**Karen Naked In School**

by Karen Wagner

MONDAY

When I got to school on Monday, it was a pretty normal day, I thought. I was wearing a red plaid dress and a white blouse. It was a pleasant enough day for mid-September; in the low 70s and partly cloudy. It was two weeks into my junior year. My name is Karen.

But when I got inside the front door, I had to push my way into a big crowd. I asked someone what was going on, but didn’t have time to listen to their answer. “Karen Wagner, right?” a guy said. I nodded, and he grabbed my arm and swept through the crowd with me. I didn’t know who he was, but he took me to the principal’s office. The principal met me at the door. The crowd was kept back a few feet from the door, but it was very loud.

I didn’t know him, I’d said “Hi” to him in the hallway, but I knew who he was, of course. I was surprised to find he knew who I was. “What’s going on?” I asked him. “Hmm. Yes.” He coughed, seeming a little nervous, but then smiled at me. “You’ve been selected, Miss Wagner.”

“For what?” I was mystified.

“We’ve had a change in policy for the school,” he told me. “We’re going to pick a few students each week. Here, this will explain further.” He handed me a pamphlet.

I glanced at it, then blushed; it had a picture of a nude man and woman on the cover. But the principal had given it to me... right in school... it seemed pretty weird.

“You can review that later,” he told me. “It explains a new program we have, where we will select a few students each week to attend school in the nude. You will not be permitted to wear any clothing this week during school hours, except shoes and socks if you wish. Could you please undress now?”

I blushed very hard. “You want me to... to take off my clothes... right here?”

“It’s a mandatory program for you, Miss Wagner. I can have a couple of gentlemen assist you if necessary to ensure your cooperation.” He glanced behind himself. There were a couple of burly men waiting there. “You have 2 minutes as of now.”

I didn’t have any choice, clearly. I gulped very hard and very nervously, but as quickly as I could manage, I started taking off my clothes. The crowd mostly cheered, aside from some of my best friends. No one stepped forward to help me.

One of the burly guys stepped forward and began picking up my clothes.

“Hey, where are you going with those?” I demanded wildly.

“You won’t be needing them,” he told me.

“You’ll get them back at the end of the day, Miss Wagner,” the principal told me. “Please come to school appropriately attired for the rest of this week.”

“B-but...” I was terrified! “You said I could have my shoes and socks!”

He nodded, and the burly man dropped them on the floor.

“Go ahead and put them on if you wish,” the principal told me, smiling, and I sat on a bench and did so. It didn’t help at all, I had goosebumps all over.

The principal looked at me unsympathetically. “There’s a list of the other special rules for you in the back of the booklet,” he told me. “Now, you’d better get to class. Have a nice week!”

I dashed to the bathroom first, just to get away from the crowd, and sat in there reading the pamphlet. I read it through several times, feeling dizzy about it. The program was actually approved by the school board and the state!

There was a list of rules, as the principal had mentioned. One was that I would be required to stay in public areas of the school, except for three bathroom breaks per day, of no more than 5 minutes. I’d have to use the boy’s locker room for gym class. I wasn’t allowed to cover myself with any type of clothing, books, a backpack, or even my hands during school; if I did so at any time, my hands could be tied or handcuffed behind me!

“Come out of the bathroom now, Karen,” the female assistant principal told me. I hastily flushed the toilet and came outside. Once again there were lots of cheers from the crowd of students. Including some of the girls.

I had to try to move through the crowd to get to class. It was hard, because it seemed like everyone wanted to stare at me. I finally got there, but I was 10 minutes late. A few others followed me into class.

“Hmm! I guess I can see the reason for the delay,” the teacher said. It was algebra. I took my seat, getting only a little relief from staring eyes. There were less people in class, but most of them spent most of the class looking at me. My chair felt cold on my bare bottom.

I read the brochure again during class. I had to cooperate with teachers who wanted to have me assist with instruction. That was going to come up in biology class, I was sure. I blushed, but read on. I was to consider myself on display for any student who wanted to examine me, and cooperate in letting them look me over.

“Karen!”

I jumped; the teacher was looking at me. “Yes, Mr. Dennison?”

“Come up here, please.”

I walked nervously to the front of the class.

“I was told we can have you help with classroom exercises.” He smiled at me, not unpleasantly, but as interested in my status as the other students.

“I guess so,” I nodded, blushing. I heard a few titters.

“We might as well, since everyone is looking at you anyway. Face the class, please.”

I did so. God, it was humiliating!

“Does anyone have any suggestions of an algebra problem involving Miss Wagner?” he asked.

Half the class raised their hands, and Mr. Dennison had me write all of their suggestions on the white board.

Calculate the volume of my breasts, and percentage of my total body mass Determine total mass of breasts among students in the school Number of hands which could feel my breasts, buttocks and inner thighs at once Coefficient of friction of my vagina Equations calculating how long it would take me to have sex with every boy in my grade, and in the school, based on different assumptions to be entered as variables Calculate distance from my lips to my throat, then based on statistics about penis sizes, determine how many boys in the school I could “deep throat”

The suggestions were getting more explicit. Finally Mr. Dennison stopped taking them, and told each student to work on the problems. I had to remain in front of the class, and he measured my body himself to provide the data for their equations.

Finally the class was over with. Again I had to venture into the hallway, where I was the subject of scrutiny as I struggled to pass through the crowd.

I found out there were 3 girls from each grade who were required to spend the week naked. The following week, a new group would be selected.

A couple of the girls were enjoying the attention quite a bit. One freshman girl, though, was even more freaked out than most of us, and had to be taken to the hospital. The word I head was that she’d have to complete the week like the rest of us, then serve another whole week later

on. Wow...

My next class was history. There wasn’t much the teacher could have me do in that class. She did sternly warn the other students that they were to pay attention to the class, and not to me. She also kindly moved me to the back of the classroom, so I got something of a break in her class.

My third class of the day was gym. We were in the pool, so I had to leave my shoes and socks in the men’s locker room, being jostled and ogled by the guys, then I had to go out to the pool, completely naked now. The teacher had us all doing strokes for the first half of the class, then as normal we had free time for the 2nd half, which meant we had 20 minutes to do whatever we wanted before we were to go shower and get ready for our next class.

During free time, I was chatting briefly with one of my friends, Cindy.

She was nervous because of all the attention I was getting from the guys, so she swam away from me. I started to swim away, too, but one of the guys caught me by the arm. His name was Mike. I didn’t know him very well.

“Hi,” I said nervously, but smiled at him anyway.

“How do you like running around naked?” Mike asked me.

I blushed. “It’s pretty embarrassing,” I told him. “It’s going to be a long week!”

He chuckled. “You’ve got a nice, pretty bare ass,” he said. “Would you mind pushing yourself up on the side of the pool so it’s above the water line, so a few of us can admire it?”

I blushed even harder. “I think you can see me fine without that!”

“I heard you have to do stuff like that, when requested to do so” he persisted.

“I thought so, too,” another guy said. “Hey! Mr. Roquette! Doesn’t she have to pose for people?”

The gym teacher swam over. “What did you want her to do?” he asked.

Mike explained briefly.

Mr. Roquette looked at me and sighed. “It’s tough getting used to all of this, isn’t it?” he asked me.

I nodded, embarrassed.

“I’m afraid you have to do it,” he told me. “You have to cooperate in any way anyone wants so they can look you over.”

I gulped, but pushed myself up on the side of the pool enough so my buttocks were out of the water.

“Hold yourself just like that, please!” Mike told me, chuckling. He and several other guys were right behind me. A few others stood in front of me, looking at my bare chest. I blushed, looking up at them, but remained in that position.

“That’s enough, I think,” Mr. Roquette told the boys, and also me. I was straining to stay as I was. I slid into the water, relieved; I was getting

pretty tired!

I got to swim around a little, then Mr. Roquette blew the whistle and we had to get out of the water. I had to go into the boy’s room and shower

with them; most of them took off their swimsuits and showed off their erections to me and to each other.

“Am I at least allowed to towel off?” I asked Mr. Roquette nervously.

He smiled. “I think so. Just don’t cover yourself for long with the towel.

I nodded and toweled off quickly, then borrowed a hairdryer and brushed my hair, with the guys watching me as they got dressed.

I put my shoes and socks back on, and stepped back into the hallway, feeling more nervous once again. The boy’s locker room was full of guys, but at least it wasn’t the whole school.

“Karen!” Mike pushed through the crowd to catch up to me.

I shivered a little. “What do you want me to do now?” I asked him nervously.

He grinned, a little embarrassed but shrugging it off easily. “I didn’t make the rules. I can walk with you to your next class if you like.”

I started to turn away, but he was about the only person who had talked to me all day. “Uh—all right,” I nodded. After a moment, I added a polite, “Thanks.”

He grinned again. “It might be me next week. Are you getting by all right?”

“Well... it is awfully embarrassing.” I blushed. “I don’t have a lot of choices about it.”

“I’m glad you had to do it. You’re very pretty, Karen!”

I glared and started to stomp off.

“Hey! Come on, would you rather I was sorry I get to see you without clothes? Be reasonable. A lot of girls will have to do it this year.

You’re the one I most would have wanted to see like this, that’s all.”

I stopped, still blushing hard. “I... sorry. It’s very difficult. I’ll try to be nice.”

“You’re always nice,” he told me. “Come on, let’s be friends.”

“All... right.” I smiled a little.

“I’m still going to enjoy looking at you, though,” he said cheerfully.

“I can’t stop you,” I sighed.

My next class was the one I’d been dreading the most; biology. As I expected, the teacher took the opportunity to discuss female physiology, using me as a model. She was young and pretty herself; the boys often asked her questions intended to embarrass her. She was good natured about it. Her name was Miss Hooker, which added to the fun.

“You might be interested in knowing that, during the course of the year, some of the teachers might be, uh, shall we say ‘invited’, to teach without clothing occasionally,” she told the class. “What a school system, huh?” She smiled, blushing a little herself.

The boys all began joking.

“We’ll use such opportunities for tests,” she added. “Study hard; you wouldn’t want to come up short on any of those questions, would you?” She grinned again.

Her attitude was impressive. But then, I assumed she’d never actually been in the position before; the position that I was now in; sitting on a stool, completely naked, in front of a class and having my body pointed at for a study aid.

She discussed secondary sex characteristics, pointing to my breasts, pubic hair, and others, and discussing them thoroughly. I was glad I’d shaved under my arms. At least one thing had gone right for me that day.

Finally the class was over with. It was lunch time. A group of my friends gathered around me and didn’t let anyone disturb me while I ate. It was the only real break I had that day. Of course, they questioned me in detail about my day, and how it felt to have to stay naked through school, and what I planned to do about the following day and the rest of the week.

“Somehow I don’t think they’ll let me just stay home sick for the rest of the week,” I said, and explained what I’d heard about the freshman girl.

“So you’re just going to do it?” Helen asked me. “Come to school naked all week?”

“I don’t have any choice at all,” I pointed out angrily. “None!”

After lunch, I had English class, then government. They went as the rest of the day had gone. My government teacher couldn’t keep his mind on

class, and kept making Freudian slips as he tried to watch me while teaching the subject.

Finally, it was the end of the day. I went to the office to ask for my clothing back.

“Ah, Miss Wagner. I kept hoping someone would send you in here for a spanking,” the principal joked.

I blushed. “I just want to get my clothing,” I said.

“Oh. Sure, of course. You will remember to leave it out of the school for tomorrow, won’t you?”

“Somehow I doubt if I’ll forget,” I said, and started to get dressed.

“You’ll have to go outside to do that,” he told me sharply. “Did you read your booklet at all?”

I blushed again. “Oops. Sorry.” I hurried out of his office and went outside into the parking lot. I sat down in the grass and took my shoes off so I could start getting dressed. Several students stopped and watched me do so.

MONDAY EVENING

When I got home, no one was there, as usual. I tried to do my homework, but it was hard to concentrate on it. What was I going to tell my parents? “Hi, Mom, Hi, Dad, I spent the whole day at school bare naked. How was your day?” My dad was pretty conservative... so was my mom, for that matter.

So by dinner time, I hadn’t said anything about it. When we sat down at the table, I had decided not to bring it up because I didn’t know what to say.

“You seem quiet tonight, Karen,” my mother said. “Are you feeling okay?”

“I’m fine,” I told her. My little brother Jimmy, who was 13, chattered away about sports, and my dad talked to him, so that got us through dinner.

When we were done eating, I went to my room claiming I had schoolwork to do. A short time later, there was a knock on my door and my mother came in, followed by my dad. They closed the door.

“What’s wrong?” my dad asked in his firm but friendly way.

“Oh, Daddy!” I leapt over at him, and he hugged me and held me. “When I got to school, the principal made me strip naked, and I had to go to all my classes without my clothes on!” I blurted out, sobbing.

He held me for a while, until I settled down, then he had me explain what had happened. I was shocked when I glimpsed his face; he didn’t seem upset at all!

“I know,” he told me. “We—your mother and I—asked that you be signed up for it. We thought it would be a good experience for you.”

I couldn’t believe what he was saying! I looked at my mother, and she was nodding!

“Settle down and listen to what we have to say,” Dad continued.

“You had... you asked...” I was gasping.

“Do you want to hear about it?” he asked me.

“No!” I said wildly. “No, I want you to get me out of it!”

“That’s not going to happen, dear,” my mother said soothingly. “Listen to your father, please.”

I didn’t really want to, but finally, after several deep breaths, I sat down again and listened numbly.

They thought I was too shy, they told me. Not adaptable enough. And the world was changing. When the state law was being considered, they had investigated it and surprised themselves when they discussed it; they were both in favor of it. It wouldn’t hurt me at all to loosen up, break out of my mold, and try something adventurous for a change.

“We’re in favor of it, dear. You’ll have to give it a try this week. We might sign you up for it again later on, too,” my mother said, smiling at me. “Would you like me to drive you to school tomorrow?”

“No!” I said angrily. “I’ll just enjoy the experience again of stripping in front of hundreds of people, right outside the school!”

They left after that, and I didn’t see them again until they wished me goodnight.

TUESDAY

When I got up in the morning, I tried to think of a way to get out of going to school. Then I remembered that freshman girl. I showered, then nervously picked out some clothes that I could remove without much fuss. I wore blue sweat pants that unzipped at the bottom, and a pink short sleeved sweat shirt.

I walked to school, avoiding the other students. Even going to school, I felt awfully conspicuous.

I went to the main entrance. There was an old mailbox there, with a sign above it, “For use by nude students”. Several guys were hanging around there. I had arrived early, hoping to avoid the large crowd from yesterday. It would be better to undress in front of a small crowd and then go inside, I thought.

The guys were watching me and grinning. When I turned around, I heard comments. “I think she’s going to do it now!” “She’s got a great body, doesn’t she?” “Best tits in school!” “She looks scared!” “Yeah, she’s shy.

Makes it cute to watch her.”

I was very nervous, and took a couple of deep breaths, wiping my hands on my pants. If I didn’t want to strip in front of a crowd, though, I had to go ahead pretty soon, though. I gulped hard and faced against a wall, and kicked off my shoes. Then I hurriedly pulled off my shirt and then pushed my pants down and off, my face blazing, and dropped my clothes into the box. I was wearing nothing but socks! I went back and got my shoes on, then rushed to the door to go inside.

It was locked! The school door didn’t open for students until 15 minutes before classes began. I couldn’t go in for another 10 or 15 minutes!

I went back over to the box, hoping to get my clothes back, but the box was locked.

I cringed, looked at the guys. They were grinning, having a great time watching me.

“I thought I’d be able to go inside,” I said feebly.

“So what’s the big deal?” one of the guys asked me.

“Now I have to stand out here, bare naked, until the doors open!” I cried out angrily.

“So? You’re going to do it all day anyway,” he said reasonably.

I stared.

“We’re getting a few minutes of a private show. It’s not that big of a deal, compared to the whole rest of the day. Is it?”

“I guess not,” I admitted slowly. “I didn’t expect it, though!”

He smiled. “We’re not going to hurt you, we’re just going to enjoy watching you. Okay?”

I shrugged helplessly, and braced myself to wait outside with them for the school doors to open.

“Mind if I talk to you?” one of the boys asked me.

I shook my head.

“I’m Dennis,” he introduced himself. “You’re Karen Wagner, I know.”

I nodded, blushing a little. “Nice to meet you, Dennis.”

“It’s nice to meet you!” He smiled, and we chatted about the ordeal the school was making me go through.

The principal opened the door. “Ah, some eager students, I see,” he smiled.

I dashed into the building, with the guys right behind me. A school bus was just pulling up to the door to let out a load of students.

“Miss Wagner?” the principal called, and I stopped reluctantly.

“I see you’re ready for school today,” he observed.

I blushed. “I don’t have any choice about it,” I reminded him.

He nodded and smiled. “That’s true. But I wanted to ask you to be as cheerful and open as you can today. It’s a treat for all of us to have such a pretty girl going naked around the school, but it’s absolutely wonderful when you smile, and are friendly and nice. Will you try?”

I swallowed. “I’ll... do my best,” I told him nervously.

“Great. Thanks!”

Dozens of students were streaming past by then. So much for my plan to get into my classroom before being exposed to everyone in the whole school.

“Remember to let people look at you,” he reminded me. “Show me a nice pose right now, please.”

I gulped, but nervously set my feet apart, then intertwined my hands together behind my head, thrusting my chest out.

He smiled. “That’s nice!” He looked me over for a couple of minutes. “Try this one, too. Keep your feet apart, but bend your knees and put your hands on them, bending forward a little.”

I did as he directed me. “Like this?” I asked.

He nodded. “Turn around now.”

I did so.

“Stay still,” he said, and I obeyed. “Hmm, yes, that’s good. It gives people a chance to look over your fanny.”

I stayed still, but felt nervous. I couldn’t see behind me. Someone could grab me from behind, and I wouldn’t even know who it was!

Finally, the principal chuckled. “That’s enough for now, Karen. You’d better get to class.”

I hurried down the hallway, and got to my algebra class just as the bell was ringing, and went to my seat.

“Did everyone do their homework?” Mr. Dennison asked. “I didn’t expect you would, of course, Karen,” he told me, but everyone else had. “Why don’t you come up here, and you can work the problems on the board, with the help of the class.”

He had me write each problem on the board, then answer it by writing an equation that solved it. I made repeated mistakes. The class chuckled as I calculated my breast size to be 78% of my body, the total breasts in the school to weigh more than the moon, and 94 hands to be able to explore my body at a time. I had to make corrections according to the instructions from the other students. I did better on the other questions, though the subjects were all humiliating to me. I blushed all the way through class.

History class, once again, was really a relief, as the teacher was sympathetic to me. Once again, she let me sit in the back of the classroom, and didn’t call on me to answer any questions.

I ventured into the hallway, very nervously, and hurried to my next class, which was gym. I almost went into the girl’s locker room, but then remembered I was supposed to use the guy’s. I sighed and went in nervously.

We were doing tumbling that day, so I had to leave my jewelry in a locker.

Several of the guys were just getting changed into their gym clothes.

One guy, Pete, grinned at me. “Not much changing to do for you, is there?”

“Not much, no,” I said, smiling timidly, and hurried out to the gym.

Mr. Roquette was the only one there when I got there. “Hi, Karen!” he smiled. “You’ve had some background in gymnastics and tumbling, haven’t you?”

I nodded. I smiled, too. He was nice. “I had classes up through middle school.”

“Would you mind helping out with demonstrations today?” he asked. “I was going to ask you even before this week,” he added, blulshing slightly.

“But now... I’m really sure we’d have an attentive class if you would help me.”

I nodded, blushing. “I’ll help,” I agreed. “I—I have to be naked anyway,” I told him self-consciously.

The boys were starting to come out of the locker room, then a little later, the girls, too. We did some stretching exercises, then we all had to run around the gym a couple of times.

Mr. Roquette used me to demonstrate basic tumbling, then asked me to help out some of the boys who were struggling. They liked that pretty well... I don’t think it helped them a lot; they seemed to get more clumsy. They were looking at me, more than paying attention to their tumbling.

At the end of the class, Mr. Roquette and I demonstrated some assisted gymnastics tricks. It was the most fun I’d had in school since I had to take off my clothes.

Finally we reached the end of class. I left my shoes and socks in by my locker, then went back to shower amidst the boys. They were all naked this time, and teasing each other about their hard-ons. I had to remain in the shower room until they were all done. They took turns requiring me to stand in different poses under the shower.

“Can you smile for us too?” a guy asked me.

“I’ll... try.” I did try; I was awfully nervous and uncomfortable in the showers with all the guys, but I made myself smile at them as I stood in different poses and lathered myself in soap several times.

When the guys were all done showering, I went into the locker room and rapidly toweled off. “Keep smiling!” a couple of the guys suggested, grinning.

I did manage to smile as I dried my hair and brushed it, facing them and with them staring at me. I put on my necklace, earrings and bracelet, then my socks and shoes, and smiled at them again. “See you guys later!” I told the ones who were left.

“You’re getting used to it a little,” Mike said. He’d waited for me outside the door.

I jumped, he’d surprised me, but then took a breath. “I guess so, a little,” I nodded. “I’ll still be glad when this week is over with!”

“Not me,” he teased, chuckling. “Sorry; I just like you like that.”

I blushed, but then giggled a little. “You can look, definitely, and I guess if you can do that, it’s better if you like what you see.”

He grinned again. “You are getting used to it!”

He was right! I found myself smiling a lot more through the rest of the day. I blushed just as much, but was getting more able to cope.

My next class was biology. Once again, Miss Hooker asked me to come to the front of the class and had me sit on the high stool, facing the class.

“Take off your shoes and socks, too, please,” she told me, smiling. “You can spend this class period fully bare, don’t you think?”

I blushed but nodded and took off my shoes and socks. I sat looking toward the class.

“Move your knees apart!” one of the guys suggested.

I did so, blushing uncomfortably, and several guys grinned.

“Do you feel horny sitting there like that?” the same guy asked me.

“Mostly I feel exposed and embarrassed,” I told him after a moment of thought. “And a little chilly,” I added. The class laughed at that one.

“But are you sexually aroused by going around the school naked, and by sitting in front of a whole class in the nude?” Miss Hooker insisted cheerfully.

I blushed harder. “Yes!” I admitted. “Yesterday... well, I come here after gym class, where I have to shower with all the guys. Then sitting up here and being the model for a discussion of sex ed...”

The class tittered.

“It’s perfectly natural,” Miss Hooker explained to the class. “While the specific factors which affect Karen are societally influenced, her reactions to them are built in to her, and all women, through evolution. A creationist might say they are designed for human women by God. The discomfort of shame is a societal influence, but the arousal she is experiencing as a result of it, and of her own exposure and helplessness, is a basic human instinct. Research during recent years has filtered down to the local school district level, including our own, and is now affecting policy. It affects your lives, as well, and this demonstration will help all of you to use that research.”

Was she saying I didn’t have to be ashamed about my arousal? That was fine for her to tell the class, but they were judging me—and I was judging myself—based on societal pressures, not research.

“How do the boys in class feel about her right now?” Miss Hooker asked.

“I’d wager if I were to expose all of your groins, I’d see some arousal among the boys, too.”

Several of the boys were nodding, and a few were blushing.

She grinned. “It’s all part of nature,” she told the class. “If you learn to appreciate it, you’ll be happier in your lives. If you boys spend some time being nice to Karen this week, and she finds you individually attractive, and circumstances permit, it is possible the result would be a mutually beneficial and enjoyable relationship.”

She continued through the class, discussing sex and reproduction issues in explicit terms, using me to illustrate her comments.

“All right, class is dismissed,” she said as the bell rang.

“We’ll practice what we learned. Thanks!” one of the boys said, grinning,

as he walked out the door.

I sat on a chair and put my shoes and socks back on, then headed to the lunch room.

“Can we join you?” a couple of the boys from biology class asked me.

I didn’t know them. “I... I’d really just like a break for lunch time,” I declined shyly. “I don’t even know you two.”

“I’m Jeff, he’s Rick,” one of them said, smiling easily.

“And you want to be nice to me because Miss Hooker suggested it might be an easy way to get laid, right?” I said accusingly.

“Well... yes, that’s right,” Rick nodded, hanging his head a little. “We won’t bother you any more, Karen. Come on, Jeff.” He started walking away.

Jeff hesitated a moment, then followed him.

I bit my lip. “Hey... wait a minute!” I called out, blushing, and hurried to catch up to them. At least they were honest. I felt like I could use a friend or two right then. “I’ll have lunch with you if you want!”

We went through the lunch line, then sat at a table. The guys sat across from me.

“It must be kind of hard to admit to a whole class that you’re horny,”

Jeff said. “Does it bother you to have to do stuff like that?”

“It’s pretty embarrassing,” I admitted. “The whole week is going to be embarrassing!”

“I heard you have to shower in the guy’s locker room after gym,” Rick said.

“That’s true.” I took a bite of my ham sandwich. I wasn’t very hungry, but thought I’d better eat something.

“Do they... touch you?”

I blushed again. “No, they just watch, and make me pose for them in the shower.”

“Would you like to be touched by the guys watching you take a shower?”

Jeff asked me teasingly.

I looked at him nervously.

“You said it made you horny,” he shrugged. “Miss Hooker said that was a normal reaction to those circumstances. Sexual arousal is pretty much defined as the desire to have sexual contact, wouldn’t you say? So if it makes you horny to have a bunch of guys watching you shower, you’d probably enjoy being touched.”

“Well, no, I...” I started to object.

“Tomorrow when you’re showering in front of the guys, think about how it would feel to have them just reach out and have their hands on your body” he suggested with a smile.

I blushed, but took another bite of my sandwich so I wouldn’t have to answer.

“What are the most difficult things you’ve had to do?” Rick asked me.

“Oh. I guess... taking off my clothes yesterday at first. Both days in biology were pretty hard.”

“What about the best parts? I hope it hasn’t all been miserable!”

“Well...” I tried to think about a positive side. “I guess... swimming in the pool was all right. I had a kind of nice conversation with a boy yesterday, after gym class.” I smiled a little. “It was very nice getting dressed at the end of the day yesterday, too.”

He chuckled. The guys were both done with their lunches, and I didn’t want any more of mine. Rick took our trays to the trash bin, then we all walked toward the cafeteria door.

“Karen... stay still for a minute, okay?” Rick told me. He moved close to me and pulled me against him, and gave me a hug. I was surprised, but it felt so nice... I hugged him back and buried my face in his shoulder. He didn’t pull away until I let go.

“T-thanks!” I told him. “I needed that.”

“Want another?” Jeff asked, and I nodded; he hugged me, too.

“Thanks...” I said, smiling at them. “Thanks to both of you!”

“So do we both get laid?” Jeff asked, then immediately added, “Just kidding!”

I giggled a little. I still had to face the crowded hallway, but I felt better than I had for the two tough days.

The two escorted me to English class, then left me so they could go to their own classes. Mrs. Thompson, who must have been nearing retirement age, looked at me a little disapprovingly as I took my seat. The others in the class looked at me, too. I sat quietly through English class, and was happy not to get called on for her class.

Finally, it was time to head to government class. Once again, Mr. Hansen, the young government teacher, didn’t do a very good job of concentrating on teaching; he was trying to look at me and also teach at the same time.

It didn’t work; the class tittered again and again as he kept making mistakes that turned into crude comments. He was sweating from embarrassment, and it was also difficult for me.

But finally the class was done. I hurried out of class and out to the front door where the box was where I’d been required to leave my clothes.

“Miss Wagner?” The principal called out, and I stopped at his office.

“How did today go?” he asked me.

“Oh... fine, mostly, I guess,” I said hurriedly. I wanted to go get dressed!

“Are you having a good time doing it?” he asked curiously. “We do want you to enjoy the experience, you know.”

“Well... no!” I told him, blushing and also astonished. “It’s awfully humiliating to be singled out to go through school with no clothes, Mr. Harrison!”

He looked at me thoughtfully. “Hmm. Well, Miss Wagner, I guess I’d say to you that no one promised any of us that life would be easy all of the time. The task of all of us, through our lives, is to learn to deal with problems and adversity, to succeed in addition to dealing with them, and to live good lives. I think this program will help you to do that. I call on you to find a way to make the situation into a positive, rather than concentrating on only the obvious negatives.”

I thought for a moment, struggling with whether to just ask to be excused.

“Positives?” I asked him finally. “What positives would those be?”

He looked surprised. “Well, for you personally, the main one is the opportunity to grow, I would think. Would you say you haven’t learned anything in the last couple of days? Anything at all? You don’t have to answer now. Think about that one.”

I shrugged slightly.

“Then there are the other students. I think they’re learning a lot from observing you. Most of the boys seem to be enjoying it a lot. It is worthwhile in itself to provide enjoyment for others, Miss Wagner.”

“I never expected the school system to require me to do it in this way,” I told him uncomfortably.

He shrugged. “You can come to enjoy it if you want to,” he stated matter of factly. “And if you don’t want to, no one can help you at all. I

suggest you think about that as well.”

“Can I go now?” I asked, kind of defiantly.

He nodded, and I hurried out the front door, and was relieved to finally get dressed.

I thought about it a lot after I got home, though. My parents... the school principal... all thought this was a good thing. It seemed like they had usually had my best interests in mind in the past!

It is hard for a teenager to admit that someone else knows more than she does. I knew that, intellectually, but it seemed like it was time to try to really apply it.

TUESDAY EVENING

When my parents got home, they came up to my room. “Got time to talk?” my dad asked.

“Yeah, come on in,” I said, and they both did.

We talked about it for a long time. It was an uncomfortable discussion for me, but I tried to listen and understand what they were telling me.

They didn’t think I should be so shy. They thought I should be proud of myself and my body. They thought it should be fun and exciting for me to spend a week in school in the nude, and wished I was enjoying it more.

“How about you, Mom?” I asked her pointedly. “How would you feel about doing the same thing at work?”

She blushed. “Oh. Well, that’s different,” she started out. Then she shook her head. “Not that different, I guess,” she admitted.

“Your mother will get her chance soon enough,” Dad said, smiling. She looked alarmed, but I could see she would ask him about it later on. I was also sure she’d do what he wanted.

We went downstairs for dinner, dropping the conversation. But I kept thinking about it, and so was quiet while we ate.

I asked a few further questions while Jimmy was doing the dishes.

“Do you think I should be running around naked outside of school?” I asked my dad.

He settled back in his chair. “Hmm. At home, of course, you can do what you want. You haven’t run around naked since you were a little girl, but you could if you wanted to.”

I nodded and desperately thought about how to phrase my question.

“Did he answer what you wanted to know, dear?” my mother asked.

I took a breath and shook my head.

“Go ahead,” she told me, smiling.

“What about... other places?” I managed, blushing. “School is very... public. Am I expected to give up my clothes in other public places?”

