the tip of his cock into her mouth, bathing it gently with her tongue.

"You don't have to do this, Linda," moaned Peter.

She raised her head just enough to reply, "But I want to, Peter, I've never done anything before, and I have to learn. Please, teach me?"

"I've never had a blow job before either, so we'll be learning together," he moaned, "but you must be doing it right, 'cause it sure feels great!"

Smiling, she brought her head back down, and began to suck his cock back inside her hot mouth. After a few moments, she began to experiment, drawing him deeper into her mouth, until she began to gag. Panicking, she pulled up abruptly, accidentally raking his prick with her teeth.

"Ouch! Watch the teeth!" Peter exclaimed.

"I'm sorry, Peter, it was an accident!"

"What you were doing to the head felt fantastic, you don't need to sword swallow my whole prick to make me feel good."

She giggled, "That's what THEY DID, in the video Cara's father had stashed in his closet."

"But those were porn stars. . ."

"No, they weren't. Cara's mother and their next door neighbor did it to her father on the tape!"

"You and your girlfriend watched a HOME VIDEO of her PARENTS and her next door NEIGHBOR having SEX?"

"Yeah, what a CHARGE!"

Peter muttered, "And you called me a pervert!"

"Yup," she grinned, before lowering her head, and resuming her oral ministrations on his cock.

She must have paid close attention, because Peter could find no fault with her technique. After being aroused all day, by the sight of fifteen sexy, naked women, Peter knew he was not going to last long. Within minutes, he felt the load begin to churn in his balls. About to explode, Peter attempted to pull back. But Linda held her mouth on his cock, grasping his ass tightly in both hands to prevent his withdrawal.

"I'M CUMMING!" he yelled, trying to warn her.

Still Linda refused to relinquish her lip lock on his cockhead. He released the first spurt of hot cum onto her tongue. Frantically she began to swallow, it was all she could do to keep from drowning in the viscous liquid. Wave after wave, it poured from his manhood. Not wanting to loose even a drop, she began to suck harder on the head of his prick. The added stimulation causing Peter to let loose with yet another fresh volley of sperm laden fluids. It was no use, regardless how fast she swallowed, her mouth began overflowing with his load, the excess leaking around his prick. When he stopped cumming at long last, Linda released him from her oral grasp. As he pulled free, she swallowed hard one final time, before licking her lips and washing his softening prick with her hot tongue.

Linda rocked back on her heels, as Peter placed his face under the water to clear his head. They came out of their orgasm induced trance, only to be startled by the sudden sound of applause. Looking up in shock, and blushing in embarrassment, they saw ten of their friends staring in wide-eyed amazement, at them from the shower room entrance.

"WOW!!! That was your FIRST TIME? That must be some home video."

"Forget about the Farmer's daughter, they should be writing about the Preacher's daughter!"

"Take a bow, Honey, that was AMAZING."

"I hope you've got that tape with you, I'd like to take THOSE lessons."

"You'll GET them, and probably will be GIVING them, shortly as well," they heard from the rear of the group.

Spinning around the students realized Amy, Carl, Beth and Tina had also witnessed their sexual performance, and its' aftermath.

"But they are right," Amy continued, "I would love to use you as aides in some of my classes. We'll have to wait, see what I can work out."

"Show's over, folks," Carl said, "Let's pack it in for the evening."

Grabbing her by the arm, Linda pulled Amy aside.

"Amy, I can't. . .," she started.

"Sure you can, and lots more, you'll see. But, don't worry about it now. Go to bed and get a good nights' sleep, we'll talk again in the morning."

"Okay. Good night."

**Part 06**

**BILLY AND KEIKO'S ROOM**

Billy grinned down at the petite young girl asleep nude next to him. Keiko's head was nestled lightly in the crook of his muscular arm; her firm right breast with its tiny nipple pressing into his chest. Keiko's shapely leg was thrown casually over his in her sleep; her warm, moist cunt caressing his thigh. His right arm was draped protectively over her back. What a nice way to wake up! He cupped her tiny right breast in his large, meaty hand, squeezing it gently, tweaking her nipple to erection between his fingers. Kissing her softly on the top of her head, he cooed into her ear, "Mornin', Babe. Ready for breakfast?"

Stretching luxuriously Keiko replied, "Mmmmm. . .that feels good, Billy. Good Morning. Yes, I am hungry. . . Ummmm. . . What time is it?"

"6:30. . .I know it's early, but we gotta boogie, Babe. Practice starts at 8 o'clock, and Coach'll give me shit if I'm even a minute late. I told Michael we'd meet up with him and Kelly in a coupla minutes, go to

breakfast together."

"We don't have to go to the cafeteria, I can cook breakfast downstairs."

"Thanks for offering, Keiko, maybe you can do it next time. . . But y'all can't do it today, 'cause there's no food in the kitchen yet."

"Okay. Give me a few minutes to dress, then I am ready."

"Can't do that either, Babe. Remember our assignment?"

Keiko sprung up, gasping in horror, suddenly recalling their assignment. Billy was absolutely right. Amy's first assignment for them was to remain totally nude until Monday night's class. She wasn't prepared for this. She had just gotten used to being nude around the here. Now she had to go out in public nude! Deep down she knew it would eventually happen, but this soon? Oh, God.

"Don't sweat it, Keiko. The cafeteria don't officially open until 8 o'clock on the weekends. They're only opening early for the teams that have morning practice, so there won't be many people there. 'Sides, Michael, Kelly and I'll be there too. Y'all got nuthin' to worry about, Babe."

**AT THE CAFETERIA**

The walk down the hill onto the main campus was uneventful. The four naked teenagers reached the cafeteria without encountering anyone along the way. However, that was to soon change. Pausing at the door to the cafeteria, they could hear the distinct murmurs of conversations held inside. Here goes nothing. Michael reached for the handle. The door suddenly burst open, disgorging two of their fellow teammates.

"What the fuck?" exclaimed one of them.

"Jesus Christ Russo. What the fuck are you and Wilson doing running around bareass?" asked the other, "Well hellooo, lovely ladies. I Didn't see you hiding behind these two gorillas. . . Hey, you're naked too!"

"That's enough shit outa you, Wheeler!" seethed Michael.

"I was just admiring these lovely ladies, Asshole. So, why are y'all running around naked anyway?"

"It's a class assignment. . ."

"Don't give me that shit, Russo, classes don't start until Monday."

"That's true. On the main campus they don't, Jonesy, but ours' started yesterday."

"And you expect us to believe your homework assignment is to run around bareass? Yeah, right! Wait'll the other guys hear about this. C'mon, Wheeler."

"Well, the shit's gonna hit the fan now, Michael," commented Billy.

