**The Girl who didn’t change**

By Molly McMann

THE GIRL WHO DIDN’T CHANGE, PART THREE

Jamie woke the next morning with Sam’s long arm draped over her. She watched Sam sleep as long as she could, but she had to get up and go take another test.

Carrying her purse and sandals, Jamie tiptoed out the door and went to her own room for the first time since the previous morning — and there at last was her precious yellow dress. She had lingered too long in bed with Sam and was running late so she hurried through her shower, dried her hair only halfway and didn’t bother with makeup or jewelry.

Before she dashed out the door, Jamie grabbed her dress off of its hanger and threw it over her arm. She remained naked as she ran down the stairway to the first floor, and there she put on her dress just before pushing out the door into the morning sunshine.

Having been nude so much of the previous day, Jamie felt a little strange being clothed again. Her dress was quite skimpy compared to what she’d been used to virtually all of her life –yet now it felt oddly confining. And although the girls and boys she passed still smiled at her, it was nothing like the open-mouthed stares she got when she was naked. But not being stared at was good, wasn’t it? After all, Jamie just wanted to fit in with the crowd and not be the center of attention. Didn’t she?

Between tests, as Jamie walked from one building to the next, she half-feared and half-hoped that Sam would show up to strip her dress off of her over some arbitrary rule or other. Not that Jamie wanted to have to go naked in public again, she told herself. It was just that she loved how Sam looked at her.

During her second test, Jamie thought ahead about what she would do afterwards. She’d go back to the dorm and undress in the stairwell. She’d go upstairs to Sam’s room and knock on the door – making a show of obediently handing over the dress. And then, finally — perhaps after making love first – perhaps that is when they would finally talk about their relationship, and what would happen in four days.

Distracted by these plans, Jamie did not do quite as well as she should have on her chemistry test, but that was the least of her concerns at the moment. When the test was over, she hurried down the sidewalk along the edge of campus, and was about to turn the corner onto the lane that led to the dorm when she stopped. She stood looking down the street where the cluster of shops, bars, bookstores and coffeehouses began.

As her frilly yellow dress billowed in the summer breeze, Jamie had . . . an idea. A crazy idea. An idea so tantalizing she knew it would make Sam think twice about leaving Jamie for some stupid job. Instead of turning toward the dorm, she walked on until she was in front of the little dress shop again.

“May I help you?” asked a clerk – a different one than before.

“I hope so,” Jamie said. “Could I return something that I bought yesterday and have barely worn?”

“If you have your receipt and the item is still clean and undamaged.”

“It’s this dress that I’m wearing,” Jamie said, fishing around in her little red purse for the receipt.

“Well it looks good as new,” the clerk said. “Do you want to exchange it for something else?”

“No, I just want to return it.” Jamie slipped off the dress and draped it over the counter. Now naked, she handed the clerk her receipt.

The clerk was so flustered she kept making mistakes as she fumbled through the transaction on her cash register, all the while stealing a dozen glances at Jamie. “Um, I’m supposed to ask,” she said as she handed Jamie her refund. “Is there a reason for the return? Anything wrong with the merchandise?”

“Oh, no,” Jamie said. “There’s nothing wrong with the dress. It’s just that I’ve decided to go naked all the time from now on, so I really don’t need to own clothing.”

After savoring a few seconds of the clerk’s reaction, Jamie turned on her heels and strode away. She intended to cross the street and head back to the dorm, but the light had just changed so she had to stand there on the corner barely ten steps from the dress shop’s sidewalk cash register.

Forced to wait, Jamie had second thoughts. Why was she doing this? She just wanted to be naked in front of Sam, not everyone else too. Sam would definitely be impressed, but did Jamie want to do this for four days straight? She could turn around right now and go back to the clerk – who was still gawking at her. She could say she changed her mind and wanted her dress back. Or she could say it was all just a joke – a dare that some friends made her do, and having completed the dare she could now buy her dress back.

Then she imagined Sam’s reaction when Jamie told her she’d returned her dress and now had no clothing at all – and therefore had no choice but to go nude everywhere. Sam would be so bowled over by this that surely she would reconsider her plans. It was all Jamie could think of to do.

The light changed and Jamie had the walk sign. Without a look back and wearing nothing but her sandals, jewelry and sunglasses, she stepped off the curb and crossed the street in front of a row of cars waiting at the light.

On the corner opposite the dress shop was a popular coffeehouse with outdoor seating. Jamie was going to walk straight past as quickly as possible, but on an impulse she went up to the counter and ordered a latte to go. Feeling cosmopolitan, she picked up a newspaper and scanned the latest news about the election as she waited for her coffee, her sunglasses pushed up on her head. The week-long voting period had begun and Jamie was eager to learn more about the candidates so she could vote for the first time. Since queens were elected for life, it would likely be decades before she got another chance.

Jamie was, of course, intensely aware that everyone was watching her, and despite her outward appearance of calm she was beginning to panic. More than once she glanced across the street at the dress shop, still so close.

When her latte was ready, Jamie opened her little red purse and counted out the change — Queen Elaine’s face still on all the coins and bills. Jamie did not allow herself to look across the street as she put her sunglasses back on, tucked her newspaper under one arm and marched away toward campus..

As before, no one harassed her, or reacted negatively in any way. Quite the opposite – smiles, laughter, shouts of encouragement – even marriage proposals. It was okay – nobody minded. So no matter how embarrassed she felt, she could simply pretend otherwise and it would be okay. If going naked for four days helped her win Sam’s heart, then Jamie would do it.

But what if Sam did decide to stay? Was Jamie prepared to stay naked indefinitely? Well no, but that was a problem Jamie would be glad to have. If Sam forsook the job and stayed at Scarborough because she loved Jamie, well then surely Sam would still love Jamie if she went back to wearing clothes – at least in public. She could still go naked when they were alone.

With these strategies mapped out, Jamie hurried in the main entrance of the dorm and ran up three flights of stairs to get to her beloved Sam. From down the hallway she saw that Sam’s door was standing open so when she reached it she happily skipped in, ready to surprise Sam with her news.

But Sam was not there — and all of her belongings were gone. Betty was in the room wrestling with the bare mattress. When she saw Jamie, she put her hands on her hips and said, “There you are. Sam and them girls have been looking all over for you.”

“Where . . . where is she?” Jamie asked, looking around the starkly empty room.

“Honey, she had to leave all of a sudden. I don’t know the details, but from what I heard she got her dates wrong about that job. They was expecting her to start this very morning, and when she didn’t show up they called — so she had to go up there right-split or she woulda got fired.”

“You mean she . . . she left?”

“She tried to find you, honey. Them girls was running all over campus lookin’ for you. Course it woulda helped if you’d had a phone. Why don’t you have a phone?”

Jamie backed out of the room as Betty went back to wrestling with the mattress, muttering “and somehow she got this bed all wet.”

Jamie ran back to her room and threw herself on the bed, crying as she had never cried in her life. It wasn’t fair! She was supposed to have at least those last four days with Sam. At least those. And now she didn’t even have that. Sam had left without even saying goodbye. What a fool Jamie had been to think someone as attractive and confident as Sam would want to have anything to do with her! Sam probably didn’t even like her, and was only playing some cruel joke on the freak knowing she would be gone in a day or two. But no, Sam would not do that — not that exactly. Sam wasn’t cruel, but she did leave, and she would probably forget Jamie in no time as she started her exciting new life in the big city of Hariston.

For a long time Jamie did not move, but when she finally sat up she noticed something on the floor near her door – a folded piece of paper with her name on it. It must have been slipped under her door earlier and she didn’t notice it when she rushed in. Now she picked it up and unfolded it. The note was from Sam, saying “Jamie, I am so SO sorry to do this, but I have to leave right now. Please call me as soon as you get this note!” Underneath this was Sam’s cell number, underlined three times.

Okay, so Sam at least left her a goodbye note, but that didn’t make the situation any better. She was still gone – having apparently made her choice — and Jamie would probably never see her again.

Despite her sorrow and grief, Jamie did want to call Sam, if only to hear her voice one last time. She needed a phone. The dorm room had once had its own dedicated landline, but it had long ago been removed, a painted-over plate on the wall marking where it had once been attached. Jamie went down the hall hoping to find someone she knew to borrow a phone, but the dorm was now nearly empty.

She remembered seeing a phone store across the street from Gillian’s so she exited the dorm and ran to the store. Though she was again out in public naked, her penis flapping back and forth as she ran, Jamie no longer cared enough about that to be embarrassed.

At the phone store, a nerdy computer girl with thick glasses and green hair was behind the counter while a few customers were browsing the new phone fashions. Naturally, they all stared in surprise when a naked hermaphrodite burst into the store and ran up to the counter.

“I need to buy a phone,” Jamie declared, almost out of breath. The green-haired girl, whose name was Kat (though her parents still called her Katherine) cheerfully went into her spiel about all of the wonderful options and features the customer had to choose from.

“I don’t care,” Jamie nearly screamed. “I just need . . . a phone . . . that makes phone calls!”

Though Kat was on the tall side and a little husky, she was intimidated by the naked, ballerina-sized hermaphrodite and quickly sold Jamie a standard smartphone with the standard monthly data plan. As soon as the phone was activated, Jamie called Sam’s number there in the store. Sam answered right away.

“Jamie, I’m so sorry things happened this way,” Sam said. “There was this big-freaking mixup.” Jamie barely digested the explanation of how the scheduling mistake had happened. It didn’t matter. All that mattered was that Sam was gone and whatever relationship Jamie thought they had was over.

When Sam stopped talking, Jamie said, “I . . . I’m thankful that . . . at least . . . we met.” Tears ran down her face as she whispered, “goodbye, Sam.” Jamie broke down in sobs while trying to find the right button to hang up the phone, and she almost didn’t hear Sam yelling,” wait! Jamie listen to me please!”

Jamie snuffled and wiped her runny nose on the back of her hand as everyone in the store stood frozen in the moment.

“What?” Jamie growled, anger now in her voice. What else was there to say? There was no point in apologizing again for leaving her.

“Jamie, I’m trying to ask you to come up here and be with me,” Sam was shouting, her voice as audible to those in the store as if she’d been on speakerphone. “I had to get up here immediately this morning or I would lose this job, and I really need this job right now. But I need you even more, Jamie, and if you ask me to I will quit right now and come down there to be with you. But I’m hoping that instead you’ll come to me. I know this must sound crazy because we just met, but . . . Jamie . . . I’m in love with you.”

Jamie could not find her voice and twice heard Sam ask “Jamie, are you still there?” Kat and the customers leaned forward in suspense.

“Oh Sam, I love you too!” Jamie cried out, her eyes running like faucets. “Yes, Sam, oh yes I will come to you!”

Kat and the customers broke into applause as Sam said. “I’m so glad, honey, and I can’t wait to see you, but right this minute I really have to go because I’m supposed to be working and I almost got fired once already. I’ll send you the address. Text me and I’ll give you directions. You do know how to text, don’t you sweetie?”

“Of course I do,” Jamie laughed, her cheeks still wet. When she hung up, she went back to the counter and said to Kat, “um, I need to learn how to text. And can I buy plane tickets on this thing?”

Kat eagerly helped Jamie buy a ticket to Hariston and order a cab, and was so enthusiastic about explaining the phone’s many wonderful features that before she was done the cab was honking outside.

Jamie said goodbye to everyone and ran outside, and it was only when she saw her reflection in the cab’s window that she remembered she was nude. The dress shop was right across the street, so close she could have bought a new dress by now if she hadn’t spent so much time in the phone store. But Jamie wasn’t concerned. She had, after all, already been to the airport and remembered there were shops of all kinds, several of which sold sweatpants and t-shirts. She could simply buy something at the airport.