“Is that such a terrible thought?” she asked me. I sat stiffly and listened but didn’t say anything. “If it’s safe enough... if it seems like fun... it’ll surely make many young men happy to see you that way... so why not? Once in a while, anyway. Or whenever.”

“Also not so young men,” my father added. My mother smiled.

“How about... other things? Sex?” I asked. “Do you want me to be more promiscuous?” I blushed harder.

“Do you want to?” my father asked.

I shrugged nervously.

“Things have changed a lot in the last few years,” he told me. “I suggest you try lots of different things. Try everything you can. You’re young.”

My brother walked in about then. “Hey, what are you guys talking about?”

We evaded his question and changed the topic. After a while I went out for a walk, going down residential streets, then walking through the downtown.

According to my parents, I could just... take off my clothes and walk in the nude, right down the sidewalk on Main Street. I shied away from the idea, but walked along thinking about what I’d discussed with them.

I stopped in front of a store and gazed in the window looking at the bikinis, but really thinking about the unusual activities for the week.

After a few minutes, I turned and continued walking.

I wasn’t watching where I was going, and ran right into someone. We both fell on the sidewalk. I apologized profusely as I was getting up.

It was Mike, with whom I shared gym class. “Oh. Hi, Mike!” I said.

“I thought it was you. I just came across the street to say hello,” he said, smiling pleasantly. “It, uh... it’s different seeing you in clothes.”

I blushed, then giggled. “I guess so!”

“Mind if I join you?” he asked, and when I shook my head, he walked along with me. He was nice enough not to bring up nudity for a while. In fact, he bought me an ice cream sundae, then suggested an out of the way spot to go so I could enjoy it without worrying about other school mates harrassing me.

I unloaded on him. “I can’t believe this week in school!” I said. “My parents think it’s great, the principal told me I should think of it as a positive... it’s so humiliating for me, the one who actually has to do it, that I almost can’t stand it!”

He listened, and I complained about the situation at length. But about the 4th time I said it wasn’t fair, he shrugged. “I don’t think it’s quite that bad,” he told me seriously.

“You... don’t?” I felt kind of hostile toward him right then.

“Take it easy!” he cautioned me, then went on. “No, I don’t. You’ve very pretty. It’s not just me; everyone thinks so. What if you weren’t? Then it would be pretty bad. What if you were that freshman girl who was so terrified she had to go to a psychiatrist? She’s going to have to do it all over again another week, too. How about that? But she’ll be all right, too. She’ll get over her problem, and some day she’ll be glad she did it.

You’re fine right now, Karen. Not that I think it’s easy, for you or any of the girls; it’s clearly not. But you’re fine.”

I blushed again.

“Done with your ice cream?” I nodded, and he disposed of my cup.

We walked along a side street. He didn’t say anything, just walked along, looking around at cars going by, houses we were walking past, and trees.

“Mike?” I ventured tentatively. “I hope you’re not mad at me.”

He smiled, shaking his head. “I was hoping you weren’t mad at me,” he admitted. “I’m not the one who has to go to school with no clothes, after all.”

“My parents think I should... try it in other places as well,” I told Mike, blushing.

“Going bare?”

I nodded.

“Maybe it would help you be more comfortable when you have to take your clothes off for school,” he offered, looking at me cautiously.

“I guess... it’s legal for me to do it anywhere.” I blushed, looking at the street nervously.

“Yeah, they repealed the indecent exposure laws for girls and women,” Mike agreed conversationally.

I looked at him, reminding myself he’d seen me naked around school for the last couple of days, then took a deep breath and pulled my shirt over my head. I smiled weakly at him, but was committed; I dropped it on the sidewalk, then took off my bra. He was grinning at me, delighted. I kicked off my shoes, then slid my pants down and off, and finally, my underpants.

I sat on the ground and put my shoes on. “I guess I’m... getting bolder,” I jittered as I stood up, naked from my calves up.

He chuckled. “You’re amazing!” He looked me over. “Beautiful, too.”

I forced another smile. “Thanks...”

“Let’s just go for a walk for a little while,” he suggested. “Around the block, then if you really want to, you can get dressed again.”

“All right,” I agreed.

We strolled around the block. I felt very nervous every time a car came past. The first time, I started to jump behind some bushes, but Mike held onto my hand. “You’re not doing anything wrong!” he told me cheerfully, making me stay in full view of the car. It slowed down, then drove off, and Mike grinned at me.

Another car came by. “Wave at it!” he urged me. I didn’t, but I didn’t try to hide, either. I did wave at the next one, and giggled a little.

We finally got to my clothes. “One block is enough for tonight,” I told Mike apologetically, and hurriedly got dressed. He shrugged and grinned, watching me.

“Did you have a little fun with it?” he asked.

“Some,” I admitted. It seemed a lot more tolerable now that I was dressed.

Nothing bad had happened at all.

WEDNESDAY

I got up in the morning and headed for the bathroom. I thought about my previous evening walk as I took my shower. I couldn’t believe I’d done it!

I put on blue jeans and a white t-shirt. I thought about not wearing a bra, but it seemed to me that, after a whole day being naked, I’d want all the clothes I usually wore.

I had breakfast, then walked to school. I wanted to arrive a little early, but didn’t intend to get caught outside like I did the day before. I was a little more relaxed going to school. The week still seemed like an ordeal, but I was determined not to get upset about it.

I got to school before any of the buses had arrived. There were more kids at the front door, but not a really big crowd. I could see the doors were open, as a few people were going in and out. I took a deep breath as I walked up to the clothing box.

“Are you going to take your clothes off now?” one of the guys asked eagerly.

“Hang on just a minute, please!” another of the guys called out. His name was Harold; I knew him in passing. I swallowed, he was getting out a camera! “I’d like to take some pictures of you for the yearbook,” he said.

“You know, while you undress.”

The principal came out just then.

“Do I have to let him take pictures of me?” I asked him, my ears burning.

“You’re going to be walking around in the nude all day, anyway, aren’t you, Miss Wagner?” he asked me. I nodded. “Everyone will see you doing it.

I don’t see how it could possibly hurt you to have pictures taken. Will it?”

“I... guess not,” I admitted, swallowing hard.

“I suggest you cooperate with him and help him.” He looked at my nervous face, then smiled. “I would think you’d want to be as nice as you can to everyone. I think you should enjoy the novel experience this week while you have the chance. Relax and have fun, Miss Wagner.”

“Will you work with me?” Harold asked. “Please?”

I looked over his shoulder. A bus full of kids were being dropped off. So much for avoiding the crowd. “All... right,” I agreed reluctantly.

“Mr. Harrison?” Harold said. “Can I have her put her clothes back on so she can take them off again for my pictures?”

The principal nodded. “That seems okay to me,” he granted.

“All right, Karen, are you ready? We’ll have to move right along here,” Harold said.

I nodded, wiping my hands on my pants. The principal directed the growing crowd of students back a little.

“Can you take off your shirt first, please? Face me and pull it right off,” Harold told me. I did it, blushing; around 30 people were watching,

and also Harold had already taken a few shots. “Smile if you can,” he sid.

I tried to force a smile. “That’s nice!” he said encouragingly. “Now drop the shirt, and take off your bra kind of slowly. No, look right at the camera...” I looked at the camera and reached back and unfastened my bra, and took it off. “Smile!” he reminded me, and I forced another smile.

“Put your shirt on now.” I did, feeling briefly relieved. “Smile again...

now slowly take it off. Good.. keep smiling... now throw it up in the air.” I did so, then caught it. “That’s great!” he said enthusiastically.

“Do it again?” I did, and he took more pictures of me.

More people were watching now. “Wave at the crowd,” he directed me. I timidly waved.

“You can put your shirt on again,” he told me. I did so as rapidly as I could, and smiled again, this time less forcedly. “Pull it up so we can see your chest,” he said, and I did. “Now you can pull it back down,” he told me.

“Let’s work on your bottom now,” he said. “Slowly slide your pants down, please.” I did as he asked, gradually lowering them all the way to my ankles. “Now do the same with your underwear.” I did that, too. “Pull up your underwear... now take off the pants... smile... good! Very, very good!” He grinned; the crowd was cheering.

“Can you very slowly take off your shirt now?” I did so, and he took several more pictures. “Wonderful!”

The bell rang, startling me, but it was the first bell. We had 10 minutes to get to our classes. “We’ll stop in a couple of minutes,” he told me. I nodded. “Slide your underpants down now... smile... that’s very pretty.

Step out of them.” I did and was naked again except for my shoes and socks. The crowd really cheered. I noticed there were closer to 100 people

now, and blushed hard.

“Put your pants on again, please,” Harold said. I did so, and he took several pictures of me topless. “Now slowly slide them down and off.

Smile!” he said. I tried to smile, and slowly lowered my pants again.

“Time to get to class,” the principal said.

I nodded, gulping, and put my clothes in the box while the crowd streamed into the school.

“Thanks for posing for me!” Harold said warmly. “It’s really nice of you to do that!”

“You’re... uh... welcome,” I said, a little confusedly. He opened the door for me, and then followed me inside.

“I’ll be taking candid pictures of you between classes,” he told me. “I’d really like to ask you to pose some more after school. Would you be willing to do that?”

I blushed nervously. “Why don’t you ask me later in the day, okay?” I hedged. I had no intention of posing any more, but didn’t want to just tell him ‘no’.

“All right, I will.” He smiled. “I’ll see you later,” he told me, and we both hurried to our classes.

Once again I had to work algebra problems on the board for Mr. Dennison. I had to turn and face the class, posing, while he discussed different problems, then write them on the board and solve them.

“You don’t seem to be trying very hard today, Karen,” Mr. Dennison said after I made mistakes on the first couple of problems. “You will find that, even if you get by mostly on your looks and pretty body, it will still help to have some background in mathematics.”

“I’m sorry!” I apologized meekly, blushing.

He had me work another problem on the board, and I got through it without making a mistake. Then I had to do another, and I goofed on that one.

“Wrong again,” Mr. Dennison growled. “Who would like to show Karen where she went wrong?”

Tim, a blushing red-headed boy, came up and, though he fumbled with the marker, he corrected my mistake.

“Thanks,” I said to him, smiling.

“Ask him what he’d like for his reward,” Mr. Dennison ordered me.

I blushed. “What reward would you like?” I asked him nervously.

“C-c-can you come and s-s-sit on m-m-my lap?” he stammered.

“Sit with him for 5 minutes,” Mr. Dennison told me.

I followed him to his desk and sat sideways on his lap as the class smirked. My left breast was right against his face.

“Don’t move,” Tim whispered, and unobtrusively licked my nipple! I shivered, but stayed still. He licked at me for the whole 5 minutes, while Mr. Dennison continued to discuss math.

“Come on back up here, Karen,” Mr. Dennison summoned me, and I moved away from Tim in relief.

“Now perhaps you’ll be paying more attention?” he smiled. “Let’s try another problem. Class, who would like to correct Karen if she’s still inattentive to the principles of algebra?”

All the guys volunteered. I felt very pressured, but managed to work a couple of problems correctly, which got me through the rest of class.

It was a relief to be done with algebra, and I hastily stepped out into the hallway. But then Harold spotted me and started clicking more pictures of me in the hallway. I had to pose for him—however he asked me to! He knew it, too.

“Can you put your hands up on top of your head for me?” he asked, grinning at me. I blushed furiously but stopped in the hallway and complied. He took a couple of shots. “Now can you move your feet further apart, please?” I did so. He took a few more pictures. “You look very pretty when you blush like that,” he chuckled. “Turn around, then very slowly bend forward until you can touch the ground with your hands. No, keep your feet apart.” He took a dozen shots while I did this. “Lean forward a little against the wall... good... now reach behind you and pull your buttocks open.”

Several students tittered. I felt ashamed, but the brochure had made it clear I had to comply with these kinds of requests.

“All right, you can go now, Karen,” he told me. “Thanks a lot!” I struggled to straighten up without falling over, then hurried to my history class.

The teacher decided to discuss the history of the women’s rights movement.

She started with the suffragettes and women getting the vote, then the women in the workplace movement and the sexual revolution, and the Title IX athletic rights movement. She said the brief sexual conservative movement at the end of the century was traceable to the AIDS problem, and explained the accompanying trend toward women considering themselves as different than men.

When the AIDS problem was solved, and other sexually transmitted diseases were also cured, the trend toward treating men and women differently still continued. One college started allowing the cheerleaders and pom pom girls to appear topless, then another required theirs to cheer in the nude.

Women’s professional sports competed in the nude, then as their popularity grew, so did collegiate sports. Women’s sports which had previously been ignored were now filling stadiums, bringing new emphasis to the schools, and making real professional women’s athletics profitable. Court trials failed to ban the practice, since it was bringing money and emphasis. Sex sells.

This spread into business. Young female executives made a much more significant impact when they left their clothes outside the board room, and used their advantages instead of demanding gender equality.

The Central University basketball program had had another losing season.

Attendance was down, another new coach had been brought in, the alumni were talking about discontinuing the program.

The captain of the cheerleaders had a meeting with the cheerleading coach, and then with the squad. Two of the seven cheerleaders quit; the rest made a new commitment.

They waited in the men’s locker room after practice, wearing their cheerleader skirts and shoes and socks, but nothing above the waist. Most of them were shy and nervous, but the head cheerleader stood in front of the basketball team, explaining her idea. After every victory, they’d cheer the next game topless. If the team had a winning record, won the conference championship or made it into the national championship tournament, there would be parties, sponsored by the cheerleaders.

After the team won their first home game, the cheerleaders tossed their shirts and bras to the players, and danced around the gym, dazzling the crowd. They cheered bare-breasted at the next two games, and the team went 3-0.

A court order forced them to resume full dress for the next couple of weeks, and the team went 1-3 during those two weeks. In a famous court decision, the cheerleaders, supported by a packed courtroom, after two days of arguments, were asked by the judge to remove their shirts and bras. All of them boldly did so. The judge gazed at them intently while the bailiff quieted the crowd, then announced his decision. “I see nothing obscene before me.”

Melanie knew her chances of getting the loan were not great, but she really wanted to start her new business, and get out of the dead-end job she’d been working at for the last 6 years. She had been turned down once, now she had a meeting with the bank’s loan committee.

She’d arrived 20 minutes early, and nervously watched the clock on the wall as the meeting drew closer. She had prepared documents showing her business plan, her credit worthiness (but it was a pretty large loan!), and proof that there was a market for what she wanted to do. She’d bought a new gray business dress and a sharp satin blouse to wear with it.

“The loan committee will be ready in five minutes,” the receptionist told her.

Melanie went to the bathroom for one last nervous check of her make-up.

Had she done everything possible? She’d studied the three men on the loan committee; she knew their names and something about each of them. She knew the bank’s history of granting loans.

She had a sudden, shocking thought. After a moment of indecision, thinking how devastated she’d be if she didn’t get the loan, she bit her lip and hurriedly unbuttoned her blouse, opened her bra, and unfastened her dress.

She left her shoes and panty hose on the floor, picked up her briefcase, and went past the startled receptionist and into the meeting room, stepping barefoot onto the plush carpet and boldly, but blushing, faced the committee men, nude, pretty and anxious.

She got the loan.

Bonnie saw the blue flashing lights behind her, and hoped they’d go away.

She continued on another block, but the police car stayed right behind her. She knew she’d been driving a little too fast.

She moved quickly, stuffing her bra in the glove box, and tossing her pants and shirt behind the back seat, then rolled down her window. When the police officer came up to the window and started to ask for her license, he stopped and stared at her instead. She blushed, humiliated, and blurted. “I’m sorry, officer; it’s just a nice evening and usually no one can see in and my clothes are all in the back of the car!”

The officer waved to his partner, who also stared at her for a minute.

“I guess we’d better let her go,” the first one said.

“I guess so,” the other agreed, shaking his head. “Drive more carefully, Miss.”

“As this trend continues, we’re seeing more and more programs such as the one Karen Wagner is participating in,” the teacher explained to the class.

“Parents and educators are trying to ensure the benefits are available to all students.”

When class was over, I stopped by her desk. “Thanks for the subject matter today,” I told her. “It helped me a lot!”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it, Karen.” She smiled at me, and I hurried off to gym class.

“Hang on a minute, Karen!” I heard, and stopped. It was Harold again.

“I have to get to gym class, Harold!” I protested.

“Gym? Terrific! I wanted to come to your gym class today and get some pictures of you in the shower and pool.” He grinned.

I blushed, but nodded, and he walked with me into the locker room. He took some pictures of me as I sat on the bench and removed my shoes and socks.

“We’ll be diving today,” Mr. Roquette told the class. I took my place in line. While the other students were practicing their dives, Harold took pictures of me waiting, then when it was my turn, he took more shots of me diving.

We each did a couple of dives from the low board, then one from the high dive. I stood on the end of the board for a minute for my first dive, posing for Harold. A couple of the other guys whistled. I waved, then did my dive. I got cheers for my other dives as well.

Then it was our free time, or more specifically, free time for the class.

Most of the guys gathered around me and required me to pose in front of them. I did so as cheerfully as I could. Harold took pictures of everything!

“Kneel, please, Karen,” one of them told me as I was stepping on the ladder to get out of the water.

I smiled boldly and dropped to my knees. “Sure!” I said pleasantly, voluntarily setting my knees apart. I put my hands behind my head and raised my elbows up high, also without being told, and exposed my bare body in front of the boys.

“Now stand up and bend over forward, and spread your butt cheeks apart,” another guy told me.

I blushed at that idea, but stood up quickly and did as he had directed me.

“Straighten up and hold your breasts up by the nipples,” another guy called out after a minute.

I did as he wanted. Each of the 11 guys in the class had me assume a different position, and I complied with every suggestion they gave me.

The teacher blew his whistle and we headed for the locker rooms.

“I’ll catch you later, Karen,” Harold said. “Maybe I can get you to take a shower by yourself for me to photograph. I think with so many, I’d wind up ruining my camera.”

“I’ll see you later, Harold!” I told him, blushing, glad to be away from his camera for a while.

I started taking a shower, watching the boys taking off their swimsuits.

Some of them were still a little nervous about undressing in front of me.

I giggled to myself; it was nice for the guys to be uncomfortable for once!

Suddenly I remembered what Jeff had suggested to me the day before, about imagining the guys reaching out for my body and touching me. I blushed suddenly.

“Hey, what caused that?” Mike asked me.

“N-nothing!” I protested. I didn’t have to explain my thoughts, thank goodness! I tried to think about something else, but couldn’t get my mind off Jeff’s suggestion! The guys were all staring at me.

“I think I made her horny!” one of the guys said, grinning.

“You’ve got a really nice nipple erection,” another explained helpfully.

Mike nodded.

“I’m sorry,” I said, blushing. “I have to get out of here!” I started rushing from the showers, intending to dash into the girl’s bathroom as quickly as I could.

“What’s the problem?” Mr. Roquette asked, coming into the shower from the pool.

“I have to go to the bathroom!” I explained hastily.

“She started to get aroused when we all came into the shower,” one of the guys told him.

“Oh.” Mr. Roquette caught my arm. “Stop, Karen. That’s normal enough under the circumstances. Go finish your shower.”

“But...” I began to protest, then stopped. What could I say? “Yes, sir,” I said meekly, and went back to the shower I’d been using.

The guys were all watching me very closely now. “Keep your feet apart, Karen!” one guy suggested. “Jiggle your tits for us, please!” “Raise your hands above your head.” I had to follow all of their suggestions about posing. As I did so, I kept thinking of what it would be like if I had to let them touch me however they wanted as well.

Finally, they had to get out of the shower and get dressed. I had to follow them into the locker room and towel off in front of them, but since I only had to put on my shoes and socks, I managed to get out of the locker room before most of them could do so.

I got to my biology class without seeing Harold, which was a relief. I took my seat on the stool in front of the class as I had the two days before, then shrugged and took off my shoes and socks and sat fully bare.

“Oh, how nice, you’re being more cooperative today.” Miss Hooker smiled as she closed the classroom door. “Did any of the boys in class try to be nice to you to see if they could interest you sexually?”

I blushed. “Um, yes, a couple of them tried.”

“And how did you respond?” she asked as the class looked at me eagerly.

“I... haven’t... had sex with anyone,” I told her, flustered, as the class tittered.

“Not yet,” she corrected me, smiling.

“Right.” I blushed again.

“Are you more aroused, or less aroused, today than yesterday?” she asked.

“More,” I admitted, gulping, thinking about the shower room.

“It’s perfectly natural,” she said reassuringly. “The sexual pressures on you are growing all the time.” She smiled. “I’m sure the boys are all paying attention!”

She continued her discussion of reproductive issues through the class session, while I posed in front of the class and served as a display model for her comments.

Finally, we got to the end of the class. “Tomorrow’s class should be interesting,” Miss Hooker promised cheerfully. “See you all tomorrow!”

I put my socks and shoes on as the rest of the class filed past. Rick and Jeff waited outside the door for me.

“Can we join you for lunch?” Rick asked.

“That sounds very nice,” I said, smiling, and we went to the cafeteria and ate. We each got a tray with our food, and sat down at an empty table.

As soon as we sat down, a couple of other guys tried to join us. “Could you leave us alone?” Jeff asked politely. “We’re trying to give the poor girl a break so she can eat.”

“I guess,” one of the guys said. “Come on, Eddie.”

“We just wanted a closer look at you,” Eddie explained to me. “We don’t have any classes together, and have only caught glimpses in the hallway.

We didn’t mean to bother you. Sorry!”

“It’s all right. Thank you for being so considerate!” I said smiling at him.

They moved to the next table over, and both of them stared at me.

“I tried what you suggested, in the boy’s shower,” I told Jeff, blushing.

“Once I started, I just could not stop! I got very horny and embarrassed.

All the guys really loved teasing me about my nipple erection.”

He grinned. “Think about us handling you all over,” he suggested. “I’d like to see that, too!”

I stuck out my tongue at him, then giggled and continued eating.

“How about if you were covered with mashed potatoes all over, and a bunch of guys were eating them off you?” Rick teased.

I wrinkled up my nose. “Yecch!”

“If someone said they wanted to see you like that... do you think you’d have to do it?” he asked.

I blushed suddenly. “I hope not. Please don’t try to find out!”

The guys both chuckled.

“Now will you think about us handling you all over so we can see your nipple erection?” Jeff asked. “After lunch, anyway?”

“What if I don’t?” I asked.

Rick winked.

I sighed. “All right,” I agreed reluctantly. “After lunch.”

They both grinned cheerfully, and finished eating as quickly as they could. We disposed of our trays, then went outside into the courtyard.

“You can do it here,” Jeff said.

“All right,” I nodded, looking around. There were several other students in the courtyard. I sighed; I didn’t imagine I’d be able to find a very private location.

The guys sat down on a bench, and I kicked off my shoes and socks, then stood in front of them. I blushed; I was bare naked. I looked boldly at their faces, then made myself smile, and moved my feet apart. I intertwined my fingers together behind my head, and thought about being so completely exposed in front of them. They could reach their hands out and fondle me, and I just had to let them do it. I blushed a little harder.

They could slide their fingers inside my vagina, or rub my bare buttocks if they wanted to. I forced myself to look at their faces, and to smile at them. I felt very warm and aroused.

They were both grinning at me. “Wow, that’s really wonderful!” Rick enthused.

Jeff grinned. “You look like you really want to do it!” he told me.

I nodded, blushing.

“Hi Karen!” someone said, and I gulped. It was Harold! He quickly snapped a few pictures of me like that, then dashed off, laughing.

I blushed harder, but couldn’t do anything about it. Jeff started to get up, but I shook my head. “Let him go, there’s nothing you can do, either.”

I gulped hard, watching him go.

It was time to get to class. I put my socks and shoes back on, and went back inside the school.

In English class, we had to write a poem for the first half of class. I wrote a little story poem about a girl who lost a bet and had to be a sex slave on weekends, and went from hating it the first weekend to to loving it by the end.

“Is everyone done writing their poem?” the teacher asked.

A few people shook their heads.

“How many people wrote something so embarrassing about sex that they don’t want anyone to see it?” the teacher asked.

My hand went up, along with about half the class. Then several other hands went up; most of the class.

She smiled. “That’s usually how it works with teenagers,” she said. “The only thing on your minds is sex with other teenagers, but you don’t want to talk about it with them.”

The class laughed.

“Did any of you write your names on your poems? If you did, scribble them out or tear that part of the page off, please,” she went on, then walked around collecting the papers from the students. Then she went back around the room, passing out the poems at random!

“Each of you will be reading aloud one of the poems written by another student,” she told us cheerfully. “Karen, you can go first.”

Each person had to stand in front of the class and read off someone’s poem. Everyone else in the class looked around at the others, trying to figure out who wrote which poem.

I had to read one from a guy. Most of us got poems written by the opposite gender.

I stood in front of the class, and started reading the poem, which started out with noble-sounding love remarks.

Her lips are sweet, she’s beautiful Her body soft but firm.

Then suddenly got less comfortable for me:

She walks all naked everywhere Her ass and nipples boldly bare Her sexuality, she dares to flaunt before those foul and fair

I stopped, blushing as I looked around at the class.

“Go on, Karen,” the teacher told me firmly.

I swallowed and nodded.

Karen Wagner, blond and sweet gives the guy’s gym class a treat naked from her head to feet she showers till they are all clean.

She’s timid but she’s still aroused with nipples firmly pushing out With her sweet smile and open brows I wish I had her in my house!

The class clapped and whistled, and I rushed back to my seat.

I sat and listened to the rest of the poems. Almost all of the ones written by guys were about me.

Finally, the class was over with, and I escaped into the hallway. I had just one more class to get through. It wasn’t too bad; it was government class.

I went into the classroom early. Mr. Hansen smiled broadly as I came in and took my seat. There were still a few minutes until the start of the next period.

“You’re looking nice today,” he told me.

“T-thanks,” I said, then forced a smile at him.

“I hope you don’t mind if I stare a little,” he said apologetically.

“Teaching school doesn’t prepare you for... for female students attending class in the nude.”

I blushed a little. “No one prepared me for it, either,” I told him, then gulped and decided to explain a little more to him. “Mr. Hansen... it’s...

it seems like everyone in the school has been staring at me all week! I have to let them do that. I’m not allowed to cover myself in any way, and

I have to pose for anyone who asks me to. However they ask me to, Mr. Hansen.” I blushed harder. “Also, I have to participate in class however I’m asked by a teacher.”

“Really.” He looked at me thoughtfully for a minute. “It’s not easy to see how I could ask you to participate in a government class,” he admitted.

“Not off the top of my head, anyway. But if you think of anything, you may volunteer if you wish.”

I was surprised he didn’t leap at the opportunity to use me in his class.

I smiled at him. “Thanks... I will!”

The other students filed in. I spent the class session trying to distract Mr. Hansen by smiling at him, stretching when he was looking in my direction, and fingering myself between my legs. He stumbled a couple of times, but overall did a much better job of teaching.

Finally, it was the end of the school day! I rushed out of class and headed for the front door, very anxious to get my clothes on.

“Hay! Karen!” It was Harold.

I groaned a little, but then turned toward him and smiled. “Hi, Harold!”

“Hi Karen!” He looked at me, a little uncertainly. “You were going to pose with me after school, right?”

I blushed. “Harold... it’s been an awfully long day... can’t we just...”

His face fell. “You don’t want to.” He looked down, then away. “Oh, all right.”

I sighed, relieved. “Thanks, Harold! I’m glad you understand!” I continued rushing toward the front of the school, then stopped and looked back.

“Harold?”

“Yeah?” He looked at me.

“You can take pictures while I get dressed,” I offered.

“Oh—that’s better than nothing. Thanks!” He smiled, following me.

“Don’t get dressed too fast, though, okay?”

“I’ll try to do it slowly,” I promised him.

I hurried outside the front door, and saw the other girls were already getting dressed.

“Miss Wagner?” It was the principal.

“Hi, Mr. Harrison!” I smiled at him.

“Harold there told me he planned to ask you to pose for him for a while after school. I see he’s with you.”

I nodded. “He’s going to take a few more pictures while I get dressed.

Please, can I have my clothes now?”

“Hmm. Well, now... he seemed to have something a little more extensive planned.” Mr. Harrison picked up my clothes and looked them over, then looked at me without handing them to me. “Actually I told him I’d help him by opening the football field and gym and such, so he could take pictures in different settings. Wouldn’t you be willing to cooperate for a while, Miss Wagner?”

I blushed hard. “I... uh...”

He smiled. “If you do just what he wants, I’m sure we can all be out of here in an hour. Then you can have your clothes back.”

“Actually, Mr. Harrison, I wanted to get more pictures of her taking them off and wearing just part of them,” Harold told him.

“I’m sure that will be just fine,” he nodded. “Where would you like to start, Harold?”

I didn’t get to object at all. Harold had his camera bag, and Mr. Harrison hung onto my clothes.

“Let’s start at the football field,” Harold said, smiling, and we walked over to it.

Harold had me stand right out on the field, and took several pictures, showing different angles of the field and of me. “Take off your shoes and socks,” he directed, and took more pictures while I was fully bare. Then more pictures under the scoreboard, still fully bare, and then running around in the stands.

He had me get dressed, then made me slowly strip in the stands while he took more pictures. I had to do it again from two other places in the

stands.

“Now let’s do the same thing in the end zone,” he suggested. “Then we’ll be done.”

I perked up quite a bit when he said that. I got dressed in the stands, then hurried down to the end zone to finish with the photo session. I tried to smile and be as cheerful as possible, and I cooperated as eagerly as I could with Harold’s directions. He grinned as he took pictures of me sliding my pants down, and gaily tossing my bra in the air, and dancing around under the goal post, bare naked.

“All right, Karen, that’s all,” he said finally.

“It is? I can get dressed now?” He nodded.

I had scattered my clothes around the end zone. I darted to my underpants, and started to put them on, but then giggled and decided to gather up all my clothes before getting dressed.

Harold watched me, grinning. “So you don’t really mind being naked all that much?” he remarked as I picked up my shirt.

I blushed. “It’s pretty embarrassing,” I told him. “Try having someone take your clothes away, and see!”

“But you’re relaxed about it it now,” he pointed out. “You still haven’t put anything on.”

“Oh!” I blushed again and finished picking up my clothes, then hurriedly put them on.

Harold grinned and walked back to the school. He offered me a ride home, but I declined; I didn’t mind walking, I explained. I hugged him, though.

There was no point in not being nice. I walked home smiling.

WEDNESDAY EVENING

I got home just before dinner.

“Did you have an interesting day today, dear?” my mother asked me.

I nodded, blushing. “This boy took a camera, and I had to pose for him before school while I undressed,” I told her. “Then the principal made me stay after school and pose naked for him on the football field!”

She smiled. “That sounds like good experience. Did you enjoy it?”

