**Beth Naked in School 1/12**

Tuesday, three days after Carl and I had gone to the homecoming dance, insanity struck again. Mom and daddy and I were having dinner, (meatloaf, French cut string beans, steamed carrots, and chocolate pudding for dessert - yum!) when the words popped out of my mouth.

“I want you to sign me up for the program.” I toyed with my carrots, not looking at either of them.

“Oh my,” mom said softly.

Daddy choked on a bite of carrot, and I thought for a moment I’d have to Heimlich him.

“You what?!” he managed do wheeze out after a few minutes.

“You put me on the ‘will not participate list,’ didn’t you?” I asked.

“Well, yes, we did,” daddy admitted reluctantly. He, I should mention, was still getting over the fact that I’d gone to the homecoming dance naked, with Carl, my boyfriend, who was also naked, because he, Carl that is, not daddy, had been required to (go naked that is) because he, Carl, was in the program that week.

Boy pronouns can get messy!

I should mention that mom had broken the news about my state of dress, or the lack thereof, to daddy after Carl and I had left for the dance, and then had used her feminine wiles to keep daddy from riding to my “rescue.”

And I’ll go no farther down that road, thank you very much! Though I will admit I noticed their sheets were in the laundry the next day, only about a week early!

Anyway, even by Tuesday, daddy was still not completely reconciled to his “baby” having shown all at the homecoming dance.

“I don’t want to be any different than the rest of the kids in school,” I explained quietly, looking at him.

“But not all of them are going to be taking part,” he argued.

“By the time the program is completed, most of them will have taken part,” I pointed out. Stephanie, in fact, was in the program this week, poor thing. It was an awful strain on her, I knew, even though Carl and I made a point to include her in our walks between classes when we could, and had lunch with her.

On the other hand, it was doing her good. For one thing, she’d said that morning that she was making a serious effort to lose some weight, even though Carl and I insisted she needn’t do that. She was always going to be a big girl, but getting rid of the roll at her tummy was a Good Thing, we all agreed.

“I might point out,” mom observed wryly, “that going to the dance naked has already - uhm - made you stand out?”

“That’s the whole point!” I complained. “I set myself apart by doing that, while you set me apart by putting me on the short list of those who aren’t permitted to take part in the program.”

Mom thought this over. “She has a point, Arthur. A twisted point, but a point.”

“I’ve always been different,” I reminded them. “I’m in the top of the class. That alone is bad enough. I’m not pretty.”

“You are pretty. You have always been pretty, and I think maybe Saturday night has changed some opinions around school about that!” daddy retorted, obviously less than pleased.

“I’m not popular,” I plunged on.

“Popularity is not everything. Top of the class is good!

Different is good! And you’ve got Carl,” daddy pointed out.

“And I bet your appearance at the dance has gained you some popularity, too,” mom added.

“Not always the kind I want,” I grumbled, thinking of the teasing and snide comments I’d gotten from some people, especially the girls. Most of them were unhappy because now their boyfriends wanted them to go to the next dance naked. Even worse, their boyfriends were hitting on me to go with them to the next dance naked - I mean ME naked, going with them to the next dance. Oh, whatever, you get the idea.

A few have even volunteered to be naked, too.

Very few.

Anyway, by the time we got to the chocolate pudding, they’d given in and agreed to request that I be chosen.

They must have made the call the next day, because I discovered the next Monday I’d made the top of the list. I found this out, of course, by being called to the principal’s office to undress.

I hadn’t known it was coming so soon. I’d dressed that morning in my nicest school clothes - my best white, button down, oxford cloth, short sleeved shirt and pleated plaid skirt, penny loafers and white socks.

But I was not quite as nerdy as I was prior to the dance, I admit. Underneath my nerdy best I had worn my newest underwear - a lacy bra - not because I needed a bra, but because it was lacy and nice - and lace knickers, courtesy of a return trip to Victoria’s Secret, and no, I did NOT do the mall naked again! I went with Carl and he even helped me pick them out!

Of course I wore them for Carl, even though I didn’t plan on him seeing my frillies until, maybe, just maybe, after school.

Just in case, that was.

Maybe.

I know, we did some hot and heavy things Saturday after the dance, but we were both under the influence of the evening. We’d talked about it since and vowed to try to cool things down before we went Too Far, if you know what I mean. Anyway, I felt good knowing I was wearing something sexy under my dull outer layers, that there was a butterfly within this caterpillar.

Anyway, by Monday I had sort of half forgotten the whole issue of being naked in school, being engrossed in a paper for Chem over the weekend, as well as Carl, of course. But here it was, less than a week after I’d set the dominoes tumbling, I found myself in the principal’s office.

“Take your clothes off, Miss Finch,” the principal ordered, indicating the box on the floor beside me. Two security guards watched, as required by the rules. As I fumbled with the buttons on my blouse, I could only ask myself how I had gotten myself into this.

I knew perfectly well, of course. I’m not senile yet. Though I was thinking I had to have been demented when I set this in motion.

I hadn’t expected it to be the next week! Now, that is! I hadn’t known it was coming this day, and I was not ready for it. I’d had no warning, I’d been taken straight to the principal’s office the moment I’d entered school, just the way all the others were handled.

I hadn’t even prepared Carl for this, figuring I had a week or two to figure out the best way to break the news. This morning I’d been spirited away from him without a word of explanation, though I suspect he knew what was happening. But what was he going to say when he saw me naked in school?

I was remembering, too, the demands the program made on the participants - how we had to obey any reasonable requests from teachers and fellow students. Karen had set the bar pretty high that first week when she’d been chosen, letting herself be felt up in the hallways, and even submitting to a gang bang, and before school, no less, on Friday, her last day.

Oh God! I didn’t have to go that far, did I? While Carl and I had masturbated each other, and he’d eaten me to the best climax of my short life, we were both still virgins, and I wanted my first time to be with him, and no one else.

I wondered if maybe we should move the timetable for that next Big Step up a bit.

I dropped my shirt in the box without even bothering to fold it neatly, fighting the urge to cover my lace encased breasts with my hands. If only I’d worn my dull old bra. Or even gone bra-less! This one molded to my breasts, and you could even see the shadow of my nipples through the lace.

I hurriedly dispensed with it, feeling more comfortable with bare breasts than I did with that seductive covering.

“Who else is taking part this week?” I asked nervously, trying to keep my voice steady as I dealt with the zipper of my skirt, conscious of the way my nipples had stiffened.

“We’re not at liberty to tell you that,” the principal answered. “The identity of participants is not revealed until they leave the office where they are being orientated.”

“Orientated,” in this context, meant “stripped naked.”

And how dumb did he think the students were, anyway? These days there was only one reason students were summoned to the offices first thing on a Monday morning. They went in clothed, and came out naked, and everyone knew it. Word quickly got around about who had been summoned, and there was always a feeding frenzy outside the offices, as a result.

As a summonee, however, I was suddenly out of the loop.

My skirt followed my shirt and bra, and I flushed as the principal and the guards saw my lacy knickers.

At least I’d worn bikini cut ones, rather than the even more revealing thongs I’d also bought! Still, they hugged my bottom and my pussy. I’d looked at myself in the mirror that morning and knew perfectly well that the shadow of my pussy hair showed through the lace.

My face got hot.

So much for my image as miss goody two-shoes, the teachers’ dream student, never disruptive, always well prepared for class, eager to volunteer.

Myself (my evil twin, that is) cackled wickedly, and promised that we were going to have some fun this week!

Oh dear.

Blushing furiously, I skinned my knickers down and stepped out of them, trying not to reveal any more of myself than I had to as I did.

In the box they went, leaving me in my penny loafers, white ankle length socks, the gold cross on the fine gold chain around my neck, eyeglasses, and scrunchy pony tail tie, reading from bottom to top, as it were.

Notice the wide gap between ankles and neck.

In fact, I was wearing less than I’d worn to the dance.

No gold ribbon in my pussy hair, for one thing.

I felt very, very, very naked and made a reflexive and totally ludicrous effort to hide my breasts and pussy with arm and hand.

I also tried to listen to the little speech the principal was giving me, I really did, but all I could think of was that in about two minutes everyone would be seeing the real me, and Carl was going to know that I was going to be naked in school for the next week!

I suppose you’re thinking it’s only right. After all, hadn’t he undergone the same ordeal just week before last?

Well yes, he had. But sometimes I think maybe this whole sexual equality thing should be rethought. Especially by yours truly, me.

I shivered, goose bumps breaking out all over.

The principal was saying something about if I got my period, and I desperately reviewed my calendar in my mind, and heaved a sigh of relief. At least I wouldn’t be walking around with a tampon string dangling from me like some sort of a fuse or rip-cord! Ick!

“Any questions, Miss Finch?” the principal asked, in a tone that indicated he was repeating the question in an effort to penetrate my dazed brain.

I’d read the manual when Carl had been on the spot - same manual for boys and girls - practically memorized it, in fact. No secrets between the sexes any longer. “Uh, nosir,” I assured him. “No questions.”

He was, I couldn’t help noticing, enjoying the sight of me. “I’m sure,” he went on, “you will comport yourself with dignity and good humor. So far, the ladies, and the gentlemen, have performed admirably. I’m sure you’ll do fine.”

“Yessir,” I agreed, feeling a dazed numbness settle over me like a fog.

“Time to go, Miss Finch, or you’ll be late for your first class,” he announced cheerily. “Your clothes will be awaiting you outside the North Entrance. When you come to school the rest of this week you will disrobe there before entering the building, placing your clothes in the drop box,” he reminded me.

“Yessir.” Dazed, I turned toward the door.

I emerged to a wave of applause and whistles, and the sight of Carl in the front row. His expression? Well, that’s hard to say. He was glad to see me, and he obviously was GLAD to SEE ME, as the bulge in his jeans made perfectly obvious.

What’s that old joke? Is that a banana in your pocket, or are you glad to see me?

On the other hand, I could see, too, that he was less than ecstatic at the idea of having to share me with the rest of the student population for the rest of the week. And how would he react the first time I had to respond to a “reasonable request” from someone?

“Hi,” I greeted him shyly, chewing my lower lip to ribbons.

“Hi.” He took my hand, when what I really wanted was him to wrap his arm around me. “You okay?”

I shivered again. “I’ll live, I think.” The bell rang. “I’ve got to get to Chem class.”

“See you in French,” he assured me, handing me my book bag. He’d even insisted on carrying my books to school, the silly romantic!

“You sure will,” I managed to joke as we parted and I joined the herd. I noticed that some went out of their way to void bumping into me, while others seemed to take every opportunity for contact with some portion of my naked anatomy.

I was scared and embarrassed, but there was one other feeling I can’t deny, no matter how hard I tried.

I was horny.

Horny, horny, horny.

I admit, that was a word I’d not really known the meaning of until I’d first kissed, really kissed, Carl, that evening we’d taken a walk, him naked and me clothed.

Now, for the next week, it was me naked and him clothed.

Then, at the dance we’d danced naked, and afterwards, at home, we’d necked naked, and petted naked, and he’d - he’d eaten me out naked, and I’d - well, I’d had an orgasm that topped any I’d ever had before, which wasn’t many anyway.

But now that I knew what an orgasm could be, well, okay, I confess, I wanted more. And here I was, a walking, naked invitation to every horny male in school, plus a few females who were - uh - differently inclined, and I wasn’t sure I’d could turn them all down!

Oh God. Already I felt my pussy threatening to burst into tears.

After two weeks of the program, people were getting a bit more used to seeing students naked. I was greeted in my first period Chem class with snickers from some of the few girls in the class, with whistles and applause from the boys, but that was it.

Chemistry, at least, was not a class where the teacher would use me for a live demonstration. I heard that Karen’s adventures in her bio class had been - uh - tres outre, as the French might say, complete with whips, chains and butt plugs!

Trying to ignore the ogling, I lowered myself into my seat, and winced at the chill. I will say that if this program continues they really must do something about the chairs. They are COLD!

What’s worse, after you’ve sat in one for a while there’s a tendency to stick to it. Maybe they could issue participants cushions to carry around with them. As it is, the academic world is simply not properly furnished for this program!

Mercifully, the teacher decided on a lab session, which meant I could don a lab jacket which, on me, came to mid-thigh. It wasn’t much, but it was better than nothing, as long as I was careful. If I had to pick something up off the floor or get it down from a high shelf I’d give a show, no doubt.

The way the air toyed with my naked pussy and butt, though, was a constant reminder of my nakedness beneath the jacket. Also, it was rough, starchy cotton, rougher even than my usual shirts, and it scraped my nipples, bringing them to a constant stated of erection. After a while it felt like my titties were ablaze.

Believe me, even with that jacket on I was extra careful as I handled things like sulfuric acid! I had to concentrate extra hard, too, because one part of my mind wouldn’t stay off my next class, which was French, with Mademoiselle Duclos.

What if she used me the way she had used Carl, for another of her slang vocab lessons? Would she stand me up in front of the whole class naked while she named the exposed parts of my anatomy?

I’d die!

When the bell ending chemistry rang, I shivered as I slipped off the lab coat, baring myself once again. I’d been so distracted by my worries and the simple mechanics I’d not paid any attention at all to the lessons, and Chem was my toughest subject!

If this kept up my grades would plunge.

Well, my evil twin noted, that would be one way to fit in better around here.

Not at the expense of my education, I retorted angrily.

As I made my way through the halls I was intensely aware of every passing glance, every look, every stare, every grin and wink. I was dreading the first time someone, boy or girl, came up to me and asked for a feel. I hunched, wanting to huddle into a ball that revealed nothing. I couldn’t help thinking of how inadequate I was, physically - small breasted, with not much in the way of hips, a little, barely concealing patch of hair between my thighs.

I wasn’t skinny! I was petite, with a little bit of an adipose layer to soften my curves, conceal my ribs. I just wasn’t - uh - voluptuous.

Oh, I know Carl thought I was beautiful, or at least he had told me I was when I’d shed my coat at the dance. But that night he’d been naked, too, and mom had helped make the most of my limited assets. My hair had been done elegantly up, and she’d even made up my body. But now, well, it was just me. No adornments, no makeup, nothing between me and all those staring eyes.

No Carl.

“Hi!” Carl greeted me.

“Oh, hi,” I mumbled, having almost crashed headlong into him outside Mademoiselle Duclos’ classroom.

“Are you all right?” he asked.

I tried to say I was, but shook my head, my throat knotting up.

“No, I’m not. I’m naked, and everyone else is dressed.”

He touched my cheek, tipped my head up so he could look down into my eyes. “You’re beautiful,” he assured me, and he was so warm and so tender with me that I wanted to leap into his arms. “You’ll be all right,” he insisted. “I was all right, and you’re braver than I am.”

“No I’m not,” I protested.

He wouldn’t hear it. “You are. You went to the dance naked, when you didn’t need to. That was brave!”

I wanted to say it was stupid, only I knew it hadn’t been. That had been the most wonderful night of my life! I remembered how proudly he had walked me to the dance floor, and felt better. I remembered the envy in the eyes of some of the girls as they’d studied me, the desire the boys had shown.

I remembered the feeling of being in his arms, and my arousal skyrocketed.

Down boy! I told my libido irritably. You’re not helping things.

“Let’s go,” Carl said, gently urging me through the door.

“But what if she....”

“If she does, she does,” he answered. “Try to enjoy it. Go with the flow.”

God bless the state! I was spared humiliation by a special study session for the standardized tests we had coming up in a week. Oh, I was still naked, but at least I was at my desk, not on display.

And I did NOT volunteer for ANYTHING! Not one answer! I wasn’t about to do anything to draw attention to myself. Besides, all I had to do was breathe, or shift in my chair to do that. I was such a distraction I felt badly for the other kids, but what could I do?

From French it was on to math, with Carl escorting me. And it was then that I got the next big shock of the day, partly because my mind was more on the feel of Carl next to me, warm and comforting as I clutched his arm to my naked breast.

He was telling me something about the first day being the worst, and I was trying to believe him, when he broke off that thought. “Uh oh.. You are not going to believe this!”

“What?” I looked up, and caught sight of what I thought for a moment was a bear walking on its hind legs ahead of us. Then I realized it was the back of a very hairy, very naked male student. The only place he wasn’t very hairy were the pale white cheeks of his ass. Something about that shape, and all that hair made me think of ....

“OhmyGod! Is that...?”

“Freschetti,” Carl said softly in amazement.

“He’s in the program?!” I whispered, afraid the subject of our comments might hear us.

“Either that, or someone has shaved a bear’s butt and trained it to carry books,” Carl suggested.

“Oh wow!” My own troubles were forgotten. Poor Freschetti! He’d already humiliated himself in math class when Carl had done his stint naked, the same class we were now walking to. Mr. F. had made a derogatory comment about Carl’s genital endowments, which, incidentally, are more than adequate, visually and tactilely (the only experience I have with them - so far).

Unfortunately for Mr. F., the teacher, Miss Gallison, had overheard and had made Freschetti bare his equipment to the class. He was thus exposed as one of the lesser endowed males in school. Now Freschetti was showing everyone in school how the great jock had a penis no one could envy!

I didn’t need to see his face to know what his expression probably was. Something out of a slasher movie comes to mind. There was a space at least two yards radius that no one would venture into as he moved down the center of the hallway, stiff legged, muscles bulging, fists balled. You could see the crowd parting ahead of him, pressing back against the walls. There was finger pointing, whispers and titters once he passed them, but not before.

“Oh wow,” I repeated. Even though Freschetti was the worst male chauvinist pig in school, even though he was a bully and had been a thorn in Carl’s side during Carl’s week on display, I felt a wave of sympathy for the big ape.

“It’s going to be an interesting week,” Carl observed softly as we followed Freschetti to Miss Gallison’s classroom. Carl politely ushered me through the door, into a deafening silence as Freschetti made his way to his desk in the back row. I tried to be as unobtrusive as possible as I went to my seat (front row center, of course) and Carl peeled off to his third row venue.

There was the sound of desks and chairs being scraped over the floor behind me. I didn’t need to look back to know that Freschetti’s neighbors were trying to distance themselves from him.

I couldn’t tell if Miss Gallison had a twinkle in her eye as she looked Freschetti over or not. For me she offered what I took to be a sympathetic smile, though. And, perhaps, even an appreciative look? I felt a little qualm, worrying that she might hit on me, then chided myself for even thinking it.

Oh, sure, she’s gay. Everyone knows that. But she’s in a committed relationship with a woman who works in the school office, and has never, to my knowledge, ever made a play for a student. I wish I could say the same for some of the male faculty. I was not looking forward to History class!

Then the bell rang and class began.

“Ah, Mr. Freschetti,” Miss Gallison began, “are you in need of relief?”

“No,” he grunted. I hadn’t realized a monosyllable could be so short - sort of like a mathematical point, if you know what I mean.

“Very well, perhaps you’d like to come up and put the solution to the first problem in today’s homework up on the board, please, Mr. Freschetti?” she asked.

Oh dear. She was not going to cut him an inch of slack, I could see that!

There was a breathless hush as I, along with everyone else, waited for some sort of explosion. I didn’t see anyone on either side of me looking back to see how Freschetti was taking this. None of us dared!

Then I heard his chair go back, and the entire room seemed to heave a sigh of relief.

His sneakers squeaked on the floor as he made his way to the front of the classroom, brushing my arm as he passed me.

I flinched.

Holding his notebook in one hand, he picked up a marker and began setting the problem out on the white board in his usual primitive scrawl, keeping his back resolutely to the class as he did.

Even the crack of his ass was hairy! Ick!

Tearing my eyes off his hirsute body, I studied his work on the board, and groaned silently. He’d made an elementary mistake in the second line, and from there everything else simply went farther and farther awry.

Finishing, he turned to face the class, holding his notebook defensively in front of his crotch. Miss Gallison gave him a long, hard look. After she cleared her throat, he flinched, and dropped the notebook to his side, flushing as he did.

The rules did not allow him to cover himself with anything, and he knew it.

Not that there was much to hide.

If he’d been blushing any harder everyone in the first four rows would have gotten a lethal dose of radiation. As it was, I swore off any X-rays for the next year.

Miss Gallison gave a sigh. “Would anyone care to come up and critique Mr. Freschetti’s work?”

Now, I must tell you, I tried. I really, really tried. I even sat on my hands! But it was to no avail. The silence went on and on, and that little demon inside me refused to be thwarted. It could not bear the silence.

My hand went up, sort of like a rusty puppet’s, in fits and starts.

“Yes, Miss Finch?”

I tried to stay in my seat. “Uh, there’s an error in the second line, I believe?” I ventured timidly.

Miss Gallison held out her marker. “Would you care to come up and show us, please?”

Oh God, no. Not me, up there, naked, in front of the whole class, pointing out - pointing out Freschetti’s error to him while he stood there, right beside me, just as naked and vulnerable and embarrassed and exposed as I was. Please no! I was an instant Popsicle, icy fear-sweat breaking out all over my naked body.

Miss Gallison cocked an eyebrow expectantly at me, and I managed to pry myself out of my seat, my bottom flesh parting from the molded plastic seat with a tearing sound.

I moved up beside him, and I could feel the heat radiating from him. I’m not sure what sitting next to a working nuclear reactor would feel like, but this was as close as I ever want to get to that experience, believe me!

As gently as I could, I nudged him aside so I could get to the white board and fix his mistake. His skin was hot, and I realized he was the second naked boy I’d touched in less than a week. If I’d had a choice, it would have been someone else. I’m not sure who, but anyone but him.

I was terrified as I explained where he’d gone wrong and fixed the error.

He never moved. Never twitched. It was as if he were made of stone - lava - as I went down through the rest of the problem, carrying through the correction to the end.

I was so concerned about Freschetti, I almost forgot that I, too, was naked as a jaybird up there in front of the whole class.

Almost.

Once I was done, it took everything I had to turn to face all those people, showing them everything I had. I had no secrets from them any more. They could see the mole on my left breast, just below the nipple. There was another, low on my tummy, just above my little patch of hair.

That little patch of hair. It wasn’t very big, and there wasn’t very much of it. I knew my labia showed through it. Insanely, I wished I’d taken the time to comb it before I’d emerged from the principal’s office.

“Very good, Miss Finch,” Miss Gallison complimented me. I saw Carl give me a “thumbs up” gesture and an encouraging smile.

I couldn’t help wondering - was he hard? How many of the other boys were hard? It gave me a strange sense of power to realize I might be having that effect on the whole male population of the room.

I handed the marker back to Miss Gallison and went to my place, heaving a silent sigh of relief as I sank down into my seat. I wanted to put my head down on my desk, but Miss Gallison kept a supply of small, hard rubber erasers at hand to deal with students given to sleeping in class. Playing third base on her college softball team she had picked off runners at first with ease, so nailing a dozing student, even in the back row, was a duck shoot for her, as Freschetti knew all too well.

Freschetti still hadn’t moved. I wondered if he’d been turned into stone, or maybe just entered a catatonic state.

I felt sorry for him. I really did! Here was this great, hulking athlete, star running back, Big Man On Campus, standing naked in front of the whole class. More humiliating than having his work corrected by me, a girl, no less, was the blatant exposure of his less than impressive endowments.

Miss Gallison finally released him from his torment, and he headed back to his seat, brushing past me again. His groin was at about my eye level, and I couldn’t help staring at his cock, peering almost shyly from a thick forest of black hair.

I still wasn’t sure he was hard, and that sent my mind off on another mad tangent, wondering if anyone had ever done study of the ratio of the size of the erect cock to its - uh - flaccid state. Did small penises expand proportionately more, or was there any relationship?

It wasn’t anything I was likely to be able to research in high school, but maybe I could get a college or med school paper out of it.

The thought of researching such a study gave me a little frisson of excitement.

And what government department would give a grant for such a study, do you suppose? Would it be the Department of Health and Human Services? Maybe the FDA would need a study to regulate condom sizes?

You can see, I was already thinking like a med student.

Well, sort of. I will not attempt to claim that my interest was purely academic.

Beth Naked in School 2/12

Monday Afternoon

Lunch was a welcome respite from the stares and whispers. Carl walked with me from class, and Karen and Stephanie met me at the cafeteria door and the three of them escorted me through the line. We found a table and sat together. With Carl on one side of me, Stephanie on the other and Karen directly across from me I felt protected. All three of them had endured a week of nudity, so they knew what I was going through.

The protective formation wasn’t anything new. Carl and I had done it for Stephanie the week before, and I had done it for Carl during his week, so this was sort of a quid pro quo, I guess. No matter, I was grateful, and I told them so.

It also made me realize I was joining a very select sorority-fraternity of students in the Junior class who had spent a week going to school naked. Eventually it would expand to include a significant percentage of the class, but so far it was a very small, select group.

It was actually shy one member, probably the one who needed it the most.

Poor Freschetti. He had to eat at the training table. I could see his hairy bulk hunched over his lunch tray, obviously suffering the jibes of his teammates. He was learning what it was like to be the outsider the hard way. Those jocks, with all their testosterone - they were pack animals, like wolves, and could be pretty cruel. The alpha male was vulnerable and they took advantage of it.

I ached for him.

Karen, Carl, Stephanie and I talked about inconsequentials - if you could apply that term to Freschetti - along with teachers and classes. Meanwhile, I was still dealing with an incredible tangle of emotions and sensations. I felt so vulnerable! I was embarrassed, of course, too, but there was another issue that was even more scary.

I wanted to ask them if it had made them horny, but I was too ashamed.

Oh, obviously it had made Carl horny. Otherwise I wouldn’t have gotten all those cum showers, would I? And Karen, I suspect, had yielded to her horniness on the last day, letting herself be gang banged. I was too embarrassed to ask her, though. I didn’t really know her well, but we shared a bond now.

But what about Stephanie? I’d never thought of her as a sexual person. She was just my plump friend. She’d never really had a boyfriend or a date, until Carl had gotten her together with Jerry Wilson at the dance. Apparently things hadn’t really clicked between them, because I hadn’t seen them together since, though she’d had a good time, she said.

Of course the conversation drifted around to The Program, as we were all now calling it, complete with capital letters.

“Has anyone asked to feel you up yet?” Karen asked.

I blushed. “No,” I admitted. “Though there’ve been a few pats and pinches in the hallways.”

“What will you do if they do?” Stephanie asked. I’d never asked her what she’d done, and I’d not seen anyone do it to her in the hallway.

I was blushing furiously now. “I don’t know,” I confessed.

“Let them,” Carl suggested.

“You want me to?” I was a little hurt that he wasn’t more possessive, I admit.

“It’s part of the program,” Karen reminded me. “It’s a not unreasonable request.”

“Oh.” I knew she was right, but still.... “I’d rather not talk about it right now,” I said, stifling that conversation and they went on to other matters.

Meanwhile, I was squirming inside with - well, with lust, simple lust. Thinking about letting some boy feel me up, right there in the hallway only stoked my horniness. If I didn’t get some relief, I was really afraid I might do something desperate!

Then Carl rested his hand on my thigh, and I knew he understood. When he hesitated, I took matters into my own hands. Or, more accurately, I placed them in his by spreading my legs and moving his hand up my thigh to my crotch.

His hand cupped my cunny, and it was all I could do to keep from leaning against him. Instead, I dutifully forked another bite of school ravioli into my mouth as his fingers massaged my pussy, triggering a hot flush of pleasure.

Believe you me, considering the school ravioli, that was a welcome distraction for more than one reason!

His finger sneaked between my labia and he felt how wet I was. Bless him, he didn’t say anything, nonchalantly answering some question from the guy across the table from him as he worked his finger into my sopping cunt.

I wriggled my hips a little bit, and his finger slid deeper into my hot depths. With my free hand, under the table, I directed his moves, pressing on his hand to squeeze my clit as he wiggled his finger in my hole.

Oh, it felt good!

Was I becoming a slut? Here I was in the school lunchroom, being masturbated by my boyfriend! Since the homecoming dance I was like a kid with a new toy! I hadn’t known how good sex could feel until that Saturday night with Carl.

Now I wanted to feel those delicious waves of ecstasy again and again, as often as possible. I don’t know how many times I had masturbated since then, by myself! Carl and I had gone to the movies again, twice, and necked and petted up a storm then and even after school once, but we’d still held back from Doing It, too scared to venture further down that path.

My lust rising, I pushed down on Carl’s hand rhythmically, crushing my clit against my pubic bone. Carl obliged by sliding a second finger into me, and wriggling them deep inside me. It was all I could do to keep from thrashing and moaning aloud as my pussy went into spasms.

Remember that scene in the movie “When Harry Met Sally” with Meg Ryan and Billy Crystal in the caf\*\*e9\*\* - you know, the one where she fakes an orgasm at the top of her lungs? It was all I could do not to scream like she did. But the effort not to was almost as dangerous as stifling a sneeze! I could have strained something important! For a few moments my eyes went out of focus. When they came back in I was looking at the boy sitting across from Carl and I realized I hadn’t quite gotten away with it.

Stirring from his paralysis, the kid shoveled in the forkful of food that had made it half way to his mouth before my cumming, then chewed and swallowed, desperately reaching for his milk to wash it down. After avoiding suffocation by ravioli, he grinned, and winked at me, while I turned a flaming red.

Stephanie patted me on the thigh herself, and Karen had a knowing smile on her face! So much for my secret orgasm! I could only hope the whole lunchroom didn’t know.

As my body descended from its high, Carl extracted his fingers from me, sniffed them like a fine cigar, and then sucked my juices off them, shooting me a sly grin as he did. I didn’t know if I wanted to punch him or hug him, so I just gave him a nudge with my elbow as I tried to regain my composure before heading off to my drawing class.

Art class was my one easy course, my break from the academic day. I didn’t have to think like I did in Chem or math, or memorize like I did in French. I could let my feelings take over, guiding my hands as I sketched with charcoals or pastels. It gave my brain a welcome respite.

Oh, I wasn’t any Rembrandt, but at least I could produce something that resembled what I was looking at.

Only this time, when I walked into the studio, I was surprised to see that, instead of the usual table on the podium in the front of the art studio, usually with a still life like some flowers or a bowl of fruit on it, there was a wooden stool.

I got my art smock, welcoming the opportunity to cover myself, assuming it was a legitimate protective garment, while I studied the setup, moving to my easel.

Light spilled on to the podium from the skylight and the floor to ceiling windows that formed the outside wall of the semi-circular room. The easels with their stools for the students, their big tablets of drawing paper, faced the podium.

The only other things out of place were two full-length mirrors on stands, set so they wouldn’t block any of the student’s view of the stool, but so they would reflect whatever - or whoever - was on it.

Everything focused on that stool.

Uh oh, I suddenly thought. This does not look good.

That depends on how you define “good” my evil twin argued lasciviously.

I felt a little frisson of fear and anticipation as the other students took their places at their easels. They were chattering, of course, and shooting glances at me. It made me tug uselessly at the too short smock that was all that was between me and them.

It was as if they already knew what was coming

As if I didn’t! I flinched when the teacher, Mr. Kelly, called my name.

“Miss Finch, if you please?” He didn’t say anything more, simply gestured to the stool.

Biting my lip, I took the bit between my teeth, removing my smock and letting it drape over the stool by my easel. Without even really thinking about it, I toed off my loafers, and dragged my socks off, too. How many nudes have you seen painted wearing penny loafers and socks, after all?

Feeling like some kind of marionette, I made my way to the front of the room, stepping up on the podium. The stool came up to my belly button, so I had to sort of climb up on it. It was one of those swivel thingies, so it tried to turn with me as I managed to squirm my ass on the cold, hard seat. Bracing my feet on the rungs, I hunched there self-consciously.

“That’s not a very attractive pose,” Mr. Kelly observed dryly, stroking his little goatee.

I blushed. “I’m sorry. How do you want me?”

“Why don’t you try standing on the floor, and just bracing yourself against the stool,” he suggested.

Awkwardly I climbed off the stool and tried to follow his directions, but with the stool hitting me just below the small of my back, it didn’t work very well.

