**Naked New Girl**

by Incognito

**Naked New Girl 1**

“Today is the first day of the rest of my life.”

Those thoughts coursed through my mind as I unpacked. It was day one of my new life in a new town. It was just last week that I got the news that my mother would be working in southern branch of her company temporarily. We were staying at my aunt’s place in a quirky small town named Hoytsvile. It was a balmy afternoon made somehow more oppressive by the house’s proximity to a massive park.

“Just follow your aunt Greta’s lead, ok? It isn’t like back home here. People are different. I’m going to be doing a lot of all-nighters for the next few weeks because of that big Shang Hai deal I told you about. I need you to be a big girl and not cause trouble for Greta, ok? Tomorrow’s your first day of high school so try to take it easy today and see the town a bit.”

My mother kissed me on the forehead as I finished packing out my books and DVD’s. As she left for work I grew a bit annoyed as I realized that I didn’t have any clean clothes. The few items I had worn during the trip were all dirty, and the box with the rest of my stuff had been in a dank storage crate for days. All I had on was an old shabby pair of jeans, a tank top, and some underwear. My mother and I had been driving all day yesterday and I hadn’t had a shower or fresh clothes in a while. I thought about cleaning up a bit when my aunt suddenly burst in.

“Hello sweetie! You made it!”

We talked for a bit about school and the town when she noticed my clothes.

“No offense sweetie, but you could use some freshening up. How about I give your clothes a wash and you grab a shower?”

“That sounds great Aunt Greta but I have no clean clothes and I don’t think I can wear any of your stuff.”

“Oh don’t worry about that. I’ll wash everything at once and you can just go bare for a while.”

I felt a bit nervous about this idea but decided that I might as well go along with it since it was just me and my aunt. She led me to the downstairs laundry room where I promptly took off my jeans and shirt. I was a bit slower with my bra and panties since my aunt was right there smiling at me. She put everything in the machine and then led me across the hall to the bathroom.

I had a nice twenty-minute hot shower and felt great. Once I stepped out onto the mat, I noticed that there were no big towels – just hand towels for the sink. I dried off as best I could with them then looked at myself in the mirror.
I was amazed at how long I’d let my hair get. It went well past my breasts when I pulled it in the front. It wouldn’t be long before it reached my ass. I admired my curvy hips and strong thighs (the result of years of athletics) and examined my almost c-cup breasts. After a minute I decided to venture outside and look for my aunt.

It felt weird walking around my aunt’s house naked, but I got used to it. I didn’t see her on the ground floor. I noticed that the washing machine was off and there was a puddle of soapy water next to it. Thinking nothing of it I continued wandering around the house, eventually checking upstairs but finding no one. I decided to have a look outside.

I glanced down and saw my breasts and bush and became self-conscious of my naked state. I swallowed hard before opening the backdoor. It seemed like it would be ok since the neighborhood was pretty quiet with houses a good distance apart. After checking the backyard, I finally saw my aunt stuffing some bags into a trash bin.

“Oh you finished. How was the shower?”

“Fine.” I couldn’t help but start trying to cover myself with my arms. I wasn’t used to having casual conversations with a clothed person while nude.

“I have some bad news for you slugger. It seems that the washing machine is on the fritz. It started vibrating really bad and leaking while you were showering, and unfortunately, it seems to have done a number on your clothes.”

“What!?”

“Looks like it destroyed everything. Chewed them up and burned them somehow. I’m trashing all of it. Repair guy should come later.”

“What am I going to do for clothes then?”

“You’ll just have to do without for a bit. I wouldn’t worry though. We’re a pretty understanding and laid back community. A little girl like you not wearing anything won’t be an issue.”

I tried not to think too much about what my aunt’s comments implied about the duration of my exposure. I considered begging for some of my aunt’s clothes, but something made me decide against it.

After my aunt and I headed back inside we decided to just watch some TV and chat. We talked about life in the town and the community, and I began to forget about being naked. She told me about the neighborhood around her home.

“The forest is especially nice. There’s a big park on the other end of it and lots of hiking trails and ponds. How about we go check it out?”

With the nice weather I wanted nothing more than to go but I hesitated.

“It sounds fun aunt Greta but…People will see me…”

**Naked New Girl 2**

“The forest is usually pretty empty this time of day. A little sun is just what that pale arse of yours needs anyway! Haha.”

I protested a bit more but eventually my aunt just dragged me off the couch and marched me toward the front door. I managed to slip on some flip flops. As she pushed me out I again became self-conscious of my hardening nipples and moistening sex. I was grateful for the hairy thatch between my legs as it offered some modesty. I covered my breasts with my long hair.

My aunt and I walked over to the east side of her house where a small trail led into the forest. Once we were in the thick of the trees, I began to relax. The warm breeze caressed my skin as the sun beamed through the tree tops. It was a peaceful place, one that I made a mental note to visit again under less unusual circumstances. As I roamed my aunt talked about the history of the town and explained the culture was much more tolerant and relaxed than a lot of small towns in America. I was pondering what she meant by this when I heard the sound of people approaching us from the left. Instinctively I covered up with my hands as a middle-aged woman and a girl about my age stood before us. Aunt Greta seemed to recognize them.

“Why hello Francine! And good afternoon Lauren. You’re looking healthy.”

The older woman, Francine, was clearly a friend of my aunt’s. She was a tall thick woman with tan skin. She wore exercise sweats and appeared winded. Her daughter, Lauren, had dirty blonde hair done up in braids. She looked about twelve or thirteen years-old and wore a tiny blue dress that came just past her bottom. Both ladies gave me an inscrutable look. Neither seemed very surprised by my nudity.

“Good afternoon Greta. Fancy seeing you here. I’m just finishing a long power walk through the trails. Lauren here is just meeting me for lunch. Who’s your free-spirited little friend?”

“This is my niece Rebecca. She and my sister are staying with me for the next little stretch. She’ll be attending school here next week. Don’t mind her appearance, just had a little laundry mishap.”

I blushed as the two women looked me over from head to toe. They seemed slightly amused but not offended in anyway. While I stood their fidgeting Lauren took the initiative and walked over to me with an extended hand.

“Nice to meet you Rebecca. I’m Lauren. How old are you?”

“Fifteen.”

“Oh cool. I’m fourteen but because of my birth month I’ll probably be in the same grade as you. We should see a lot of each other at school.”
There was a hint of a wink behind that last sentence. I decided to play it cool.

“Yeah, tomorrow will be my first day.”

We chatted for a little while as the adults talked. She told me about some of the local attractions and hangouts. I talked to her a bit about my life in the big city up north. Unconsciously I stopped covering myself as I felt comfortable around her and her mother. Eventually my aunt interrupted us.

“Francine has some new projects in her garden she wishes to show off. Do you think you two girls could take care of yourselves for a bit?”

Lauren responded before I could form a thought.

“Sure thing. I’ll show Rebecca the ropes and bring her home safe. No problem.”

“Thank you sweetie. Have fun Rebecca.”

I couldn’t believe my aunt. She walked off leaving me naked in the woods with some girl I barely knew. Lauren for her part didn’t seem to even notice.

“So are you enjoying the town so far?” she asked.

“Yeah, everyone is so nice. I wish I could explore a bit more but without any clothes…”

“I wouldn’t worry about it,” she said, looking at my hairy bush. “Let me show you around the park a bit.”