"Don't sweat it, Billy. They'd have seen us like this in an hour anyway. Let's go in and eat."

Billy wrapped his arm around the shivering Keiko, "C'mon, Babe, you can do it. You'll see."

With his arm protectively around her, they entered the cafeteria. Gradually all conversation in the room stopped, as the four classmates proceeded along the serving line.

When Kelly reached the end of the line, the cashier looked up and asked her in amusement, "You forget sumthin' this mornin', Chile?"

"Oh shit! Yeah, my money! Michael?"

"Got it covered, Honey." He turned to the cashier, "Please, bill these four trays to the football team, Maam. I promise I'll straighten out with Coach for the girls' meals later."

Looking over their trays she answered, "Don't worry 'bout it, Chile. I figure the team can afford it. A sparrow'd eat more than these two anyway. What with all you animals put away, Coach'll never notice a coupla more bagels and two orange juices on the tab. So, why's y'all nekkid anyway, Boy?"

"We all attend Meyer's College. Our first assignment was to remain nude until Monday night. You'll probably be seeing the rest of the gang during the day today."

"Chile, does your momma know 'bout this?"

"Know about it?" he laughed, "Our parents are the ones who signed us up for 'The Program'."

She just shook her head, "Well, I'll be."

Another server said, "Louise, girl, you ain't seen nuthin' yet. Wait 'til that Human Sexuality class gets goin'."

Louise asked, "I suppose y'all are part of that too?"

"In a way I guess we are. Southeastern is endeavoring to remain the number one University in the country in the field of Human Sexuality. HS-201 was only the first step. Meyer's College is the second phase of 'The Program'."

The other server came over to introduce herself. "Chile, I'm Carmen, this here's Louise. If'n y'all ever get hungry, and don't got your money with you, come through the line an' see us. No sense starving 'cause y'all ain't got no place to carry your stash."

"Thank you, Carmen, Louise, for your kind offer. It's a pleasure to meet you both. I'm Michael. This is Kelly, and Keiko, and that's Billy down on the end. We'll definitely keep it in mind, in case we ever need your help."

"You do that, Chile."

Carmen turned to Kelly and Keiko, "Y'all got fine young men there, Ladies. They was raised right. Every morning they smile, they say 'Good Morning' to each one of us. They want sumthin' they say 'Please' and 'Thank you, Maam.' The rest of them bums ignore us or say 'Gimme dis or gimme dat'. Don't you let those two get away now, y'hear?"

Kelly beamed, "Thank you, Carmen, you're very kind. We only met them yesterday, but I think you're right about these two monkeys."

Billy jostled her playfully, "Hey. Get it right, Girl. It's 'gorillas'!"

Still laughing, they found a quiet corner to eat their breakfast. As the other diners realized the four were unconcerned about their nudity, the room began to settle down, and conversation returned to normal. Well, somewhat normal anyway.

Kelly asked, "What's your schedule for the rest of the day, Michael?"

"Practice from 8 to 11:30. Lunch 'til 1. Then practice again from 1:30 to 4. Oh yeah," he grumbled, "Then Billy and I have to go grocery shopping for tomorrow's dinner. After that I guess we'll get to eat Supper."

"How are you guys gonna get to the grocery store?"

"Shit. I didn't think of that, Honey. . . Billy, do you think anyone has a car we can borrow?"

"Hell, we can ask around, Bro." he replied doubtfully, "But I don't think anybody will, once word gets out why we need it. Worst case, I guess we got the big white taxi."

"You really wanna ride the bus naked?"

"I don't wanna be doin' any of this, Bro. But I don't gotta choice now, do I?"

"None of us does. Looks like you and I are probably gonna be riding the bus this afternoon. How 'bout you two? What're you girls doing today?"

Kelly replied, "I'm planning on keeping a low profile, Michael. Unless anything comes up, I'm spending the day back at the College, working on my tan around the pool. At least 'til Dinner, then I guess I gotta go somewhere to eat."

"C'mon then. Billy and I'll walk you back up the hill. Then we gotta get to practice. We'll meet you back at the College later, and go to Dinner together."

As they got up to leave Keiko remembered, "Oh no, Billy! I have to stay here! The Bookstore ran out of the Calculus books yesterday. They were going to have a few shipped in by Federal Express overnight. To be sure I get one, I have to be at The Bookstore when they open this morning. I need that book for class on Monday morning."

"Don't worry, Guys. We'll be okay. You two better get to practice, I'll wait here with Keiko. We'll get her book, then walk back to Meyer's. Plan on meeting us back there later, after your shopping trip."

**THE BOOKSTORE**

Although inwardly cringing at the thought of remaining exposed in public, especially without Michael's reassuring presence, outwardly Kelly tried not to show her fear, to be strong for Keiko. On an impulse, she reached up and gave Michael a chaste kiss on the lips, before they turned to walk away. Already a small crowd was forming near The Bookstore's entrance, composed primarily of incoming freshmen and their families, eagerly awaiting its' opening. As the two young girls approached, they immediately became the focal point of the crowd's attention.

Looking around nervously, Kelly said quietly to Keiko, "C'mon, let's get in line, so we can get this over with. The sooner we get back to Meyer's, the happier I'm gonna be."

The crowd's mood grew blacker with each passing moment.

"Look, Mommy, look! Those girls are naked!" exclaimed one young boy around seven years of age.

"You get over here and turn around," she demanded yanking his arm, "Look the other way."

"You should be ashamed of yourselves!" yelled out another, as a small group of the enraged parents began to gather around the two naked girls.

"How dare you walk around like that, you brazen hussies!" hollered another one.

Tension mounted as the menacing crowd closed in around the girls. Kelly and Keiko edged nearer to each other for protection.

Her fear intensifying, Kelly began giggling uncontrollably, "Keiko, I don't believe it! She called us 'brazen hussies'!"

In spite of her own fear, and visibly shaking herself, Keiko could not help but join her friend in the giggle fit. Finally able to gasp out, "What is a 'brazen hussy', Kelly?"

"Damned if I know exactly. I've only heard it used in old black and white movies! Guess we'll have to look it up later on," Kelly replied still giggling.

Just then, a small boy about three appeared and diffused the mounting tension, by coming over and shyly tapping Kelly on her bare hip. Reflexibly Kelly squatted down to be at the little boy's height, unmindful of the show she afforded the gathering crowd, "Hi!" she greeted him cheerfully, "My name is Kelly, and this is Keiko. What's your name?"

"Adam," he replied shyly, and after a brief hesitation asked. "Did you forget to put your clothes on this morning?" Then he bashfully admitted, "It's okay, sometimes I forget too."

Kelly reached out her arms embracing the young boy warmly, "Thank you, Adam. I love you. You made it all better."