“Hmmm,” he mused. “Let’s try this.” He dragged over a low riser, as if he’d anticipated the problem. With that under my feet (and getting on it gave him a very good look at my charms) I was raised just enough so the seat of the stool was even with my butt.

“Now, lean back on your hands,” he suggested, “and perhaps raise one foot to the bottom rung on the stool.”

I tried to follow his directions, my eye caught by my reflection in one of the mirrors.

I was so naked! Not even shoes, only that simple gold cross, and my glasses, of course. My nipples were hard little points on my perky breasts - that’s how Carl liked to describe them - perky - usually just before his lips closed around one of my aching titties.

The thought gave me a rush in spite of myself. Oh, God! Everyone was looking at me, all the girls, all the boys. I had no secrets from them. The boys were all staring at my cunt - the angle of my leg did nothing to hide it from half the class, of course, since they surrounded me.

“Arch your back a little,” the Mr. Kelly suggested, his hand warm on my spine as he pushed gently there. “Move this foot a little this way.”

He exposed me even more.

“Straighten this leg.” His hand was hot on my thigh.

“Let’s let your hair down,” he suggested, extracting my pony tail from the scrunchy. His hands spread my hair over my shoulders, and I wished it were long enough to cover my breasts, but it wasn’t.

“We can turn you a little this way, so the light will be better on your breasts,” he went on, his hands on my shoulders as he adjusted my pose.

His hands stroked the upper slope of my left breast, then the underside of that shy mound. “Let’s turn your head a bit more to the left,” he went on, touching my chin. “And lower it, just a little. Look right into the mirror there. No, don’t smile, just relax. Think of something serious, perhaps.”

There I was, a different angle from my first view of myself in the other mirror. The sun spilled down over my soft, smooth skin, showing the curves and texture. The hair on my arms glinted in the bright light, while my bush was in shadow. My legs looked longer, more graceful than I’d ever thought of them. With my chin lowered, my direct stare, I realized I looked almost sultry.

“Oh, one other thing. You won’t need these,” the Mr. Kelly pointed out, gently removing my glasses.

Let me clue you in to something. If you want to make someone who wears glasses feel totally exposed and incredibly vulnerable, just take their glasses. Suddenly there’s no glass between them and the world, no invisible shield.

Worse, it means they can’t see what may be coming at them.

I flinched, and gasped, but managed to contain myself. Suddenly the world was a blur. I couldn’t really see my reflection in the mirror, only a vague shape within the rectangular frame. I knew everyone in the room was looking at me, only I couldn’t see their expressions. Their faces were only amorphous blobs.

I felt totally, totally, totally exposed, and incredibly helpless. Inside I was wracked by that gut knotting feeling of excitement and fear you get on a thrill ride. For a moment I was afraid I was going to pee, and wouldn’t that have been the ultimate last straw?

“There.” The Mr. Kelly turned to the class. “This is a timed exercise to enhance your sketching skills. You’ll have ten minutes with this pose, then we’ll let Miss Finch rest for a few minutes and try another pose. What we want is to capture the essence of her in as few strokes as possible. Notice the light and shading, here, and here.”

His fingers gently stroked the slope and curves of my breasts, coaxing a shiver from me.

But, except for that tiny tremor, I didn’t move. I held my pose, even as inside I felt like I was in danger of melting down into a puddle.

I couldn’t see the class, but I could hear them. Pencils and charcoals whispered on the sketch pads. I could sense the concentration of my classmates as they tried to capture “my essence,” whatever that was.

Whatever it was, it was probably visible, exposed, exhibited, on display. It was all there, all of me. Nothing hidden. My back was arched, presenting my naked breasts to them, my nipples stiff, my chest heaving with every breath. My thighs were parted, displaying my still virgin cleft, and I could feel my pussy seeping with horniness. Air was touching me all over, and I could feel the sunlight on my shoulders and my breasts.

I remembered how Carl had described the experience as “sensuous.” It was. It was as if every nerve had suddenly become hyper-sensitive. I was more conscious of temperature and touch, but even my hearing and my sense of smell seemed heightened. I could hear every pass of charcoal or pencil over the sketch pads, the rustle as arms moved, the soft squeak of a sneaker on the floor. There was a mingling of smells in the art room - paper, and paints, the musty scent of clay.

The musk of my own pussy.

Someone sighed, and there was the rubbing of an eraser. A stool or an easel creaked.

The air caressed my naked body, and for a moment I could almost feel the eyes of the class stroking my naked skin.

The clock ticked.

“All right, time’s up,” Mr. Kelly announced.

With a sigh, I relaxed and stood, shifting and stretching. I was still without my glasses half blind, of course, but I looked beyond the class, through the windows at the sun drenched lawn outside. There was a shifting pattern of people shaped blobs on the sidewalk, and I realized I was visible to anyone who passed by.

Who were these people, walking by, seeing me naked? Were they looking? I couldn’t tell.

It made me think of Karen walking the streets naked. Would I do that?

I shivered, rubbing my arms, then let Mr. Kelly pose me again, feeling his hands on me as he adjusted my torso, my arms, my legs, my neck and head.

I was simply a mannequin, like one of those posable dolls of wood and wire sculptors use. He’d push and I’d move. He had me leaning back, left hand on the stool, both feet on the floor, spread for stability, my body arched, the other arm extended upward as if I were reaching for the sky, looking upwards, and he told me to hold that pose.

Again I froze, conscious of my total exposure. The way my feet were spread I had absolutely no secrets, of course. Even so, my mind wandered as the class sketched me.

It was going to be a memorable week. I realized now that, even with my experience of shopping the mall naked, walking the street naked one time, and going to the dance naked, this week was going to have a huge impact on me.

I was becoming more and more aware than ever of my body, and what it was feeling.

I was becoming more and more aware, too, of the effect my nudity had on others. I could sense the desire of the boys in the class as they sketched me. I thought of their hands wandering over my flesh, touching me intimately, and realized the inevitability of my emergence as a sensuous woman. Carl had awakened my sexuality, and I **knew** I was going to want to explore this exciting new facet of my life.

I thought of a sculptor, molding me in clay, and it seemed as if I could almost feel his hands on my own flesh, as if I was clay in his hands.

Scientific detachment was being overwhelmed. The dispassionate scientist was becoming passionate.

I replayed the lunchroom conversation. What should I do if someone asked to feel me up in the hallway?

“Let them,” Carl had said. “It’s part of the program.”

I would, I knew now. I would, and I would do more, before the week was out. Much more.

But first I had to make it through this class. After the second pose, during my brief break, I walked around the room, naked, of course, stretching out the kinks, and sneaking glances at some of the sketches that had been done of me.

With such short poses, they were barely sketches, of course. Some had concentrated on catching me in just a few lines, while others had a bit more detail. One boy had concentrated on my breasts, rather than trying to sketch all of me.

One of the girls, Kathy, had focused on my pussy, sketching in the ruffles of my inner lips, distended by their arousal so they showed in the heart of my delicate bush. As I studied her work, she smiled secretly at me, and something in the look she gave me made me prickle. Her tongue traced her lips oh so very delicately.

I blushed, surprised by my own libidinous reaction to her obvious interest.

I was surprised, too, at the beauty she had brought out, turning my inner labia into the petals of a sensuous flower. It gave me something more to think about as I returned to the podium.

I had two more poses to endure. By the time I was done I was exhausted. Posing is hard work!

When the class ended and I was about to leave, Mr. Kelly pulled me aside. “Miss Finch, I do have another request for you.”

I trembled, wondering what could be next.

“The photography club meets tomorrow afternoon, and they need a live model,” he continued. “A reasonable request, wouldn’t you say?”

I shivered at the feelings that raced through me, and I felt my nipples stiffening even more. I’d just finished posing for drawing class, and now I was being asked to pose for the photography club? The thought of cameras being focused on me terrified me. And aroused me. “Yessir,” I agreed shyly.

“Meet us on the soccer field,” he went on.

The soccer field? Outdoors, in the open? I shivered at the thought, remembering that clothes weren’t allowed during extracurricular activities, either. “Yessir,” I agreed, wondering what was happening to me, how I could be looking forward to something like almost as much as I dreaded it.

I fled to the library. I was excused from gym this term because I was prepping for the PSATs that might earn me a Merit Scholarship. Needless to say, I didn’t get much prepping done as I wrestled with what was happening to me.

My last class, American History, could only be suffered through. Not because I was “exhibit A” but because Mr. Witherspoon was about ninety zillion years old, and the dullest teacher on the faculty. His lectures could put a speed freak to sleep.

For a moment I was reviewing my CPR training, the way he reacted when I walked in the room. I guess I was the first student in The Program that he’d had. He dropped a bunch of papers. Then he dropped his glasses and couldn’t find them, until I helped. And then I helped him with his papers. And then when he went to erase the white board the eraser went flying, and - well, you get the idea.

He mumbled his way through the lecture, stumbling even more than usual. He kept looking at me, and licking his lips, and he was sweating. I wondered if he was even capable of getting a hardon. Finally the bell rang and we were free!

I dashed for my clothes. Carl, bless his sweet heart, was there to greet me. Handing him my book bag, I dug into the pile of clothes, and slowed down, thinking hard.

I’d come to some conclusions as I’d posed for drawing class, and afterwards, and had come to the conclusion that this week was going to be, like, a major turning point for me. No way could I go through a week of being naked in school without that!

It had led to the conclusion that there was a major issue that had to be Dealt With, and the time had come to Deal With It.

Fighting the urge to cover myself, I dressed slowly and carefully, balancing on first one foot, then the other as I, I hoped gracefully, I drew on my delicate, lacy knickers and smoothed them on my hips, tugging them up snugly against my pussy, even smoothing them against it with my fingers before I reached for my similarly dainty bra and drew it on, turning to give Carl the most advantageous view as I hooked it.

Needless to say, there were other boys there avidly ogling me as I dressed, but Carl was my target, and I did my best to make sure he knew it.

Judging by the lump in his jeans, he did.

Once dressed, I tucked my arm through his, drawing it against my breast, wondering if he could feel me trembling. “Let’s go someplace private,” I suggested softly.

“How about my house?” he suggested, obviously getting the idea that something, other than his cock, was definitely Up.

I squeezed his arm more firmly against my tit. “Sounds perfect.”

Beth Naked in School 3/12

Monday afternoon/evening

“Mom should be at work until six,” Carl explained as he unlocked the door and let us into the quiet house.

“What about Dee?” I asked.

He shrugged. “She shouldn’t be home until five. She almost always has something at school. Do you want a snack?”

I wanted something, but it wasn’t milk and cookies. “Can we go up to your room?”

“Uh, sure, if you want.” He put my book bag down there in the hall, and led the way up the stairs. Inside I felt like I was going to disintegrate, just crumble, but I knew I - I knew WE - had to Do This! And pardon the capitals, but that was the way I was thinking. You’ll just have to put up with it.

“Uh - here,” he announced, as if I couldn’t tell. Who but a boy would have a poster of Princess Leia in her Jabba the Hutt slave outfit pasted to the ceiling over his bed?

Why did the sight of her in chains do such strange things to me?

I was pretty sure what the sight of Carrie Fisher in a skimpy outfit and chains did to Carl!

When he casually dropped his books on the bed, I carefully picked them up and moved them to the desk, clearing the decks for action, you might say, before turning back to him. He was watching me curiously, a little shyly.

“What do you think?” he asked nervously, when I didn’t say anything, meaning, I suppose, what did I think of his room. Needless to say, that was not what I was thinking of at all.

I closed the door before moving close to him and beginning to unbutton his shirt. “I think you should undress me,” I suggested, my voice husky, my attention fixed straight ahead at the top button of his shirt, avoiding meeting his eyes. I loved how much taller he was than me. It made me feel small, and vulnerable, and protected, too, all at the same time.

“Are you....”

“Sshhh.” I put my finger to his lips, then went back to his shirt. “I’m getting ahead of you,” I pointed out. I was too scared to tell him exactly what I wanted, but he was a high honors student. He would be getting the idea soon, if he hadn’t already gotten it.

He’d gotten it, all right. His fingers were trembling as much as mine as he went for the buttons on my blouse, my plain, short sleeved, cotton, button down oxford cloth nerd shirt. I felt the air touch my chest more intimately as he opened the first button.

By then I was half way down his shirt, and paused a moment to stroke my fingers over his chest before continuing on. Reaching his belt, I tugged the shirt out of his jeans and finished unbuttoning it. He had to stop working on mine as I shoved his back off his shoulders and off, leaving him topless. I put my hands on his chest, feeling the heat of his body, the rise and fall of his breathing, the drumming of his heart, as quick and fast as my own pulse.

For a moment I rested my cheek against him, his skin hot and smooth against my face.

As he finished my shirt I tackled his belt, and then I had to pause while he pushed my shirt down my arms and off. The air raised goose bumps on my torso.

I knew the contrast between my oh-so demure blouse and my sexy new underwear couldn’t have been greater. His fingers brushed the delicate black cups of my sexy new bra, making my nipples stand at attention, trying to drill right through the lace. Then, apparently he’d been watching closely as I’d dressed, because he reached around me and deftly unfastened it.

He bared my breasts and I shed the bra quickly, then undid the button on his jeans, and ran the zipper down while his hands toyed with my tits, making the breath catch in my throat. Slipping out of his grasp, awkwardly, I knelt, drawing his jeans down, conscious of his cock tenting out his jockey shorts practically in my face. My gentle push sent him falling back on to his bed so I could work him out of his shoes and socks. I dragged his jeans off completely, leaving him in just his underpants.

As he sat there, leaning back on his elbows, looking a little dazed, I stood, kicked off my own shoes and hastily got rid of my skirt. Dancing on one foot, then the other, I dragged off my socks, and then tackled him, tumbling to the bed with him, both of us wearing only our underpants now.

It certainly wasn’t the first time we’d had such wonderful skin-to-skin contact, but something about this time made it even more wonderful, more exciting than the first time, when we’d danced naked at the homecoming dance.

We tried to devour each other with our kisses, and I ground myself against his rock hard cock. The sun spilled over the bed, warming us as we rolled together atop the soft covers. Impatiently, I yanked at his underwear, dragging it down, liberating his jutting hardon, and he shoved my knickers down.

With our feet we kicked them down each other’s legs, kicked them off and rolled together with nothing separating us now. I gripped his cock, milking it while his hand toyed with my aching tits, then he slid one hand down my belly and found the little fuzzy nest of my pussy.

He pushed me on to my back, and his lips found my breast. He sucked on my tit, and it felt like my body was filling with warm coals. Then his teeth nipped at my tender nipple and the coals burst into flame. His hand toyed with my cunt.

When I couldn’t take any more, when his finger had stirred my already simmering cunt to a full, rolling boil, I writhed on my back, opening my legs wide to him, drawing him toward my ravenous pussy.

“Are you sure?” he asked fearfully, hovering over me.

I put my finger to his lips again. “Shh. Yes. Yes. Yes. Now!

Don’t talk. Do it now, NOW!”

Before I lose my nerve, I added silently to myself.

He moved over me, almost fearfully, as I made a cradle for him with my thighs. Lowering his hips, he poked his cock blindly at me and I reached down and guided his hot shaft to my welcoming hole.

“Unh!” I grunted as his prick eased its way into my tight, virginal opening. Working my hips, I drew him closer with one hand on his hot, smooth butt, still guiding his dick with the other.

“Ahhh.” I felt my pussy stretch to accommodate his bulk.

He was trembling as, gently, he worked his cock into me with slowly deepening strokes. I felt a stinging, and then he was driving deeper into me and I extracted my hand from between us to grab his ass. I pulled him deep into me and finally his full weight came down on me, pressing me into the mattress as his pubic bone and mine ground together, turning my clit into a hot paste of pure pleasure, his cock filling me.

For a few moments we just lay there, tasting each other with lips and tongue, his fingers stroking the sides of my neck and throat, combing through my hair, my pony tail holder dislodged in the tussle. I ran my hands down the smooth swimmer-muscles of his shoulders and back.

He was in me, deep inside me, plumbing the last of my secrets. I had given myself to him, completely, and he had given himself completely to me. I felt completed, not as if I’d lost something but as if I’d found the last piece to the puzzle that was me.

Then he began to move, stroking his cock in and out of me, and I thought I was going to die with the feelings it gave me. My hips rose to meet him as he filled me with his cock, stroke after stroke setting me ablaze, hotter and hotter and hotter.

He was too horny to last long, and I didn’t try to slow him down. Urging him on with wordless cries, I was clawing at his back, trying to wrap him totally in my flesh as I felt his cumming, his cock spasming and pumping in me. For a moment I thought I’d missed my chance, but another thrust of my hips and I caught the wave, my own body was wracked with orgasmic convulsions - pulsing, pulsing, pulsing surges of pleasure washing through me, finally fading to gentle ripples and then stillness.

Oh God! It was so good! I wept with joy as he crushed me into the bed with his panting weight, our bodies slick with sweat, his cock still sunk deep in my cunt.

Cunt ... cunt ... cunt. My cunt. MY cunt. MY CUNT! MY! CUNT!

And he was still hard! After resting a few minutes he began to move within me again, and a new wave of happy tears blurred my eyes. I showered his face with kisses.

“Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,” I urged him with soft whispers. “Oh God, yes.”

This time we climbed the mountain slowly, together, hand in hand, cock in cunt, body to body, my pussy hot and soft and joyously sodden with the mingling of our juices from the first time. There was no pain, only the satin pleasure of his cock pistoned in the welcoming socket of my ecstatically weeping pussy. My hips lifted and squirmed and writhed, drawing every exquisite drop of pleasure from our carnal dance. I crooned and stroked his back as my pleasure went on and on.

It could have lasted forever and it still would have ended too soon. I felt him shudder, pushing hard, as if he wanted to run me through or perhaps cram his whole body into me, and I felt him shooting a second load of cum into me to join the first.

My own body convulsed in time with his, a series of delicious spasms until we were both left panting and exhausted. We lay in a boneless heap on the top of the bed, his weight pressing me flat, my legs tangled around his, my arms around his naked torso. For a long time all we could do was lie there and try to catch our breath.

We must have dozed off, because the next thing I remember was someone bursting in through the door.

“Carl, I need - OOOOOOooohhhhmyGOSH! OH MY GOSH! Ohmygosh. OH my

GOSH? Oh MY gosh. OH my gosh. Oh, my gosh. Oh. My. Gosh. Oh my

....”

“Aren’t you supposed to knock?” Carl interrupted his sister irritably while I tried to hide under him, wishing I was even smaller than I was, conscious of his limp dick still in my flooded pussy.

Dee erupted one more time. “OH! MY! GOSH!”

“Would you stop saying that, please, Dee?” Carl begged, not lifting his head, his voice muffled since his face was buried in the pillow.

“Oh my....” His sister’s voice cut off with a sort of strangled squeak, and I heard her feet drum down the hall and the door to her room slam loudly behind her.

“Gosh,” I finished for Dee, staring up past Carl’s shoulder at Princess Leia in her skimpy outfit and chains. “Oh my gosh.”

“Not you, too,” Carl moaned, rolling off me, his cock sucking out of my pussy with a soft slurping sound.

For a moment, all I could think was that, had it been earlier, Dee’s appearance would have given new meaning to the term “coitus interruptus.” I giggled, grateful for that small mercy. “Oh my gosh.”

Carl looked over at me, his hand reaching for mine as we lay atop the bed on our backs, naked, cum and sweat smeared, bedraggled. “I’m sorry,” he apologized.

I looked at him, my heart bursting with love. “I’m not.”

“Not about THAT,” he argued, misunderstanding. “About Dee!”

“I’m not!” I assured him, surprised at myself. I wasn’t sorry. Embarrassed? You bet! But not sorry. I suddenly realized I was glad to have flaunted our consummation the way we had, inadvertent as it had been.

“I love you.” It was the first time I’d said that to Carl, in spite of all we’d done up until now. The first time I’d said it to any boy, in fact, except maybe Jimmy Perkins when we were in First Grade and I caught him under the mistle toe at the Christmas party and I kissed him before he could get away.

But that didn’t count.

Carl started to answer and I put a finger to his lips - that seemed to be getting to be a habit for me. “No. Don’t say it now. It’s easy to say now. Wait for another time, when it may be really hard to say, because then you’ll say it only when you’re really, really sure.”

“What do you mean?”

I slid my hand down his chest and stomach, through sticky, matted pubic hair to curl my fingers around his limp, crusty prick. I was about to answer when we were interrupted again.

“Carl, have you seen - OH!”

“Hi mom,” Carl greeted her wearily, making no effort to cover himself, to conceal my grip on his penis.

She blushed, at least. “I’m sorry, I should have knocked, but your door was open. Uh - hello, Beth. Nice to see you. Carl, have you seen your sister?”

I giggled, thinking of Dee’s shocked departure. And yes, Carl’s mom was SEEING me in all my naked, wanton glory, that’s forsure!

“Yes, mom,” Carl answered wryly. “And she’s seen us. She’s in her room.”

“Oh! Oh dear. I’d better go talk to her. Uh, Beth, as long as you’re here, would you like to have dinner with us?”

What could I say? There I was, sluttishly naked, bedraggled and sweaty, filled with her son’s cum. “Uh - I’ll have to call my mom, but yes, thank you!”

“Good!” She seemed positively chirpy, and politely closed the door behind herself.

I exploded with laughter, burying my face against Carl, hugging him. It was all just too ludicrous. I guess I was a little hysterical, but wouldn’t you have been? I’d just lost my virginity and my sweetheart’s sister and mother had both seen the blatant evidence of my defloration - there was even a tinge of pink in the juices drying on Carl’s penis - or maybe that was just my imagination.

And I’d been invited to stay for supper.

When my laughter finally faded, Carl brought us back to the moment before his mom had burst in on us. “Why can’t I say ‘I love you’?” he asked.

Feeling suddenly serious, remembering what had started this whole afternoon romp, I snuggled against him, his cock still in my hand. I couldn’t look up at him. “Because you may regret it later. There are going to be some things that happen this week that - well, that you may have a hard time with.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know, for sure, yet,” I admitted. “But you remember what your week was like, and what happened with Karen during her week?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, being naked in school - well, it’s already had a - an effect on me,” I confessed. “I posed for my drawing class, and I’m going to pose for the photography club.”

“So?”

“I’m going to do other things, too,” I admitted to myself as much to him. “That’s why I so wanted this,” I squeezed his dick, “today, with you. I wanted to make sure you were my first.”

“Oh.” He thought this over, obviously drawing the conclusion that while had been my first, he was not going to be the last or the only one. “Oh.”

“The time I’ll want to hear you say those words, when I’ll know you really mean them, will be - after I’ve done - something really - really wanton. Really slutty. If you can say it then, I’ll know you love me. See what I mean?”

He gulped. “Like, what are you thinking of doing?”

“I don’t know,” I confessed. “Maybe, like Karen, I’ll get gang banged. Maybe I’ll get fucked up the ass, or suck off the football team. I don’t know.”

He was silent for a long time.

“Do you think you can handle it?” I asked fearfully. Oh, I did LOVE him so MUCH! I didn’t want to hurt him, but I knew, too, that The Program was going to go on. “It’s part of The Program.”

He stroked me tenderly, kissing my hair. “I guess I’ll have to handle it,” he mused. “But I do....”

I stopped him again, finger to his lips. “No, not now. Wait, so when you do say it I know how much you really, really mean it. Please.”

Grumbling, he subsided.

“Now, how about a shower?” I asked. “Before I call my mom.”

“Together?” he asked hopefully.

I gave his pecker an affectionate squeeze. “Of course together!”

“Don’t bother with those,” Carl said when I reached for my clothes.

“But your mom, and Dee,” I pointed out worriedly. The shared bathroom was down the hall.

He quirked a lip at me. “I was in The Program week before last, remember?”

“Of course I remember,” I answered.

“Well, we - uh - Dee and Mom and me, took full advantage of it.

We did our homework, you might say.”

“Oh.” I’d read that part of the pamphlet, but since it was strictly voluntary hadn’t paid much attention, of course. I mean, my mom and dad getting naked in front of me at home? Never happen!

“All three of us are nude almost as much as we’re dressed these days.”

“Oh.”

Despite Carl’s assurances, I was still a little nervous as we left his room and ventured down the hall to the bathroom he shared with his sister. But her door was closed, and Carl’s mom was nowhere in sight.

The steaming water sluiced away the evidence of our debauchery (I’ve always wanted to use that word, and it seems particularly apt in this context). Carl soaped me down, and I soaped him down, both of us enjoying the simple, sensuous pleasure of exploring each other’s body.

Oh, sure, we both got hot again, and Carl got hard, of course. But this time there wasn’t any desperate hunger to complete the act. There was joy enough in the arousal. We patted each other dry with big, fluffy towels. I was going to wrap myself in mine, but he wouldn’t let me and we walked back to his room naked, hand in hand, reassured by the sound of the TV downstairs.

“I need to call my mom,” I pointed out as we entered his room. “I should have called earlier.”

“Help yourself. The phone’s right by my computer,” he offered, gathering up our scattered clothes.

“Hi, Mom, it’s me, Beth,” I ventured a little timidly when she answered, the fabric of Carl’s computer chair rough against my bottom, since I was still naked.

“Beth! Where are you? I was getting worried,” she announced, not unexpectedly, it being after six.

How time flies when you’re having fun!

“I’m sorry, I should have called sooner, but I got distracted.” I was distracted again by Carl standing behind me, slipping his hands down to cup my breasts, a handful each with nothing going to waste. “I’m at Carl’s house.” I tried to stop Carl from pinching my nipples, but only had one hand free, so it was a losing cause. “His mom invited me to stay for dinner. Is that okay?”

“Of course, dear, as long as we know where you are, you know that’s fine,” Mom assured me. I wondered if she’d feel the same way if she’d known what we’d done. “Just don’t be too late. It is a school night, you know.”

“I know, mom. I’ll be home by nine.”

“Anything interesting happen at school today?” she asked cheerily.

At school, and after! I thought. “I’ll tell you about it when I get home,” I answered. “Gotta go!” Carl’s fingers were driving me crazy, and it was hard to keep my voice steady.

Just as I hung up and reached for Carl’s hands to remove them from my boobs I heard the doorbell, and his Mom call out something about pizza.

“Let’s go eat,” Carl suggested, releasing my breasts to grab my hand.

“Wait! Aren’t we going to dress?” I asked, a little frantic as he dragged me toward the door.

“Not if we want our pizza hot,” he answered.

“But - naked dinner?”

“Sure, why not?”

I was trying to muster arguments as he dragged me down the stairs. I was hauled into the living room, naked! I mean, I was NAKED. En-Ay-Kay-Eee-Dee, naked.

Now, I know, you’d think by now I’d be getting used to being naked, but I WASN’T. I was naked, in the living room of my boy friend’s house!

Carl was naked, too!

And we’d just made love in the afternoon!

And then his sister showed up, and SHE was naked!

“Hi,” she greeted us cheerily, sliding the pizza box onto the coffee table.

“Did - did you go to the door like that?” I asked.

She grinned impishly. “Uh huh! Gets me out of tipping the delivery boy!”

“Dee, you know what I’ve told you about that,” Carl’s mom chided her, coming in from the kitchen with plates and stuff. “That poor kid is working for minimum wage - he needs the money more than the thrill.”

Dee made face. “Oh, I tipped him, too,” she admitted, pulling her chair out.

Oh, Carl’s mom was naked, too, in case you were wondering.

Oh wow.

“It’s Beth’s turn in the program this week,” Carl announced as he pulled out a chair for me. He’s such a sweetie!

“I’m sorry this is so casual, but we usually have pizza in here.” Carl’s mom nodded as she handed out drinks and napkins. “I sort of suspected as much,” she noted placidly. “How is it going?”

“Oh, it’s going,” I managed to answer. “It’s kind of embarrassing.”

“And stimulating, I bet,” Dee put in cheekily.

“Now Dee,” Mrs. Walker cautioned her daughter.

Reminding myself that the whole idea of The Program was to promote openness, I made myself answer. “Yes it is,” I admitted.

“You guys Did It this afternoon, didn’t you?” the girl persisted, her little nipples stiff and eager, capping the developing mounds of her childish breasts.

“Dee!” Mrs. Walker said warningly.

Carl and I shared a look, and I gave him a wink. “Yes, we did! I lost my virginity today!”

“I’ll drink to that!” Dee chirped, raising her glass of milk.

“Dee! That is enough of that!” Mrs. Walker scolded.

“Oh, that’s all right,” I assured her. “I don’t mind.” That last was just a little white lie. Besides, it was kind of exciting to talk about it, I had to admit. “But you should wait, young lady.”

“That’s what they say,” Dee grumbled indicating her mother and brother. “Was it good?”

“Very,” I assured her. “But I’m older. I was ready, and I was lucky to have a lover as kind and gentle as your brother.” I reached for Carl’s hand and gave it a squeeze.

“When it’s time, maybe he could take my virginity, too,” Dee suggested slyly.

“I’m not sure that’s a good idea,” her mother quickly put in.

“But you and Carl....” Dee’s mouth slammed shut at the glare she got from both her mother and brother, leaving me puzzled, and more than a little curious. But, since it obviously was not a topic they wanted brought up in front of me, I held my tongue.

“So, what happened at school today for you, Carl?” Mrs. Walker asked quickly, trying to change to subject.

Carl shrugged. “Oh, Freschetti’s in the program, too, this week.”

“The halfback?” Dee asked. “That must be awesome!”

If you’re into hair, I thought, but I didn’t say it.

“I had to pose for my art class,” I put in. “That was interesting.”

“We’ve got PSATs next week,” Carl put in, and from there the conversation turned to more academic topics, even as we sat naked around the table eating our pizza.

Sooner or later, though, it unavoidably returned to The Program, and Carl and me. Dee was full of questions, some of which we dodged, some of which we answered. As we talked, an idea began to percolate in my mind, an idea of how the program might be expanded into middle school in a way that could ease the way.

It was - well, never mind. I’ll tell you about it later, if it ever happens.

“Going to walk home like that?” Carl asked teasingly after dinner, when it was time for me to head for home.

“I don’t think I’m quite ready for that,” I confessed, half wishing he’d dare me to do it. I remembered how his deal with Dee had resulted in his going for a walk with me wearing nothing more than a smile. What would mom and dad say if I waltzed into the house naked, my clothes draped over my arm, or stuffed in my book bag?

But Carl left it at that, since we were much more interested in sharing a naked hug and kiss before I dressed. But when he handed me my bra and knickers, I shook my head, going for just blouse, skirt and shoes. “I’m working up to it gradually,” I explained, sticking my socks and my new frillies in my book bag.

“You need to do more,” he argued, carefully unbuttoning the top three buttons of my shirt, so it was open down between my bare breasts. “That’s better.”

I looked at my reflection in the hall mirror as we made our way to the front door, noticing how my shy breasts would be exposed if I moved wrong. And if there was a breeze that lifted my skirt....I shivered inside.

“See you tomorrow?” he asked, a twinkle in his eye as he held the door.

I knew he didn’t want me to leave, any more than I wanted to go, but I had to go home and break the news to my parents somehow. “You sure will,” I assured him impishly. I gave him a quick kiss.

“Tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow,” he agreed, holding my hand until our arms were stretched, and finally my fingers had to slip from his.

I walked home humming that song from “West Side Story.” You know the one - “Tomorrow.”

I was bra-less as I walked home, my shirt half unbuttoned. I could have clutched my book bag to my chest, the way I usually did. Instead, I slung it over my shoulder. My nipples scraped against my shirt. The air toyed with my bare pussy, teased my chest. It was dusk, and I was the only person walking, though a few cars drove by, and I really had to fight some insane urge to open my shirt, to bare my breasts to their headlights.

“Hi mom, hi daddy,” I greeted my parents, dropping my books on the hall table and joining them in the living room. I was a whirlwind of emotions. I wanted to dance like a dervish for joy, but I also felt old, mature, serious, and a little scared. How much should I tell them?

