**Molly's Thornwood homage in a parallel universe**

by mcmann.molly

Several months ago, while I was reading Ribeye's excellent Thornwood series, I started thinking about how the heroine in many of these ENF stories is not simply forced to go nude. In addition, she is often subjected to a psychological assault in which her tormentor employs classic brainwashing techniques in an effort undermine the victim's interpretation of reality and replace it with an alternative interpretation.

In the end, however, the stalwart heroine has not been broken. She may have gone through a change, but it is generally positive, health one. Where once she was shy, insecure and easily embarrassed now she is strong and confident in her own skin.

But while reading Thornwood I started thinking, what if it worked out differently? What if the poor girl DID succumb to brainwashing and accepted the version of reality being pushed upon her?

So I started noodling on what I thought was going to be a few paragraphs of this idea and in one night I banged out 4,000 words. Did I mention I was high at the time?

Since I hadn't really intended this to be a story, I didn't create my own characters but appropriated Ribeye's Thornwood cast. After it grew so big, I really didn't know what to do with it so I just put it aside and forgot about it until this past week when I saw Ribeye posted some new chapters.

With his permission, I'm posting here my bit of "fan fiction" based on his characters. I suppose it's a bit like the Tami Smithers phenomenon in which other writers have added new interpretations to an already great story.

Of course, Thornwood is still going on and I certainly don't want to confuse matters with my own tale of the same characters. So please think of my own contribution as something that MIGHT happen to these characters someday in a parallel universe.

While I hope you have all read Thornwood, I will briefly summarize the parts that are relevant for my addition:

Rachel is on her high school swim team, and her coach tricks her into believing that she is being given the honor of wearing a very sophisticated new style of swim suit from Europe. But she is shocked when she opens the package. It has a cap and some strange rubber gloves and a plastic belt, but nothing to cover her private girly parts -- except one thing. The "pinnacle" covers only the mound of her maidenhood and because it has no straps it is held in place by a rubber shaft that one inserts into one's vagina. This inflates to keep from falling out and (as Rachel eventually discovers) it sometimes mysteriously vibrates.

She is too innocent to realize that this is actually a sex toy and that her coach is a fraud. But because he has successfully bamboozled all of the adults in the school, Rachel can't help but think it is she who is out of touch.

Poor Rachel can't confide in her mother because circumstances (orchestrated by someone connected with the coach) have sent her far away on a work-related trip. Meanwhile, other circumstances have left Rachel with virtually no possessions but the clothes she is wearing. She is staying temporarily at the home of a childhood friend, Eric, and until her mother returns Rachel's guardian is Eric's mother, Susan.

Well, it turns out that Susan has her own secret agenda too. She decides that having nubile Rachel underdressed around the house is having a positive effect on Susan's husband, Richard, who has become friskier in bed. So Susan starts making sure that the only outfits Rachel has to wear are absurdly tiny and skimpy - but when Rachel complains Susan insists the outfits are perfectly fine and it is only Rachel's imagination that anything is wrong.

And so our poor heroine is being manipulated both at school, by her coach, and at home, by Susan, and both of them keep tricking Rachel into wearing less and less.

Most of the recent chapters (which, again, I suggest you read) are focused on the big swimming championship in which Rachel is getting plenty of attention both for her scanty costume and for her swimming victories. Meanwhile at "home" in Susan's house, Rachel's clothing options keep getting smaller and smaller while Susan insists everything is perfectly normal.

So my story begins a bit in the future, after the swimming competition has been completed and (I assume) Rachel has been victorious.

**Molly's Thornwood homage from a parallel universe Part 1**

So it is a few days, or no more than a week after the dramatic conclusion of the swimming season in which (I presume) our Rachel wins the championship while setting records that have observers talking about her Olympic potential. And, of course, they also talk about her virtually nonexistent swimsuit.

But when all of the excitement is over, Rachel still has to go to school and still is living with Eric's family. She is, by this time, down to a single, precariously skimpy outfit that she wears every day to school. And because it is her only outfit, she is expected by Susan to take it off when she comes home from school so that it can be laundered for use again in the morning.