"But I thought I had to kiss you to make it better? That's what Mommy does."

"In that case, I guess you're just gonna have to give me a kiss then," Kelly grinned.

Adam reached up, lightly brushing her cheek with his lips. "Hey! Don't cry, Kelly. It's okay."

"Don't worry, Honey, they're happy tears. Thank you for making it all better."

A very concerned young woman approached, carrying an infant in her arms, visibly relaxing when she spotted her little boy. She called out, "There you are, Adam! Mommy was worried about you. You shouldn't run off like that, Sweetie."

His face brightened, "Hi, Mommy! I'm sorry. This is Kelly and Keiko. They forgot to put their clothes on this morning, but I told them it's okay, sometimes I forget too."

She turned to the two naked girls and offered them her hand, "Hi, I'm Ann Reynolds. Thank you for looking after Adam. He usually doesn't wander off like this."

Kelly took the offered hand, embracing it warmly, "Glad to meet you, Ann. But, you've got it all wrong. We weren't looking after Adam, he was looking after us! A coupla people over there were giving us a hard time, and Adam came over to comfort us."

"I made it all better!" Adam beamed.

"He sure did," added Kelly tousling his hair lightly, "He's our knight in shining armor."

"I'm so proud of you, Adam!" Ann exclaimed before turning her attention back to the girls. "You must be in Amy Thompson's Human Sexuality class. . . But I thought classes didn't start until Monday?"

"Actually we go to Meyer's College, and ours started yesterday. Meyer's is a new addition to the University this semester; it's co-chaired by Amy, along with Carl and Beth Walker."

"They got married? That's fantastic! They made such a great couple!"

"You know Carl and Beth?"

"Sure do! My husband Steve, Beth, Carl, and I were all in Amy's first Human Sexuality class." she reminisced, "Boy, was that a lot of fun!"

"Why don't you guys join us? We gotta pick up a textbook for Keiko first, but then we can all walk back to Meyer's together. I'm sure they'd all love to see you again."

"Wish I could, Kel, but I've got a load of things to do today. Alright if I take a rain check?"

"You're welcome anytime! Bring Steve and the kids along too. We've got a great pool, and I'm sure they'll enjoy it. We're just up the hill, in the old Alpha Omega frat house. Do you know where that is?"

"That's a great place! Sorry I can't stay longer, Girls, but I have to hurry and pick up Steve's handouts from the print shop; then put these two munchkins down for their morning naps. I'll stop by and see you soon though, I promise. I'm awfully glad we met. Good luck. . . and have fun with your assignments," she added winking.

The chance meeting with Ann and her family put both girls at ease. It wasn't until Keiko squatted down to retrieve a Calculus book from the bottom shelf, that they were again reminded of their nudity. Hearing a loud crash, their eyes were drawn to see another student standing nearby. A mixture of textbooks and supplies were scattered at his feet, his mouth gaping wide open, with his pockmarked face wearing a mixed look of surprise and shock. Unabashedly, he was staring at the lovely sight afforded him by the young girl's widespread thighs.

Wickedly, Keiko realized hers was probably the first pussy he'd ever seen. In spite of her fear, her nether lips began to engorge, spreading open like the petals of a delicate flower. A fragrant dewdrop began to form, glistening at the mouth of her vagina. Her nipples grew and hardened to the size of pencil erasers due to her increasing sexual excitement. Forcing herself to remain in such an open and vulnerable position, she raised her eyes and smiled up at him.

"Uh. . .Uh. . .Sorry," he stammered, blushing deeply, fumbling with his books. His eyes never flickered from the wondrous sight before him.

"Don't be. . .I'm not," Keiko replied softly, still not making a move to change her position.

After what seemed an eternity, but was in reality less than a minute, he mumbled, "I gotta go." Still juggling his textbooks and supplies in his arms, he fled quickly down the aisle towards the registers at the front of the store.

Kelly gasped, "Keiko you're terrible! I can't believe you just did that!"

"Neither can I," she replied, still shaking, "I was scared. But at the same time, it was also very exciting," she admitted, blushing deeply.

At the register they encountered another unexpected problem.

"I need to see your student ID in order to bill your scholarship account," the cashier informed Keiko.

"Oh, no!" she cried, "I didn't know I would need it. . . and I need the Calculus book for Monday. What can I do?"

"Maybe I can help," they heard from behind them.

Turning they were overjoyed to see a familiar face, "Carl!"

"Maam, I'm Carl Walker. Here is my ID. These girls are students of ours at Meyer's College. Is my personal guarantee that she is in fact, Keiko Mitsumi, sufficient? Or is there something you'd like me to sign for you?"

"Thank you Dr. Walker," she replied returning his ID, "If you would be kind enough to sign here, where it says 'form of ID', for our records, I would be grateful. Thank you again, Dean Walker."

"Have fun, Ladies. See you back at the College."

"Bye, Carl! Thanks!"

The cashier turned to Keiko and Kelly, and said conspiratorially, "Something I found helpful when I took Amy's Human Sexuality course, were these wrist pouches over here. Originally designed for joggers, they are just large enough to carry your keys, ID, and a little money. They really come in handy when you don't have a pocket to carry anything. How about I put them on your accounts as well?" With a wink she added, "I think we can safely classify them as a 'school necessity' in your situation. What do you think?"

Kelly replied, "Thanks, that'd be great!"

Giggling and chatting merrily about their experience, they made their way back to the College.

**THE LOCKER ROOM**

Meanwhile, Michael and Billy having just reached the locker room door, were set to enter. Grabbing the handle, Billy commented dryly, "Well. . .here goes nuthin', Bro."

The door creaked open and a hush instantly enveloped the room. Michael and Billy were the last of the team members to arrive, and the others were prepared for their entrance. Those players who were not present earlier in the cafeteria, had already been briefed by their teammates. The sudden silence, followed by their loud jibes, immediately drew the Coach's attention; and had him bounding from of his office. A long shrill note blown from his whistle quickly restored order to the ensuing pandemonium. A glance around the room told him all he needed to know, Jones and Wheeler were at it again! Barely good enough to make the taxi squad, they would never be major contributors to the team's success. Thank God they weren't on scholarship, and would finally be graduating this year. They just weren't worth the trouble they caused. But, fortunately for them, until now they hadn't given him a solid reason to cut them either. Until now, that is. Jealousy over losing their back-up slots to the two freshmen may be pushing them over the line this time.

"That's enough! Will someone please tell me what's going on?"

"These two queers are parading around campus bareass. . ." started Wheeler.

"Yeah. And claiming it's a 'class assignment'," finished Jonesy.

"It is!" replied Michael.

"Bullshit!" shouted Wheeler.