“How was school?” daddy asked, looking over the top of his newspaper. Mom was knitting. His eyebrows went up at the sight of my unbuttoned shirt, but he didn’t say anything.

I sat down opposite them, on the sofa. “I was placed in The Program today.”

“Oh!”

“So soon?” mom asked.

I nodded. “I was naked in school today.”

Daddy was slowly digesting this. Mom took it more easily. “And how did it go?”

I gnawed on my lower lip. “It was embarrassing. It was - stimulating.” I went on to tell them of my day, how I’d been naked as I’d corrected Freschetti’s work in math class, posed for drawing class, been asked to pose for the photography club.

“And how did Carl take it?” mom asked. Daddy looked serious, older somehow.

“That’s why I was over at his house. I wanted to - talk to him about it.” I took a deep breath. “We made love.”

Daddy’s brow furrowed and he was studying his hands as they rested on the newspaper in his lap.

“And how was it?” mom asked placidly. I was getting the feeling she’d anticipated this. Or that you could drop a boulder on her and it wouldn’t faze her. One or the other.

“It was wonderful,” I admitted with a breathless rush.

“Well, then, I’d say the program was working,” mom put in before I could say anything more.

Daddy favored me with a smile so tender, so poignant that I had to cross the room to him and ease myself down on his lap. “I guess I’m not your little girl anymore, am I, daddy?” I rested my head on his shoulder.

He stroked my back tenderly. “You’ll always be my little girl,” he said huskily. “You know that, pumpkin.”

I nodded without lifting my head. “Carl’s mom and sister did the outreach part of The Program when he was in it,” I went on. “We - all had dinner together naked.”

“Dinner? Naked? Even his sister? She’s only - what - twelve or so?” Mom finally sounded surprised.

“Eleven.”

Daddy cleared his throat nervously and I could feel a lump under my bottom. “Would you like us to take part in the outreach program?” he asked nervously.

I got up, suddenly uncomfortable in his lap. “I don’t know,” I admitted. Then I took a deep breath. “But how do you feel about me being naked around the house?”

Mom frowned. “Why, I don’t have any problem with it, I guess. I’m not sure I’m ready to traipse around naked myself, though.”

Daddy seemed to have something in his throat. “Well, I guess, since everyone else is - going to see you, there’s no reason we should have a problem with it.”

I couldn’t help it, I had to go over and give him a quick hug and a kiss, realizing as I did that he could see right into my open shirt. “Thanks, daddy. Thanks mom.”

Taking a deep breath, I finished unbuttoning my shirt and took it off. Then I unfastened my skirt and let it drop, revealing what I didn’t have on under it. Carefully stepping out of it, I folded in and put it with my books, once again marveling at how sensitive my skin was, all over, to the touch of air.

Daddy’s eyes were shining as he watched me. “You’re beautiful!”

I curtseyed to him. “Thanks. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I do have some homework to deal with.”

I could feel them watching me as I gathered my things and headed up the stairs to my bedroom. As I closed the door I could hear some mumbled conversation, but not what they were saying.

A little later there was a soft tap on my door. “We’re off to bed, sweetie,” mom announced, and I glanced at the clock - an hour and a half earlier than usual?

“Okay, mom. See you tomorrow.”

“Don’t stay up too late, and sleep well.”

“You, too,” I bade her, suspecting it would be a while before they were asleep.

I waited about fifteen minutes before I tiptoed, bare naked and bare foot, down the hall. As I paused outside their door I heard the springs of their bed squeaking, and suppressed a giggle, turning back toward my own room. But when I tried to imagine what they were doing in there, my mind skittered away once again.

Like I have said, children should not look too closely at their parents’ sex lives.

Back in my room, I realized the boy next door was looking at me from his window, binoculars to his eyes. I walked to the window to give him a full-frontal look, and gave him a cheery wave.

You’ll remember, if you’ve read my story of the week Carl spent naked that Larry - that’s the ten year old boy next door - and I had met during that week. I’d been naked in my room one afternoon and caught him on me. So I’d taken the bull by the horns, so to speak, and done a “show and tell” for him in our back yard. I’d promised, too, to let him see me naked other times - sort of my way of doing some community outreach for The Program.

Anyway, Larry gestured toward our back yard, but I shook my head. I quick made up a sign with a magic marker, “Tomorrow after school” and held it up to the window, and he nodded eagerly.

It was going to be a very interesting week both at home as well as at school, that was certain!

Beth Naked in Schoo 4/12

Tuesday Morning

The next morning, when Carl and I walked up to the school there was the traditional gathering of boys at the North Entrance, where the girls in The Program had to strip. We watched as June Farrow, the senior girl in The Program that week, stripped and deposited her clothes in the drop for them.

She’s a three sport athlete - track in the fall, basketball in the winter and softball in the spring. She’s about five foot ten, and built like a goddess. If she was blushing it didn’t show on her. Her skin was a rich, dark chocolate brown, all over. Her breasts are firm, her nipples a shade darker, of course. She wears her hair in a short, natural ‘do, and her bush is kinky, close to her mons. I had an image of her running the hurdles in her specialty, the heptathlon, and my breath caught in my throat. I wondered if the photography club had thought of trying to capture that image, that fleet beauty!

She strolled gracefully, confidently into school, her firm buttocks flexing, and then it was my turn. I felt totally inadequate following that exhibition.

I’d dressed carefully that morning, too. When he’d been in The Program, Carl had gone for efficiency, putting on no more than necessary. I wanted to make a different statement; don’t judge a book by its cover. All my life I’d had the image of the demure, studious scholar. I knew now, after the homecoming dance, and especially after yesterday afternoon, that there was more to me than that.

Oh, I was wearing my usual conservative blouse and skirt. I really didn’t have much choice, though I had already resolved to expand my wardrobe as soon as I had a chance. I began by unbuttoning my shirt, facing the throng, making no effort to conceal anything, even though my mouth was dry and I was trembling.

Removing my shirt, I revealed another of my recently acquired “frillies,” a lace demi-cup bra that lifted my shy breasts, barely concealed my nipples. I could see the appreciation in Carl’s eyes as he watched.

Folding my shirt carefully, I deposited it in the box. Then I unbuttoned my skirt and unzipped it, trying to be graceful as I did. Stepping out of it, I similarly folded it and put it in the box, leaving me in my bra, and thong knickers. The turn I made to deposit the skirt gave everyone a good look at how the back of the knickers disappeared between the cheeks of my ass.

Turning back to my audience, I unhooked the bra between my breasts, and opened it, feeling my nipples stiffen in the cool morning air. Shedding it, I took what I hoped was a graceful turn to the applause and whistles of the crowd.

Into the deposit box the bra went, and I was down to my knickers and loafers, which could stay on, of course, but which I toed off. Hooking my thumbs in the waist of the thong, I eased it down with a wiggle of my hips. The back of it was caught in the crack of my ass as I drew the lacy dainty down, of course. It was also clinging to the sticky-wet folds of my pussy a little, finally pulling free.

Bending, I slid the knickers down my thighs, and stepped out of them. Shaking them out, I folded them, and added them to the rest of my clothes in the locked drop-box. Stepping over to Carl, I asked him for his comb.

This he hadn’t expected, but he dug it out and handed it to me without complaint. Using the glass in the door as a mirror, I combed and re-pony tailed my hair, then stepped over to a bench by the door. The guys sitting there gaped, and I lifted one foot to rest it on some guy’s knee, displaying my cunt to all, my innards squirming as I did.

Okay, the devil made me - modest Beth - do it. What can I say?

I combed out my pussy hair right in front of their eyes, fluffing it up. Then I had another thought. Handing the comb to the guy whose knee I was using, I stretched, putting my hands behind my head, letting him comb my pussy, flinching slightly as the sharp teeth brushed my tender labia. Finishing, he patted my pussy gently, his thumb slipping between my thighs to tease the opening of my cunt, wringing a gasp from me.

I shot a glance at Carl, and the rest of the crowd. Carl licked his lips nervously, but nodded his understanding as the crowd applauded. Taking the comb back, I then returned it to Carl, brushed his cheek with my fingers, and took my book bag from him.

Sticking my feet back in my loafers, I made my way into school, the crowd following me as I made my way to my locker. I was trembling as I dialed the combination and got out the things I needed for my morning classes. A small group of guys hovered around, watching me, making me more aware of my exposure than ever.

“See you in French,” Carl bade me as I got ready for chem.

“See you.” I smiled at him.

Then it was off to the hustling, daily routine, maneuvering the hallways naked. Chem was nothing, but then it was French, with Mademoiselle Duclos.

It was too much to hope for a second reprieve, and I didn’t get it.

“Ah, Mademoiselle Finch,” Mademoiselle Duclos greeted me warmly. “If you would please just come to the front of the room, I would be most grateful.”

Oh God, here we go, I thought as I obeyed, conscious of every eye in the room on me. Even my participation on the debating team hadn’t prepared me for this kind of public exposure! My resolve to participate fully and willingly in all the challenges the program presented began to waver. I looked at Carl, and could see the sympathy in his gaze, and the tension.

“Up ‘ere, please,” Mademoiselle Duclos directed, making me step up on a little platform so they could see me better, taking my books from me and putting them on her desk. “Mademoiselles and Monsieurs, today, with the beautiful and able assistance of Mademoiselle Finch, we will cover more slang vocabulary.”

Blushing furiously, I managed to face the class, first folding my arms over my breasts, then clasping my hands in front of my pussy, hunching my arms over my breasts in a desperate effort to protect myself from their curious stares.

Mademoiselle Duclos said something to me in French that my dazed mind managed to translate into “Ah, you are a very beautiful young lady,” or something like that. I mustered something resembling a smile for her, I think, and tried to relax, unclasping my hands and putting my arms at my sides. I took a deep breath, conscious of the movement of my ribs, the lift of my breasts as I did.

God, I felt so exposed! I shot an anxious glance at Carl, and was warmed by the sympathy and pride and desire in his return look. He gave me a quick “thumbs up” signal that helped ease my terror, if not my embarrassment.

Then Mademoiselle Duclos began to touch me - feather light touches barely brushing my skin as she named my features. My nipples stiffed to her light caress.

Her hand cupped my breast warmly, making he shiver. I’d never been touched by another woman that way. It was different from Carl’s touch, but I still felt myself becoming aroused. Was she lesbian?

I didn’t think so. I knew she had a boyfriend. What should I do?

“These are Mademoiselle Finch’s ‘doudounes,’ a relatively recent addition to French slang,” Mademoiselle Duclos explained, moving to the white board to spell it out. “They are also known as ‘les n\*\*n\*\*s,’ ‘les nichons,’ and even ‘les roberts.’ If I may say, Mademoiselle Finch ‘as lovely doudounes, by French standards, not being over amply endowed or, as the French would say, ‘y’a du monde au balcon,’ which loosely translates as ‘what a pair of knockers.’”

That brought some chuckles from the class, and some flushing from the more well endowed girls as well.

“The French say that the ideal size of a woman’s breast is what will fill a champagne glass. Unfortunately, I fear I am a bit too generous for that.” To my astonishment, Madame Duclos proceeded to remove her blouse to reveal she wore no bra. Her breasts were larger than mine, but not a lot larger. There was more weight to them, a bit more crease beneath them, and her nipples were darker and more prominent than mine.

Someone in the back of the room whistled softly.

Goose bumps flared to life as her fingers gently stroked my soft, shy breasts again, and I blushed even brighter, if that was at all possible. I shot her a nervous glance, but she was looking at the class. I couldn’t help noticing how stiff and alert her own nipples were, and wondered if she was finding this as arousing as I was.

Her hand left my breast, and moved down my torso. I shivered, and she spared me a sympathetic glance. “Are you all right?” she asked.

I nodded nervously. “I think so. It tickles. I’m - uh - not used to being touched that way.”

“You are so very pretty, though, and your skin is so soft! I ‘ope you will let me continue?”

I summoned my courage, even as it was being assaulted by both arousal and shame, and nodded tensely.

She nodded agreeably, and went on, giving the slang term for “navel” as she touched my belly button. I balled my fists, knowing she her next target would be my pussy.

“And now, since Mademoiselle Finch might like some company....” Mademoiselle Duclos’ voice trailed off as she unfastened her skirt, letting it drop to reveal her total lack of underwear. I couldn’t not lean forward to look down at her.

She was shaved down there, as bare as a baby! Her puffy labia were totally exposed!

I was still dealing with this when her finger brushed into my pubic hair. “This is, how you might say, ‘pussy’ and we French would say ‘chatte’ which is, of course, ‘cat’ en Francaise, or pussy,” she finished brightly. “As you can see, I have no ‘air, and I ‘ave wondered, should it still be called chatte?”

“But beneath the ‘air is the same and, in polite company it might be called ‘Noune.’” She spelled it out on the board, giving me a brief respite, pronouncing it ‘noonn.’ “That is to say, the ‘vulva.’”

I shivered again. I felt like I was under a microscope, despite her shared display. The class was studying my most intimate secrets. It was mortifying, but what was even more mortifying, I could feel myself becoming more and more physically aroused. I shot Carl an anxious look, and I could see he knew what I was feeling. He looked pained, and stimulated, and shifted awkwardly in his seat. I saw him reach down, and knew he was adjusting his hardon in his jeans, but I couldn’t help wondering if it was because of me, or Mademoiselle Duclos with her more mature beauty, her fuller breasts, or perhaps her exposed vulva.

“There are other words,” Mademoiselle Duclos went on, writing on the board - I couldn’t help turning and watching her. Her bottom was firm and round.

“These include ‘con,’ ‘conne,’ is the feminine form, of course.

Then there is ‘connard’ and, similarly in feminine ‘connarde.’ These are used as insults when referring to a man. If you wanted to insult a woman and call her a ‘bitch’ or maybe even - ah, what is the word? - cunt? - you would call her ‘connasse’ and there is no masculine form of this word.”

She returned to my side, bending down. “Please, move your feet apart a little?” she asked sweetly. “Merci.”

Then she got even more personal, as I fought the urge to squirm. Her fingers parted my pubic hair, revealing my slit, and I saw the boys in the class practically drooling, while some of the girls blushed, and others stared. She could have done this on herself, after all!

“This is called, if the man knows the woman extremely well, ‘cramouille’ meaning ‘wet slit.’” If ‘e does not know her it is, of course, a vile insult.”

I WAS wet, and I wanted to die!

“And,” Mademoiselle Duclos went on inexorably, “if we part these lovely lips, which, I might add, are indeed delightfully wet,” She paused, and I actually felt her spreading my labia open! “ ‘ere we find the little man in the hood, the clitoris, non? In French this is called ‘clito,’ making it easy to remember. That is, of course, a feminine noun. A woman who has a good lover would not hesitate to ask ‘im to ‘leche-moi le clito,’ or ‘lick my clitoris.’ The man might respond to such a request by ‘descendre a la cave’ or as you might say, descending to the basement.”

Thinking of what Carl had done to me after the dance, I was blushing beet red by now, and I could see Carl turning scarlet and trying to sink down under his desk! Just the memory of that orgasm was enough to make my pussy weep.

“As you might suspect,” she went on, stroking her own bare pussy, “a man doing some - ah - what is that word that I am seeking? - you know, exploring caves....”

“Spelunking?” Carl offered impulsively.

“Ah, mais oui, zat is the word I seek,” Mademoiselle Duclos agreed gaily. “A man who has, as we say ‘scendre a la cave’ finds the experience even more delightful when ze woman ‘as shaved, as I have, because the flesh is clean and our little friend ‘ere is more easily accessible.”

Then Mademoiselle Duclos touched my clitoris and I thought I was going to collapse. I reacted! Of course I reacted. I was already hot as a firecracker and I went off! I flinched, gasped, whimpered softly deep in my throat as the muscles in my abdomen went into orgasmic spasms.

“Ah, Mademoiselle Finch, she is ‘aving what we sometimes call ‘le petite mort,’ the ‘little death,’” Mademoiselle Duclos observed with delight, and perhaps a touch of envy. “What you would call ‘coming’ or an orgasm.”

I wanted to DIE.

Die! Die! DIE!

But what a way to go. All I could do was stand there while my cunt spasmed and a flush spread up my torso, waves of pleasure sweeping through me while everyone watched. I could see Carl’s fists, balled on his desktop as he suffered with me. At least, I assume he was suffering, but I could be wrong.

The rest of the class, what little was left, was a blur. I became a mannequin in Mademoiselle Duclos’ hands, shifting numbly as she posed me, letting the class see my ass, making me bend over, spreading the cheeks of my ass to expose my rear hole, her finger tickling me as I discovered an unexpected erogenous zone there.

When the bell rang I numbly gathered up my books and made my way blindly to the door, the other students avoiding me, whispering about me.

Then, out in the hallway, Carl was with me and wrapped an arm around my shoulders, pulling me close. I leaned into him, burying my head against his shoulder, shivering.

“You were beautiful, and brave,” he complimented me.

“It was humiliating.” I couldn’t forget how I’d cum, right there, in front of the whole class.

He chuckled. “Now you know how I felt the first time I asked for relief, and every time after that, in fact.”

I managed a sympathetic smile up at him. “I hadn’t thought of it that way,” I admitted, managing a deep breath. “And now that that’s over I don’t see how it could get worse,” I observed hopefully, conscious of the eyes flicking over me as we walked to math, my bare flank pressed against his clothed one, my juices drying on my pussy.

He gave me a squeeze. “You get more used to it.” Then he laughed. “Of course, they say you can get used to hanging if you hang long enough.”

I managed a weak chuckle. “Very funny. I wonder what can happen to me next?”

Next was math, with Freschetti, and I quickly found out how it could get worse.

“Uh, Miss Gallison, I’d like some relief,” the hairy hulk announced as he walked into the room, right at the last minute, as usual. “And I’d like some help?”

Oh God, no, I thought.

“Are there any volunteers?” Miss Gallison asked.

Believe you me, I did NOT have to sit on my hands to keep them down on THAT question! I heard a few joints pop as hands went up, some of the more unselective girls nobly throwing themselves into the breach at the chance to fondle the star fullback, no matter that he had a weeny weeny.

“I’d prefer Beth Finch,” Freschetti announced before some other willing victim could be chosen.

I wanted to crawl under my DESK and die. Die, DIE, DIE!

Again.

“Miss Finch?” Miss Gallison asked. “It seems a reasonable request.”

Oh, yeah, right, I thought. I considered trying to argue my way out of it, and thought I might get a sympathetic hearing from Miss Gallison.

Then I remembered the goals of the program, and sucked up my courage, deciding to face the challenge instead. “Yes, Miss Gallison,” I agreed, seeing Carl react out of the corner of my eye. I tried to give him a reassuring look as I stood and went to where Freschetti stood to one side of Miss Gallison’s desk.

Now, you’ve got to know the back story to understand what I was going through, so you really should read Carl’s account of his week naked in school.

In a nutshell, Freschetti was the school’s star running back and big jock on campus. He had tried to embarrass Carl when Carl had been taking classes naked, only to be humiliated himself when Miss Gallison made him drop his trousers to reveal what I assume is one of the least impressive dicks in school.

After that he’d harassed Carl, until the powers that be had warned him off with the threat of suspension. This request of his had to be a way of getting back at Carl through me. I had to stand up to him, to refuse to be humiliated by this Neanderthal jerk.

Even so, getting back to the matter at hand, or soon to be IN hand, I did not foresee anything good coming out of this encounter. Freschetti smirked down at me, his hands on his hips.

Putting on my best “in your face” face, I looked up at him, and curled my fingers around his little pecker.

“How about on your knees,” he suggested, and I swear I heard him softly add the word “bitch” to the request.

I’d done that for Carl, willingly, happily masturbating him until he’d cum on my blouse and skirt, even my face. I’d worn Carl’s cum as a badge of honor and love. However, I was not about to let Freschetti shower me with his cum! Coming from this ape it would be a mark of shame and humiliation.

Without really thinking about it, still holding his dick in the fingers of my right hand, I cupped Freschetti’s balls in my left, and squeezed - not gently, either. “Not even in your dreams,” I answered, very softly, in a tone that left no doubt that I was ready to bring him to HIS knees if necessary.

Freschetti paled visibly, and gulped, his sneer fading, and I relaxed my hold on his balls, but kept them in my grasp as I began to massage his cock.

It wasn’t very hard, and it didn’t respond much to my milking. It took some work, but I finally extracted a few convulsions and a trickle of semen from him. Then I remembered something I’d read recently about athletes and the side effects of the anabolic steroids some of them used to bulk up on.

Better living through chemistry indeed!

“Better lay off the steroids,” I suggested softly, so only he could hear me, dropping his quickly shriveling dick. I wiped my hands on his hairy belly. “They’ll ruin your sex life.” I got some pleasure from the look of shock that crossed his face. I could only marvel at his stupidity. Why would anyone take something without researching what it would do to him?

I didn’t start to tremble until I was back seated at my desk and he had gone to the back of the room where he sat. Then I put my head in my hands for a moment. After I’d composed myself, looking over my shoulder at Carl, I managed a smile, and he gave me discrete “thumbs up” sign, and a grin that made me feel warm.

The only other unexpected encounter of the regular school day came in the washroom after lunch. Stephanie, the school’s star flute player and my new and best friend, except for Carl, of course, had gone with me and we were washing our hands together after using the toilet. She’d been in the program only the week before, you remember, so she understood what I was going through. So I was totally caught off guard by her question.

“Have you ever had sex with another girl?” she asked suddenly, looking at me in the mirror, pinking up as she did.

Somehow I stifled my first reaction, which would have been a shocked “No!” “Uh, no,” I answered, tempted to tell her how I’d lost my virginity to Carl only the day before.

“Oh.” She looked disappointed, and I remembered how the relationship we’d tried to set up with a guy at the dance for her hadn’t seemed to jell.

I met her gaze in the mirror. “Stephanie, are you gay?” I asked bluntly.

She looked like she wanted to cry. “I don’t know,” she admitted miserably. “I can’t seem to - to get - interested in boys.”

“That doesn’t mean anything,” I assured her. “Maybe you haven’t met the right boy yet.” I finished washing my hands and went for a paper towel.

Stephanie followed me. “But, when I look at you, like that....”

Her voice trailed off.

I managed to keep wiping my hands, though they were already dry. When they were steady again, I tossed the towel in the waste container, and instinctively reached down to scoop up three more that had missed the target. I hate litter. When I was steady, I turned to face her. “You get turned on?” I asked softly.

Fighting tears, she nodded her head. “I’m sorry,” she blurted, and I felt my own heart breaking for her. “You’re so beautiful!”

“No! Don’t apologize!” I urged her. “I’m flattered!” I realized that I loved Stephanie.

Oh, not exactly THAT way, but I did love her. She was sweet and kind and, like I’ve said, a marvelous musician, for which I envied her more than a little.

“You are?” She sounded dubious.

I nodded, and put a hand on her arm. “I am,” I answered sincerely. “Have you talked with Miss Gallison about it? She’d give you the straight skinny. She’s nice.”

Stephanie shook her head. “I don’t know her.”

“I could introduce you, if you want,” I offered.

She shook her head again.

“Have you ever made love to a woman?” I asked.

“No,” she answered gloomily, turning toward the mirrors, those horrible things that never lie. “Who’d want me?”

I studied her reflection as she studied herself in the mirror. She was fairly tall - well, taller than I am, with a big frame, and a little on the heavy side. She had lost weight, and I knew she was on a diet and exercise program, but she’d never be fashion model skinny.

“I would,” I answered, “if I were a guy, or gay.” It was a shock to realize that I meant it! That was how much I loved her.

“Would you really?” She was still dubious.

“I would,” I answered firmly, thinking of all the reasons I felt the way I did about her. “You’re smart, you’re talented. You have lovely eyes, and a beautiful complexion. I love your dimples when you smile, and your laugh. And you’re the kindest, sweetest person I know. Except for Carl,” I added loyally.

“I don’t even know that I’m gay, for sure,” she said softly, twisting her hands. “I only know I’ve never felt like this - like I do about you - ever before, with anyone.”

“Would you like to touch me?” I asked softly.

There, I was willingly offering to let someone other than Carl touch my naked body. Only with a person I’d never have thought it would happen.

“Could I?” she asked timidly.

I nodded. “Uh huh,” I agreed, my own heart racing. I remembered seeing how Karen had done it in the hallway, and put my hands up behind my head, spreading my feet slightly. I saw my reflection in the mirror, and realized just how exposed I was by that pose, how accessible and vulnerable.

Vulnerable. There was that word again. I shivered.

Then Stephanie’s fingers shyly touched my tit, and it stiffened, and I felt warmed by it. Her hand cupped my breast, and I saw her own breathing quicken as she tested its warmth and softness. “You’re so beautiful,” she said softly.

I blushed, feeling my own juices stirring from her touch, and had to tell myself that it was only a logical physical response to the stimulus. No different than how my own body responded when I masturbated and fantasized.

“May I kiss you?” Stephanie asked timidly. Then someone came in the door and she jerked her hand away from me.

“We’re going to be late for class,” I announced loudly. “Where are you headed next?”

“Uh, gym,” she answered.

“Oh, that’s right, you and Carl have gym together, don’t you.” I led her out the door to the crowded hallway. “I’m going in that direction.”

She shot me a grateful glance and we walked together.

She paused outside the locker room door, looking around, but the hall was emptying quickly. “Look, I’m sorry if I - I don’t want to ruin our friendship.”

“You did nothing of the kind,” I assured her. Then I drew a deep breath. “Look, if you’d - well, if you’d like to - take a test drive - well, I think, maybe, I - I might be willing. Let me think about it.”

She looked like she was about to burst into tears again.

“Really?”

“Let me think about it,” I repeated, wondering what was getting into me. “I do love you,” I admitted, rising on my tip toes to give her a kiss on the cheek, surprised at how soft it was, and how warm and, well, yes, sweet, even. It wasn’t more than I’d seen other girls do, so no one would have wondered about it if they’d seen it, but they might have wondered at the stiffness of my nipples.

“I do love you,” I repeated. “I don’t think I love you THAT way, but - well, let me think about it. Now, I’ve got to rush - I’m modeling in art again today. I’ll see you later, maybe after band practice?”

“Later,” she said gratefully as I turned away. I felt her watching me as I walked away toward the art studio, my mind racing. Would I do it? Could I do it?

The questions circled in my mind as I posed again, the class sketching me, portraying my breasts, my curves and flesh, even my pussy, using their charcoals and pencils and pastels. During the first break, I made it a point to visit with Kathy, the girl who had concentrated all her efforts on my cunt the day before.

She hadn’t changed her focus, and my latest pose had involved my thighs being spread wide in her direction, giving her a perfect view of my pussy. In spite of all my efforts, posing had aroused me again, so the inner petals of my cunt were engorged, visible, a delicate ruffle in the soft, fuzzy, brown nest of my bush.

What she was doing was beautiful, I had to admit. Oh, I’d done a bit of exploration with a hand mirror once, studying myself so I knew what was there, but she was finding beauty there that gave me a new appreciation of my - my crotch!

She added some shading, softening it with a stroke of her thumb across my vulva - I mean, the drawing of my vulva. I shivered at the sight.

“It would look even better without the hair,” she observed softly.

The suggestion rattled me, remembering how Mademoiselle Duclos shaved her pubic area. I wanted to ask Kathy if she was gay, but couldn’t bring myself to do it. I thought of - of pressing my lips to what she was picturing, of licking it, and blushed, a hot feeling sweeping through me, and returned to the podium for my next pose before the break was even officially over.

Thinking of Stephanie, I tried to tell myself that being gay wasn’t the end of the world, but couldn’t quite buy it. Oh, Stephanie knew as well as I did that being gay wasn’t the end of the world. But I also knew that when you’re fifteen facing a discovery like that - well, it looms like a mountain.

For one thing, there are pockets of homophobia in the most liberal schools. Then, too, it so restricts your choices for - ah - sexual interaction, at a time when your hormones are really running rampant. And how would her parents react? What of the future - a family, children?

I sympathized with Stephanie, and wondered if I could Do It with her, or not, or if Doing It would even resolve the issue for her. Carl had done it - licked me there, pressed his face into my pussy, probing me with his tongue, his lips suckling on my clit. I remembered the orgasm he’d given me - the best ever up until that time - and felt my pussy soften and swell at the memory.

Afterwards we’d kissed, and I’d tasted and smelled my own juices on his lips and cheeks, on his breath, and it had been so erotic!

It was an arousing memory, to say the least!

Could I do that with Stephanie? The thought gave me goose bumps all over, and I hoped the people sketching me couldn’t see them. Then I saw Kate looking at me intently, and knew that at least one of them could see my cunt’s response to these musings, and felt a blush warming my skin. My fingers twitched with the urge to stroke my own pussy, to bring myself off, but I managed to hold my pose.

I realized then that, when you were naked, it was virtually impossible to hide even what you were thinking. Oh, sure, a boy’s lust was obvious, but even a girl’s moods and arousal were obvious, if you knew what to look for - stiffened nipples, distended inner petals to her cunt, blushes and goose bumps, little bits of body language like a touch to her breast, one thigh pressing against the other.

Another lesson from The Program for me to file away in my oh-so analytical fashion. I’d started a notebook last night, and knew I’d have to add this observation to it tonight.

“Time,” Mr. Kelly announced, to my relief, and I broke the pose, turning my back on the class and stretching luxuriously, working out the kinks, and the sexual arousal.

“Oh! Please remember that pose, Miss Finch!” Mr. Kelly ordered in the middle of my stretch. “We’ll assume that pose when we return from our break.”

We? I thought. Who’s we? That’s ME up there naked, you twit, not you.

But I remembered it anyway, and tried to duplicate it when the break was over. Mr. Kelly helped, shifting my arms a little, pushing my hips slightly to one side, then forward with his hand on my butt.

I’m still not sure whether it was easier facing the class or with my back to them, with them sketching me from behind. I had no mirror, so I couldn’t see what I looked like - until I saw what they’d done. It was a flattering pose, with my arms stretching up and out, my back arched, my bottom tight. It made me look taller!

The girl who had been sketching my pussy had concentrated - you guess it - on my butt. Again, she created a thing of beauty - a few graceful strokes of her charcoal this time, rather than the pastels she’d used for my cunt.

It was the last pose of the class, and then it was off to history, and then I had to pose for the photography club after school.

Which, along with what happened later, deserves a chapter of its own!

Beth Naked in School 5/12

Tuesday Afternoon

Okay, if I hear one more person, male or female, of any age, say to me, naked or not, “let’s go into the darkroom and see what develops,” I am going to punch him or her in the nose!

No jury in the world would convict me.

“Hi, Beth, let’s go in the darkroom and see what develops,” was the greeting I got from every one of the eight boys in the photography club as they joined me, one by one, by the soccer field. The three girls who were club members winced and groaned, having heard it themselves more than once, they assured me.

Yes, I was the first one there. Didn’t I tell you of my obsessive compulsive habit of always being early?

There I was standing self-consciously in front of the home team bench on the main soccer field, feeling the afternoon breeze stroke my naked body with insolent little fingers. Maybe, if you stay naked long enough, you finally become no more aware of that than you are of the touch of clothing. If so, then I haven’t been naked long enough yet. I could even feel the breeze toying with my pubic hair.

While we waited for the club’s adviser the kids fiddled with their cameras - adjusting this and fixing that, polishing lenses and loading film. They were as geeky a bunch as those in the computer club - some of them did both, in fact.

Finally the adviser, Mr. Kelly, my art teacher, came trotting up, festooned with several cameras himself. “All ready then, are we? Where should we start?”

Not in the darkroom, I thought to myself. Anyplace but that!

“How about the goal net?” Albert Ballantine suggested. He was a sophomore, a kind of big, pudgy guy who I’d thought of as a possible date for Stephanie, until earlier today. Now I wasn’t as sure.

“Why not the benches here?” Jimmy Dirk suggested. He was in my math class, a little squirt, not even as tall as me, with pimples. For some reason he had his shirt unbuttoned halfway to his waist. Like anyone was really interested in his sunken chest!