She no longer has a nightgown, and even the little apron has been a casualty of some happenstance or other, so poor Rachel literally has nothing whatsoever to wear when her one school outfit is in the laundry. This, of course, suits Susan fine because now Rachel must go naked around the house constantly, which excites Susan's husband, Richard, and each evening he is frisky in bed. That has been Susan's primary motivation, but she has also enjoyed seeing how far she can push Rachel.

But Susan is noticing that Rachel seems to have completely accepted her situation. She comes home from school, slips off the outfit without any hint of embarrassment or reservation and lays it on the washer. Then she does her homework at the kitchen table naked until it's time for dinner, when she cheerfully helps Susan with the family meal. Susan insists that everyone in the family (in which she includes Rachel) take time from their busy schedules to sit together at dinner. Although there was a time when Rachel cringed at having to do this naked, or even wearing one of her revealing outfits, now she seems completely unconcerned and makes no effort to hide her nakedness.

On the first weekend following the swimming championship, Rachel finds herself at loose ends -- having been accustomed to being busy each weekend with either swim practice or traveling to meets. And now she has all of this time. Having deposited her one outfit in the laundry upon coming home from school on Friday, Rachel is of course still nude on Saturday when she asks Susan if there's anything else she can help with around the house.

"I'm glad you asked," Susan says, wondering how much of Rachel's apparent ease is real, "Richard is having trouble with his back again. Would you mind mowing the front lawn?"

To Susan's surprise, Rachel happily agrees and immediately goes out to the garage and pushes the lawn mower out into the very public front yard. She has some trouble getting it started, and each time she yanks the cord her breasts wobble crazily for a few seconds. Passersby and neighbors begin to watch as Rachel struggles to get the mower started, finally succeeding. Now she begins to push it swiftly back and forth, seemingly unconcerned about being seen naked.

Richard joins Susan at the front picture window watching Rachel mow the lawn. "I don't know about this," Richard says. "I think we're pushing her too far."

"Oh, you're just jealous because now other people are seeing her naked besides you," Susan teases. "It’s not like she's doing anything against the law."

"That's not the point," Richard snaps. "Of course it's not against the law. This was still a free country last time I checked. But just because something is technically legal doesn't mean normal people behave that way. When was the last time you saw someone going naked in public like this?"

Susan had to admit that, even though nudity was protected by the constitution's Freedom of Expression clause, it was definitely not a right she had ever actually seen someone exercise -- until now. Despite his worries, Richard is aroused and the long-married husband and wife retreat to their bedroom where they make love to the sound of the mower.

By the time Rachel is finished mowing the lawn, she is quite sweaty, so she rinses herself off with the garden hose. The water is warm at first, from the hose lying in the sun, but then it goes icy cold and Rachel's always-puckered nipples squeeze themselves even tighter. With time on her hands, Rachel decides to pop over to Ellie's and she calls through the screen door to tell Susan she's walking over there. Rachel is dripping wet and doesn't want to step inside. Susan hears Rachel's message, but she's now naked herself and wrapped in Richard's arms, so by the time she gets on a robe and hurries to the kitchen door, Rachel is a block away. Susan can see her departing backside as Rachel saunters down the sidewalk towards Ellie's house.

Ellie, of course, is happy to see her friend naked on her doorstep and they have a fun evening together. With no burdensome schedule, Rachel stays overnight and then walks home about noon on Sunday, passing a church that has just let out its morning service. Rachel waves good-naturedly at the churchgoers, who watch her stoically as she passes by across the street.

Susan has had an evening to prepare her next move. "I'm so sorry, Rachel, dear," she says. "But I made a mistake in the laundry and ruined your little outfit."

Rachel only laughs. "Well, I'm glad YOU finally ruined something for a change instead of it always being ME."

"I was thinking," Susan says carefully. "I have just a tiny bit of material left, but I could make you a new outfit about the size of your old apron. You could wear that to school, couldn't you dear?"

Rachel's reaction surprises Susan. Becoming suddenly teary-eyed, Rachel grasps Susan's hands in her own and declares, "Oh Susan, you've been so good to me. I'm so grateful for all that you've done already and I don't want you to put any more time into making me outfits. I'll be fine like this."