"Bet you it ain't!" Jonesy added.

Billy answered his challenge, "Bet you it is!"

"You're on!" they replied in unison.

Coach finally saw his spot and took it, "Enough! Let me get this straight. Russo, you and Wilson claim you have a class assignment to remain nude? Until when?" he asked. (already knowing the answer thanks to a 'heads-up' phone call from Carl the day before)

"Monday night, Coach" replied Michael.

"And Wheeler, you and Jones here bet them that it wasn't true?"

"Damn straight, Coach. Can you believe that bullshit?"

"And what are the stakes of the bet going to be?" asked the Coach.

"How 'bout fifty dollars?" suggested Wheeler.

"I've got a better idea, Coach. Since they like to parade around bareass, make 'em stand on the sidelines nekkid for next weeks' game!" challenged Jonsey.

"Yeah! Great idea, Guy! Right on the fifty yard line for the whole game!" added Wheeler.

Michael answered, "And if we're right, how about you two dickheads have to remain nude until Monday night, just like Billy and I? With all the same rules we have to obey applying to you too."

"You're on, Asshole," replied Wheeler and Jones together.

Coach asked, "So we have a challenge and it's been accepted?"

"Yes, Coach," the four cried in unison.

"And it's been duly noted and witnessed by the entire squad. I'd like you two to write your schedules down on paper for me, from now until Monday night. And be specific."

"What for?" Wheeler asked beginning to worry a bit.

"Just do it! And hurry up. . . we haven't got all day, Ladies!"

As Coach attached them to his clipboard he told them, "Thank you. For the record, Wheeler, you and Jones lose. Michael and Billy DO have a class assignment to remain nude until Monday night. Dean Walker called me yesterday morning to apprise me of the situation in advance. I have both of your schedules here, from now until Monday night. At the end of practice this morning, hand your clothes over to the trainers. You will remain naked at all times, except during football practice, until Monday at 7 PM. The only exceptions allowed by the guidelines given with their assignment, are instances where your personal safety would be placed in jeopardy. Looking over your schedules I foresee no such situations, therefore I will allow no exceptions. And you will both stick exactly to these schedules, with no deviations from them of any kind."

"But, Coach. . ."

"There aren't any buts, Wheeler. You two dug your own holes, now lie in them." Then he added, "If you or Jones don't do everything EXACTLY as you've written on your schedules, you're cut from the team. And that's final! Now suit up, Ladies! Let's go, People, we got a practice to run here! Let's go! Let's go!"

Finally, he thought to himself. He turned and headed for the practice field, whistling and smiling broadly.

**Part 07**

**SATURDAY AFTERNOON AFTER PRACTICE**

Just as Billy predicted, ride availability dried up as soon as their teammates learned of the reason. Some of their teammates withdrew their offers in retribution after Wheeler and Jones lost their bet, however most did it solely to maximize the freshmen's embarrassment. After all what do upperclassmen live for, if not to haze the frosh? Realizing they would need both arms to carry the groceries, the boys opted to leave their gym bags in their lockers. Consequently, they had nothing to hide behind, while waiting for the MARTA bus to arrive. Downtown traffic came almost to a standstill as the rubberneckers slowed to view the unusual sight. Catcalls, blaring horns, and risque comments came at them from all directions.

"Shit, Billy. I hope that bus gets here soon. I feel like I'm in a fish bowl."

"I hear that, Bro. I'm feeling kinda stupid myself, standing here nekkid with my wallet in my hand."

Unfortunately for the boys, the first two busses to pass them were already overloaded with Saturday evening commuters. They were to remain on display for almost thirty minutes, before a bus with available space came along. As it was, the driver almost continued on when he spied the boys waiting naked at the bus stop. The other passengers crammed tightly together in an effort to avoid touching the nude teenagers. It was as if they had the plague or something. Standing room only, they were forced to place their wallets in their teeth, spread their feet wide apart and hold the hand rails above their heads, against the herky-jerky, stop-start motions of the bus. Unable to even object, their nude bodies were totally on display and at the mercy of their fellow riders. One younger woman took the opportunity to caress Michael's inner thighs and reach up between his legs to cup his balls and stroke his cock to a massive erection.

Licking her lips lasciviously she commented, "My aren't you a big one!"

Blushing a deep shade of crimson, there wasn't anything Michael could do to prevent her fondling his genitals. Seizing the moment, the elderly lady in the seat behind her subjected Billy to the same treatment. Slowly it dawned on the boys, this is the type of sexual harassment girls have been forced to endure over the years. Wordlessly at the first opportunity, they fled from the confines of the bus, even though still a number of blocks from their destination. That sense of fear and helplessness was not something they would soon forget, nor wish on even their worst enemy. The bus pulled away from the curb, resounding with the jeering and catcalls of its' passengers. Still shaking from the experience, they collapsed on the bus stop bench covering their heads with their hands. After a five minute break to compose themselves, and allow their tumescent organs to return to their normal size, they resumed their trip to the supermarket on foot.

"I don't care if we gotta lug the groceries all the way back to campus, I'm walking if I can't sit on the next bus," Billy declared somewhat forcefully, "I ain't goin' through that shit again. I never thought I'd object to a handjob, but that bitch was old enough to be my Grandma."

"I hear you. Let's get this over with as quick as we can."

Grabbing two empty carts from the corral, they made their way into the supermarket. A checker, about to object to their nudity while in the store, reconsidered seeing the look of grim determination on their faces. To speed things up, they each took half of the grocery list. Michael would get the meats, cheeses, and pasta, while Billy was in charge of procuring the vegetables, salad fixings and herbs. Rendezvousing in record time back at the registers, they reviewed their individual shopping lists to make sure they had everything. They didn't want to have to come back. It's a good thing they did, neither had remembered the bread, an oversight Amy was not liable to allow them. Guaranteed she would hold them to the menu, without substitutions. Unless they had a good excuse- like the poor quality of an ingredient. While Michael waited in the line, Billy jogged over to the bakery section to get the eight loaves of fresh bread they needed.

Self-conscious at being the center of attention, the line seemed to take forever. Time seemed to be traveling in slow motion for the naked teenagers. Was it only their imagination, or was the checker going slower to maximize their discomfort? Why did the manager take so long to respond, when she called for their charge authorization? Finally! They were done and able to make their way to the bus kiosk for the return trip back to the safety of their campus.

Michael breathed a sigh of relief, "Thank God that's over! And at least this stop's partially enclosed, so we're not totally on display."

They had already allowed three busses to pass them by, and were about to reject number four when the driver opened the door, "If y'all wanna ride tonight, you better climb aboard. This is the last run for the evening."