“Not much. It’s awfully humiliating.”

She put her arm around me. “I know, dear. But it’ll be good for you. Try to understand that, and learn as much as you can from doing it.”

“I’ll try, Mom.” I smiled at her.

“Dinner is in about 10 minutes,” she told me.

“I just have to run upstairs for a minute,” I called back to her.

I went up to my room, but Jimmy stopped me on the stairs. “I saw you after school,” he told me. “At least I thought it was you, walking out toward the football field with no clothes on.”

I blushed. I hadn’t been ready for this; I hadn’t decided how to deal with it with Jimmy.

“It was me,” I admitted. “Jimmy... come on upstairs.”

He followed me to my room, and I explained briefly about the week of nudity, and showed him the brochure the principal had given me.

He listened, then glanced at the brochure. “Some of the other kids in school told me, but it didn’t sound very likely to me,” he told me.

“Making girls go through school bare naked? You being selected, and then actually doing it?”

“I didn’t have much choice. I still don’t,” I told him.

He shrugged. “It’s all right. I believe you.” He grinned. “One of my teachers told two girls who were whispering to one another to come up to the front of the room and take off their shirts and pants. They both refused, and the teacher sent me to get the principal. He came right away,

and he made the girls both strip to their underwear right in class! Boy were they embarrassed. It was fun!”

“Then what happened?” I prompted him.

“Oh, they got their clothes back after class,” he told me.

“It doesn’t sound like it was fun for them!” I flared.

He shrugged and grinned. “I didn’t make them do it!”

“Dinner’s ready!” Mom called.

We went downstairs, and sat down to eat.

“Are you going to be naked at home, or just in school?” he asked me curiously.

“I explained to him what was going on,” I explained to Mom and Dad, blushing a little. Then I smiled at Jimmy. “I guess if I can do it all day in school, I can do it in the privacy of my own home!” I stood up and giggled a little, and took off my clothes, then sat down again to dinner.

“I guess the program at school is doing you some good,” Dad smiled.

“You’re not so shy any more, Karen.”

“I don’t want to get too comfortable, since I know I’ll have to face the school without my clothes again tomorrow,” I sighed. “I’m going to do it as cheerfully and openly as I can, though!” I vowed.

“Good girl!” he beamed.

After we finished eating, I got dressed again. “I’ll be back in a while, probably before dark,” I told my parents, and they waved as I left.

I walked down the street, then turned down another, then turned again, waving and smiling to people I passed and cars that went past me.

I’d decided to do something daring and risky on my own. I told myself I was just looking for the right place. Finally I decided to go ahead and pick a place. I saw a dead-end street and decided that would be it.

There was no one outside, I saw, and felt relieved. I hurried down to the end of the street, and looked around, then swallowed and took off all my clothes. I started to put my shoes on again, but giggled and took off my socks instead. I’d really go naked!

I looked for a place to put my clothes. I needed to find something quickly, and wanted something that wasn’t easily and safely accessible. I saw a pickup truck in a driveway, and tossed my clothes into the back of it, then ran until I got back to the cross street.

I turned right at the sidewalk, and nervously thought about how far I should go. 10 blocks? 5? I decided to add up the numbers of the address of the next house, and then add the result until I got a single digit number, and that’s how many blocks I’d have to go before I could turn around. I looked up anxiously and saw the address: 609. 6+9=15; 1+5=6; I had to go 6 blocks.

Six blocks sounded like a lot, once I got to the first street. I shivered and turned around, and started hurrying back.

A car pulled up next to me and stopped! I blushed hard.

“Karen!”

A guy got out from the driver’s side. It was Jeff! Rick got out from the passenger’s side. They were both grinning broadly.

“What are you doing?” Rick asked.

I took a deep, nervous breath. “Just... out walking.”

“Where are your clothes?” Rick asked.

“I left them in the back of a pickup truck,” I explained. “I’m going to get them back now.”

“If they’re still there. If the pickup truck is still there,” Jeff pointed out.

I blushed. I hadn’t thought of that!

“Would you like us to join you?” Rick asked.

“Um... okay,” I nodded nervously.

They both walked along with me, back to the pickup truck. It was still there!

I sighed in relief, then smiled gratefully when Jeff got my clothes for me. The boys watched me put them on, and we walked back toward their car.

“Are you interested in doing something else while naked?” Rick asked me directly.

I swallowed. “I was trying to think of something interesting and fun that I could do,” I admitted. “I thought of a few, but kept chickening out. I only tried to do the one that you... caught me doing, but I didn’t finish that, either.”

“But you’re interested?” he said. “How about if we come up with something, then you have to do it?”

“Or you could come up with your own idea, but let us enforce you doing it,” Jeff suggested.

I nodded slowly. “All... right. Let’s see what kind of ideas we can come up with. I’ll... do something.”

“I think you should take your clothes off while we talk, to make it more interesting for all of us,” Jeff suggested hopefully.

“Not here,” I declined hastily, eyeing the street, then blushed. The guys were grinning. I’d committed to stripping bare while we came up with a daring idea for me to do.

“How about at the park?” Rick suggested, still grinning, and I nodded.

We walked down to the park a block away. There was a picnic table in a small grove of trees. I headed over to it, and the guys followed. I looked around nervously; there were other people in the park, but none in that area.

“There’s nothing illegal about taking off your clothes,” Jeff told me with a big grin on his face.

“I know!” I snapped, then sighed. “Sorry,” I apologized.

The guys were still looking at me eagerly.

I looked around again, then removed my shoes and socks. I faced the guys and pulled my shirt over my head, then slid my pants down and off. I took off my bra, then removed my underpants, and stood naked in front of them.

Jeff picked them up. “We’ll keep these for you until you’re done with your next game,” he said.

“All right,” I agreed tensely. “What do you think I should do?”

“You could go for a walk until you’re at least 6 blocks from your clothes,” Jeff suggested. “Like you were going to do before, but now you’d actually have to do it.”

I blushed. “Okay, that’s one idea. I guess it’s kind of the default, if we don’t come up with anything else.”

“You could go streaking down Main Street,” Rick suggested. “You’d thrill a lot of people!”

“How about if I thrill a few less people?” I hedged uncomfortably.

“What are you thinking of?” Jeff asked.

I looked out from behind the trees to the rest of the park. “I could run around the edge of the park, naked,” I said, trembling nervously.

“You’ll have to go all the way around,” Rick said, grinning. “Or you don’t

get your clothes back.”

I nodded.

“It’s not even streaking. You wear shoes when streaking,” Jeff said. “All right, if you do that, I’ll agree to give you your clothes back.” He chuckled. “Go ahead when you’re ready, Karen!”

I gulped. I could have said I wanted shoes! But I was committed. I looked

out at the park, and took a deep breath, then dashed out to the fence at he edge of the park and started running.

I’d picked the direction with less people, and didn’t see anyone for the first 50 yards or so. I ran past the front entrance, where I saw a group of young teenagers; 13 and 14 year olds. They laughed and clapped as I went past, and followed behind me. I felt nervous, but soon realized they weren’t bothering me, just following along to watch.

I continued along the fence. I couldn’t run; there were roots and stones and branches, and it was painful to step on them or trip on them. I moved along as quickly as I could, though.

I hesitated before passing a middle-aged woman who was walking along the path, but the teenagers were still behind me. “Good evening!” she said, smiling cheerfully when she saw me. “Hi!” I said, blushing, and continued past.

A young married couple were pushing a stroller in the opposite direction from me. The guy stood and stared at me until his wife elbowed him, then they both moved to the side and I continued past them nervously. They didn’t talk to me, which I didn’t mind.

I walked past a few other people going in both directions along the path.

A pair of older guys were polite. “Good evening, Miss,” one of them said.

“Nice time for a walk,” the other added. “It’s a pleasant night,” I agreed, then hurriedly continued past them. A younger guy by himself whistled as I went past him. When I glanced back, I saw he had joined the teenagers and was following me. I blushed and continued on.

An elderly woman stopped me and called me a hussy. I blushed really hard then, and ran away from her. I looked back and saw her chiding the teenagers who were following me, but they ran past her, too, laughing and ignoring her.

I kept going around the park as quickly as I could. I had to go past the volleyball court, which had an active game being played. While I was going past, the side which saw me first stopped to gape, and I saw someone from the other side slam a ball over the net. It hit one of the players in the head!

“Are you okay?” I called out.

The guy staggered over to the side of the court and sat down. Another player went over to check him, then looked up at me and grinned. “He’ll be fine. Want to fill in for him, baby?”

“Not now,” I declined hastily, and continued along the path.

“Miss Wagner!” I looked ahead, then blushed hard again. It was Mr. Harrison, then principal! He grinned broadly. “You’re making very good progress, Miss Wagner!”

“Um...” I stared at him helplessly.

He looked me over. “Not even shoes. Are you enjoying yourself, Miss Wagner?”

“I guess..” I said, flustered. “I... I’ve got to go. Nice to see you, Mr. Harrison!” I hurried past him, and he chuckled, but didn’t stop me.

Finally I got back to where Jeff and Rick were waiting with my clothes.

“Let me have those!” I said desperately.

“Turn around and pose in front of your fans for a minute first,” Rick told me. I tried to grab my clothes from him, but he held them away from me.

“Rick!” I protested.

“Just let them have a good look,” Jeff advised me.

I blushed, but turned around to face the small crowd. I posed with my feet apart and my hands on my hips, then turned around all the way until I was facing them again.

They applauded. The guys were all grinning, and the girls were giggling.

“Now can I please get dressed?” I begged.

Rick chuckled and handed me my clothes, and I hurriedly got dressed. The teenagers went away, and I hurried away from the park, with Jeff and Rick following me.

“You did it!” Jeff told me, grinning, and gave me a big hug. “You walked all the way around the park, bare naked!”

Rick also gave me a big hug. “That took a lot of courage and guts,” he told me seriously.

“Thanks.” I was shivering, but managed to smile. “Thanks for... for being there, and making sure I actulaly had to finish.” I took a deep breath, then finally giggled.

“Did you have a good time doing it?” Jeff asked, smiling broadly.

“I guess... now that it’s done... it wasn’t so bad,” I allowed.

The guys drove me home, then walked up to the front of the house with me.

“What time is it?” I asked.

“About 8:30,” Jeff said.

I nodded. “It’s not as late as I thought.” I looked around, then giggled.

I was going to have to be naked in school the next day, anyway! “Wait just a minute, please,” I said, looking at the guys from the porch, and undressed once again in front of them. I giggled again and came down the stairs, and gave them both big hugs and kisses. “Thanks for an exciting evening!” I told them.

“Thanks to you!” Rick exclaimed.

I turned and ran up the stairs, and went in the front door, leaving my clothes on the porch.

“Well, hello, Miss Exhibitionist!” my mother said, smiling at me.

“Hi, Mom!” I looked down at myself. “I decided to leave my clothes outside,” I explained blushing.

“I see.” She shrugged cheerfully. “I didn’t expect it, but it’s okay, of course.”

“I’m going to answer the door and everything in the nude,” I told her determinedly.

Just then Jimmy came into the living room, and grinned. “Hi, Sis!” Then he turned back around. “Hey, guys, come here!”

I stood in shock, blushing harder, as several guys came into the kitchen.

They all chuckled and grinned.

“Karen, these are my friends,” Jimmy introduced me, smiling broadly.

“There’s Jack, Don, Roger, Dave and Harry.”

“H-hi,” I managed nervously.

“Hi Karen!” “Nice to meet you!” “Glad to meet you!” They all answered at once, very boisterously.

“We’re playing games in the living room. Want to join us?” Jimmy invited me.

“Um... I...” I nervously tried to come up with something else to do.

“Why don’t you go ahead, dear?” Mom cut in. Jimmy’s friends all enthusiastically chimed in.

“All... right,” I gave in, and followed them into the living room.

“So what are you guys playing?” I asked. Jimmy’s stack of games was in the corner.

“We were playing Risk,” one of the boys said. “But maybe we can find something more interesting.”

“Like what? Strip poker?” another boy said laughing.

“Twister would be fun,” someone suggested. “Want to play Twister, Karen?”

“Let’s just be nice,” Jimmy objected, glaring at his friends. “She doesn’t have to run around the house naked in front of you guys.”

They all stopped talking, and looked at Jimmy nervously, then at me.

“T-thanks, Jimmy,” I said after a minute, then looked around at the boys.

“But don’t get too mad at your friends. I guess I know as well as anyone, it’s very different having a bare naked girl in the room with you. It’s...

unusual... being the girl, too! It’s very embarrassing,” I acknowledged, looking down at my bare body and blushing again. “But... that’s one of the chances I’m taking, I guess.”

“What would you like to do?” one of the boys asked.

I was surprised by the question. “I don’t really have anything in mind,” I said. “I expected to just hang around the house. I did tell Mom I’d answer the door in the nude if anyone comes by,” I admitted. “I’m not going to put on any clothes until bedtime... well, not until time to go to school tomorrow, really,” I said, smiling a little.

“What are you willing to do?” he asked.

“I’ll play games and stuff with you guys,” I said. “You can look at me all you want.”

“Will you turn around so we can look at your butt?” a boy asked me.

I nodded and turned around, then wiggled my behind and giggled. “How’s that?”

“How about if we use you as the prize; the winner gets to have you pose or do something similar?” someone suggested.

It was less humiliating than what I had to do in school. “Okay,” I agreed.

They started a new Risk game. Each time one of them won a country, they got to make me do a different pose. I resolved to do each request as cheerfully as I could, and tried to be light-hearted as I posed standing in front of the boys with my legs wide apart and leaning backward while kneeling on the floor.

Jimmy got knocked out of the game by one of the guys. “Do you do anything special for bigger wins?” the boy asked me hopefully. He already had me standing and bending forward with my hands on the floor.

I straightened up, then came over and gave him a quick peck on the lips.

“How’s that?” I asked.

“That’s great! My first kiss by a naked chick!” He beamed.

“Your first kiss by anyone!” “Except maybe his dog!” “Yeah, his Mom won’t kiss him.” “Neither will yours.”

They resumed the game, and I had to do a lot more poses, and give each of the guys a kiss. The overall winner pulled me against him and forced a longer kiss on me. I struggled a little at first, then relaxed and kissed him back.

It was almost 11:00. The boys had to go home. They each politely thanked me for playing along with their game.

I stepped outside the door and stood on the porch. “It was fun,” I smiled.

“I’ll see you all again sometime, maybe!”

As they left, I picked up my clothes and took them inside. I picked out some new clothes for the next day and took them out, leaving them on the porch. I’d dress outside when I was ready to go to school. I went to bed, sleeping in the nude. I usually wore pajamas, but was resolved not to wear anything for a while.

THURSDAY

Preceding story: In Karen naked in school—Monday and Tuesday, I’m surprised to find I’m required to attend high school in the nude for a whole week, and I do so very reluctantly.

In Karen naked in school—Wednesday, part 1 I tell about how I had to pose for Harold, a geeky photographer, before school. My history teacher explains some of the changes in recent history which led to my unusual week in school. In part 2, I pose again after school for Harold, then later experiment with public exhibitionism.

In the morning, I got up and started to get out of bed. I remembered I was bare and started to wrap a blanket around myself, then laughed and stood up and stretched. I went right downstairs and into the kitchen.

My mother was there. She smiled when she saw me. “Keeping right at it?”

she asked me. “That’s great, Karen!”

I nodded. “I don’t get to wear anything until I’ve had breakfast and my shower,” I told her.

I went to the bathroom and did my necessary things, then stepped out again. “Are you making breakfast?” I asked my mother.

“Sure, I thought I’d make pancakes if you’d like some,” she nodded.

“Great. Thanks, that sounds great! I guess I’ll go take my shower, then.”

I turned to go back into the bathroom. Just as I started to close the bathroom door, the doorbell rang. I waited, thinking she’d get it, but then it rang again.

I stepped back out of the bathroom and took a deep, nervous breath. Here was another chance to show how courageous I was. I went to the front door, put a smile on my face, and opened the door wide.

It was one of Jimmy’s friends from last night. “Hi,” he said, looking me over eagerly.

“Hi, uh...” I couldn’t remember his name.

“Roger.” He smiled a little nervously. “I just wanted to stop by and say ‘Hi’, Karen,” he said.

“Would you like to come in?” I asked him. “You can join us for breakfast if you like!” I said as warmly and politely as I could manage.

“Sure, if it’s all right!” He beamed.

“I’m about to go take a shower,” I explained. “I’ll be having breakfast before I get dressed, though,” I told him, smiling a little.

“Can I watch you in the shower?” he asked eagerly.

I blushed. “Um... okay,” I said reluctantly, but then giggled. 20 guys had been watching me shower after gym all week! “Come on, then,” I said.

I had to leave the shower curtain open. I aimed the shower head so it wouldn’t spray water all over the bathroom, then stepped in and faced him.

I took a long shower in front of him, lathering myself in soap several times and then rinsing it off, then turned off the water and stepped out.

He watched me towel off and dry my hair as well.

“Ready for breakfast now?” I asked him.

“Um... actually... I had better get going,” he said, glancing at his watch. “But it sure was fun watching you take your shower!” He hurried out the door, and I sighed, a little relieved to have at least a little

privacy.

Jimmy came in for breakfast.

“Your friend Roger was here earlier,” I told him. “He watched me in the shower.”

“He did?” Jimmy looked surprised, then shrugged.

“Was he a gentleman?” Mom asked.

“He was nice,” I told her.

“Good,” Jimmy said. “Then I don’t have to break his arms.” We all laughed.

I had to take off my clothes at school; I couldn’t get out of that.

Feeling very bold about it, I decided I’d do the best I could to be as adventurous, friendly and cheerful as I could.

After breakfast, I got dressed and walked to school, arriving early as I had the day before. I noticed it was a little cool that morning, in the mid-60s. But it was going to be a nice day.

There were a few students at the front door, and I could see others who would be arriving soon. I’d intended to just cheerfully, boldly strip, but I felt nervous as I looked at the people who were already there. A half dozen guys were eagerly, expectantly looking at me, and grinning. I blushed and took a couple of deep breaths, reminding myself of my intentions. I decided to jump right into a bold start.

“W-would any of you like to help me?” I asked timidly.

“Excuse me, did you say something?”

I blushed harder. They hadn’t heard me! I realized I had an easy out. Then I took another quick breath. I didn’t want to do it that way.

I spoke out more clearly and loudly. “Would you boys like to help me take off my clothes?”

They heard me clearly that time! They jostled one another and moved toward me. I stood still in front of them, and they waited.

“Go ahead,” I invited them, forcing myself to smile. It was about a quarter to eight. Classes started at 8:05. “I’ll let you do whatever you want until it’s time to go to class.”

A couple of them came over right away, and one of them experimentally rubbed his knuckles against my shirt. I blushed but forced another smile.

Someone behind me tugged my pants down to my ankles, then did the same with my underpants. I felt hands on my bare buttocks.

The guy who had brushed my chest grinned; he unbuttoned my shirt, then opened my bra. He studied my face as he began feeling my chest. I was blushing pretty hard. I didn’t try to move, but looked away from him.

“Look right at me,” he told me.

I looked back at him. He smiled.

Then I gasped; one of the guys behind me slid his finger in my vagina! I started to turn, but the guy in front of me held my nipples, and pinched them. “Look at me!” he insisted. I did so; it hurt when he pinched me! He grinned. “Keep looking at me. I like to watch your expressions,” he said.

“Here, let me slide my fingers in there for a minute,” someone behind me said, and one finger slid out of my vagina, but another slid in. I gasped again, but kept my eyes nervously on the guy in front of me. Then I jumped; someone was pushing their finger up my behind!

“No! Stop that!” I protested, trying to turn around. The guy in front of me grabbed my nipples again and pinched them hard. “Are you going to remember to look at me?” he demanded.

“I’ll try!” I said, gulping.

“I thought you said we could do what we wanted with you?” a guy in back of me said.

“You... can!” I said, gasping.

“Would you lean forward a little, please?” he asked cheerfully.

I did so slowly and reluctantly, but tried to keep my eyes on the guy in front of me. I smiled at him, and he chuckled. “You like this, don’t you?”

Just then the bell rang. I felt immensely relieved as the guys behind me yanked their fingers out of my behind and my vagina. The guys behind me pulled my shirt off, and my bra. I smiled at them and bent over to untie my shoes. I got goosed while I did that, and I squealed and straightened nervously, then smiled again. I kicked my shoes off and stepped out of my pants and underpants. The guys grabbed at me for a final feel, then cooperated in picking me up. They took my socks off.

“Hey, I was going to wear those!” I protested, trying to be good-natured about it. “Let me down, please, so I can get my shoes back on, okay?”

They let me down, and I hurriedly got my socks and shoes back on. I didn’t see my clothes; I assumed the guys had put them in the box. I hurried to algebra class and got to my seat just as the final bell rang.

It was still awfully embarrassing to be the only student in the class who was not wearing any clothes, but I was determined to enjoy it more than I

had the first three days, and also to do more than just try to live through the day. When the algebra teacher, Mr. Dennison, asked for volunteers to solve problems on the board, I raised my hand and boldly went to the board to give it a try. When I finished and returned to my seat, the class cheered.

“We don’t see that kind of reaction too often,” Mr. Dennison remarked, and the class laughed.

After class, a boy stopped me in the hallway. “I saw the guys outside this morning who got to feel your body,” he began. “I just wondered...”

I blushed, then made myself smile at him. I’d resolved to be as friendly as possible... “You want to do it some? Okay, go ahead!”

He looked surprised, but reached for my chest and fingered my nipples.

“That feels good!” I said, as brightly and eagerly as I could. I giggled and put my hands behind my head, letting him stroke me for a minute or two. Other students moved past us, grinning and chuckling; a couple of them patted my fanny.

“I guess we’d better get to class,” he said reluctantly. “Thanks, Karen!”

“You’re welcome,” I called after him, then hurried to history class. I was a couple of minutes late, so I stepped into the classroom quietly, intending to go to my seat in the back corner.

“What the hell is this!” Our regular teacher wasn’t there. The substitute was a young man. He stepped right over to the door and grabbed me by the arm.

I blushed hard. “I’m sorry I’m late,” I started.

“That’s not what I mean. It’s not all of what I mean, anyway.” He glared at me.

“She’s supposed to be naked,” one of the boys contributed.

“What? Why? In school?” the teacher demanded.

“It wasn’t my idea,” I told him. “Please let go of my arm.”

He hesitated a minute, then let go.

The whole class was chiming in now, until he blared out a commanding, “QUIET!” The class stopped talking immediately, and he turned to me. “Now please explain this, briefly but clearly.”

“I was met at the door of the school by the principal on Monday,” I explained, “and ordered to take off my clothes. I was informed I’d have to

attend school in the nude this whole week. I was given a brochure after I complied, explaining that it’s part of a new state law, and a local school

policy. There are several other girls who have had to do the same thing; you will probably see them around school today.”

“I... see.” He looked at me and thought for a minute. “I guess you can take your seat, in that case. I apologize if I embarrassed you.”

“I’m sorry if I embarrassed you,” I said back, sincerely, then went to sit down.

Then it turned out, him being a substitute, he didn’t have much to teach for the day. We wound up putting our chairs in a circle for informal discussion. That was supposed to be about history, but all the guys in the class were clearly eying me, and the substitute was, too. After several attempts to divert everyone’s attention back to history, he shrugged and looked sheepish.

“It’s clear that everyone has more questions about you than about history, Karen. Let me start.” He smiled. “How does it feel to be met at the door of the school and told you have to attend in the nude?”

I blushed. “It was quite a surprise,” I explained. “I had no idea the school could have such a requirement.”

“How about when you had to take off your clothes?”

“I had to do that in the principal’s office,” I told him. “There were several teachers standing around, and a crowd looking in the window. They gave me just two minutes to strip bare! Then they let me have my shoes and socks back, and sent me to my classes.”

“How have the other students been?” he asked me.

“They’ve been nice for the most part,” I said, looking around at the rest of the class. “I guess it’s very much a thrill for the guys.” Several of them chuckled and nodded in agreement, and I blushed a little more. “I think most of the girls are glad it’s not them, and a few find it distracting, annoying or even boring.” The girls all giggled.

“I wonder how they’ll handle it if they have to go through it themselves,” the substitute mused, smiling.

“I’d love to find out!” one of the boys contributed, and the rest of the guys laughed. So did some of the girls.

“Are there any things you’ve experienced that would be unexpected by the rest of us?” the substitute asked me after the laughter died down.

“I’m not sure. Well... when you sit down on a chair, it can be cold.”

Some of the boys were raising their hands. The sub called on one of them.

“What was the hardest garment to take off?” he asked.

“My bra,” I told him. “I took off my shirt first, but it really hit me, what I was doing, when I had to take off my bra.”

“Is it still hard to undress at the school?” he asked.

I nodded. “Not as hard as it was the first time, but it’s still awfully hard!”

“What private part of yourself do you like to show off the least and the best?” another guy asked me. “Your tits, your ass or your pussy?”

I blushed. “I guess... my behind is the easiest. The other two are both extremely difficult to expose.”

“Which is your best feature?” one of the girls asked, giggling.

“I think... guys seem to like looking at my chest the most,” I said uneasily.

Finally the class period was done. I was relieved to not be answering those personal questions any longer, but I had to go out into the hall and face the entire school. I blushed at first, then took a breath and remembered to smile at the guys. I had a brief, naughty thought to jiggle at them, and tried to quickly put it out of my mind as being too embarrassing. Then I remembered the goal I’d set for myself for the day.

I took a breath, then started jiggling my chest a little, looking into the eyes of some of the guys and smiling. I started moving my feet a little and jiggling my fanny as well. One guy started humming a fast paced dancing song, and then several others joined in; I danced to their music for a few minutes, smiling warmly and invitingly to the guys who were grinning at me.

“I have to get to class!” I said after a few minutes, and waved, then hurried down the hallway toward the gym.

Thr principal stopped me in the hallway. “Miss Wagner?” he said.

“Yes, Mr. Harrison?” I stopped and faced him, then smiled a little and set my feet apart. “I’m just heading to gym class, but I guess there’s no hurry; it doesn’t take me long to get ready for it!” I giggled a little.

He chuckled. “You seem to be getting more comfortable with your situation,” he noted.

“Oh. Sure.” I looked down at myself and nodded. “It’s really kind of fun in a way to attend school with no clothes,” I admitted to him brightly, trying to be as cheerful as possible. “It’s completely different from anything I’d ever have done, or even thought of. It’s been embarrassing, but it’s also exciting!”

“Good!” He looked me over slowly, and I posed in front of him. “How are the other students treating you?”

“Pretty nicely,” I told him. “I let some of them help me undress this morning,” I said. “I occasionally get patted or grabbed at in the hallway.”

“You don’t have to let anyone do that to you,” he told me, looking a little concerned.

I blushed a little. “Oh... it’s all right. It adds some more excitement to the day.”

“Well, I just wanted to find out how you’re doing.” He smiled at me. “You can go on to your class now.”

“I had one question...” I blushed again. “You mentioned a spanking on Monday...”

“Oh, I was just teasing you, Miss Wagner,” he said a little hastily. “You haven’t done anything to merit that.”

“That’s good.” I looked down, then timidly looked back up. “Actually, I was thinking... a nice firm spanking on my bare buttocks would be kind of... kind of nice,” I admitted, blushing hard.

He chuckled. “You’d better get to class.”

I hurried into the boy’s locker room. No one else was in there, so I ran out to the gym.

“There you are.” Mr. Roquette had just finished taking attendance.

“I’m sorry,” I apologized. “I was talking to the principal in the hallway.”

“All right, but please make an effort to be on time in the future.” He nodded, and I joined the rest of the class.

“Were you giving him a blow job?” a girl whispered, giggling.

“No!” I blushed.

“Are you going to?” a guy asked.

“No!” I protested.

“Will you give me one?” “How about me?” “I’d like one!” “Me, too!” “Have you ever given anyone a blow job?” “Did you like it?”

“If I can have your attention!” Mr. Roquette snapped, and I was relieved that the barrage of questions stopped.

“It’s rainy outside, so we’re going to do some inside work today,” he said. He split us into three groups, with 5 guys and 5 girls in each.

My group started out playing volleyball. The entire group grinned at me as I put my kneepads on. “Now you’re really dressed for giving blow jobs!”

Mike said.

I was normally a pretty good volleyball player, but found it’s a different game in the nude. The guys were playing as much to get me down on my knees as to win points.

Pretty soon, the guys on my team were playing along and had me sliding all over the floor on my knees after volleyballs.

“You’re using good form,” Mr. Roquette told me after watching us play for a minute or two. “You get good stability from having your knees wide apart, and you’re angling yourself toward the net pretty well, too. Good job!”

“We’re keeping a close eye on her form,” one of the guys said, grinning.

“And what have you learned?” Mr. Roquette asked.

“She has nice tits,” the guy said promptly.

Mr. Roquette smiled briefly, then blew his whistle. “Time to rotate,” he called out. My group played basketball next. I got patted on the fanny a couple of times in lieu of guarding me from dribbling. I’m not a good basketball player anyway, so didn’t need much guarding. Also, I was following Mr. Roquette’s instructions and stretching my arms as high as I could to block a guy from shooting. He stopped dribbling and just looked at me for a minute, then grinned. “Great chest, Blondie!” he said as he passed the ball. I blushed, but nevertheless had to do the same thing the next time he had the ball.

The 3rd inside activity was badminton. We had just changed to the 3rd activity when Mr. Roquette noticed it was close to the end of the class period. “Sorry, everyone, but we have to go hit the showers,” he announced.

I went into the guy’s locker room once again, left my shoes and socks, and headed to the showers.

“Are you going to think about being felt up again today?” one of the guys asked me, as a group of them entered the shower.

I blushed.

“Move your feet wide apart, Karen!” another guy suggested.

I did so nervously, and desperately tried to think about something else, but my mind kept returning to that thought. I blushed even harder, imagining the guys fingering me between the legs while I posed in front of them.

“Are you getting horny?” a boy asked. “Tell the truth, now!”

I nodded nervously, and they all grinned and laughed.

“Put your hands up over your head,” another guy said, and I did so.

“Anyone could see you’re horny, the way you’re blushing and your nipples are erect.” He chuckled, and I looked down. My nipples were pushing right out. I couldn’t help it!

“What made you get so aroused?” another guy asked.

“I don’t know,” I said timidly.

“Yes, you do,” he insisted.

“I, uh, I was...” I took a deep breath. “Someone suggested I think about being felt by all you guys while taking a shower with you,” I admitted. “I started thinking about that.”

“Want us to help you shower?” a guy with a big, hard erection asked.

I blushed again, then took another deep breath. “I’d love it if you did!”

I said daringly, and they didn’t wait for any confirmation. They surrounded me, applying soap, rubbing their hands over every part of my body, and rubbing their stiff cocks against my buttocks.