Mr. Kelly made a time out gesture with his hands. “Wait. What’s the first thing we need to decide?”

“What sort of pictures we want to take,” Julie Shay answered.

“Right,” Mr. Kelly agreed. “What’s our theme? Since our model is nude, portraiture is obviously - well, not eliminated, but improbable, a waste of resources, you could say. Are we interested in cheesecake? Glamour shots? Perhaps erotica? Are we going for posed shots, or candids?”

“Planning our session in advance determines everything, remember?” he went on. “Everything from the equipment and film we use to the backgrounds, props, the poses - everything!”

“How about smut?” Jimmy Dirk suggested with a smirk, ostentatiously scratching his belly. His shirt was completely unbuttoned now. It was not an improvement.

“Pornography is always an option with a willing nude model,” Mr. Kelly agreed calmly. “But it is better accomplished with more than one model.”

I nailed Jimmy Dirk with my best glare and an underhanded grabbing and squeezing motion with my left hand before he could volunteer and he froze before he had his hand half way up. He’d seen what I’d done to Freschetti, much to my relief.

“When you have a model, how can pictures be candid?” Julie asked.

“Oh, that’s easy enough. Just ask the model to perform some regular tasks and snap away,” Mr. Kelly explained. “For example, since we’re here on a soccer field, Miss Finch, why don’t you, uh, kick that soccer ball around?” he suggested, indicating one that had been left under a bench.

I frowned. “I’m not much a soccer player,” I confessed.

“Just play with it a little,” he explained. “You can pick it up, bounce it, kick it - whatever you want. Oh, and take off your shoes, please, to give a more natural look.

“Since we’re taking action shots, what should our choice of film be?” he went on to the photographer wannabes.

Julie was first with the answer again. “Fast film, so we can use the fastest shutter speeds possible without sacrificing the depth of field we gain with high f stops.”

“Right!” Mr. Kelly agreed eagerly.

Kicking off my loafers left me naked but for the usual gold chain around my neck with the simple gold cross. Totally self-conscious, I bent to dig the ball out from under the bench. Picking it up, I tried to bounce it and it hit my foot, and of course it got away from me and I had to chase it down.

Handling it awkwardly, I tried to ignore the cameras being focused on me. Dropping the ball on the grass I kicked it the way I’d seen soccer players doing it, sort of nudging it around the field. The grass was cold under my bare feet. The breeze was playing with my tits and my pussy. My tits were jiggling, and I was waving my arms to keep my balance. Cameras were all around me, snapping away.

I was intensely aware of my exposure.

I was doing pretty well until I accidentally stepped on the ball instead of kicking it. Twisting my ankle, I went flying, legs all akimbo and landed hard on my butt while the ball scooted away from me.

The cameras kept right on clicking as, wincing, I got up and rubbed my bruised bottom, brushing grass clippings off it, then limped after the ball, my ankle complaining. Picking up the ball I walked back, tossing it lamely in the air for some semblance of action for them.

“How about if she plays goalie,” Jimmy suggested snidely. “She could sit in the goal with her legs spread and we could try to score.”

I decided I could develop a real dislike for that horny little twerp.

“I think that’s enough of the athletic candids,” Mr. Kelly countered, taking the ball from me and putting it back under the bench. “We’ll have June Farrow for that tomorrow, remember.”

That announcement was greeted with whistles from the boys.

“And Mr. Freschetti will join us as well for some beefcake,” Mr. Kelly added, with a wink to the girls, who did not look thrilled. “Now, why don’t we try some poses on the benches here? Now, do we want artistic or cheesecake shots, and who can tell me the primary difference between them?”

Julie raised her hand. “Well, the goal of cheesecake photography is displaying the sexuality of the subject,” she suggested.

“But isn’t the sexuality of the subject an important element of artistic figure studies as well?” Albert asked.

Julie looked thoughtful. “I guess so.”

“Any other ideas?” the teacher asked.

I wished I knew just so I could raise my hand and end the silence, but I didn’t. Besides, I wasn’t part of the club, I was their model.

“Okay, it’s kind of subtle, but with cheesecake and glamour photography, and beefcake and all erotic photography, the goal is to establish personal contact between the model and the audience,” Mr. Kelly explained. “For example - uh - stretch out on the bench, Miss Finch, on your side, please.”

I did, the bench cold against my naked hip, and I rested on one elbow, folding an arm self-consciously across my breasts, my leg bent to conceal my pussy. Even now, on the second day in The Program, I had this instinct to cover myself.

“Now, an artistic nude,” Mr. Kelly went on, “usually will not show the model’s face in detail, perhaps not at all. You might take a picture from the back, for example, concentrating on the curved line of her hip, buttocks and legs. Or the model might look at the ground, pensively, never smiling.”

He directed the class around me to show them what he was talking about. His hand stroked my hip and ass, my leg. I stayed still, remembering the lessons learned from my art class modeling, in spite of the shiver his touch gave me.

Then they moved around in front of me. “A cheesecake shot, on the other hand, virtually always shows the model’s face, and usually she, or he, is looking directly into the camera, making eye contact with the audience, with an expression that invites some sort of response. Look this way, please, Miss Finch,” he directed, focusing on me with his own camera. “Now smile in a friendly fashion.”

I smiled in what I hoped was a friendly fashion. Staring into the camera made me much more intensely aware of his scrutiny.

“Lick your lips, please,” he added.

I licked my lips.

“But doesn’t erotic photography show more, too?” Albert pointed out.

“That depends on the market,” Mr. Kelly answered.

“Today’s market shows much more,” Albert pointed out, his hands fiddling nervously with his camera. “Magazines today show everything - pubic hair....” He gulped, sweating. “Everything!”

“Indeed,” Mr. Kelly agreed. “Why don’t you raise your leg, Miss Finch, and move your arm to reveal your breasts.”

I tried to figure out just what he meant, lifting my leg, exposing my pussy.

“Cup your breast, too,” the teacher suggested. “Play with your nipple. Tilt your head down and look sultry.”

I blushed, and tried to comply, wondering what “sultry” was, feeling the air on my pussy, pinching my nipple, my hand cupping my modest breast, offering it to them. I tried to look like what’s her name, Humphrey Bogart’s girlfriend in “To Have and To Have Not” as I did, but only felt foolish.

The cameras clicked, flashes winking at me.

“Very good, Miss Finch. And class, remember, when working in bright sunlight, either to set your flashes to fill in the shadows, to reduce the contrast, or use a reflector to do the same thing,” Mr. Kelly went on.

“Now, one of the tricks to posing a woman is to shoot from an angle that shows one breast in profile. And the nipple should be stimulated so that it is erect. One way to accomplish that is to rub it with an ice cube. Lacking that, tactile manipulation, combined, perhaps, with some fantasizing by the model can accomplish the same effect. Miss Finch, if you please.”

I tilted my body. Lacking an ice cube, I pinched my nipples and fantasized about Carl toying with me. My nipples were not the only parts of my body that reacted. I felt my pussy flush and blossom.

The session went on, much faster than in art class, of course. I followed directions as they shot picture after picture of me. It wasn’t possible, of course, to look directly at each camera, so I chose first one of them and then another, deliberately avoiding Jimmy Dirk’s smirking, drooling attention as much as I could.

“Show us some pink,” he ordered at last.

“Some pink?” I asked, puzzled.

“Cunt,” he explained. “Spread your pussy.”

I blushed brighter, looking at Mr. Kelly for some protection, but he just indicated I should continue.

I reached for my pussy, spreading the lips, feeling the air strike deeper into my damp slit. Jimmy got down to get a good angle on my exposure, moving into what I can only describe as a gynecological close up. I was mortified, but tried to comply as the requests became more and more provocative.

I could hear the band practicing on a distant field, and thought of Carl, how he’d marched so naked during the homecoming game, standing out from the group even more by marching alone to “Dot the ‘i’” during the half time show. I remembered how proud I’d been of him, his bravery, and it stirred me to try to comply with the photography club’s requests.

“Play with yourself,” Jimmy suggested. “Get a finger in there!”

And I did. I slid my finger into my hot cunt, while cameras recorded every bit of my exposure, my wantonness. Sitting on the end of one bench, my legs spread wide, leaning back on one hand, I masturbated my gaping cunt while they all clicked away, even the girls.

Then I was ordered on to my knees, reaching under my body to spread my pussy again, while they took pictures of my naked ass, my open slit. I even toyed with my asshole, at Jimmy’s request again.

They had me sprawl on the grass, legs spread, knees raised, pinching my breasts as I humped my hips as if I was welcoming a lover. I spread my pussy with both hands, displaying all my glistening pink cunt to them, remembering how Kate had found beauty in my so private folds.

I even managed a back-bend, my body arched, my pussy prominent, until my back gave way and I tumbled again to the grass.

Mr. Kelly checked his watch as I got to my feet and tried to brush off the grass clippings and dirt. “We have about fifteen minutes more. Why don’t we let Miss Finch shower off in that time,” he suggested.

“Can we take pictures of her in the shower?” Jimmy asked eagerly.

“I don’t see any reason why not,” he agreed.

So that’s how I found myself in the shower room of the boys’ locker room - it was more open than the girls’ shower - while the photography club snapped pictures. Starting at the top, in the usually organized way I do things, I soaped my hair, soaped my face and then my torso, my breasts and back, turning as I did.

I was soooo aware of the feel of my body under my hands! Much more than when I washed at home, or even after gym class. My nipples were stiff little buttons, slick with soap. I washed my ass, between the cheeks, my soapy finger again toying with my anus, until I even sneaked the tip of it in a teensy bit, driven by that mad, evil twin of mine to explore this unexpected erogenous zone.

I slid soapy hands over my pussy, down my thighs and legs, bending and turning, giving them a look at every angle of my bathing. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, I toyed with my clit, slipped a finger up into my cunt.

I tried to be subtle about it, but I masturbated there in the shower, right in front of the photography club, until I came with a delicious rush, my cunny spasming around my finger, a flush blossoming on my body as I pinched my tit.

And all the time they were taking pictures of me. Each of them had reloaded at least twice, and they captured every inch of me, as I came, as I rinsed off the soap, the grass that had been clinging to me swirling down the drain.

Flash. Flash. Flash. The lights sparked and sparked, catching me from every angle as I dried myself.

I had NO secrets.

I was mortified. Mortified!

I was also still incredibly turned on from stimulating myself, from all the attention.

“Very good, and thank you, Miss Finch. After we’ve developed and printed contact sheets we’ll be picking the best shots to put up on the club’s Web site,” Mr. Kelly announced cheerily. “And I have some great shots in my digital camera that will be up by tomorrow morning, so be sure to log on, and tell your friends about it!”

I shuddered inwardly, realizing that by tomorrow the whole world, the whole, complete world would see me! People not only in my own home town but in England and France, Russia and China, San Francisco and New York and Australia would be looking at me! The concept was almost impossible to grasp. Talk about exposure!

Finally I was outside the north entrance to reclaim my clothes. I dressed in front of a dwindling crowd, while Carl waited patiently, and then took my books, and my hand, and we walked homeward.

After what had happened, I felt a bit silly, even uncomfortable, walking home with Carl with my clothes on, even my undies. But try as I might, I couldn’t quite get my nerve up to stop and strip naked, right there on the street. And when Carl told me he had stuff to do for his mom, so we couldn’t go to his house, or mine, I was really bummed out, still burning with the arousal from my posing.

As I made my way up the driveway to my house I was worr - well, terrified, actually - that maybe Carl was only making an excuse because he didn’t want me anymore, only to be shaken out of my thoughts when the kid from next door appeared.

“You said you’d meet me in your back yard today and show me more, remember?” he pointed out irritably.

I remembered how I’d stood in my window the night before. “I’m sorry, I had something after school. I’d forgotten about inviting you over. Uh, would you like to do it now?”

“Uh huh!” Eager didn’t begin to describe his expression.

Oh, well, what was one more young kid looking at me, considering my photography session. “What about your mom?”

“She’s not home,” he answered quickly. “We can go to my house.”

“Okay, come on,” I agreed, wondering how I could show him more than I already had.

“I - uh - invited some friends over,” he confessed.

I felt even worse for having been late. “I’m really sorry, I should have told you yesterday I’d be late. Are they angry?”

“Naw,” he assured me, opening the gate to his back yard. “We played computer games. I told ‘em you looked like Lara Croft in Tomb Raider.”

“Well, you’re not going to get any credit for truth in advertising,” I scolded him.

“It won’t matter, once you take your clothes off,” he assured me.

I had to admit, this kid did have a talent for cutting straight to the chase. “Why don’t we do it in the back yard,” I suggested.

“Okay, great!” he agreed. “Hey, guys, come on out. Beth’s here! Would you like a soda or something? This is Pete, and Max, and Phil and Steve and Charlie.”

“That’d be nice,” I agreed as five kids about Larry’s age, maybe ten or eleven, tumbled out of the house.

“Make yourself at home. I’ll get drinks,” Larry offered.

“You’re not naked,” one of them protested - Pete, I think.

“I just got home from school,” I pointed out, putting my book bag on the patio table.

“You gonna get naked?” another asked.

“That’s why I’m here,” I admitted.

“Well, hurry up!” another urged.

I decided to tease them a little, they were so eager. I toyed with a button on my shirt. “I don’t know, it doesn’t seem fair that I have to get naked and you don’t.”

“I’m not gonna get naked!” Pete argued.

“Why not?” I asked.

“It’s embarrassing!”

“You’re Phil?” I asked. He was a handsome little kid with a shock of black hair.

“I’m Max,” he countered.

“Sorry. Well, how do you think I feel?” I asked, having loosened one button and playing with the next one.

“Here you are,” Larry said, offering me a bottle of soda.

“Thanks.” Still under the influence of all my posing, I kicked off my loafers and strolled languidly around on the grass, savoring the fizzy sweetness of the drink. “I think it’s only fair if I get naked you should.” I looked coyly at them.

“Aww, I don’t know,” Charlie, a red head answered nervously.

“Are you guys chicken?” I asked, my shirt open enough to show my bra now.

“I’m not chicken!” Steve argued.

Ah, testosterone. I love it, I thought. “I dare you to get naked.” I stripped off my shirt and draped it over a lawn chair.

“Y-y-y-you dare us?” Larry asked.

“I double dare you,” I challenged, unzipping my skirt.

For a long moment there was a tense silence. “Last one naked is a rotten egg,” Charlie shot out, pinking up as he tore at his clothes.

Well, I wasn’t a rotten egg, since I did have a head start, but in less than a minute they were all shining naked in the bright sun, all pink and white.

“Nyah, you’re the rotten egg,” Charlie teased a blushing Steve.

“Now what’re we gonna do?” Larry asked.

“What do you want to do?” I asked, feeling free again, now that I was naked. I noticed their little peckers were sticking out eagerly. They didn’t have any pubic hair yet, but the hormones were obviously working anyway.

“Let’s see you!” Steve challenged.

I put my hands on my hips, facing them, my feet apart. “Look away,” I said, feeling a sense of power over them.

Charlie bent over to look at my crotch. “You’ve got hair down there.”

“Yes, I do,” I admitted. “You’ll grow hair down there, too, in a year or two or three, and under your arms.”

“You don’t have hair under your arms,” Charlie pointed out.

I raised my arms and turned sideways to them. “I shave under my arms, though I don’t have very much there anyway.”

“Can we touch?” Steve asked.

There was one of the requests I’d been dreading, but who better to begin with than these kids? “Okay,” I agreed. “Yeah, you can touch.”

I turned back toward them and put my hands behind my head, the way Karen had. They touched my breasts, and Steve even explored my crotch, while I fought down shivers. “But no tickling,” I cautioned.

The moment I said it I realized it was a mistake.

“No tickling? You mean like this?” And Charlie gave my ribs a quick tickle.

“Yow!” I giggled, dropping my arm defensively. “I said no tickling.”

“You mean like this?” Larry countered, going for my flank.

I was swarmed under, giggling and squirming as the little rascals tickled me. We went down in a heap, and it reminded me of a litter of puppies grammy’s dog had had when I’d been about four, clambering all over me as they tried to lick my face.

We rolled and tumbled on the grass. I tickled them, they tickled me, and each other, reducing us all to helpless giggles. It didn’t end until we were left gasping, aching from laughter in a tangle of naked arms and legs and bodies.

The funny thing was, it wasn’t sexual, really. Oh, I was aroused, and they were as well, but for them it was all innocent fun, I think. It was bare skin against bare skin, even though their little peckers were stiff. They didn’t try to ravish me or anything. It was sensual, and joyous, a celebration of youth and innocence and life, not wicked or lascivious.

By the time we got untangled it was late and I had to go home. I didn’t even bother to dress, just popped out the gate from Larry’s back yard and in the gate to ours, giving anyone who might be on the street a flashing glimpse of me naked.

Mom’s eyebrows went up when I walked in the kitchen door with my clothes over my arm and my book bag in my hand. “Have a good day?” she asked.

“It had its moments. I’m going to take a shower.”

“Your father will be home in about half an hour. Are you going to dress for dinner?”

I got a tingle at the idea of a naked dinner. “Only if you insist on it.”

“Makes no difference to me,” she answered with a smile.

I paused in the doorway and looked back over my shoulder at her.

“What about daddy?”

Her eyes twinkled as she eyed my naked back. “Oh, I don’t think he’ll mind.”

“That’s good.” I bounded up the stairs, feeling good about myself. Maybe I’d go over to Carl’s tonight, after supper, too.

I had a couple of ideas that I could use his help on.

Beth Naked in School 6/12

Tuesday Evening

“I’m going over to Carl’s for a little while,” I announced cheerily from the living room doorway.

Daddy looked up from his newspaper and his eyebrows soared into his hairline. “Like that?”

I looked down at myself, and I do mean My Self, unadorned (but for my usual little gold cross and chain) from head to toe. “Uh huh!”

“Have a nice time, dear,” my mother responded with a smile, looking up from her knitting. “Don’t be late.”

“Nine o’clock, I promise,” I assured her.

Daddy was turning pink again. He was holding the newspaper in his lap. “Naked, on the streets?”

“It’s part of the program, dear,” my mother explained patiently.

Daddy frumped. “Oh, well. Is your homework done?”

“Yes, daddy.”

“Uhm, well, uhm - be careful,” he urged.

“Yes, daddy,” I agreed soothingly.

“And don’t be late!” he ordered, trying to be stern.

“No, daddy. Nine o’clock.”

“Nine o’clock,” he agreed.

I turned to go, and hesitated with my hand on the knob, summoning my courage. My heart racing, I opened the front door and stepped out into the evening air, naked.

It was a little cool, but not bad. My nipples stiffened at the insolent touch of the breeze. Mr. Magruder was out across the street and did a double take.

“Hi, Mr. Magruder,” I greeted him with a cheery wave.

“Hi, Beth,” he responded. “Part of The Program, huh?”

“Yeah,” I admitted as I reached the sidewalk. “See you later.”

“See you later.”

I could feel his eyes on me as I walked down the street. The sun was low in the west, a big orange ball. A car went by and the driver honked and waved, so I waved back.

Oh, gosh I was naked! On the street! I couldn’t believe I was doing this, but I was. Even after two days naked in school, two days of posing for the drawing class, an afternoon of posing for the photography club, and a roll on the grass with the neighbor kid and his friends, and even naked at the dinner table with mom and daddy, this was - well, it was just Something Else Again!

The sidewalk was cold and gritty under my bare feet, and I had to be careful of pebbles and stuff. I suddenly realized my fists were clenched and my arms stiff with tension and I had to force myself to relax.

I reached the corner, and turned toward Carl’s house. More cars went by and I managed to avoid cringing and ducking for cover. I remembered how Carl had talked about how sensuous it was to be naked outside, and understood better than ever now. It was so - so - intimate to have the air touching me all over out there in public!

I was sensitive to that touch, and that seemed to heighten all my other senses. The air smelled sweeter, the birds were louder, I could hear the sounds of televisions on in some of the houses, a radio playing, a kid practicing piano. The color of the sky was more intense and I saw shadings there I had no words for.

Everything was just - well, it was just MORE.

My heart speeded up again as I went up the walk to Carl’s door, and I realized I should have called. What if he wasn’t there, or he was seeing someone else?

I almost turned back, but then I scolded myself for lacking faith in him, and rang the doorbell. I was surprised, and a little relieved when Mrs. Walker answered the door in the nude. Carl’s family was continuing even after his time in The Program had ended.

“My, don’t you look nice. Carl is upstairs,” she explained as she let me in. “I assume that’s who you came to see.”

“Oh, yes, Mrs. Walker, thank you.”

“Why don’t you go up. I’m sure he’ll be glad to see you,” she assured me.

“Can I watch this time?” Carl’s sister asked eagerly. She was as naked as her mother, and I swear her breasts had grown since the last time I’d seen her nude only a few days ago. She was maturing fast, physically, at least.

“No, you may not, young lady,” Mrs. Walker answered firmly. “You leave them in peace. Have you finished your homework?”

“No,” Dee admitted sulkily, tramping up the stair ahead of me. “Hey, dork, your cunt’s here to see you,” she announced as she passed Carl’s door.

“Dee!” Mrs. Walker snapped from the bottom of the stairs. “That’s fifty cents, and an apology!”

“I’ll put money in the jar later. I’m sorry,” the girl apologized insincerely, her door slamming behind her.

But I really didn’t mind, I understood how she felt. Besides, the exchange had reminded me of something I wanted to talk to Carl about, too. “Hi, are you busy?”

“Hey, hi,” he greeted me. He was naked, too, and his cock rose to greet me, and he got that look in his eyes that made me go all warm and runny. I scolded myself for ever doubting him. “Just doing some extra credit stuff for math is all. What brings you over? You could have called.”

“Not for this I couldn’t,” I argued, plunking myself down in his lap, careful to let his cock slip up between my thighs. After tickling it’s pink cap, teasing a quick gush of pre-cum out of it, I wrapped my arms around him and hugged him to me, loving the feel of his skin against mine.

“I guess not,” he agreed after we’d kissed for a long time. He cupped my naked tit and toyed with my nipple. “Should I close the door?”

“Mmmm, maybe,” I agreed coyly. “I need your help on something.”

“What’s that?” he asked as he eased me off his lap and went to shut his door.

I nibbled my lip. “Do you have scissors that are good for cutting hair, and a razor?”

“A razor? Sure, I used an electric one. And my mom cuts my hair, you know that.”

“That will do fine,” I assured him.

“In the bathroom,” he said, opening his door again and leading the way.

“We can do it in here,” I said, closing the bathroom door behind me as he got his razor and a pair of barber scissors out.

“Do what?”

Sometimes for a smart boy he can be kind of stupid. I sat down on the toilet seat and spread my legs, combing my fingers through my shy little bush of brown. “Didn’t Mademoiselle Duclos say something about how it’s nicer for the boy if the girl has shaved her - uhm - ‘chatte’?”

Carl turned pink. “You mean....”

“I thought about trying to do it myself,” I explained demurely, “but it’s really hard to see, so I thought, maybe you’d like to help me?”

His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down as he gulped. “Sure!”

I leaned back against the toilet tank, and scooched my butt forward so my pussy was beyond the toilet bowl, spreading my legs. “If you move the wastebasket under me you can catch my hairs in it,” I suggested.

There was kind of an awkward moment while he got the wastebasket in place.

“Careful not to cut me,” I cautioned as he knelt between my spread legs and moved in with the long, pointy pair of scissors.

“I will be,” he assured me softly, his fingers toying with my pussy. He gripped some of my hair, angled the scissors carefully, and - snip - the first cut was made.

Instead of letting the hairs drop, he carefully set them on the edge of the bathtub. “I’m going to save those,” he said, with a bashful grin.

“Can I have some for my scrapbook?” I asked, touched that he’d thought of that.

Snip. He added another clutch of hairs beside the first. “Sure.

Those are for you.”

I loved the feel as he slowly clipped my pussy hair as short as he could, careful not to pinch me in the scissors, letting the rest of the clippings drop into the wastebasket.

It only took a few minutes for him to give me a real short cut down there, since I didn’t have very much to begin with. I brushed myself with my fingers, feeling the bristles, and giggled. “Now the razor,” I said.

“Now the razor,” he agreed with a grin, and it buzzed to life.

When he touched me with it the vibrations when through me like an electric shock, I tell you! I’d sort of anticipated that, looked forward to it, even, but when it came I almost squealed. He started at the top, and the razor rasped as it chewed away at the stubble, the vibrations drilling through me.

He began at the top, but stopped short of the top of my slit and went down the side. I spread my legs wide, and he pushed my labia over, first to one side, then the other so he could get close to my thighs. He saved the center part and the little bit just above my slit for last, teasing me on purpose, I think, because he grinned up at me as he moved the razor downwards at last at the very upper part of my slit - right toward where my clit lurked so shyly.

“Ooooohhhhhhhh,” I moaned as the vibrations of the razor got stronger. Then they faded as he carefully finished the lower part of my labia. I felt cheated. He’d left a little patch of bristles right above my cunny.

But then he moved back up on me again, and this time lingered right at the upper edge of my pussy, and I spread my legs wider apart than ever as he worked the buzzing razor lower and lower.

Until he was right over my clit, my labia vibrating like mad against that nervy little button.

Oh, wow! I tell you! It was like being plugged into the power grid! I finally had to push the razor away so I could catch my breath.

“How’s that?” he asked.

“Do you have a hand mirror?”

“Sure.” He gave it to me and I held it so I could see better.

I looked like a baby down there. My inner labia were sticking out, obviously aroused. I petted myself, fascinated by the smoothness of it. It was really sensitive!

“How about some aftershave?” he asked, getting down a bottle of lotion.

I giggled. “Okay, sure!”

He poured some in his hand and spread it between his palms, and began to smear it on, the scent filling the little bathroom.

“WOW! That stings!” I yelped.

“Oh, sorry,” he stopped, but I grabbed his hand.

“NO, don’t stop! Do it some more!” I liked it, but didn’t have the nerve to say that to him. I think he could tell anyway.

“Uh - okay,” he agreed.

I hissed as he rubbed more of the astringent lotion onto my sensitive pussy, making my crotch burn. Daringly, I reached down and spread my labia so some got on my clit, and I thought I’d caught fire down there.

“Wow! That burns! Wash it off!” I pleaded desperately.

And my sweetie did just that, in the best way possible! Instead of going for a washrag, he just, well, leaned into the job in the most personal fashion. I thought the after shave stuff must taste pretty awful, but he didn’t seem to mind. The touch of his warm tongue bathing my clit was all it took to put out one fire and start another. I threw my legs wide and grabbed his ears and tried to stuff his head right inside me!

It didn’t take him long before he got an even better idea and decided to hose me down instead. He pulled away, got to his knees and came toward me with his cock, sinking that deep into my more than ready cunny. Oh wow! I mean, like he just filled me up with that lovely hardon of his.

The only trouble was, the toilet wasn’t exactly the most comfortable connubial bed, if you know what I mean, not that I didn’t want to get fully plundered. So I wrapped my arms around his neck, and my legs around his waist. “How about we finish this in your room,” I suggested.

He straightened up, and I went with him, hanging on him, keeping his cock in me.

“You could get off, you know,” he suggested, grunting.

I giggled. “No! Giddyup!” I dug my heels into his back.

“But what about Dee?” he asked, struggling to his feet.

“She’s in her room,” I answered, steadying us with a hand on the wall while he got his balance and opened the bathroom door.

“Uhmph!” he grunted.

Don’t let anyone tell you swimmers aren’t strong! He’d told me about the weight training the coach had him do, and it paid off right then. He got to his feet and turned toward the door, banging it open and lurching down the hall with me hanging on him like a monkey on a tree, his dick still socketed in me.

“Mom! They’re doing it in the hallway now!” his sister Dee protested, popping out of her room to see what the commotion was.

“Just leave them alone, dear,” his mother called from downstairs.

“Carl, please do it in your bedroom, not in the hallway.”

I buried my mouth in Carl’s shoulder to stifle my giggles at the way Dee was looking at us. By wiggling my eyebrows and rolling my eyes I tried to tell her to follow us. Bright as a button, she caught on and trailed us into Carl’s room, softly closing the door behind herself.

Not knowing Dee was there, Carl didn’t mess around, he basically fell onto the bed with me underneath him, the springs protesting mightily.

I let out a whoop that was probably heard in Toledo! For a second I thought he was going to run me through! Then he began to pump me and I spread myself wide, humping my hips up, aided by the recoil of the bed springs while he went at me like a pile driver, our bodies clapping carnal applause.

I looked over at Dee, who was standing back by the door, eyes as big as saucers, watching her brother’s cock piston in and out of me. She had one hand jammed into her crotch, and was pinching her little tittie with the other - did I mention she was naked, too? I guess I did. Anyway, her little titties were stiff as pencil erasers, and her fingers were real busy in her hairless little quim.

Okay, I admit it, it gave me a real kick to know we were being watched by his barely pubescent sister! I mean, she was seeing the Whole Thing, up close and very personally. I kissed Carl and he kissed me, and kept right on humping until I started to cum like gangbusters.

Then Carl dug in and shoved deep and I felt him cumming in me and I clutched his clenching butt cheeks as he unloaded his cream into my spasming cunt as I answered his cumming with one of my own.

Finally he ran down, and I ran down and we sort of went all limp. Dee let out a moan and slid down to sit on the floor with a thump, her legs spraddled wide, catching Carl’s attention as she did.

“Dee!” he hissed, “what’re you doing in here?”

I giggled, soothing Carl with a touch. “It’s all right. I sort of invited her,” I admitted.

“You did?!”

“Uh, yeah.” I suddenly was afraid I’d really upset him. “I just thought - well, I’m not sure what I thought. It seemed like a good idea at the time.”

“Oh, God,” he moaned, rolling off me, his dick slurping out of my naked pussy as he sprawled on his back, putting his arm across his eyes. “My own sister!”

I sort of waved Dee out of the room and she gathered herself up and slipped out quietly. “She’s gone,” I assured him. “I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to upset you.”

“My own sister!” he protested again.

“Would it have been better if it had been a stranger?” I teased, rolling toward him to snuggle him, sliding my hand down to cup his sticky dick.

“Anyone but my sister!” he complained. “Except maybe my mom,” he added.

I wrestled with my reservations, but decided this was as good a time as any to broach the idea I’d had. “Speaking of strangers, you know that community service project we’re supposed to do this year?” I asked.

He frowned at me. “What’s that got to do with anything?”

I toyed with his sticky dick. “Have you found one yet?”

“No,” he admitted. “Have you?”

“No, but I have an idea of something we could do together,” I answered.

“What’s that?” he asked.

“Well, you know they’re extending The Program into Middle School next year?”

“Uh huh,” he agreed warily.

“And you know how eager your sister was to - uh - watch us - uh - do It?”

“Uh huh,” he agreed even more warily. “You’re not suggesting what I think you’re suggesting, are you?”

Well, he is a high honors student, after all, like I told you. I knew he’d catch on without me having to spell it out for him. “Uh huh,” I answered. “We could help out with their sex ed classes as part of a preparatory program for them.”

He said, “Oh God!” and closed his eyes.

His cock said “Oh God” too.

Well, not in so many words, but the idea sure did appeal to his libido, judging by the way his dick’s tumescent reaction. I had to admit, my own pussy was steaming at the thought. When it comes to sex, well, I don’t know about adults, not being one yet, but teenage glands do not react rationally, they really don’t!

I sort of slid over him, my head on his chest, looking down at his hardon, still sticky with my juices and his cum as I milked it slowly.

“We could serve as models for the anatomy lessons,” I explained.

“And?” he asked.

I moved my head down to his nice, flat tummy, closer to his dick. “And, well, maybe show them out to masturbate.” I pumped my hand on his cock like I was demonstrating, and it responded nicely.

“And?”

I slipped my head lower, my mouth watering at the thought of what I was about to do. He’d eaten me out, more than once, but never once had he asked me to suck his cock. “And, well....”