As it happened, however, traffic was bad that day and by the time the taxi reached the airport Jamie had very little time. She had to run through the terminal past all the shops – some of which indeed sold sweatpants and t-shirts. At the security station she took off her sandals and breezed through as other passengers in line joked that this traveler had certainly found the most efficient way to fly.

Because she made her purchase at the last minute, Jamie had to buy a first-class ticket, so she was seated and given a complimentary martini by the time most of the passengers filed past to the coach section. Jamie hated the taste of the martini, but drank a gulp or two to calm the panic that had begun to set in. She tried to look like a sophisticated traveler, sipping her drink and reading something imaginary on her phone as the other passengers walked past and stared.

When the plane took off, Jamie was again transfixed, watching the landscape and the clouds. As they approached Hariston, she had a dazzling view of the city’s magnificent skyline. Barely two days since she left the Gated In community, Jamie was about to enter the biggest, most sophisticated city in the U.Q. – and apparently she was going to do it naked.

Not really, she assured herself. She would have to enter Hariston International Airport naked, but she would definitely find something there. Since she didn’t have another plane to catch this time, she could take as long as she needed to find something to wear.

And yet, as Jamie disembarked and began following the signs toward ground transportation, the only shops she found were restaurants, bars and news stands. She realized belatedly that this made sense. Shopping for clothing was something people might do in the main terminal while waiting for a flight, but once on the ground they would be focused on getting to their destinations.

Now Jamie found herself at the mono-rail station. The sleek, white train was waiting on its elevated track and other travelers were swarming onto it. There was no point in staying in the airport, Jamie told herself, and so she stepped into the train car. It was only about three-quarters full, so she easily found a seat, the plastic bench cool against her bare bottom.

The trip downtown was amazingly swift and Jamie soon had to busy herself at her phone to figure out which exit to take. It arrived surprisingly soon and she had to hurry to get off in time. She emerged squinting from the train station onto a busy sidewalk downtown and was so awed by the towering skyscrapers, giant flashing advertisements and all of the people that for a few seconds she entirely forgot about her nudity. For a few seconds. As she turned in a circle taking in the busy scene, Jamie saw her reflection in a window as a swarm of commuters exited the train station and rushed past her on all sides.

Jamie resisted the urge to run back inside and hide, but she noticed that Haristonians did not gawk as much as people back at Scarborough did. Big city dwellers had a reputation to protect – that they’d seen everything under the sun and nothing could surprise them. Jamie’s presence challenged their studied disinterest and nearly everyone looked at her, at least for a few seconds, before forcing themselves to go on their way as if this were nothing notable to them.

Hiding behind her sunglasses, Jamie studied her phone’s map to get her bearings. She would simply walk in the right direction and surely – surely — in a city this size she would soon pass a clothing store.

She found the dot on the map representing Sam’s address, and the dot representing herself, and it looked to be 6 or 8 blocks. That didn’t seem too far – considering she had just taken a cab, an airplane and a train while naked – so she started walking. She kept an eye out for any kind of clothing store, but block after block she found none.

Finally, as she crossed yet another busy street, Jamie at last saw what she was looking for – t-shirts hanging in the window of a shop. She could see from a distance that they were long enough to cover her like a dress. When she reached the shop, Jamie found that it was not actually a clothing store but a novelty gift shop that happened to sell a few t-shirts. That was just fine with Jamie – until she got a good look at the shirts. All were emblazoned with sex jokes and cartoons of scantily clad musclemen and women with gigantic breasts.

Perhaps she could wear one inside out, Jamie thought, holding one up to the light. The fabric was so cheap and thin that the cartoons and their crude messages were clearly visible on the other side. But did that matter? She was just going to Sam’s apartment and they would have a good laugh over it. Jamie would tell the sexy story of how she gave up her dress, therefore possessing no clothing at all, before realizing Sam had gone to Hariston. Sam would be really impressed when she found out Jamie had come all this way completely naked — except the last few blocks?

No, that would ruin it if she showed up in one of these crappy t-shirts – or anything else for that matter. Jamie had invested far too much into this naked adventure to surrender any of the reward. She had come this far so she might as well go the rest of the way to Sam’s apartment and earn the full benefit. It was nearing 5 p.m., so Sam might be walking back to her apartment right now. Maybe they would arrive at the same time and see each other on the sidewalk, coming towards each other. And that is the moment when Sam would realize Jamie had come all of this way naked.

The shop’s proprietor, a wrinkled old woman smoking a cigarette gave Jamie a long stare and then said, “You buying something, honey? I’m closing in five minutes.”

Jamie took a breath, having decided, and said, “I guess I don’t need anything after all, thank you,” and walked out the door back onto the busy street.

As she neared the address, Jamie was so intent on the two dots on her phone she was surprised when she looked up and saw that she was right in front of the Palace. The 800-year old castle – the official residence of the queen — looked so small and toy-like surrounded by modern-day skyscrapers. Jamie had seen paintings in textbooks of how it looked in ancient times when its 300-foot towers rose high above the little stone buildings of the original Hariston Queendom before the Federation of Realms. Nowadays, the Palace itself was all that remained of the old city-state, though the cobblestones had been used to make the Palace Plaza, a two-block-long open space where modern Haristonians ate their lunches on sunny days and where tourists flocked to take pictures of each other in front of the famous Palace.

After a few more blocks, the dots on Jamie’s phone had come together . This was the correct address but it was an office tower and not an apartment building. Jamie went back to Sam’s message in which she’d sent the address. It said “where I’m working” not “where I live.” Crap, that was entirely different. Jamie immediately regretted not having bought one of the ugly t-shirts, but it was too late for that. She pushed through the revolving door into the lobby feeling hopeful when she saw several shops clustered along one wall. One of the shops even had beautiful dresses in its display window, but as Jamie rushed toward it she saw that it was closed. Other shops were open, but none of them sold any type of clothing.

Jamie called Sam’s cell number, getting her recording. “I’m here, Sam!” she said cheerily into the recording. “But can you . . . meet me in the lobby? I have . . . a surprise for you that . . . that I don’t want to show you in your office. It’s sort of . . . personal.”

That should do it, Jamie decided, though now she would have to wait in the busy lobby. She decided to walk around rather than stand so it would look like she was busily going somewhere. As she strolled past a shoe store she stopped to admire a pair of red pumps. They were Manolo Blancs marked down to $200 and, despite her inexperience in these matters, something deep inside Jamie’s feminine brain told her this was a fabulously good deal that she could not possibly pass up.

“Those would look divine with your purse,” a smiling salesgirl sang out as she approached from the store. “I’ll bet I can guess your size – five and a half?”

Jamie didn’t actually know her shoe size, but she found herself drawn to the shoes. For a young woman who had spent her life wearing clunky boy’s shoes, these were impossible to resist. Soon the clerk had Jamie sitting in a chair while she tried a five and a half, which as she predicted was exactly right.

Jamie stood and tried walking in the shoes, which was another new experience. She was a little wobbly at first, but so graceful by nature that after a few practice steps in front of the mirror she learned to walk in four-inch heels. All the while, Jamie kept an eye on the bank of elevators, hoping Sam would see her at this exact moment. It would be almost as good as showing up naked at her apartment.

The salesgirl didn’t have to do much selling because Jamie had already decided she absolutely must have those shoes — and wear them right now. She squeezed her sandals into her purse and strolled through the lobby in her fabulous heels. The lobby had gotten crowded with office workers leaving for the day and in the hubbub of voices, Jamie almost didn’t hear her phone ringing.

It was Sam. At last “Sweetie, I’m so glad you’re here,” she said, “but I can’t come down right now. Just come up to the 5th floor and go to the Registration sign — they’re expecting you.”

Panicked, Jamie blurted out her confession. “But Sam, I’m naked. I returned my dress to the store so I could surprise you by not owning any clothes anymore and having to go naked everywhere but I went to your room and you were gone, and then after we talked on the phone I went straight to the airport and I didn’t have time to buy any clothes so I flew here naked and took the train naked, and I walked through downtown Hariston completely naked! I just wanted to surprise you, Sam, but I don’t want to embarrass you by coming to your office naked,”

All of these words came out very fast and much louder than Jamie intended so it was easily heard by dozens of businesswomen in expensive suits who had been leaving work when they spotted Jamie, and who now pretended they needed to go back upstairs for some imaginary forgotten item.

And so everyone around Jamie heard Sam yelling into the phone, “Oh my god, Jamie, I want to show you off right now to everyone I know! So get up here right now!”

All of the important businesswomen whooped like schoolgirls at a soccer game as the elevator opened. They rode along with Jamie to her floor just to encourage her, no longer even pretending they had any need to go back to their offices. When the elevator doors open, Jamie stumbled out amid cheers. She had tried to mentally prepare herself and pictured a couple dozen people working in an office. But instead, the entire 5th floor was a vast exhibition hall crowded with hundreds of people gathered around exhibit booths or milling around carrying wine glasses. Jamie noticed the “Registration” sign and remembered what Sam said. Seated at it was a young man in a tight white shirt with a golden name tag that said “Jeremy.”

When he saw her, Jeremy flexed his muscles instinctively and said, “let me go out on a limb here and make a wild guess that your name is Jamie?” He had already written “Jamie” in black marker on a guest tag and he gave it to her saying, “you need to wear this, and if you walk down the main aisle you will find Ms. McCain at booth 27.”

Jamie peeled the name tag sticker off of its backing and applied it to her skin, just above her left breast. Jeremy then ushered her through the velvet ropes and sent her on her way into the crowd.

Though she had just walked naked through downtown Hariston, Jamie felt exposed in an entirely new way in this setting. Unlike Haristonians on the street who gave her space, these were half-drunk conventioneers from other parts of the country. Everyone she passed cheered her and invited her to visit their booths, but Jamie politely declined and kept moving. A waiter carrying glasses of white wine offered her one and she took it gladly, consuming it before she’d made it another 10 feet. Magically, it was refilled again and she drank the second one down as she walked along.

Finally, she saw Sam. Booth 27 was for HR-Fitness, the company she now worked for. Sam’s role was demonstrating some high-tech exercise equipment and she was wearing a skimpy spandex outfit that looked like something that would be worn by a comic book superhero. Below the waist it was like black tights that showed every detail of Sam’s physique. Above the waist, Sam wore a black bikini top.

Leaving her empty-again wine glass on a table, Jamie held her head high and walked gracefully toward Booth 27. Sam had been looking out for her, as were her co-workers. One of them spotted Jamie first and croaked, “oh, wow.”

“Jamie!” Sam yelled and ran to her. She scooped Jamie up in her strong arms and twirled her in a circle so that Jamie’s feet came off the ground and she nearly lost one of her new shoes. When Sam finally put her down, she grabbed Jamie’s face in both hands and gave her a deep kiss that went on for at least 15 seconds as people around them began to cheer them on.

Jamie was dizzy with bliss and wobbly on her high heels as Sam pulled her over to meet the others at Booth 27.

“Everybody, I’m sure you’ve already guessed, but this is my adorable girlfriend, Jamie, with whom I am madly, desperately, crazily in love. And who, by the way, does not own any clothing! Isn’t that amazing? When I met her she owned just one dress, that’s all – and then she gave that away because she decided she wanted to go naked all the time! Is that the sexiest thing you can imagine or what?”

Everyone at the booth agreed that this indeed was the sexiest thing they could imagine. Jamie had no idea how to respond. She had not actually intended to continue going naked. That was just what she was going to do back at school, not in Hariston.

Sam introduced her to everyone, her arm around Jamie’s waist and her hand caressing Jamie’s bare hip as one of the women said, “love your shoes. Are those Blancs?”