Shit. They forgot it was Saturday, MARTA shut down early on the weekends. Reluctantly, and in spite of their earlier resolve, they climbed aboard the bus. The fifteen block walk back to campus carrying their groceries, was more than they wanted to attempt. Placing their bags on the floor in front of them, they stoically grabbed the handrails, grimly preparing to endure the return ride. The gods were with them. Other than a few miscellaneous rude comments, for the most part they were ignored on this trip. In addition, since the final run was cut short, and the campus was located near the end of it, they were even able to sit down for a portion of the ride.

When they were the last remaining passengers on the bus, the driver turned and asked them before proceeding, "Boys, I gotta know. Why are y'all running around nekkid? And why the hell didn't you wanna ride my bus?"

After the boys related their earlier experience to him, he shook his head in sadness, "You know I was against this program when it came up a bunch a years ago. But if two boys as big as y'all can get accosted by a mob on a public bus, just for a little nekkidness. We need it bad."

To demonstrate his newfound support, and since it was his last run of the day anyhow, he dropped them off in front of their door, even helping to carry their groceries to the front porch. Hearing the bus' arrival, some of the other students came out as they approached the door. Declining their offer of a cold drink for his kindness he allowed, "My Missus probably wouldn't cotton to me sittin' around with a bunch a pretty young girls." Adding with a wink, "Especially pretty nekkid ones."

Thanking him again, the gang gathered up the groceries. Carrying the bags into the kitchen to put away for the evening, they bombarded Michael and Billy with questions regarding their recent experience. The noise level of their conversation drew Beth out of her office. Seeing their obvious distress, she quietly, but firmly, suggested, "I think Michael and Billy need a little time to process what they've just gone through, Guys. Why don't you give them a little space, and we'll discuss it in class Monday night. Okay?"

Grumbling a little, the others reluctantly agreed and began to disperse.

She added for the boys' benefit, "Michael? Billy? If you need to talk, I'll be here all night. Don't forget, we're all available for you to talk to, at anytime. Okay? That goes for the rest of you too. Remember, anytime, day or night."

Billy replied, "Thanks, Beth, I appreciate that." And then added grinning, "But what I really gotta do right now is eat!"

The others rapidly agreed, and in an amazing show of solidarity, all twenty-four nude students traveled down the hill to the cafeteria, en mass, for Dinner.

**DINNER TIME**

Michael, Kelly, Peter, Linda, Billy and Keiko found an empty table in a quiet corner, where they could relax and enjoy their evening meal. Looking around as she placed her tray down on the table Kelly remarked, "Michael, aren't those the two guys that gave us grief this morning?"

Glancing over to where she was indicating he replied, "Yup."

"They're sitting there naked!"

"Yup."

"Do you know why?"

"Yup."

Frustration finally got to her. She punched him sharply in the upper arm.

"OW! Hey that hurts!" he complained while rubbing his arm.

"As well it should," she replied indignantly, "Now cut the crap and tell me what's going on!"

Chuckling he replied, "They lost a bet this morning."

"And?" she questioned.

"And they have to remain naked until Monday night at 7 PM."

Punching him in the arm again she growled, "Grrrr! Michael, you're exasperating! Billy, will you please tell us what's going on?"

Choking in an attempt to control his laughter he answered, "Gladly, Darling." And proceeded to fill them in on this morning's confrontation and the subsequent bet in the locker room.

"Thank you, Billy! At least there's one gentleman at this table." Producing laughs all around, with a hug and kiss on top of her head from Michael.

"Seriously, Michael. Is this gonna cause you problems?" she asked him genuinely concerned.

"Don't worry about it, Sweetheart. (She liked the sound of that!) They're just jealous because we took their number two slots away from them. This is just a convenient excuse for them. To be quite honest, they aren't very good. And we're backing up two All Americans. Billy and I probably won't be seeing much Varsity playing time this season anyway."

"If they aren't very good, then why are they still on the team?" asked Linda.

"It's simple. Everyone knows when you have a winning team, it's easier to recruit quality players. But it's also true that when two of the team members are All American in their freshman year, it's almost impossible to recruit top quality prospects for their positions for the next couple years. Nobody wants to go where they are almost guaranteed to sit on the bench for most of their college career. It's better to go somewhere else and get a chance to play regularly. That's why those two made the team."

Peter gave them a puzzled look, "I'm not following your reasoning, Michael. You've explained why they're here. But that still doesn't answer the important part of the question. If it would have been smarter for you guys to go somewhere else, then why the hell did you come here?"

"It's simple really. Believe it or not, this is the perfect spot for us. It's unusual for freshmen to start anywhere where there's a good team. John and Paulie are now seniors. Billy and I have the opportunity to learn a lot from them this year. Coach'll give us a little playing time as varsity subs, we still get to start for the JV team, and we'll be much better prepared to take over our positions as the Varsity starters next season. Besides," he added with a grin, "Once our parents heard about 'The Program', they pushed us into coming here. . .just like yours did," drawing laughter from all around.

Linda interjected, "Guys, I'd love to continue this conversation all night, but I've got to get back to Meyer's. I have a Sunday School Class to teach tomorrow morning at 8 AM, and I need to prepare for it."

Reality hit her like a brick. "Oh God Nooooooooo!" she wailed, "I've got to get back and call Rev. Whitman. I can't teach my class tomorrow, I'll be naked!"

Peter cradled her head to his chest said soothingly, "Don't worry, Honey, it'll be alright. You'll see."

Now in a somber mood, the two stood up quietly and stacked their trays. Linda proceeded directly to the office when they arrived back at Meyer's.

Knocking on the office door she asked, "Beth, can I use the phone?"

"Sure, Honey, use the one on Tina's desk." Sensing that something wasn't quite right she continued, "Is there a problem?"

"I just remembered I'm scheduled to teach Sunday School tomorrow. I need to call Rev. Whitman. Hope it's not too late for him to get a substitute."

Before she could respond, the phone was answered at the Rectory.

"Rev. Whitman, it's Linda Simpson. Sorry to bother you so late."

"No bother. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Is it too late for you to get someone to take over my class for tomorrow?"

Pretending ignorance regarding her predicament, he asked with concern, "What's wrong, Linda? Are you sick?"

She considered briefly taking the easy route, but her upbringing and Beth's proximity precluded that. "No, Sir. I have a conflict between my schedule and my school work is all."

"Unfortunately I'm afraid it's too late, Linda. I couldn't get anyone on such short notice. Since we both know you don't have classes on Sunday, what's the real problem?"

She wasn't prepared for the entire conversation, much less his direct question. She was so embarrassed. Rev. Whitman was an old family friend. He went to the Seminary with her Dad. She didn't know how to broach the subject of her nudity or 'The Program' with him. Could he possibly understand? How would he take it? However, she couldn't lie to him either. She began hesitantly, "Well, you know I go to Meyer's College, it's a new division here at Southeastern University. Uh. . . Um. . .There are a few different things about Meyer's I think you. . .uh. . .ought to know. . ."