And I did it, I kissed his cock, just the tip at first, my tongue teasing it, tasting his seepings and my juices. “And maybe show them some foreplay.” I let my mouth slide down farther on his hot hardon.

“And?” He was sounding kind of choked now.

I slid his cock out of my mouth. “And other stuff,” I answered, before sliding my mouth around his cock and farther down on it, until it rubbed against the back of my tongue.

“Oh God,” he moaned, his hands stroking my hair.

“Mmmmmm,” I purred, making love to his cock with my mouth.

“You’re crazy,” he sighed as I sucked his cock, sliding my head up and down, up and down on his flat stomach, sliding his cock farther to the back of my mouth with every stroke. I got up on my knees so I could do it better, crouching over him like a predator. I moved to straddle his legs, and eased my pussy down toward his feet, hoping I could get his toes into it.

He held my head, and his hips began to hump, and I DID manage to get his toes in my crotch and began rubbing my pussy against them. I was drooling wave after wave of spit down his dick and I tried to swallow his cock head, fighting my gag reflex until I finally got past it, risking needing to be Heimliched, except extraction was easy since his dick was still attached, of course, so that wasn’t really a worry now, was it?

And Carl is so sweet! Oh, not that way! I mean, he actually warned me that he was about to cum! Not that I was about to miss the chance to taste his cum, you understand, but he gave me the chance!

I clamped down on him like a sucker fish or something instead, fucking myself on his toes as I did. I felt his cock pulsate, even felt the first spurt shoot along it and into my mouth, and he flooded me with this thick, gooey stuff that tasted a little salty was all, and I swallowed it down until he was all done and I was sucking on a shrinking dick and my own cumming was fading away to aftershocks.

“Mmmmmmm,” I purred, spitting him out, sliding up along him to lie on top of him. I kissed him with my cummy lips, and he tasted himself out of my mouth.

“So,” I said at last. “What do you think?”

“About what?” he asked dopily.

I really think someone had it right when they said God gave man a brain and a dick but not enough blood to run them both at the same time!

“About my community service project idea,” I said.

“I think The Program has made you crazy,” he answered, stroking my naked back.

“Crazy in love with you,” I countered. “That’s a good thing.”

“Mmmmmm,” he agreed.

I nibbled at his lips. “But will you do it?”

He thought a minute, and I knew what he was thinking, and maybe I was thinking the same thing, because the idea did scare me a little bit. Well, more than a little bit. If the idea hadn’t come out of my own mouth, and if I hadn’t been snuggled on top of my sweetie, I would have freaked out completely. I mean, I’m a girl who never auditioned for a school play because of my stage fright, and here I was thinking of putting on a sex show for a bunch of middle schoolers!

I can only say that my Evil Twin must have taken over my body. Now that I’d come out with the idea I could see just how crazy it was anyway. Crazy enough that I probably didn’t need to worry about it ever happening, in fact. Who in their right mind would let a couple of horny high school juniors do a show-and-tell for middle schoolers about sex?!?!

Nobody, right?

Right?

Right???

“Why don’t you ask The Powers That Be,” he suggested. “If you can get them to go along with this crazy idea - well, I guess maybe I might.”

“Okay, I will,” I agreed, praying the idea would never get past first base, wondering who I’d have to ask. I’d have to start with my adviser, I thought, who happened to be Mademoiselle Duclos, and right then I suddenly realized I might just be in deep doo-doo, because, as we all know, she is an enthusiastic supporter of The Program, as you might have gathered already.

And then, of course, I’d have to ask the coordinator of The Program, and that was none other than the biology teacher who, in front of Karen’s whole class, no less, had stripped and taken a butt plug up the rear during her little sex ed session!

The doo-doo was getting deeper by the minute, so I decided to stop thinking about it and dragged Carl off to the shower so we could clean up, and then he walked me home - and both of us were naked!

Beth Naked in School 7/12

Wednesday School

As he’d walked me home, the evening before, the cool night breeze caressing our naked bodies, I tried to talk Carl into doing school naked with me the next day, but he weaseled out of it, the fink. He said he didn’t want to distract anyone from the fine job I was doing.

Yeah, right!

So anyway, the next day, there I was, outside the school, about to strip for the usual audience. I hadn’t thought it was possible to feel more naked than I already had, but it is. You wouldn’t think that little bitty patch of hair down there would make that much difference! Especially mine, which was - had been - kind of thin, so if you looked hard you could pretty much see - well, something, anyway, through the haze.

Now, of course, you could see everything. I was feeling as bashful on this, the third day of my exposure, as I had the first morning. I was naked as a baby down there now!

Also, ‘cause I was running late - well, ok, I did a touch up shave to remove stubble - I hadn’t bothered with underwear - no bra, no knickers, not even socks, though I had worn loafers, of course.

Okay, I’d told Carl a fib the day before. I could have shaved myself, obviously. But don’t you think it was much more fun having Carl do it?

Anyway, I toed off my loafers, and dropped my skirt before I even started to unbutton my shirt, which hung down almost, but not quite far enough, to hide my new do - or “undo,” if you prefer.

Off came my blouse, and I was as naked as the day I was born, except for my eye glasses and my little gold cross, that is. Note, that is Naked - As - The - Day - I - Was - Born. Literally.

There was the usual clutch of boys, of course, as in probably half the male population of the school, and this time the other girls who were naked were there, too. From them I got some stares and whispers. From the boys there were some whistles as I bundled up my clothes and dropped them in the box.

I almost flinched when I turned around and found Dave Meaghan standing right in front of me, well inside my personal space, grinning. “Nice job!” he commented. “Can I feel it?”

Oh God! There was The Question. I gnawed on my lower lip, and shot a look at Carl, but what could I do? Karen had set the standard, after all. I nodded tensely.

Remembering how she’d done it, I spread my feet a bit, and put my hands behind my head. It lifted my tits, of course, what there is of them, anyway, and left me totally vulnerable.

Dave didn’t mess around. He went right for my crotch, and his hot palm cupped my naked pussy, making me go right up on my toes, I tell you! His hand was kind of rough against my very sensitive skin. And then he cupped my breast with his other hand, and all I could do was stand there, with everyone watching, while he felt me up, pinching my tittie and rubbing my cunny.

Well, of course I was turned on! And of course he could tell, since one of his fingers lined up right along my slit, where I was juicing like mad! He slid his finger up into me, and I actually humped my hips forward to give him better access as my eyes began to cross.

Then someone elbowed him aside and more pairs of hands were exploring me, pinching my breasts and cupping and probing my cunt. And someone was behind me, touching my ass, slipping their finger into the crack, even, and teasing my - my - my anal sphincter!

Okay. My asshole. Asshole, asshole, asshole! There, you satisfied now?

Just as that nasty finger was about to worm its way up my butt I was, as they say, saved by the bell and managed to pry myself loose from my admirers, of which there were too many. I latched on to Carl like a limpet as we headed in to class.

“You looked like you were enjoying that,” he commented.

Uh oh. Was he jealous? I couldn’t tell for sure, though I could tell he was for sure turned on, from the lump in his pants. “I was,” I admitted, clutching his arm. “But not the way I enjoy it with you, by a long shot,” I assured him, managing to maneuver his hand into my crotch as we made our way to our lockers.

“Honest?” he asked, his fingers playing with my soupy quim.

I went up on my toes to give him a kiss, humping his hand as I did. “Honest!” I assured him sincerely. “I warned you it was going to be a rough week, remember? It’s you I love! I’ll see you later?”

“You did, I remember. And, well, if you’re happy, I guess that’s the most important thing for me. See you later.” He removed his hand from my crotch and then, with one of those little gestures of his that can just make me melt, he sniffed his fingers, painted the tip of my nose with my own juices, and then licked his fingers clean.

The morning went as normally as could be expected, I suppose. Mademoiselle Duclos gave me a wink, and I couldn’t help noticing that I got a whole new set of looks in the hallway, of course, thanks to Carl’s tonsorial efforts.

“Tonsorial.” Did you ever wonder where that term for a haircut came from? Well, I looked it up in my Funk and Wagnall’s! It comes from the Latin, tonsori, to shave!

And here I thought it had something to do with barbershop quartet singing.

Anyway, things didn’t start to go off the track until lunchtime, when Stephanie sort of pulled me aside.

“Uh, have you thought about it?” she asked hesitantly.

“Thought about what?” I asked, confused. It had been a pretty confusing couple of days.

“About us,” she explained, obviously upset that I’d forgotten.

“Never mind, I can tell....”

“No!” I assured her quickly. “I just forgot, honest!”

My mind was racing. After all, it hadn’t been that long since I’d been a virgin, never been kissed, and all that, and here I was, contemplating a lesbian encounter?

“Never mind,” Stephanie insisted, obviously crushed, about to turn away.

I grabbed her arm, feeling, well, feeling awful at how she was feeling. “No, wait.” Taking a deep breath, I took the plunge. “Yes, I do want to do it,” I assured her.

“Really?”

I nodded, and, to emphasize my sincerity, I actually tugged her hand into my crotch - my bare, naked, shaven crotch. “I do! Stephanie, I told you yesterday, I love you. Not necessarily THAT way, but - well, enough that if you still want to, well, I’d like to - explore the situation a bit. I really would.”

“Really?” She looked relieved, and hopeful.

“Really,” I assured her. And I meant it. I did want to try it!

“Uhm, are you busy this afternoon?” she asked hesitantly.

“This afternoon?” Oh my, that was a bit sooner than I’d counted on. Carl and I had planned an afternoon, Wednesday being the only afternoon neither of us had anything after school this week.

She nodded. “Uh. Nobody will be home, and I thought we could go over to my house?” she ventured hesitantly.

I saw Stephanie’s lips quiver, and realized she had probably worried about this all night, building herself up to ask. If I said “not today,” well, it would mean “not ever,” because she’d lose her nerve, or I’d lose my nerve, and, well, you see where this is going.

“Uh, okay,” I agreed. I’d just have to work something out with Carl. I hated the thought of standing him up, but I hated even more disappointing Stephanie! “Yes, sure!” I added more enthusiastically. “Meet me where I get dressed and we’ll walk home to your place together. I’ll have to call my Mom when I get there and tell her where I am, is all.”

Stephanie looked so relieved, and so eager! It reminded me of how Carl had reacted when I’d said I’d go to the dance with him - that was before we knew we’d be going naked, even. “Okay, great! I’ll see you then!”

Now, of course, I was faced with the problem of breaking the news to Carl. We’d already discussed Stephanie’s proposition from the day before, of course, since I could no way keep a secret like that from him. I hadn’t gotten a real clear reading from him about how he felt about me and Stephanie - uh - “getting it on,” but he understood Stephanie’s problem, and he liked her, so I didn’t think it would be a problem.

So I tracked him down between classes and explained the situation. He got disappointed of course, and I was too, because I knew he and I would have a Good Time. I wasn’t really sure about Stephanie and me having a good time, you see.

Then he really surprised me.

“Uh,” he ventured warily, “I like Stephanie, too,” he pointed out. “Uh, do you think, maybe, uh, I could come along? Maybe - well, she could - uh - have me for a comparison? Sort of like an experiment, I could be the control?”

Oh wow. Now that was not something I’d thought of. I mean, from one on one we’re suddenly talking menage au trois, as Mademoiselle Duclos would say - a three-some?

“Or I’d just watch,” he put in quickly.

Oh sure, I thought. But then I thought, why not? “Well, I’m okay with it,” I admitted, “but I’m not sure how Steph will feel about it.”

“Oh.” He was disappointed.

“Look, meet us after school, usual place, and we’ll ask her.” Besides, I thought, if the three of us headed off together no one would think anything funny was going on, would they? Not that I was into hiding much these days, but still, why advertise that Stephanie and I were exploring an alternative life style, if you see what I mean?

“Okay!” Carl brightened up with that suggestion, so that was settled, and I headed off to art class, ready to pose yet again, only to have yet another curve thrown at me when I got there - a bit late - and discovered we had a new student in the class.

I’d seen Henry around, of course. Who hadn’t? He was a senior, and part of the school district’s “Mainstreaming” program - in case you hadn’t guessed we are a very progressive school district - for the handicapped, which Henry was!

The kicker here was that Henry was blind! That’s right, as in “visually impaired,” like in totally! From birth, no less. He went the seeing-eye dog route - he had this real sweetheart of a German Shepard mix, a bitch, named Dity, that’s Die-Tee, as in “Aphrodite,” he said. The name was chosen by Dity’s trainer, of course.

So what, you ask, was a blind guy - oh, he’s a senior - doing in drawing class? Well, I found out!

“Beth, you know Henry, don’t you?” the teacher introduced him.

“Oh, sure. Hi, Henry. Hi Dity,” I greeted his dog politely, but didn’t make any move toward her. “Can I pat her?” Always ask before approaching a guide dog or helper dog! They may be “on duty,” and you shouldn’t distract them, remember.

Henry gave that lopsided smile the blind sometimes do. “Sure, it’s okay.”

“Thanks.” Kneeling down, I gave Dity a good loving. Her nose was cold, and she licked my tit, which made me giggle.

“Henry’s a sculptor,” the teacher explained.

“Really? I didn’t know that. But, how can you? You’re, uh, ....”

“Blind?” he finished for me. “Oh, sculpting is a very tactile art form. You don’t need to see to sculpt.”

“Really? I hadn’t thought of that! That’s neat!” I gave Dity a last pat and stood up. She was showing signs of exploring parts of my anatomy with her nose that I really didn’t want her getting into, if you know what I mean.

“Yeah.” Henry seemed a little nervous.

“He was wondering if he could sculpt you,” the teacher explained.

“Sculpt me?” The gears between my ears engaged with a crash and I did a mental burn-out, you might say.

You see, Henry sees with his hands.

Yup, that’s right. He reads Braille, of course, though he also has gismo that translates text to speech, and if it’s whiteboard work someone is assigned to explain what’s going on up on the board. But when it comes to meeting people, he’s a toucher. When you first met him he asks, very politely, to “see” your face - he’d done that with me, and his touch had been gentle as he’d explored the contours of my forehead, eyes, cheeks, nose, chin, even my lips and ears and hair. I knew, too, that he’d stored my scent and the sound of my voice in his head, too, so he could recognize me at a distance.

“Sculpt how much of me,” I asked.

“All of you, of course,” the teacher answered.

Henry blushed! I’d never thought of blind people blushing, but why would blindness eliminate that reflex, right?

“Uh - well, I guess so,” I agreed. I mean, it was a reasonable request. I was already posing for the drawing class. How likely is it a blind high school student is going to get a chance with a nude model, after all?

“But how long will it take? I can’t stay after school, I have an appointment today.”

“Oh, he’ll do it during drawing class. We’ll settle on one, easy pose for you so we can carry it on through the period, and from one day to the next for the rest of the week, now that we’ve done the fast sketches,” the teacher explained. “That gives us three days.”

“I work in clay,” Henry explained. “Then, if its good enough, I might even do a bronze casting.”

“Oh. Wow!” The thought of me being immortalized in bronze was really something else again! “Okay, sure!”

Then I thought of him touching me all over, and almost had second thoughts. But no, I wouldn’t chicken out! After all, how many people have a chance to be cast in bronze, nude or otherwise?

“Sure,” I said. “Let’s do it.”

“Thanks a lot!” Henry’s grateful and gentle touch on my hand told me all I needed to know about how much this meant to him.

So I found myself posing nude for the drawing class and Henry! The teacher had snitched a sort of short, pseudo Grecian column from someplace - one of those things they put busts on? - and I stood next to it, resting my arm on it, standing with one foot forward and pointed out just a little bit, my other hand just hanging, a little like Michelangelo’s “David,” only without the sling - and the dangling genitalia, of course, seeing as how I’m lacking those.

Henry was set up in front of me with a table and clay and stuff, to one side, so he didn’t block the students at their easels. I was glad, because I’d be able to watch him work as I posed.

You see, he could have been behind me. It didn’t matter to him where he was in terms of sight lines, of course. I noticed, though, that he stood with his foot right against the platform I was posing on, so he always knew where to step up, and it was uncanny how unerringly he found me, though I suppose since the platform was pretty small it wasn’t all that hard.

Anyway, while the others studied me with their eyes and began their sketches, Henry came up to me to study me in the only way he could.

“Uh, sorry,” he said as he touched my head.

“It’s all right,” I assured him, tingling a the thought of what was to come.

I closed my eyes as he refamiliarized himself with my face, his fingers brushing feather-light over my eyelids, my cheeks, tracing my mouth and ears.

Then his hands moved down my neck to my shoulders.

“I just want to get a feel for how you’re standing first,” he explained. He was sweet that way, always explaining what he was doing.

“Sure,” I agreed as his fingers found their way down my arms to my fingertips, tested the space between my arms and my body. Kneeling he traced my hips and legs, then back up the inside of my legs.

It was hard not to move, because it did tickle a little, and when he got close to my crotch - well, I - oh, you can guess. But I managed to stay really still in spite of it.

Then he went back to his table, and began with a wire frame - I think he called it an armature - bending and shaping it to match my pose. From time to time he came back and touched me again and made a correction in the armature before he started smoothing clay over the wires.

His touch was light, shy, I tried to reassure him every time he apologized, which was often. Dity laid her head down on her paws, watching his every move.

I wondered what sort of mental “image” he was building up of me in his mind. Since he never had been able to see I guessed it couldn’t be visual.

He didn’t get beyond roughing things out that first day, of course, so the touching was pretty general, just tracing the general contours of my arms and legs. To tell the truth, I was just a little bit disappointed, but realized as he draped a damp cloth over his work that things would get more intimate as his project progressed.

Oh, during a break I did check out the work of the girl who had concentrated so much on my pussy during the quick sketches. She’d done sort of the same thing again, sketching me from my navel to just below my crotch. I wondered what she’d say if she knew I was going to probably get it on with Stephanie that very afternoon. Was she gay? I was too shy to ask, of course, it not being the kind of question one just pops out with, you know.

Anyway, Steph and Carl were both waiting for me when I got out of the building. They didn’t seem to be talking about anything important - like us, that is - so I just went for my clothes, trying to ignore the crowd of gawkers that seemed to get as many jollies out of watching me dress as undress.

I looked at the skirt and blouse that made up the total of my wardrobe, and decided the heck with it. With a shrug, I folded them and stuffed them into my book bag. “You guys ready to go?” I asked Steph and Carl as he took my book bag.

He’s such a gentleman!

“Like that?” Steph asked, a little surprised, but not a lot. She’d done her week, and I knew she’d walked home naked at least once, and so had Carl, of course, during that week. It had become a tradition.

“Sure.” I stepped between them, wrapping my arms through theirs so we could walk with me between them. I wished all three of us were naked, but that would have been a bit much to ask of them.

Some cars passed, and honked, and I waved, but always restored my grip on their arms, feeling protected and cared for between them.

“Do you mind if he comes along?” Steph asked at last. I guess maybe they had talked before I’d gotten there. Maybe Steph had even made it seem like it was her idea. Whatever. I was just really glad to be with my two bestest friends. “Not if you don’t,” I assured her. “And, well, if you and he want to do it, well, that’s okay with me, too. As long as you and I get to do it first.”

Steph seemed to relax at that announcement, like she’d been afraid Carl and I were going to cut her out of the party. “I’d like that, maybe,” she admitted. “I just don’t know!”

I squeezed her arm against my left boob. “Well then, I guess you’re going to find out, aren’t you?” I squeezed Carl’s arm against my right boob. “Would you like to do it with her?”

He nodded, his Adam’s apple bobbing as he shot me a shy grin.

“I’ve never - done it, you know,” Steph admitted, blushing furiously. “I mean, with either a girl or a boy. Even during my week in The Program, no one asked me. Only one guy even wanted to touch me, and he was pretty rough.”

“Oh, during The Program, no one’s going to ask you to do that!” I assured her. “It wasn’t anything to do with you. It’s just, well, that goes beyond a reasonable request, you see.”

“Oh.”

“The first time Beth and I did it was a first for both Beth and me,” Carl admitted. “Everyone has to have a first time.”

“Unless they decided to become a nun or something,” I put in. “Let’s hurry! I’m horny! I posed for Henry in art class today - he’s sculpting me.”

“You mean Henry the blind guy?” Steph gaped.

“The same,” I admitted.

“But he sees with his hands!” Steph pointed out.

I giggled. “Why do you think I’m horny? Come on, let’s run!”

They took my hands, and we ran the last block like we were still kids, my naked titties jiggling, the sun hot on my bare breasts, the air stroking me all over.

Beth Naked in School 8/12

Wednesday After School, Thursday.

Stephanie let us into the house and our book bags wound up on the floor in the hallway. It was a big house, though I knew she was an only child. I guess her parents are pretty well off, not that it matters. She’s just a regular kid.

We all sort of stood there, fidgeting, nervous.

“Would you like a snack? Something to eat?” Steph asked.

My Evil Twin took over, of course, wouldn’t you know it. “I’d like something to eat all right, and she’s standing right in front of me,” I said, taking her hand.

Stephanie suddenly looked as scared as I felt. “Are you sure?”

I shivered, but didn’t let go. “Of course not, but how else are we going to find out?” I asked. “Now, where’s your bedroom?”

“Upstairs,” she said softly, not moving.

“Show us,” I insisted, tugging at her hand.

With Carl trailing along, Stephanie lead us up the stairs, down the hall and into a light, airy bedroom that was all ruffles and frills, just what I’d expected of her. The only thing that was the slightest out of place was a big poster of James Galway playing his golden flute - and actually, knowing Stephanie that, of course, was anything but out of place.

“Now,” I said, kicking off my loafers, the only thing I was wearing, “either you are over-dressed, or I am under-dressed, and I think it is you.” I looked to Carl. “You sit down over there,” I directed.

“Yes, ma’am!” he responded, giving my bossiness a sarcastic salute. “Can I get undressed?” He was grinning and, judging by the lump in his jeans he could not have been very comfortable.

I giggled as I unbuttoned Stephanie’s blouse. “Of course. But until Stephanie and I are done you can look but not touch.”

Carl began to shed his clothes. “Okay!”

Stephanie looked like she was going to burst into tears as I spread her blouse open to reveal an amply filled bra, so I touched her cheek with my fingertips, and stood on my toes so I could kiss her on the lips. I drew her close, and the feel of her warm, soft, lace covered boobs felt strange and wonderful against me. She tasted sweet and exciting, too.

“You’re beautiful,” I told her, and she was! She was soft and rounded, and I wanted to just snuggle her against me like she was a big teddy bear.

Then I went back to undressing her, pushing her blouse back and off, and unhooking and unzipping her skirt. It only took a little push over her lush hips to send it puddling around her feet, leaving her in bra and knickers.

Unable to resist, I had to test her breasts through the bra, my hands small and dainty against their bulk - cantaloupe melon size. The were warm, and soft, and heavy, and the lace over her skin felt marvelous.

“You can touch me, you know,” I suggested softly as I fondled her big boobs.

She touched my little breast softly, shyly, and a tingle ran through me.

“It’s soft,” she said in a whisper. “And warm.”

Her fingers toyed with my nipple, and the little nubbin stiffened eagerly, while my pussy gushed. I saw Carl, naked now, his hardon a pole in his lap, his hand curled around it as he watched us. Leaning forward, I reached around Stephanie and unhooked her bra, dragging it off her, exposing those glorious mounds of flesh, glad they had a bit of sag to them, but not too much.

Maybe I was a little jealous. My two tits together wouldn’t have made up one of hers. I cupped both of hers, lifting their heaviness, my thumbs playing over her nipples, making them stiffen. She had large areolas, too. My titties were, well, sort of like candy kisses, while hers were - well, Oreo sized, I guess, with nipples that stuck out as I toyed with them.

When I knelt and drew her knickers down, she reflexively cupped her hands over her pussy. “I’m not shaved, like you,” she whimpered.

Gently I drew her hands away to reveal of lovely, soft, black bush. Leaning forward, I sniffed, tantalized by her musky scent. “I don’t mind,” I assured her, standing, sliding my hands up her soft body.

Stephanie was a big girl, with a big frame, generous hips and big bust. The elastic of her knickers had left an imprint on her tummy that I traced with my fingers, making her shiver, goose bumps roughening her skin. With my arm around her, I drew her toward the big bed with its ruffled skirt. There was a moment of awkwardness as we lay down together atop the flowered satin spread.

Then it was the most natural thing in the world to snuggle together, and kiss, our breasts nuzzling each other. This time she responded to my tongue by sneaking hers into my mouth as I withdrew mine in invitation, and we tasted each other while our hands roamed over each other’s body.

“Well, what do you think?” I asked when we came up for air.

“It’s - nice,” she admitted. “Isn’t it?”

I agreed, fondling her hefty breast again, pressed against her from ankle to shoulder. “Want more?” I asked.

“Uh huh,” she agreed eagerly, responding by kneading my breast as our legs tangled.

And I loved her! It was really that simple, I just loved her, physically. We snuggled and stroked, and kissed, my legs and hers tangling, my pussy pressing against her soft thigh, her bush scratchy against mine. Our hands explored, and I found her pussy, hot, and humid, and moist, and her finger eased into my slit.

“I want to kiss you,” I said.

“You have....”

“Down there,” I said.

“Oh!” She shivered. “Should I kiss you, too?”

“Not yet,” I said. “Let me try first.” I’d tasted my own juices, from my own fingers, on Carl’s face, and I wondered if she would taste different.

“All right,” she agreed, letting me go so I could slide down along her, kissing my way, pausing to suckle on each of her breasts, leaving her nipples stiffly aroused and moist with my saliva. I licked my way down to her navel, and her fingers tangled in my hair as I probed that hollow in her soft tummy.

Then I ventured lower, and I remembered how Carl had teased me that night, after the homecoming dance. I kissed her just above her bush, her tummy rippling in reaction, and then slid lower, spreading her thighs, moving between them, kissing the insides of them, licking and nipping her satiny skin. I kissed my way around her bushy crotch, closer and closer, until the hairs were brushing my cheek, my lips.

Then, combing her bush open with my fingers, I teased my tongue into her slit.

Stephanie gasped, her fingers again knotting in my hair as I probed her humid nook, tasting her tangy juices. She was warm, and slick, and aroused, and I took a long, long time just exploring the terrain before backing off to study it.

It was beautiful, a blushing pink, with ruffles, and I remembered the sketches the girl had done of mine in art class, and understood the beauty she saw there, so I happily dove back in, savoring Steph’s tanginess, much like mine, but with a different scent.

When my tongue flicked over the nubbin of Stephanie’s clit her hips surged and she gasped again. I liked that, so I did it some more, and she moaned and writhed, spreading her thighs far, far apart.

“I want you!” she gasped. “Please, let me try it, too!”

Without a word, and without abandoning my own feast, I squirmed around so we were going into a sixty nine, as they say. I wound up kneeling over her head, and let her draw my pussy down to her lips, her hands cupping my ass.

And then, for the longest time we just devoured each other. I’d suckle on her clitty and she’d suckle on mine. I’d probed as deep as I could into her cunt, slurping out her juices and she’d do the same to me, until, finally, we were both cumming, practically drowning in each other until we couldn’t cum any more and tumbled apart, panting.

“Wow!” I gasped, feeling her juices drying on my face.

“Wow,” she agreed. “Is it always that good? With a boy, I mean?”

I rolled my head from side to side in a negative. “It’s just as good, maybe better, but - different,” I explained. “You’ll see.”

“Is there room for one more here?” Carl asked, his hardon drooling as he stood by the bed.

“Just a minute.” Grunting with the effort, I squirmed around so I had my head at the same end as Stephanie did, and made room between us girls for him. “Here.”

He climbed over me and settled between us, and I snuggled him.

“Uh, may I?” Stephanie asked hesitantly from the other side.

“Sure!” Carl and I said simultaneously, making us all giggle and I kissed him.

So Steph snuggled him from one side, and I from the other, and Carl was sort of smothered in our flesh. I kissed him, and he kissed me, tasting Stephanie’s juices on my lips.

“Now her,” I urged him softly, at the same time guiding Stephanie’s hand to my sweetie’s rigid cock and curling her fingers around it.

So, he turned to her, and kissed her, rolling toward her, and just like I knew he would, he began to make love to her in the tenderest way. I snuggled his back as he toyed with and tasted her lush breasts, and fondled her already sopping pussy. And when he slid over her, and she opened her thighs for him, I helped settle him in the plushy cradle she made for him. His hips thrust as I guided his cock to her cunny.

“Oh!” she gasped, squirming a little. “Oh my!”

He kissed her, and humped, and I drew my hand out as he bored deeper ever so gently. Impatient, and well warmed up, Stephanie grabbed his ass and pulled and her hips heaved up, and she let out a little squeak and froze a second. So I snuggled both of them, kissing Stephanie until she’d gotten comfortable with the sudden loss of her virginity before Carl eased his cock more deeply into her.

As he pumped slowly and deeply in her, squirming on her lush nakedness I stroked his ass, and felt how his muscles worked as he drove into her. He began moving faster and faster, and she was lifting to meet every thrust when I tickled his balls and felt him go off in her, and she responded by wrapping herself around him as tightly as she could while her own body convulsed for the longest time.

Well, if I hadn’t just cum, I would have been jealous, I admit. As it was I was more than a little horny from sharing their conjugal dance, so I fingered myself and squirmed against the two of them until I brought myself to another orgasm, hugging them as hard as I could as those delicious waves swept through me.

After we’d lain there in a big, soggy heap for a long time I finally had to admit that I was starving to death. They all agreed, and Carl separated himself from her. Grabbing him, I tumbled us over together in a tangle of naked flesh, kissing him and giggling as we played with each other for a few moments, and then the two of us fell off the bed together with a thud that shook the whole house, Stephanie looking down on us from the bed laughing.

After untangling ourselves we made our way down to the kitchen and Steph served us with milk and brownies and we sat around the kitchen table, all naked and juicy.

“Well, what do you think?” I asked Stephanie.

“Wow! I mean WOW!” She looked at both of us. “Wow!”

“But which was better?” I asked.

She shook her head. “It isn’t like that,” she said softly, looking thoughtful, and a little blue.

I thought about it myself and agreed. “No, it isn’t, is it? It’s like comparing apples and oranges.”

“And it depends on whether you have a yen for apples or oranges,” Stephanie observed.

“Yeah.” I reached for Carl’s hand and gave it a squeeze. “I prefer apples.”

Stephanie looked thoughtful, took my hand, giving it a squeeze.

“And I prefer oranges,” she admitted. “No offense, Carl.”

He looked puzzled a moment, and then understood. “None taken,” he assured her.

Stephanie looked at me. “And you’re sure you - prefer apples?”

I nodded, feeling her pain. “Yeah. I mean, well, I do love you Stephanie, but, well, it’s Carl I lust after.”

“The eternal triangle,” Carl observed. “Only, well, I love Beth.

Not that I don’t love you, Stephanie.”

“Everybody loves good old Stephanie,” she observed wryly. “Only just not THAT way!”

I gave her hand a squeeze. “Well, we’ll just have to find the right girl for you!”

Carl looked thoughtful. “It might be a boy. I’m not sure it’s as simple as apples and oranges,” he mused. “I mean, well, I love Beth, and I love you, Stephanie, but it’s a different kind of love. And having sex with you was good, Stephanie, but it’s better with Beth, for me, anyway.”

“Oh.” Beth mulled this over. “I loved the sex with you,” she observed, giving Carl’s hand a squeeze again. “But I loved it with Beth, too, and - I’d rather do it again with her - I mean, I’m more physically attracted to her than I am to you - not that I’m NOT attracted to you, Carl.”

“You’re confused,” I suggested.

She nodded unhappily.

“Well, I don’t see any reason you have to make up your mind right now,” I argued. “You’ve got a whole lifetime ahead of you, after all.”

She brightened. “That’s true!”

“So many women, and men, and so little time,” Carl joked, smiling at her. “Who knows, you may change your mind several times.”

She looked at him shyly. “Have you ever wanted a boy?” she asked.

“No, you don’t have to answer that.”