I considered protesting but since there were not many people around I decided to just go with her. We left the forest and entered a huge but empty public park. There were little fountains and chairs and bike paths. At the edge was a side street and some small businesses. As we crossed the park Lauren pointed out different sites and told stories of her childhood playing there. She was very friendly but as we approached the street I again started to worry about my nudity.

“Uh, Lauren. Maybe we should head back to my house?”

“Main street is just up one block. We can stop at my place and I can loan you something to wear if you want.”

As we walked up the side street I started to notice a few pedestrians. I was shocked by how few people were staring. Mostly I got warm smiles from folks sitting out on their porches or walking their dogs. Unconsciously I stopped covering my pubic hair with my hands but I kept my hair in front of my breasts.

“So umm…isn’t there a law about walking around in public the way I am? I’m surprised no one has said anything yet…”
Lauren again looked at my bush.

“Well, actually the law is pretty laid back about nudity here. It’s only a violation if you are harassing someone or doing something lewd. And even then you have to be explicitly showing genitalia, and you’re not.”

“What? But I’m naked.”

“Yeah, which would be a problem for a man. For girls, as long as you have enough pubic hair, you’re considered covered. Only the inner pink part of your vagina is considered ‘indecent’ and again, only if you’re acting perverted. I don’t think they count breasts as ‘genitalia’ but even so, yours are covered by your hair.”

I was blown away upon hearing this. Apparently it was perfectly legal for me to stroll around town naked so long as I maintained my girl fur.

After another block we finally made it to Lauren’s place. Aunt Greta had been right about there not being many people around, as I’d only been seen by a dozen people or so, and none seemed to pay much mind. Lauren’s home was a gorgeous two-story white house with a massive yard in the front and back. As we walked in through the main door she called out for her mother but got no reply.

**Naked New Girl 3**

“Hmm, I guess your aunt and my mom aren’t back yet. Lets head upstairs and I’ll get you some clothes.”

Her room was on the second floor and was absolutely spotless. It was a very girly sort of décor too, lots of pink and boy band posters. She had a big closet with all sorts of dresses and blouses. She began looking for stuff for me.

“Hmm…I’m a couple sizes smaller than you and I already buy stuff that’s a bit small for me, so not much here will work for you.”

She wasn’t being catty. Her stuff looked like it was for a ten year-old. In fact given her short stature and braids I realized that she could probably pass for ten or even younger if she wanted.

“OK, here’s a sun dress, a blouse, and a skirt. They are the biggest ones I have and they should tide you over.”

“Do you have any underwear I could borrow by any chance?”

“Well, to be honest, no. I only have a couple of really skimpy thongs and panties that I use for specific purposes. I almost never wear underwear. Mom doesn’t know since I do my own laundry and shop for my own stuff.”

She blushed a bit at the admission. She wasn’t showing off how ‘mature’ she was – rather she was sort of a bashful exhibitionist. It came across as quite cute.

I decided to slip on the blouse and skirt and fold up the sun dress for later. Boy, she wasn’t kidding about being a few sizes smaller. The top was white and came past my breasts but didn’t reach my belly button. It was missing its top three buttons too, which, combined with its size, forced me to reveal a lot of cleavage.

The skirt was even worse. It was black with some glittery pattern. The back didn’t even reach the bottom of my ass; it left a good two inches of rump exposed. Pulling it down to try to cover more of my bum exposed my pubic hair. I decided having my ass out was slightly better than showing off my bush. The skirt had slits in the side that came up several inches, and in the front it came literally an inch past my pussy lips. I realized bending in any direction was basically a non-option in a skirt like this, especially since I didn’t have any panties.

As I checked myself out in the mirror I realized that I looked VERY slutty. I became concerned.
“Thanks for the outfit Lauren, but don’t you think it’s a bit scandalous? I don’t want to make a bad impression.”
“I’m sorry, it’s the best I can do for now. I think if you just explain your situation it will be fine. People are very understanding and non-judgmental here.”

I tried to be reassured by her words. Once we were done upstairs, we hung out in Lauren’s living room watching TV for a couple hours. It was starting to get dark as my aunt arrived alongside Lauren’s mother.

“Hello girls, sorry for disappearing for so long. Greta and I ran into some old friends.”

Aunt Greta came over to our side of the couch and looked me over.

“I like your outfit. Did Lauren lend it to you?”
I nodded.

“Should be perfect for the hot weather we get here year round. Anyway, we need to head home Becky. Shall we?”

I said goodbye to Lauren and walked home with aunt Greta. I tried not to think about my ass sticking out every time we walked by other people. Eventually we got home and I ate dinner with my aunt. While I enjoyed her delicious pasta, she talked to me about school.

“Your mother won’t be home for a few days so it’s up to me to make sure you’re prepped for school. Hoytsville High is not a big school but they do have a lot of great programs and teachers. I understand you did gymnastics back up north.”

“Yeah, pretty seriously too. I did some competitions in NYC.”

“Oh, that’s great. Hoytsville has a small girls team. I think Lauren is on it. The school allows students who specialize in certain activities to have flexible study schedules so long as they keep their grades up.”

My mother had mentioned this to me as a selling point of the community. They had a lot of homeschoolers and religious types who didn’t even send their kids to school. To try to attract more students they instituted something called a “Focus” program for high school kids. Basically it means that as long as you can pass the state standardized tests, the school would let you focus on art or programming or whatever you wanted. It was pretty radical.

My aunt continued.

“All the supplies you need should be in your locker at the school.”

“What about clothes?”

“Oh, you’ll have to make do with your little friend’s hand-me-downs for the next few days. Lets see, tomorrow is Tuesday…Hmm, sorry champ but I won’t have time to take you shopping until the weekend. Think you can make do?”

“I guess…”

“Lets wash what you have on now and you can wear the dress tomorrow.”

She held out her hand expectantly. I blushed and stripped off my tiny top and skirt and handed them to her.
“There’s a Laundromat off Main Street. I’ll drop these off there tomorrow before I go to work.”

I finished dinner and then decided to turn in early. It still felt weird just hanging around the house while unclothed.

**Naked New Girl 4**

The next morning I awoke around 7 to the sound of my alarm clock. My aunt had already gone to work leaving a note on the kitchen counter:

“The bus will be outside around 8. Grab a shower and wear the dress your friend left you. It’s in my closet. (Sorry there’s no closet in your room. It used to be an office…) I have your friend’s skirt and top with me. I’ll get them washed for you. Your locker is B-37 and the combination is 24 – 9 – 17. Everything you should need for school is there so don’t bother looking around for a school bag or supplies. Good luck today sweetie!”

I grabbed some toast for breakfast and took a quick shower. I don’t wear a lot of makeup or fuss too much with my hair, so I was ready with time to spare. I went to my aunt’s closet and took out the pink sun dress Lauren had loaned me.

As I slipped it on I realized that it was clearly designed for a middle or elementary school girl. It was only after I had it on fully that I realized just how small it was. It was strapless, and when pulled up over my breasts, my ass was completely uncovered. I looked down and could see almost all of my bush. I started to panic and pull the thing down as far as I could. I was showing more than half of my larger than average boobs by the time I got the dress to just barely cover my pussy. The bottoms of my ass cheeks were sticking out a few inches, but I was at a point now that I was showing some of my areola, so I couldn’t pull it down any further.