"But . . . what will you . . . wear to school?"

"I’ll just go naked there too," Rachel shrugs. "They're pretty loose about the dress code. Oh, I know -- you could write me a note!"

As Rachel watches, Susan gets out a notepad and writes, in her perfect schoolgirl cursive, "Please permit Rachel to attend school naked. Her entire wardrobe was lost in the recent tornado, and it would be an economic hardship to replace it."

Rachel frowns a bit as she reads it, embarrassed by the phrase "economic hardship" -- but not at all by "attend school naked."

And so, the next morning, Rachel carefully shaves everywhere during her morning shower. But she realizes she is late and dashes down the stairs without drying off and bursts out the door, brushing her wet hair as she walks.

She is mostly dry by the time she enters the main doors of the school and steps into the attendance office to present her note. The secretary at the desk reads the note, clears her throat and asks Rachel to please wait while she checks with the principal. After a moment, the principal emerges with the note in hand. He looks Rachel up and down, seems indecisive and then says, "I'm sorry, Rachel, but I'm afraid I must insist that you wear something . . . on your feet. We can't be responsible if you cut your foot on glass in the parking lot."

Rachel promises that tomorrow she will be wearing shoes and skips happily out of the office and to her first class, arriving just as the bell rings. There are some hoots and whistles from some of her classmates, but Rachel takes it in stride. She is a star athlete now and she knows she's attractive. And too, it's not that she is unaware of the fact that she is naked, but in her mind it is something akin to wearing a short skirt or a sexy outfit, and so she expects to get a little attention from the boys.

After their experiences so far, the teachers no longer bother questioning Rachel's appearance and the classes simply go on. Rachel feels elated and wonders why she didn't start going naked to school a long time ago.

Rachel walks home and tells Susan what the principal said about wearing something on her feet. Susan laughs, relieved that it's nothing more, and says, "well , let's go buy you some shoes."

Rachel suggests going to the mall, but Susan is cautious and instead takes the naked, barefoot Rachel to an out-of-the-way shoe store where fewer people would see them. Even though they are only buying sandals, the salesman is eager to kneel down in front of Rachel in order to measure her foot and try several different pairs on her. Rachel knows he is glancing at her pussy, and she knows this arouses him, but it is not something she thinks much about. That’s just how boys are. Finally they settle on a pair which Rachel wears out of the store. As they leave she remarks to Susan that the salesman certainly was helpful.

That evening at dinner Rachel is sitting naked as usual around the table with Susan and Richard and Eric. At some point in the conversation Rachel says to Susan, "by the way, did Mom give you my health insurance card. I think I may need to go to a doctor about something."

"Yes, I have your card," Susan replies, "but what's wrong dear?"

"Well", Rachel says, "it's my nipples. For weeks now they've been hard all the time and they're so sensitive. Whenever I brush anything against them it just gives me shivers and it's distracting.

“And I think it's connected to another problem, which is that I can't seem to have orgasms anymore. I used to be able to have them easily. All I had to do was this." Here, she stands up at the table and starts vigorously rubbing her clitoris. "This is how I've always done it and I always used to get orgasms easy, but the past few weeks I can't seem to do it."

As everyone gawks, frozen in the moment, Rachel suddenly stops rubbing herself, plops back down in her seat. "Am I doing it wrong?"

"Um, no dear, you're not doing it wrong," Susan says. "Tell you what -- I'll make you an appointment with the appropriate doctor."

"Oh thank you so much," Rachel says, "I don't know what I'd do without you. Could someone pass the salt?"

The next day, Rachel again walks to school naked, but now she is wearing her new sandals. She goes to all of her classes and her nudity is accepted as normal, though of course everyone still stares at her. Partway through the day she is called to the principal’s office.

Awkwardly inviting the naked girl to sit down, the principal tells her that a national magazine like "People" wants to do a story on her. They want to come to the school the next day and follow her around for a profile for the next issue of the magazine. After all, the records she set at the championship showed Olympic potential. And, of course, her swimming attire got some attention too.