Carl looked thoughtful. “There was a kid, Jason Felder, remember him?”

“In seventh grade,” I remembered. “Kind of a slender, blond boy.

I remember he used to get teased something awful, because he was kind of effeminate. They called him ‘Fairy Felder.’”

Carl nodded. “Some of the kids were really cruel. I think that’s why he changed schools. He and I used to pal around a little, and we wrestled together sometimes. One time we were in the showers and wrestled for the soap, and - and we both got hardons.”

“Oh!” This was something I’d never thought about with Carl, or with any boy, come to think of it.

“But that’s all that happened,” Carl assured me.

I gave his hand a squeeze. “After what Steph and I just did, what difference does it make?”

“I think we both thought of - doing something,” Carl admitted. “Only we didn’t know what, and we were both embarrassed. I know some guys jerked off together, but I never did.”

“Uh - can we go back upstairs?” Stephanie asked after a few moments of silence.

“I’ve got to call my Mom first,” I answered. “How long can we stay?”

“My parents won’t be back until tomorrow,” Stephanie admitted. “You could even sleep-over if you’d like.” She looked at both of us hopefully.

So I called my mom and got permission, and Carl called his, and then the three of us headed for the shower. Stephanie assured us it was big enough for all three of us, and she was right! And, since I was itchy down there, I let Stephanie lather me up and remove the stubble with a disposable razor while Carl looked on. And Stephanie took advantage of that opportunity to study my plumbing, in depth, you might say. And, while she was on her knees and busy with my crotch, well, Carl probed her frombehind!

So then we had to take another shower!

Of course we didn’t get dressed again after that. Why bother? We ordered in pizza, and gave the delivery boy such a show he forgot to ask for his tip - he wasn’t from our school, though he’d heard of The Program and told us he hoped it came to his soon. As part of her continuing education in things erotic, we had Stephanie send him off with a smile on his face and his cum on her face.

We spent the night - well, I won’t bore you with details. Let’s just say we explored all the possible permutations and combinations that two girls and a boy can get into with each other.

The next morning, after we’d showered together again and while Stephanie and Carl dressed, I pulled my blouse and skirt out of my book bag and looked at them unhappily. They were, of course, a wrinkled mess, so I just stuffed them back in the bag and said the heck with it.

So, we arrived at school the same way we’d left it, arm-in-arm-in-arm, Steph and Carl dressed, flanking me, all blushing pink from head to toe!

There was the usual crowd of boys awaiting my arrival, of course, and some whistles and cat-calls when they saw us, drawing the obvious inference from our cozy state. And with the ice broken on the touching issue, the boys lined up to get a feel and, well, there were so many of them, and they looked so eager.

No, they looked HUNGRY.

And wouldn’t you know it, at that moment my Evil Twin decided to go AWOL.

I was terrified! I knew I couldn’t do it without help. Which, I knew, was a Program Violation, since everything I did I was required to do voluntarily, without assistance.

“Hold me,” I begged Carl and Stephanie.

“What?” Carl was surprised, Stephanie, well, I think she understood, since she looked almost as scared as I felt.

“They’re going to want to touch me. Please, hold me! Otherwise, I don’t think I can do this!”

“You don’t have to!” Carl argued.

“Yes, I do! I DO! So please, just hold my arms, please.” I was afraid I was going to cry.

Stephanie did understand, I could see the sympathy in her eyes.

“Hold her.”

“Tight,” I begged. I shivered as Carl took my other arm and, together with Steph, held me helpless.

I writhed and squirmed as the boys felt my breasts and butt and my pussy. It was a whole new sensation, being helpless, totally at the mercy of others. I guess all my life I’d been a bit of a control freak, and there, in front of the school, naked, I surrendered control of my own body to all those boys!

More than one boy shoved his finger up my cunt. Others poked a finger up my ass. They squeezed my boobs, pinched my nipples and fanny. It was incredibly humiliating, and I was unbelievably turned on. By the time the bell rang I was nearly at my wits end, having been probed and pinched and stroked and penetrated. I wrapped myself around Carl just to get my breath back, while Stephanie snuggled against me as well and I felt safe and protected again.

“I’m sorry,” Carl apologized as the three of us made our way into the school, but I shook my head.

“No, it’s all right,” I assured him. “It had to be done.”

“I don’t know.” He was dubious.

“Trust me, it did.” I was unhappy, but not because of what had been done to me. I was upset that I’d had to ask Carl and Stephanie to hold me so I didn’t run away.

Thursday turned out to be one of the worst days of my week in The Program. Well, maybe “worst” isn’t exactly the word I want. Maybe “most challenging” is more accurate.

First of all, I couldn’t ignore that every boy in school was looking at my naked breasts, my shaved pussy. All the girls watched me, too, and they whispered to each other. I tried to tell myself I was being paranoid, but I couldn’t escape the thought that they were talking about me, about what had happened outside the school that morning, how my friends had had to hold me to keep me from running away while the boys groped me.

Then in math class Freschetti asked for relief again, and asked me to give it. He didn’t try to dominate me the way he had that first time, at least, but he was still hairy and intimidating, though his pecker responded a bit better.

Then there were the boys who stopped me in the halls wanting a feel. When they did I cooperated, of course, putting my hands behind my head, spreading my legs. But I died a little inside every time.

What made it worse, as other students passed they watched as I was felt up, watched as my breasts were squeezed, my nipples pinched. Watched as fingers went up my cunt and ass. I blushed, and squirmed, and gasped. A couple of girls even stroked my shaved pussy, asking me what it felt like, if I liked it, if Carl liked it.

I kept trying to tell myself I had nothing to be ashamed of, but I kept wanting to hide my shaved pussy, my shy breasts, and here it was, the fourth day that I’d been naked in school!

I kept thinking, too, that there were whispers about Stephanie and me, and about what we had done after going off together with Carl the day before.

If they only knew!

Then, at lunchtime, I got called to the principal’s office. He was behind his desk when I went in, frowning. I’d never been called there before, so I was quaking in my non-existent boots.

He drummed his fingers on his blotter as he looked me up and down, raising a blush as I stood there, shifting nervously from one foot to the other.

“I understand you asked your friends to hold you outside school this morning, while the boys touched you,” he observed.

I nodded. “Yessir,” I admitted.

“Why was that?”

“I was scared, sir,” I admitted.

“You realize taking assistance like that is contrary to the goals of the program? You either do something like that willingly, or not at all?”

I nodded miserably.

“I could order you to remain naked for another week for that violation,” he pointed out.

All I could do was nod, remembering the penalty clauses in the brochure. Another week naked in school? I think the humiliation of having failed the program bothered me even more than another week of total exposure.

“I’d rather not do that. We have the students picked for next week, and if we don’t remain on schedule some of those who have volunteered to take part in The Program will be deprived of the opportunity,” he pointed out.

“Yessir,” I agreed.

“So, I am going to offer you an alternative,” he went on.

“Yessir?”

“A spanking. A public spanking. Ten strokes with a ruler on your bare buttocks.”

Oh God! “Yessir.”

“Do you agree?” he asked.

I thought about it, and cringed. I’d never been spanked in my life! But, if I didn’t accept it I’d be letting down The Program. I managed to nod tensely. When he raised an eyebrow, I agreed aloud. “Yessir, I agree to a public spanking. When do you wish to deliver it, sir?”

He picked up the ruler on his desk. “Right now, of course.”

Oh dear. I’d wanted time to brace myself for it! “Yessir.” I hung my head.

“Come with me,” he ordered, leading the way out of his office, past his secretary and into the crowded hallway. There was a bench there, waiting for me!

“Do you need someone to hold you?” he asked.

“Will that count against me?” I asked fearfully, already imagining what the pain was going to be like.

“Five extra strokes,” he explained. “But, if you try to resist, even involuntarily, it will double your punishment.”

“Oh!” I thought this over. “I’m not very brave, sir. You’d better have someone hold me.”

I mean, I wanted to DIE! I was totally humiliated!

“Very well. Stretch out on the bench, face down.” He gestured to two boys to come and grab me.

The wood was cold against my breasts and tummy as I obeyed. The boys stepped forward, one taking my arms and stretching them above my head, the other grabbing my feet and holding my legs tight, spreading them slightly.

“Fifteen strokes,” the principal announced. “Ten for a Program violation, five for needing to be held to accept the punishment. Please count each stroke aloud, Miss Finch.”

“Yessir,” I agreed.

WHACK! My left ass cheek burst into flame.

“One,” I counted.

“Louder!” WHACK!

“Two,” I yelped louder, my right ass cheek flaring up.

WHACK! The left one again.

“Three!” I fought back tears.

WHACK!

“Four.” The right one. Everyone was watching me get punished.

WHACK!

“Five.” I felt a new stirring in my gut and whimpered as my ass burned.

WHACK!

“Six.” I pressed my pussy against the hard bench, trying to scratch a treasonous itch that was building in my cunny.

WHACK!

“Seven,” I gasped, humping against the bench. Almost half done with the spanking, but my arousal was just beginning!

WHACK!

“Eight.” This one came out a squeak. I could see them, feasting on my humiliation, the boys licking their lips, the girls wincing in sympathy with every stroke.

WHACK!

“Nine.” Tears trickled down my cheeks. I squirmed my cunt against the bench, the itch building.

WHACK!

“Ten.” I knew my butt was flexing as I tried to grind my clit against the bench, and that everyone could see it.

The last five strokes left me weeping and gasping, and hornier than I think I had ever been in my life. I groaned as they released me and I struggled to get up.

“Thank you, sir,” I said to the principal, fighting the urge to rub my burning butt, and my drooling pussy. “May I be excused now sir?”

He smiled at me kindly. “You may go, Miss Finch.”

Crying, I bulled my way through the crowd and sought refuge in the girl’s room, locking myself in a stall where I rubbed and rubbed - not my ass, but my pussy until I came like gangbuster! I heard some girls bang into the room as I moaned.

“Having a good time in there, Finchy?” one of them asked snidely. “How’s your ass? Though, by the sounds you’re making, that’s not what’s bothering you, is it?” And they all laughed.

I stayed in the stall until they had left, then swabbed my cunt with a cold, wet paper towel, and washed the tears off my face, too. I studied the reflection of my butt in the mirror, and it was like you could see where each stroke hand landed. A damp paper towel helped ease the sting a little before I hurried off, late for the first time ever to my art class.

There, at least, I didn’t have to sit down. I don’t think my butt could have taken that. Instead I resumed my pose, though I was terribly conscious of my bright red tail, and the whispers that ran through the room as the ones who had seen my punishment clued in the ones who had missed it.

Then, too, Henry was getting down to the finer points of his sculpting, which involved a lot more intimate touching as he studied my nude body with his sensitive fingers, tracing the curves of my ass, for one thing.

Still, he was so sweet and apologetic as he touched me I had to keep reassuring him that it was all right. It actually made it worse, reminding me of the liberties I was letting people take with my body!

“Sorry,” he said, as he felt my breasts.

“It’s okay,” I answered, blushing. I guess to read Braille he kept his fingers really soft and sensitive. He brushed my nipples as gently as a butterfly’s kiss, and they responded with an eager puckering of their own, of course.

“Uh, you’d better do it again, touch my titties, because they change in reaction to your touch,” I admitted.

So he did, and it was almost like when Carl licked them he was so gentle.

“Wow,” he breathed, “they do change, don’t they! Should sculpt them this way?”

“I - you’re the artist,” I temporized, remembering how the photography club had wanted my titties erect for their cheesecake shots.

So he worked on my chest, down to my hips, exploring my navel, my ribs with his touch, until I was quivering again, even though I’d just made myself cum. I found myself wishing Carl were there, so he and I could have done it right there, for the whole class to watch, and sketch.

Which, of course, made me think of that crazy community service project idea I’d come up with, to demonstrate sex to the middle schoolers with Carl, which made me shiver.

“Are you cold?” Henry asked, having been counting my ribs or something at that moment.

“No,” I assured him. “I just thought of something.”

Everything continued pretty smoothly until my second break. I was studying Henry’s sculpting, marveling at how deftly his hands shaped the clay, when his guide dog, Dity, goosed me from behind with her cold, wet nose! I let out a whoop that rattled the windows, and probably resulted in more than one stray scrawl on their tablets by the kids working on their drawings.

I turned and glared at Dity, sitting there, grinning at me, her long pink tongue hanging out of the side of her mouth. I shook my finger at her as everyone else laughed. Well, what else could I do but laugh along with them, while I was dying inside?

Then it was back to posing, but I had a hard time getting that startling touch of Dity’s cold nose out of my mind. It did funny things to my innards. I’d had my legs a little bit apart and she’d gotten me - well, right between my openings, you might say. I kept thinking of Dity’s long, pink tongue, too, remembering how Carl’s and Stephanie’s tongues had explored my cunt, thinking how deep Dity’s doggy tongue would probe me compared to theirs.

For a moment it felt like I was going to wet my non-existent pants.

Resolutely, I turned my thoughts away from that to the fact that I still had to talk to Mademoiselle Duclos about my community service project. Since I had a French club meeting that afternoon it would be the perfect time to broach the topic with her, of course, so I did, after a relatively uneventful free period and history class.

She said she’d have to think about it, but that it sounded like a good idea.

Heaving a sigh of relief after French club, I hurried out and got dressed, and never mind how wrinkled my clothes were! Then Carl walked me home, right to my door. Since I hadn’t been home since the day before, I really needed to get caught up with some things at home, and so did he, much as we wanted to be together.

“Well, here she is,” mom greeted me as she tidied up the kitchen.

“How was your sleepover?”

“Oh, fine,” I managed to answer casually. “Anything exciting happen around here?”

Mom dimpled slightly. “Let’s just say that your father and I enjoyed your absence immensely.”

“Oh!” I was still having trouble getting into the idea that my parents had a sex life, though how else could I have gotten here?

“You’re kind of wrinkled. It’ll probably feel good to get out of those clothes,” Mom commented.

“Oh!” I looked down at myself, realizing what a mess I was. “I guess I will. Is daddy getting more used to me being in the program?”

Mom cocked her head. “Oh, he grumbles and mumbles. He’ll always worry about ‘his little girl’ you know, but I think he’s getting a little more comfortable with it.”

I suddenly realized why I was feeling so guilty and uncomfortable. I felt like I’d been fighting the program all day, and here I was still fighting it. I wanted to tear my clothes off I was so mad at myself. I’d never welched on an assignment before, and here I was - I felt like I was cheating on a test or something!

I drew a deep breath, stiffening my resolve.

“I think I’ll go naked for dinner again. Would - would the two of you want to - uh - undress for dinner, too?” I suggested hesitantly. “It’s, well, part of The Program for the family to participate. Uh - Carl and his mom and sister are into it,” I admitted, not about to add that Carl and I had done a rather explicit show and tell for his sister.

“Oh! Oh my! Are they really? Both of them?!” Mom blushed. “Well, I did read the brochure, and so did your father. I - well, let me think about it, and I’ll ask him, maybe.”

“Okay.” I started to head out of the kitchen to go upstairs. Then I had another thought. “In fact, I think I’ll go naked from now until - well, until I think I can stop!” I announced.

“And when will that be?” mom asked me with a little smile.

I stripped off my wrinkled blouse and skirt right there in the doorway. “I don’t know,” I admitted. “I don’t know. Maybe - maybe all weekend! Even in church!”

“Oh my!” mom puffed. “Even in church?”

“Even in church.” I was surprised she didn’t try to argue me out of it.

“Well, if that’s the way you feel about it - well - well, I’m proud of you! But I think I’d better clear it with Pastor Bill, don’t you think?”

I blushed. “Thanks. I’ve got homework,” I mumbled, fleeing the kitchen, suddenly aware of the hardness of my nipples and the hotness of my pussy at the thought of what I was letting myself in for. At least the blush on the rest of me camouflaged the blush on my bottom, so I didn’t have to explain that to her.

One more day naked in school, and then what? Naked Saturday?

Naked Sunday? What had happened to sweet, shy, innocent Beth?

Where had she gone?

At dinner that night I saw my daddy naked for the first time since - well, for the first time ever, I think! He was a little pudgy, but he had a handsome cock, I thought.

And it was as interested in the proceedings as anything, I can tell you, standing erect in his lap so the tip of it actually peeked over the edge of the table! He blushed, and mom blushed, and giggled, and touched his bare shoulder, trailing her fingers over his back when she went behind his chair.

She had big, soft breasts - the breasts I’d nursed from, I realized. She was a little plump - comfortable looking, with a bushy pussy that made me only more aware of my shaved crotch.

We were all a little silly and nervous. I think we blushed every time one of us took a bite of hot dog. Then, after dinner they excused themselves and went upstairs, hand in hand, daddy’s hardon leading the way, while I got stuck with clearing the table and doing the dishes!

Beth Naked in School 9/12

Friday

“No retreat,” was the phrase that came to mind as I faced the door, ready to head off to school. I was carrying my book bag, and in it were books, nothing else; no undies, no skirt, no blouse. Nothing. I had nothing on but my loafers, my gold cross and my glasses.

It meant I was committed to my plan, though I suppose there are some people who will say I should be just plain committed.

Once I walked out the door I had nothing to cover myself with until I got home again that afternoon. What’s more, I’d vowed not to dress again until - well, indefinitely, though I think in the back of my mind I’d already decided that if everything went well I’d let myself get dressed on Monday.

Maybe.

If only it was to be that simple! Had I known what was coming, what would I have done?

Probably the same thing. I am not a quitter! Nor do I have any regrets.

Taking a deep breath, I opened the door and stepped out into the bright morning sun, the cool air making my already stiff nipples wake up even more. Since I was running a little late I wheeled my bike out, a first since my time in The Program started!

I tell you, riding a bicycle naked is a whole new experience! The seat rubbed me in some very interesting ways. The air whistling past my naked body was a wild sensation, too.

I’d called Carl, so he had his bike, too, and he met up with me, of course, and we rode together. He was surprised I was naked - I hadn’t told him about that - so I had to explain what I was doing. He thought it was incredibly brave of me.

He’s such a sweetie!

Anyway, we got to school and I got off, flashing my naked pussy at everyone to starboard as I did, of course, ‘cause it’s my brother’s old ten-speed, not a girl’s bike that allows a more modest dismount. After locking our bikes to the rack we walked in to school just in time for the first bell.

That, at least, saved me from another group grope.

Oh, I’d have submitted to it, without help. Better that than another spanking - a second offense would have resulted in a doubled penalty!

Chemistry went as usual. I was getting better at concentrating on the lessons, rather than the way everyone looked at me.

Or, maybe they weren’t staring at me as much? I guess they were used to seeing me naked now. It was a bit of a relief, of course, but I was kind of surprised to find that I missed the attention, too.

Mademoiselle Duclos had exhausted my anatomical offerings, so I wasn’t subjected to any more “show and tell” in French class - another let-down.

But math class with Freschetti brought with it a nice touch of normality, wouldn’t you know. He accosted me outside the door this time, though.

“Hey, Finchy, I think I need some relief again today,” he announced snidely.

I looked down at his diminutive dick, trying to figure out if it was up or not. If I’d been nasty I would have said something like “It’s hard to tell,” but I didn’t. Maybe I should have.

“How about you suck it out of me this time?” he asked with a sneer.

I really, really hate being called “Finchy,” by the way. Without even thinking, I went for his balls again, curling my fingers around them and giving them a warning squeeze.

“In your dreams, Freschy,” I retorted. “What’s the matter, can’t you even get Marilyn Beaverton to hoover you? If you want relief, you’ll have to settle for a hand job from me, if you’re willing to risk it! I might just decide to twist it off instead.”

Marilyn, you’ll recall, is the one who had sucked Carl off so effectively on his second day in The Program. The joke around school was that she was so orally fixated that if a terrorist gave the order to blow up a school bus she’d die of carbon monoxide poisoning.

Freschetti flushed.

With my other hand I squeezed his dick, finding it as limp as I suspected it to be. He didn’t need relief. It was all a power trip with him.

“Are you still taking steroids? Haven’t you figured out they suck the juice right out of you? To say nothing of giving you the attitude of a grizzly with a toothache. Get a life, Freschetti.” Dropping his privates I pushed past him into the classroom, shaking with a mixture of fury and fear.

He slunk back to his seat, and left me alone, but I couldn’t help worrying that I’d made a real enemy this time, and he was not one you wanted as an enemy. I was pretty safe, as long as he or some of his buddies didn’t catch me alone, but if they ever did - well, I tried not to think about that!

Lunch was lunch, of course, with my friends. Stephanie looked at me longingly, and I flashed her a little kiss as I patted the seat next to me. When she rested her hand on my thigh under the table I didn’t discourage her. I even kind of wished she’d been naked like me - I might have nestled my hand in her pussy.

Carl was on my other side, of course, and he sneaked his hand down on to me, too. When he found Stephanie’s hand already in residence there he shot me a sly look, and they finger wrestled for possession of me.

“Share nicely, children,” I told them softly as I tried to eat in spite of the distraction they presented.

The next thing I knew I had two fingers up inside me. They even figured out a way they could both diddle my clit! Before I knew it I was choking on my Jell-O salad!

Karen was across the table from me, of course. She dropped her napkin and when she emerged from beneath the table after “looking for it” she gave me a wicked wink. My giggle sounded a bit like a moan as my cunt went into orgasmic spasms.

From lunch it was off to art class, where I was still posing, of course. Henry was now working on me from the waist down. At first it was just the curves of my ass, the swell of my hips, the curve of my tummy, the creases where my thighs joined my hips, places like that. Which, I might mention, was certainly stimulating enough!

He was still as shy and polite about it as ever, of course. But Henry was getting steadily more and more intimate in his tactile explorations (isn’t that a delicate way of putting it?). He started figuring out the geography of my pussy area.

Oh my!

I mean, I was still stirred up from Carl and Steph’s lunchtime frolic in my playground and here was Henry, literally studying my most intimate anatomy by Braille!

Oh my!!

“You’re - not hairy,” he commented.

“I shaved it a few days ago,” I admitted.

“Oh! Are you sure you don’t mind me touching you there?”

“I don’t mind.” I couldn’t bring myself to tell him that half the male population of the school had already become intimately acquainted with my genitalia.

He felt my labia, traced the slit delicately.

“The - uhm - underlying structure influences the contours,” he hinted. “I mean, like Michelangelo studied the bones and muscles of cadavers.”

“Well, you don’t need to wait until I’m dead,” I assured him with a nervous giggle. Thank goodness the teacher had some Mozart on to provide “ambiance,” as he put it, so our little exchanges couldn’t be overheard.

“Are you sure?” He “looked” up at me anxiously, his blind eyes hidden by his dark glasses.

“I’m sure.” Breaking my pose, I took his hand and steered it back to my crotch, working his fingers into my slit.

“It’s hot, and wet,” he mused softly. With both hands he parted my labia. His fingers traced my ruffles and folds, touch my clit, which sent a jolt through me, of course.

“My vagina,” I explained softly as his finger probed my cunt, my legs going rubbery.

“May I” the girl who had been doing the sketches of my pussy asked, joining Henry, a small sketch pad and a pencil in hand.

“Sure,” I answered, deciding that “the more the merrier” would be too explicit an invitation to everyone in the class.

Finishing with my pussy, at least temporarily, Henry went back to his clay sculpture of me and did things to the crotch of his clay model of me that made me quiver as I watched, like it was a voodoo doll and I was feeling his every touch. He used this little loop of wire to shape my hairless slit. Wow!

Meanwhile, the girl sketched, her pad at my feet, using her fingers to spread my labia so she could capture the “inner me,” I guess you could say. I could even feel her breath on my upper thighs, even on my pussy as she studied it intently. It was a disappointment when she finished and went back to her easel. I’d even found myself hoping she’d like a taste, I was getting so horny again.

But then Henry came back, moving behind me. His fingers pried into the crack of my ass, touched my anus gently and my knees went weak again. He traced the little gap separating that opening from my pussy, and I remembered how his guide dog’s nose had felt as she’d touched me there, and tried not to squirm.

I was blushing furiously throughout all this, of course. I mean, after all, the whole art class was watching, sketching me while all this was going on! And to make it even worse, the teacher was snapping pictures for the school Web site as an example of what the art program had to offer even the visually impaired.

Even with the usual two breaks I was sweating and trembling by the time class was drawing to a close.

“Thank you very much, Miss Finch,” the teacher said a few minutes before the bell rang. “You’ve been most cooperative, an excellent model. Would you be willing to consider posing for some of the other art classes in the future?”

“Uh, well, I don’t know,” I admitted. “Let me think about it.”

“And if you’d like to earn a bit of money, I know of some private classes and some artists who are always looking for willing models,” he went on.

“Well, like I said,” I answered warily, “let me think about it.”

Just then the bell rang, liberating me from that particularly awkward conversation. I mean, did I want to continue something like this after I was done with The Program?

That was not a question that I cared to explore very closely at the moment, because just the thought of it made my innards wriggle.

And I also couldn’t help thinking that I could use the income.

The next period I had free in the library to study for the PSATs.

It gave me more time than I wanted to think about so many things.

My afternoon and night with Stephanie and Carl, for example. I’d done things with them that I’d never thought I’d ever do with anyone. And it had been good! I had no regrets. We hadn’t resolved Stephanie’s sexuality issues, but explored her options very thoroughly, you might say.

In fact, I had few regrets about anything that had happened so far this week. Even the spanking, while it had been painful, had revealed another aspect of my sexuality. And the transgression that had triggered it had exposed another facet. I had enjoyed being restrained as all those boys felt me up! It was something I knew I would explore in the future.

The future.

Well, the immediate future was two-and-a-half more days of nudity in public - the rest of today, all day Saturday, including the football game. Would I really go to church naked on Sunday? How would I be accepted there if I did? Would God be offended? I didn’t see how He could be. After all, He’d made me in His image, hadn’t He?

I’ll let the theologians and philosophers debate that, thank you! Anyway, if Pastor Bill vetoed it, well, I’d just have to skip church, or dress for it, I guess.

And then there was the slightly more distant future. What if The Powers That Be did approve my idea for a community service project. Would Carl and I actually have sex in front of a whole classroom of middle schoolers? The thought gave me the shivers, but I couldn’t tell if it was terror or something more earthy.

I was shaken out of my musings by the bell ending the period, and realized I’d not done a bit of studying. Well, the PSATs would have to wait until next week, I thought, as I gathered my stuff and headed to history class.

I was trying to keep awake during Mr. Whiterspoon’s usual dry lecture when the announcement that really capped my week was made over the school PA system.

“It is our pleasure to announce that this week’s Miss School Spirit is none other than Junior Elizabeth Finch! I’m sure you’ll all want to congratulate her on receiving this honor, and I’m also sure that, with her in The Program, you will all come out for tonight’s pep rally and tomorrow’s game against Eastern High! Go Spartans!”

I sat there, frozen, like a rabbit facing a cobra, as the whole class turned and looked at me. Me? Miss School Spirit?

You see, Miss School Sprit, or MSS for short, was a gimmick dreamed up by the football team and endorsed by the student council and the administration to boost school spirit. The victim - uh - honoree - is chosen by the football team and has the assignment of boosting school spirit and drawing attendance to the game of the week.

And yes, it is incredibly sexist. There is no MISTER School Sprit. What would you expect of something promulgated by a bunch of testosterone overloaded apes who go around head-butting each other with feral howls of “HOORAW”?

The honor usually went to a cheerleader or one of those other rah-rah types, usually one with a chest measurement exceeding her IQ, if you get my drift; one who bounced around squealing and giggling and whose greatest concern was her cup size and the right shade of lipstick.

Well, okay, I do giggle, but not ALL the time! And yes, I do squeal, given the - ah - proper stimulus! But I do NOT bounce around the halls squealing and giggling, dressed like - like - well, like a Barbie Doll! I am a Serious Student, a future Medical Doctor. A brain. A geek.

I remember when I heard about the MSS program, my first thought had been that it was like they were offering up a public sacrifice to propitiate the gods of sport. Not that many of the sacrifices were likely to be virgins!

Now I was to be offered up on the altar of sport.

Not, I admit, that I was a virgin any longer either, of course, thanks to my sweetie, Carl.

As I acknowledged the applause of the class I was desperately reviewing the responsibilities of MSS, and cringing.

I was to be a living pin-up, a reminder to the team of what they were fighting for, like a poster of Betty Grable or something, and a stimulus to the crowd.

We were studying World War II in history, in case you want to know where I got the Betty Grable image from.

First off, tonight I had to attend the pep rally and light the bonfire. Then tomorrow, of course, I had to go to the football game, and lead at least one cheer - God, did I even know any cheers?

And then I had another thought that gave me cold chills. My vow to remain naked through the weekend suddenly came back to haunt me.

Not, I realized with a sinking feeling, that going back on my own vow would do any good. MSS was a school activity, and I was in The Program until school opened on Monday. That meant I had to do it naked anyway, and everything else the MSS program demanded of me!

A stimulus to the crowd I would certainly be!

I tried to set that thought aside, reviewing my duties as MSS.

There was carrying the school flag as a member of the color guard, then the opening huddle on the sidelines, where I’d be in the center of the whole football team, building them to a fighting frenzy.

Well, some kind of frenzy, at any rate.

I’d be featured in the half-time show standing on a portable stage in the center of the field, exhorting the crowd to greater efforts, followed by the band serenading me.

Well, that would be nice, because my sweetie Carl would be playing, of course, and so would Stephanie, who had a crush on me.

And then, if we won, the team would carry me around the field on their shoulders.

Oh God.

And, of course there were rumors that MSS, and certain of the less inhibited cheerleaders, took part in the football team’s post game festivities, though that was strictly off the record, unofficial and frowned upon by The Powers That Be.

Oh GOD! I would have to do ALL of that naked!! Except, I desperately hoped, the last item. That I could successfully avoid.

I hoped.

But why me? Who could have possibly suggested me for MSS?

Freschetti!

He was big cheese on the football team! He had to have engineered it.

Freschetti’s revenge!

I was still thinking up new tortures for him when the bell rang ending classes for the day. If I’d had the well-spring of his progeny in my hands at that moment I would have ripped them off and stamped them into jelly on the classroom floor.

And you thought I was a nice person? HAH! I’d have roasted them over the pep rally bonfire.

While they were still attached!

Somehow, in a performance that should have earned me an Academy Award, I managed to give the impression that I was, indeed, flattered and honored by this unexpected recognition of my unflagging school spirit. First it was the kids in the history class, then it was the general population in the hallways.

Since I had become part of The Program I had, of course, become one of the more recognized figures (pun intentional) around school. Everyone, it seemed, wanted to congratulate me, pat me on the back, and other places, or shake my hand, or other parts of me, or both.

I was blushing from head to toe by the time I reached the door and escaped to where Carl was waiting, his bike and mine locked in the rack.

“Freschetti,” was all Carl had to say, and I knew he understood. I practically crumpled into my sweetie’s arms, bawling while he stroked and cuddled me.

“What are you going to do?” he asked me when I finally had regained a semblance of control and blown my nose.

“I don’t know,” I admitted gloomily. “There’s nothing I can do. I was going to be naked for the weekend anyway. Now I just have to humiliate myself in front of ten thousand people.”

He shuffled his feet, neither of us making a move to unlocking our bikes.

“We don’t draw crowds that big,” he pointed out.

“Whatever,” I grouched.

“Uh - I’ve been there myself, remember?”

How could I forget? He’d been required to march naked with the band, even been honored by being the one selected to dot the “i” in the formation that spelled out Central High.

“You were so brave!” I exclaimed, giving him a hug.

“You’re brave, too,” he insisted, hugging me back. “You can do it. I know you can!”

“I guess I’ll find out,” I answered, kneeling to work the combination on my bike lock. “Starting tonight, at the pep rally. You’ll be there, won’t you?” I asked desperately.

“I wouldn’t miss it,” he assured me, unlocking his bike.

I stood up, only to be engulfed in the warm, loving mass of Stephanie. After a lot of hugging and slobbering and kissing and petting we disentangled ourselves.