“This…is not the first impression I wanted to make…” I said to myself.

As I stared at my reflection in disbelief I decided to grit my teeth and just wait for the bus. I went outside and it showed up a few minutes later. As I found my seat I got a lot of smiles and welcoming looks from both boys and girls. Maybe people here really are just very tolerant.

Walking through the hallway at school I did notice boys giving me appreciative glances. My ass in particular got a lot of attention. I saw Lauren opening a locker very close to mine. We smiled as we greeted each other. She was wearing tight denim short-shorts and a white top.

“Oh man, I am so jealous. My dress looks AMAZING on you.”

“Hah, you really think so? I feel so scandalous. Isn’t there a dress code or something?”

“Actually no. There are no rules about dress at all, which is great. It’s always so hot and muggy so even teachers take advantage by wearing as little as possible.”

“Really?”

“I told you we’re a really laid back community. You could probably come in naked and no one would mind.”

I got a warm feeling between my legs as I imagined walking through the school with no clothes on. As sexy as it seemed, I couldn’t get over my embarrassment from my current dress. It kept slipping as I moved around, my tits threatening to burst out at any moment.

“So what’s your first class Rebecca?”

“I have to report to see coach Harrison. I’m in a FLEX study program focusing on gymnastics.”
“Oh cool, you're a Focus student. I do gymnastics too. I’ll see you there.”

Walking through the hallway I was surprised at how many compliments I got on my dress. It wasn’t just boys either. Lots of girls asked me where I got the dress and I had to tell them about Lauren. It started to make sense when I noticed that most of the girls were showing quite a bit of skin. None of them wore pants and I didn’t see a single skirt more than a few inches below the crotch.

When I got to the gym I saw a group of girls my age all doing exercises. When I looked closer I gasped as I noticed their “uniforms.” It was nothing more than a tiny white thong and sports bra with the school’s red icon emblazoned on the chest. A toned young woman with long blonde hair approached me at the entrance. She looked to be in her mid twenties and she wore the same uniform as the girls.

“You must be Rebecca.”

“Ms. Harrison I presume.”

“I’ve heard a lot of good things about you. I have high hopes about what you might be able to do for our program. Getting settled in ok?”

“I think so. I am still getting used to the town culture. Everyone is so…open.”

She just laughed at that. I got to meet some of the other girls after that and they were all really nice. Up close I realized just how skimpy their uniforms were. The bra top didn’t fully cover the breasts of a lot of the girls. It left considerable ‘underboob’ for the more well-endowed. The thong was wide enough to cover their pussy lips, but not quite long enough to cover all pubic hair. Some girls clearly didn’t bother shaving yet they didn’t seem at all embarrassed about it. Ms. Harrison eventually caught me staring.

“Ah, of course, the uniforms. We’ll have to order one in your size. Will probably take a few days. For today you can just do some warm-ups and basic practice. You’ll probably want to get that dress off as it will hinder your movement.”

“Oh well umm…I don’t have any other clothes. I mean I’m not…wearing anything under this…”

Suddenly a girl behind me spoke.

“That’s not a big deal.”

I turned and was again surprised. It was Lauren. She was wearing the same uniform as the other girls though hers seemed even smaller somehow.

“I’d actually rather you not ruin the dress doing gymnastics in it. It’s just us girls here anyway. No one will mind if you run about starkers for a while.”

I blushed at the thought of working out nude in the middle of the gym, but the other girls were very supportive. I gave in eventually. I pulled the dress over my head and handed it to Lauren. She appraised my crotch fur for a moment before addressing me.

“I’ll just put this in my locker for safe keeping.”

Seeing as I didn’t even have a lock for a gym locker I didn’t have a problem with this. As Lauren locked away the only clothing I had, I chatted with the other girls and coach. It was really weird being nude in such a group but I got used to it. I noticed occasionally other people coming into the gym – faculty and students – but no one seemed worried about a random naked girl hanging out with the gymnastics team.

Once Lauren came back Ms. Harrison directed us to do some exercises and basic moves. It was really liberating doing the movements unclothed. I felt a lot lighter, and I impressed both Ms. Harrison and the other girls with my floor exercises and balance beam techniques. When the bell rang all the girls rushed to the locker room. Ms. Harrison stopped me before I could join them.

“Rebecca, I’m not going to lie to you; you clearly have the talent to be teaching these girls rather than working on the same exercises. How would you like to be an assistant coach?”

“Really? That sounds interesting.”

“You’d be spending a lot of time both in the gym and outside on the track. With your FLEX schedule, you probably wouldn’t even have to go to most of your classes; you’ll get your coursework here and just study on your own based on how your grades are. I can probably get you a stipend too.”

“That sounds awesome!”

We talked a bit more before I realized that I was going to be late for study hall. I said goodbye to Ms. Harrison then went into the locker room. Lauren was nowhere to be found so I hoped that I would at least find the dress. I searched high and low but saw nothing.

**Naked New Girl 5**

By now a new group of girls were coming into the locker room. They didn’t pay me much mind since it is normal to be naked in a locker room. I decided to find Ms. Harrison again and see if she could help me.

The gym was much more crowded this time with a good 60+ kids. There were boys and girls of various grades all doing different activities. Again I was surprised by the uniforms. The boys wore shorts and tank tops, though a few had only the shorts on. The girls wore really skimpy thin short shorts that looked more like panties than a proper bottom. On top they wore the same sports bra that the gymnasts wore.

I tried to slink along the wall to Ms. Harrison’s office but
I was noticed by several people. They seemed amused at my nudity but didn’t say or do anything. Eventually I got to Ms. Harrison’s office. She was still wearing the thong and bra uniform while looking through some cabinets.

“Ms. Harrison I need your help. I think Lauren might have accidentally locked my clothes away.”

“Oh wow. That’s a bummer. You’ve got nothing else to wear?”

“Nope.”

“Hmm…well I don’t have anything I can give you. Lauren should have lunch next period, so how about you just hang out here until next period? I’m sure she can get your dress then.”

I assumed she meant that I would stay in the office, so hastily I agreed.

“Great. Lets get going then.”

“Whoa, where are we going? Can’t I stay here?”

“Oh, no can do. We have a policy about leaving students alone in faculty offices.”

“But the other kids will see me naked!”

“Most of them are already headed outside. The ones still here will be doing some mixed activities. I’ll introduce you as my assistant and then you’ll have enough authority to not have to worry about them messing with you. Sound ok?”

“Umm…I guess so.”

As she pulled me into the main gym I started to panic. I looked around and saw that indeed about four fifths of the kids were headed out the large side doors to the larger sports fields. Left behind were about a dozen students, mostly freshman with an even gender split. They smiled as my nude form was bared to them. I tried to take solace in my body hair’s natural ability to cover me. My tits were pretty well obscured by my long dark tresses while my thick bush covered my pussy lips fully.

Ms. Harrison gathered the students for an announcement.

“OK guys, today I will be in and out of the gym since I have to help the Baseball team and handle some paperwork. You’re free to use whatever equipment is available. Rebecca here is a new student and an absolutely brilliant gymnast. She will supervise while I am out.”