“Yes, I just bought them downstairs,” Jamie said, turning one foot sideways to model the shoes as everyone took the excuse to let their eyes travel down her body to her feet and back up. Not all of the eyes made it all the way back and as she felt them looking at her, an alarm bell was going off in Jamie’s head. After having been twice surprised by her own erections, she had of late become more diligent at monitoring the activity of her penis. And now, as a result of the prolonged kiss, followed by what Sam said about her and now all of these people blatantly admiring her as Sam caressed her bare butt, Jamie felt her penis lengthening and she knew with certainty that she was about to have a massive erection.

Jamie did her best at damage control, thinking of boring things like her recent chemistry test, but she could feel the erection coming on strong and she knew her only recourse was to get out of there quickly.

Grabbing her cell phone from her purse, Jamie blurted, “oh, excuse me. I have to take this” and walked quickly away pretending to engage in an urgent phone call while her penis began to rise up. There were no restrooms nearby and the only possible haven she saw was a door leading outside to the atrium balcony. Hoping no one was out there, Jamie hurried out the door as her erection blossomed to its full potential.

The balcony was unoccupied but Jamie heard footsteps behind her. It was only Sam.

“Oh, god,” did they see it?” Jamie asked.

“No,” Sam laughed, “not the people at my booth anyway, but I think you gave a few lucky chicks near the door a nice surprise. My, that’s a big one, Jamie.”

“Sam, this isn’t going to go down on its own – not for a while. When it gets this big it sort of locks in place until . . . you know.”

“Oh yes, sweetie, I know. But there’s no one else out here except those people down below and they can’t see it.” Sam and Jamie were standing at the stone railing which had a wide ledge where one could set drinks or a plate of food. Four stories below, people milled around carrying drinks. Sam put her left hand on Jamie’s bare back and her right hand between Jamie’s legs.

“Sam, what are you doing?”

“I’m helping you out, now relax.” As she spoke, Sam’s fingers slipped into Jamie’s vagina to wet themselves and then slid up along the underside of Jamie’s penis.

“Oh, right there,” Jamie breathed.

Although they had only one night of experience, Sam’s fingers knew exactly what to do. They made the return trip into Jamie’s pussy and slid wetly up again. Back and forth they went, and within seconds Jamie was on the verge of orgasm.

“Can anyone see?” Jamie whispered.

“No one but me. Let it go.”

And Jamie did. Her ejaculation sent the equivalent of a full glass of water shooting out six feet horizontally over the railing and into open space where it arced downward and broke apart into warm raindrops that sprinkled on the revelers below. A few people looked up curiously, wondering if the weather was changing.

“Thank you,” Jamie whispered, finally opening her eyes.

“Always glad to help with that little task,” Sam said, wiping her fingers on her cheek and lips. “But Jamie, I hope you know that you don’t actually need to go naked if you don’t want to.”

Jamie was taken aback by this. “But I thought . . . I thought you wanted me to.”

“Hell yes I do,” Sam laughed. “If it were up to me you’d never wear anything again, but we’re a couple now and we’re equals in this relationship. I’ll love you no matter what you decide, but it needs to be your decision not mine. But now I really need to get back to my booth or I’ll get almost-fired again. Go get yourself a glass of wine or something – there’s a great buffet — and meet me at the booth in half an hour.”

After Sam left, Jamie remained on the balcony a bit longer until she was sure her penis was almost back to a reasonable size. As she walked back into the busy conference fall, Jamie felt so relieved. A few hours ago, she still feared she’d lose Sam in a few days, and now they were going to be living together – as a couple! And Jamie didn’t even have to go naked anymore to win Sam over. She could wear dresses in public and just be naked when they were alone together.

Jamie felt so liberated by this knowledge that she no longer felt embarrassed when she walked back into the conference hall. She was in control now. She had chosen to be nude today, but tomorrow she would choose to wear clothing. It was entirely up to her. Another waiter came by carrying a tray of wine glasses and Jamie accepted one, but she needed food more and made her way toward the buffet line.

The queue was along a wall of mirrors and Jamie found herself standing 12 inches away from her starkly naked reflection. She stole secret glances at herself and then decided to fix her hair, which gave her an excuse to look directly at herself in the mirror.

As she fussed with her hair and adjusted one of her dangly red earrings, a woman got in line behind her. She was white-haired, but young, maybe 30 or 40, exceptionally attractive and dressed in the most fashionable style.

“Hello, Jamie,” she said.

Surprised, Jamie looked at the woman’s perfect face, certain that she’d never seen her before.

“Please forgive me for being so forward,” the white-haired woman said. “I happened to be at the next booth when your girlfriend was introducing you to her co-workers. My name is Simone.”

“I’m very glad to meet you, Simone,” Jamie said, and she meant it. Simone was the most beautiful woman Jamie had ever seen.

“I have to say, I was so impressed by what your girlfriend was saying back there – that you don’t own clothing and go naked everywhere. Do you really?”

Although she fully intended to go back to wearing clothing the very next morning, Jamie also felt exhilarated by all that had happened to her that day – and she was on her third glass of wine on an empty stomach.

“Oh yes,” she said, playing along and wanting the beautiful woman to be impressed by her. “I did have one dress for a while, but I got rid of it. I decided I want to go naked everywhere all the time! I can’t imagine ever wearing clothes again.”

“That is fabulous,” Simone said. “Tell me, do you do any modeling?”

This made Jamie laugh, but Simone misunderstood why and quickly added, “I don’t mean modeling clothing, of course, but there are many other options – makeup, hair and body products, shoes, jewelry and so on. Here, let me give you my card.”

Simone held her cell phone close to Jamie’s little red purse and both phones chirped in unison. “I always keep 9 a.m. open just in case I meet someone special – and you, my dear, most definitely qualify as special.” The buffet line had been inching forward through out their conversation and they were now at the plates. “But I’ve taken enough of your time, dear. Enjoy the buffet, and come see me tomorrow morning and we’ll chat.”

Simone turned and walked away and Jamie quickly became distracted by the food on the buffet line. Twenty minutes later, she returned to Booth 27 as Sam and the others were closing up. “I’m so glad you came up here,” Sam said as they walked arm in arm to the elevators. And then they were out on the sidewalk, the sun low in the western sky, lighting up the east-west streets while the north-south streets were in deep evening shade.

Sam’s apartment was about six blocks away. “It’s really small, so don’t get your hopes up,” Sam warned. “The company leases these and uses them for new employees like me.” The building was very nice, and Jamie could see that some apartments, at least, had spacious balconies and big windows. But the cheapest apartments were a single room with a bed, bathroom and kitchenette.”

“It’s cozy,” Jamie said, kicking off her red heels and dropping her purse on a tiny table that was the only other furniture.

“I wish it was nicer,” Sam said, but at least we’re together, huh?”

Jamie threw her arms around Sam’s neck and they and they fell onto the bed.

**THE GIRL WHO DIDN’T CHANGE, DAY FOUR**

After another sleep-deprived night of intimacy, an exhausted Jamie was still sound asleep at 7:30 when Sam, now fully dressed and sitting on the edge of the bed, kissed her awake. Sam hadn’t gotten much sleep either, but it was only her second day at her new job so she made sure she was up in time to shower and prepare for work.

Jamie, barely awake and still tangled in the damp sheets, managed to focus her eyes as Sam crossed the tiny apartment in two strides and was at the door. “Oh, your phone was ringing a minute ago, sleepyhead.”

After Sam was gone, Jamie lay staring at her third new ceiling in as many days. She and Sam were living together! They were a real couple and it wasn’t going to end in a few days anymore. She laughed at herself in embarrassment, amazed at how much she’d gone naked – in front of all of those people! Well, THAT craziness was over.  
Jamie reached for her phone, wondering who it could be since no one but Sam even knew Jamie’s phone number. She played back the message: “Jamie, this is Annabelle Bethanyson calling from Simone Enterprises to confirm your appointment at 9 a.m. Simone has instructed me to draw up an employment contract so we can get you working right away. See you at 9!”

Wow, this is great, Jamie thought. I’ve practically got a job already! She bounded out of bed to go take a shower, but then stopped abruptly in front of the mirror. Uh-oh. Her conversation with Simone played through her mind, word for word. Oh crap, that had to mean that . . . that Simone would be expecting Jamie to come to the appointment naked! How could she assume anything else after those things Jamie had said?

But surely there was a way to explain it, she told herself as she got into a steamy shower. She could simply say she changed her mind. But . . . overnight? After the things she’d said? Simone would not believe that and would think Jamie had been deliberately deceiving her. Why not just tell the truth? But the truth didn’t even make sense to Jamie. She did it to woo Sam, but that didn’t explain why she said those things to Simone when Sam wasn’t even there and after Sam had expressly told her it was okay to wear clothes. Why did she do what she did? If she couldn’t explain it to herself, how could she explain it to someone else.

Jamie was still puzzling over her options a few minutes later as she dried her hair and put on her body lotion. She could go to the appointment naked but then tell Simone she was considering the going back to clothing. She could say that as much as she truly desired to stay naked, that she had reluctantly decided that wearing clothes would increase her chances at getting a good job. She was making a sacrifice of her lifestyle preference in order to bring in a much-needed paycheck.

That seemed the best plan, Jamie decided, though the downside was that she’d have to go to the appointment naked. Of course, considering all that she had done naked in the past 24 hours, surely she do it one more time in order to preserve her chance at whatever jobs Simone’s agency had to offer.  
It was now past 8:30 and Jamie absolutely needed to get going. She checked her purse for her key but then remembered that the only key she had was to the dorm room, not to this apartment. She and Sam hadn’t even discussed keys yet.

Leaving the apartment door unlocked was not an option. It would have been back at the dorm, but not here in the big city. She could take some of Sam’s clothing with her to put on after her appointment, but where could she hide them? No, she would just go shopping after her appointment, and then perhaps arrange to meet Sam for lunch where she could borrow the key and go make a copy.

With that plan in mind, Jamie stepped out into the hallway and bit her lip as she gently closed the door until it clicked solidly. Once again, Jamie had intentionally locked herself out naked. She took the stairway down to the ground floor and pushed out the revolving door into the busy city.

Although Jamie had walked naked through downtown Hariston the previous day, somehow it felt different. Yesterday, she had been so preoccupied by her search for Sam and expecting any minute to find a clothing store. But now she had neither of those distractions and could not think of anything except her very public nakedness.

The most awkward moments were when she had to stop at an intersection to wait for the light. Then she was just standing there naked as cars went by. She tried to act as if she were just another busy Haristonian on her way to work, holding her phone to her ear as if already on an important business call.

However, she had to admit to herself that there was something wonderful about the experience that she could not deny. Although Haristonians were notoriously aloof and supposedly unshockable, none of them were mentally prepared for their first sight of Jamie Taylor. Her beauty was startling even when she was fully dressed, and many people would have guessed she was a herm from her face alone. And yet here she was completely nude except for her various red accessories and her sunglasses.

Jamie saw their reactions – first surprise or even shock but then came the smiles. The most negative reaction was a studied indifference, but very few people could avoid looking at her and as they recovered from the surprise everyone seemed absolutely delighted to see her. For someone who had spent her entire life believing she was a freak, this kind of attention filled Jamie with joy. Yesterday she had been too worried to let herself feel it, but today Jamie allowed a hidden door in her heart to open and she felt joy and confidence, both such new emotions for her.

When had nearly reached her destination, Jamie found herself walking past a string of clothing stores, all of them with nice dresses in their display windows. Yes! This was the perfect spot for her to buy a new dress – maybe two dresses for a change. Watching her nude reflection in the shop windows as she walked on past, Jamie vowed to return as soon as her interview was over.