His heart went out to the young girl. He couldn't continue the charade with her any longer. He interrupted asking her gently, "Does it have to do anything with the fact that you're required to remain nude this weekend, Honey?"

She reddened in shame. Thank God they were on the phone, she couldn't have done this face to face. Amazingly he knew her secret! "How do you know about that?"

He admitted to her, "Carl Walker called me yesterday to discuss it. I can assure you, we don't have a problem. I'm blessed with a very liberal congregation here at St. Luke's. However, I didn't want to jeopardize your parents' friendship after all these years either. So after he hung up, I phoned your dad. I was amazed to find out your participation in 'The Program' was their idea. He's always been such a stick in the mud. He said he hadn't mentioned it to me earlier, because this possibility hadn't occurred to him. He continued to surprise me when he laughed, wished me 'Good Luck' and informed me it was my problem, I would have to deal with the Church Board on my own. There just might be hope for that old fuddy-duddy after all. After a bit of hesitation, I phoned the President and the other members of the Board to get their input on the matter. Unanimously, they responded positively to your nudity. But to be absolutely certain, I called all the parents involved, to get their consents as well. Amazingly, only one father started to object, but he backed down quickly when his wife enthusiastically gave her permission. So you see, Linda, there really isn't a problem."

"But I'll be naked! How am I going to do it?" she wailed.

"I've known you all your life, Honey. I'm confident you can do it. Don't worry about it, it's no big deal. Tell you what. Come over for breakfast with Martha and me like we planned. We'll talk about it some more then. I'm sure it won't feel so overwhelming after a good night's sleep. We'll see you at seven. Night, Honey."

In a daze, she continued to stare at the dead receiver for what seemed like hours, before returning it to the cradle.

"Want to talk about it?" Beth asked her softly.

Sinking back into the desk chair Linda hesitantly replied, "I guess. . . I can't believe they all knew, and no one called to tell me!"

"Don't blame them, Honey, it's our fault. We asked them not to. It's the same as with your participation in 'The Program' itself. We felt if you knew about it too far in advance, you'd only make yourself sick worrying about it. Your Mom agreed with me. That's why no one told you. Frankly, I hoped with everything else that was going on, you wouldn't remember until you woke up tomorrow morning, and it was too late to worry. What reminded you anyway?"

"Things have been moving so quickly around here, I forgot to prepare my lesson plan. When I remembered I still needed to do that, the rest occurred to me as well."

"Why don't you go and do it now, Linda. If you need to talk later, or before you leave in the morning, I'll be here. Okay?"

"Thanks, Beth." Standing up, she accepted Beth's hug, before making her way back to her room, still in a daze.

**Part 08**

**SUNDAY MORNING: LINDA'S STORY**

5:45 AM The alarm finally sounded, putting an end to the longest eight hours of my young life. I tossed and turned restlessly most of the night worrying about this morning's class. I didn't settle down until Peter wrapped me tightly in his arms and spooned closely behind me, crooning comforting sounds softly in my ear. God, I love that boy! We only met the day before yesterday, and it already seems so long ago. So much has happened in such a short time! I slapped at the alarm clock hoping to silence it before it woke him up. He deserves to rest for being such a dear.

"Morning, Darling."

Shit, too late. "Morning, Peter. Why don't you go back to sleep, you don't have to get up this early today."

"You sure you don't want me to go with you? I will if you want me to."

"Thanks, but we both know you can't do that. It wouldn't be right, it's part of my assignment, not yours. But, you're a sweetheart for asking anyway. Now, go back to sleep."

That's the reason I love him so much already. I kissed him warmly before padding naked down the hall for my shower. I wanted to take extra special care with my preparations this morning. I was raised to always look my best for Sunday Morning services. After all, Daddy is the Pastor of our local Church, and my appearance is a direct reflection on my upbringing.

As I brushed my teeth, I began processing the last 48 hours. My God, has it really only been 48 hours? So much has happened since I arrived; it seems so much longer than that!

A freshman here at Southeastern University, I am majoring in History, and plan to continue on with my studies until I earn my Masters in Education. I discovered my life's dream while teaching Sunday School at our Church during the past two years. I hope to teach at the High School level once I graduate.

When I was accepted at Southeastern University, Mom and Dad insisted that I enroll in a new division that was forming here this year, Meyer's College. But, they wouldn't tell me why. It turns out Southeastern is striving to remain the number one University in the country, in the field of Human Sexuality. Meyer's College is the second phase in the endeavor. I'm still having trouble believing that my parents insisted I join 'The Program'!

MY PARENTS?. . .Before last Friday, no one, other than my doctor, had seen me nude since I was a baby. Everyone was always so careful with their modesty around my house. We always wore robes going to and from the bathroom. We never even sat around the house in our pajamas. We were always fully dressed. But, thanks to them, all that has changed for me now.

Boy has it changed! Just take a gander at this morning's schedule.

7:00 AM Breakfast with Rev. and Martha Whitman

8:00 AM Attend Sunday Church Services

9:00 AM Teach Sunday School Class

What's so unusual about that, you ask?

What's unusual is, I have to do it all starkers! That's right, People, NAKED! N.A.K.E.D. NAKED! Me!

The first class assignment Dr. Thompson, Amy, issued us on Friday is to 'Remain naked until Monday night's class'. We have to do everything we had already planned, or are required to do until then, totally nude. No exceptions. Well, almost no exceptions. They only exception she's allowing, is if being naked would put our personal safety in jeopardy. Examples Amy gave us were Chem. Lab and Michael and Billy's football practices, where appropriate protective gear are to be worn at all times. Before she made the assignment, Amy had us write our weekend schedules down in detail, so we couldn't welch. Unfortunately for me, none of my tasks falls into that category.

Embarrassment doesn't count.

I'm a born procrastinator, but I can't dilly-dally too long this morning.

I don't think I'm vain, but I AM proud of my looks. I wear my platinum blond hair in a modified boy's cut because it requires so little maintenance. Other than shampooing, a little brushing and a quick combing usually suffice. In addition, I've been told it frames my oval shaped face well. Good genes have also provided me with piercing blue eyes, cherry red lips, and a lightly tanned, clear complexion. All of which happily also require little or no make-up. Lucky for me. Since I hate make-up anyway, I usually go without. God even blessed me with a nice set of even, pearly white teeth. I'm tall and slender, about 5'8", and around 125 pounds. That's about it for what the world sees.

Well . . . used to see, anyway. Not any more! Not after Friday!