She paused and looked over a sea of questioning faces.

“Rebecca is going to be my official assistant, meaning if you mess with her, your ass is grass. Speaking of which, you’ll notice that Rebecca is not wearing anything. Seeing as she is new she does not have a uniform yet, however she possesses more than enough confidence and leadership to maintain order even fully nude. As you can see her body hair covers her up pretty well anyway. Her breasts and vagina are generally covered, though you may peak some things during physical activities.”

I blushed a little as she talked about my body. She left a moment later and I was stuck alone with the students.

“Ok guys, well, go ahead and do whatever you usually do. I’m just supervising.”

The kids shrugged and went their separate ways. I was shocked by how simple that had been. As I began to walk around, a girl approached me. She was tall with wavy red hair and a curvy build. She looked to be at least a junior, meaning a couple of years older than me.

“Rebecca, right? Nice meeting you. I’m Amber.”

“Nice meeting you too.”

“Gymnastics whiz huh? That is so awesome. Do you think you could help me with some moves?”

“Umm…I don’t see why not.”

Amber was flexible given her voluptuous body. She did very graceful flips and tumbles. She struggled with a few specific movements.

“I can’t quite do a full side split, you know, legs wide open. Just not quite stretchy enough.”

“Oh it’s not too hard with practice.”

“Think you could show me, Rebecca?”

“Sure.”

Instinctively I moved into position on the mat and lowered myself, spreading my legs as I went. In a few seconds my legs were at a complete 180 angle to my left and right. It didn’t hurt at all – I’d been doing it since I was 7 – but I got a lot of gasps and impressed looks. I followed the line of a few people’s stares and blushed when I realized they were looking at my crotch.

In that position my bush couldn’t cover my sex. My vagina was spread open completely, the pink inner area exposed along with my little clitoris poking out from its hood. My asshole was visible too. I wanted to get up but people started asking me questions about how I learned to do splits and my background in gymnastics.

The exposure started giving me a familiar warm feeling. I glanced down and saw a tin wet spot forming just below my sex.

I was getting aroused.

If there was enough there to stain the mat then the pink inner lips of my vagina must be glistening with moisture. I realized that everyone could see and possibly even smell this. I’ve noticed in the past that when I am aroused, it is REALLY obvious. Not only do I have a powerful musk, but I start to cream heavily. Eventually my pussy starts leaking a thick white fluid that stains whatever it touches.

I wanted to force myself off the mat before that could happen. I was about to hop up to my feet when suddenly Ms. Harrison appeared coming through the group of questioning students.

“Showing off already, huh Becky. Well that’s fine. Lets not make it the whole class though. Everyone get back to your activities.”

The crowd dispersed except for Amber who still stood near me. I sat there with my pussy wide open and noticed Ms. Harrison glancing at the stain I left on the mat. She noticed my blush.

“Oh don’t worry about the little mess, Becky. Perfectly natural for a growing girl.”

I turned scarlet.

“I’m sorry Ms. Harrison. I was just showing Amber here how to do a split.”

“Is that so? Well that’s just great seein’ as Amber here is on the cheerleading squad.”

Amber gave a coquettish smile.

“You know Becky, we could really use your help. I bet there is a lot you could teach the other girls on the squad, right Coach?”

Ms. Harrison considered this for a moment.

“Hmm…you’re right about that. Currently I am in charge of the squad, though I must confess I don’t know the first thing about cheerleading. I can make sure you get credit for it.”

I was hesitant at first. I knew a good amount about acrobatics, but not cheerleading. Still, I did need two electives, and cheerleading seemed like a fun way to round out my schedule.

“Okay, I’ll do it. When do we start?”

“Tomorrow. I’ll handle the paperwork for you Becky. Meet me today after 8th period and we’ll have it all settled. You can get up now, by the way. The bell is about to ring.”

I blushed again when I realized I’d been sitting their the whole time with my moist sex spread open for them to admire. I had accidentally left a bit of cream on the mat, so I tried to nonchalantly wipe it away with my foot.
Just before the bell rang the kids headed into the locker room. As they passed me, they all thanked me for managing the class and gave me several comments on my body and athleticism. It felt nice and I started thinking that maybe everyone seeing me naked was not a big deal.

After the bell rang I saw Lauren come in through the main entrance to the gym with my (her) dress over her shoulder. She looked a bit flustered.

“Wow, Rebecca, I am so sorry I forgot about the dress. Force of habit, you know. I hope last period wasn’t too tough.”

“It was no big deal.”

She handed it to me and then added, “I need to get it back at the end of the day though. This dress actually belongs to a friend of mine and I need to get it back to her. Sorry.”

“Fantastic.”

“You still have that skirt and blouse though right? Can you manage with that until you can buy some clothes?”

“I won’t be able to go shopping until the weekend and my aunt is getting the other stuff washed. I’ll get your dress back to you by the end of the day, ok Lauren?”

“Cool.”

I showered off in the locker room and changed back into the tiny pink dress. Again, it barely fit, and my ass stuck out while I showed off 80% of my boobs.

**Naked New Girl 6**

In spite of this bizarre fashion, the rest of the day went pretty smoothly. I met the rest of my core subject teachers for English, math, and science, and had a quiet lunch alone. Nobody complained about my miniscule dress, but then again a lot of the girls were showing similar amounts of skin.

After the final bell I met Lauren at my locker as I stored away some paperwork.

“I hope things went well for you today Rebecca. Give me a ring if you feel like hanging out later, ok?”

“Sure.”

“Oh, and um…I’m going to need to get that dress from you now, if you don’t mind.”

The hallways were still pretty crowded with people. I tried to protest but Lauren guilted me into relenting. I pulled the dress over my head and handed to Lauren. I was fully nude in the middle of my school. This was exactly what I had wanted to avoid.

“Sorry to make you strip, but the gym isn’t far and I know you are going to meet with Coach Harrison. See you later Rebecca.”

With that she departed and I hastily made my way to the gym. I got several amused smiles as I scampered down the hallway in my birthday suit. I even got a few playful swats on the ass from both boys and girls. Eventually I made it to the gym and headed into Coach Harrison’s office. She was at her desk with a man in a suit sitting across from her. It was a funny contrast, her still in her skimpy gymnastics uniform, and this older gentlemen looking very classy (and sweaty) in his dark suit. He rose when he saw my naked form enter.

“Ah, you must be the new transfer student. Rebecca right? Coach Harrison here was just telling me all about you. I am Principal Ives. Good to meet you in the flesh, so to speak.”

He chuckled at his lame joke. I covered my pussy with one hand and shook his hand with the other. I couldn’t believe I was having my first meeting with the principal of the school while naked. I almost died.

“N-nice to meet you sir.”

“Hah, no need to be so shy, young lady. We’re a very understanding community and don’t let a little nudity get to us. Ms. Harrison told me about how you ran one of her classes while in the buff. Very impressive.”

“T-thanks sir. I just did my best.” I moved my hand away from my crotch and tried to stand naturally. I smiled sheepishly as I displayed myself to him.

“Modest too, how endearing!”

Ms. Harrison chimed in.

“You wouldn’t know it just by looking, that’s’ for sure huh Mr. Ives?”

We all laughed at that, though likely not with the same degree of apprehension. After the lame joke, Mr. Ives told me a bit about the FLEX program and handed me some paperwork.