Right around the corner she found the correct building and pushed through the revolving doors into the spacious, busy lobby where nearly everyone immediately noticed her presence. Taking a crowded elevator to the 9th floor, Jamie stepped out in front of glass doors with “Simone’s Talent Agency” painted on them. Jamie took a deep breath and pushed open the door.

The pretty young receptionist was obviously surprised to see Jamie, but greeted her with bubbly cheerfulness and directed her to a waiting area with elegant chairs. Every interior wall seemed to be covered with mirrors so Jamie could not help but watch herself as she walked to the chairs and sat down. Another woman was also waiting – a tall brunette with perfect makeup and a tiny dress. Now that’s what a model looks like, Jamie told herself, and it wasn’t just how the woman looked but how she sat, balancing imaginary books on her head and with her long legs tightly crossed.

Jamie tried to strike a similar pose, straightening her back and crossing her legs. However, this squished her penis between her legs, so she re-crossed them and this time she lifted up her penis with her hand and flopped it to rest on her thigh after her legs were crossed. That felt better.

Filling out the application for employment was discouraging. After all, Jamie had zero official work experience, no references and not even any college credits yet. The only thing she felt confident about was checking the box that asked if she could sing. Jamie was heard her name called and looked up to see and another pretty young woman beckoning to her from an office doorway. Jamie had to walk 20 feet or so to reach the woman’s office and as she did so Jamie could see by the woman’s expression that she had not, in fact, been told Jamie would be nude. Oh great, Jamie thought. She could have worn clothing after all, but had foolishly convinced herself she had to come to the appointment naked. Stupid.

“Hi Jamie. I’m Annabelle. Simone told me you were special, but she didn’t tell me how special! Please have a seat.” Jamie tried to look like a model as she sat in the guest chair in Annabelle’s small office. As she crossed her legs, Jamie lifted her penis and dropped it on her thigh where it made a barely audible slap.

Annabelle watched with the smile of one receiving a delightful and unexpected gift. “Well,” she finally said, “I must say, Jamie, you are a very beautiful young woman.”

“Thank you,” Jamie said, feeling herself blush at the compliment. “I appreciate you taking the time to see me, but I really don’t have any experience at modeling, or at anything really.”

Annabelle waved this aside. “Dear, in the modeling business we are always looking for someone fresh and new. A girl doesn’t need experience if she’s as beautiful as you are. And I absolutely LOVE that you’re naked.”

“Well, about that—“

“Oh, that’s Simone ringing in now,” Annabelle said as her phone buzzed. She punched a button and said, somewhat louder, “Simone! I’m sitting here with Jamie right now.”

“Excellent,” Simone’s voice said on the speakerphone. “And how does she look to you?.”

“Positively glorious!” Annabelle exclaimed. “And so adorably nude!”

“Yes, she is adorable,” Simone agreed. “And as for being nude, Jamie explained to me last night that she prefers to always be nude and in fact no longer owns any clothing, so we must factor that into our thinking.”

“Oh my, yes!” Annabelle exclaimed.

Panicked, Jamie hurriedly blurted out her cover story as best she could. “Although I do truly love being naked, I’ve been thinking lately that I may need to give it up. You see, I really have to help my girlfriend with rent and other expenses and I’m sure I’ll have a better chance at getting a good job if I go back to wearing clothing. It would be selfish of me not to do that.”

Simone and Annabelle were silent for a moment and Jamie feared they’d seen through her deception and would throw her out for lying to them. But then Simone’s voice came through the speaker again. “That is very mature of you Jamie, but such a sacrifice on you part is completely unnecessary, Don’t you agree, Annabelle?”

“Oh absolutely,” Annabelle laughed. “We can definitely accommodate your preference on this.”  
Jamie was feeling desperate, grasping for something else she could say as the printer on Annabelle’s desk came on and several important-looking pages churned out.

“Please go over this contract with Jamie.” Simone said.” “It’s our standard contract except for this addenda item which . . . oh, I see, this is the special clause you told Simone you wanted – your guarantee of continual nudity.”

Annabelle took the pages and put them upside down on her desk facing Jamie. “This would be a one-year contract, Jamie, but if you want to be a full-time college student in the fall we can work around your school schedule. Here’s the amount of money we can guarantee you just for the summer.”

With her elegant pen, Annabelle pointed to a dollar figure that made Jamie’s mouth drop open. Although she’d come out of the commune naïve about how much things cost, she had since learned how much air travel was, how much tuition at college would be and how much Sam was paying for their tiny apartment. This amount would make a huge difference in their lives.

“And this is only the minimum contractual guarantee,” Annabelle went on. You’ll probably make four or five times that.”

“Annabelle,” Simone interrupted. “Please add another zero to the end of that figure.”

“Pardon?”

“I haven’t had a chance to tell you, Annabelle, but Bridgette was in an auto accident early this morning. She’s going to be fine, but she won’t be able to come back to work for weeks.”

“Oh my!,” Annabelle gasped. “She was supposed to do the Duchamp shoot today!”

“Exactly. Francois is already set up in the Plaza and suddenly he had no model. Of course we have a few other girls who could do it in a pinch, but don’t you think this would be ideal for Jamie?”

“Oh absolutely! In fact – and I wouldn’t want Bridgette to hear me say this — I think Jamie would be better for it.”

Jamie was still wondering about the extra zero, and even with her limited experience buying cosmetics and body care products she knew the name Duchamp. “Um, what’s this all about?” she finally asked.

“It’s the annual Duchamp photo shoot,” Simone said in a way that assumed Jamie would be familiar with it.

“Oh, right,” Jamie faked. “So, um . . . that’s today?”

“Yes and it’s a perfect opportunity for you. Francois Deneuve is the best male photographer in the fashion industry, arguably among the top five overall. But the important thing is that it’s the Duchamp Session. In a single day, Francois will shoot six sessions with a single model and these images will go on all of Duchamp’s product labels and will be used in all of its advertising – the Duchamp Girl ad.”

Jamie could tell that this was something that anyone in the Outside World would know so she just nodded and Simone went on. “I just showed your picture to the Duchamp team and to Francois and you sold them right there, honey. And when I told them that you remain naked continuously in your day-to-day life, they got out the checkbook. Now baby, I’m sorry to throw all of this at you in such a rush, but if you want to do this you need to decide right now – and if it’s not going to be you, I need to know that now so I can figure out a Plan B.”

“They’ve just emailed the contract addendum,” Annabelle interjected, looking at her phone. “It says ‘The undersigned asserts she shall be naked continuously; Agency agrees to exclusively nude assignments.’ ”

Annabelle offered the pen to Jamie, who accepted it in a trance. She looked at the dollar amount again with its extra zero already in place, and then she read the addenda item again. She looked down at herself, so starkly nude. Her pink nipples puckered as she looked at them and her penis roused itself and nudged forward an inch against her thigh. Jamie imagined herself showing Sam the contract with it’s dollar amount and it’s nudity clause. Her penis scooted itself a little further down and Jamie felt a sense of calm certainty. She signed the contract with a flourish and slapped the pen onto the desk.

“Wonderful!” Annabelle declared, grabbing the pen from Jamie and signing the document herself. “Now let’s get to work!” Annabelle leaped up from her desk and grabbed Jamie by the elbow, leading her from the room to a private elevator as Simone’s voice called her congratulations over the still-open speaker of Annabelle’s phone. “The car is waiting downstairs,” she said. “Get Jamie over to the Plaza and I’ll join you as soon as I can.”

The staff-only elevator whisked them to the garage level where a sleek, black SUV with dark windows waited, its doors open. Inside, the seats were plush leather, cool against Jamie’s bare skin.

“So . . . where are we going exactly,” Jamie asked.

“To the Palace Plaza. The Duchamp Session is always at the Plaza.”

The ride was only a few blocks and when Jamie exited the car a video camera crew followed them as Simone and Annabelle led Jamie up the stone steps of the plaza. Jamie was awed by the view of the Palace surrounded by gleaming office towers. A red-uniformed guard stood by the urn that held Queen Elaine’s ashes, which would not be buried until the new queen was chosen.

The Duchamp crew was set up on the highest platform in the plaza where they could be seen by tens of thousands of people looking down from office tower windows or milling among the food concession carts that were being set up for the lunch crowd.

A skinny old man dressed in black bowed in greeting as they approached and said “ah, and she is lovelier in life zan in zee photograph! Now, we must get started, yes? Time, she will not wait for us so we must be quick.”

The video camerawoman tagged along as Francois handed Jamie off to the care of two young women, introduced as Britney and Bethany, who each had more tattoos and body piercings than Jamie had even imagined someone might choose to have. One had green hair and the other blue hair, but Jamie was not entirely sure which one was which. They went to work, removing Jamie’s necklace and earrings and asked her to slip out of her shoes. Though these few accessories had done nothing to hide her nakedness, Jamie somehow felt more nude without them, especially when the makeup girls led her to a steaming bathtub right there on the stage in front of the entire city.

“I did take a shower this morning,” Jamie said, “and it was hardly two hours ago.”

The girls laughed, and the green-haired girl said, “we always start with a bath, don’t we Brit?” The blue-haired girl nodded and Jamie made a mental note that blue was Britney.

Jamie stepped into the hot water and sat down in it, immediately feeling her body relax and the tension leave her muscles. She leaned back as Britney and Bethany began to wash Jamie’s body. They used no washrags but soaped their hands and rubbed them against Jamie’s skin, seeming to pay particular attention to her exposed, shiny-wet breasts. Again and again they splashed the sudsy water on her chest and slid their soapy hands over her breasts, making her nipples harden. Below the bubbly water the four hands made soapy, slippery caresses on Jamie’s legs and feet and even her vagina and her penis, again seeming to require exquisite certainty that these particular body parts were as clean as possible.

Jamie’s penis responded to this unexpected intimacy by becoming fully erect and nearly poking its head out of the bathwater. Britney and Bethany seemed to decide that since it was now larger, her penis required additional washing.

A video camera was affixed some eight feet above the bathtub pointing straight down, but soap bubbles concealed what was happening beneath the water line.

But then Jamie heard the plug pulled and water began rushing out of the tub as Bethany cheerfully sang out, “all done!”

There was only one thing to do. Jamie plunged her hand into the water and grabbed her penis, simultaneously sliding her ring finger and pinkie into her vagina. Instantly, she ejaculated, but only a ripple in the sudsy water between her legs gave any clue to the camera of what had just occurred.

Jamie was still dazed by her orgasm when Britney and Bethany helped her stand up in the tub, sprayed the remaining suds from her body and began toweling her off. Next, they led her to a hairdresser’s chair where they dried and styled her hair and began to prepare her makeup.

“Can you believe her skin, Brit?” Bethany marveled.

“It’s fabulous,” Britney agreed. “Jamie, you such perfect skin. Me and Bet have seen a lot of skin and everyone has flaws that we have to cover up because those high-def cameras really pick up the details. But you . . . you don’t have a single flaw on your whole body!”

“Um, thank you.”

“Let’s skip the foundation, Brit,” Bethany suggested. “This is a makeup shoot so we gotta do eye shadow and lipstick.”

“But what if consumers think it’s Duchamp makeup that causes her to look this great?”

“No brand of makeup is gonna make someone look like this, Brit, and every rational person knows that. If they want her to look as beautiful as possible, then don’t cover her up.”

Britney agreed and in a moment they were ushering her back to Francois. The bit of makeup was all that Jamie wore, her jewelry and shoes having been left behind.

Francois went quickly to work, sitting Jamie on a stool under mostly natural light. Two very large TV screens set up behind him showed every photo as he took them, so that people blocks away could see them.

Because this first photoshoot was for hair and makeup products, the photos only showed Jamie from the shoulders up, but when he was satisfied with these, Francois moved on to the second session, for body wash, lotions and smooth-as-silk shaving products. He had her stand on the stool and then he sat cross-legged on the floor shooting up the length of her body.