Suddenly the water turned really cold. I yelped, but the guys were moaning. Mr. Roquette was standing by the control for the water. “Everyone under the water, right now,” he called out commandingly. “You guys need a little cooling off. Not you, Karen.”

I stepped back, but each of the boys was required to stand in the cold shower for a couple of minutes.

“There, that should do it,” he said.

I giggled; their cocks were harder than ever, and purple. Mr. Roquette shut off the water, but didn’t dismiss the boys; they stood shivering in the shower room.

“Now, what was going on?” he demanded. “Don’t you think it’s difficult enough for her to have to attend school naked, without being molested in the locker room?”

“She was... doing it... willingly,” one of the boys protested, shivering.

“She said she was horny!”

“Is that true?” he asked me.

I blushed and nodded.

“How was I supposed to know that?” He glared at me, then at the boys.

“Well, go get dressed. You have to get to your next classes!”

“Can you turn the water on again so I can finish my shower?” I asked Mr. Roquette. I was still covered with soap.

He turned the water on, then watched me finish my shower. A couple of the guys were still watching, too. “Well, go get dressed!” he told them. You have to get to your next classes!”

I toweled off in the locker room, then put my shoes and socks back on and without further incident, I went to my biology class.

There was a long table at one side of the classroom, with a variety of plastic, rubber and leather objects on it. Several students were looking it over and nudging one another amusedly. I didn’t take a closer look; I took off my shoes and socks and left them in the corner, and sat uncomfortably on the stool in front of the class.

Miss Hooker came in as the bell rang, and carefully closed the door. She turned and faced the class, seeming a little nervous. “I promised you all an interesting class today,” she began.

“Is it that you’re not wearing a bra, Miss Hooker?” a boy called out, and the class tittered.

“Nice observation,” she retorted, blushing a little but smiling. “No, today and tomorrow we’ll be talking about further practical aspects of sex, continuing our discussion from the rest of this week. You all may have noticed the paraphernalia on the display table. It’s a collection I’ve brought in to familiarize you with some of the variations people enjoy in their sexual behavior.” She stepped over to the table. “We have handcuffs, whips, dildos, butt plugs, nipple clamps, cock rings, collars, harnesses, and condoms.” She held up each item as she mentioned it.

She stepped to the middle of the room and blushed. “Now comes the interesting part,” she said. She started taking her shirt off, and continued until she was as bare as I was! “I’ll be teaching this class in the nude,” she explained awkwardly.

The boys all stood and cheered. Miss Hooker stood facing them for a couple of minutes.

“All right, that will do,” she said. “Let’s move on.” The guys sat down, and she stepped over to the table.

“Obviously most of the objects on this table are meant to be used by men, and placed on women,” she said. “Some of them can be used by or on either gender, but most commonly in American sexual relations, men do the dominating and women are sexually submissive. There’s always a lot of variation, so you should keep that in mind as well.

“Today we’re going to demonstrate these devices for you. Tomorrow we’ll do some practical exercises. Karen, come over here, please.”

I gulped and blushed. “Y-yes, Miss Wagner,” I said meekly.

She smiled at me. “Face the class.” She also faced the class. “Many of our devices are meant for restraint, placing the user of the device in control of the situation. This is often a thrill for both the guy and the girl.”

The class tittered.

She picked up a collar. “This is a basic collar,” she said. “It’s not too useful by itself, except for a somewhat demeaning appearance.” She slipped it around my neck and adjusted it so it was firmly against my throat.

“However, note it has a couple of rings on it, to which things can be attached. Also, it is nearly impossible for the wearer to remove it himself or herself. Go ahead and try, please, Karen.”

I did, and she was right.

“Try hard,” she urged me, smiling. “You could be wearing it until the end of the day.”

I blushed hard and continued to try to get it off, but was not able to do so.

“That’s all right. We won’t really leave it on you after class,” she told me. “As a matter of fact, we’ll take it off now.” She did. “There are other collars as well,” she said. “The choke chain, which leaves visible marks if tightened too much.” She held one up but didn’t put it on me.

“The spiked collar.” She didn’t put that on me, either. “Also, there are harnesses, which are more extensive than just a collar.” She showed the class a few of them.

“Then there’s the lace-up collar.” It was a leather collar with leather laces to hold it together, and rings set in it like the first collar she’d put on me. She slipped it over my head. “It can be left loose,” she demonstrated, sliding her fingers under it, “or tightened if desired.” She tugged on the laces, and tightened it around my throat. “It can be tightened to be snug, or even tighter if you like.” She tugged it tighter, making it a little difficult to breathe. I couldn’t swallow, either. “This one is totally impossible for the wearer to remove,” she said calmly.

I was gasping, and felt panicky. “Please...” I begged.

“You’ll be all right for a minute,” Miss Hooker told me. “She’d do about anything at this point, though,” she pointed out to the class. “After all, one can always tighten it even more.”

I shook my head anxiously.

“You’ll want to be really cooperative, then,” she told me, smiling.

“Right?”

I nodded hastily.

“If she wasn’t, it’s always possible to change her mind by tightening the collar a little. Guys, if your girlfriend doesn’t want your cock in her mouth, or doesn’t want to swallow, well... she will!” She grinned. “Girls, it’s a thrill to both the guy and the girl, too, to turn over control to him.”

She loosened the collar a little, and I took several deep breaths. She continued talking.

“There are several accessories for collars,” she told the class. “Let’s take a look at some of those.” She picked up a leash. “This is simply a leash. You attach it to the collar, and use it the same as you would for a dog.” She attached it to my collar, and then led me around the front of the room. “Nothing amazing there, huh?” She unhooked it and picked up a pair of handcuffs. “You can always handcuff someone’s hands in front or behind them,” she told the class. “But in conjunction with a collar, you can keep someone’s hands within a few inches of their neck. Hold out your hands, Karen.” I reluctantly did so, and she put my hands in the handcuffs, then hooked them to my collar. “This gives full access to the person’s entire body, and can be useful for applying punishment, for making sure you can touch the person as you want to, or just confining the person. It’s hard to open doors like that, for example.” She smiled and unlocked the handcuffs.

“There are other such accessories. We’re not going to demonstrate all of them.” She held up some things. “This is a leg iron; you can use it along with a collar to force the wearer to not stand straight up. It clamps around the wearer’s legs, then can be attached with this chain to the collar. This, handcuffs and a collar can be used all together or in any combination.”

A boy raised his hand. “Couldn’t you use multiples of any of those, as well, to connect two people together?”

“Very good,” she nodded. “Yes, you could.” She smiled. “There are other things as well, of course. I’ll go over them briefly. There are hooks and rings, used to attach the wearer of a collar or handcuffs to a wall or other object, straps which can be used instead of a collar or handcuffs to restrain someone in place, or in a particular position.” She held up several different examples of these items.

“Here’s a different kind of accessory for a collar,” she went on. “The ones I’ve shown you so far have been just restraints, but other items are possible. Karen, put your hands behind your back, please.”

I did, and she placed handcuffs on my wrists. “Those will just help our demonstration a little,” she explained to me. “Some types of restraints are a punishment themselves. For example...” She picked up a pair of alligator clips on a wire. She ran one end through a loop on my collar, then put a clip on one of my nipples.

“Ow!” I cried out in protest.

She smiled at me. The class chuckled. “Stay still, please,” she said, and tugged on the wire, putting the other clip on my other nipple.

Both of my breasts were held up by the nipples. It really hurt. “Take it off!” I pleaded desperately.

She smiled at me, then looked at the class. “There’s nothing at all she can do to get those clips off, except convince someone to help her.” She removed them, and I gasped; it hurt again when she opened the clips. “Of course, you don’t really need a collar to use that; you can run a light chain behind the neck and have clips attached to that. There’s a lot of flexibility in how you use sex toys.” She removed my handcuffs while she talked, then also removed the collar.

“Bondage is a part of the Discipline variant of sex,” she continued.

“Another component of Discipline is Sadism and Masochism, also known as S&M. Generally speaking, Discipline is taking and enforcing control of another person for the purpose of sex. Bondage is limiting their movement.

S&M is inflicting pain and accepting the inflicting of pain for sexual purposes.”

She smiled. “The collar Karen was wearing is an example of both a bondage and an S&M device, since it can be used for either purpose or both. The classic example of just an S&M device is the whip.” She held up several examples of whips, from a small one to a big bullwhip. “Obviously, some will cause more pain and harm than others.”

“Are you going to demonstrate the whip on Karen?” a boy asked.

I shivered and blushed hard, but she shook her head.

“We have several other S&M devices to explain yet today,” she told the class. “Some cause moderate pain, like the nipple clamps we showed you earlier.” It hadn’t felt like moderate pain to me, I thought. “That should really count as an S&M device,” she went on. “Also, there are butt plugs, which are meant to be inserted anally.” She held up a few rubber plugs. “They’re basically a type of dildo,” she told us. “They’re used to prepare

someone for anal sex. After using one of these, anal sex is considerably less unpleasant at least by comparison,” she said, wrinkling her nose.

“There are straps and such for locking most of these into place. They can thus be used as punishment devices,” she told the class, and held up a belt-sized strap.

“Show us!” one of the boys called out, grinning.

She blushed. “All... right.” She looked at me, then sighed. “We’ll demonstrate this one on me,” she told me, a little reluctantly, I thought.

She picked up a tube of K-Y jelly.

“Isn’t that cheating?” the boy asked.

“No!” she said sharply, then blushed harder as he laughed. She covered the end of one of the butt plugs with the K-Y jelly. “It has to go all the way in,” she told me. “Hold it up so it goes in when I... sit on it.”

I set it against a chair so it pointed up, and she positioned herself above it, then slowly lowered herself until her buttocks touched it. “Hold it steady,” she said so only I could hear, and I clutched it tightly. She pulled her buttocks apart, then slowly lowered herself onto it. “Ohhhh...

OHHHH...” she groaned. She stood up, her face purple from the pain, and wet from tears. The butt plug lifted up with her, and she started reaching back to pull it out.

“Don’t do it!” I told her quietly but urgently.

She looked at me, then forced a slight smile. “Thanks!” she whispered, then took a shaky breath, and lowered herself to push the plug the rest of the way in. “God, that hurts!” she gasped out, unable to stand up straight.

The boy came to the front of the room, and picked up one of the straps Miss Hooker had demonstrated earlier. “Is this one of the devices used to lock the butt plug in place?” he asked her.

She nodded.

He quickly wrapped it around her, connected it to the butt plug, and locked it into place. “Ah, and here’s the key,” he said, smiling. The guys in the class chuckled. Most of the girls looked sympathetic, but a few were smiling.

“Please take it off!” Miss Hooker requested, gulping.

He looked at her. “If I do,” he bargained, smirking, “then for the rest of the semester you will have to teach this class in the nude.”

“Once per week,” she offered anxiously.

“That sounds reasonable,” he said. “If you ever forget, you’ll have to put the butt plug in on the next Monday and leave it in all hour, and teach this class in the nude for the entire following week.”

She nodded pitifully. “Take it out now!” she pleaded.

“I think you should also stand by the door and let all the guys have a quick feel,” he added.

“Okay, okay!” she agreed desperately.

He chuckled and took his time unfastening the strap, then yanked the butt plug out of her behind. She yelled in pain as he did so, and then rubbed her behind.

She didn’t do any more teaching. For the last few minutes of class, the guys eagerly lined up, and she stood by the door getting felt up as they filed out of the class. I slipped out the door just as the bell rang, and went to the lunch room. Jeff and Rick cut into line behind me. A couple of girls let them.

“Are you all right?” Rick asked me.

“Me?” I smiled at him. “Sure. I was just... glad I didn’t have to do what Miss Hooker did in class,” I admitted a little sheepishly. “I’m sure that hurt quite a lot!”

“Would that bother you more, or the embarrassment?” Jeff asked me as we got our lunches and took a seat.

“Embarrassment is just a basic fact of life at this point,” I said, looking down at myself and blushing a little. “If I could go through something like that, and then be all done with having to be naked, I’d probably do it.”

“Did you like having that collar and the handcuffs on?” Rick asked.

“Better that than that butt plug,” I said, blushing again.

We all ate pretty quickly, then went out of the lunch room and had a seat on a bench in the atrium.

“You’re getting a lot more easy about being naked,” Rick pointed out, grinning. “You didn’t even put your shoes on after biology class.”

“I guess I just wasn’t thinking about shoes,” I said after a minute. I was startled, I hadn’t even realized it until he said that! I recovered a little, though. “I’ve been trying hard to be more relaxed about it,” I told them. “After you guys dropped me off last night, I left my clothes outside and promised myself I wouldn’t wear anything until this morning.

My little brother had some of his friends over...”

They both grinned broadly.

“This morning, one of them came back and watched me take a shower,” I continued. “Also this morning, I let a few guys undress me outside, and I’ve let some guys... feel me up... when they asked me nicely.” I blushed.

“You guys could... uh...”

Just then the intercom came on. It really blared in the atrium. “Karen Wagner, please report to the principal’s office.”

“Oh!” I stood up. “Well, maybe later, then.” I smiled at the guys, then went right to the principal’s office.

He was sitting at his desk. He didn’t offer me a chair, so I stood in front of him.

“You made a certain proposition to me in the hallway,” he said, looking at me coolly.

“Well... yes,” I admitted, smiling as cheerfully as I could, but feeling anxious. Was he really going to spank me? I hadn’t expected him to! I was just teasing.

“It was impertinent of you to make such a proposition,” he told me sternly. “You will make no further mention of it to me or to anyone. Is that understood? If you do...” He smiled. “...you will be firmly punished, perhaps by continued prohibition from being dressed.”

I gulped. “I... understand.” I certainly wasn’t going to say anything about it!

He nodded. “In order to emphasize the point, however, we’ll apply a little traditional discipline.” He reached into a drawer, and pulled out a paddle! He smiled at me. I blushed hard. “Step out into the hallway, please, Miss Wagner.”

I started to protest, but bit my lip instead, and went into the hallway. I didn’t want to spend another week attending school in the nude!

A number of students were in the hallway; they gathered around.

“Lay face down on this bench, please, Miss Wagner,” Mr. Harrison said commandingly.

I did as he told me.

“Come here and help out,” Mr. Harrison said. “Hold her hands and keep her stretched out, please.” A boy chuckled and grabbed my wrists.

Then Mr. Harrison moved into position, and very firmly spanked me with the paddle. It hurt!

“I’m sorry, Mr. Harrison! I won’t be impertinent again!” I apologized meekly. “Now let me go, please,” I said to the boy.

But he didn’t let go. Whack! I jumped and moaned, he’d paddled me a second time!

“Please, Mr. Harrison! I’m really sorry! It won’t happen again!” I pleaded.

Whack! He applied the paddle again to my bare bottom, and I wailed.

“Please, please don’t hit me again!” I begged. But I was feeling something strange in addition to the stinging pain.

Whack! He wasn’t listening. I cried out; it hurt! But there was no way to deny it; I also felt... warm.

Whack! He struck me a 5th time, and I sobbed, waiting for more. Hoping for more! I was aroused.

“You can let her up now,” Mr. Harrison said.

I looked up, then slowly stood up from the bench, rubbing my sore buttocks with my hands. “Thank you,” I said timidly.

“You can go now,” he told me, and I hurried away, sniffling and with a sore behind, but buzzing like I was on the verge of an orgasm.

I headed toward the gym, hoping no one else would be in there so I could duck into the locker room to take a shower, and also thinking I’d relieve myself sexually by masturbating. I was hurrying; I only had a few minutes before English class.

“Hey! Karen!” It was Mike.

“Uh... hi, Mike,” I said, trying to be pleasant but not wanting to be delayed.

“Are you all right?” he asked, concernedly.

“I’m fine... just... in a hurry,” I said.

“I’ll walk along with you,” he said. “I heard your name called over the intercom. Are you okay?”

“I’m fine,” I nodded. “The principal... gave me a paddling for being impertinent to him,” I explained, blushing.

“Wow, what did you do?”

“Um... never mind!” I blushed harder.

“All right, if you want,” he shrugged.

We got to the men’s locker room, and I stopped. “I’m... um... going in here,” I explained uncomfortably. “I want to take a shower.”

“All right.” He opened the door and held it open for me. “I’ll watch. It’s fun to watch you taking a shower.” He grinned.

There was nothing I could do; I had to let him watch! I swallowed nervously, but went in and hung a towel up by the shower room. At least there was no one else in the locker room besides Mike and myself.

“Can I join you?” he asked me.

I nodded, and he cheerfully stripped, then followed me into the shower. I turned on the water, then turned around. He stood a few inches from me, smiling and erect, but just looked at me.

“We haven’t got much time,” I said boldly, but feeling nervous. “I’m either going to... do it myself or... or you can help. But do it quickly, please!”

He grinned and moved closer, sliding his hands between my legs. “Keep your hands above your shoulders,” he directed me, and I obeyed, smiling.

He vigorously slid his fingers against my clitoris, and I panted hard, trying to be as quiet as possible. I came almost immediately, clenching my jaw tightly to keep from screaming out in glee.

I fell forward against him. “Thank you!” I whispered gratefully.

“Would you like me to wash you now?” he asked after holding me for a moment.

I nodded, giggling quietly, and he lathered me all over with soap, teasing me with his fingers. I let him touch me however he wanted for a few minutes. I was still feeling intensely excited.

“We’d better finish,” he said, and I nodded; I rinsed off, and he hurried back to the locker room to get dressed. We slipped out of the locker room just as we heard the latest gym class noisily getting into the shower room.

“I’ll see you later on,” I said, and headed for my English class.

“Karen! I have your shoes!” Jeff called out.

“Oh! Thanks!” I smiled. “I forgot all about them!”

“You look like you just took a shower,” he observed.

“I did,” I told him. I sat down on the floor to put on my shoes and socks, then he helped me up.

“I wanted to ask you something else,” he told me. “Did you... offer Rick and I to feel you up?’

I blushed a little, but looked him in the eye. “You’ve both been so nice to me,” I told him. “If you want a feel... yes, you can do that with me any time you want.”

“Really?” He grinned.

I nodded, then put my hands behind my head and moved my legs apart. I smiled at him encouragingly, and he didn’t hesitate. He patted my face, then put both hands on my breasts and gently but firmly squeezed them. He stroked my chest for a few minutes. “Does that feel good to you?” he asked me.

“No one has asked me that,” I told him.

“They all just want to get their feel,” he smiled. “They don’t want you to tell them they have to stop.”

I nodded. “To answer your question... it feels... nice,” I told him, blushing. “It makes me horny! I’ve been horny all week anyway,” I admitted carelessly.

He grinned. “I think everyone knows that, Karen. Don’t feel bad about it.

There’s not much you can do, and not much you can do to conceal it from anyone.”

I swallowed. People were wandering by, casually looking, and smiling.

“Is there anything you’d like me to do, specifically?” he asked.

I shook my head. “We only have a few minutes before 5th hour class, though,” I pointed out.

He slid a hand between my legs and probed his middle finger inside my vagina. I was startled and gasped, then clenched my jaw. He smiled. “Oops, sorry.”

“It’s all right,” I said tensely, keeping my feet apart.

He slid his finger in and out a few times, then pulled it out. I shivered, and he chuckled. “Had enough for now?” he asked.

I nodded hastily, and he patted me on the buttocks. “Thanks, Karen,” he said.

“Thanks to you!” I smiled back.

He walked with me to my next class, then hurried off to his own class. I went into the English classroom and sat down just before the bell rang.

There were still some of the poems left over from the previous day, and I was called to the front of the room several times to read the ones that were written about me. The last one pretty lurid:

I have a saucy naked little ass It’s ready for a nice hot cock Ram it up me hard and make it last I think your cum would make me rock

Pinch my nipples tightly like a vise The pain will put me under your control Force me firmly, that is my advice I need a sex master to make me whole

My cunt and mouth are yours however you would want My body yours to do whatever you please Whip me, tease me, tie me, use me, make me pant I’m yours for gentle sex or any sort of sleaze

The class applauded when I read that one, and I had to stand in front of them until they finished clapping.

Finally I escaped English class, and hurried to government, my last class of the day.

Mr. Hansen was still pretty uncomfortable about having a naked girl in class, and so I had my easiest class of the day.

After the last bell, I hurried out into the hallway and eagerly headed to the front door to get dressed. I hurriedly got my clothes on. What a relief it was to be dressed! I walked home, thinking I’d pretty well done what I set out to do for the day. I was looking forward to the next day, and to getting finished with the unusual and humiliating week of school in the nude.

THURSDAY EVENING

When I got to my house, I looked around, then decided I wasn’t quite ready to take my clothes off again. I went inside and up to my room to relax for a little while.

I realized something seemed wrong, but couldn’t put my finger on it. I went down to the kitchen for a snack, then figured out my problem as I was heading back up the stairs. I was feeling guilty—about being dressed!

I giggled a little and went to my room to eat my snack, and thought about what I should do. I had to do something... I thought about it for a little while, and had an idea.

I took my glass and plate downstairs, then went outside for a walk for a couple of blocks. I stopped at a corner, then crossed the street and ran up to a house, dropping my house key in the mailbox, then turned and ran all the way home. I went inside, and saw no one was home. I went upstairs and took off my clothes, then put my shoes and socks back on.

I went downstairs, then took a few breaths, blushing nervously—and went outside. I hastily locked and closed the front door. I couldn’t get back inside until I got my key! I was locked outside, and I was bare naked!

I turned and started down the steps, then looked up, gulping—a car was coming down the street toward me! I jumped behind a bush and hid until it went past, then giggled. I shouldn’t be bashful after 4 days of attending school in the nude! But it was... different... being outside like that, and not in the school.

I ran as fast as I could down the sidewalk to where I’d left my house key.

I got a block from my house without any cars passing by, and began to think I could get away without anyone seeing me. I slowed a little to run across the first intersection, then dashed across and started going the next block.

My luck didn’t last. A car passed me heading in the same direction. It slowed and honked, and I blushed hard, but waved.

The car continued on, and I swallowed, then sighed. Then I realized I was still being bashful.

I got to the second cross-street and stopped and looked carefully, then hurried across to the house where I’d left my key. The key was still in the mailbox, and I felt immense relief. I took it, slid it in my shoe so I wouldn’t lose it, and ran back across the street.

I slowed to a walk, and promised myself I’d walk the rest of the way, not run. I decided if I started running again, or failed to smile, or hid behind anything, I’d have to walk around the block before going home.

I saw another car coming down the street, and felt anxious, but I nervously, boldly, made myself face directly toward the car, smiling and waving as it approached.

The driver was a middle aged woman, who didn’t honk, but she had a couple of yougner teenagers riding with her. One rolled down his window and wolf-whistled, and I realized he was probably my brother’s age. I blushed, but kept smiling.

As they passed, a van came up behind me. I didn’t know it was there until it honked. I stopped and spun around and waved, then blushed even harder; the driver was a mid-20s guy with a camera pointing right at me! He took a couple of quick pictures while I was waving and smiling, then a couple more as I hastily turned the other way. He drove away laughing.

I continued walking for a few steps, then started thinking over what had just happened. I’d been shy again, and passed up a perfect opportunity to be bolder. I’d posed for hundreds of pictures for Harold, I reminded myself. Why was it such a big deal if someone else took a few, too?

I thought about it. I decided I didn’t have to walk all the way around the block, but if the driver came back, I had to pose for him. I also sat down

and took off my shoes and socks, and walked fully naked.

I was relieved when I got to my house. No one else had come past me at all. I got my key from inside my sock and opened the door and went in. I giggled a little; nothing bad had happened at all!

“Anybody home?” I called out, but no one answered. I left my shoes by the door, but took my socks upstairs and left them with the rest of my

clothes, then went back downstairs, determined to stay naked until after dinner.

I found a note on the kitchen table; my mother had dropped in and had to run an errand; she asked me to start dinner for the family. She had left a chicken thawing in the microwave; I got it out and put it in a roaster pan along with potatoes and carrots and onions. I giggled; I’d never made dinner in the nude before! It was kind of fun.

I was setting the table when my dad got home.

“Hi, Sweethert,” he said, smiling when he saw me.

“Hi, Daddy.” I gave him a hug and a quick kiss.

“First time I’ve been hugged by a naked teenaged girl since your mother,” he remarked.

“I thought you didn’t get married until after college?” I asked him.

“Hmm, er, well, yes,” he said, blushing a little. “Um, maybe she was older.”

I grinned and made a mental note to ask my mother about it.

“How was your day at school?” he asked me.

“Um... okay,” I said. “I let some boys take my clothes off me in the morning,” I admitted to him.

“Did you like that?” he asked, and grinned as I shrugged.

“It was okay,” I told him. “I also got groped by a lot of guys today. I was trying to be a lot more open to it.” I blushed.

“Good!” he said encouragingly.

“I got spanked by the principal, too,” I explained.

“What did you do to deserve that?” he asked me, frowning.

“Um... he told me not to discuss the details,” I said, blushing again.

“But I got punished for being impertinent.”

“Were you impertinent?” he asked.

“I... guess so,” I nodded slowly.

“You know your mother and I stand behind the authority of the school,” he said, looking at me. “We decided long ago that we should match whatever punishment you receive while at school, doubled. How many swats did the principal give you?”

“Five... with a wooden paddle, on my bare behind” I admitted nervously.

“But...”

“Don’t you think that is merited?” he asked. “It’s a little hard for me to know if you don’t tell me why he did it. If he punished you unfairly, of course, I will back you up, Karen.”

I couldn’t tell him that it wasn’t really a punishment. I took a deep breath, blushing hard. “No... it wasn’t unfair,” I said. “Do you want to do it... now?”

“We could come up with an alternative if you prefer,” he suggested.

I nodded eagerly. “Okay!” I said. “I’ll do that!” Anything else sounded better to me right then.

“Fine.” He nodded back and smiled cheerfully. “I’ll park my car out in the front yard. If you do a really good job washing it, we’ll let the spanking slide.”

“Um... I... resolved... not to wear anything until after dinner,” I explained uncomfortably.

“Good idea, that will keep your clothes from getting wet.” He winked.

I stared for a moment. He really did mean for me to go outside and wash his car, bare naked, in front of the whole neighborhood!

And I had agreed to do it.

I nodded resignedly and went to get a bucket of warm soapy water. I took it outside, then ran a hose around to the front yard. Daddy parked his car close to the street, and I went out to start working on it.

I started out by running water from the hose over the car, and rinsing away as much dirt as I could. I looked around uncomfortably. I was going to be out there for a while; when Daddy said a good job, he meant a really good job. I reminded myself to be cheerful and not to conceal myself from anyone who saw me. Not that it would matter much; there wasn’t much to hide behind anyway. I walked around the car so I was between it and the road, and continued spraying the car.

I was very exposed there. Also, it was a busy time of the day for traffic.

Cars kept going by. Many of them tooted at me as they passed, and I tried to smile and wave boldly at each of them. By the time I finished spraying, and started scrubbing the car, a dozen or so guys had brought lawn chairs, or had come back and were standing around watching me wash the car. A couple of them had cameras or video recorders.

“Can you spray water over your front?” one guy asked me.

“Sure!” I took the hose and sprayed myself. The water was cold, and I shivered, but drenched myself, then posed open-legged in front of them for a few minutes before returning to washing the car.

“Bend over more!” a man hollered, and I did so, leaning over with my legs straight, washing the bottom of the car.

“How was that?” I asked, blushing but smiling.

“Wonderful! This is fun!” he grinned.

“Thanks!” I turned back around and kept scrubbing the bottom of the car the same way until I’d done the whole side.

“Can you do it a different way?” a boy asked me.

“Hi, Karen,” my mom called out. Jimmy was standing next to her and laughing.

“Hi, Mom,” I waved. “I started dinner, but then Daddy sent me out here to wash his car.”

“I... see,” she observed, a little uncomfortably. “I guess I’ll go check on dinner.” Jimmy ran inside ahead of her. She walked toward the house.

“Can you do the front of the car while kneeling and bending backward?” the boy asked me hopefully.

“Uh... I can try.” I faced away from the car and knelt on the grass, then bent backward and scrubbed the underside in front. “How’s that?” I called out.

“Super!” he said enthusiastically.

It was very difficult, but I finished doing the front underside that way, then rolled over and stood up. The wet grass was sticking to my front.

“Time to spray yourself some more,” a man with a videocamera told me.

“Would anyone like to spray me?” I offered.

A 20-ish man grinned and took the hose. I put my hands behind my head and boldly posed in front of him, letting him spray me all over. The water was getting colder. My teeth were chattering, but I stayed in position for a couple of minutes.

“That looks great!” “Look at her nipple erection!” “Love those goosebumps.” “I can warm her up.” I heard a lot of comments from the growing crowd of guys.

“That’s enough for now!” I protested, dancing away from the cold spray.

“But... if you want... you guys can... use the hose... on me a little...

as I keep... washing the car.” I was pretty chilly. Also, I wanted to finish the job and get away from the crowd!

I moved to the side of the car away from the road, and the crowd shifted over to continue watching me. I scrubbed the bottom edge of the car thoroughly, taking a short break when my arms got too tired. Whenever I’d stop, I’d turn and face the crowd on my knees, and each time someone picked up the hose and sprayed me again.

I went to the back of the car, and washed the underside of it as I’d done the front; kneeling and leaning over backward.

After I finished that, I started washing the rest of the car, slowly and methodically moving around it and trying to get every bit of it as clean as possible. The guys kept spraying me occasionally as I worked my way around, keeping me shivering and covered with goosebumps.

“I’ll be back in a minute,” I told them, and raced to the house. I turned off the water, then brought out a few towels. First I dried myself, declining the offers from many of the guys to help towel me off, then, feeling much warmer, I carefully, thoroughly dried off the car.

“Karen! Dinner is in 5 minutes,” Jimmy called out from the front door.

“That’s it for now, guys,” I told the crowd, smiling. “I’ll be back after I eat to wax it, though.”

“Naked?” a younger guy asked me.

“Naked,” I confirmed, blushing.

“Did you have a nice time?” Daddy asked me, grinning.

“Uh... sure,” I said, but blushed as I did so.

Dinner came out really good.

“You should cook in the nude all the time,” Jimmy told me.

“Thanks.” I smiled at him. “I’m not sure if I want to do that, but it’s nice of you to say!”

When we finished eating, I left the dishes to Jimmy, and went back outside to wax Daddy’s car. I felt apprehensive; I was still completely bare.

There were only a few guys hanging around and waiting, though.

“Hi, guys,” I said, smiling at them. I got right to work and waxed and buffed the car in about a half hour. Finally... I was done! I waved goodbye to the guys who were still there, then hurriedly went inside the house.

“Let’s go take a look at it,” Daddy said.