“I’ll be there, too,” Steph insisted loyally. “I’ll - I’ll even stand there naked beside you!”

“And me!” Carl offered.

I looked at them, unable to believe they’d do that for me. Greater love hath no one, I thought, but I realized that I couldn’t let them do that.

“Thanks, guys, but no, you can’t do that,” I argued. “It - well, it wouldn’t be right. What they’re doing - what Freschetti’s doing is already abusing MSS and The Program enough. I have to do this alone.”

I took a deep breath while they tried to argue me out of it.

“Don’t you see, the best way to beat him is to stand up to him.

I’ll do it, and I’ll do it proudly, with dignity.”

“Dignity? MSS is dignified?” Stephanie snorted sarcastically.

I stood tall - well, as tall as I can - and proudly. “It will have dignity,” I insisted. “I will not let that gorilla drag me down to his level.”

“But, we have to do something!” Stephanie insisted.

“You can,” I assured her. “Walk home with me while we brainstorm some ways to turn this mess around.”

Something about “gods” was rattling around in the back of my head, and I had an idea. “But first, where do those guys get that stuff they use to color their faces and hair with the school colors? Let’s stop there on the way.”

“You’ve got an idea,” Carl observed.

“The germ of one, at least,” I admitted. “Do either of you have any money? I forgot my purse,” I admitted, looking down at my naked self, hearing the honks of the seniors’ cars as they drove past us and out the driveway.

Beth Naked in School 10/12

Friday Night and Saturday Morning

As I sat astride Bucephalus, I tried visualizing it; galloping out of the darkness astride a huge, jet black gelding, remembering my riding lessons of years gone by, keeping my seat, steering the stampeding horse with my legs and the one hand I’d have free for the reins, holding the blazing highway flare so it’s sparks wouldn’t burn me or the horse.

And all I could think of was The Charge of the Light Brigade.

You know! “Half a league, half a league, half a league onward,” and “Cannons to the right of them, cannons to the left of them, volleyed and thundered,” and especially “Into the valley of death rode the six hundred.”

I was a vision of barbaric nobility. My mousy brown locks had been cropped, bleached a golden blond, striped with bright crimson dye(school colors, get it?) and the whole ensemble moussed to stand up in a crazy crest.

I was, of course, as required by the rules of The Program, stark naked.

Talk about an entrance!

Picture this:

Setting: The school’s floodlighted baseball diamond at dusk. The grandstands along the baselines are packed with students, while lined up along the backstop behind home plate is the football team in their flashy warm-up sweats. Naked cheerleaders are spaced along the baselines, stirring the crowd to a fighting frenzy. The band is in rank and file in the outfield, playing stirring tunes, until suddenly all falls silent.

In the shadows of the trees that border center field, I am already mounted on Bucephalus, named after Alexander the Great’s war horse. Daddy is on my right, holding the as-yet unlighted flare. Stephanie is to my left, steadying Bucephalus, holding his bridle.

“And ACTION!” calls the director, metaphorically speaking, because all of this is being run by cues and, I might add, without rehearsal, so only God himself knew if it was going to go off without a hitch, and He wasn’t talking.

With an abrupt crash of cymbals, drums rum-tum-tumming, the band splits, the two halves swinging smoothly to form an aisle from center field toward the pitcher’s mound with its ten foot pile of scrap wood and old furniture that is The Bonfire to Be.

The drums fall silent. There’s a breathless hush.

A lone, muted trombone sounds the charge, the notes echoing across the field, a lonely, challenging sound!

ta-da-ta-da-ta-da-ta-da-ta-daaaah!

Carl! My pulse quickens.

Silence, and then;

Unmuted, brazen, all the trumpets and all the trombones repeat the call louder!

Ta-Da-Ta-Da-Ta-Da-Ta-Da-Ta-Daaaah!

Recognizing his cue, daddy strikes the flare, it bursts into flame, causing Bucephalus to shy a bit. Daddy carefully hands the blazing torch to me. Even at arm’s length I feel its heat on my naked body. My tummy is all aflutter, along with some other parts of me. I’m very, very conscious of being atop about a ton of very powerful and nervous horse.

The instruments gleaming in the field’s floodlights, the whole band repeats the call, summoning me, concluding with a clash of cymbals!

TA-DA-TA-DA-TA-DA-TA-DA-TA-DAAAAH! CLASH!

Releasing his bridle, Stephanie slaps Bucephalus’s rump and I rock back in the saddle as he surges forward - no I was NOT about to try this bareback! - and the stampede is on! A thunder of hoof beats and out of the darkness I appear, leaning forward now, a spectral pink figure riding a black horse, brandishing a flare spouting red flames, sparks and smoke. I’m dressed like Lady Godiva, my hair, standing up even in the stiff breeze thanks to a ton of gunk, looking like it is on fire itself, thanks to the garish ‘do.

This is the shy, modest, demure Beth Finch you’ve gotten to know over the past week?

I don’t think I’ll include this incident in my college applications. In fact, the whole week is probably best ignored. It’s none of it my fault, it is all my evil twin’s doing.

On the other hand, though, maybe this will be the “hook” that grabs the attention at Harvard! Gotta think on this.

Before I go on, I have to explain it had taken a lot of work by a number of people to pull this production together in one afternoon. So I’d like to take this opportunity to thank them.

First, I’d like to thank my hairdressers, Steph and my mom.

Without them, especially mom, I wouldn’t be where I am today.

Carl, call him my director, did some very important phoning to set things up with the band and the school custodial and grounds staffs, to whom I also extend my heartfelt gratitude.

Meanwhile, my producer, daddy, bless his heart, pitched in by calling some of his clients. Like I told you, he’s an accountant and, as it turns out, he knows some very influential and useful people. He’s such a pussycat, he’d do anything for me!

Thank you Fanucci and Kai, fireworks specialists. Fannuci and Kai, they light up the sky! For information and prices, call 555-1438.

Oh, and we mustn’t forget Steph’s role as horse wrangler, for it was her ebony gelding I was astride.

The band blared! Bucephalus galloped, his mane flying to whip me in the face and breasts. I steered him around the pile of lumber and, as I passed home plate, I somehow managed to toss the flare on to the heap of wood which had, with forethought, been encouraged toward flammability with a good dousing of kerosene.

Circling back around the incipient conflagration, I reined Bucephalus to a halt where second base would be, just as flames leaped skyward with a crackling roar! Poor Bucephalus, his eyes rolling and ears laid back, ad libbed nicely, rearing up, pawing the air, almost unseating me, adding a nice dramatic touch to the scene.

Trust me, I’ve seen the video - definitely way cool! Though it scared the pee out of me when he did it, I tell you!

Somehow I managed to calm him before he stampeded right back out into the darkness with me clinging desperately and ignominiously to his back. Leaping off him, I swung him away from the fire, released the reins, and gave him a swat, trusting he’d find Stephanie out there, somewhere in the darkness. He needed no more encouragement to get himself elsewhere at a gallop, I assure you!

Oh, and, though we staged it all without ASPCA oversight, I assure you, no animals were harmed during this production.

Standing at second base, naked as the day I was born, hands on my hips, feet apart, the light of the roaring blaze washing over my bare flesh, I watched the flames soar into the sky. I felt like a Viking woman, an Amazon, a Valkyrie out of Wagner’s opera Siegfried. I was a pagan goddess!

The crowd went wild!

“Beat Eastern! Beat Eastern!” I yelled when the noise died down.

“BEAT EASTERN! BEAT EASTERN! BEAT EASTERN!” the cheerleaders screamed, taking up the chant.

“BEAT EASTERN! BEAT EASTERN! BEAT EASTERN! BEAT EASTERN!” the crowd roared.

I went into a mad dance, circling the roaring blaze, feeling its heat on my naked backside, my nude flanks, my bare breasts and pussy as I twirled and pranced in a primitive, pagan dance, screaming “BEAT EASTERN!” at the top of my lungs. To add to the drama I impulsively swept up a blazing length of wood, scattering sparks, almost setting my hair on fire for real, brandishing overhead like a flaming sword.

Oh, it was GLORIOUS! As I danced, the band closed formation, drums beating furiously, forming up at the edge of the infield, striking up a fight song when the cheering began to peter out. I continued to stir the crowd, waving my arms and the makeshift torch, circling the flames. The cheerleaders filled in with more cheers between band numbers.

Finally I pitched the blazing stick back into the fire and took up a stance at home plate, facing the backstop, the crowd, the football team a few yards away, proudly, bravely staring right into Freschetti’s eyes, not giving an inch to him. He was as naked as I was, a dark hairy figure among his sweats clad teammates.

Forming my hands into a megaphone, I turned toward the crowd on the first base side.

“Who we gonna beat?” I asked.

“EASTERN!” the crowd on that side roared.

“How we gonna beat ‘em?” I asked the third base crowd.

“BAAAAADD!” the third base crowd roared.

Okay, so that should be “badly,” an adverb. So sue me!

Left - BEAT!

Right - EASTERN!

I kept that up as the flames behind me slowly died, swiveling

back and forth, back and forth, my throat getting raw, until all

I needed to do was turn and point

Left - BEAT!

Right - EASTERN!

Left - BEAT

Right - EASTERN!

BEAT! EASTERN! BEAT! EASTERN! BEAT! EASTERN! BEAT!EASTERN!

BEAT!EASTERN! BEATEASTERN! BEATEASTERN!

BEATEASTERN!BEATEASTERN!BEATEASTERN!

Faster and faster and faster until it became a roar.

By then the fire had died down to embers. Whirling to face the glowing coals, I threw my arms up, instantly silencing the crowd, and, right on cue, the floodlights went out, plunging us into darkness but for little blue flames dancing over the mound of glowing coals, a few sparks spiraling upwards.

There was a breathless silence, broken only by an occasional pop and crackle from the remains of the fire, a nervous rustle from the crowd in the bleachers, a small child calling out “what’s happening, mommy?”

For a heart stopping moment I thought nothing would happen.

Suddenly, out in center field, three bursts of sparks and smoke shot upwards, one after the other - CHUFF! - CHUFF! - CHUFF!

Unmistakably, aerial fireworks being launched.

There were a few seconds of hushed, expectant, startled silence as the crowd stared upward, their eyes tracking three tiny, dwindling sparks soaring up and up and up into the darkness.

Suddenly three fiery chrysanthemums blossomed high overhead, fireballs, glittering, glowing, swiftly expanding and fading spheres of scarlet and gold lighting up the night sky with the school colors.

BANG! - BANG! - BANG! Almost drowning out the “OOOHS!” and “AHHHHS!” the explosions echoed across the field, across the town, loud enough to be heard all the way out at Eastern High - a final, powerful coda to the rally.

The fireworks faded and I dashed away in the darkness to where mom and daddy waited with the car. Behind me the band struck up a stirring march, and the cheering, yelling crowd began to leave as the field lights came back on.

“Take that, Freschy,” I muttered, diving into the back seat of the car and slamming the door behind me.

“What, darling?” my mom asked.

“Nothing,” I answered. I’d faced Freschetti, front and center in the ranks of the football players, and stared him down. He’d thought he’d humiliate me, well I wasn’t going to let him. He’d handed me a lemon, or at least thought he had, so I’d taken it and thrown lemonade back in his face, and I’d do the same thing tomorrow at the game.

“Hey, don’t you have anything to say to me, Lizard Breath?” a wonderful, marvelously, super familiar voice said.

“JOHNNY!” I practically threw myself at my brother, totally forgetting for the moment my state of undress.

“Ooooff! Whoa, take it easy, sis!”

Suddenly conscious of the awkward way he was holding me, I started to pull away, then said the heck with it, and gave him a super-huge naked hug. “Why didn’t anyone tell me you were coming home?”

“We wanted it to be a surprise, dear,” Mom explained. “We were afraid if you knew he was going to be here it would make you nervous!”

“You mean more nervous than I already was?” I asked, finally unwrapping myself from him and settling next to him, holding his hand, squeezing his arm.

“Is this my shy, modest little sister?” he asked, laughing. “Not so little any longer, I guess,” he added, giving me a look that made me tingle.

I made a face. “Not so modest any more, either,” I confessed.

“When did you get here?”

“In plenty of time to see everything,” he answered.

“And everything is what you saw - what you’re seeing,” I pointed out.

“You’re looking good, Lizard Breath!”

Let me tell you, by the way, that he is the onliest person in the whole wide world, in the whooole UNIVERSE, that can get away with calling me that and live!

I blushed. “Thanks. Are you going to be here for the game tomorrow? I’m - uh - on display again then, too.”

“I wouldn’t miss it for the world. And even at church Sunday, I understand?”

I nodded, blushing even more. “Pastor Bill said it would be okay if I wanted to do it. He’s even asked me to do one of the readings, and say something about The Program. You know about The Program?”

He nodded. “Mom’s been keeping me posted on it.”

“What do you think of it?” I asked anxiously.

He gave my hand a reassuring squeeze. “I’m wishing they’d had it when I was here. Let me tell you, some of the attitudes in college toward women, toward sex, well - things are seriously warped, I tell you!”

“You think it’s good?” I asked, thinking of the strain and stress of trying to mold the attitudes of the Freschetti’s of the world into something more civilized through exposure.

“I think it’s great,” he assured me.

“Would you have participated if they’d had it back then?” I wondered.

He thought this over, the street lights playing over his face. He looked older, more mature even after this short a time away. “I don’t know if I’m brave enough. I like to think I would have been, but I’m not sure.” Then he lightened up. “So, who’s this guy I hear you’re dating?”

“Carl Walker? Do you remember him?” I asked.

“Kind of a geeky guy?”

“He’s not,” I argued defensively. “He’s a swimmer, and sweet and kind, and real smart, and....”

“Okay, okay,” Jeff laughed, reassuring me. “I’m sure he walks on water!”

“He does not!” I argued. “I told you, he’s on the swimming team!”

Then I realized what I’d said and joined in the laughter, and I realized suddenly that I really was feeling comfortable in my skin, and nothing else!

I wondered if I should tell Johnny I was no longer a virgin,

thanks to Carl. Then I wondered if my brother was still a virgin

or if he had been before he went to college, for that matter.

He’s three years older than me. We were close before he’d gone away, but not so close that we’d shared his sex life. Of course, I’d been pretty young and naive at that time anyway.

Then I realized he’d only been away a couple of months, and marveled at how much had happened to me in that short time.

“I can’t get used to seeing you like that,” my brother said softly as we drove homeward, looking at me as the lights outside the car swept over my naked breasts.

“Well get used to it, bro,” I countered. “’cause this is how I’m gonna be until Monday morning!”

He grinned. “I think I can live with it,” he assured me. “I hear you’ve even gotten mom and dad into The Program. Something about a naked dinner?”

I eyed him mischievously. “I dare you to join us for a naked breakfast tomorrow.”

He laughed. “Be careful what you wish for, sis, you may just get it.”

“Oh my,” Mom sighed from the front seat. “Naked breakfast? All four of us?”

“I’d hate to be the only one,” I answered innocently.

“I think it would be fine, dear, only don’t try to fry any bacon that way,” daddy suggested, giving mom a grin, and I think he patted her thigh. Then he looked at me in the rear-view mirror with a twinkle in his eye and gave me a wink!

I couldn’t help thinking that if this kept up I might wind up with a baby brother or sister! I don’t THINK mom was past that yet.

I was exhausted, of course, when we got home. But once we got in the door I still had the energy to give daddy a huge hug of thanks for the work he’d done for the pep rally. He was the one who’d arranged the fireworks, and that hadn’t been easy on such short notice.

The poor sweetie, he didn’t know where to put his hands on me, his naked daughter!

“It’s okay to hug me daddy,” I assured him softly, and he gave me a big squeeze then. “Thank you, daddy.”

“You’re welcome, sweetie.”

“Anyone want some ice cream and cake before toddling off to bed?” mom suggested.

So we all gathered around the kitchen table and dug into a half gallon of Rocky Road and one of mom’s super-scrumptious chocolate layer cakes with fudge icing, with big glasses of milk, and it was just like old times, when we’d come back from one of Johnny’s basketball games or something. Only this time it was after I’d led a pep rally, naked, and I was naked with my family, and I’d be naked with them for two more days.

As I dragged my weary body upstairs I was suddenly aware of some strange abrasions on my butt and the insides of my thighs—naked horseback riding has its hazards! There was one thing good about being naked, I reflected. I didn’t need to undress for bed, at least. I barely had the energy to brush my teeth and take care of other little necessities before I flopped into bed.

Nor did I have to dress when I got up Saturday. It was mid-morning before I managed to drag myself downstairs. I’d been absolutely comatose for a good ten hours. Daddy was in the living room, reading his newspaper, as naked as I was! He gave me a bashful wave as I passed. Mom was in the kitchen, frying bacon, wearing only an apron.

We were having a naked breakfast!

“Hi, mom!” I croaked, getting myself some orange juice.

“Well, good morning sunshine!”

“Been up long?” I asked, my head clearing as my blood sugar rose.

“Not long. Your father’s only on his second cup of coffee. I was about to wake you so you’d have time to get ready for this afternoon.”

“What’s to get ready?” I asked. “It’s not like I have to dress, after all.”

“Well, your hair is going to need some work, for one thing,” she pointed out. “You’ll have to get the gunk so we can re-do it. And then there’s the paint job to do.”

The paint job. I’d forgotten that! I caught sight of my reflection in the toaster and made a face. My lovely ‘do had become a tangled mess. At least the bleach and dye job wouldn’t have to be redone, though I was going to look weird while it grew out.

“I’ll need a shower,” I decided.

“Well, let’s eat before then,” Mom suggested, setting a plate of bacon on the table and turning back to start some scrambled eggs. “Why don’t you go roust out your brother so he can join us.”

“Naked?” I asked.

“Only if he so chooses,” she answered in a gently scolding tone.

“Yes’m,” I agreed, already scheming as I headed up the stairs to get him up.

I cracked his door open as quietly as I could and peeked in. He was on his back, snoring softly, one arm across his eyes to keep the sun out. The sheet was down almost to his waist and he wasn’t wearing a shirt or anything.

A hundred schemes stampeded through my mind, but I opted for the simple, straightforward pounce, landing on him with a thud that made the bed groan.

“WHAAAF!” he bellowed.

“Get up, get up, get up!” I exhorted, bouncing up and down on him the way I had on Daddy on Christmas morning when I was a little kid. “It’s breakfast time!”

“Leave me alone, you little minx,” he growled, trying to toss me off.

“Get up, get up, get up,” I insisted, bouncing him some more.

“I’ll get YOU up!” he protested, surging up, wrestling me off him, or trying to, only we both got tangled in the sheets, lost our balance and tumbled out of bed with a crash that shook the house.

“What’s going on up there?” daddy called loudly from downstairs.

We both froze. “Nothing,” we called in unison, laughing, untangling ourselves from each other and the sheet.

Only then was I sure he was as naked as I was, and was I ever sure! He had a hardon!

He saw where I was looking, and blushed. “Don’t flatter yourself, Lizard Breath, this is just my usual morning boner,” he informed me. “Now get out of here while I tend to some personal things, like taking a pee!”

“Okay, okay, I’m sorry.” I backed off, a bit unsettled by his state. “But don’t dress for breakfast,” I told him. “Mom and dad haven’t.”

“Okay, okay,” he mumbled, staggering toward the bathroom. “Tell mom I’ll be down in a minute.”

After breakfast and a shower I was almost ready for my paint job.

Carl and Stephanie were waiting in my room to help get me ready, bolstering me as my nerves threatened to get the better of me.

“You’re beautiful,” Stephanie assured me as she helped mom make repairs to my hair do. The colors were fine, but they had to re-mousse it after I’d showered and shampooed it. As I’d let the hot water stream down on me I couldn’t help wishing that Steph and Carl were in there with me, but that, I think, would have been too much for daddy’s nerves.

While mom and Stephanie coaxed my hair into a flaming crest of gold and scarlet that would have done a bird-of-paradise proud, Carl was kneeling between my open legs, using an electric razor to remove the stubble on my pussy, and doing a very good job of it I might add!

But when I tried subtly to get him to linger over my throbbing pussy he pulled away. “Uh uh,” he said with a negative shake of his head. “You’re going to need all you’re strength for this afternoon.”

“What’s that?” mom asked.

“Nothing,” I answered quickly, frustratingly close to an orgasm from the razor.

“Listen to your director,” Stephanie urged, dealing with a crimson lock of hair that insisted on drooping over my left ear. “You’re going to be naked in front of thousands of people. Save your energy for that!”

“Now stand up so we can get started on your body paint,” Carl ordered. He checked the clock. “And I think we’re going to need help from everyone if we’re going to get you done in time.”

“Daddy, too?” I asked.

“And your brother,” mom agreed, opening the paints.

I looked down at myself. My nipples were already hard, and I wondered if they’d stay that way all day. “There’s not that much of me!” I pointed out.

“But it’s a tricky job,” Stephanie pointed out. “I’ll go get them.”

Oh God! How would daddy handle this?!? His little girl was going to be a painted lady - literally! From head to toe and back to front! Thanks to mom there were a couple of sketches, front view and back view, stuck up on my bulletin board.

I was a “paint by the numbers” project!

Daddy came in with a little stool and they made me stand on it while they painted me with the school colors, from head to toe. They parceled parts of me out, giving daddy and Johnny the less intimate parts - my back, arms and legs, while Steph and mom dealt with my front. Steph got my pussy, of course, and she teased me with her brush even more wickedly than Carl had teased me with the razor!

The paint was chilly, of course, and the brushes tickled and stroked me all over. Even the lips of my pussy were painted, a bright scarlet, while most of my front was gold, except for my titties, scarlet, too.

The gold shaded off to crimson on my sides, while my back was crimson with two stripes running from my shoulders to my butt cheeks, the crack being done in crimson, too. We’d thought of a golden stripe right down the center, but decided that looked too much like a yellow stripe.

Even my face was made up in crimson and gold, with some black eye-liner giving my eyes a feline, or maybe oriental look.

When they were done I got down off the stool and looked in myself in the mirror.

This incredibly gorgeous creature looked back at me. I blinked, and she blinked. “Wow!” I breathed.

“Now just stand there and let it dry a few minutes,” mom cautioned. “Hold your arms out!”

I did, so she could touch me up where I’d smudged a little.

“Once it dries you’ll be fairly safe,” mom said, “but try not to sweat too much.”

“Yes, mother,” I agreed, looking at this incredible vision in scarlet and gold in my mirror.

In about an hour I was going to be standing in front of a stadium full of people in nothing but this dramatic coat of paint!

OhmyGOSH!

Beth Naked in School 11/12

Saturday Afternoon

I felt incredibly naked as I stood just beyond the end-zone. I’m still not sure whether that was because of the gaudy coat of body paint that only drew more attention to what was beneath it, because I was about to face a stadium full of football fans with nothing between me and them but a thin coat of gold and scarlet paint, or because I was right next to a very tall, very handsome U. S. Marine in full dress uniform, who either had a bayonet in his pocket or was very glad to see me.

He made my nipples crinkle.

I nervously adjusted strap of the flag support harness - you know, one of those straps with a socket to hold the butt of a flag staff? - I wonder what it’s really called? - around my neck. That was the only thing I was wearing, aside from my little gold cross and my glasses, of course. Then I took the staff carrying the school flag, surprised at how heavy it was, and slipped its butt end into the socket that supported it.

My first duty as Miss School Spirit was as part of the color guard, carrying in the school banner for the national anthem, right alongside the Marine carrying the stars and stripes. On the other side of him was another Marine, a woman, carrying the state flag.

The band tootled a fanfare and we marched out on to the field, the two Marines in their uniforms and I in my coat of scarlet and gold paint, in step with the rum-tum-tumming of the drums.

Even though we’d had only one quick practice, everything went perfectly. At the fifty yard line we wheeled around in a line and came to a halt right on the hash marks, facing the home bench, the football team and the crowd, the band behind us, the flags fluttering in the gentle breeze.

I was naked on the football field, in front of the whole crowd! Worse, the butt end of the flag staff was pressing right into my crotch. It had rubbed me with every step and I had been made so horny I had an almost unbearable urge to hump my pussy against it!

Then the band struck up “The Star Spangled Banner” and a wave of patriotism swept over me, making me stand just a little straighter, a little taller. Without even thinking about it I began to sing the national anthem myself.

And I got all misty eyed, too, I admit.

When we finished the crowd cheered, the drums rum-tummed, we wheeled smartly around and marched back to the end zone where I was relieved of the flag, right on the verge of orgasming thanks to the way it had rubbed me.

“Here, let me take that,” the Marine offered, helping lift the harness off my neck without mussing my hair. His companion Marine was studying me with a raised eyebrow, I noticed. Maybe she was glad to see me, too, I thought.

“Thank you!” I told him, glad to be relieved of the scratchy strap.

Wow! He was soooooo handsome! And he was looking at all of me!

“You sang beautifully, by the way,” he complimented me. “Are you in the glee club?”

I blushed, surprised he’d even noticed. “Me? No! The only showering I ever do is in the sing - I mean, the only singing I do is in the shower!”

He laughed. “You could have fooled me! Anyway, nice singing, and nice job with the flag, too!”

“Thanks!” I watched him march away, my heart doing flip-flops, and then suddenly realized I was supposed to be with the football team for their pre-game huzzah, or whatever it was.

They were already forming a big huddle by the time I got there and I had to push my way through them, big, and hulking in all their pads and everything, until I finally emerged in the center of the crowd.

“’bout time you got here, Finchy,” Freschetti growled.

“Are you going to waste energy trying to get my goat, or are you going to use it to beat Eastern, Freschy?” I countered. At least The Powers That Be let him wear full pads, protective gear and his uniform for the game! “Let’s get this show on the road!”

I almost wish I hadn’t said that as about thirty or forty hands reached out, trying to find some place to touch me, the living symbol of School Sprit! Freschetti claimed a tit, wouldn’t you know it! They all hunched around me, pawing me, chuffing like - like - oh, I don’t know, locomotives, or maybe buffalo in rutting season or something.

But it was catching! I found myself pumping up and down in time with them, chuffing right along with them. Mass hysteria is the only way I can explain it, but I suddenly felt that I was part of something bigger than myself.

With a final powerful bellow the formation broke and they scattered, leaving me shaking and excited - not aroused, excited, like I was ready to go out and take on Eastern myself!

Then the whistle blew, the game began, and the sky fell on us.

I won’t go into a play-by-play, but let’s just say the first half was a disaster. Eastern took the opening kick-off, marched down the field and scored. We got the ball back on the kick-off from them and Freschetti promptly fumbled the ball away on the first play.

By the end of the first quarter we were down ten points to zero. Our defense, at least, had stiffened, but our offense was impotent, and I use that word advisedly. During the short break between quarters the coach gave them a pep talk, but it didn’t seem to take, because the second quarter was just more of the same.

When the whistle sounded ending the first half we were behind twenty four to nothing. The team looked like whipped dogs as they trotted off the field to the locker room.

I was torn. I wanted to follow them and kick their lazy, careless butts, especially Freschetti’s, but I had to take part in the half-time show. I opted for the latter, of course, hoping to have time when it was over to somehow stimulate the football team to greater efforts.

The half-time show was - was - well, how would you take having to stand on a little stage, stark naked in front of who knows how many thousand spectators? I was feted by the band, of course, and joined the cheerleaders in leading a cheer. I could see Carl watching me, sense his pride and love for me as I displayed myself, all of myself, to the crowd without shame or fear - NOT.

Then the show was over and I made a break for the locker room in an effort to lend my encouragement to the team. I mean, how would I look if I, their chosen Miss School Spirit, let them lose this game?! I’d be mortified!

I banged through the doors into a sweaty, stinking fog of raging masculine hormones and defeatism.

“All right, you guys, are you going to let me down? Or are you going to kick some butt out there?” I challenged.

They all looked at me as if I’d lost my mind.

“What’s the matter with you pussies?” I asked. “Are you going to let those wimps walk all over you in the second half, too? How about it? I want to hear from you. Are you?”

“No,” a few of them mumbled.

“What’s that? I can’t hear you?” I cupped my hand behind my ear.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see the coach grinning at me.

“No!” they said a bit louder.

“What’s that?” All the time I was scanning them, looking for Freschetti.

“NO!” they said louder, more together.

“Come on, you can do better than that. Are you gonna let them piss all over you for thirty more minutes?” I asked.

“NO!!” they yelled.

“WHAT???” I asked. Where the heck was Freschetti?

“NO!!!” they bellowed.

“WHAT????”

“NO!!!!!!!!” This time their yell practically broke my eardrums.

“That’s more like it. Now, where’s Freschetti?” I asked.

“I think he’s taking a piss,” someone answered, gesturing.

“’scuse me,” I apologized, pushing through them toward the pissoire or whatever the heck that room was called. I banged through the door and found myself in a room with sinks along one wall, urinals along another and the expected bunch of toilets at the far end, but not a partition in the joint. Must get real social in here at times, I thought.

Freschetti was at a sink, doing something. I reached him just as his hand was going to his mouth, and I knocked it down, spilling a bunch of pills in the sink. “What the hell are you doing, Freschetti?”

He looked stunned to see me there, and scrambled for the pills, but I twisted the faucet on, swirling them down the drain. “What’s this, better living through chemistry?” I asked him sarcastically.

“What do you know about it?” he shot back, reaching for a pill bottle.

I knocked it out of his hand, sending it flying, the pills scattering into the sink to follow their brethren to do whatever it is they did to all the bacteria in the sewage treatment plant. The poor microbes probably either have muscles like Sylvester Stalone or are still high.

“You don’t need that crap,” I told him. I turned him to face me and punched him in the chest.

Jeez he was big! It was like punching a wall.

“What you need is in here,” I said, punching his chest again. “And here.” I thumped his forehead. “And maybe down here!” I grabbed his crotch, bruising my fingers on his protective cup for my troubles.

He was rocked back on his heels. Here he was, in full football armor, being accosted by a naked, painted girl half his size. I tried to think of some way to motivate him. Then I thought of one.

“You want me, Freschetti?” I asked, standing back, hands on my naked hips, feet spread so he could see all of me in my naked, painted glory. “You really want me? Come on, you’ve been after me to get your rocks off all week. You want me?”

He stood there and I swear he started to drool.

“Well you’ll never get me by bullying or intimidation. You’ll have to earn me, Freschetti,” I told him, quailing inside even as I said it.

“How?” he growled.

I pushed close to him, into his personal space. I smelled his sweat, my naked-but-for-paint tits practically brushing his grass-stained jersey. It gave me a crick in my neck to look up at him.

“You win this game, Freschetti, and you can have me. I’ll fuck you, Freschetti. I’ll suck you and fuck you, but you’ve got to win the game for that to happen, Freschetti. Got that? Got that?” I asked, poking him. “I mean it! You know I don’t say things I don’t mean. Do you think you’re man enough to go out there and whip their butts, Freschetti?”

I could see a fire kindle in his eyes, could see the life coming back into him. It was almost scary!

Then I reached for his crotch again, not that it did much good to feel nothing but a steel cup. “You win the game, you’ll be able to put this thing in me, Freschetti. Lose and you get nothing. Now drag your sorry ass out there, protect the goddam ball, and win the goddam game!”

I turned him toward the door and gave him a push and a kick. He crashed through to the locker room like a bull on a mixture of steroids and amphetamines - which, for all I know he may have been - and I heard the team greet him with a feral roar and stampede out of the locker room, their cleats on the concrete floor sounding like the final scenes of a Schwartzenegger movie.

Then I turned and looked at myself in the mirror, a scared, naked figure all in crimson and scarlet paint and makeup.

I couldn’t help noticing, too, that that damn flag holder had rubbed the paint off my pussy, so I had this patch of pink right in the middle of all that scarlet and gold. It looked like the bulls-eye of a target!

Ohmygod, I thought, what have I just done!

Then I thought, we’re down by twenty four points and have been playing like turkeys. No chance they’d win the game, I told myself. No chance.