Jamie nearly toppled off the stool when she saw the first photo go up on the TV screens. It showed her from the toes up, displaying the undersides of her breasts, her penis and even the slit of her pussy, which Francois was intentionally illuminating with secondary lights. He had worked with hundreds of models and knew how to keep them in focus “Look at ze camera, my dear,” he instructed, “Now I want you to lift up you left arm and reach over your head and touch your right ear. You will do this for Francois, yes? Ze camera, she wants to see your lovely underarm, so smooth it is, so wanting of a kiss by ze one you love.”

Jamie did as she was told but tried to steal a glance at the TVs. “No, no, my sweet,” Francois admonished her. “Look down at ze camera for it is zee eye of zee girl you love. She has begun to kiss you down here at your little toes, and she kisses you up your very smooth and beautiful leg to your hip and zen she kisses each of your little ribs and zen her kisses, they climb up over your lovely breast. She looks up into you eyes and you sink she is coming to kiss you on ze lips, but instead she kisses her way up under your arm where your skin is so smooth.”

This made Jamie smile in exactly the way Francois wanted for his photo, and it also made her elongated penis swing just a little to expose a little more of Jamie’s other lips. “Perfect.” Francois whispered as he took a rapid fire of shots.

The third photo session was for a line of jewelry stores. In this scene, Jamie was a bride without a wedding dress. Britney and Abbey put her hair up and fitted her with a lace veil that fell halfway down her back. They placed around her neck a double strand of pearls with matching dangly earrings and for her feet, sparkly-white, four-inch heels. They slipped onto her left thigh a baby-blue garter belt for the “something blue” of wedding tradition. Finally, of course there were the rings – an expensive wedding band and engagement band — which completed Jamie’s ensemble.

Francois by this time had learned enough of Jamie’s reactions to flirt and tease and cajole her into whatever reaction he wanted. And so for the wedding scene he told her a story about her own someday wedding to the girl of her dreams which may be someone she has already met or someone she is yet to meet. He had told similar stories to hundreds of other models, but it struck a particular chord with Jamie, who swooned as she imagined herself someday being Sam’s bride. In her fantasy wedding scene, Jamie was wearing precisely this outfit as she walked down the aisle.

Just in time, Jamie realized she was getting an erection. It was beginning to rise, but was not yet perpendicular and might still be stopped. Concentrating, Jamie mentally and physically pushed her penis back down, until it lost its momentum and dropped back down in disappointment.

Francois chuckled as he captured the moment and then he called for the lunch break. It was about 1 p.m. and the streets around Hariston Plaza were now jammed with people buying sandwiches from street vendors and hanging around the Plaza to watch. Office balconies were lined with people as if for a parade.

The Duchamp crew had catered its own lunch which was being set up on banquet tables covered with white linen. Still wearing her bride outfit, Jamie started walking over to the luncheon table but then she halted in her tracks and gasped. Two of Francois’ photos were being projected in enormous size on the sides of two buildings facing the plaza. The first was a gigantic close-up of Jamie’s face from the makeup session. This image alone was enough to bring the busy city to a halt because herms were by their nature the most beautiful of all women.

The second photo was from the skin care session and it was a full-body shot, looking up along the line of Jamie’s leg to her armpit. If there had been any doubt that the Duchamp model was a herm, this second photo fully resolved that question. Though it hung at rest, Jamie’s dangling penis was two stories tall. And because herms did not have the males’ scrotum, the shape of her penis was perfectly outlined between her thighs

Even as Jamie stood gaping at these, a third photo went up on a third building. This was from the just-completed jewelry store shoot with Jamie as a naked bride. Francois had chosen his image from the moment when Jamie realized she was getting an erection and was trying to make it go away. Her right hand was covering her mouth in embarrassment as her left hand – wearing the wedding and engagement rings – pushed daintily down on her half-erect penis.

Jamie staggered on her four-inch heels over to the luncheon table, her eyes distracted by the outsized display, and when she looked down she was surprised to see Sam standing with Annabelle and Simone.

Still wearing her bridal veil, pearls and garter, Jamie ran to Sam and leaped into her arms. “How did you know I was here? I wanted to call and tell you about my new job, but there hasn’t been any time.”

“Baby, you’re all over the news!” Sam replied. “You’re the Duchamp Girl!”

“I . . . I don’t quite know what that means,” Jamie laughed, “except that it pays really well and it’s . . . a lot more public than I thought it was going to be. I can’t believe how many people are standing around watching.”

“Honey, there’s something you need to know,” Sam said, suddenly serious. “The news sites have been trying to find out more about you, and they traced you to the commune. Jamie, they’re reporting that you grew up as a boy.”

“Oh no!” Jamie gasped. She had so divested herself from her old life that she hadn’t even thought about it being revealed. This was infinitely more embarrassing than merely being seen naked. It was absolutely the last thing she wanted anyone to know about her.

Jamie began to weep as she heard Simone saying, “Jamie, I’m sorry this happened so fast today. Normally I talk to the girls about what happens when you get famous. I should have prepared you for this.”

Down the stone steps on the sideway, the public and press were cordoned off at the edge of the Plaza, and Jamie saw the zoom lenses pointing at her. Before Annabelle and Simone realized she was going to do it, Jamie began walking down the stairs toward the press. Annabelle tried to catch her, but Jamie was quick, and surprisingly sure-footed in four-inch heels. By the time Annabelle caught up it was too late and they were standing in front of dozens of whirring and clicking cameras.

“Miss Taylor only has a few minutes available,” Annabelle announced officiously, trying to take control of the situation. “She will very briefly answer one or two questions.”

The reporters all shouted out questions, the most common being variations of “were you really raised as a boy?” and “do you really live naked?”

Jamie cleared her throat and said, “It’s true that I grew up Gated In,” Jamie said as everyone became quiet, “and it’s true that I was raised as a boy. I don’t know if they just couldn’t tell I was a herm or didn’t want to acknowledge that herms exist because all that mattered was that I had this.” Jamie lifted up her penis and let it fall again.

“My mother died when I was four and they put me in a boys’ orphanage. I remember trying to tell the adults I belonged with the girls – that I was a girl – but no one believed me, and they told me it was a sin to even say that. I stopped saying that because all it did was make things worse. But I tried to keep believing it.” Jamie’s voice broke and fresh tears ran down her cheeks.

“As we all got older, people started looking at me like I was deformed, and then I got these.” Jamie cupped her breasts in her hands for a long moment as she said, “I loved them, but I tried to hide them because they were jut more evidence of my freakishness. I heard them say I was a mistake of nature — an abomination that for some mysterious reason God allowed to be born. On the morning of my 18th birthday, before anyone else was awake, I climbed over the gate. That was . . . three days ago.”

Even among the most cynical reporters there were gasps and tears as Jamie told her story.

“I had some money from my mother’s life insurance and I wanted to get as far away as possible and I went to enroll at Scarborough University. I had to have a physical exam, and that’s when I found out I was a hermaphrodite. I didn’t even know what that was, but the doctor said it means you’re a girl not a boy. She said I look the way I do because I’m supposed to, not because I was a mistake.” Jamie sobbed uncontrollably, her shoulders shaking, as tears ran like rivers down her cheeks and dripped onto her breasts.

Annabelle stepped between Jamie and the cameras. “I think that’s probably enough questions for now,” she said, but Jamie shook her head and wiped her eyes as she fought to regain her composure.

“It’s okay,” she said. “I’ll answer the other question too. The one about my . . . about my nudity.”

Wiping her eyes with a tissue Annabelle gave her, Jamie went on. “Where I grew up, the girls all wore these long plain dresses with aprons and bonnets, while ‘we’ boys wore black denim pants, white shirts and clunky black shoes. So that’s what I wore all my life and it’s what I was still wearing when I arrived at Scarborough. I hated those clothes and I couldn’t wait to get rid of them, and after the doctor told me I was really a girl after all, well, I wanted a dress.!”

Everyone in the press corps smiled and chuckled at this because although the tears were still wet on her cheeks, Jamie’s mood had changed and everyone who watched her – including millions of live TV viewers – felt her emotions as if they were their own.

“So I bought this skimpy little yellow sundress,” Jamie went on, “and threw away my old clothes — I would have burned them if I had the opportunity – so when I showed up at the girls’ dorm that yellow dress was all the clothing I owned. When I walked into the dorm, the only thing on my mind was just wanting to be accepted and I was totally unprepared when the very first girl I met was naked. I had never ever seen anybody naked before, not even the boys I lived with. I barely even saw myself naked.” More laughter bubbled through the press corps.

“Then I found out that the girl was naked because she had been the newest girl on the floor – but now I was the new girl. I was so happy just to be referred to as ‘the new girl’ that it took me a minute to realize what this meant. But I still thought of myself as a mutant freak of nature, and I said no, you don’t want to see me naked – anybody but me. And I told them why – that I was a ‘herm’ (if felt weird even saying that word, but it was better than having to say ‘boy’). I was absolutely certain that once they knew what I was they would say ewww, well, then never mind about that whole new-girl-goes-naked thing.

“ But they didn’t react that way. They actually wanted to see me naked, and there was one girl in particular – Sam – and she—“

“Are you now referring to the former Olympic athlete and college hoops star Samantha McCain?” one of the reporters called out. “And as a follow-up, are the two of you romantically involved?”

At this first public mention of their relationship, Jamie grinned, made an involuntary giggle and bounced up and down on the balls of her feet, causing her pink nipples to jiggle for the cameras.

“Was that a yes?” someone else called out, and the entire press corps roared with laughter.

“Yes it was a yes,” Jamie said, and then wagged her finger at them, adding “but she prefers to be called Sam, not Samantha. Anyway Sam was the one who decided that because I was the new girl I had to be naked and she started taking my new yellow dress right off of me. I was too paralyzed to stop her, but I was still convinced that no matter what she said or intended that she’d still be involuntarily repulsed by my freaky, mutant body. And yet. . . again, what happened was the opposite of what I expected. Sam and the other girls acted like me being naked was basically the sexiest thing they ever saw – which seemed impossible to me. I even suspected were just being nice and trying to make the ugly girl feel okay about herself.

“But then Sam somehow got me to go naked in public I had to walk across campus naked and go to this little bar off campus naked. I was unbelievably embarrassed and terrified that people would react badly and throw a blanked over me, but they didn’t. Everybody seemed to . . . well . . . love . . . seeing me naked. It happened everywhere I started to wonder if maybe it could actually be true . . . that I was . . . pretty.”

Saying this, Jamie voice broke, but she kept in control.

“And that’s when something clicked in my brain, and even though I told myself I was only doing it for Sam, I think that was the moment when I started to fall in love with the idea of going nude all the time.”

This was a very stirring little speech – especially to Jamie’s penis which was so stirred it rose to give her a stranding ovation.

“Oh crap, not now!” Jamie shrieked, pushing down on her erection and mentally wishing it to go away. Although this technique had worked a few minutes earlier during the wedding photo shoot, this time she was too late. Her penis stood up full and hard as cameras clicked like machineguns. Jamie knew it was too late to stop it and let her hands drop to her sides.

“I’m sorry,” she said, her face and chest going bright red behind her pearls “I can’t control it very well and once it gets this big it just sort of locks in position. Unless I splash – which I really hope I don’t do in front of everyone – it could take an hour to go back down. I hope nobody minds too much.”

The representative members of the press tried to maintain their objectivity on this question, failed utterly, and began assuring Jamie that they certainly didn’t mind at all. Annabelle took the opportunity to bring the impromptu press conference to a close, announcing that there was only 10 minutes remaining before the next shoot and Jamie had not yet had time to have her lunch.