“All right,” I nodded, and went out with him to inspect it. He looked it over carefully while I stood anxiously watching, but finally he decided it was all right. I dashed back inside.

I headed for the bathroom and took a shower. I decided I’d been naked long enough, and went up to my room and got dressed. It felt kind of odd to have clothes on, and I laughed at myself and went downstairs.

Mike called at 7:30, and asked if I’d like to join him at the ice cream shop.

“Sure,” I agreed.

“Come as you are, okay?” he said, chuckling.

“Okay, but only because you didn’t call a half hour ago,” I giggled. “I was in the shower.”

“Darn,” he groaned. “I knew I should have dropped by on my way home from football practice.”

“I’ll meet you at the ice cream parlor,” I said, and hung up.

He was there before me, sitting at a picnic table.

“How have you been doing?” he asked me pleasantly when I sat down.

“Oh, I’m fine,” I shrugged.

“Looking forward to the end of the day tomorrow?”

I nodded. “I sure am!” I blushed a little. “But I’ve been doing...

things... outside of school,” I admitted. I told him about walking around the park the previous evening, and about my dare with the house keys after school earlier that day. I also told him about washing the car in the nude.

He grinned. “Not bad at all for a shy girl!” he said, looking impressed.

“Let’s go get some ice cream, okay?”

I nodded, and we went to the counter. We had to wait in line; it was a busy night. While we waited, Mike pointed to a new sign.

Girls! Half price if you’re half dressed! 50% off ice cream for topless ladies!

For every 3 topless girls served, a waitress will have to take off one item of clothing!

He winked at me, and I blushed. I saw that one of the girls working at the counter was not wearing a shirt or pants, and looked pretty nervous.

“Isn’t she a cheerleader?” Mike asked me.

I nodded. “Jennifer. She was laughing pretty hard on Monday when I had to take off my clothes in school,” I remembered out loud.

“What are you waiting for?” he asked cheerfully.

I looked around. I thought at first that none of the other girls were participating, but then I saw two younger girls, 13 or 14 year olds, look at each other and giggle, and pull off their shirts and bras.

I blushed but shrugged and pulled my sweatshirt over my head, and took off my bra, too. I saw Jennifer hanging her bra on a hook on the side of the ice cream counter; she was down to just her underpants and blushing furiously.

The two girls in front of us got ice cream cones and went to sit down, then it was our turn.

“Hi Jennifer,” I said, smiling.

“Hi, Karen,” she said. “What can I get for you?”

“I’d like a pecan sundae,” I said.

“That sounds good to me, too,” Mike nodded.

“All right,” she nodded. “Also... you can take an item of clothing from one of us,” she said, obviously very uncomfortable about it.

“Why don’t we make that you?” Mike chuckled.

She blushed harder, but nodded and took off her underpants and was fully naked. She went to make our sundaes, then came back with them.

“Are you going to have to stay naked for the rest of your shift?” Mike asked her.

She nodded, humiliated. “Until 11:00 tonight,” she said unhappily.

“Have a nice time!” I said, smiling brightly. Then I whispered, “You’ve got a nice body.” I stepped away as she gave me a dirty look.

I had to sit and eat my ice cream while topless. It was embarrassing, but it was worth it. Jennifer was a lot more embarrassed than me.

“Ready to go?” Mike asked me.

I nodded and stood up, then giggled and put my bra and sweatshirt back on.

I walked by the counter and grinned at Jennifer. “Have an exciting night,” I told her. “Flaunt that body!”

“I’ll see you in school tomorrow,” she retorted, blushing.

Mike and I walked down some side streets, and I noticed we were walking by the side-street where I’d left my clothes the night before, when Jeff and Rick had come across me. I explained about my dare for myself, and admitted that I hadn’t completed it, blushing.

“Obviously, you ought to do it now,” he suggested.

I blushed and fidgeted.

“Show me where you left your clothes last night,” he said, and we walked down the street. I pointed out the house. The pickup truck wasn’t there, though.

“You can just leave them behind a bush,” he suggested, grinning. “That one, maybe,” he indicated, nodding toward the house.

I looked around uneasily.

“Are you going to do it?” he asked.

“All... right,” I nodded jitteringly. “I’ll... be right back.” I started over toward a tree.

“Karen... you’re going to run around naked anyway,” he pointed out, laughing.

“Oh. That’s true,” I said after I thought about it for a moment. I giggled a little and stepped out into the middle of the street. I looked around, then smiled at him and took off all my clothes. I ran over to the house and stuffed them under the bushes.

“I have to go 6 blocks from here before I can turn around,” I told Mike.

“How did you decide that?” he asked interestedly.

“The address of the house on the corner is “609”,” I explained. “I added the digits together until I got a single digit number.”

“But then you didn’t finish. Shouldn’t there be a penalty for that?” he smirked.

“Um... all right... 6 times 9 is 54. 5 plus 4 is 9. How about if I go 9 blocks from here before I can turn around?” I offered hesitantly.

He grinned. “Okay! No turning back tonight, though, right?”

I nodded, and we walked to the end of the street. We turned onto the sidewalk and continued along. I walked in the grass, which was a lot more comfortable on my bare feet.

“How does it feel to you now to be walking along a public street in the nude?” he asked me. “Is it more exciting, frightening, humiliating, or

what?”

“It’s pretty embarrassing,” I told him. “Anyone at all might come by and see me out here like this! It’s exciting, too, though,” I admitted, then

giggled. “You ought to try it!”

“I would be arrested if a police officer saw me,” he pointed out. “You will not be.”

That was true.

“I might try it sometime anyway,” he said, winking.

A car came down the street. I blushed, wanting to dodge behind a tree, but I couldn’t do that with Mike right there watching me. Instead I boldly stepped out toward the street and waved as it went by.

“You do that so well!” Mike remarked, grinning. “Is it fun for you?”

“Um... not exactly, no,” I said, shivering.

“Then why did you do it?”

“I promised myself I wouldn’t be bashful,” I explained uncomfortably.

“I’ve been going around school in the nude for four days now, and I’m going to have to do it again tomorrow, too. I’m trying to get used to it so it’ll be easier when I’m in school.”

“Is it working?”

“A little, I guess. It’s pretty hard to keep standing right out in the open and letting people see me all bare naked,” I confided.

He chuckled. “You look great doing it!” he told me enthusiastically.

We got to the corner. “I’ll let you pick what direction we go, if you want,” I told him. “I know people are going to see me, but... please... let’s not go anywhere that’s really crowded!”

“You don’t want to go downtown or anything, huh?” He smiled. “All right.”

We continued down the street in the same direction for another block. The next corner was a busier one; there were three cars waiting at the stop signs. I nervously stepped right out to the corner and waved and smiled at them all.

“Let’s go this way,” Mike suggested, and we turned and crossed the street going left. Then we crossed again going right, as a couple of other cars pulled up and stopped. I stepped out in view of them as well, blushing hard.

We continued along the same street we’d been walking on for another block, then turned left for a block. I stepped out by the street for each car that came by, doing my best to smile cheerfully for them.

We crossed the street to the right. Just as we got back to the sidewalk, I saw another car coming. I stepped out to the street, and saw it was a van.

Then I blushed hard; it was the guy who’d tried taking pictures of me earlier. He pulled to the opposite side of the street, and I saw him picking up his camera.

I started to turn to dash behind a tree, but saw Mike looking at me curiously. I stopped, then, and took a deep breath. There was no valid reason for me to avoid the guy with the camera, I realized. And no way to do it anyway.

I turned back around, still blushing. The guy had his camera pointing at me and was grinning broadly. He’d already taken a few pictures of me from behind, I knew.

“You took a few pictures of me earlier, didn’t you?” I called out to him.

“I sure did. You ran behind a bush, so I only got a couple of shots.” He took several of me from in front as I stood facing him. “You seem more willing about it now than you were before,” he remarked in a friendly tone.

I nodded. “I guess so,” I agreed.

“You still seem pretty uncomfortable, though,” he observed.

“I am. That’s true!” I looked down at myself, then back up. “I’m not used to being... without my clothes.”

“But you’ll let me take pictures of you. That’s nice. Will you pose for me?” he asked hopefully.

“All right,” I consented. “For a little while, if that’s all right with you, Mike,” I said, turning around.

“Sure, I guess so,” Mike nodded. “If he sends me copies of his best pictures, anyway,” he added.

“Sure!” the man grinned readily. He got out of his van, then pulled a tripod out from the back of it.

He had me do poses for him for about a half-hour; walking along the street, kneeling in the grass, turning toward him and away from him and frmo both sides. Several cars came by; I stopped to wave and smile at them, and he took pictures of me doing that as well.

“That should be enough for now,” he said. “Thanks for posing!”

“You’re welcome,” I told him. “If you see me walking around again, feel free to ask me to pose for you more.”

“Thanks again!” He drove off.

Mike and I kept walking along. “Did you enjoy posing for that guy?” Mike asked me.

“I... owed it to him, I guess,” I shrugged, blushing a little, and explained about ducking away from him on my earlier naked walk in the afternoon.

He looked amazed. “You’ve really been active about this, girl!” he said.

I giggled a little. “I guess so. But after doing it in school... that’s really hard.”

The street we were on was busier. I kept darting between the sidewalk and the street, showing myself off to the passing cars. “I might as well walk right on the street!” I said after about the 4th vehicle.

“All right,” he nodded, and I blushed; I hadn’t really meant to commit

myself to doing that. But he was already stepping over toward the street.

I did so, too, and walked along the edge of the curb for the rest of the block. Oh, well, it was a little easier that way to wave and smile at passing cars.

It was getting a little easier, I noticed, to face the cars going by and to be cheerful while doing so. It was still embarrassing, but not as terrifying.

“How much further have I got to go?” I asked Mike.

“Three more blocks,” he said.

“Three! I thought it was one or two!” I protested.

“I think it’s three. Let’s count as we go back, and if you didn’t go far enough, we’ll do it all over again,” he suggested.

“Uh... no... we’ll go three more,” I gave in hastily.

We crossed another street and continued walking.

“There’s a park a little further along, how about if we go there before turning around?” he suggested.

“All right,” I agreed.

When we got there, I thought we’d turn right around, but instead, Mike suggested we go play on the playground. I found out sliding doesn’t work when you have a bare behind, and swinging was kind of chilly. Mike urged me to climb on the monkey bars and go across the hand over hand, and those worked all right.

“Can you please hang onto that bar?” he asked me.

I reached above my head and grabbed ahold of it with both hands. He stood in front of me and palmed my breasts. I blushed but hung on to the bar, letting him touch me however he wanted. He gently rubbed my nipples, making me gasp and shudder, but I didn’t let go. He chuckled. “Do you like that?”

“Yes!” I said. I was very excited! He did it again, and I felt like wriggling like a puppy.

Then he slowly moved his hands down my body and fingered my crotch. I moaned and hung on to the bar.

“You’ve really got her hot.” I opened my eyes, shocked. There were several teenagers standing on the sidewalk, watching. They jostled each other and grinned and giggled.

“Let go,” Mike told me quietly. I did so slowly. I didn’t want to stop, but we couldn’t continue.

He squeezed my hand. “Let’s go,” he suggested.

“Going to get laid?” someone called out.

“He sure is,” I said without thinking about it. Then I blushed as the small crowd cheered. We sprinted down the sidewalk, hanging onto each other’s hands. I was relieved they didn’t follow us.

“Come on, let’s go in here,” Mike suggested, and we darted up to a house.

Mike didn’t knock; we just went inside. A guy was sitting in an armchair, watching TV. He looked up, then looked again and grinned at me.

“Mind if we use your room?” Mike asked him.

“Go ahead. It’s a little messy, though,” the guy apologized.

“No problem,” Mike said. “Thanks!”

The bed was unmade, and the room was untidy, but it didn’t smell bad or anything. There was no door, though. The bed was a bunk bed.

I sat down on the bed, and Mike sat next to me. He put his arm around me and began stroking my breast. “What would you like to do now?” he asked me.

“Whatever you want,” I told him. “Just tell me what to do.”

He grinned. “All right! Kneel on the bed, and hang onto the upper bunk.”

“All right.” I smiled and positioned myself as he told me.

“Knees wide apart,” he directed me, and I complied. He slid his hand against my crotch, and I blushed. He slid his fingers inside me, and I

squirmed. “Still hot and wet,” he said, looking satisfied. “Do you think you can stay still like that, while I play with your body? I can tie you up if you’re not sure.”

“Tie me?” I said nervously.

“Haven’t you ever been tied up to a bed?” he said, winking.

“No!” I gulped.

“How about if we try it without that,” he suggested. “But if you let go or move away from me, I’ll tie you into position.”

I nodded tensely. He slid his fingers lightly against my nipples until I gasped. It hadn’t taken him long. I already felt as excited as I had on the playground. He chuckled and fingered my nipples some more, then slid his fingers into and out of my vagina several times. I was panting.

He stepped back.

“What are you doing? Please don’t stop now!” I said.

He smiled, but didn’t say anything. I moaned helplessly, then let go of the upper bunk and reached down to rub myself between the legs.

“No, Karen,” he told me, and stepped forward, grabbing my wrists. He roughly pulled one hand back up to the upper bunk, and tied it into position. I gulped but didn’t object. He tied my other hand up, too, then tied my knees apart onto the lower bunk. I tried to struggle free, but was unable to move more than a couple of inches.

He grinned. “Want me to untie you?”

I swallowed and tried to pull my arms free again. “No, that’s okay,” I told him, but felt very nervous. I was completely helpless.

He went back to fingering me; lightly rubbing my nipples, and sliding his fingers into my vagina. I was about ready to scream from the intense feeling. I thought he was going to finger me into having an orgasm, and was really looking forward to the intense release of pressure.

Then he stepped back again. I felt desperate. There was nothing at all I could do! “Please don’t leave me like this!” I begged. I struggled again to free myself, but couldn’t.

He didn’t say anything, just watched me, smiling.

“Please!” I begged, quietly but urgently.

He left me waiting for a few minutes, then slowly slid his pants and underpants down. He had an enormous erection.

“Please, put it right into me!” I said eagerly. But he finished undressing, taking a long time to do it. I watched impatiently, very frustrated.

He smiled. “Are you ready for something different?” he asked me.

“I’m ready for anything!” I said.

He winked, then knelt down in front of me. I had no idea what he was doing. He moved his face against my crotch, then started licking me! His tongue darted around against my vagina.

“Hey! Stop that!” I protested, but he didn’t have to stop. I couldn’t do anything to stop him. He kept right on licking, and also nibbled on me

gently.

I’d thought I was aroused before, but the feeling got much more. I was moaning uncontrollably, and yelling out, “Fuck me! Please, fuck me!” I dimly saw the other guy, grinning in the doorway, but I didn’t care.

Finally I came, screaming out but not forming any words. It was the most intense orgasm I’d ever felt. I felt drained of energy, and slumped against my bonds, but grinned in delight. “That was wonderful!” I told Mike.

“You never did that before, huh?” He smiled.

I shook my head.

He began fondling my breasts again. “We can do it again!”

“What? No!” I struggled again, uselessly of course. He could do whatever he wanted with me. “Please!” I protested. “It was great, but I don’t know if I could stand it again!”

“You can stand it,” he assured me, lightly rubbing my nipples with his fingers. “But of course, if you tell me I have to stop, I’ll do so and untie you.”

I didn’t want to do that. “I won’t say you have to!” I told him, starting to squirm again already.

“Good girl,” he told me cheerfully. He took his time, but pretty soon I was panting and moaning all over again.

“Please just fuck me!” I begged. “Put your big cock right into me!”

He chuckled, and as he had done before, he knelt in front of me and slowly began licking my crotch. I was moaning helplessly from this, when he moved back from me.

“Don’t... stop!” I panted. “Please, keep going!”

He sat on the floor, watching me.

“I’ll do anything you want later, but don’t stop! Keep going! Ohh!”

“All right, that sounds reasonable.” He moved forward again and resumed licking me. Pretty soon I came—and I couldn’t believe it. It was even more intense than the previous orgasm! I couldn’t even scream. Finally it ended.

He untied me from the bed, and I slumped against the sheet. “Oh, that was great, that was wonderful!” I told him happily. “Now what would you like to have me do, so you have one, too?”

“Have you ever given a blow job?” he asked.

I looked at him blankly.

“That’s where you lick and suck on someone’s cock until they come. No risk of pregnancy that way,” he explained.

“I’ve never done that,” I said slowly. “But... I will!” He sat down on the edge of the bed, and I knelt in front of him, then giggled and slid my mouth over his hard penis, sucking on it and licking the end with my tongue. It didn’t take him very long, only a couple of minutes, and he spurted warm cum down my throat. I moved my head back and he spurted more on my face.

“Swallow it,” he told me. I did, then he used his finger to wipe more off my face, and made me lick it off and swallow that, too.

He took me in the shower, and we took a nice long shower together, rubbing the soap against each other, and when we were done, toweling each other.

“Want to borrow a t-shirt or something?” he asked me as we stepped back into the bedroom. “I’m sure I can get one for you.”

“Who is that guy?” I asked.

“My brother,” Mike explained. “He’s a pretty good guy,” he grinned. “Maybe I should ask him to drive us back to your clothes.”

I nodded eagerly. “That sounds great! In that case... I won’t need a shirt or anything,” I told him, a little nervously.

“All right. If you’re sure.” He looked at me closely.

I nodded. “It doesn’t really matter,” I told him. “And your brother would be awfully nice to me if he gives me a ride,” I added.

He did give me a ride. Mike came along, too. Mike got out of the car and ran up to the bushes where I’d left my clothes, and brought them back to the car for me. I giggled and stepped out. “Thanks!” I said and gave him a big hug and kiss. “And thanks to you, too,” I said to his brother, smiling, then went around the car and kissed him, too. I took my clothes from Mike and put them on.

“Would you like a ride home?” Mike’s brother asked me.

“Well... sure, if you don’t mind!” I said, smiling gratefully.

They drove me home, then let me out of the car. I got out, then giggled and stripped bare again, waving at them as they drove away. I picked up my clothes and turned and ran into the house.

“Where were you?” my father asked as I came inside the house.

“I went for a walk with a friend from school,” I told him. I giggled. “We left my clothes on a side street, then went for a long walk around town!”

He nodded, smiling. “Did you have sex?”

“Well... yeah... oral sex,” I told him. “He tied me up! And we took a shower together, too.”

“Good!” He nodded, pleased. “You’re really making some progress, Karen!”

“I’m glad you think so,” I said, smiling. “From now until the end of the school day tomorrow, I’m not going to wear anything at all,” I added, smiling. “I’ll walk to school naked, stay naked all day, and come home naked.”

“And this is the same girl who was so timid and embarrassed to take her clothes off in school on Monday?” he teased me.

“It’s still embarrassing,” I told him, blushing.

“Are you glad we made you do it now?” he asked me seriously and a little anxiously.

“Truthfully... yeah, I guess I am!” I grinned. “I have to get to bed now.

Good night, Daddy!” I kissed him on the forehead and carried my clothes upstairs.

FRIDAY

Preceding story: In Karen naked in school—Monday and Tuesday, I’m surprised to find I’m required to attend high school in the nude for a whole week, and I do so very reluctantly. Wednesday I pose for Harold, a geeky photographer, and experiment with out of school exhibitionism. Thursday, I loosen up a lot and get close and personal with some of the guys in school. I get a spanking from the principal, wash my Dad’s car after school in the nude in front of a crowd, then go for a naked walk in town, ending with a bondage fantasy evening with my friend Mike and a promise to my Dad to stay naked until the end of the Friday school day.

When I got up in the morning, I stretched, then grinned to myself, remembering what I’d told my dad. No clothes for me at all. I came downstairs and used the bathroom. Just as I started running the water for the shower, I heard the doorbell ring. I started to get in the shower anyway, but it rang again.

I left the water running, but went to answer the door, blushing because I was naked. It was Jimmy’s friend Roger.

“Hi—wow!” he said enthusiastically, looking me over.

“Hi, Roger,” I said, smiling nervously.

“I just came over to see if you’d taken your shower yet,” he said.

“Not yet,” I admitted. “Would you like to come in and watch me again?” I offered reluctantly.

He shook his head, and I almost sighed right out loud. Then he looked at me, smiling hopefully. “Would you mind coming over to my house to shower?”

“Your... house?” I asked, then blushed hard. “W-why do you want me to do that?”

“It’s just a block away,” he said persuasively. “My older brother in college is home for the weekend with a few of his buddies,” he explained.

I reminded myself I didn’t expect much in the way of privacy for the day.

I remembered my walk around town from the previous day, and for that matter, I’d done the same thing the evening before. Not to mention all of my other adventures.

I giggled. “Sure, I’ll do it. Just give me a second, though.” He stepped inside, and I went to the bathroom to shut off the water. I also told my mother I wouldn’t be having breakfast at home, and would see her after school. I put on shoes and socks, then came back to the door.

Roger was surprised I was still bare, I guess. “Aren’t you going to take any clothes?”

I smiled and shook my head. “I’m ready right now. Let’s go!”

“All right,” he nodded, and we stepped outside and walked over to his house. He seemed surprised; when we saw cars come by, I was clearly blushing, but stood right out in the open, letting them look me over if they wanted to.

“What do you want me to do, exactly?” I asked Roger uneasily as we walked along the sidewalk. “Are you all just going to come into the bathroom and watch me take a shower?”

“Well... yeah, I guess,” he said, looking a little anxiously at me.

“That’s all right, isn’t it?”

“Sure!” I reassured him with a quick smile. I took a breath. “But... I’ll do whatever you want me to while I’m in the shower.”

“You will?” he asked.

I nodded, blushing a little. “I’ve... gotten kind of used to people looking at me while I’m naked,” I explained. “You can have me do...

anything you like.”

“That sounds like a lot of fun,” he grinned.

We stopped outside his house and I left my shoes and socks by the door, then went inside. It was a big, nice house; I’d never been in it before.

The other guys were in the living room, and grinned and stared as I walked in. I blushed, but then smiled at them and kept my hands to my sides, letting them look at me. There were three of them, plus Roger.

“This is my brother Jack,” Roger introduced. “Jack, this is Karen.”

“Hel-lo, Karen!” He grinned broadly.

“Hi, Jack,” I said to him, smiling timidly.

“This is George, David and Ted,” he introduced the others, and I smiled and said hello to each of them.

“You wanted me to shower in front of these guys. Shall we get started?” I asked Roger nervously.

He nodded. “Come on, guys, let’s go in the bathroom. Karen said she’ll do anything we want in the shower.”

I smiled at them, and followed Roger into the bathroom.

“Go ahead and start, Karen,” he told me.

I turned on the water and adjusted it so it was warm, then got under it.

Roger pulled the curtain open as wide as possible. I giggled at the guys, then jiggled my chest for them a little.

“Can you face us and spread your legs wide?” Roger asked me.

“All right,” I agreed, and faced them, setting my feet wide apart.

“Reach up and touch the top of the shower with both hands,” another of the boys said. He was George, I remembered after a moment.

I did as he said. The boys all grinned, staring at me.

“Wow, what great tits!”

“Look at those pretty blonde curls!”

“I’d like to get my face between her breasts!”

“How about a nice look at your ass, now, Karen?” David suggested after a couple of minutes. “Bend over and put your palms against the bottom of the tub, but keep your knees unbent.”

I nodded and bent over, and let the boys look at me that way as well.

“Stand up straight again,” Ted told me. “Face us, set your feet apart... wider... good... now spread open your pussy.”

I did so, blushing, but trying to be as obedient as I could.

“How long are you going to keep doing what we say?” George asked me curiously.

“Well, I have to go to school. Until I have to leave, I guess,” I told him.

“What limits do you have?” he asked.

“I’m only going to do it in the shower,” I said firmly. “I guess I’ll do whatever you want as long as it’s part of my shower. And you have to let

me get ready for school!”

“All right, you can wash yourself, and use shampoo,” Roger told me. “Just let us watch.”

“Sure,” I nodded, smiling, and lathered myself with soap.

One of the guys reached in and turned off the water.

“What did you do that for?” I asked him uncomfortably.

“I thought it would be nice to see you all covered with soap lather, without it washing off,” he explained. “Just keep going, please.”

I did so, and was soon covered all over with thick lather. “Can I rinse it off now?” I asked him.

“Sure, get under the shower head and I’ll turn it on,” he said. “Look up at the shower head, and don’t look down until the soap is all rinsed off, okay? And stay under the water until you’re all rinsed.”

I nodded, and he turned the water back on.

I kept my eyes on the shower head as requested, and turned myself back and forth to rinse off the soap. As I did so, I felt the water getting a little cooler, and started to ask him to adjust it to be a little warmer.

Then it got really cold. I gasped, and started to hastily reach down to adjust the temperature.

“Keep looking up, Karen,” the guy told me, chuckling. “And leave the water temperature to us, please!”

“P-p-please, make it warmer!” I begged. “I’m freezing!”

“I will, when you finish rinsing off,” he said, laughing.

It seemed to take forever, but I stayed under the chilly water, and finally I felt the water get warmer. “There, you can adjust it for yourself now,” he told me.

I turned it warmer, then warmer again, and rubbed my arms and thighs under the water until I felt warmer.

“That was interesting,” the guy told me, grinning broadly.

“It... was?” I asked, feeling a little hostile toward him.

“Your nipples got big and really firm looking,” he explained cheerfully.

The other guys were chuckling.

“All... right,” I shrugged finally, blushing, then giggling. “I’m glad it was fun for you!” I shampooed my hair, then rinsed it out, and got out of the shower.

“Want a towel, or would you prefer to have some help drying off?” Roger’s brother Jeff had a towel in his hand.

“Um... I’d like the towel, please!” I took it from him and dried myself off, then hung it up and grinned at the guys. “I’m glad that’s over!”

“Are you going to get dressed now?” one of the guys asked me.

I shook my head. “I didn’t even bring any clothes,” I told him. “I walked over here naked. I’m not going to wear anything all day, until I get home from school. Except shoes!” I smiled at them. “Roger, what time is it?

Don’t we have to get to school pretty soon?”

“School starts at 10:00 today,” he told me.

“Well, we have time for breakfast, anyway, then, right? Want me to make it?”

We had pancakes, which I made, with the guys eagerly looking on. When we were done, it was still only 9:00.

“Are you guys up for a dare?” I asked them all with a challenging grin.

“I’ve been doing all kinds of stuff for you,” I pointed out.

“What did you have in mind, Karen?” Jack asked me.

“You guys ought to find out what being exposed is like,” I said. “I’d like to see all of you take off all of your clothes and run out the front door, go around the house and swimming pool, then come in the back door.”

Several of them looked uneasy about the idea.

“We can’t!” Ted protested. “We might be arrested for indecent exposure.”

I shrugged and laughed. “Do it, or I think I’ll just go home,” I said. I looked down at myself. “I’ve been running around bare naked for several days. Surely you can make it around the house!”

They argued about it for a few minutes. Then Jack held up his hand. “I can see her point,” he said slowly. “Anyway... it’ll be kind of exciting. We probably won’t be seen by anyone. And even if we were, we probably wouldn’t be arrested.” He looked around grinning. “Come on, guys!” He started taking off his clothes in the living room.

A couple of the other guys followed his example, and I grinned, watching them. A couple of the others blushed and hesitated, but then started slowly undressing. One of them, Ted, turned around.

“Hey now!” I complained good-naturedly. Look right at me while you do that!”

He sheepishly faced back toward me and uneasily went on with removing his clothes.

One guy was left... that was Roger, who was my brother’s age; 13. “Either everyone does it, or I’m leaving,” I told him, giggling. “You too, Roger! Come on, you had a lot of fun making me walk over here, shower in front of you, and cook for you in just my skin.”

The other guys teased him; they were all either naked or nearly so. “Come on, Roger!” “Show it to her, Roger!” “It’s your damned house, you can do it, too!” He turned really red, but slowly took off his clothes. I giggled; I knew what he felt like, though!

They all ran out the front door together, and I grinned broadly, watching them go around the edge of the house. Then I dashed through the house and locked the big patio door in back, then ran back and locked the front door as well.

I watched outside the back until they came dashing as fast as they could around the pool and up to the back door. I laughed at them as they

desperately tried to get in.

“Hey! Open the door!” “Come on, Karen!” “Please, open it!”

“Go back to the front and try that one!” I called to them.

They pleaded with me for a couple of more minutes, then went dashing back around the house. I watched out the front door, waiting for them to come back and find out they couldn’t get in that way, either.

They surprised me, though; a minute later I heard them coming up the basement stairs. I gulped and ran back through the house, then decided I’d

better leave; they weren’t going to be very happy with me! I dashed for the back door, but had trouble opening it. Jack and Ted caught my arms from behind.

“You weren’t thinking of leaving, were you, Karen? Just when we were all having so much fun?” Jack pushed me through the house, back to the living room.

“It was just a joke!” I protested. “I’ve been so embarrassed and scared...

I thought it would be funny to see someone else feel that way for a change!” I looked around at the guys. They looked pretty upset. “I’m... sorry!”

“It was really funny,” George nodded, looking at me angrily. “We never made you do anything you didn’t want to do, and we cooperated with your little request, too.”

“You’re going to have to pay for your trick,” Jack told me in a chilly tone. “You abused our trust without our consent, so I don’t think what comes as a result needs your consent.”

I started to turn toward him to protest.

“Don’t say anything,” he ordered me. “No words at all, unless someone tells you to, or asks you something, and then say just what you’re told.

Don’t meet anyone’s eyes, or you’ll get slapped. You’re going to fully cooperate with whatever we decide to do with you for the rest of the morning. If someone grabs at your body, you will not avoid them or try to get away. Even if something hurts, you just have to put up with it and enjoy it the best you can. Now move your legs wide apart and act like the slut you really are.”

I obeyed, looking down at the floor, feeling very nervous. He reached for my chest and roughly grabbed my breasts.

“We can go ahead, right?” George said from behind me.

“Sure, do anything you want with her,” Jack said cheerfully.

I felt hands on my behind, then they were pulling my buttocks apart a little. Someone slid his fingers in my vagina, then into my ass, which hurt some. I yelped, and almost looked up, but kept my eyes down and kept meekly looking at the floor.

“We should have her have sex with Roger,” someone suggested.

“Will you do that, Karen?” Roger asked.

I blushed hard but nodded. They’d just make me do it anyway.

There was laughter from several guys. “Sure she will,” Ted said. “She’ll do it on top. Sit down over there on the couch, Roger, and let her get on top of you.”

The other guys continued running their hands over my body for a couple of minutes. I had to keep my hands behind my head and my legs wide open, letting them handle me however they wanted. It was humiliating; they laughed and teased me, but I was responding, breathing more heavily and squirming, and there was no way for me to hide that from them.

“Ready for her, Roger?” Jack asked.

“All right,” he replied, hesitant but also eager.