“Your schedule grants three full periods to do coursework. So long as you can pass class exams, you will be able to stay in the program. The rest of your schedule will be gymnastics, cheerleading, coaching, and one elective. As Ms. Harrison’s official assistant, you will receive a stipend of $3000 for each semester, and will be expected to support both the cheerleading and gymnastics groups. Any questions young lady?”

“Umm…yeah, I could use a uniform.”

“Ah, of course. Coach Harrison was just talking about that. Unfortunately the supplier for our cheerleading and gymnastics uniforms is undergoing some sort of supply chain crisis. We won’t be able to get any new uniforms for the foreseeable future.”

Again Ms. Harrison decided to interject.

“I don’t think it will be a problem Mr. Ives. Rebecca seemed very comfortable today working out naked. Unless my eyes were mistaking me, I’d wager that she enjoyed the experience a great deal. Isn’t that right Rebecca?”

I was mortified at the implication. Not knowing what to say and not wanting to cross Ms. Harrison I just went along with her.

“Umm…sure…yeah, it wasn’t so bad.”

“Just as I thought. And of course none of the students had any issue, and we don’t have any special dress code. If it’s all the same to you Mr. Ives, I think Rebecca can just continue training in the altogether.”

Mr. Ives seemed pleased by this idea.

“That sounds fine to me. Saves us some trouble and money. Of course your birthday suit will have to constitute your official uniform for all training and gym duties. You are free to wear it during other times or for other classes. I’d advise you to maintain that healthy forest of pubic hair. Should help you maintain a bit of modesty, but of course it is up to you if you wish to expose more of your vagina.”

After the meeting ended I called my aunt from Ms. Harrison’s office. She told me that she had washed my clothes and that they were waiting for me at home. I asked her if she could drop them off at the school since I no longer had the dress, but she said she did not have time. I asked Ms. Harrison if there was anything I could possibly borrow for the bus ride home. She didn’t seem too sympathetic to my lack of desire to ride the bus naked, but she did find a big towel for me in her closet.

“It’s school property, so you really aren’t supposed to take it home. There is a policy.”

“I’m sorry, I really appreciate it.”

It was almost 3:30 and the bus was about to leave. I wrapped the towel around myself and made for the bus circle at the side of the school. As I got on people smiled at my attire but didn’t give me a hard time about it. Two boys in sports jerseys stared at me from the adjacent seat for the whole ride, but other than that I was surprisingly inconspicuous it seemed.

My stop is about two blocks from my house. When we arrived I got up and headed for the bus door but was stopped by the driver. He pointed at my towel and said, “I’m afraid I can’t let you go home with that. It’s school property. There’s a policy.”

I could not believe my bad luck. I considered arguing with him but noticed a few kids looking antsy as though they were annoyed about someone holding up the bus. I decided to take the path of least resistance and just removed my towel and handed it to him. He took an appreciative glance of my naked form.

“Have a nice day, darlin’.”

I got off and began the short walk home. It was mostly uneventful even though I was stark naked. There were not many people outside. I saw one old lady watering her lawn. She waved and smiled at me. A couple of little kids on tricycles rode by me as well but didn’t seem too interested in me beyond one look.

Eventually I walked into my house and was greeted by the smell of pizza. My aunt was sitting at the table eating a pepperoni slice.

**Naked New Girl 7**

“Howdy there Becky. How was day one? Did you make any friends?”

She did not seem at all concerned about my nudity. I decided that if she didn’t care, I wouldn’t say anything.

“It went really well. I think I will get along well with the girls on the cheerleading squad and in gymnastics. The coach seemed nice too.”

“That’s great to hear. Sit down and have some pizza. I have some news for you.”

I scarfed down a plain slice while listening to my aunt’s news.

“Your mother had to go on a business trip, I’m afraid. Very sudden. Big deal came up last night and she had to fly to Shang Hai immediately. No word on when she’ll be back.”

It was surprising to hear but not totally unexpected. My mother had always been a corporate bigshot since I was little, and I was used to her disappearing for weeks at a time.

“Now, on top of that, I too am going to have to take a little trip. Your uncle Henry’s health has taken a bad turn since that last round of treatment. I’m going to take a little drive up north and check on him, see if he needs some help with his farm. That means you’ll be alone around here for awhile. Think you can handle it?”

I had been home alone for days at a time more than once. The first time I did it I was only eleven. It seemed like it could be kind of cool to have a big house to myself.

“I think I’ll be fine aunt Greta.”

“Good, because I can’t be sure when I’ll be back. Don’t bother rooting through my closet or room either because it’s all packed up in suitcases. The upstairs is basically empty. I think you’ll have an easier time maintaining the place if you stay on the first floor. You’ll take the guest room adjacent the living room.”

The first floor of the house consisted of the guest room, a living room, a kitchen, and a bathroom. It would be like a nice one bedroom apartment. I had no problems with it.

“That guest room doesn’t have a chest or closet, but you don’t have much in the way of clothes to worry about anyway, haha. By the way, I put that skirt and blouse on the bed in that room. You’ll have to make do with that while I’m gone.”
“You won’t be back in time to take me shopping on the weekend?”

“No, unfortunately, and the mall is a bit too far to go yourself. Don’t worry about food though, we get a delivery every week from the local market. It’s covered by my account. You’ll also have lunch at school taken care of, so you shouldn’t need money for anything.”

We talked a bit more before I excused myself and went to my room. I fired up my laptop and saw an e-mail from Ms. Harrison. It contained my new schedule:

Homeroom (15 minutes)
Period 1: Coursework
Period 2: Free Training
Period 3: Free Training
Period 4: Gymnastics Class
Period 5: Coursework
Lunch
Period 6: Coursework
Period 7: Elective
Period 8: Cheerleading

My coursework periods were basically free. I could do classwork in my official classroom, at the library, at the gym, or even at home if I felt like it. Free training was for serious individual work, and I would be supervised by a special gymnastics coach who would come only for those periods. The fourth period gymnastics class and eighth period cheerleading would be with Ms. Harrison. As for the elective, I had not yet picked one.

Eventually my aunt bid me farewell and drove off. I fell asleep not too long after. In the morning I went through my routine getting a quick breakfast and showering. It was sort of nice doing it all naked. After I finished my hair and makeup, I slipped on Lauren’s mini skirt and blouse.

**Naked New Girl 8**

Somehow they felt even smaller than before, like they had shrunk or been adjusted. Now the skirt didn’t even fully cover my pussy; it stopped a good three inches short with most of my ass hanging out in the back. The blouse was so small that I could only close the lowest button, and as a result was left showing off most of my tits.

I could live with the blouse, but the skirt was seriously obscene. I resolved to pull it low enough to cover my pussy lips in spite of the fact that this forced me to show off a good two inches of pubic hair. I could not believe that my aunt expected me to “get by” with this one outfit for potentially several weeks or longer!

I took the bus to school. It was mercifully an uneventful trip. I held my hands in front of my crotch to cover my bush. I wished I had a bag or something I could use to make it less obvious what I was doing.

Homeroom went smoothly. The supervisor was a nice young lady named Mrs. Francis. She complimented me on my “cute” outfit and said she looked forward to seeing me on the cheerleading squad.