Annabelle took Jamie’s arm and they walked together back up the long stone stairway, Jamie still wearing here bridal outfit, her rigid penis swaying back and forth with her stride. At the lunch table, she took a glass plate and selected some mixed fruit and bit of Greek salad. Others in the production crew were still eating also, standing together in a circle because there were no chairs, and Jamie joined them. She tried to just ignore the fact that her penis was still fully erect, and she was grateful when the women in the crew ignored it also and made small talk about other things.

Just as she could not control whether she got an erection, Jamie also could not control the production of sweat inside her vagina. As she stood eating bits of fruit from the glass plate, still wearing her bridal attire, drips of sweat began to slip through her labia and drip to stone between her feet. This did not go unobserved, but the Duchamp crew politely ignored it.

As Jamie had predicted, her erection would not go away for a long time. It remained steadfastly in the “11 o’clock” position when the lunch break concluded and she was sent back to the makeup station to prepare for the next photo shoot. Britney and Bethany carefully removed and packed away the bridal accessories, and began preparing Jamie for the next photo session. It was a beer ad and the setting was to be a tropical beach, so the makeup girls began giving Jamie a spray-on tan.

Although the fake tan was applied with a spray gun, Britney and Bethany found it necessary to use their fingers to rub the color in, so as they sprayed with one hand they rubbed Jamie’s skin with the other. It took a while to cover the top part of Jamie’s body, but when they reached her penis it was still quite erect. Undeterred, they began rubbing it with

and they giggled as they gave it a careful layer of color. They also had to do her bottom and between her legs where Jamie’s sopping pussy continued to drip. This was a potential problem because sometimes the drip ran down her inner thigh and this disturbed the makeup. Bethany took some tissues and began wiping the sweat that kept coming from Jamie’s pussy. Finally, she balled up several tissues into a ball and carefully inserted it between Jamie’s lips just far enough for it to stay in place.

Meanwhile, Britney had returned to work some more on Jamie’s still-erect penis while Jamie struggled to keep from splashing. “I think you’ve got it,” she finally said.

“Be patient,” Britney replied with a little grin. “We’re the make-up experts. Bethany, what do you think?”

“It’s too orange, Brit,” Bethany insisted. She sprayed some plain water on Jamie’s penis and used her hands to rub off some of the color and then she dried it with a paper towel.

“Now you’ve taken too much color off,” Britney complained. Now they took turns spraying on a little color and rubbing it in as Jamie bit her lip and concentrated. This went on for several more minutes until Francois started yelling for them to wrap it up.

“Just one more sec,” Britney called. Setting aside the tan sprayer, she picked up a squirt bottle filled with baby oil. Now she sprayed on a layer of wet sheen to simulate sweat. Jamie could not help but laugh at the irony of this. “I could have done that for you,” she whispered.

“You should have,” Britney giggled, digging the now-sopping ball of tissues out of Jamie’s pussy. “You can’t say we didn’t give you a chance.”

The crew had set up a green screen background which would become the backdrop. Posing Jamie in front of it, they turned on a wind machine blow her hair back and boosted up the spotlights to imitate the tropical sun. Finally, they gave her a volley ball to hold in one hand and an icey-cold beer bottle to hold in the other.

Jamie’s erection had not subsided even slightly, but Francois decided it was perfect for this particular ad.

“Imagine you have just beaten all of zee boys at volley bool,” he said. “And here you stand laughing at zem, yes? So bold and bare you are, and you have zee hard-on of veektory!” Jamie laughed just the way he wanted and Francois got what he knew was the perfect shot.

It did not take long and now Jamie was sent back to Britney and Bethany to have the fake tan and fake sweat washed off. For this, they had her stand up in the empty clawfoot bathtub while they sprayed her with warm water. Of course, the spray alone was not enough so while one girl performed that task the other would lather up her hands with soap and rub them on Jamie’s skin to wash everything off. Both girls preferred the lathering task to the spraying task so they agreed to turns.

As before, some body parts seemed to require much more attention than others. Again and again they lathered their hands and rubbed them between Jamie’s legs and on her penis, which was still erect but beginning to soften slightly. However it was still perpendicular and substantially enlarged and as the girls took turns vigorously cleaning it the kept their faces close to their work. Jamie knew they were daring her to splash them in the face, and oh she wanted so much to do so. But the videographer was so close, zooming in to capture the moment while down the hill the photojournalists had their giant zoom lenses on tripods pointing at her too.

Jamie managed to keep control, disappointing both the make-up girls and her own penis, which finally gave up and collapsed from exhaustion, slowly shrinking to almost-normal size.

For the next shoot, the props were an opened bottle of red wine and a glass half-filled with red wine. Francois knew exactly the pose he wanted. He would shoot from behind her as she stood with a wide stance forming a triangle inside of which the viewer would see the bottle of wine. A crew member opened the wine and poured some into a glass. Francois knew how much wine he wanted remaining in the bottle and he knew how much he wanted remaining in the glass so he kept telling Jamie to take a few sips until they got it just right. Now the bottle was half empty and Jamie was feeling the buzz as she stood in her pose, her feet planted wide and holding the half-empty glass in her right hand, her arm straight down so the wine glass would be next to her thigh.

Jamie knew Francois was aiming his camera between her legs from behind, but she had so little knowledge of her own body it did not yet occur to her that the poofy slit of her vagina would be so prominently displayed, her penis dangling behind it. Francois recorded this image at least 100 times with only the slightest variation between shots.

Now they had reached the final photo shoot of the day. This last advertisement was for a company that made expensive sheets and pillowcases, and the setting of the shoot was a king-sized bed upon which Jamie was to recline sensuously.

The company’s claim to fame was that it’s synthetic material absorbed moisture without letting wetness through to the mattress. The product’s previous ad campaign showed a married couple drinking champagne in bed to celebrate their anniversary and humorously spilling the bottle in bed. But for the new campaign, Francois had something sexier in mind.

Positioning Jamie on her back, sprawled across the bed diagonally, her legs entwined in a tangle of sheets. “Now my dear,” he said to her. “My camera, she is going to be focused only on your beautiful face, but your whole body must be involved, yes? We must see in your expression that you are having ze orgasm. So do with your hands what you do when you give yourself love. But I will be looking at your face, not at your hands. Your eyes must be on the camera, looking back into the eyes of the one you love.”

Jamie’s penis, having rested quickly rose to the occasion and Jamie felt it rigid in her hand. “You want me to . . . to splash myself?”

“Yes, but it is not ze splashing zat I am trying to capture, but your expression just before ze splash, yes?”

“Okay,” Jamie smiled, “but you better be quick because zee orgasm, she will not wait for us, yes?”

This made him chuckle. “What a bad girl, making fun of poor Francois. I will be ready when y0u are read, my sweet little one. But your eye must stay with my camera, yes?”

“Yes, Francois,” Jamie breathed in a whisper as her fingers reached between her legs to the wet slit of her pussy where she was dripping with sweat. She had tried so hard to avoid splashing earlier, but now Francois wanted her to, so it must be okay. She wanted to close her eyes, but she kept them open, staring with adoration at the camera in which she imagined not just Francois’ eye, but also Sam’s. Her fingertips slid upwards out of her vagina and slid wetly along the underside of her rigid penis where her clitoral nerve endings were located.

Jamie smiled, keeping her eyes on the camera. “I love you,” she whispered to the camera as the orgasm began and in an instant sweat splashed across her face and chest.

“Fini!” Francois declared, a cheer went up among the crew and someone popped open a few bottles of champagne. Jamie was still getting her breath back after her orgasm and sweat was running off of her face and chest onto the apparently impervious sheets. She just wanted to lie there and let it dry on her skin like she always did, but she heard voices calling her name.

Jamie sat up and looked down the tall stone steps to where the police had cordoned off public. Hundreds of people were crowded together trying to watch and when they saw she was looking in their direction they waved excitedly and called her name louder. Without consciously deciding to do so, Jamie stood and began walking down the stone steps towards the crowd, her face and chest still dripping with the sweat of her ejaculation

Although a few men were in the crowd, those who pushed their way to the front as Jamie approached were all women – their arms stretching over the barricade wanting to touch her. As two security guards hovered nearby, Jamie stepped closer and began touching then hands that reached out to her. But it was not just Jamie’s hands that her fans wanted to touch, but her body – especially wherever she was wet – and she saw women put their wetted fingers to their lips or wipe her sweat on their cheeks as if it were a magic elixir. Jamie slowly moved along the barricade she felt hands on her breasts and even on her penis and between her legs where she was dripping wet. But this did not feel like sexual groping to her, but something more innocent and pure.

When she came to the end of the area that had been roped off, Jamie waved goodbye as she turned to walk back up the stone steps, her body now completely wiped dry.

By this time, Francois had chosen his sixth image and there it was projected onto the side of a building – Jamie’s face, still dry, at the moment of orgasm while frozen in the air a few inches above her face a thin, clear sheet of liquid glistened in the light.

So now there were six photos on six buildings, all of them 40 or 50 stories tall. The first and last were close-ups of her face while the four in the middle all showed her nude body from one angle or another. Two of the photos showed her with an erection.

The production crew was still packing up its gear, but Simone, Annabelle, Britney and Sam were getting into a limo and waiting for Jamie to join them. She climbed in and took the space they’d saved for her between Sam and Britney and again felt the cool leather seat against her skin.

“Baby, you were wonderful!” Sam declared, grabbing her by the ears and planting a big kiss on her. “But did you just cheat on me with 200 people down there?”

“No!,” Jamie squealed, embarrassed. It had been a beautiful moment that she hoped to experience again, but she was not sure how to talk about it so she changed the subject. “Where are we going anyway?”

Annabelle was just getting off a phone call and said, “it’s all set. Jamie and Sam are both booked on Ellen tonight.”

“Um, who’s Ellen?” Jamie asked.

Annabelle laughed. “I keep forgetting you don’t know these popular culture things. ‘The Evening Show, with Ellen DePalma.’ Ellen is a very famous comedian and on her show she interviews guests who are in the public eye – and you, dear, are the star of the moment.”

“Oh stop. So what, there’s an audience?”

“A small audience – 200 people or so. You’ll just go out and sit with Ellen and she’ll interview you for 1o minutes, then they’ll bring Sam out to join you and then . . . if you’re willing . . . they really want you to sing ‘Choose me.’”

“Do I get a rehearsal?”

“There’s no time, and honey I don’t think you need it. I assume you didn’t rehearse for that karaoke thing, and you were perfect that time.”

Jamie wasn’t worried. She knew she had not, in fact, been “perfect” in that karaoke tape, but her errors had been subtle ones that only someone with an ear like hears would have noticed. But it was only 200 people so no big deal, and she loved that Sam was going to be on the program with her. Sam had become famous long before Jamie — and for more substantial reasons. As wonderful as it felt to have people want her the way they apparently did, Jamie did not want to eclipse Sam, who deserved the attention much more than Jamie did.

“Okay, it’s set,” Annabelle declared, opening up her notebook and projecting a holographic screen displaying charts and numbers. “We’ve only got a few minutes before we get there so let me bring you all up to date on the data we’ve been seeing all day. The instant polling data is so far off the chart we had to have the IT guys make sure it wasn’t a programming error. You polled extremely well among both men and women, but honey you are absolutely phenomenal among women between 18 and 40, which is of course Duchamp’s demographic. Jamie, nearly every woman in the country just fell in love with you.”

“Oh that can’t be so,” Jamie laughed, waving it off. “And whatever you’re seeing is probably just because of those ginormous photos!”

“It’s not just the photos,” Annabelle said. “The Duchamp Girl always gets a lot of attention every year, but nothing like this. We even factored in an extra boost because of you being a herm, but the numbers are way beyond that estimate too.”