Someone held my wrists together and forced me over to the couch. “Have you ever done it from on top before?” he asked me.

I shook my head, and looked timidly at Roger on the couch. His cock was hard and purple, and he was sitting naked on the couch and looking up at me.

WHACK! I was slapped across the face from behind, hard. “Keep your eyes down, slut!” the guy behind me said sharply.

“Sorry!” I apologized in a sob.

WHACK! He slapped me again. “Be quiet, no one asked you to talk. Spread your knees wide apart, and lower yourself so his cock goes right in your pussy, then slide yourself up and down until he comes. As soon as he does, you stand up and step back, then kneel in front of him with your knees

wide apart, and lick his cock until it’s clean and swallow everything you lick up. If you understand, say ‘Please, may this slutty teenaged blonde attempt to please you, Master Roger!’”

I kept my eyes down. “Please, may this slutty teenaged blonde attempt to lease you, Master Roger?”

“Uh, all right,” he said. “Sure!”

I moved up to him, looking down at his cock but carefully not looking at his face. I positioned myself over him and lowered myself until his cock slid into me.

It felt different than having sex with the guy on top. I didn’t decide then if I liked it that way—the other guys were laughing and jeering, and the whole experience was excruciatingly humiliating. I concentrated on doing what I’d been told. I moved myself up and down, sliding Roger’s cock in and out, in and out.

“Moan right out loud, slut,” one of the guys told me, slapping my bottom.

“Owww!” I gasped.

“Don’t clench your teeth. We don’t mind hearing you react.” The others chuckled.

I opened my mouth a little, then I was unable to muffle my gasps and moans. That was even more humiliating; the guys mockingly emulated my helpless sounds. But I had no choice, I had to do what they wanted! I was getting more excited as I continued.

I suddenly realized the whole experience was something like rape fantasies I’d had. It didn’t really make any difference; I had to do what they were making me do anyway. I got a little thrill from the thought that I was being raped. I never really felt like it was true; I felt like they were kind of justified in doing it. I didn’t think they’d really hurt me, either.

I felt Roger start to come inside me, and he moaned in glee. I kept sliding myself up and down on him for a minute, and felt myself starting to come, too.

“Not so fast, slut,” one of the guys behind me said, laughing. “This is r his pleasure, not yours.” I was pulled back from him, then forced down to my knees, and my face pushed between Roger’s legs. The guys held me by the wrists, too, keeping my hands above my head while I licked Roger’s cock clean.

They made me stand up. “There, did you like that?” one of the guys asked me jovially.

I kept my eyes on the floor, but nodded slightly.

“Good! You can do it again with me,” another guy said.

“I’m going to put it in her ass when she does,” another added, and they all laughed.

I don’t remember all of the details, but a lot of things happened pretty quickly. Someone did sit on the couch. I didn’t dare look at his face to see who it was, but I had to get on top of him as I had with Roger, and have sex with him from on top. I did so readily enough, and started to come almost right away. Someone behind stopped me, making me prolong my orgasm, and slid some gel between my buttocks, then told me to resume what I’d been doing. I yelled and did so, coming hard... but then yelled even louder from the pain as one of them firmly shoved his cock into my ass.

“Don’t stop!” I heard a guy say in a commanding voice. Gasping and groaning, I continued having sex with the guy on the couch. While I did, the person behind me continued forcing himself into and out of me from behind.

It didn’t last for long, but was an amazing mixture of intense pleasure and intense pain while it did last. I don’t know all of what happened to me, or who was involved.

At some point, I was slumped against the couch on my knees. “It’s over, Karen,” one of the guys told me. “Come on, you have to get to school! You should take a shower first, though.”

“What time is it?” I asked.

It was about 9:45; I had 20 minutes to get to school. He helped me to my feet and I found it was Jack who had spoken.

“Are you all right?” he asked me, a little anxiously.

“Oh, sure!” I smiled at him. “It was... quite an experience,” I said.

“Come on and get in the shower,” he urged me, and I hurried to the bathroom. I showered hurriedly, then stepped out. A couple of the guys had towels in their hands; I shrugged and smiled and let them towel me off. I combed my hair straight; it was still wet. I then hurried outside and got my shoes and socks back on. Roger was waiting outside; he walked to the high school with me.

“Do you mind... this morning?” he asked me anxiously.

I tried to look serious, but then giggled. “It was very exciting!” I told him. “Some of it was more adventurous than I might have done voluntarily.

And I’m a little sore now! But it was a lot of fun overall,” I reassured him. “Um... do I have any bruises or anything?”

“Not at all,” he said, looking me over. “Are you sure it was okay?”

I smiled at him. “I’m sure! I had a great time,” I told him. “But it’s sweet of you to ask. Thanks, Roger!”

“You’re so pretty, so nice and such a great sport about everything. Thanks for all of that!” He smiled at me.

He had to go one way and I had to go the other. I gave him a warm hug, then walked up toward the high school. Several other kids saw me and came toward me, grinning. I was bare naked except for shoes and socks, of course, but not all that embarrassed about it, especially not after all that had happened that morning.

“Hi!” I said, smiling at them.

“Hi, Karen!” one of the guys said, and a few others joined in.

“You look more comfortable with not having clothing than you have the rest of the week,” one of the girls observed.

“It’s my last day!” I said. “I’m going to try to relax and enjoy it today, as much as I can! That’s why I didn’t even wear clothes to school this

morning.”

“I noticed that,” another guy said. “Nice touch, Karen!”

“Thanks!” I giggled. “I’m glad you like it this way!”

Since school had been delayed, my first class on Friday was gym. We were going to be in the pool again. I hurried down to the guy’s locker room,

anxious not to be late, and left my shoes and socks. The few guys who were running a little late, like me, grinned at me, and we walked out to the pool together.

I was not self-conscious at all, I realized. I felt fine as I stepped out in front of the rest of the class. I smiled at Mr. Roquette. He looked surprised, but nodded to me, indicating I should take my place in the lineup against the wall. The straggler guys did the same.

Mr. Roquette looked along the row of people. “I think everyone’s here now,” he said. “We’re going to do something a little different in the pool today. I think it’s time for everyone to try skinny dipping. Starting right... now... you all have 5 minutes to get your swimsuits off and then to get into the water.”

I felt shocked for a minute, then I felt elated. I giggled, looking around at my embarrassed classmates.

A couple of the boys took their suits off immediately, leaving them on the deck, and jumped into the water. The rest were looking at each other, or at the floor, and not moving at all.

“Four minutes!” Mr. Roquette announced. “Come on, it’s a class assignment.”

A few of the girls huddled together, then took off their swimsuits, and leapt hastily into the water. A couple more guys joined them.

“3 minutes! You haven’t got much time,” Mr. Roquette advised the rest.

At that point, most of them bit their lips and removed their swimsuits, and were in the water before another minute passed.

“2 minutes!”

“Come on, you guys,” I urged them. “It’s not a big deal. Everyone has to do it.”

“1 minute!” Everyone had complied with his directive except one stubborn looking boy and two very nervous girls. The boy suddenly tossed off his suit and dove into the water. I jumped in, too; Mr. Roquette had said we had to be in the water, and I made sure I was in before the 5 minutes was up.

One of the remaining girls made it. The other was blushing hard and wailing; still wearing her suit. “I just can’t!” she said tearfully. Her name was Melanie. She was petite, dark haired and very pretty. I felt some sympathy for her, but also some impatience. Why was she any better than the rest of us?

Mr. Roquette looked at her sadly, and shook his head. He stepped over to her, then grabbed her firmly by the arm. “A couple of you guys can come

and help,” he said over his shoulder, and four of them eagerly pulled themselves out of the water.

“What are you going to do?” she demanded, then tried to pull away from him. It didn’t do her any good; Mr. Roquette was much stronger. She struggled for a minute or two longer, then the boys converged around her and Mr. Roquette. A moment later, one of them held out her top, and another showed that he had her swimsuit bottom. Blushing fiercely, Melanie was held by her arms facing the rest of us, completely bare. The guys all cheered, and so did a few of the girls.

“Miss Horton will be attending classes unclothed for today,” Mr. Roquette announced. “You can pick up your clothes from me at the end of the day, Miss Horton. You are not allowed to cover any of yourself from view for the rest of the day, and must consider yourself on display for anyone so desiring. You’re allowed two breaks to go to the bathroom, for no more than 5 minutes each. You may be required by teachers to participate in classroom lessons, as directed by the teacher.”

The class cheered again. She was subject to the same rules as me, I noticed. The boys let her go, and she quickly dove into the water.

“Mr. Roquette?” a girl asked. She was Gloria Matthews, treasurer of the student council.

“Yes, Miss Matthews?”

“Shouldn’t you be naked, too?” she wanted to know.

I giggled, so did most of the girls.

“Sure,” he said casually, and removed his swimsuit. He smiled at us, not at all uncomfortable with being naked.

“You may have noticed some changes around school recently,” he began. The class laughed. “We’re encouraging students to be more carefree about their bodies. We’re selectively picking a few female students and requiring them to attend classes in the nude, and this is something we’ll continue to do throughout the year. Miss Wagner—“ He nodded to me, and I blushed as everyone looked at me. “—was one of the first of these, but all of you young ladies will be doing the same thing eventually.

“Girl’s athletic events are all conducted in the nude this year.

Cheerleaders at tonight’s football game will perform without clothing as well.

“Ladies are not required to wear anything at all, either in school or outside of it, according to a recently enacted law. How many of you have taken advantage of that, other than as required?”

A few girls raised their hands, including me.

“I’ve been running in the nude down country roads,” one girl admitted.

“My mother and I went shopping in the nude. We got a 20% discount on everything we bought, 10% for each of us,” Gloria Matthews related. “It was kind of fun!”

“The manager at the restaurant where I work offered double pay for any girls who would wait tables naked. I didn’t do it, but the two girls who did were getting great tips. I might try it this weekend,” another girl said shyly.

Mr. Roquette nodded cheerfully. “This class is called ‘gym’, but it’s real name is ‘physical education’,” he went on. “We teach you about sports, and athletics, and getting your body to perform. But we also want to teach you to be comfortable with yourselves, and with other people. Gym class is going to be clothing-optional for the rest of the year. Fridays are going to be mandatory nude days, though. And we’re going to quit designating

locker rooms as ‘male’ and ‘female’. You can all freely go in either one, and you will all be expected to be friendly and cooperative with people of the opposite sex who are using the locker room you’re in.”

That was going to be interesting, I thought.

“For today, we’re going to have a sort of casual day in the pool. You all have to stay in the pool. We won’t have any specific lessons. Instead, you’re all invited and encouraged to explore each other’s bodies in any way you like. Please cooperate with your classmates, and please feel free to expect them to cooperate with you as well.”

“Hi, baby,” I heard from behind me. It was Scott. I’d dated him for a little while earlier in the year, but he was a little pushy and it hadn’t lasted long. “Put your hands on top of your head for me, will you?”

“Uh, Hi, Scott.” I blushed a little, but did as he directed me. He smiled and put both hands on my chest, feeling my breasts. “Remember when I wanted you to do that a couple of months ago, and you wouldn’t?” he reminded me, grinning. “You’ve come a long way since then.”

“I guess so.” He made me feel pretty uncomfortable.

“Look right into my eyes,” he said. I obeyed, blushing. He grinned, stroking my chest firmly. “You’re reacting,” he observed. “See? You should have taken off your clothes and let me do it to you in August. It feels pretty good, doesn’t it?”

“Hey, Steve!” It was one of the girls. “Move your feet apart so I can feel between your legs.”

I giggled as he complied, then she reached from behind and squeezed his balls. He yelped and let go of me, and wildly reached down to grab her hand.

WHEET! Mr. Roquette blew his whistle, and we all looked at him. He pointed to Steve and the girl. “No interfering with her examination, Mr. Davidson,” he said sternly.

The girl giggled, and Steve nodded sheepishly. He put his hands on his head and she resumed squeezing his balls, making him cringe and gasp. I took the opportunity to escape; I dove underwater and came up next to another guy who was feeling up a different girl. Gloria Matthews was the victim this time. The guy was named Dennis McFarlane.

I giggled. “Spread ‘em, Mister, and lean forward.”

“Thanks!” Gloria said, stepping away but watching.

Dennis moved his legs apart and leaned forward nervously. “W-what are you going to do?” he asked.

“Put your hands on the side and move your legs back as far as you can without falling,” I told him.

He did so. Gloria giggled.

I moved in behind him, forcing his legs a little wider apart, then slid my middle finger into his anus and wiggled it around. He gasped and lurched, and I slid my finger out, then pushed it in again. I did it a few more times, then left him there, rinsing my finger off in the water.

Gloria grinned. “Nice job! He was hurting me, pinching my nipples so hard.” We both glanced over at him. He was standing against the side of the pool, and his erection was visible above the surface of the water.

“Hi, ladies,” a guy said, putting his arm around me. He had the other around Gloria. It was one of the guys who’d helped undress me outside a couple of days before.

“Hi, Roland,” Gloria said with a nervous smile. “Which of us did you want?”

He shrugged and put a hand on each of our chests. “Why not both?” he asked, stroking us casually. “Hey, Mr. Roquette! Is it all right if I examine these two girls together for a little while?”

“That’s fine,” Mr. Roquette nodded. “We only have about 20 minutes left before we hit the showers, though.”

Roland grinned. “Thanks!” He looked at each of us. “Two pretty girls. Hmm.

I’d like to see you rub against each other and kiss each other, please.”

We both blushed really hard. I’d never even considered such a thing!

Apparently, neither had Gloria.

“Rub your nipples together first,” Roland said.

We both knew we had to do it. We looked miserably at each other, but put our hands on each other’s shoulders and moved our chests until we were touching each other. We rubbed against each other, very lightly.

“Now a hot kiss,” he said, grinning.

Again, we had to. Gloria told me later she was conscious of what had happened with Melanie. I was afraid there might be other punishments for uncooperative students, especially the girls. We pulled together, and kissed on the lips.

“Keep doing it, and rub your chests together, and feel each other’s behinds,” Roger ordered. “Be really friendly with each other.”

We did it. I blushed hotly; it felt good, and my body was responding. So was Gloria’s; she moaned and pushed against me eagerly, and we rubbed

against each other.

WHEET! “Time for showers,” Mr. Roquette announced. Gloria and I looked at one another and sheepishly started to pull waay from each other, suddenly conscious that the whole class were watching us.

I felt a yank of my hair.

“Owww!” Gloria protested.

“See you later, ladies,” Roland said, and left us. Our hair was knotted together!

“Come back here!” I yelled desperately.

“What’s the problem?” Mr. Roquette asked. “Oh. Now I see. Your hair is tied together, isn’t it?”

“Can you help us?” Gloria pleaded with him.

“I can try. Stay still.” He took a few minutes to do it, but finally unknotted our hair, allowing us to get apart from each other.

“Thanks!” we both said.

“Better hurry,” he advised us. “You need showers. You’ll both have to go to class naked if you don’t have time to get dressed.”

That was no big deal for me, but Gloria dashed into the girl’s locker room. I went into the guy’s locker room and took a shower. I giggled; there weren’t as many guys as usual, and there were a few girls, pulling their clothes out of a big rolling basket and getting dressed.

The bell rang; we had 10 minutes to get to our next class. I found my shoes and socks and put them on.

“Have you seen my clothes in here?” Gloria asked desperately, running into the guy’s locker room wrapped in a towel. “Hey! That’s my bra!”

“We haven’t got time to be picky!” the girl who had her bra protested.

“Just find something to wear. Do you want to go to classes naked?” She pulled on a shirt, then hurried out of the locker room.

Gloria looked in the basket; there was little left. She pulled out a bra that was too small for her, and a pair of shorts that were way too big.

“The guys must have stolen some of the clothes,” she said, swallowing.

One of the guys, just getting dressed, nodded. “Some of the girls’ clothes got locked in lockers,” he said.

The 5 minute bell rang. Mr. Roquette came through. “Off to class, everyone!” he said. “There’s no more time for getting dressed, Miss Matthews. I’m sorry about that. Leave the towel.”

“You’ll live, Gloria,” I told her encouragingly, as she looked dismayed.

She left her towel on the bench, and had to step out of the locker room, wearing nothing at all. Melissa came out, too, at the last possible minute, also naked, of course. I was the most dressed of the three of us.

I had my shoes and socks.

We walked together down the hallway. We got to Gloria’s classroom first, then mine. “See you later, Melanie!” I said, smiling at her. “Just... take it easy and enjoy it as much as you can,” I advised her.

“Thanks,” she gulped. I heard cheering and applause as she went into her class.

I got to biology just as the bell rang. I kicked my shoes and socks off by the door, and took my seat in front of the class. Miss Hooker was over by her desk. She went over to the door and pressed a button, then went back to her desk and began taking off her clothes.

“Are you teaching in the nude again today?” one of the boys asked her cheerfully.

She nodded, blushing, but then smiled. “I’d like to ask all the girls to remove their clothing at this time, please, and put it in this box.”

I looked at her, surprised. Two classes in a row... but this time, just the girls.

“Never mind trying to leave, ladies,” Miss Hooker said, smiling, standing in her bra and knickers. “The door is locked from the inside until the bell rings.” She continued to undress, and put her clothes in the box she’d designated.

I watched, amused, as the other girls slowly complied.

“The last one to have her clothes off and in the box will get a special place in today’s lesson,” Miss Hooker said, as only a few girls had gotten more than their shoes off. “I suggest you move along, ladies.”

Several of the girls looked around, and they began hurrying, noticing they were lagging behind other girls. One boldly came up and dropped her clothes in the box, smiling at me and at Miss Hooker. Then a couple more girls came up together and nervously put their clothes in.

“You want us to take off everything?” one girl asked, just starting to slide her pants down.

“EVERYthing,” Miss Hooker nodded. “Just like Karen and I.”

I noticed my shoes over by the door, and went to put them in the box.

Finally, all the girls were naked, and the last one had put her clothes in the box.

“Oh, no, I’m last!” she said, swallowing hard.

Miss Hooker smiled. “That’s right, Maggie. Please go pick one of the guys to work with.” She picked up the box full of clothes, and took it over by the door, then knocked. A couple of guys came in, looked around the room, smiling, and then left with the box.

Maggie uncertainly went over to Craig. She’d had a crush on him for a year. I wasn’t surprised at her choice. Craig was, though. She took him by the hand and he came up to the front of the class with her.

“Today, we’re going to practice some of the devices we learned about yesterday,” Miss Hooker explained. “Craig, pick a nice collar for Maggie, please.”

Craig went over to the table, which had the same amazing assortment of sex toys as yesterday, and picked up a pink collar,then came over and put it on her. Maggie blushed hard but didn’t object or try to stop him.

Craig was then allowed to pick straps, and to bind Maggie helplessly to a set of rings along the wall. She was facing the wall, with her arms above her head, her feet wide apart, standing straight.

“If you can get away, you can be finished and go get dressed, Maggie,” Miss Hooker told her. Maggie struggled hard, but was completely unable to free herself. The class chuckled at her futile efforts.

“I guess you can do anything you’d like with her, Craig,” Miss Hooker said, smiling. “Anything you want that you can do in class.”

“Anything?” He looked over at the table, then back at Maggie.

“Please don’t hurt me!” Maggie begged piteously. “I’ll do anything you say!”

“You other girls can pick a guy to go with if you wish,” Miss Hooker smiled. “Guys, once a girl picks you, you can collar her, tie her up, or use any of the devices on the table.”

Linda went immediately to her boyfriend, Brett. Sue went to Tim, nervous and blushing but sure of her choice.

“No one else wants to submit themselves to any of the guys?” she asked the girls.

“Do you mean me, too?” I asked her.

She nodded, and I blushed. I looked at the guys, then went to the back of the room, to Fred. He was quiet, and stammered when he talked to me. He was pretty smart, though. I thought he would probably be nice.

“Anyone else?” Miss Hooker smiled. None of the girls moved.

Fred took me over by the table, and put a collar around my neck.

“What are you going to do with me?” I asked, nervously, but I smiled at him.

“Not sure yet,” he admitted freely. He looked over the devices on the table.

“Okay,” Miss Hooker was saying. “We’ll let the guys pick.” She called out the names of the guys in class, and let each one pick whatever girl he wanted.

I shivered as I overheard one of them. “Little slut, thought you were too good to pick anyone, huh? I’m going to teach you a lesson, I guess!” I was glad I’d gone ahead and chosen for myself.

“What are you more familiar with, being helpless or pain?” Fred asked me.

“Um... being helpless,” I told him.

“Do you feel like something different?” he asked.

I blushed. I shrugged uncertainly. “I’m not sure,” I admitted. “Whatever you’d like, okay?”

He frowned and I felt scared. “Of course we’re going to do what I like,” he said. “We could also do what you like, as far as it fits into that.”

“Something... different... sounds great!” I stammered.

He smiled. “Turn around,” he said.

I did so, and stood looking over the rest of the class. Several of the girls were chained or tied to rings along the wall, being felt or kissed.

Maggie was wearing the nipple clamps Miss Hooker had put on me the day before, and was hurting, writhing helplessly.

WHACK! I yelped, “OUCH!” and started to turn around.

“I didn’t say you could turn,” Fred told me. “Stay still.” I did so, and he whapped me again, hard. “OWOWWOWOW!” I wailed, struggling to keep my hands out of the way, and to stay still. He whapped me one more time, and I sobbed helplessly. “That hurts, that hurts!”

“That’s what you get for not making a choice,” Fred told me. “No, I’m not asking you to make one now. It’s too late for that now.”

I rubbed my behind for a minute. Fred grabbed me by the wrists and tied me to a ring on the ceiling, with my hands high over my head. He fingered my nipples, then pinched them hard, and I gasped.

“Please, please stop!” I begged wildly. “That hurts, it hurts!”

He shrugged. “Think of it as a novelty,” he advised me. He stepped back over to the table, and picked up a small whip. I watched helplessly as he brought it over to me, then turned me around and stroked me across the back with it. Then across my buttocks, then my back again. I couldn’t even yell. I gasped helplessly, then finally caught my breath and took several hard panting breaths.

“Are you having a nice time?” Miss Hooker asked, smiling.

“Sure, this is great!” Fred told her, chuckling. “We’re really enjoying it. Aren’t we, Karen?”

I managed to nod.

She laughed. “Good. There’s still plenty of time left, so try everything you like.”

“We will. Thanks!”

She left, and Fred patted my buttocks firmly. “Does that still hurt?” he asked me conversationally.

“A little,” I sniffled.

He chuckled, and went back to the table again. I watched him put the whip back, then he came back with a bar of some kind, and some laces. He moved behind me, then I felt my feet being tied to it, set wide apart. He turned me around. “I thought I might like to feel your pussy,” he told me. “Would you like that?”

“Yes, please!” I said as eagerly and cooperatively as I could manage. It surely sounded a lot better than being whipped!

He roughly probed his fingers into me. “Karen, you horny slut, you’re all wet inside. Did you know that?” he asked, grinning.

“I’m horny!” I admitted, blushing hard.

“You must like being treated a little roughly. Is this the first time you’ve had this kind of stuff done to you?”

“Not... exactly,” I admitted, “but you’re the first one who’s ever been this rough with me!” I smiled at him.

“Maybe if you come over to my house sometime, leave your clothes on the porch, and beg me on your hands and knees to do it more, I’ll let you feel like this again. Maybe all night.”

“I’ll look forward to it!” I said eagerly. I imagined myself doing it just as he’d said, and shivered with an intense warm feeling.

“15 minutes, class,” Miss Hooker announced.

Fred went back to the table one more time, and came back with a butt plug.

He showed it to me. “Want to feel that?” he asked, grinning.

I gulped hard. “Okay,” I consented reluctantly, but afraid to refuse.

He slid it into my pussy a few times, and I moaned helplessly, almost having an orgasm. Then he turned me around, and started edging the plug into my anus. I gasped, but was helpless to get away from it. It hurt awfully, and I sobbed, but he didn’t stop. He pushed it hard into me, then further in, and further yet. And amazingly, I felt myself having an orgasm.

“We’ll leave it in for a few minutes,” Fred told me, and unfastened me from the ceiling hook. He lowered me onto a mat on the floor. As my butt lowered to the floor, I felt the butt plug pushing harder, and so I lifted up with my hips.

Fred laughed and lowered his pants, then went directly onto me, ramming himself into my wide open pussy. Every time he’d thrust down, I’d feel a shooting pain from the butt plug, and thrust back up. I came again, then again, and a long, slow, lingering time once more. Finally he came, too, and I felt his hot cum spurting into me. I couldn’t thrust up any more, and lay flat against the floor with him laying on top of me, with the butt plug sharply pressing into my behind.

He stood up, then pulled me to my feet, and yanked it out, finally. I groaned and started rubbing my behind, then stopped suddenly, and looked at him anxiously.

“Oh. Go ahead,” he chuckled. “You were a pretty good lay.”

I giggled and resumed rubbing myself, while he removed the bar holding my ankles apart, and then finally removed the collar.

“Are there whip marks all over me?” I asked him timidly.

He looked. “Nope... well, a few really light ones. They look like they’ll be gone in a minute or two.”

“I’d better run down to the locker room and have a shower before lunch,” I said as the bell rang, and smiled at him. “Thanks for... thanks!”

“Don’t forget what we discussed!” he called after me. “About the porch and you on your knees!”

I giggled and waved. The door was unlocked, so I hurried down the hall. I didn’t know where the box of clothing had been taken, but all I was missing was my shoes and socks anyway.

I took a shower in the boy’s locker room, then toweled off and hurried to the lunch room. Jeff and Rick were looking for me, and joined me in the lunch line.

“Quite a biology session, huh?” Jeff exclaimed, grinning.

“It was the wildest class session I ever thought I’d have,” I nodded, smiling. “It was a little painful, though.”

“A little? I saw that guy Fred, beating you with the whip and all that stuff,” Rick said. He looked at me. “It did look like you enjoyed it...”

“I didn’t have much choice!” I pointed out. “What did you guys do with the girls you had for the class?”

“Um...” “Well...” They both looked sheepish.

I grinned. “I’m sure they enjoyed it as much as you did, right?” I teased them.

“Want to come over to my place and spend the weekend as our slave?” Jeff asked me.

“Strangely, it’s not the first offer like that I’ve had,” I said. I blushed a little. “I’m not sure about this weekend,” I said. “But... I... I might enjoy taking you up on it some weekend.” I looked at them timidly.

“That would be wonderful!” Rick said eagerly. “Will you really?”

“I might,” I nodded. “If you’d like me to. But please don’t let it get around, okay?”

They agreed they would not.

We’d finished eating, and went for a walk in the hallway.

“Is your other promise to us still good?” Jeff asked me.

“I guess. What one?” I asked him, blushing.

“About getting a feel any time we want?”

I blushed, but put my hands behind my head and stood facing him. “I promised,” I affirmed.

Jeff chuckled, and reached for my chest. Rick stroked my behind at the same time.

“Hey, I had a question for you,” I suddenly remembered. “What happened to all the girl’s clothes? My shoes and socks are in there!”

“You have to go back to the biology classroom to get them,” Jeff told me.

“The janitors were a little late bringing them back. Six of the girls didn’t get theirs before they had to go to their next class, and had to leave, naked!”

I giggled. “How shocking.”

“There are quite a few girls running around with no clothes now,” Rick observed.

“Yeah,” I nodded. “I’ve noticed that. All the teachers seem to be taking away clothes from girls, or even from the guys.” I told them about the naked gym class I’d had.

“We’d better let you pick up your shoes and socks before your next class,” Jeff said reluctantly. They walked with me back to the biology room, and watched me put my shoes and socks on.

“ATTENTION!” The announcement came out over the intercom. “All students should report to the assembly room instead of their regularly scheduled class. Repeat, all students should report to the assembly room instead of their next class.”

“I guess we’ll get to see how many girls there are who are naked!” Rick grinned.

The three of us went to the assembly room together. I was directed to go up on the stage. The guys left me to take seats. All of us were given a yearbook-style book. As I looked at it, I gulped; it was Harold’s photography of me and other girls who’d been required to strip. I was prominently featured on the cover, sliding my pants down and otherwise naked, smiling timidly at the camera!

There were several girls on the stage already... all of them naked or wearing just shoes and socks. Within the next few minutes, another couple of dozen girls went up on the stage, all naked. I saw some of the cheerleaders go up by the stage, strip and leave their clothes in the front row, then come up to join us.

It was embarrassing standing naked on the stage in front of the whole school, but I was getting pretty used to embarrassing situations. Also, there was plenty of company; there were about 30 girls up there with me, and all of them were wearing shoes and socks like me, or nothing at all. I saw that a lot of them were a lot more uncomfortable than I was.

I was looking forward to being done with school for the week. I’d finally get to put on some clothes, which would be very nice! Once I got home... I remembered I’d come to school naked. I giggled a little. It would be soon enough.

I thought about what was going to happen next with my life. I could still come to school naked, if I wanted to. I giggled at the thought. It might

not be too bad if I could get dressed again whenever I wanted. I could go naked any time I wanted, anywhere at all.

I also thought about sex. I’d definitely had a wild, exciting day sexually, starting at Roger’s house in the morning, and including gym class and biology class. A lot of it hadn’t exactly been consensual. But I had to admit, I’d enjoyed it just as much as if it had been, and I suspected when I had time to think about it, I’d be admitting to myself I’d enjoyed it more. The thoughts of kneeling naked at Fred’s door and begging for him to do what he wanted, or spending a weekend as a slave for Jeff and Rick, were terrifying in a way. And if I could only get up the nerve, I knew I’d do them both.

The assembly finally got started. Mr. Harrison, the principal, started out by dryly explaining the changes in school policies. He started out by

outlining that all girl’s athletics would be performed in the nude; this drew applause.

Then he brought the cheerleaders to the front of the stage, all of them naked, and explained they would perform their duties in the nude as well.

This drew more applause.

He went on to introduce the 10 of us girls who had been required to attend classes naked for the week, and again, the students applauded and cheered.

He explained about us being required to remain naked in school for the whole week, and commended each of us for making it through the week.

Then he introduced a few other girls, such as Melissa and Gloria from my gym class, who had been required to go without clothing for various reasons. The freshman girl who’d been taken to the hospital on Monday was also introduced in this group. There were 7 girls in this group. They were very nervous, even more so than the rest of us. “These young ladies, we have decided, need a little more practice,” Mr. Harrison told the assembly. “We’ve decided they will all be required to attend school without clothing through next week, then we will review their progress and make any additional determinations at that time.”

There was a big cheer from most of the students when he said that. The seven girls looked pretty dismayed, though, I noticed.

He smiled and went on. “We’ll also be meeting with their parents, to recommend to them that each of these young ladies be encouraged to spend time outside of school without clothing, and in sexual situations. We’re sending out a newsletter to the homes of all of the students to provide recommendations along these lines.”