First period was for coursework. I logged into my school account in a study hall classroom and did several assignments. I thought I would stand out given that my ass was clearly visible through the chair, but no one said anything.

Finally I got to the gym for free training and met with my new trainer. There were four other girls in the gym, all about my age. They all had more typical gymnast body types – slender and short compared to my more feminine frame.
The girls were all wearing the white uniforms from before, though I saw two interesting variations that were REALLY shocking. One girl wore what looked like a bikini-style top with a g-string bottom. The cups for the top covered only her nipples and were held together by a tiny transparent thread. The bottom barely covered her slit and the strings that went around her waist and between her buttcheeks were nearly invisible.

Another girl appeared to be wearing nothing but pasties. She wore two white ones that had the school logo on them and just barely covered her nipples. For a bottom she wore a tiny adhesive patch that just covered her pussy lips. She was shaved completely smooth and you could see her entire ass and pubic area. I asked about the outfits and was told that they were training outfits designed to allow girls to practice with as little obstruction of their bodies as possible. The girls explained that they only wore the revealing outfits for practice, so they weren’t embarrassed. Apparently the actual performance uniform was more modest.

Soon after I arrived the trainer showed up. He was a middle-aged man named Nicolas. His last name was very difficult to pronounce, so he made us address him as “Coach Nico,” at all times. He had a scruffy beard and a rough but friendly demeanor. He addressed me as I stood with the other girls in the middle of the gym.

“Ah, you must be Rebecca. So nice to finally meet you. I have heard great things.”

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, sir.”

“Today for you will just be warm up. I want to see what you can do and help you adjust to our program. You’d better get changed.”

I started blushing.

“Umm…well actually I’m not getting a uniform like the other girls.”

“Oh…Well you can’t practice in what you are wearing. What are we supposed to do about this?”

“Umm…I’m supposed to practice…n-naked…”

Coach Nico considered this for about three seconds and the responded cheerfully, “Of course! That should work just fine. Go ahead and store your clothes in your locker then.”

“I don’t have a locker actually, since I don’t have a uniform.”

“Ah, of course. That’s fine. Just leave your clothes by the bleachers then. I will keep an eye on them.”

“S-sure…”

The gym was pretty empty. Aside from us girls there was a small class at the opposite end playing badminton. I stripped off everything and joined the others for practice. I decided to leave my hair down so that I would have some covering; it got in the way a bit but wasn’t too much of an obstruction. It was weird again being the only naked girl around a bunch of clothed people. Nico for his part seemed uninterested in my exposed body, and was generally a very good coach.

He complimented my technique and said that I would make a good competitor at the state and possibly even national level. After two periods of intense work, I heard the bell for fourth period and headed for the locker room. Inside I met Lauren who was preparing for our gym class.

“Well hello there naked girl. You look pretty worked up if I do say so myself.”

She was right, I was a bit sweaty from the workout.

Forgetting all about the clothes I had left on the bleacher, I took a long shower and reported to the gym nude. Ms. Harrison and the other students smiled when they saw me.

“Good to see you again Becky. Coach Nico was very impressed with your work today. Keep it up.”

I blushed a bit, then saw the smile erode from Ms. Harrison’s face. She was looking at my (Lauren’s) clothes on the bleachers.

“Ugh, how many times do I have to tell you people to NOT leave your junk in the bleachers! That’s an automatic detention. Whose is this!?”

Neither I nor Lauren made a move. I worried that Lauren would get in trouble if Ms. Harrison found out the clothes belonged to her.

“No one huh? Well I guess then no one will care if I just toss this into the paper shredder. Not a lot of fabric here anyway.”

I watched in horror as Ms. Harrison took the only clothing to my name and shredded them both by the door to her office. When she was done she gave a toothy grin and proceeded as though nothing had happened.

**Naked New Girl 9**

“Ok Becky, good to see you comfortable in your uniform. Looks like a good fit on you.”

Everyone laughed. I smiled along with them while unconsciously making sure my hair was in front of my boobs.

“You really are just about decent with all that hair Becky. Can’t hardly see them titties under that mange, and your bush obscures just about everything that identifies you as a female. Sure, we can see your butt, but everyone’s got one of them, and I bet that hair will grow long enough to cover that eventually too!”

I tried to smile along with Ms. Harrison but it was still weird having everyone see me naked. Eventually we got down to work as I worked with small groups of girls on their activities. It was a fun class and everyone seemed grateful for my advice and help. I had to squat down every so often to help demonstrate techniques, and I caught a few boys glancing between my legs. It was embarrassing having my vagina open and on display, especially since I could feel myself getting wet. I tried to not worry about it.

When class ended I headed to the locker room with Lauren. She apologized for not speaking up about the clothes but I told her not to worry since it was my fault. I had to figure out what to do for the rest of the day since I was now nude in school with absolutely zero clothing. My next two periods were for coursework, so at least I could choose where to work. I went back into the gym and decided to ask Ms. Harrison. Fortunately the gym was still empty.

“Hey coach, umm…could you help me with something.”

“Becky, what’s up? You’ve got coursework periods now. Aren’t you going to get changed?”

“Umm…Lauren had to take back her dress. I don’t have anything to wear right now. Do you have another towel I can borrow?”

“Unfortunately no, I actually got chewed out by the facilities manager for letting you borrow one yesterday. Sorry Becky. You’ll have to just make do naked for now.”

“That’s fine. Is there somewhere private I can work at least?”

“Your best bet is the library. You can probably sneak in now that the second bell has rung. Find a quiet spot in the back and no one will notice you.”

“Ok, I’ll try that. Thanks coach.”

I made my way to the hallway and peaked out the gym door. Thankfully it was empty as everyone seemed to be settled in their next class. I stepped out barefoot into the hallway and for the first time was really self-conscious of my exposed body.

“Oh man, I really hope Coach is right about my hair making me decent…”

I scampered down two hallways before coming to the main passage that led to the library. My luck at not being seen ran out as a couple of older girls walked past me just as I approached the library.

“I dig the minimalist hirsute style, new girl. Very cool.”

They both gave me a thumbs up and walked on. Not the reaction I expected but I didn’t complain. I finally walked into the library and saw that it was mostly empty. I stole up to the front desk without the librarian noticing me. The desk came up just past my nipples, so I figured if I stood right up against it with my hair draped in front of me, my nudity would not be so obvious. The woman behind the desk finally saw me and seemed not to realize that I was naked.

“Hello young lady. Do you have a free period now or are you just looking for something?”

“I am in the FLEX program. I just want to borrow a laptop and find a quiet place to work.”

“Ah, certainly. Follow me.”

She picked up a small computer from the rack and beckoned me to walk through the stacks. Once she passed the computer to me, I held it in front of my crotch. When she saw me
following her, she seemed still didn’t seem to have caught on to my nudity. My hair could have been obscuring a small top, it appeared, and the way I held the computer covered up my bottomlessness.

We came to a small desk in an abandoned corner all the way in the back of the library. She gestured for me to sit down. I walked past her blushing as I realized she would see my ass. When I sat she said “Oh, you must be the new girl on the gymnastics team.” She must have assumed I was wearing the tiny g-string or patch uniform. Both were small enough that one would look bottomless from behind.

“Yes, I just came from the gym. Sorry about how I look.”