"So," the principal says, "do you want me to allow the magazine to come on school grounds to interview you?"

"Sure," Rachel replies, flattered.

"In that case," he says carefully, "perhaps you should . . . wear something special tomorrow."

Rachel assumes he means her official swimming suit. "I'd rather not," she says. "The swimming cap would mess up my hair, and of course I can't wear the gloves and do my schoolwork. And that pinnacle (here she jumps to her feet) is uncomfortable to put on. It has a piece that I have to insert here (she puts a finger inside of her vagina) and then it inflates to stay in place so it's like having two or three fingers in there (here she puts a second finger in and wiggles them around) and the stupid thing vibrates sometimes, which doesn't actually feel bad, but it's SO distracting." She sits back down and shrugs. "So that just leaves the belt and I'd look silly just wearing that, don't you think?"

"Um, I see your point," the principal says cautiously. "Then perhaps some other special outfit? A nice dress perhaps?"

Rachel looks shocked. "But I . . . I don't have anything like that. You said I could go naked. I even brought in a note from my guardian!" Now she is emotional, her eyes overflow with tears that stream down her cheeks and drip upon her breasts. "Please don't force me to--"

"No one is forcing you to do anything," he quickly says. "I was only making a suggestion."

"So I can still be naked?"

"If . . . if that's what you want."

"Oh yes, that's all I want. Thank you, sir. Thank you so much."

And so the next day Rachel again walks naked to school, wearing only her sandals -- though she has spent a little more time this morning on her makeup and hair. She shaved meticulously, lest a stray hair be seen in one of the photos published in the magazine. That would embarrass her.

The principal hasn't told the magazine crew about Rachel's day-to-day nudity in school, so they are quite surprised when they see her approaching. They have, of course, seen photos of her in competition in which her breasts and behind were fully exposed. The controversial swimming gear was one thing, but now they realize that this beautiful high school athlete is a nudist as well. They find it absolutely fascinating and as they follow her around they keep asking her about it. Rachel is surprised they care how she dresses for school, but she answers their questions. She explains about the lost clothing in the tornado, but says that was only what got her started and that she simply decided she loves being nude.

At the end of the school day, the magazine's photographer and videographer record their closing shots as Rachel exits the school and walks away down the sidewalk, a naked girl among a cluster of her school friends.

**Molly's Thornwood homage from a parallel universe Part 2**

When Rachel gets back to the house, Susan tells her there was a cancellation at the doctor's office that opened up an appointment for Rachel about her problem. They jump in the car and drive to the doctor's office and Rachel calmly sits in the crowded waiting room browsing magazines. When it's her turn, Susan goes in with her and the female doctor -- who it turns out is a sex therapist, not a medical doctor -- asks questions and then has Rachel recline on the examination table. She takes a little bottle of lotion and squirts one drop on each nipple.

"Now Rachel," the doctor explains, "I'm going to gently rub this lotion into your nipples. While I'm doing so, please massage your clitoris in whatever manner feels good to you." Rachel gladly complies and soon has a cathartic, screaming orgasm that causes other medical personnel to burst in the door.

"Everything's fine," the doctor assures her colleagues. "We're just coaxing out a bit of orgasm constipation here."

Rachel feels wonderfully relieved, but the doctor warns her that the problem can't be solved quite so quickly. "I want you to do this twice a day, at 10 a.m. and 10 p.m., starting tonight. I'm sure your guardian here can help you with your evening session. Do you have a friend at school who can assist you with your morning session?"

Rachel thinks of Ellie and nods. She and Susan drive home and now it's dinner time so as usual Rachel helps make dinner. Susan reminds her to put out four extra plates for the guests they're having that evening. Soon, two couples show up at the door. They are not entirely surprised because Susan has told them about Rachel, but they are still flustered and amazed by being in such casual proximity to a beautiful naked girl who seems so comfortable with her body.

After dinner, they play charades in the living room and of course Rachel's turn ends up requiring her to bounce up and down. Some of the guests are intentionally slow at figuring out her clues because they don't want her to stop.