There was a short break. “If you young ladies could please remove your shoes, socks, and other items you still may be wearing, we’d appreciate it very much,” the assistant principal said, smiling.

I complied, leaving my shoes and socks at the back of the stage, and so did the others who were wearing shoes and socks.

“The second half of our assembly today is for Miss Nude Central High,” Mr. Harrison announced. “If any of the other young ladies would like to join and participate, you may feel free to join these contestants at this time by removing your clothes and coming up onto the stage.”

“The prizes are as follows,” he said. “The third place contestant will be given a 1 year $1000 scholarship and a free weekend for herself and three friends at a hotel anywhere in the state. The runner-up will be given a 4 year, $500 per year scholarship, a free weekend at a hotel anywhere in the state for herself and three friends, and limousine service for that weekend. The winner will receive a $2500 per year scholarship for 4 years, and a weeklong trip to any destination in the state with free hotel and limousine transportation. All of the finalists will receive some other minor items such as gift certificates from local stores.”

A couple of girls volunteered; they giggled and stripped and hurried toward the stage.

“We will first narrow down the field to 10 semi-finalists,” he went on.

“Contestants, please stand at the edge of the stage so the student body can judge you.”

We all had to pose in front of the students, who had been given forms; they were to select the 10 girls they wanted to see as finalists. The

judging was done speedily; the whole process took only a few minutes.

Mr. Harrison stepped up to the podium again, and we moved to the back of the stage. He called out the names of the 10 finalists, who had to come back out on the stage. I was one of the finalists.

“The rest of you ladies can get dressed if you wish and if you have clothes available, and then find seats,” he told them. “Thank you for participating!”

Some of the finalists complained under their breaths. Melissa from my morning gym class was unhappy to still have to be standing naked in front

of everyone. The freshman girl was teary-eyed. Gloria was giggling, uncomfortable but making the best of her experience. I was trying to be like that as well. One of the girls was jumping up and down with excitement. I had to admire her spirit.

Mr. Harrison then had each of us stand in front of the podium for a minute while he pointed out various virtues to be considered for each of the girls. About me, he said:

“Miss Wagner has the nicest breasts among the finalists,” he said of me.

“She’s got a pretty, attractive blush, and fine, long blonde hair. She’s been making an exceptional effort all week, which should be considered.

She spent an hour after school posing unclothed for photographer Harold Hinnis. She has also been seen displaying her evident charms around town on several different days, and has granted minor sexual favors to students and others throughout the week.”

A second round of voting was done by the students, and I was picked as a finalist. So was the reluctant Melissa. There was a 3rd finalist as well.

We each had to speak to the students for 3 minutes about “What I learned by attending school in the nude this week.” My speech was the last one.

Melissa went first and stammered terribly through addressing the students.

The other girl, Angela, masturbated on the stage while panting into the microphone. I decided to stick to the topic if I could.

“I learned that it can be fun as well as exciting to step outside of your boundaries and your comfort zone,” I began. “I found out that, while it can be very embarrassing and difficult to be placed into a new and frightening situation, such as attending school while naked, it has it’s rewards as well. The number of people who reached out to touch me this week was really impressive.”

There was laughter. I smiled bravely and continued.

“I learned about new terms to me, such as ‘blow job’ and ‘butt plug’.

Because of the program under which I was required to leave my clothing at the school door, I personally enjoyed both of these. I experienced fondling by over 50 people, exposure to almost every student, penetration of my vagina by around 20 guys, of my anus by 4, and a brief lesbian encounter. Each of these was arousing and exciting. Some of them were delightful!”

There was widespread applause. I smiled at the assembly nervously.

“Because of my experiences in school this week, I’ll certainly be more interested in experimenting in the future. I’ll take my clothes off in front of people occasionally, when asked or sometimes without being asked.

I’ll perform different tasks in the nude, such as mowing the lawn and washing the car. My default answer, when asked if I’d like to have sex, is not going to be, ‘Of course not’ any more. And probably nothing will ever be too weird for me again.”

I got a standing ovation.

The judges were Mr. Harrison, the art teacher Mrs. Hansen, Mr. Roquette, and Miss Hooker. Melissa, Angela and I waited on the stage until they came back. First Angela, then I, and finally even Melissa, took suggestions from the crowd on poses for us to do while we waited.

Mr. Harrison came back to announce the results. Angela drew 3rd place.

Melissa was the runner-up, which made me the winner!

I got another standing ovation, hugs from the other two finalists, and had to step to the microphone for a quick “Thanks to everyone!” I was given a big bouquet of roses, and posed with them for a series of pictures. I handed them to Melissa, who accepted them gratefully, as they allowed her to cover herself from view by the crowd.

It didn’t last for much longer, though. “The assembly is complete,” Mr. Harrison announced finally. “Students do not need to return to classes.

Girls who have had clothing taken from them during the day today can stop by the office to have clothing items returned to them. We’ll all look forward to Monday, when a new list of girls will be selected to attend school naked. Thanks very much to all of those who participated this week!”

I sighed in relief. Finally, it was over! I was one of the last ones out of the school, by the time I found and put my shoes and socks back on and followed the crowd out of the auditorium. I was accompanied on the way home by a group of several guys, and I stood outside talking with them for a while after I got home.

“Look guys,” I told them all, smiling. “Come on by anytime. I might answer the door in the nude. I might invite you in while I take a shower. I might be moving the lawn or washing the car in the nude; if I am, I promise to stay that way until I’m done and you can watch all you like. I’ll be naked or at least not fully dressed quite a lot of the time, in school and out of it! You’ll get more chances, I promise. But for now, I want to have a break for a while. Okay?”

They grumbled a little; they’d wanted to try to get me to participate in more adventurous activities, sexual ones and with no clothes on.

I stayed a little longer and gave each of them a warm, naked hug and kiss, then darted inside the house. I hurried upstairs and got dressed in underwear, bra, jeans and a sweatshirt, and shoes and socks, and spent the rest of the evening in relaxed comfort.

The End

Karen Naked Outside

I was spending a few days with my friends Jeff and Rick. My name is Karen.

We’d gotten to the cabin, which belonged to Jeff’s grandfather, on Thursday evening. We’d unpacked. It was cloudy and getting dark.

“Let’s go for a swim,” Jeff suggested. “We have time if we hurry.”

Rick and I agreed, then Rick made another suggestion, which caught me by surprise.

“We could go skinny dipping,” he suggested.

I blushed and didn’t say anything.

“Why not?” he asked cheerfully. “It’s private enough out here. No one is going to come out here, especially not tonight. We cna just leave our clothes here. Then if it rains—and it looks like it will—they won’t get wet!”

“Or we could just leave them on the beach,” Jeff amended, noticing my expression. “Want to give it a try, Karen? It is pretty dark, so that makes it harder for us to see you very well, and maybe makes it a little less embarrassing for you if it’s your first time.”

“Are you going to tease me and take advantage of me?” I asked timidly.

They both promised they wouldn’t. They seemed sincere.

“All right,” I said nervously. “I’ll try it, as long as I can stop when I want and you don’t take advantage of me!”

“We promise!” they said in unison.

I didn’t want to leave my clothes at the cabin, though. We each took a towel along, and went down to the beach.

“I’m going behind a tree or something,” I said, looking around. It was starting to get dark. I could see the outline of a bush, not far from the water, so I went behind it and reluctantly undressed. I left my clothes and my towel, and scurried out and into the water.

The guys were already swimming. It was a little hard to see them right away, but I could hear them splashing around, and when I looked carefully, I could see them. I splashed forward into the water, getting my body under the surface, then grinned a little. They weren’t going to be able to see much of me at all.

“We’ll have to stay pretty close together for safety,” Rick warned me.

“All right,” I agreed. “Hey, this really isn’t too bad!” I admitted, giggling.

We swam around for a few minutes, then the guys dunked me. I squealed and escaped from them, then splashed them, laughing. Jeff disappeared under the water, then tackled me by the legs, dunking me again. I tried to dunk Rick by jumping on his back, but he stayed on his feet and hoisted me above the water, then dropped me when I struggled.

“Come on, we have to go!” Jeff said. I looked up and saw a lightning flash. We all hurried out of the water. Just then, the rain started coming, and by the time we go to shore, it cut loose and started coming down very hard. We saw several lightning flashes, too.

“Run back to the cabin!” Jeff shouted at me. “Follow me!” I could barely hear him.

“Just a minute!” I yelled back, and dashed to get my clothes. I had a little trouble finding them, but finally saw them and picked them up. Jeff grabbed my hand, and Rick was right behind me; we ran up the trail to the cabin.

When we got to the cabin, dripping wet, the guys went right inside. I stayed on the porch and put on my shirt and pants, shivering but not

wanting to face further embarrassment, then went into my bedroom. I toweled off quickly, then put on my pajamas, and felt much better. When I came out, the guys were waiting. Both had put on jeans and t-shirts.

We went out on the porch and watched the storm over the lake, and had popcorn and beer.

“How did you like skinny dipping?” Jeff asked me curiously.

“It was kind of... no, it was fun,” I admitted, smiling. “It was exciting doing something so daring. Except for the run back up here when it started pouring!”

“I thought that was the best part,” Rick said.

“You would!” I stuck out my tongue, then giggled.

“If you like being daring, you can do it all you want out here,” Jeff offered.

“Sure, you don’t have to wear anything at all,” Rick agreed, grinning.

I blushed.

“I’ve done that before, for a weekend,” Jeff shrugged. “I even got a girl to say she’d do it once, though she lost her nerve and didn’t stick with it for long.”

“I’ve always been pretty shy,” I said. “I’m sure I wouldn’t be able to do anything like that! Taking off my clothes to go skinny dipping was pretty scary for me. I’ve wished I was a little bolder sometimes!”

“It takes practice.” Jeff smiled. “I was a teenager when I first tried it, and I was terrified. After a while, though, I found myself coming out here every chance I got so I could skinny dip, and run around on the trails without my clothes.”

“With other people around?” I asked, giggling.

“Sometimes,” he told me. “When I was 14 or 15, my older sister got four of her friends together and sent them out here. They stole my clothes while I was swimming, then made me parade around in front of them for the whole afternoon. Stark naked.”

Rick and I both laughed about that.

“Once I got used to it, though, it was a lot of fun,” he said, grinning.

“So what would you recommend for me, if I wanted to learn to be less shy?”

I asked tensely.

“I guess for starters, you could spend some of your time not being completely, fully dressed,” Jeff said thoughtfully. “You have gotten off

to a good start on that, Karen,” he smiled.

I smiled back, blushing a little.

“Keep doing things that are moderately daring. Do them as often as you can,” he added. I wouldn’t make them too difficult for starters. Keep it to things you think you can do, and try to enjoy them. Open an extra button or two on your shirt. Take your clothes outside to change instead of doing it in your room.”

I giggled. “All right. I can do stuff like that!”

“Can we offer you suggestions, too?” Rick asked eagerly.

“Sure. I might not take them all, though,” I told him.

“You should keep progressing in difficulty for daring things that you do,” Jeff noted. “Not necessarily continuously, but more or less steadily. If you start to do something too hard, and can’t go through with it, keep doing the moderate things.”

“All right.” I giggled nervously.

It was cooling off outside, so we went in and played cards for a while. We played “31”.

“We’ll play for $5 bills if you’ll play for pajama top buttons,” Rick suggested. “You just have to open the button, not pull it off.”

“All right,” I agreed, blushing.

We played, and each time I lost, I had to open a button on my shirt. When one of the guys lost, they’d toss a $5 bill into the middle of the table.

They each started with 3 $5 bills, and I started with 4 buttons; they got one round “on their honor”. If I won, I got to button my top again and keep the money I won; if I lost, I had to leave it open.

My first loss wasn’t too bad, but when I had to open my 2nd button, my bra was clearly exposed. Rick moaned humorously. “Aw, she’s wearing a bra!”

I blushed. “I hope you expected I would be!”

“Don’t worry about it, Karen,” Jeff chuckled. “He’s kidding.”

Rick grinned and nodded.

I lost my third button, too. The game came down to the end; Rick had one $5 bill left, so I had to win two hands to defeat him. I just had the one button. I won the first hand, and was feeling hopeful. The last hand went for a long time, and I was pretty confident with 29 when he suddenly laid down his hand. “Thirty one!” he said.

I blushed and unbuttoned my last button, letting my top fall open. Rick raked in his winnings, and both guys cheerfully looked me over.

“Can I get either of you another beer?” I asked. They both nodded, and I went to the cooler and got one for each of them. I had had enough beer, but got myself a Coke. I came back with the bottles, and with my shirt prominently flying open, and sat down.

“Are we going to play another game?” Jeff asked.

“What if I say I’ve had enough now?” I asked, glancing down. “I’m not sure what I’d offer if we played again!”

“I’d say you can’t button your shirt buttons until you win a game,” Rick grinned.

“Or make some other agreement,” Jeff nodded.

“You mean any shirt buttons?” I gulped, blushing harder. “That’s not what I thought I was getting into!”

“Well... not your pajama shirt buttons,” Jeff said.

“Oh.” I took a breath, relieved, and nodded.

“Through the weekend, though,” Rick said. “How about this, though... if you take off your bra, you can button up your shirt and play another round.”

“You could take off your pajama pants instead,” Jeff suggested. Rick nodded.

“I’ll do that,” I said. I stood up, facing the guys, smiled shyly and slid my pajama bottons down. “If I lose, I’ll make breakfast in just my underwear,” I offered. “But after that, I’ll be able to have my pajamas back.”

We sat down and played another round. I won the first two hands, and was feeling good about the game. I lost a round, then won two more. Rick was already on his honor, and Jeff and I were tied. Rick got a 31, which meant both Jeff and I lost; I was down to two buttons. Hoping for an early win, I knocked early in the next game. When you knock, whoever has the lowest hand loses, but if you have the lowest hand, you take two losses. I had the lowest hand, and stared at the guys in disbelief. I slowly unbuttoned my final two buttons, then removed my shirt and had to watch the rest of the game wearing just underwear.

The guys finished the game. Jeff won this one, and gathered his winnings.

“I think that’s going to be it for me,” I said.

“Sure you don’t want to try one more game?” Jeff asked me cheerfully.

“I’d probably wind up bare naked. No, thanks!” I declined, blushing.

“No wearing anything but underwear until after breakfast, remember!” Rick said, winking.

“I won’t,” I promised, and went to the bathroom, then darted to my bedroom.

When I woke up in the morning, it was a wonderful day outside. The sun was out, and it was already starting to get warm. I stepped out of my room, self-conscious in just my underwear. It was only about 7:00. The guys were still asleep. I thought they wouldn’t be up for a while.

Remembering Jeff’s advice from the previous day, I went outside on the porch, feeling daring. Then I giggled and went inside to grab a towel. I could go for a swim in the lake instead of taking a shower. I walked down toward the lake. When I got about halfway there, I took off my underwear.

I left it and my towel on the picnic table, and ran into the water, naked.

It was cooler than it had been before the storm, but I resolved to swim for a while. I stroked out to the middle of the lake, then realized I could go all the way across. I did it! When I got to water shallow enough where I could stand on the bottom, I looked around, panting, and saw I wasn’t far from a small beach. I swam to it and climbed out and sat down for a rest. I laid down in the grass for a few minutes, then got up and looked across the lake. I thought about just walking back, but giggled, looking down at my bare body, and decided to swim instead. I swam back, but much more slowly than the swim that first took me across the lake. I was pretty tired, and sat at the picnic table with my towel wrapped around me for a little while. Finally I dried myself off. I giggled, thinking about carrying my underwear back up to the cabin. I nervously decided the guys might be out of bed, and so I put it on. I felt plenty exposed that way anyway!

When I got to the cabin, I hung my towel over the porch rail and went inside.

Rick was sitting in the kitchen in his bathrobe. “Is Jeff in the shower?”

I asked, smiling a little timidly.

Rick nodded. “Where were you?” he asked. “We wondered if you were still in bed.”

I shook my head. “I’ve been up since 7. I went for a swim across the lake.”

“Skinny dipping?” he asked.

I nodded, blushing slightly.

“Oh, nuts! We could have both come and joined you!” He looked chagrined.

I giggled. “”Maybe next time.”

“I see you’re keeping your promise from last night,” he said, pleased.

“I’m looking forward to getting dressed,” I admitted, shivering. “I’ll get started on breakfast. I’m making pancakes, I hope that’s all right!”

Rick sat and watched me for a little while, then went to put on some clothes. Jeff came in from his shower. “Good morning!” he said, unself-consciously toweling in front of me.

I giggled when I looked toward him. “Good morning, Jeff!” I said.

He did a little dance, then chuckled. “Guess I’ll go get dressed,” he said.

He and Rick came back at the same time, and sat at the table watching me while I cooked the pancakes. They each had several, then I had a couple.

They were pretty good.

“She went skinny dipping already this morning,” Rick remarked while I ate.

“Did you have a good time?” Jeff asked me.

“It was fun,” I admitted. “I went all the way across the lake to another little beach I saw.”

Jeff grinned. “I’ve done that. When you get to that little beach, if you walk along the trail for about 50 feet, there’s a road. Did you see it?”

“No!” I gulped. “There is?”

“Nothing happened, Karen,” he pointed out, chuckling.

I finished my breakfast, then did the dishes in my underwear. “There!

Finally!” I said, and hurried into the bedroom and hurriedly got dressed.

I came out of the bedroom, smiling. “There, now I feel a lot better!”

We went outside for a walk, and wound up going all the way around the lake. Jeff showed me the trail from the road to the small beach. I blushed a little; it wasn’t a long distance away from the road!

We got back to the beach in front of the cabin. “Before you ask, I think I’ll go get my swimsuit on before I go swimming again,” I said.

“All right,” Jeff said, amused. We walked up to the cabin, and we all went to get our swimsuits.

I hesitated for a few minutes, then carried my suit out of the bedroom.

The guys were already wearing theirs.

“I’ll change into it outside,” I said, embarrassed.

“Can we watch?” Rick asked eagerly.

“Um... no,” I declined. “You stay here and wait until I come back!”

I went outside, glancing back at the cabin to see if they were watching.

They weren’t as far as I could see. I turned away from the cabin and hurriedly changed. I left my clothes lying under a tree.

“All right, you can come out now!” I called. “Bring me a towel, please!”

The guys came outside, bringing towels with them, and grinned when they saw me in my bikini. “That looks terrific!” Jeff said enthusiastically.

“Thanks!” I smiled.

We went down to the beach, and ran into the water together, and splashed around for a little while. We swam out to the dock, and climbed up to do some dives.

I went around to the deep side of the dock, then boldly took off my top and tied it to the underside. I did the same with my bottom, then giggling and very nervous, swam to the other side. I resolved to leave my bikini where it was until the guys noticed I wasn’t wearing it.

They were still diving. I hung on the side, watching them for a little while, then swam a little closer to shore and stood in neck deep water, watching them. Pretty soon they came over to join me, and not long after, Rick grinned. “Hey, where’s your swimsuit?”

“I took it off,” I told him. “It’s been several minutes now!”

“Did you put it somewhere where you’ll be able to find it again?” Jeff asked me.

I nodded.

“If we find it, will you go without it until we go back to the cabin?”

Rick asked me, teasingly.

I blushed. “Do you have a watch?”

“I do,” Jeff volunteered.

“I’ll give you a half hour to find it,” I said. “If you find it in a half hour, I won’t put it on until we’re done swimming. If you find it faster than that, once we get out of the water, I won’t put it on for as much time as you had left to find it in that half hour.”

“Here’s my watch,” Jeff said, handing it to me. “Come on, Rick!”

They split up. Rick searched toward the shore, and Jeff looked in deeper water. Suddenly Rick stood up. “Check the dock!” he called to Jeff.

“Good idea!” Jeff said, grinning, and I shivered a little. He swam right out to the dock, then hurried around it. He held up my bikini. I checked his watch, and blushed. “10 minutes,” I called out.

“You have to stay naked for 10 minutes?” Rick asked, grinning.

“Uh... no,” I admitted. “You found it in 10 minutes. I can’t put it on for 20 minutes!”

Jeff came and retrieved his watch, and we all swam out to the dock.

“Will you do a dive for us now?” Rick asked me.

“Um... all right,” I agreed, and climbed up the ladder. I stood at the edge for a minute, letting them see me naked, then I dove in.

“Come on, let’s go to shore,” Jeff said, grinning.

“All right,” I agreed and we all swam to the beach. I ran for my towel, and wrapped it around myself. It didn’t seem very adequate.

“Hey, I thought you’d just walk around naked!” Rick objected.

“No!” I protested, blushing hard, and he grinned.

“Time’s up!” Jeff told me at the end of my 20 minutes. I dashed back to the beach and hurriedly put the swimsuit back on.

“That was fun!” Rick told me, grinning, when he and Jeff caught up to me.

“It was embarrassing!” I said, blushing hard. “Skinny dipping is fun, but running around undressed is hard!”

“Keep trying, Karen!” Jeff urged me. “Nudity is a lot of fun, too!”

We walked back up to the cabin.

“I don’t suppose we can watch while you get dressed, can we?” Rick asked.

I blushed. “I, uh... I guess it won’t hurt me!” I swallowed and giggled a little, then turned away. I started taking off my top.

“Can you turn around, please?” Rick asked.

I blushed. “Um... all right.” I turned and faced them as I put on my shirt.

“Very good!” Rick said, delighted.

I fumbled as I tried to peel off my bottom and put on my shorts, but finally managed to get changed. “No underwear!” I pointed out a little apprehensively.

“We thought we’d take you out for lunch today,” Jeff told me.

“Oh.” I blushed. “I’ll want my underwear before we go, then!”

We walked down another trail before lunch, then returned to the cabin. I tried to nonchalantly take my shirt off and get my bra on, but the guys were watching. I blushed, then giggled, as I got my bra on and then my shirt.

“Are you going to put your underpants on, too?” Jeff asked me.

“No... I’m all right,” I said hastily.

We got in the car and went to town, and had a nice steak and seafood lunch. It was really good. We went for a drive after we ate, and picked up some more ice for the cooler, and more beer, then after our dinner had settled we returned to the cabin.

“How about if we both do whatever you tell us for the next hour?” Jeff suggested.

Rick nodded but looked uneasy about it.

I grinned. “Anything at all?”

They both nodded, and I giggled. “All right, this will be fun!”

I thought for a minute. “First of all, you may not speak at all, or make any vocal sound, unless I tell you to, no matter what happens. The only exception is if someone might get hurt, you can speak up to prevent it.”

They both nodded.

“Good.” I smiled. “If I grant you permission to do something, you must do it and be grateful. Right now, I grant you permission to take off all of your clothes.”

I watched them. Jeff cheerfully undressed, and smiled and bowed to me when he was done. Rick looked apprehensive, but he also stripped, taking a little longer about it than Jeff, and awkwardly bowed. He was blushing.

“Two big, strong men, all exposed and naked, and in the power of a woman.

I think I like this!” I stepped up to them and looked them both over closely. Jeff was having fun, he looked at me confidently and winked.

Rick was obviously uncomfortable. His cock was stiff, and he was embarrassed about that. He’d been erect earlier in the lake, too, but was

able to hide it under the surface of the water.

“I think it’s nice you have an erection,” I told him teasingly. “It shows you’re thinking about me. Move your feet apart a little more, please!” He did, and I reached down and gently, carefully, ran my fingers along his testicles. He stayed very still, and I laughed. “Don’t worry, I won’t hurt you. Not now, anyway!”

I turned to Jeff. He was looking a little too relaxed and comfortable, I thought, so I grabbed his balls in my hand and started squeezing slowly.

Immediately, he looked uneasy, then as I squeezed him a little more, he looked pained.

“Don’t make any sound, and don’t move,” I warned him. He clenched his jaw and turned red. I let go. “Now maybe you’ll be taking this more seriously,” I said. He nodded vigorously, and I giggled.

“Let’s compare your penis sizes,” I said brightly. “They both look pretty good, but I want to know which is bigger. Rick, go take the shoestrings out of your shoes.”

He went over to his clothes and removed his shoestrings, and brought them back to me.

“Do your best, guys!” I encouraged them. “This is part of a contest.

Whoever wins the contest will get something nice, and whoever loses will get something bad. You definitely want to win this contest.”

Jeff grinned. Rick looked nervous. I gave them a minute to get themselves as ready as they could, then started with Rick. I measured his penis for length with the shoestring, and tied a knot in the string to mark it, then I used the other end to measure how big around it was. I used the other string to measure Jeff, then held the strings up to compare. Jeff’s was clearly longer; he winked at Rick. But Rick sighed in relief as the measurement showed he was slightly bigger around.

“Hmm.” I looked at them. “I guess that round goes to Jeff,” I told them.

“Sorry, Rick!” I smiled at them both. “Next part of the contest is a race.

When I say ‘go’, you will both run to the lake, get completely wet, then run back here. Ready! Set! Go!” They dashed down the trail. It would take them at least several minutes, as it was a quarter mile down to the lake.

I gathered up their clothes, then hid them around the cabin. I hid them pretty well.

The guys came dashing back from the lake, running pretty fast for not having shoes. I grinned at them. Jeff seemed to finish first, and collapsed panting on the ground.

“Uh oh,” I said, “someone isn’t quite wet all over.”

They both looked at me.

“Some of your hair is dry,” I told Jeff. It clearly was. “You didn’t get wet all over,” I accused him. “It looks like you were trying to cheat!”

He shook his head, but I laughed. “Go do it again!” I ordered, and he got up and had to run all the way to the lake again, then back. I declared Rick the winner.

“Hmm, tie contest,” I said. “Here’s the last part.” I had a couple of small alligator clips in my purse. I grinned at them. “I’m going to put one of these on each of you. Your clothes are hidden around the cabin. You an continue to search as long as you don’t touch the clip. Rick, your clothes are over there.” I pointed. “Jeff, yours are on this side of the cabin. Whoever finds the most before taking off his clip will be the winner, so try hard!”

I started with Rick. He held his breath as I put the clip on his balls, then hurried off and started rushing to find his clothes. I put the other on Jeff, also on his balls, and watched him run painfully off. After a few minutes, Jeff walked back, carrying his pants and undershorts. Rick was still out in the woods; both Jeff and I watched him looking around. He found all of his clothes, and still didn’t reach for his groin; he came back smiling.

“Where is your alligator clip?” I asked him.

He shrugged and smiled and pointed into the woods.

“It fell off?” I guessed, and he nodded. “Well, that’s the breaks,” I told him. “You win! You can get dressed now if you’d like; you’re all done.

Nice job!”

I looked at Jeff. “You could have won if you didn’t try to cheat on the run to the lake,” I told him. “Oh, well. Put your pants and undershorts on.”

He did so, looking a little surprised.

I grinned. “Come up on the porch,” I told him, and he did. I followed him, then took some ice out of the cooler. “This will feel nice!” I said, and filled his pants and underpants with ice cubes. “Don’t touch them with your hands!” He nodded and gulped, and I watched him dance around while the ice melted, trying to stay warm and trying not to say anything.

“Your time is up now,” I told him, laughing.

“Ohhh!” he groaned out, and hastily took off his pants and underpants.

“That was very cruel of you!”

I smirked. “You volunteered!” I reminded him. “Both of you did!”

“I’m going to get some different pants,” he said. “Right after I take a shower to warm up!”

He came out in a little while, and we chatted about the things I’d made them do. They weren’t mad, I found to my relief; they thought it had been

exciting.

“I was afraid you’d think I got carried away,” I said, relieved.

“Not me,” Jeff laughed. “It was fun!”

Rick shrugged. “It was uncomfortable, and downright scary at times, but I don’t think you made us do anything horrible.”

“Did you have a good time making us do all that stuff?” Jeff asked.

“Sure I did,” I admitted. “It was very interesting!”

Jeff went and found the rest of his clothes in the woods, and I picked up my bikini and underpants; we took our things inside then went back outdoors.

“Would you take a request now, Karen?” Rick asked me, smiling.

“All right,” I nodded, blushing a little.

“Take your shirt off for a while?” he asked.

“Oh.” I giggled a little. “Sure!” I took it off and dropped it. I was just wearing short pants and my bra, not counting my shoes.

We went for a walk through the woods. I felt nervous, but also excited to be just walking around as undressed as I was. We got to a clearing, and I felt even more nervous; it was pretty wide open out there!

“Are you going to take off your bra?” Jeff asked me.

I gulped and blushed hard. “And be topless?” I took a deep breath.

“Actually I was wondering if we could go back now so I could get dressed,” I admitted.

“No,” Rick said, shaking his head. “Just kidding!” he added hastily as I started to protest. We turned around and went back to the cabin. I picked up my shirt, then hurried inside and put it on, and also got my underpants back on.

I came back out a little sheepishly, but relieved to be dressed. “I feel like a coward, especially after all the stuff you guys did a little while

ago,” I said apologetically.

“It’s all right,” Jeff told me reassuringly. “You can take breaks. You could even quit if you decided you didn’t want to be daring any more.”

I nodded slightly.

“If you’re not done with it, I suggest you don’t take too long of a break, though!” he added. “Go take a break for a while, and if you want, we can talk about what you could do if you want to keep being more daring.”

I smiled. “All right. Thanks!” I went for a walk by myself, thinking about what I wanted. It was hard to not be fully dressed! But I knew if I quit it then, I’d probably never try it again. I decided I’d keep trying.

I went back to the cabin. “I, uh... I decided to keep trying,” I told the guys, blushing a little.

They both smiled at me.

“All right, Karen,” Jeff nodded. “I’m glad!”

“You said you had some ideas for me?” I reminded him.

“I wanted to suggest you set goals when you do something,” he said.

“Whenever you take anything off, you have to have it off for 15 minutes before you can put it on, for example. Or you have to do something before you can put it back on.”

I giggled a little. “I guess I could do some things like that!”

“Also, try to smile and be cheerful whenever you do anything new,” Rick suggested. “You’re especially beautiful when you smile.”

I grinned.

“Can you take your shirt off again, please?” Rick asked me hopefully.

“All right,” I nodded, blushing a little. I started unbuttoning it, then looked up at the guys and smiled, and finished taking it off. “I’ll leave it off while we go for a walk,” I said.

“Good!” Jeff said encouragingly.

We walked down the same path we’d taken before. I was resolved to complete the walk this time. We walked through the woods, with me pretty nervous but making an effort to relax, and the guys glancing at me to ogle me and to see how I was doing.

When we got to the clearing, I stopped at the edge, blushing and looking across it. It looked very open. It was hard enough exposing my bra just in the woods!

“Are you going to take off your bra here this time?” Jeff asked me.

I gulped and blushed harder. He’d asked me the same thing before! I looked at him and at Rick. They’d both ran around in the nude a little earlier... and for a whole hour, at that.