“Oh don’t worry. You could come in here naked and we wouldn’t care. It’s nice to meet you.”

Once she left I opened the computer and started working. It was a productive period. Working on assignments while naked in the library was sort of exciting; it gave an erotic charge to the work and kept me alert. Before the bell rang I had finished all of my homework, and so I could just goof off for the next coursework period.

The bell rang and I had to get lunch. The cafeteria wasn’t too far from the library so I wasn’t in any rush. My concern was my lack of clothes. The cafeteria was pretty big and would be full of other kids. There was no way I could sneak in and get my food unseen. While I thought about what to do
I got up and took the laptop back to the front. The woman behind the counter accepted it and gave me a warm look.

“Gosh, those gymnastics outfits are tiny. I can’t see anything under your hair!”

I had absent mindedly wandered away from the desk and my entire body was visible. The woman was looking right at my hairy bush.

“Oh, ummm…haha, yeah well, actually, my hair sort of IS my uniform.”

“Really? Oh my, so you’ve just been naked this whole time?”

“Yeah…”

“Wow. That takes some guts. Though there aren’t any rules against it, no one has ever tried just coming to school stark naked. I think you will be fine though if you just tell people that your hair is your uniform. It actually covers more than a lot of the other girls’ uniforms now that I think about it.”

“Really?”

“Oh yeah, all of the girls’ teams wear skimpy uniforms, especially for training. The climate is always so warm and the community is pretty relaxed about nudity anyway, especially for girls.”

“I noticed.”

“Haha I suppose it’s kind of obvious. Anyway I have to get back to work. Good luck naked girl!”

I chuckled nervously and left. The hallway leading to the cafeteria was pretty busy. It was totally surreal walking through the throng of people fully nude. I got some amused looks but avoided causing any big drama. On the lunch line people seemed more interested in their food than my body. A boy behind eventually decided to say something after tapping me on the shoulder.

“Umm…why are you naked?”

“I’m not naked. I am wearing my gymnastics uniform.”

“Huh?”

“My hair is my uniform. The principal gave me permission.”

“Really? But I mean…you’re totally nude.”

“Sure, but my girl parts are all covered. Can you see my boobs?”

“Mmm…not really with all that hair in front of you.”

“Can you see my vagina.”

“Not really. That bush is pretty thick. I can see your ass though.”

“So what? Everyone has one of those. You’d see as much if I were in a thong swimsuit or one of the gymnastics uniforms.”

“I guess so. I suppose that is a pretty sensible uniform then. Cool. My name is Martin.”

“Nice to meet you Martin. I’m Rebecca. I’m a FLEX student focusing on gymnastics and cheerleading. I’ll be coaching a few groups this year.”

“Cool!”

Martin and I chatted a while longer until we got our food. He invited me to his table to sit. As we walked through the cafeteria together I began to feel much better about being naked. Martin had taken it well and he seemed like a nice boy. It didn’t hurt that he was very cute.

When we sat at his table the three other boys there all looked startled to see me. Martin explained about my uniform and everyone immediately agreed that it was the coolest idea they had ever heard. A pimply red-headed boy named Tim seemed especially impressed.

“I think more girls would be interested to try this uniform idea Rebecca. You should get it established as a school-wide policy. Imagine if every girl came to school naked…”

Lunch passed by without incident and I said my goodbyes to the boys. I spent my next coursework period in the library again, this time walking confidently around the entire facility. None of the other students seemed to mind, and the few that asked were satisfied with my uniform explanation.

**Naked New Girl 10**

For my elective period I was supposed to go to the main office and pick a class with a counselor. I made it through the hallway without incident and braced myself for the office workers’ reaction to seeing a naked girl wander into the area.

There were two lady receptionists in the front area and both looked me over rather seriously when I entered. They asked me why I was naked and I gave them my uniform explanation. One of them looked concerned and called the principal over to confirm my story. He beamed when he saw me standing naked in the middle of the office.

“Ah, good to see you again Rebecca. Coach Nico tells me you will be a credit to our sports programs. I see there is some incredulity regarding your uniform. Rest assured, you are free to wear your uniform wherever you want on school property. I’ll make sure staff is properly informed.”

The secretary seemed satisfied by this explanation. I thought about the fact that I had no clothes at home and might end up nude in school for several days or even longer. I asked the principal to clarify about the law and using my hair to cover up my lady parts.

“Well your breasts are not considered genitalia, thus there is no school rule or law requiring you to cover them. You are free to shave and bare your outer labia as well. You would only be breaking the law if you spread your legs and exposed the pink of your vagina, and even then you would have to be doing something obscene enough to cause someone to file a complaint.”

“Of course I can understand choosing to maintain a more hirsute style. A young girl might prefer not to have her genitals exposed all day. However as you have so graciously offered to assist Ms. Harrison and support our sports programs, I want you to be assured of your freedom to wear your uniform anywhere at any time.”

With all of that cleared up I thanked the principal and was led to the counselor’s office. I felt a weight lifted from my shoulders as I realized that I didn’t actually need to worry about clothes for the immediate future. It was still extremely embarrassing being seen naked by everyone, but I could fight through it. The real challenge was controlling my arousal; I’d been moist since second period and now with the realization of how prolonged my nudity might be, I was dripping with lust.

Of the various electives offered, I chose art. The counselor took care of the paperwork and sent me on my way. I walked across the school to the club wing and slowly walked into the classroom.

“Whoa, I don’t recall booking a model for today.”

The art teacher was a big middle-aged woman named Mrs. Ferguson. There were about a dozen other students in the class, mostly sophomores and juniors from the looks of them. I explained about the FLEX program and my uniform to Mrs. Ferguson and she had no complaints.

“Well, since you’re naked anyway, how about modeling for us today? We’ve been doing human figures for a few weeks.”

“Sure, I think I can manage that.”

“Great, stand on the platform there.”

I stood up and put my hands at my sides. Before the kids could start drawing Mrs. Ferguson made a disapproving sound.
“Hmm, your hair obscures a lot of your body. I wonder if we can’t do something about that…”

I worried that she would want to cut my hair (there was no way I would have let her) but instead she just took out a bunch of braids. In a matter of minutes she managed to roll up most of my long locks into long and thick pigtails. It was a really cute look but it left my breasts completely exposed. The class now had a clear view of my hard nipples.
If students had not already caught the glistening of my inner thighs, it should now have been apparent just how horny I was.

Mrs. Ferguson admired her work as I stood on the pedestal again.

“Yes, this is much better. Everyone will be able to clearly see your body now. Ideally we’d shave that forest you have between your legs, but we haven’t the time or tools today. It is unfortunate because I really want the students to see the differences between male and female body types.”

Just then one of the boy students had a brilliant idea.

“What if she just poses in a way that lets us see what is between her legs?”

“Hmm…that sounds like a simple solution. Ok Rebecca, could you sit on the platform instead and put one leg up so that we can see between your legs?”

I turned red as I got into position. Sitting this way caused my pussy to open up like a flower in bloom. Everyone could see that I was leaking creamy white girl cum onto my thighs as my dripping pussy ached for release.

The students for their part were all business. They diligently painted every bit of my nude form. I watched them look over my body and felt myself going over the edge. I closed my eyes and tilted by head back slightly. My orgasm was soft and quiet yet unmistakable. Though I didn’t scream, I shuddered visibly and squirted a good amount of liquid out of my .... Mrs. Ferguson noticed and just smiled.