“It’s you, Jamie,” Simone said. “It’s you as a person that people love. Not just that you’re the Duchamp Girl, not just that you’re a herm, not even just because you go naked – though that is a huge factor. No, Jamie, what the country loves is you. We started seeing the reaction during the first photo shoot, and then photos and video of you started surfacing on the Interweb – including this amazing piece of footage.”

Simone held up her phone and played the video of Jamie singing “Choose me” back at the dorm. “This became the number one video in the U.Q. within 10 minutes after it was posted this morning. All the news channels started following the shoot live – which they’ve never done before. They broke away now and then to work in some of their other programming, but when you started walking down that long bank of steps toward the press every station switched live to hear your voice for the first time. Virtually the entire country was watching when you told your very personal story. You were eloquent and charming and genuine, and they loved you for it. When you spoke of your childhood millions of people wept, myself included. And then in an instant you lightened the mood and millions of people laughed with you and fell in love with you.”

“And then they probably all masturbated,” Sam put in.

“Some of us were a bit too busy to do that,” Annabelle laughed, “Not that it didn’t cross our minds. But yes, Jamie, virtually every woman in the country is now fantasizing about you — and probably the men are too. All day long the media was reporting what they were learning about you second-hand and that tantalizing detail – that you’ve chosen to be naked continuously – was rumored all day long, but no one was certain it was true. Then you were in front of them confirming it, talking with such honesty and openness about why you want to be naked. You totally had them at that point and just when no one could imagine anything sexier than that, then you topped it all by getting a humongous erection on live TV!”

“But I . . . I couldn’t help it!” Jamie cried. “It just happened and I didn’t know what else to do. I’ve been struggling with it all day and I knew I couldn’t keep hiding it with that many cameras on me.”

“You handled it perfectly,” Simone said, patting Jamie’s bare thigh. “That was a home run from a PR standpoint.”

“Definitely,” Annabelle agreed. “We have polling results on that too. The vast majority of respondents gave positive answers about your erections.”

“You polled THAT?”

“Of course,” she said. “Your erections have become part of your image within your emerging fan base. They love your story, they love that you go naked all the time, they love your penis – there are web pages devoted to photos and video of your penis – they love when you have erections and they absolutely love it when you splash. Lordy, those are high positives — I’ve never seen numbers like this before. Needless to say, that video clip of the moment when you splashed yourself is at the top of the charts. You should do more of that, honey. Oh, it looks like we’re here.”

They had only traveled a few blocks, and several of Jamie’s fans had followed on foot.

When the car came to a stop in front of the World News Network building a security team had already cordoned off a pathway for Jamie and her entourage to enter the building. As Jamie exited the limo, she was overwhelmed by the crowd and the attention. Many of the women closest to the barricades had stripped themselves topless or even naked, striving to get Jamie’s attention.

Jamie was drawn to them and before the security guards realized it she started leaning over the barricade to accept hugs and skin-against-skin intimacy with more than a hundred women who had squeezed themselves into the limited space.

Annabelle took her by the elbow to pull her along and keep her from lunging over the barricades and in so doing they made their way up the red carpet to the fancy restaurant. Jamie would not allow herself to be hurried as she accepted embraces from each woman in turn.

Once inside the theater, they were ushered into a green room which was well stocked with chilled wine, fruit and cheese. A TV monitor showed what was happening out on the stage and preparations were being made for the evening’s show. The audience was already packed with conspicuously beautiful women.

Simone was at Jamie’s side, also watching the monitor, so Jamie said to her, “is it my imagination or are the women who seem the most excited about . . . about me are really attractive?”

“You’re not imagining it,” Simone said. “It’s your pheromones. Didn’t that doctor back at S.U. cover this part?”

“She had to cover all the basics with me,” Jamie said, a little embarrassed by her ignorance. “I guess she didn’t have time for pheromones.”

“Well, we all emit them and we all react to them,” Simone explained. “They’re in our sweat and on our skin. But there are subtle differences that make women attracted to other women similar to her in physical beauty. So a homely girl is more likely to be truly attracted to another homely girl, and beautiful girls are attracted to other beautiful girls.

“Everyone is attracted to herms, of course, but the more beautiful the woman the more exited she will be about you. A plain-looking girl might fantasize about you, but she does not lose control of her emotions because her body tells her you are beyond reach. But a more beautiful girl will be more excited because her body tells her she has a chance. And a very beautiful woman – a woman who might herself be a supermodel on the covers of magazines – well, this woman will become so excited by you that she will behave like a teenage girl infatuated with a movie star. I’ve seen it happen many times.”

“You’re a herm too, aren’t you?” Jamie said.

Simone laughed. “I assumed you knew that the day we met, if only because most people recognize me from my own modeling days. Sometimes girls in your generation don’t know me because I retired 20 years ago when I turned 65. But then when I learned you were Gated In, I realized that of course you wouldn’t have—“

“Wait,” Jamie interrupted. “What did you just say about your age?”

“I’m 85 years old,” dear.

Jamie remembered what the doctor said about herms not showing their age, but this seemed unbelievable. Other than her white hair and some lines around her eyes, Simone looked as young as an especially fit 30-year-old. “But you . . . you don’t look . . . you can’t be . . .”

Simone glanced around to confirm that they were alone and then she untied the sash that held her wrap-around dress together. She opened it and Jamie’s mouth dropped. Simone’s breasts were much larger than Jamie’s but they were still round and firm, without a hint of sagging. Her stomach was flat and her hips and legs as perfect as any woman of any age could be. Simone’s pubic hair was white against her well-tanned body and even as Jamie watched, Simone’s penis grew into a sudden, full erection in a matter of three seconds.

“Oopsie,” Simone said, closing her dress and retying the sash low enough on her hips to press her still-standing erection against her body. “Sorry, but I’ve never learned to control—“

She was interrupted by sudden applause in the theater below as Ellen Dempsey was introduced. Jamie and Simone joined the others in the green room watching Ellen’s monologue in which she made several hilarious references to the hoopla over Jamie Taylor — and when she announced that rumors were true that Jamie would be her guest that evening, the studio audience went wild.

A makeup staffer from the show dashed into the green room to assess Jamie. “Wow,” she laughed. “If everybody looked as perfect as you, I’d be unemployed. All I need to do is give you a light powdering for the TV lights.” She quickly did this and dashed from the room as another staffer beckoned Jamie to follow.

She was positioned behind a curtain and told to wait as she heard the announcer’s voice introducing her. The curtain opened and Jamie did as she was instructed, walking across the stage to the desk where Ellen Dempsey waited. The cheers from the audience were deafening and did not relent even when Jamie was standing next to Ellen and ready to sit down on her interview couch.

“Well, that was impressive,” Ellen said when the noise died down “I worked 10 years to get cheers like that and you did it in a day, girl. What’s up with that?”

“To tell you the truth,” Jamie said. “I have no idea what exactly happened today. I just fell off the turnip truck a few days ago and wandered into the Plaza and now here I am.”

“Were you naked in this turnip truck?” Ellen asked. “And why do these trucks only carry turnips? What’s wrong with carrots? But enough about produce. I’m told there was a particular moment when you gave up your last article of clothing. Can you describe that moment for us?”

“Oh yes, my yellow dress,” Jamie said, and she launched into a recounting of the previous morning’s events. She’d been so busy since that this was really the first time Jamie had even thought back on it and now that she was describing it the feelings rushed back to her. As she got to the part in the story when she took off her dress and handed the clerk her receipt, Jamie was aware of her penis becoming erect. She noticed it early enough that she might have pushed it back down, but she decided not to and by the time she had finished the story it was fully erect.”

“I think I speak for my entire audience,” Ellen said, “when I say . . . Oh. My. God.”

Jamie looked down at herself and shrugged. “I really hope no one is offended by this,” Jamie said, “but I get, like, eight or ten of these a day, and if I’m going to go naked all the time – and I really want to do that – then I don’t know what else to do except just let it happen when it happens.”

“That sounds fine idea to me,” Ellen said. “What do you thing, audience?” The audience thundered its approval.

“Well, this seems like an ideal segue to introduce my second guest,” Ellen said. “She won an Olympic gold medal in volleyball, she won a national college basketball championship, and now apparently she has won Jamie’s heart. Ladies and gentlemen, give it up for Sam McCain!”

Sam came onstage wearing a tight black dress that covered almost nothing above the waist where its narrow straps somehow managed to stay on her nipples as Sam’s otherwise unhindered breasts bounced gently with her stride. Her magnificent arms and shoulders were fully on display as she waved in response to the thunderous cheers. Though she’d been out of competitive sports for more than a year, Sam McCain remained one of the best known athletes in the U.Q. and millions of girls across the country had pictures of her on their walls.

Jamie’s penis was still fully erect as Sam gave her a five-second kiss, and they sat on Ellen’s curved interview couch with Jamie in the middle.

“Isn’t this cozy – just the four of us,” Ellen said to much laughter.

“I just want everyone to know,” Sam said, “that I get to play with this whenever I want.” She gave Jamie’s rigid penis a wiggle with her thumb and forefinger, holding out her pinky. The beautiful women in the audience cheered like sports fans urging Sam to do more.

“You should all envy me,” Sam continued, “because I also have exclusive access to this lovely pussy which is so nicely on display whenever her penis is standing up like this. Can you zoom on this?”

A camerawoman zoomed her big lens forward until Jamie’s penis and vagina filled the frame.

“Sam!” Jamie squealed, but she made no move to cover herself. Even now, she knew she would obey Sam regardless of what Sam was about to do.

“Let’s take a little tour, shall we?” Sam said as she slid her fingers along Jamie’s thigh. “First we have these lovely legs, and this adorable belly.” The camera followed Sam’s fingers as they moved up to Jamie’s stomach and then to her breasts. “And will you look at those adorable pink nipples. Aren’t they precious?” Every woman in the audience was on her feet, many now partially undressed themselves. Blouses and bras were tossed in the air and trampled underfoot as they cheered.

“But lets go back down where the action is.” Sam’s hand dropped to Jamie’s lap and the camerawoman had to hurry to catch up.

“Sam, please,” Jamie fidgeted. “Don’t make me splash on live TV.”

“Oh, but your fans want me to, Jamie,” Sam said, and the screams from the crowd confirmed this. As Sam slipped two fingers into Jamie’s pussy, the camera zoomed in close. Her wet fingers slid wetly up the underside of Jamie’s very erect penis.

“Oh Sam,” Jamie breathed. “Oh please Sam. Please . . . make me splash.”

Sam plunged her fingers back inside, this time going deep and sweat immediately exploded from Jamie’s penis, drenching her completely while also raining down on Sam and Ellen. At that instant the audience went almost silent but for the gasps, and then it exploded as well, bursting with random articles of clothing that flew up in the air and rained back down.

When the noise subsided enough for her to speak, Ellen said, “so, could I offer you something? A towel, maybe? A cigarette? Shot of whiskey?”

Jamie shook her head and opened her eyes, her face and hair dripping. “I don’t like to wipe it off.”

“Not with a towel anyway,” Sam said, “but Ellen, Jamie does like to wipe her sweat on something.”

“Well now I’m intrigued,” Ellen said, “and I know the audience is. What exactly does Jamie like to wipe her sweat on?”

“I took the liberty of recruiting a few volunteers from the audience,” Sam said. “Ladies! Come one out!”

Three naked women, each so beautiful she might have been a contestant in the Miss U.Q. Pageant, ran onto the stage giggling like 12-year-olds. They lined up in a row as Sam took Jamie’s hand and led her up to the row of six breasts. Sam put her hands on the back of Jamie’s head and guided the movement as Jamie dragged her wet face across the row of boobs and back again. After a few passes, Jamie’s face was dry and the girls’ breasts were smeared with shiny patches of sweat.