Since I'm forced to dispense with clothes entirely this weekend, I took a few minutes to examine the rest of me. Not bad. Not perfect by any means, but not bad either. My breasts aren't huge, they're about softball sized, but are tipped with tiny, erect, shell pink nipples set in quarter-sized aureoles of a tad deeper shade of pink. From there my body flows smoothly over a very slightly rounded belly, curving nicely as it travels over slim, but womanly hips and down what I think is my best asset- long, shapely legs. My ass is an upside down heart shape, firm and uplifted. My bush is small, sparse, neatly trimmed, just a little darker than my tresses. My roomie, Peter, thinks it accents my delicate mons just perfectly! It should even lighten up to a perfect match with a little more exposure to the sun. The two bands of white flesh I once had at my breasts and hips, flesh previously covered by my modest bikini, have already almost blended into the same light tan that covers the rest of my body. A couple more days around the pool should take care of that too. All in all, nothing to be ashamed of.

Peter was snoring softly when I returned to the room. Quietly, so I wouldn't disturb him, I picked up my outline and the notes for my class; putting them into my back pack, along with money for the collection plate and my pocket comb. I kissed Peter gently, grabbed the keys to my bike lock, and headed downstairs. It's so quiet, no one else appears to be up and around yet.

Unlocking my bicycle, I took a deep breath. It's a gloriously sunny day, and the temperature's already started to rise. It looks like it's going to be another scorcher later. But until then, it's a good morning for a bike ride. Pedaling through the campus gates, the full reality of my situation finally hit me. I am now completely naked and out in the 'Real World'. No longer am I in the protected environs of the campus. I am scared to death, yet surprisingly I'm also giddy with excitement.

For probably the first time in my life, my senses are fully alive. I can feel the sun warming my back, smell the aroma of the yellow pines lining the roadside, and I can hear the birds chirping their early morning greetings.

The back and forth motion as I pedal the bicycle, soon settled the narrow seat between my pussy lips. The vibrations, created by the unevenness of the roadbed, are now transmitting directly through the seat to my clit. My arousal builds with each passing block. The final shudder of the bicycle, as I came to halt in the Rectory driveway, brought me over the top, to a delicious mini orgasm. I gotta remember this for the future. It has definite possibilities!

Dismounting, I shakily climbed the wide porch steps and rang The Rectory bell.

'Aunt Martha' greeted me with a warm hug at the door, "Linda! It's good to see you, Dear. It's been so long! Let me take a look at you. My you've grown so much! You're so beautiful! I thought Jonathan was pulling my leg when he told me you were coming to breakfast and Services naked this morning. You know what a tease he is. But you ARE naked! Come in. Sit down, Dear. You've got to tell me all about it, while we wait. The old goat is still upstairs getting dressed. He's just like your Dad, that's why they get along so well. You'd think they were movie stars or something, always have to be dressed just so before anyone sees them. Can never just relax in old clothes. No, not those two. Sit down. Sit down."

All that without coming up for air even once! I forgot how 'Aunt Martha' prattled on.

Before I could answer, 'Uncle Jonathan' joined us in the den, "Good Morning, Sunshine!" and then he added in his best Freddy Prinze imitation, "Looookin' Gooood!"

I don't know what anyone ever saw in that show. Personally, I think it's insulting. Maybe it's a generational thing.

"Good Morning, 'Uncle Jon. . .Rev. Whit. . .Oh, hell. What DO I call you now that I'm an employee?"

"Well, 'Uncle Jonathan' was alright before, Honey. Why don't we leave it at that? And I kinda like it too!" He added with a grin, "Besides, you're not really an employee, because I'm not paying you anyway. Now come over here and give your 'Uncle' a big hug. I've missed you, Sunshine."

His gentle bear hugs feel as good now as they ever did! Safe, just like my Daddy's.

"Employee. . .volunteer, that doesn't really matter. But, are you sure about this, 'Uncle Jonathan'? I'm scared. If you don't want me to do this. . ."

"Of course I'm sure. You've been teaching Sunday School for your Dad for almost two years now, why shouldn't I be sure? Don't worry, Linda, everything is going to be okay. You'll see. Just be yourself and you'll do just fine today!"

"You KNOW I'm not worried about the teaching part. It's just that I've gotta do it NAKED! I'm scared! I don't know if I can do it!"

"Sure you can. Now come on. 'Aunt Martha' made some of her world famous Cinnamon Raison French Toast and fresh squeezed orange juice for breakfast. I seem to recall those are some of your favorites. Let's go eat!"

They ARE some of my favorites, and everything IS as good as I remembered from previous visits.

As we finished clearing the dishes 'Aunt Martha' asked me with a knowing wink, "Do you want to freshen up a bit after your bike ride, before we walk over for services?"

I don't know how she did, but somehow she just knew! Some day I'm going to get up enough courage to ask her.

A short shower, a few quick passes of the comb through my hair and I was ready to go. Well . . . as ready as I was going to be today anyway.

I thought I would just slip quietly into a seat in the back pew, but 'Aunt Martha' would have none of that. Holding me by the hand as if I were a small child once again, her head held high, she proudly escorted me up the center aisle, taking her usual place in the front row.

I could feel everyone's eyes on me! I began to shake. I wanted to run away!

As we knelt, she squeezed my hand and whispered softly, "Relax. Close your eyes, take a deep breath, and ask for God's help. Everything will work out just fine, Dear."

My shaking stopped, but I knew everyone was still staring at me! How could Mom and Dad do this to me? Why didn't I just opt out of 'The Program', when I had the chance on Friday morning? Since I'm not a quitter, now I'll have to see it through to the finish. I can't worry about the future right now.

"Lord, please give me the strength get through this weekend."

Amazingly I immediately began to relax, comforted by the words of familiar hymns and prayers.

As he concluded his Homily, 'Uncle Jonathan' said, "We're now at the point in the service where I usually turn the mike over to the congregation, for any announcements or special requests. Before I do that today, I have some of my own to make."

"First, I would like to welcome the newest member of our congregation, Linda Simpson. Linda is the daughter of two very dear friends of Martha's and mine, the Reverend Raymond and Hilary Simpson. She is sitting in the front pew with my wife, Martha. . . Linda, will you please stand?"

"For the benefit of those of you way in the back, or who may be legally blind, yes, Linda is naked. Linda is REQUIRED to be here today naked. Required? What do you mean REQUIRED to be naked?"

"A little background. Linda is a student in the newest division of Southeastern University, Meyer's College. Meyer's is Phase Two in Southeastern's endeavor to remain the number one College in the country in the field of Human Sexuality."