Besides, with the steroids he’d been taking the chances were Freschetti couldn’t get it up anyway.

Gathering myself up, I trudged out, the tile cold and gritty with crud from the football field under my bare feet.

Back on the field I joined the cheerleaders just as the second half kickoff sailed down the field and our return man gathered it in. He cut to the right and headed down the our sideline like an express train, thundering past me only a few feet away. A wall of blockers in front of him took down Eastern’s defenders like ducks in a shooting gallery, and suddenly the field was open but for one last defender - the kicker, who promptly became road-kill, and suddenly the score was 24 to 6.

The return man was Freschetti.

The crowd, of course, went wild, and I felt a chill even as I bounced up and down right along with all the other Central rooters.

What had I done? I asked myself as they kicked the extra point, making it 24 to 7.

After that the game settled down, some. We held them, they held us, until we managed a field goal in the last seconds of the third quarter, making it 24 to 10.

Eastern came out strong in the last quarter, driving down the field until they turned the ball over on an interception on our ten yard line. We drove back the other way, and I was cheering them on with one eye on the clock, one eye on the score and one on the field, while my heart hammered.

We scored and got the point after, making the score 24 to 17.

In the first half our passing game had been erratic at best, so we didn’t use one passing play on that drive. It was Freschetti to the left, Freschetti to the right, Freschetti up the middle.

Freschetti was playing like he was on fire. Isn’t it amazing what testosterone can do?

The kickoff gave Eastern the ball back, of course, and they fought back. Finally our defense stopped them on the thirty yard line - our thirty yard line - and the field goal try was short, the Eastern kicker still wobbly from when Freschetti had run him down, so we got the ball back with about two minutes remaining in the game, seventy yards to go, and one time out left.

But our offense was tired, even I could see that. We ran two plays and the blocking just wasn’t there - on first down Freschetti got two yards on a run, and then on the next play the quarterback got sacked and gave that and about five more yards back.

The coach called our last time out, and I saw him waving me over as the team gathered around, sucking down Gatorade and spitting it out. One guy drank too much too fast and turned away to spew just as I was getting there. He almost barfed on me, a fountain of Gatorade erupting from him.

The coach took me aside. “I don’t know what you said to Freschetti, but it sure as hell motivated him.”

What could I do but gulp, and nod.

“Well he’s still hot, but we need some blocking if we’re gonna win this game. How about it? Can you get the team up for this last drive?”

I wondered exactly what he meant by “get the team up,” but didn’t ask for a clarification. Suddenly it was all on my shoulders. Or, rather, on some other portion of my anatomy, you might say.

I couldn’t help but look over to where the band sat, my gaze finding Carl. He gave me a big smile, and a thumbs up signal.

Oh, if only he knew, I thought. But I also remembered that I had warned him it was going to be a rough week. I’d just had no idea exactly how rough.

“Just tell ‘em what you told Freschetti,” the coach pleaded.

I told myself he had no idea what he was asking. I agonized for a few seconds, then nodded tensely. “Okay, but you - well, believe me, you’re better off not knowing.”

He looked surprised, but stood back as I walked over to where the team was gathered, feeling the seconds of the timeout ticking away. I waved the water boys and assistants and whatever away, and knelt in the center of a loose huddle, the whole team around me. I was one naked girl in the middle of thirty some football players.

“Here’s the deal,” I began, my mouth dry, my cunt anything but. “I’ll tell you what I told Freschetti. If you win this game, I’m the trophy. It’s that simple.”

“You mean...,” someone said.

“Let’s go, Red team,” the referee said, ending the time out.

“If you’re not sure, ask Freschetti. The same offer I made him is good for you. Now get your sorry asses out there and kick butt,” I said. “Now! Hands on me! Now! One! Two! Three!”

They pawed me. They erupted with a roar and the first string charged back on the field with blood in their eye and fire in their loins, you might say.

I turned away, afraid to watch. Only I couldn’t NOT watch either, as I joined the cheerleaders in rousing the crowd.

Once again it was Freschetti to the left, Freschetti to the right, but not too much Freschetti up the middle, since he had to stop the clock by running out of bounds.

Tick - tick - tick. The clock ran down - one minute left, forty five seconds, thirty seconds, twenty seconds. With ten seconds left Freschetti broke left down the sideline and was hammered out of bounds just inside the ten, a hit so hard you could hear it in Topeka.

For a second I was afraid he wasn’t going to get up, but he did, shaking it off, trotting back to the huddle. It was first and goal, five seconds were left on the clock, and we were out of time outs.

I jittered around on the sideline at about the thirty yard line, and then broke into a run, sprinting down the sideline, rounding the end line to stand at the end of the field, directly under the goal posts amidst a throng of photographers and who knows who else.

For some reason they all backed away from me, leaving me standing there, alone. I was aware of cameras clicking as they snapped my picture. The sweat had made my paint run. My hair was in ruins, a tangle of gold and scarlet locks. I was naked as a jaybird. If I hadn’t already been beside myself with excitement even I wouldn’t have wanted to be beside me! I must have looked totally crazed.

I must have BEEN totally crazed!

The offense broke their huddle and came up to the line, and I could see them suddenly stiffen at the sight of me - and I’m not sure I’m talking only about their morale or their spines when I say “stiffen,” either.

There I was, just beyond the end line - what they were fighting for. The trophy. The Game Ball, so to speak. Pun intended.

The linemen stood for a moment, the quarterback came up behind the center, looked at me as I stood there, naked but for runny paint, arms akimbo, feet shoulder width apart, then he turned to call some numbers, first to one side, then the other - what was he doing? Changing the play?

I knew enough football by now to know that the smart play would be a run outside, where there was at least some small chance of getting out of bounds to stop the clock for one more play.

Some linemen shifted slightly. The offensive backfield did something. At another barked command the linemen went down in their stance, literally snarling.

“HUT! HUT! HUT!” The ball was snapped and all hell broke loose, bodies crashing into bodies. It was the closest I’d ever been to the action, and until then I hadn’t really realized how violent football was.

A gap opened, and through it came Freschetti, right up the middle, right toward me, head down, both arms wrapped around the ball. The defensive backfield closed in on him and he smashed into them three yards from the goal line. His legs churning he shook off one man, then another, knocked a third a good four yards away. With two men trying to drag him down he powered his way forward, turf flying from his cleats, to fall with an earthshaking crash with half the ball across the goal line.

TOUCHDOWN! The crowd shrieked! The team fell on Freschetti and for a moment I thought they were going to crush him, but they managed to come to their senses.

There was no time left on the clock, and we were one point short of a win!

“Touchdown! Please stay off the field! Please stay off the field! The game is not over until the conversion is attempted,” the announcer on the PA system called.

The conversion? Oh, the point after, of course. My heart skipped a beat. If they kicked it we’d tie Eastern. We always kicked the point after! We had a soccer player for a kicker who could put the ball through the eye of a needle from the forty yard line!

A tie. That would be a good thing! It wasn’t a win, of course, but it wasn’t a loss, either, and it meant I’d be off the hook, didn’t it?

The quarterback looked to the sidelines.

The coach was holding up his hands, with two fingers up on each of them.

The kicker stayed on the sidelines.

They were going to go for two points. It was win or lose. No tie.

I was dying inside. I didn’t know what I wanted to happen. If we didn’t make it, I’d be saved from - from - well, a fate some might see as being worse than death.

But we’d lose! I was Miss School Spirit! What kind of a failure would I be if we lost the game?

I held my ground, just beyond the end line, right in the center under the goalposts, hands on my hips, all that I was offering on full display one last time.

It was like everything went into slow motion. The quarterback came up to the line, bent behind the center. I saw the ball get snapped, saw blockers crash into each other right on the line of scrimmage. It was like titans clashing. The ground shook. The battle swayed toward me, away from me, toward me again, bodies locked together, straining. Growling and grunting filled the air along with clots of grass and dirt. The defense fell back, stiffened There was a huge impact, bodies collapsing in a heap. Whistles blew, then suddenly silence and stillness.

Officials moved in and began trying to untangle the pile on the goal line.

No signal had been given! No one knew what had happened for the longest time!

Then suddenly one of the guys in the striped shirts stepped back and threw his arms up.

At the bottom of the heap was Freschetti, still clutching the ball, just over the goal line.

We’d WON! The Central bench and stands emptied in a mad scramble, and Freschetti found himself at the bottom of another pile as his own players mobbed him.

Drained, I slumped, exhausted as if I’d been the one to score the final points. I turned away, only to hear someone call “Finchy! Beth! Beth Finch!!”

I turned, and Freschetti was advancing on me! For a second I almost panicked, thinking he was going to claim his trophy right then and there. Only ....

Only, he was holding the football out to me! He was giving me the game ball?

“This is yours,” he said, handing it to me. “And so’s this, come on, guys!”

Before I knew it I was swept up on to their shoulders, above the crowd jamming the field, trying to tear down the goal posts.

I felt like I was flying as they carried me overhead. They carried me around the field on their shoulders while the band played joyously and the crowed cheered wildly. I held the ball high, proudly, as they swept me along all the way around the field, the people in the stands cheering wildly as I passed.

They finally put me down and gathered around me as the band struck up the Alma Mater, and we all sang, and we all got misty eyed again. Then the song was over and with a final cheer the mob began to break up, the football team heading for the locker room. Freschetti hesitated, looking at me, then gave me a casual wave and turned away.

I felt like I was being shredded inside! I knew I owed him - I owed all of them!

I knew what I had to do, and the thought terrified me and aroused me all at the same time.

“You were wonderful!” Carl exulted, grabbing me, kissing me. We got body paint on his band uniform.

“Thanks,” I said breathlessly, handing him the game ball. “Here, keep this for me, would you?”

“Sure, but....”

“I’ve - I’ve got something I have to do,” I told him. “I made a promise. Tell my folks not to worry, I’ll be home later.”

“But....”

“I’ll see you and Steph later, too,” I assured him. “I’ve got to go. I’ll tell you about it later.”

My heart was aching for him, and also racing with - well, call it fear for lack of a better term - as I turned away and trotted after the football team to the locker room.

I’d never broken a promise in my life, and I wasn’t going to start now.

When I reached the locker room door, I hesitated. The noises filtering through the door were - well, intimidating is too mild a word. Testosterone laden comes to mind. Primitive. Feral.

This, I thought, must be how Daniel felt just before he was thrown into the lions’ den.

I stood outside the door a moment, paralyzed by fear - all but my pussy, that is, which was, well, frothing at the mouth, so to speak, if you get my meaning.

Stiffening my resolve, I pulled the door open, and as I stepped inside I was engulfed by the noise and a wave of sweaty, testosterone laden air thick enough to swim through.

The door swung shut behind me with a thud that drew all eyes, and the silence that followed was deafening. I was the center of attention for the biggest gathering of naked and semi-naked guys I had ever seen in my short, but lately adventuresome life.

There was muscle, and hair, and cocks everywhere!

Oh My!

How many guys were on the football team, anyway? I didn’t even know. I knew it was eleven to a side on the field, and there were offensive and defensive specialists, but I also knew some guys played both ways. In a moment of panic I tried to count, and realized with surprise that there were a couple of cheerleaders here, too. Naked, of course.

Then Freschetti was in front of me, stripped of his jersey and pants and pads, down to his - his jock strap or whatever that thing was - his protective cup.

“Hi,” he greeted me softly. “What do you want?”

I started to say “I made a promise,” but then didn’t.

Instead I said, “I need to get this paint off. It is really starting to itch. Can I shower with you guys?”

One of the cheerleaders giggled.

Needless to say, the cheerleaders and I were surrounded by naked football players the moment we were in the showers. It was one big, tiled room, of course, with shower heads spaced around the walls flooding us all with steaming water.

I didn’t need to lift a finger. There were more willing hands bathing me than there was space on me. It was the only time anything more than a handful in the tit department would not have gone to waste, but only because more than one hand was trying to get a grip there, and they were big, strong, horny hands.

What could I do but surrender to the situation? Soapy hands were everywhere on me, lathering my hair, my neck, my throat, my back, my arms, my breasts, my ass, my pussy, my thighs and legs, even my face. I was turned and pushed, massaged and probed. I abandoned my reservations, my inhibitions, my very soul, along with my whole body, to the sensuous, sexual stimulation.

My body paint went down the drain in a surreal swirl of scarlet and gold.

At some point I was swept off my feet, but I didn’t fall, dozens of hands holding my arms, supporting my back, my ass, spreading my legs. And a cock entered me - the first cock other than Carl’s to penetrate me, and I moaned, afraid, ashamed, aroused as I was fucked right then and there, for all to see.

It was Freschetti, of course. I could feel his dinky little dick, and discovered that when it was aroused it was a respectable size, and that he knew how to wield it to good effect.

Like I’d said so long ago, when Carl had been doing his naked week, it’s not how much you have but how you use it that counts.

I was glad Freschetti was first. He’d earned it fairly. He was bruised and battered, a cut on his cheek still oozing blood.

I was a puppet, a toy, a sexual plaything. I was nothing more than a receptacle for his cock, shower water pouring down on me, sluicing away the last of the paint and soap as Freschetti fucked me, quick and hard. I heard one of the cheerleaders wailing as she, presumably, got the same treatment I was getting. I joined in, turning her cries into a duet as I came, and I felt Freschetti spraying my cunt with his cum before he withdrew.

“Come one, let’s get her out of here and on the table,” someone suggested, and I was swept out of the steaming shower room into the cold, drafty locker room, then into another space that smelled of liniment.

“Cold!” I protested, and towels were roughly rubbing me down, drying me, making my skin tingle.

How strange that they’d be that considerate, I thought!

I was put on some sort of a table. I stared at the ceiling with its fluorescent lights, deliberately not seeing the eager, ravenous faces staring down at my naked, accessible body, aware of the hands all over my bare flesh. Hands pinched and squeezed my tits, stroked my thighs, my ribs, my legs. My legs where being spread in a vee, and with no warning, another cock sank into my already sodden cunt.

I tried to imagine it was Carl doing this to me; an attempt at fidelity of a sort, I guess, but it didn’t work.

Someone turned my head, and a cock was presented to my mouth. I willingly accepted it and sucked on it as he fucked my face. I gagged a little at first, but soon learned to suppress that, tasting this anonymous meat as it stroked my tongue, filled my head with its musky scent. He didn’t last long and I choked at first, then managed to gulp his hot, salty cum down, even as some spilled from my lips, drooling down my face. The cock in my cunt spasmed and I felt hot semen filling me. Then that cock was gone and another replaced it before I could twitch, and my mouth was filled again as well, this cock shorter, fatter, wiry hairs tickling my nose with every stroke.

I was cumming, too, I think. It’s hard to remember. I felt so totally detached from it all. My mind just went somewhere else, I guess, trying to escape. I wasn’t hurting, or scared, I just wasn’t really there as they used my body for their pleasure.

But the scary thing is, my body was enjoying it, and some of that was spilling into my consciousness. My body was ablaze, reacting with pure animal pleasure to this mating orgy. I was cumming, endless waves of orgasmic pleasure bathing me until my muscles were too exhausted to contract with their orgasmic pulsations and just sort of relaxed into a flaccid state of happy acceptance.

After uncounted cocks in my cunt I was empty for a moment, and then my legs were pressed further up, folding me, and I felt something poking at my asshole. I tried to summon some resistance, but couldn’t, and my body accepted, even seemed to welcome the intrusion as my virgin ass was plundered, and a new wave of perverted pleasure ravaged whatever conscience I had left.

My mouth accepted cock after cock, too, sucking down hot, salty loads. I felt hot spatters on my naked tits and belly and realized some of them must even be masturbating over me, spraying me with their cum.

I couldn’t help thinking that I was going to need another shower, and I would have giggled if my mouth hadn’t been full of cock. As it was it was all I could do to keep breathing.

And somewhere, way back in the little corner of my mind that was still sane, a voice kept asking, “What have I done? What have I done? What have I done?”

Eventually it ended, of course, and my mind returned from that never-never land it had fled to, and I knew full well what I had done, and that I had done it willingly. I was being helped off the table, aware of aches and bruises, cum drying sticky on my breasts and belly, oozing from my swamped pussy and ass, crusty on my cheeks and around my mouth. My pussy felt raw, my rectum ached and my throat was sore.

“Come on, Beth, let’s get you cleaned up.” It was the cheerleaders helping me. If I looked as used as they did I must have been a real sight!

“Thanks,” I responded, grateful for their support, my legs rubbery.

I was aware of a few looks from football players pulling on their clothes as we made our way from the train ring room through the locker area to the showers. For a long time I just stood under the hot spray, letting it steam the aches out of me as it sluiced away the evidence of my debauchery.

Eventually, with the help of the cheerleaders, I was reasonably presentable. I’d even washed inside, courtesy of a nozzle on a flexible hose, flushing about a gallon of cum from my tender cunt.

“Thanks, you guys,” I said to the cheerleaders. “If it hadn’t been for you - well, I’m not sure I would have survived that!”

One of them giggled. “It’s our pleasure.”

“You guys are okay!” I told them, no longer seeing them as the mindless bimbos I’d thought they were.

“So are you, Beth,” the non-giggly one said - Alice, her name was, I remembered. “Any time you want to try out for the squad, you’re more than welcome.”

I was flattered. “Thanks, but I don’t really think I have the qualifications,” I admitted as I stood before them, drying myself off.

Alice looked a little frustrated. “It takes something other than big tits, you know!”

“Oh! I’m sorry, that’s not what I meant,” I assured her hastily.

“Well, you can sure take it in the sex department,” the other one pointed out.

“Thanks,” I answered, blushing, “but it takes more than that, too. Your routines are - well, they’re more than I can handle, all those lifts and flips and stuff! You guys are awesome!”

They looked pleased. “Thanks!”

The noise in the locker room had faded. “It sounds like the animals have left,” Alice observed. “Ready to go?”

I shook my head. “You guys go ahead. I want to - well, I need to settle my nerves a bit.”

I really was afraid of what I’d face when I left. What was Carl thinking? And what about my family?

I was left with only a dripping shower to keep me company. Someone had left a comb by one of the sinks and I used it to sort out my de-moussed hair. The dye job had survived, of course, so I still had scarlet and gold stripes running from my forehead to the nape of my neck. I was going to look pretty weird for the next month or two while it grew out.

“Finchy? Uh - I mean, Beth?”

I froze at the sight of Freschetti in the doorway. He was dressed.

“You’re okay,” he told me. “You’re aces with me!”

I felt a little teary eyed at the change in him. Coming from him that was high praise. “Thanks. You’re okay, too, Freschetti.”

“Thanks.” He gave me little wave, and disappeared, and I went back to untangling my hair, and my feelings.

“Hi!”

I froze at the sound of Carl’s voice, then resumed combing my hair. “Hi,” I said softly, my heart beating fast, conscious of my unpainted nudity, noticing how my raised arms lifted my shy breasts. There were shadowy bruises on their soft whiteness and my nipples were tender, inflamed.

“Are you okay?” he asked, moving closer, but still holding back.

I nodded, not meeting his eyes in the mirror. “Yeah.”

Then I couldn’t take it any longer and turned to him and practically threw myself at him, clinging to him, burying my cheek against his chest, hearing the thump-thump thump-thump of his heart. For a moment my own heart stopped as he hesitated, then his arms went around me, wrapping my naked body up against him, squeezing me tight, tight, tight!

For a long time we just clung to each other, his hands stroking my naked back as I savored his strength, immersing myself in the scent of him, the feel of his body against mine, the sound of his heartbeat.

“Now you can say it,” I said softly, my heart fluttering. “Now you can say it.”

Did he know what I meant? I held my breath.

“I love you,” he said softly.

He knew what I meant! I felt ashamed for ever doubting him.

“I love you, Beth Finch,” he said, kissing the top of my head as he cuddled me. “I love you, I love you, I love you.”

I blinked back tears of joy and relief as I squeezed him tighter than ever. Even after all this he could say it, and I could tell that he meant it.

“I love you, too. But right now I’m too tired and sore to prove to you how much.”

He chuckled, and gave me a squeeze, and we kissed tenderly. “We have plenty of time to show each other that later,” he assured me. “Now, let’s get you home.”

Arms around each other we pushed out into the late afternoon sunlight, my bare body as close against his clothed one as I could get.

“Will you come to church with me tomorrow?” I asked. “I - I’ll be naked.”

He gave me a squeeze. “What time should I get there?”

I gave him a squeeze back. “Come to my house about 8:30. And could you wear your jacket and tie?”

“Of course.”

Beth Naked in School 12/12

Sunday

I know people go to church these days in tee shirts, jeans, everything but tank tops and hot pants, but that is not the way it is in our family. Daddy always wears a tie and either a conservative sports jacket or, more usually, a suit.

Today it was his best suit, with a very distinguished necktie.

Very “Regis Philbin,” if you know what I mean.

My brother, of course, was fully aware of the Uniform of the Day, so he was appropriately garbed as well in a very nice blazer and sharply creased gray slacks, a nice tie in a regimental stripe. Very “Joe College.”

Mom always wears a nice dress, a little jewelry, and just a touch of makeup (but no perfume - the church is a “no-scents” zone out of respect for the choir’s bronchial passages). Today it was a conservative gray dress, stockings, a little hat, and her usual low heels. Oh, and a strand of pearls.

As requested, Carl arrived at our door in his best suit - a little small for him, since he’d grown a tad, but he looked very handsome. Distinguished even, though the collar of his shirt was a weensy bit tight.

I stood on my tip-toes to straighten his tie. Why is it guys can never get their ties straight?

He was so handsome!

And there I was in my altogether! Talk about “under-dressed!” I was wearing my little gold cross, eye glasses, and low heeled pumps to protect my feet, my toes protesting every step, of course. I clutched a purse with my reading and some notes in it, and a dollar for the collection plate.

My shoes told me, though, that I really have got to quit being a slave to fashion at the cost of my health! After a week of nakedness I’d developed a real appreciation of not wearing clothes, I tell you! Really, you should try it! You feel, well, so free!

We all piled into the car, daddy driving, mom as co-pilot. I was sandwiched in the middle of the back seat, with my brother on one side of me and Carl on the other, virtually invisible from the street as we headed off. I peered out, wondering what people would think if they knew I was going to church naked.

I confess, I tingled at the thought myself, and my breath got shorter and my palms sweatier with every passing block.

I was almost a wreck by the time we arrived and daddy pulled into the parking lot. All around us were other church-goers - we have a very popular church - most making at least an attempt at a Sunday Finest. Little girls were in cute ruffled dresses, little boys wore jackets and ties. They looked so cute!

It looked to be a bigger crowd than usual, even. I wondered if somehow the word had gotten out on how I was going to be attired or, rather, not attired.

Daddy opened his door and I felt the breeze on my breasts, and thighs. Oh God! I was soooooo naked! Steeling myself, I let Carl help me out of the car, trying not to display my - uh - more intimate parts any more than I had to as I did.

As mom straightened her skirt, and Carl dusted off his lapel, I blushed. I blushed from top to toe, from fore to aft. My courage almost deserted me, until my family closed in around me supportively, forming a cordon of sorts.

Carl was to my right, Johnny to my left. I hesitated, and let daddy and mom lead the way, while we brought up the rear.

Not that it helped much. Okay, people in front of us were unaware of my revealing state, but those behind certainly were fully cognizant of my bare butt. How could they not be?

And by the way, I’ve been told, on good authority - well, okay, Carl is admittedly prejudiced - that I have a very nice butt.

The occasional twinges I felt reminded me that my butt had also been favorably reviewed by the football team in the locker room the afternoon before as well and gotten, oh, I’d say a four cock rating, at least.

Considering the workout I’d had the day before I was in pretty good shape. I ached and had some soreness in - well, those places, of course. Touches of makeup here and there concealed the more embarrassing bruises.

I’d shaved again this morning, which was getting a little tiresome, especially considering the tender state of my pussy today, but I’d decided that stubble just was not appropriate. I’ll either have to cover up while it grows out, or keep shaving, I guess, if I’m going to do the naked bit from time to time.

Which I will. But more about that later.

Anyway, we had to break formation when we got to the church doors, so my nudity became obvious to everyone in very short order. I heard some gasps and comments, and tried to ignore them. One of the ushers almost dropped her stack of programs at the sight of me. Pastor Bill greeted me with a warm handshake and some words of encouragement. He’s a sweetie, very up-to-date, obviously.

Daddy marched us down to our usual place in the pews, about halfway down on the right of the center aisle. Because I was doing a reading I held back and settled on the aisle, with Carl next to me, and tried to calm myself, to absorb the tranquility and reverence that I found so comforting on Sunday mornings.

It was a little hard, because I couldn’t avoid hearing the rustling and stirring and talking as the word went around about me. Still, I managed as things settled down.

Oh, the church is pretty traditional, I guess. Nothing fancy, no big stone arches or anything.

The music director was on the organ, as usual, playing a nice prelude by Bach as the crowd got settled. The morning sun was filtering through the stained glass, painting patches of color on the wooden pews.

In spite of the music and the setting I was nervous, of course. Pastor Bill had assigned the first reading to me, and I reviewed it as it was printed in the program. He wanted me to say a little something about The Program after my reading, too, so I’d made some notes about that, too.

The cross bearer came down the aisle, leading the choir, the cantor and pastor Bill, and the service began.

It was the usual liturgy, beginning with the brief order of confession and forgiveness. As I dutifully recited the words, and then Pastor Bill forgave us our sins, I couldn’t help wondering how God himself felt about what I’d done over the past week. I guess I’ll just have to wait to find that out.

Then it was the opening hymn, and I was glad it was one I knew. The comments of the Marine yesterday were still with me, so I sang a little more boldly than I usually do.

“Please be seated,” Pastor Bill said, and my heart began to beat faster as I got up to give the first reading.

There was a bit of a stir as I made my way down the aisle, and I was conscious of the air touching me all over, of course. Everyone was looking at me.

I mounted the steps leading to the altar, and took my place at the lectern, putting my papers on it before I nervously cleared my throat.

Naturally I felt everyone’s eyes on me! What do you think??!! I was naked in front of the whole congregation! A couple of little kids were giggling and whispering until their parents’ shushed them. I took a deep breath, feeling my chest rise, feeling a touch of sunlight on my shoulder, the brush of the air from the ceiling fan on my nipples.

“The first reading is from the Book of Genesis, the first Chapter, verses 26 and 27,” I began nervously, remembering to speak up, “continuing with second chapter, verse 18.”

I drew another nervous breath.

“Then God said, ‘Let us make man in our image, in our likeness, and let them rule over the fish of the sea and the birds of the air, over the livestock, over all the earth, and over all the creatures that move along the ground.’

“So God created man in his own image,

in the image of God he created him;

male and female he created them.”

I drew a deep breath, feeling steadier every minute.

“Then, in Genesis, Chapter 2, beginning at verse 18:

“The Lord God said, ‘It is not good for the man to be alone. I will make a helper suitable for him.’”

My voice steadied more as I went on reading.

“Now the Lord God had formed out of the ground all the beasts of the field and all the birds of the air. He brought them to the man to see what he would name them; and whatever the man called each living creature, that was its name.

“So the man gave names to all the livestock, the birds of the air and all the beasts of the field.

But for Adam no suitable helper was found.

“So the Lord God caused the man to fall into a deep sleep; and while he was sleeping, He took one of the man’s ribs and closed up the place with flesh.

“Then the Lord God made a woman from the rib He had taken out of the man, and He brought her to the man.

“The man said, ‘This is now bone of my bones and flesh of my flesh; she shall be called woman, for she was taken out of man.’

“For this reason a man will leave his father and mother and be united to his wife, and they will become one flesh.

“The man and his wife were both naked, and they felt no shame.”

Setting the words of the reading aside, I felt surprisingly calm as I moved out from behind the lectern that half hid me from the congregation, stepping out where they all could see all of me, leaving my notes where I could reach them in case I screwed up.

“I am naked,” I announced, totally unnecessarily, I admit.

At this, my arms out from my sides a little, I turned slowly so they could see me from every angle - full frontal, with my breasts and shaven pussy exposed, my side, my back, my other side - all of me.

“I stand naked before you and before God. I have nothing to hide.

I am not ashamed. I am not ashamed because I am as He made me. Because, as it says in the first chapter of Genesis, God created me in His image.”

After taking a moment to glance I my notes, I went on.

“As many of you are probably aware, there is a program at Central High - we call it simply The Program - in which, each week, two students are selected from each grade, a boy and a girl, to attend school naked for that week.

“This past week was my week. I volunteered to do it, by the way. I asked my parents to have my name put on the list, and they agreed.

“Tomorrow I can choose to put my clothes on again, if I so wish.

“I admit, at first I was mortified to strip naked before entering the school. It was very hard for me to walk down the hallways and into my classes as you see me now. But I’d seen others do it, saw others doing it even as I was doing it, and I knew it was something that I had to do.

“Fortunately, I had the loving support of my family, my neighbors and friends, and the other students as well, and my boyfriend, Carl Walker, who had done it before I did. That is why I can stand before you today and say ‘I am not ashamed.’

“The bible says I was made in God’s image. How can I be ashamed if that is the case?

“Others will follow in my footsteps. You may encounter them on the street, in shops and stores and libraries - even in church - because part of the program involves community outreach so that everyone in the community can understand and become involved in The Program. I hope you will accept them, and respect their courage as we try to break down the barriers of ignorance and superstition that have generated so much misery in the form of sexual discrimination and harassment.

“We are all, men and women, as God made us, in His image. Nothing more and nothing less. How can His work be seen as anything but beautiful?

“Thank you.”

I began to step down to return to my pew, but was stopped by a smattering of applause that quickly spread through the congregation. Unsure of what to do, I hesitated, then offered a slight bow as I felt myself blushing, not because I was naked but simply because of the applause.

Then I returned to my seat, and Carl leaned close, giving me a soft kiss on the cheek. “Nicely done,” he said in my ear. Johnny and mom and daddy all congratulated me, too.

“Thanks,” I answered softly.

The rest of the service sort drifted past me after that. It was a day for communion, so I went up to the altar rail and received the wine and the wafer. As I knelt naked at the rail I felt more humble and, at the same time, more in touch with God than I ever had before.

And that pretty much is the story of my week naked in school, and out of it. It was an experience that changed my life in so many ways. I learned a great deal; to accept myself as I am for one thing.

I’ve come out of my shell. No more “shy Beth.” Thanks to the comment of the Marine I’ve joined the Glee Club and discovered that I really can sing. I think I’ll join the church choir, if they’ll have me, too.

I’m even going to audition for the next school play - they’re thinking of doing either “Hair” or “Oh! Calcutta!” and I know the nude scenes will not bother me.

I’m making some money, too, as a nude model for local artists and art classes, and Carl and I even pose together sometimes.

Oh, yes, Carl and I are still dating. He is such a sweetie! He never asks me what went on in that locker room after the football game. He just tells me he loves me! And I tell him I love him every chance I get, of course.

We might get married, someday, but that’s a long way in the future. After all, we have another year of high school, and then college, and I still want to be a doctor. I’m thinking OB-GYN, but I’m not certain of that yet, of course. Maybe I’ll be a urologist instead.

The football team went on to win the conference championship, but lost in the districts. They’re talking about making it to the state championships next year. Freschetti’s quit taking those stupid drugs and plays better than ever, and he’s even become a nice guy!

He’s still awfully hairy, but that’s okay. That’s just the way God made him.

Henry’s clay sculpture of me won a prize in an art exhibit, and some people asked to buy copies, so he’s supervising the making bronze castings of the piece (he’s promised me one), and someone who’s got more bucks than good sense is even talking about doing a life-sized casting of it that would be placed in the school courtyard!

Oh wow! I’d be on display for eternity!

And what else is there - oh, yes, I almost forgot. The Powers That Be approved our community service project. Carl and I are going to be demonstrators for the Middle School Sex Ed program! And Steph and I will also teach an alternative life styles course. Next week we’re going to be interviewing some gay guys to help us.

Oh wow!