The session ended just before the bell. No one said anything about my cumming in front of everyone. As I headed outside to get to cheerleading, I realized that I had forgotten to undo my pigtails. As I walked through the hallway, my tits were out and visible to everyone. I remembered the principal’s comments about the law and decided not to undo the pigtails. My hair felt more manageable this way.

When I came to the gym I saw a note reminding cheerleaders that practice would be out on the quad. I made my way outside and saw several boys’ sports teams practicing. There were basketball, football, soccer, baseball, and track. The school had only cheerleading and gymnastics for girls due to lack of interest.

As boys jogged and walked by me I got a lot of appreciative smiles as they admired my boobs. There were several practice areas and the cheerleading team was quite small, so I ended up getting lost. Eventually an older boy stopped and asked me if I needed help. He must have been a senior as he was at least 6’5’’ and absolutely massive. He introduced himself as Greg.

“Cheerleading? Oh you’re the new assistant. Heard a bit about you. Nice uniform.”

“Yeah, thanks. Do you think you could show me how to get to their practice area?”

“I’ll do you one better new kid.”

In one quick motion he scooped me up and slung me over his shoulder.

“I can get you over there in a jiff, express service.”

Before I could protest he was off and running around the side of the school. Some of the other students saw him carrying me and they laughed at the site of the naked girl helplessly hanging over his back. In under a minute we were at a small field adjacent the football stands. Greg put me down and politely bid me farewell before running to his practice.

**Naked New Girl Conclusion**

I saw the other girls warming up and couldn’t help but admire their cheerleading uniforms. The top was a slinky white and red brassiere with a deep and wide cut revealing a lot of cleavage. It ended far above the navel and was backless aside from the straps. The skirt was a flirty white number with red trimmings. It was about four inches in width leaving most of the girls’ asses on display. They were wearing skimpy black panties under their skirts.

Amber approached me first. She beamed when she saw my exposed breasts and hairy triangle.

“Well if it isn’t our favorite nudist. Good to see you again Becky. Coach Harrison let us know about your wardrobe situation.”

“Yeah, heh heh…I’m still getting used to it. I hope you guys don’t mind.”

“Nonsense Beck. Nothin’ we haven’t seen before. Your Birthday suit looks good on you anyway.”

I appreciated her kind words. After introducing myself to the rest of the team we got down to work. I saw the girls routines and made suggestions where I could. I didn’t have much knowledge about cheer routines, but I was able to advise them about movements and techniques. Overall the practice was really productive and fun, and I enjoyed myself immensely.

When the bell rang I started heading back to my locker before stopping myself. All I had in there were some papers that I didn’t need. All of my classwork I could do via computer by logging into the school site. I didn’t have a phone or any cash or wallet to bother with. I realized that I would likely never need to carry anything with me. I could be a ‘complete’ nudist and literally have nothing but my body as I went about my day. I wasn’t even wearing shoes.

I decided to walk home to test how comfortable I could be walking around nude in public. It was about two and a half miles but it was a scenic and pleasant route. The street that took me away from the school was filled with other kids and parents in their cars picking up their children. I got some smiles and warm greetings as word has gotten around that I was the “naked new girl.” People seemed excited that I was not only a coach but also a pioneer in women’s fashion.

Main street was the most nerve-wracking part of the trip. It was not only full of pedestrians, but also very open with a lot of cars and businesses. A few people stopped and stared at my tits and ass but far more just seemed to not even take notice. A couple of little kids pointed at my pubic fur and laughed. That was the worst thing that happened and it didn’t actually bother me.

When I got home the house was empty as expected. I scrounged up some food and wandered around the first floor. I went upstairs to see if I could maybe steal some clothes from my aunt, but as she had said, they were all gone. I was genuinely stuck naked until someone came home.

That night I checked my e-mail and got two messages that ultimately would change the course of my life. The first message was from my mother. She told me that her company had offered her a permanent position in Shang Hai. She’d be making a ton of money but would have to start living there immediately, and she likely wouldn’t have time to come back to the United States for several months and possibly even years.

She told me that I could either stay with my aunt Greta in Hoytsville, or I could move to China and live with her. While I knew she would be happy no matter what I chose, there was a subtext to her letter that suggested she would be extremely busy and would not have much time for me if I came to China. I felt like I would probably just be in her way, and I didn’t really want to uproot my whole life again since I had just moved.

Before I responded I read the e-mail from my aunt. She wrote that her brother (my uncle) Henry would need regular care as well as help with his farm. She wanted to stay with him and help keep his business running. Since her home was fully paid for, she offered to let me live there on my own. She would regularly visit and would still be my official guardian since my mom wasn’t around, but basically I would be living alone for what would likely be my entire high school career.

I had a Skype call with my aunt after I read her letter. She was surprised to see that I was nude.

“What happened to your outfit?”

“It got destroyed.”

“Oh my, I’m sorry I didn't leave anything for you. I can get some clothes shipped to you if you want.”

“I think it’s going to be fine. No one minded that I was naked at school. I think I can just stay nude for the near future.”

“Wow, that should be interesting. You know Hoytsville rarely goes below 65 degrees even in the winter, so you may be fine just staying unclothed all the time.”

“I think I can get used to it.”

“I don’t see why not. Live a little. Show off a bit. I’d stick with the pigtail look. You’ve got some cute boobies. And I’d shave some of that forest on your crotch. Go for a tasteful landing strip. It ain’t illegal to show off your twat a bit so long as you don’t do anything too creepy.”

“Haha, I’ll think about it.”

“I know food and board are taken care of for you but you’re going to need money for something eventually. I’ll send you an allowance each month. Got some good extra income coming in from Henry’s farm.”

“Thanks aunt Greta. That should help, though the school is giving me a nice little salary for my coaching work. I don’t really have much to buy so I think it should be fine.”

“Sounds great cupcake. You take care of everything. I’ll come visit in a few months. Call me regularly honey. Bye!”

The call ended and I returned to my mother’s e-mail. I responded by telling her that I wished to stay in Hoytsville. I assumed she already knew about aunt Greta’s situation with her uncle Henry, but even if she didn’t I don’t think it would have changed much.

I closed my laptop and went to the bathroom for a quick shower. When I finished I looked over my nude body again. I decided that my aunt was right about my pubic hair. I trimmed the sides and shaved it down to a wide and long landing strip. The hairs were still pretty long. I combed and blow dried them out giving my bush a wavy look. I shaved the area just above my pussy lips too. This left not only my labia exposed, but also a little of the inner pink lips as well as my clitoris. This newer look combined with my pigtails made my nudity MUCH more apparent. I wasn’t just some kid wrapped in body hair; I was now a real nudist with her breasts, ass, and vagina on constant display.

I got wet when I thought about what the kids would say tomorrow. I would probably be aroused all day. Remembering the principal’s words about the law, it occurred to me that it would be a challenge to avoid touching myself in public. A shiver went down my spine.

I lay in bed that night thinking about the life I had established for myself. I was no longer a normal teenager. No longer was I just the new girl; I was now Rebecca the naked gymnast.

It turned out to be the best decision I could have made. My high school years were a blast.