The rest of Jamie’s body, from her neck to between her legs, was still wet so the three girls took turns rubbing their faces on Jamie’s body, gradually transferring all of her sweat to their faces where they used their hands to spread it around their naked bodies. In this fashion they worked their way down below Jamie’s belly button when Sam interrupted.

“Okay stand back, ladies,” she said. “I have dibs on this part.” Sam knelt in front of Jamie and put her head between Jamie’s thighs and then rose her body until her face made contact with Jamie’s dripping pussy. She dragged her face up, catching Jamie’s now limp penis briefly in her mouth to suck off a few drips of sweat, and then she stood. The audience was in a frenzy and nearly everyone was naked except a few forgotten boyfriends who congregated shyly at the back of the crowd, holding their girlfriends’ purses.

Sam acknowledged the cheers with a nod to the crowd the same way she used to do after making a big play on the basketball court. Jamie was in full blush, one hand over her face in embarrassment. Meanwhile, the three naked girls were still rubbing their bodies together to share the last of Jamie’s sweat.

“We’ll be back after this break,” Ellen said into the camera, “and then Jamie to show off her voice also.”

During the break Jamie made sure to hug each of the naked girls and kiss them each on the cheek before they left the stage, and then she said to Ellen, “They told me you want me to sing, but I haven’t rehearsed anything.”

“The girls in the band were hoping you’d sing ‘Choose Me’ with them. They’re a lot better than that karaoke machine, aren’t you girls?” The band members responded with a flurry of drum rolls, guitar licks and piano flourishes to show their enthusiasm.

Then the show was back live and Ellen said to the camera, “If you’re just joining us . . . well you really missed out! But there might still be something pretty special if we can talk Jamie into singing for us.” The women in the audience most of them now entirely naked, were losing their voices as they screamed for Jamie to sing.

“I don’t even have the words memorized,” Jamie weakly pleaded.

Ellen stood and pulled Jamie by the hand over to the stage where the band was set up. “Honey, we may not have a karaoke machine, but we do have teleprompters. See? Just stand here and look into that camera. The words are right below it.”

The band leader, a black-haired woman with tattoos covering both arms, counted down the beat and the song began. Jamie felt relaxed and confident. She launched into it, pitch perfect from the first note, and belted out the song that now meant so much to her. Only two days had passed since she’d sung it to Sam back in the dorm basement, still thinking she might lose her in a few days. But now she and Sam were together and so much else had happened. It had taken Jamie a while to believe that people actually did think she was pretty and that they actually did want to see her going naked. And in that way they were choosing her, and she wanted that so much. All of her life, Jamie had been the most imperfect and least desired person in the entire Gated In community, and now she looked out into an audience of beautiful, naked women jumping up and down, their perfect breasts bouncing, as they called out her name in voices gone raw.

Jamie wept with love and gratitude as she sang, and she held the final note longer than anyone had heard a singer do before. And while her voice still echoed in the theater, Jamie ran to the edge of the stage to clasp the sweaty hands of the women in the front row. They tugged at her and she quickly lost her balance and fell into the crowd, but a dozen hands caught her and held her aloft. Realizing they would never let her fall, Jamie arched her back and surfed on her chest across the crowd, as hundreds of hands passed her along, many of them also gently squeezing her penis or touching her sweat-drenched pussy as she passed above them.

At the back of the crowd, Jamie came to her feet, her penis now erect, and embraced the first woman she could and then the next. Working her way back to the stage, Jamie took a moment with every one of the 200 women, all of them naked and treading on their abandoned, ruined clothes.

As Sam and Ellen watched, Jamie hugged each woman in turn, bare skin against bare skin. Depending on the other women’s height, sometimes Jamie’s erection pressed against their bellies and sometimes it slipped between their thighs. When the height difference was just perfect, the tip of Jamie’s penis would be snug against the wet lips of the girl’s pussy, sometimes slipping slightly inside.

Before she embraced the 50th naked woman, Jamie splashed involuntarily, sending a geyser of warm sweat above their heads and raining down on everyone nearby. Every wet girl immediately rubbed her body against a dry girl, spreading Jamie’s sweat until as many women possible had shared in it. Ten minutes later, after 100 more embraces, Jamie splashed again, and everyone who was wet rubbed vigorously against anyone nearby who was dry.

Finally, Jamie was at the stairs going up to the stage and she felt hands caressing her bottom and between her legs as she climbed the stairs to where Sam and others were waiting.

“What’s wrong,” Jamie asked, seeing something unusual in Sam’s expression. She was afraid Sam was jealous about all the touching that went on in the crowd, but that wasn’t it.

Then, Jamie noticed what was on the three giant video screens behind the stage. There was her face and the words “Jamie Taylor elected new queen of the U.Q.”

“What?” she exclaimed. “That’s a joke, right? I wasn’t even a candidate, and isn’t the election next Monday?”

Annabelle, who was now among those closest, said, “Jaime, every woman in the U.Q. is eligible to be queen. Voters have been writing in your name all day, but while you were singing ‘Choose Me,’ just now, well, everyone did. Monday is the final day of the election, but so many people have voted for you already that the outcome is decided. Annabelle kneeled and bowed her head. “Your grace,” she said. “You are our new queen.”

As Annabelle kneeled, so too did Ellen, Simone and even Sam. All said, “your grace, my queen.” Up on the TV screens the news stations showed huge crowds all across the U.Q., everyone kneeling in honor of the newly chosen queen.

“Please, please everyone stand up,” Jamie said. “This can’t be true.”

Annabelle, Sam and the others stood, as Annabelle said, “it’s true, Jamie. You’ve been chosen as our next queen, and you will remain our queen for the rest of your life.”

“We Love Queen Jamie! We Love Queen Jamie! “everyone in the crowed chanted. Up on the video screens, the news stations showed crowds in city after city across the U.Q. chanting “We Love Queen Jamie!”

A red carpet appeared at Jamie’s feet, and it was unrolled in front of her as the crowd parted respectfully, no one stepping on the red carpet as Jamie walked down it, followed by Sam, Annabelle, Simone and the rest. Burly male workers, directed by a woman, kept the carpet unrolling and added new sections of carpet each time one ran out. The citizens dutifully stood aside and accepted the red carpet as the boundary they could not cross. But Jamie held out her arms to touch their fingertips as she followed the carpet down the stairs, outside and across the Plaza to the Palace.

The analytical part of Jamie’s brain had by this time abdicated and she allowed the momentum of the moment to carry her down the carpet, her fingertips touching her fans and moved forward. Whenever she passed a naked woman she paused to embrace her and as this was noticed on live television feeds to women in line watching on their cellphones, it provoked a phenomenon along the velvet rope line as more women shed their clothing for a chance to be embraced by Queen Jamie. The final 50 feet took a very long time as Jamie paused to spend a special moment with each naked woman on the line.

Now Jamie was ascending the steps of the Palace where women in vestments of the Church of The Mother blessed her. At the top of the stairs was a throne where two women in formal red uniforms held a crown. When Jamie reached the platform she turned to look back from the top of the Palace steps. Every street was jammed with people. Every window of every skyscraper and every bridge and balcony held people watching this moment in history. She could see thousands of faces looking back at her and she felt as if she saw each face individually, and she wanted to know each person personally

Two women in white robes lifted the diamond-studded crown and held it above Jamie’s head. Declaring Jamie chosen by the people and by the Mother God Herself, they placed the crown upon Queen Jamie’s head. She stepped forward to the center of the platform overlooking the city, every microphone and camera focused on her. She looked modestly down at herself and spoke her first words as queen – “Oh crap, not now!”

**THE GIRL WHO DIDN’T CHANGE, EPILOGUE**

“Jamie I” would go on to become the most beloved queen in modern U.Q. history, rivaling Queen Belle herself.

Because the queen’s position was, by intention, a part-time role, Jamie continued working as a model and began a singing career, performing in concert halls across the U.Q. Sam also continued her career, putting out a popular series of exercise videos and soon becoming an action movie star. Jamie also received numerous movie and TV offers and she occasionally accepted small parts, usually playing herself.

Annabelle became Queen Jamie’s chief of staff and Simone a senior adviser.

Her royal duties included presiding over official events and hosting state dinners, all of which she did nude, of course, except for her crown, shoes and various royal jewelry. She gave speeches to Parliament promoting good causes and was often asked by lawmakers to help resolve legislative logjams. Being by far the most popular person in the country, Queen Jamie’s support for any piece of legislation virtually ensured its passage – but she had to really believe in the cause to lend it her support.

During the first year of her reign, Queen Jamie married Sam McCain, who was thereafter officially known as Princess Samantha. Their lavish wedding was a huge news event televised live around the world. Sam wore a skin-tight white silk pants suit that left her arms and much of her darkly tanned chest exposed. Jamie wore only a handcrafted veil, white shoes, a long pearl necklace and her crown.

Queen Jamie and Princess Sam lived together in the Royal Palace in the center of Hariston. Every day that the queen was not traveling, the royal guards would open the gates for a steady throng of citizens hoping to meet, and touch, the queen. The vast majority of these acolytes were beautiful women who arrived nude and sometimes camped out at the Palace gates in order to be first in line.

Jamie would greet each person in turn, embracing every naked woman who sought her out. Many of them, especially college-age girls, would come back again and again. Women who could not make the pilgrimage displayed their adoration of Queen Jamie by going nude in their daily lives as much as possible.

Princess Sam did not mind sharing the queen with the devoted girls and it was she who came up with the idea of allowing some of these naked girls to live on the Palace grounds. Sam established the Palace Girls, a one-year internship in which college girls worked as groundskeepers and Palace servants. There was plenty of room to house them in the castle’s little-used South Tower and they were able to spruce up the neglected grounds at little cost to the Royal Treasury. Since the Palace was surrounded by skyscrapers, Hariston office workers could look down behind the Palace walls to see beautiful naked college girls cutting the lawn, planting flowers and trimming hedges.

Periodically, Princess Sam arranged for each girl to have a private audience with the queen. Jamie loved all of her girls and unfailingly remembered their names and in what province of the U.Q. they’d come from. She would embrace and kiss each girl and allow the girl to touch her wherever she desired. Jamie nearly always had a firm erection in these encounters and sometimes she splashed the girl. This was what all the girls dreamed of – being splashed by Queen Jamie – especially when it happened during their special time alone with her. With no one else around to have to share it with, the girl would rub her naked body against Jamie’s body until all the sweat evenly spread between them .

Jamie also loved to walk among her subjects on the streets of Hariston. She would go out to restaurants with Sam or one of her thousands of close friends. She bought papers at news stands just to chat with her people and she jogged around Median Park. Being completely devoted to nudity, Jamie braved the winter months wearing only boots, gloves and a hat and scarf, but she still took her walks through the city. Many of the businesswomen of Hariston had also taken to going nude, though most of them wore coats when outdoors. On one particularly cold day when Jamie was shivering while waiting to buy a newspaper, a passing businesswoman opened her overcoat to show that she was herself nude. Jamie embraced the woman, who then closed her coat around the queen for a few minutes to warm her up. This was reported on the evening news and quickly became a tradition. Wherever Jamie went in the winter time, women would open their coats to let the queen warm up against their bodies.

Sadly, Princess Sam died in a skydiving accident when she was 50, and the nation mourned along with its queen. Jamie never married again, but her relationship with the Palace Girls became more intimate and eventually a new tradition began in which every night one of the Palace Girls slept in the queen’s bed. Whenever Queen Jamie made love to one of her Palace girls, she always thought of Sam.

Queen Jamie’s reign lasted 75 years, and though she lived to be in her 90s, she never appeared to age beyond what she looked like at 25 or 30, except for her snow white hair and a few lines around her eyes.