But then Rachel glances at the clock and exclaims, "oh, Susan it's 10 o'clock! We have to do my session!"

Susan starts to get up, expecting Rachel to at least want to do it in another room, but instead Rachel grabs a handy bottle of lotion leans back against Susan on the couch. As Rachel meticulously puts drops of lotion on her nipples, she explains to the guests in much detail about the problems she has been having and what the doctor has prescribed.

Her own heart now racing with excitement, Susan dutifully places her fingertips on the dabs of lotion and begins to twirl it slipperily around Rachel's stubbornly puckered areola. The guests gawk, slack-jawed from their own chairs, the width of the coffee table being all that separates them from Rachel's perfect body as she begins vigorously rubbing her clitoris. Not having quite finished her story of the doctor visit, Rachel continues to talk a bit longer, but soon she closes her eyes and her remaining words come out in a whisper as she says she still needs to ask her friend Ellie to do this for her during the school day. Then there are only moans as another pent-up orgasm comes raging out, leaving Rachel damp with sweat and panting against Susan's body.

Finally opening her eyes and sitting up, the only embarrassment Rachel feels is having dominated the conversation for so long. With her hands she wipes the sweat from her forehead into her hair, and says, "thank you so much, Susan. You take such good care of me." Her eyes well up a little because she is being quite sincere. "Well," she says, standing up and stretching a little. "I need to get ready for bed. Nice to have met you all and I hope to see you again."

The next day in school, Rachel tells Ellie all about it and of course her lesbian friend is bubbling with enthusiasm for the assignment. As it happens, the class Rachel and Ellie are both in together at 10:00 is health class taught by the assistant football coach. Rachel gives him the note from her doctor, which goes into enough detail for him to know exactly what the therapy involves.

"Gosh, Rachel," he says, "I not supposed to let you go down to the nurse's station without a note from the school nurse herself."

"Oh, I hadn't even thought about going to the nurse's station," Rachel said. "This literally just takes a minute or two -- less time than it would take to even walk down there."

"But then where--?"

"We could just go in the back of the room. It'll only take a sec, and I'll do my best to be quiet. Please, sir."

The health teacher/coach, of course, relents and at 10:00 precisely, the naked Rachel and the fully-clothed Ellie walk to the back of the room with a little bottle of lotion. The other students had been watching Rachel anyway, so they notice pretty quickly what is going on. All work stops and heads turn to the girls as Rachel quickly proves to be insufficiently strong-willed to contain her screams.

Afterwards, when she catches her breath and walks back to her seat, Rachel apologizes for disrupting the class and promises to do better tomorrow.

During the remainder of that school week, this is the routine. Rachel has her morning orgasm with Ellie in health class and her evening session at home with Susan. Usually at home, anyway. Once, they were grocery shopping late in the evening, and lost track of the time. They were in a long check-out line when they realized it was 10 p.m., and Rachel's only worry was whether Susan had some lotion in her purse.

The therapy continues during an unstructured three-day, holiday weekend and Rachel does not bother making plans for where exactly she will be, and with whom, at the appointed session times. So, by necessity various acquaintances have to be recruited to help Rachel with her therapy. And when Rachel asks someone to do this favor she finds it no more embarrassing than if she were to ask if her slip is showing, or if this little spot on her dress is noticeable.

And all this while, we must point out, Rachel is happy and having the most wonderful time. She ascribes this to the end of the grueling, stressful, regimented swimming season. Now, her weekends are unencumbered, except by the usual chores and homework, and she is free to socialize again. She does not remember that the reason she stopped socializing was not that she was too busy, but because she didn't want to be seen. Now she has only the faintest memory of what embarrassment felt like. To the extent that she thinks of this at all, it is as some naiveté of her youth – a shyness she has outgrown.

The magazine hits the newsstands and she is on the cover, walking naked down a busy school hallway. Smaller photos depict her athletic accomplishments, but the focus of the story is on a confident girl's decision to live in the nude.