"The first assignment given to her class on Friday evening, is to remain totally nude until tomorrow night. I know, you're asking yourselves, 'I've never heard of such a thing.' That may be so. But amazingly, it's true. The Dean of Meyer's College, Dr. Carl Walker, thoughtfully phoned me on Thursday morning, to inform me of Linda's upcoming assignment, and clear any objections. Yes, that is correct, Folks. I learned of her assignment 24 hours before she did. The reason he called leads directly to my second announcement today . . ."

"At this time I would like to offer a warm welcome to the newest member of our Sunday School faculty, Linda Simpson. Linda will be in charge of our 12 to 14 year old Junior High School class, and YES, she will be teaching her class this morning nude. After talking to Dr. Walker on Thursday, I phoned the members of the Church Board, and the parents of the involved students, and obtained their prior consents."

"I am telling you this now because I feel it's best to get this out in the open, right from the start. I don't want to hear there are rumors floating around town, about what may, or may not be going on here. Linda is extremely qualified and has over two years experience teaching Sunday School classes. She is working towards her Masters in Education, and plans on teaching at the High School level upon graduation. She has my full confidence, and the full confidence of the Church Board and the parents involved. We're all thrilled she's joined our faculty."

"Now a special request. . . Will everyone please kneel, and join with me in prayer."

"God, we ask for Your blessing, Your help, and Your guidance, on behalf of Your humble daughter, Linda. Please grant her the knowledge, strength and courage to complete the tasks placed in her path, for all the days of her life. Amen."

"Please be seated. Are there any other announcements or requests at this time?"

The rest of the service remains one big blur. I know what would have been said and when, but I can't remember any of it. The next thing I can recall is standing in the receiving line between 'Uncle Jonathon' and 'Aunt Martha', at the rear of the Church after services; and receiving congratulations and warm welcomes from the congregation.

Maybe our prayers were heard. I don't know. The only thing I do know is that I no longer feel scared and self-conscious about my nudity.

Relaxed and spiritually refreshed after the morning service, I looked over my new Sunday School class. You could hear a pin drop! I wish I had a camera. The expressions on their young faces are priceless. Obviously, their parents have not prepared them ahead of time about what to expect this morning. Interesting. I can feel a dozen pairs of eyes boring onto every surface of my body, quietly absorbing all its naked details. Evenly split, six boys and six girls, the class is loosely scattered all around the large classroom. Seated in desks neatly lined up in military precision, six rows of six. I wonder if there's a smaller, less formal room we can use. I'll have to remember to ask 'Uncle Jonathan' before next week. In the meantime, this one will suffice. At least there's some space up front, and a nice soft carpet on the floor.

Grinning, I greeted them cheerfully, "Morning, everybody."

Even as stunned as they were, they replied in the singsong voice familiar to teachers everywhere, "Good Morning, Miss. Simpson."

"Come on guys, give me a break. I'm not much older than you are. I only turned eighteen a couple of months ago. How about you just call me Linda? Please?"

Giggling merrily, they replied brightly, "Morning, Linda!" One of the boys quickly adding, "Why are you naked?"

So much for subtlety!

"I'll get to that in a minute. But first, come up here, let's all sit on the floor. And, Guys, ditch the jackets and ties. Okay? Let's get comfortable."

With that said, I plopped down onto the floor, and crossed my legs Indian style. Although I can feel the rough texture of the carpet on my bare ass, and twelve sets of eyes fastened intently to my nude body, I don't feel 'turned on'. The feelings are sensual, not sexual in nature. The confusion must show on my face.

Before I could continue our conversation any further, the first boy piped up again, "So why are you naked, Linda?"

Unsure of their reactions, I gave the class a brief synopsis of Meyer's College that I thought they were capable of understanding, and explained the rules of our first class assignment.

"Kewl," he replied simply, the rest nodding their heads in agreement.

"But isn't it wrong to walk around naked?" asked one of the girls.

"I'll answer all your questions the best I can, but you guys are going to have to help me get to learn your names. So please introduce yourself before you ask your question. Okay?"

"Sure, Linda. I'm Brenda. Isn't it wrong to walk around naked?"

"If you asked me that only one week ago, I'm not sure how I would have answered your question," I answered, "But, why?"

"I don't understand. Why what?"

"Why is it wrong to walk around naked, Brenda?"

"Everyone knows you're not supposed to."

"Oh. You still haven't answered my question, Brenda. Why is it wrong?"

" 'cause everyone says so, that's why!" she replied, exasperated by my question.

"If everyone jumped off the roof, would you?" I can't believe I said that. I hated it when my mother used that argument with me!

"No, 'course not!" she replied.

"Does everyone here agree that it's wrong to be naked in public?" I asked.

"Hell no! Oops, sorry, Linda. I'm Jason. And no I don't think there's anything wrong with being naked. 'Nude is not lewd'."

"I'm sorry? Come again, Jason?"

He repeated, "Nude is not lewd. It's a Naturist saying. The human body is always beautiful. But just because it's naked, it doesn't necessarily mean that it's lewd or pornographic. It can be . . . But it doesn't have to be"

"Oh! . . . I've just never heard it put that way before."

Brenda asked him, "So, Jason, you don't think there's anything wrong with walking around naked in public?"

"No, not at all. We do it all the time at our house and at the camp. We're Naturists, nudists, if you prefer. I can speak only for myself, but I'm more comfortable without clothes than I am with 'em on. What about you, Sis?"

"Sure am, Jas. You know I hate it when Summer's over and we have to get dressed for school again. Oh, sorry, Linda, I'm Karen."

"I don't believe you. You two saying you'd strip right here, and it wouldn't bother you at all?" Brenda asked.

"No big deal," he answered with a shrug.

"I don't believe you!"

Without a word, Jason pushed off his loafers and socks, stood, unbuttoned his shirt, unzipped his pants, removed them, and tossed them onto the desk behind him. I glanced over at Karen who had already removed her sundress and panties, and had done the same. They resumed their previous seats cross-legged on the carpet. Both of them had beautiful, deep, dark tans without the least trace of a tan line, and appeared to be nonchalant and very comfortable in their nudity.

"It seems we have an obvious difference of opinion here." The class chuckled. Brenda just sat there with her mouth open, not believing what had just occurred.

Genesis will have to wait for another time. This class is going in another direction today. I sure hope Uncle Jonathon doesn't get mad at me, or worse yet, get into trouble for it. Oh well, here goes nothing.

"Okay, Brenda, it seems everyone, even here, doesn't believe it's necessarily wrong to be naked in public. Do you have any other reasons?"

"Well, isn't it?"

"I don't know. What do YOU think? Is it? Anyone else?"

So began the most interesting and animated discussion I can ever remember occurring in a Sunday School class. Before we knew it, the hour was up, and I dismissed the class until the following week.