Rachel is embarrassed by the amount of attention she is getting, but it does not occur to her to feel embarrassed by her nudity -- even though she is aware of the erotic impact her nakedness has on nearly every man and more than half of the women around her. The magazine reporter had, in fact, asked her how she felt about having this kind of sexual affect on so many people. Rachel demurred that it surely wasn't THAT many people, but that if some few people happen to become sexually aroused when they look at her, so what? “In some places in the world a girl going naked would have to fear for her safety,” she explains, “but I'm so glad to live in a truly free civilization where women are treated with respect. And if my nudity makes someone else feel pleasure, well, that's a nice thing.”

With all of this publicity, it doesn't take long before (1) Rachel's mother hears about it, and (2) the swim coach's schemes are exposed.

Rachel's mother rushes home and they meet in the airport. But Rachel has come to the airport naked and her mother is astonished by this. They quarrel, but Rachel becomes hysterical at any suggestion that she should not be naked. The mother backs off, alarmed. She later confronts Susan -- who says, truthfully, that this is what Rachel decided she wanted to do.

Rumors swirl through the school that the swim coach has disappeared, fleeing some kind of fraud investigation. Rachel's mother browbeats Susan into confessing her role, just wanting to put some spark back in her marriage, but that she never thought it would go so far.

Rachel is taken to a real psychiatrist, who concludes that the coach and Susan combined to create a response in Rachel that is akin to the Stockholm Syndrome or to what was once called brainwashing. However, because Rachel now holds these beliefs so strongly, the mother shouldn't expect any sudden reversal. In fact, the change could be permanent. Only time will tell, but it could be a bumpy road for Rachel because she is likely to experience brief, but intense moments in which her old attitudes about nudity are suddenly at the forefront of her mind. It would be like a panic attack, or like the classic dream where the person suddenly realizes she is inexplicably naked in public. Rachel currently has no inhibitions at all about her nudity and cannot even comprehend a description of those feelings -- and yet, the doctor says, she may start to suddenly experience those feelings for a few seconds at a time before reverting to her current state.

The long-term prognosis is unknowable, he says. Either Rachel will gradually return to "normal" or her current state will solidify and she will remain this way.

As for the "orgasm therapy" routine established by the sex therapist, the psychiatrist suggests weaning Rachel from that, but not breaking her from it entirely lest it cause a backlash. He suggests they continue only twice a week -- 10 a.m. Mondays and 10 p.m. Fridays -- and that between those times Rachel should be encouraged to masturbate whenever she wishes instead of on a regular schedule.

So now Rachel and her mother are starting off fresh in their new house with all of their previous troubles behind them -- except that Rachel continues to go everywhere nude and becomes emotional if her mother suggests anything otherwise.

It is Rachel’s senior year and graduation is rapidly approaching. She goes to the prom naked and graduates naked -- entirely by choice, still oblivious to any sense of embarrassment. During the graduation ceremony she does not mind putting on the gown because she sees it as ritual attire to be worn over what one normally wears. After the official ceremony she slips off the gown and only wears her mortar board hat with its tassel dangling as she poses for pictures with her friends.

Being an advanced student, Rachel has already been accepted to a prestigious college and is enrolled in a program that starts in summer -- just a weekend after her high school graduation. It is only a few weeks after Rachel's transformation began and she is on the ride to college -- naked. Her mother has tried to talk her into getting a few articles of clothing just in case she needs them -- perhaps at least a zip-up sweatshirt for cool evenings? But Rachel has brushed off these suggestions and they drive up to the college like all of the other parents and kids, but Rachel is nude and not taking any clothing with her. She causes a buzz on campus, but what she is doing is not technically illegal, nor in violation of school rules. But though legal it is just as unusual and shocking as it would be in our society. And yet, Rachel is completely comfortable and confident and makes a positive impression on everyone she meets.

Rachel begins classes as the naked girl on campus and quickly makes new friends. She's in a dorm in which four girls share a large room, and it is Friday evening after the first week of classes. Rachel and her three roommates are sitting around talking and sharing a smuggled bottle of wine. Rachel looks at the clock and sees it is nearly 10 p.m. "Oh," she says, "could I ask one of you for a little favor?"