I wondered if I’d get to the point where I’d do the same.

“Okay,” I said reluctantly. I turned away from them and removed my bra.

Now I was topless. I turned toward the guys, my face blazing. I wanted to cover my front with my hands, but I resisted the urge. “I won’t put it on again until after I can put my shirt on,” I promised.

“Can you smile now, Karen?” Rick asked me.

I forced a smile, then giggled a little. The guys both grinned at me.

“You’ll be all right,” Jeff told me. “Leave your bra and let’s keep walking.”

I was still holding it. I slowly let go of it. “I guess I shouldn’t need it,” I said, looking around uneasily.

The trail led right out into the clearing, then went up a hill! I looked around very nervously. I felt very exposed.

“Let’s take a break,” Jeff suggested.

“H-here?” I stammered, then swallowed.

He chuckled. “Put your hands in your back pockets, then turn around slowly a few times,” he suggested.

I did so, blushing and imagining someone in the trees snapping pictures of me while I did so. I expected that was pretty unlikely, but it was embarrassing enough having the two guys looking me over while I was like that. I turned around 3 times, then pulled my hands out of my pockets and sat down in the grass, feeling less exposed.

We didn’t stay long; a couple of minutes later I had to stand up again, and we continued along the path, walking down the hill, then along the edge of the trees for a while, and finally, back into the woods. The path followed alongside a stream, and pretty soon that went to the lake. We turned toward the beach, then returned to the cabin. Finally! I rushed forward when I saw the cabin, and got my shirt on.

“I did it,” I told the guys a little shyly.

“You sure did!” Jeff agreed enthusiastically. “It would have been easy to give up and quit, but you went through with it all the way. You should be proud, Karen!”

I took a breath, but smiled. “Thanks! Can we go get my bra now?”

We walked to the edge of the clearing, and I retrieved it.

“Are you going to put it on?” Rick asked, a little forlornly.

“I... guess not.” I sighed and carried it back up to the cabin.

Rick had started to ask me something a few times, then stumbled and went on with some inoffensive comment, but as we were going back to the cabin, he took a breath and looked over at me. “All right, I’ll ask; it can’t hurt to ask,” he said.

“Sure, go ahead,” I said curiously.

“Want to go skinny dipping?” he asked hopefully.

I giggled a little. “All right,” I agreed, blushing.

“Don’t put your swimsuit on this time,” he suggested.

“Um... all right,” I nodded, taking a deep breath and letting it out.

“Let’s walk down to the lake.” We grabbed towels, then headed to the water.

I stopped at the edge of the beach and faced the guys, blushing but trying to smile. I kicked off my shoes, then pulled my shirt off, and slid my pants down and off, standing bare naked in front of the guys. I waited while they got ready to swim, too. Neither of them moved to take off their shorts, though. They just kicked off their shoes and socks, and dropped their shirts in the grass, but kept their shorts on.

“Ready to swim, Karen?” Jeff asked me.

I nodded, and we went down the beach and into the water. We played around for a while in the water, dunking and splashing one another.

We went back to the cabin, and went up to the porch. It was about 9:30. I yawned; I was feeling a little tired. It had been quite a day for me.

“Are you done for the night?” Rick asked me.

“I’m not going to sleep for a while yet,” I said, smiling.

“Then we can still have you take off your clothes,” he said cheerfully.

I blushed a little but nodded and undressed. “It’s getting a little cooler out here,” I observed, fidgeting a little. It was still a little embarrassing to be naked, especially when I couldn’t put anything on unless the guys let me.

“Are you cold?” Jeff asked me.

“Not really. It’s still a pretty pleasant night.” I turned around and looked over the balcony, then turned back and faced the guys again. “Can I get you guys a beer or anything?”

“No, thanks,” Rick declined. “Me, neither,” Jeff said.

“You’ve really worked hard today at being more daring and less shy,” Jeff

said. “Last night and this morning, you wouldn’t have been very happy about standing outside with no clothes on, but now you seem all right with doing it.”

“It’s still not comfortable for me,” I admitted. “I’d put something on if I hadn’t promised to undress if you guys asked me to. But it’s not horrible now. It was terrifying to go skinny dipping last night, and pretty hard to do it this morning. Now... I could even enjoy doing that!”

“How does it feel for you when you’re doing something daring, like going naked right now?” Rick wanted to know.

“Any time I’ve done something for the first time, it was really hard,” I replied, blushing. “It was hard making breakfast in just my underwear this morning. It’s so... embarrassing! I felt ashamed of myself for taking off my pants in front of you, for taking off my shirt... definitely when you asked me to take my bra off in the woods and walking topless, I felt very uncomfortable about doing it.

“But... you guys are trying to help me, too, and so I feel guilty when I don’t try something you suggest.” I smiled a little painfully. “I’ve really been trying to do it all,” I said.

“Are you more comfortable now with being naked?” Jeff asked me.

I nodded. “I’m not completely comfortable with it,” I confessed, blushing.

“But more than I was earlier.”

“Is it fun now?”

“Well... yes, it is,” I granted. “It’s embarrassing to admit it, though!”

The guys both chuckled.

“What makes it fun?” Jeff pressed.

“I feel so... daring, bold, and uninhibited!” I said, giggling a little.

“And you guys seem so excited by it, too,” I added.

“Does it make you feel horny, to do something really bold?” Rick asked curiously.

“I’d like it if we could all sleep in the same bed tonight. Would you... want to do that?” I asked anxiously. I’d thought of offering this earlier.

I couldn’t believe I’d actually brought it up.

They looked at each other. Rick shrugged, and Jeff laughed. “All right, Karen. I think we can do that!”

“When would you like to start?” Rick asked me.

“Any... time, I guess,” I said, feeling nervous and scared again, but also a little eager. I was not a virgin, but I’d never done it with two guys at once before. I wasn’t sure at all how it would work.

Rick stood up, then motioned me over with his finger. I came right over to him, and he reached his hand up to my chest. I blushed but remained still as he began stroking my breasts, starting out gently but then squeezing them firmly in his hands.

“I’ve wanted to handle your tits all day,” he told me, looking closely at my face, but not letting go of my chest. “They’re so firm, but soft, and so full and warm.”

I looked down and to the side, avoiding his eyes.

He leaned forward to kiss me lightly on the lips. He never let go of my breasts, though. He kept stroking them, rubbing his fingertips on my nipples, squeezing them gently, and exploring them with his hands.

“Is it my turn yet?” Jeff asked cheerfully. Rick reluctantly let go of my chest, and I turned and went over to Jeff.

He also stroked my chest, but also stroked my face, then slowly moved his hands down over my body, feeling my breasts, then my belly, and unhurriedly sliding his hands between my legs. “Move your feet apart, please,” he suggested, and I did so, blushing again. He rubbed his fingers against my pubic hair, then firmly slid his fingers up and inside me. I gasped, and he chuckled; behind me I heard Rick chuckle, too. I forced myself to remain still and wide-legged in front of him, though. He smiled at me and knelt, running his hands down my inner thighs, and all the way to my ankles.

Then he moved around behind me, and I waited tensely for what I knew was coming next. He stroked my bare buttocks with his hands, pulling them apart and sliding his fingers in between. I moaned a little, trying to clench my teeth so I could control myself a little better, but the moan got out anyway.

“Let’s go on into bed,” he suggested, and I nodded. Rick followed us into the bedroom.

I sat on the edge of one bed and watched the two undress. Jeff sat next to me, then swung his legs over to the other side, pulling me with him. Rick got in on the other side. There was another bed on the other side of the room.

“Tell me whatever you want me to do,” I said, sitting up between them in anticipation.

Rick moved over and gave me a little hug, then moved his head down and icked my nipples. I giggled. He moved his head lower, and I held my breath for a moment; I couldn’t believe what he was doing. He moved his head between my legs. No one had ever done that with me before, but Rick didn’t hesitate; he slid his body to the end of the bed and began licking my pussy!

“No, you don’t have to do that!” I protested, squirming.

Rick looked up and grinned.

“Just lean back and relax, Karen,” Jeff told me. “Don’t clench your teeth up. If you feel like yelling, then yell; there’s no one around to hear you anyway. We don’t mind hearing your reactions.”

“But... but...” I was panting. “He’s making... me all...” I gasped helplessly.

“All what?” Jeff pushed me back, smiling, and stroked my chest. “You can hang onto the bed rails if you want, but keep your hands out of our way, please.”

“All hot! All excited and helpless!” I gasped and moaned. “You guys... don’t have... to do... that... with me!”

“What if we want to?” he asked, grinning. “We decided we wanted to make you have the orgasm of your life. This is just the start!”

“Oh... OHHH!” I cried out. Rick was relentlessly licking at me, and I couldn’t help myself. I’d been so horny all day... I was coming with a strong orgasm. “Please don’t stop! Please don’t stop!” I heard myself begging, and Rick continued until I was laying weakly on the bed in a slump. I couldn’t believe the orgasm I’d just had.

But they were not done, and I was not done.

Rick moved back, and Jeff moved up and positioned himself over me. His cock was hard and ready, and he didn’t wait; he slid it right into me, making me scream as he pushed into my sensitive vagina. The initial sensation, which was almost pain, soon changed over to steamy glee, and I yelled heedlessly for him to “PUSH HARDER!” and “PUSH FASTER!” I was already coming again! I felt myself starting to come a third time when he abruptly pulled out of me.

“No, don’t stop!” I pleaded, and started to reach down to my crotch to continue with my hands.

“Uh uh, sorry, Karen,” Rick said, catching me by the wrists. “Jeff, you’d better get me your handcuffs.”

“No!” I protested, struggling, but Rick was much stronger than me. The two handcuffed me to the headboard, then tied my legs apart to the frame of the bed.

“You don’t mind being tied up, do you?” Jeff asked then.

“Please untie me!” I said desperately. Let me finish my orgasm first! Or help me to come! Please! Then you can tie me up!”

“You will come again in good time,” he said amiably. He stroked my inner thigh, and Rick fondled my breasts. Between then, they kept me right on

the edge of orgasm, making me desperate for the relief I’d feel from coming. But I was helpless; they stopped every few minutes, and watched me squirm until I cooled down just a little, then they toyed with me a little more to put me close to orgasm again. Twice I desperately tried to pretend I wasn’t as aroused as I was, hoping they’d mistakenly let me come, but they stopped just in time again and again.

“Are you ready to be a good girl and not touch yourself with your hands?”

Jeff asked me.

“Yes! I promise!” I vowed desperately.

“All right,” he said jovially, and the guys removed my bonds, sitting me up in the bed.

“Now what’s going to happen?” I asked tensely.

Jeff helped me stand shakily, and Rick moved to the middle of the bed. He put his hands behind his head, and relaxed against the pillow behind him.

“Now you get on top of Rick and get his cock inside you,” Jeff told me.

I had never done it that way before, but I climbed back on the bed and straddled myself over Rick, sliding his cock deep into myself.

Jeff was watching, grinning. I was self-conscious about it at first, but kept moving myself up and down on Rick’s rigid cock.

I felt myself come immediately, and squealed in glee, but didn’t stop. I grinned down at Rick and kept moving up and down, faster and harder. I felt him spurting into me, and then I came again.

“Why don’t you move down now and suck Rick’s cock,” Jeff suggested.

I giggled and moved my face down between Rick’s legs and got my mouth around his cock, and licked and sucked the cum from him as he gasped and sighed.

“That’s good, Karen! Thanks!” he said finally, pulling me down against him.

We all lay together in a heap on the bed for a while. Rick began moving first; he sat up, then I got up, too. Jeff laid there lazily for a minute, then he got up, too.

“Let’s go for a little swim,” Rick suggested. “We’re all soaked!”

We all thought it sounded like a good idea, and walked, supporting one another, down to the lake. We ran into the water. I yelled and laughed; it felt wonderfully cool! I stood in knee deep water and washed myself with sand, then moved out into deeper water and swam for a little while.

“Come on back now, Karen,” Jeff called out, and I did. We walked up the beach and sat in the grass. None of us had thought to bring towels.

“Did you come?” Rick asked me teasingly.

“Again and again and again!” I said, giggling. “I can’t believe how intense that all was! I’ve never done half that stuff before!”

“You didn’t know what you were missing,” Jeff told me.

“I do now.” I kissed Rick, then kissed Jeff. “Thank you!”

We sat for a few minutes, then Jeff started to stand. I got up on my knees and moved my face between his legs, getting his cock in my mouth. I felt it rising in response to my tongue.

“Hey, what are you doing?” he protested, starting to pull away.

I giggled but bit down a little, and he stopped uncomfortably. I wrapped my arms around his waist and sucked on him; he was getting harder. I had intended only to tease him, but started seriously licking and nibbling on him.

“What’s going on?” Rick asked curiously.

“The little whore is giving me a blow job,” Jeff explained. “She won’t let go of me.”

“Can’t mess with nature,” Rick laughed, and sat down.

It took a little while, but I felt him throbbing, then finally felt his cum spurting into my mouth. I licked it all up and swallowed it, giggling.

Jeff almost fell over backward, but managed to sit down.

“Come over here, little whore,” Rick commanded me.

I giggled. “Yes, sir,” I said, and came over to him on my knees, and started kissing his cock, too.

“Stop that!” He patted me on the head. “Turn around and stay on your knees.”

I did so, and he moved his hips against my buttocks. I thought he was going to butt fuck me, and I clenched my teeth against the pain I expected, but instead he slid his cock into my pussy from behind. I gasped.

“Keep your hands on the ground,” he directed me, and pushed into me hard.

“That’s right, use the bitch like a dog!” Jeff said laughing. “Ever do it that way before, Karen?”

“No!” I said wide-eyed, but remained as I was. I was gasping helplessly in a minute, then felt myself coming. “I love it!” I yelled. “I love it! Make me be your doggy!”

Rick spurted into me a little while after I came, then we both got up, panting but grinning at one another. All three of us went back in the water for another quick dip, then we returned to the cabin.

I slept between the two, in the other bed that we hadn’t used when we had sex earlier. During the night, Rick kept rubbing his hands against my breasts. I let him, and let myself enjoy the sensation.

I woke up once with Jeff’s cock right in front of my mouth. I began licking him lightly, and got him hard; I dozed then but when I’d wake up, his cock would still be against my face or close to my mouth, so then I playfully licked him a little more to make him get hard again.

We all slept late the next morning, but I was once again the first one up.

I stepped out of the guy’s bedroom, then went out to get my bikini top, shorts and shoes. I took them inside and left them in my room, and went into the bathroom to take a shower.

When I came out, drying myself with a towel, the guys were getting around.

Rick was wearing a pair of shorts. Jeff was sitting on the edge of bed; he stretched, then got up and went into the bathroom.

“I think I’ll start breakfast,” I said. I left my towel on a chair and went into the kitchen, naked. When Jeff came out of the bathroom and went to the bedroom to get dressed, Rick went in and took a shower.

The pancakes had gone over well the previous day, so I made them again.

There were a stack of them when Jeff came into the kitchen. He’d gotten dressed; he smiled at me as he sat down, and I brought him a plateful.

“You look great today,” he told me as I turned around to cook some more.

“Thanks!” I giggled. “I feel pretty good, too!”

A few minutes later, Rick came into the kitchen, also dressed; I sat a plateful of pancakes in front of him, then sat down and had a couple myself.

We were all a little on the sleepy side, and didn’t talk much over breakfast. I did the dishes, with the guys sipping coffee at the table and watching me.

“I guess I’d better get dressed,” I said, feeling a little self-conscious in the nude. “I’ll be back in a minute!” I went into my room and put on underpants and bra, then my green skirt and a white blouse with green flowers. I put on my shoes and socks and came back. It felt unusual being fully dressed like that.

“That looks sharp!” Jeff complimented me admiringly.

“Are you wearing underwear?” Rick asked forlornly.

I lifted my skirt and showed him my underpants, giggling. “Don’t you think it’s appropriate?” I asked him.

“I guess it’ll be all right for a while,” he said, sighing theatrically.

“As long as you’re not getting conservative on us!”

“I’m just taking a break,” I assured him.

“Are you looking for new challenges for today?” Jeff asked hopefully.

“Sure!” I said it brightly, but felt a moment of fear, remembering the golf course.

“Good!” Jeff smiled. “I hope we can come up with some interesting ideas for you. Is there anything in particular you’d like to try, or commit to?”

“I don’t know. How long until we go home?” I wanted to know.

“I have to be back by mid-afternoon,” Rick said.

“I guess we’d better leave after lunch or thereabouts,” Jeff said. “This weekend has gone so fast! So what are you going to do in the time remaining, Karen?”

“Well... I’ll swim naked every time we go swimming out here,” I said, blushing just slightly. “I’ll go naked around here some of the time, no matter what we’re doing—on walks, hanging around, during meals, or whatever. I may not stay naked all of the time, but you can ask me any time, and I’ll at least consider it.”

“Very nice,” Jeff said. “I’m sure I speak for Jeff, too; we really appreciate it. It’s a lot of fun.”

“Thanks!” I smiled. “As far as other things... I really don’t know what else I’d try,” I said, blushing. “I’m sure I’ll take some of your suggestions though!”

“I’d suggest you have a plan for the day, if you want to keep making progress,” Jeff said. “Try to do some things that are daring, but that you know you can do. Try to do one or two things that are a stretch for you.

And at least consider some things that seem just impossibly difficult.

“All right, that sounds like an exciting day,” I nodded slowly, feeling excited but apprehensive. “What sort of things do you have in mind?”

We discussed it for a while. I decided I’d take a dare they suggested if it didn’t seem very likely I’d be caught by anyone else.

“Let’s go to that park and have her go around naked for a while,” Rick suggested to Jeff.

Smiling at me, Jeff nodded.

We drove down to the park. I shivered as we pulled into the parking lot; no one else was there, but I knew there was no guarantee it would stay that way. We got out of the car, and I looked around; I didn’t see anyone.

I stepped over to the nearest picnic table and sighed, then kicked off my shoes and socks. I took off my blouse and laid it on the table, then got my bra off, then my skirt and underpants.

“Looking pretty!” Rick said cheerily. “Do we get to tell you where to go around?”

I was blushing, and felt very uneasy. It was daylight, and even though I’d walked around some trails in the nude the night before, it was a different matter running around right in the open in daylight. I started to refuse, I thought I’d just dash to the other side of the parking lot and come back to get dressed, but then I changed my mind. If I didn’t try it, I’d never know if I could, or what it would be like. “All right,” I consented.

It wasn’t a really big park, but it seemed enormous as I walked around it.

I went past several picnic tables and a pavilion, then alongside the nature center. I suddenly had a scary thought; what if it was open? There

were no cars around, though. I decided to be bold again, and walked over to it, then walked all the way around it. There was an office and a lobby, plus a couple of bathrooms. I giggled in relief, seeing the lights were off.

I went back to the edge of the park and continued going around the perimeter. There was a playground structure; I’d gone around it the night before without seeing it. This time I circled it, giggling as I imagined playing on it in the nude.

I continued along the edge of the park. I was halfway around now, and as far away from my clothes as I’d get in the clearing. If anyone came in now, it would be awfully humiliating. I waved to the guys, and they waved back.

I started hurrying; I was getting more nervous. I was walking past a big field. I ran for a while, then slowed to a walk as I got to the 3rd corner. It looked like I’d make it safely. I walked steadily back to the picnic table where I’d left my clothes, and sighed in relief, smiling at the guys.

“Nice job!” Jeff told me. “I thought you’d dash as fast as you could, but you took your time and seemed to enjoy it.”

“It was exciting,” I told him, smiling, looking around at the park. I got dressed quickly, though.

“You should take your time putting your clothes back on,” Rick advised me teasingly.

“Maybe I will next time,” I said, blushing a little.

“What do you want to do next?” Jeff asked.

“I don’t know. Have any more ideas?”

“Me?” He grinned broadly. “Of course I do! Could you see yourself walking naked down the road? Maybe a back country road?”

“It’d have to be a really unused back road!”

“There are no guarantees,” Rick pointed out helpfully. “There aren’t many roads that no one ever uses. Anyway, the chance of being caught is why it’s fun!”

“I have a nice place in mind,” Jeff told me as I blushed.

We got in the car, and he stopped a couple of miles away on a back dirt road. We got out, and I looked around apprehensively. I could see a big red barn in one direction, and a white farmhouse next to it. There was a field on that side of the road, with a row of small trees between the field and the road, and a field fence with barbed wire along the top. It had some broken down posts, but was mostly intact. The other side of the road was thickly wooded; I couldn’t see through the trees at all.

“Which way do I have to go?” I asked Jeff, feeling almost sick.

He smiled. “Take off your clothes now while we talk about it.”

I did so, standing close to the car so I could hide if someone came along.

“You can go either way you want,” he told me, watching me unbutton my shirt. “I figured Rick and I would wait here. You can either go down to the mailbox for that house, or down to the cross road in the other direction, whichever seems more interesting to you. Then of course, you’ll have to walk back.”

I unfastened my skirt and took it off.

“You should probably wear your shoes and socks,” he suggested. “It’ll be easier walking that way,” Rick suggested as I removed my bra.

“All right, that’s a good idea,” I said, blushing. I kicked my shoes off, and removed my knickers, then sat and put my shoes back on again. I stood slowly, looking around warily in on both directions.

“Which way are you going to go?”

I shivered. “I’ll go... away from the house. The cross road isn’t busy, is it, Jeff?”

“Not very,” he said, and winked. “Have fun, Karen!”

I stepped out from behind the car and started walking along the side of the road. I’d never, never thought I’d do anything like that! I fearfully imagined a bunch of cars coming past me, stopping and gawking at me while I was bare naked, or harrassing me, or someone calling the police or something.

I turned around, thinking about running back to the safety of Jeff’s car and getting my clothes back on. The guys waved gaily at me, and I blushed hard, then waved back at them. I had to complete the dare. I just had to!

I was very nervous. Twice I jumped into the brush, then slowly rose, peeking along the road, to find I’d just imagined cars. The first time, I stayed closer to the edge of the road, getting even more wary. The second time though, I giggled to myself and stepped out to the middle of the road. I was supposed to be taking a chance that someone might spot me, I reminded myself.

I got more cautious, though, as I got close to the crossroad. I forced myself to stay on the edge of the road and not walk in the brush, but I stayed very close to the edge. Suddenly I thought I heard a car. I stopped and nervously looked around, not jumping right away this time since I’d been wrong twice before. Then I saw the car, speeding along the crossroad, which was then about 100 feet from me. I jumped down and behind a tree.

The car went past without slowing, and I got up, my heart pounding hard.

It had been close.

I blushed to myself, and fiercely reminded myself I was supposed to be taking chances. I stepped out onto the road, then right out to the middle of it, and continued walking until I got to the crossroad.

I looked around, but didn’t see anyone else coming. I began stepping out into the intersection, then went over to the side. I took off my shoes and socks, then hurried across the crossroad. I decided I’d leave a shoe or sock at each of the four corners, then I’d have to go back and retrieve them. I hurried around the corners, walking gingerly because of my bare feet and the stony road.

Then I went to the middle of the intersection. I was completely naked now, and couldn’t move very quickly if anyone came along. I faced in the direction the car had come from, and set my feet apart, and put my hands behind my head. I counted to 100 using “one, one hundred, two, one hundred...”, then faced back toward where I’d come from and did it again; I faced in the third direction and did it again, and then did the same facing in the final direction.

No one came, but it was my intention to complete my count regardless. I sighed in relief; I’d been standing out there for at least 5 minutes! I stepped over to the corner and picked up a shoe, then went around and got my other shoe and my socks. I sat at the corner and put them on, then turned to walk back to the nature center.

I’d gotten a little further down the road than when I’d seen the car before, when I heard another car coming on the crossroad. I blushed hard, but stayed on the road this time, praying the car would keep going and not turn. I gulped, I could hear it slowing; it was going to turn! I was terrified, but still kept to my resolution, and stayed on the road.

Then I sighed heavily; it turned the other way. Shaking, I continued walking back to where Jeff and Rick were waiting. By the time I was about halfway back, I giggled; I’d done it and stayed right out in the open, even when I thought a car would come by me!

“Wow, you did it!” Jeff said, grinning broadly. He gave me a big hug, then so did Rick.

I giggled. “That was kind of fun! But now I want to get dressed.” I dodged past them, hurrying to my clothes, and put them on, then we got back in the car.

I told the guys about being jumpy and diving into cover several times, and then about posing out in the intersection without even my shoes and socks to make up for it.

We passed right by the cross road. It didn’t look that scary, now that I was in the car and had my clothes on.

“Hey, Jeff, stop! Will you do that again so we can see it?” Rick asked me.

I blushed hard. “I... I’m dressed!”

“Please, Karen? I’d love to see you do that one!”

“Do you want me to go back there?” Jeff asked me cheerfully.

“Oh... all right... I guess...” I wiped my hands on my pants.

Jeff slapped me on the thigh. “Good girl!” he said, grinning, and turned the car around, and went back toward the corner. He stopped and pulled his car behind a tree, not far from the corner but out of the way.

We got out of the car. I looked around, then started to go behind the tree to take my clothes off again. The guys were watching me cheerfully. I tried to smile.

“Come on out and do that,” Jeff urged me. “It’ll be a lot more exciting that way!”

I had my shirt open already. I trembled, but nodded and stepped out by the road, and finished undressing. I carried my clothes over to the car, and blushed even harder, if that was possible; a car went past on the cross road! It obviously didn’t see me, but if it had come by a few minutes later, I’d have been right out in the middle of the corner!

“Don’t worry about it,” Rick said, laughing. “Come on, Karen!”

I nodded and left my clothes on the hood of the car. I didn’t even put my shoes on this time; I walked very nervously down to the corner, completely bare, and stepped out to the center. I posed briefly, facing in each direction, then tried to hurry back to the car. I couldn’t go very quickly; I kept stepping on stones. Finally I was back by the car. I picked up my clothes, giggling, and dashed behind the car with them, and got them on again.

“That looks like you thought it was fun,” Jeff remarked as I was getting dressed.

I nodded, grinning broadly. “I did, it was exciting!” I agreed.

“Want to go do it again?” he asked.

“Uh... no, thanks,” I declined hastily. “I’ll just take a break for a little while, if that’s all right!”

We went back to the cabin, and spent a half hour packing and cleaning up a bit.

“Ready for a swim?” Rick asked me when we were done.

I nodded, then grinned and undressed on the porch. “I shouldn’t need those,” I remarked cheerfully.

It occurred to me as we walked down to the lake that it was a surprising change that it didn’t even occur to me to wear my swimsuit to go for a swim.

We swam for a little while but not for long.

“We’re coming up on lunchtime,” Jeff observed while we were toweling off.

“Want to try one more adventure?”

“What is it?” I asked.

He explained. We’d go to a public park. I’d give the guys my clothes, and they’d hide them in the park. I’d have to find them before I could put anything on.

“In a public park?” Rick grinned eagerly. “That ought to be fun!”

Jeff looked at me. “You want to do it?”

“I’ll... try it,” I said, feeling tense, watching the guys get dressed.

We discussed it further as we went back the cabin. We decided to go to the same park we’d gone to earlier, which I’d walked around naked. I’d have to go walking down one of the trails while the guys hid my clothes, we agreed, then I’d have to find all of my clothes and bring them to the parking lot before I could put anything on.

We got back to the cabin, and I got dressed. Instead of my skirt and blouse, I dug out blue jean cutoffs and a short-sleeved jersey to wear for the rest of the day. For as much of it as I’d be dressed, anyway.

We loaded up our stuff into the car. I’d have probably been more sorry to be leaving the cabin if I wasn’t thinking so much about my upcoming ordeal.

It didn’t take very long to finish packing everything up. Jeff locked the cabin. “This has been the best time I’ve spent here in a long time,” he said, sighing, then smiled at me. “I hope you’ll come back, Karen.”

“Thanks, I’d like to, very much!” I smiled at him. “It’s been the most educational weekend of my life, I think!”

We drove away; it was about 11:30 according to the clock on the dashboard.

“Are you nervous now?” Rick asked me.

I nodded but didn’t say anything.

He squeezed my hand. “You’ll be fine,” he said reassuringly. I smiled tightly at him.

It didn’t take long to get to the park. I had been worried other people might be there, but no one was. Jeff parked, and then we all got out of the car.

“What do I do while you’re hiding my clothes?” I asked. Now that we were there, and it was time for me to strip, I felt anguished about the risk I’d be taking. But I went ahead and started undressing.

“Why don’t you just walk around the trails?” Jeff suggested. “It’ll take us about 10 minutes to finish hiding your things. I’ll whistle when we’re done.” He demonstrated. He had the ability to whistle loudly and piercingly.

“All right,” I agreed, giggling, and pulled down my pants and underpants.

I handed them to Rick; they were the last items I had to take off. I put on my shoes and socks. “I’ll be back soon, then,” I said, and hurried away to the concealment and safety of the woods.

I hadn’t been naked by myself all that much over the weekend; the guys had been around for almost all of it. I walked down a wood-chip covered path.

I paid attention to the signs; it was embarrassing enough without getting lost as well!

I knew time was moving slowly for me because of my anxiety, but even so, it seemed like I’d been walking for a long time, and still hadn’t heard Jeff’s whistle. I started to turn around to head back on my own, thinking I might have missed the signal. Just then, I heard him and giggled to myself; it was very clearly audible. There was no chance I could miss it.

I hurried back to the parking lot and clearing. The guys were sitting at the picnic table where I’d undressed; my clothes were nowhere to be seen.

“I guess you’re ready for me!” I took a deep breath, and looked around the park. I couldn’t see any of my clothes, but I’d hardly expected to.

I started by thinking about a strategy to use to find my clothes. I was sure they wouldn’t have put them all in one place; that would make it too easy for me. There were garbage cans all around the area; I decided to look in them first, starting with the closest ones around the parking lot.

I scurried around, looking in them all. They were mostly empty, but a couple of them had McDonald’s bags or other such trash. I checked all the way around the parking lot, then saw one more trash can by the front entrance, kind of hidden. I looked in and poked in a grocery bag, and triumphantly pulled out my short pants.

“Nice job, Karen!” Rick called out to me, and I grinned. I left my pants on the picnic table, and continued thoroughly checking the rest of the trash cans, but didn’t find any of my other clothes.

I checked around the building, including the restrooms, first the guy’s, thinking it would be just the place for them to hide something. I looked behind the toilets in the stalls, under the urinals, and under the sink, without seeing anything. I checked the trash cans, then went over to the ladies room and hunted through it as well. I circled the building again, then happened to look up, and saw my bra hanging from the top of the men’s room door. I had to get a stick to get it down, then I ran excitedly over to the picnic table and left it with my shorts.

“Halfway there!” Jeff cheered me.

“Yeah, but I’m still bare naked,” I said, blushing. I looked around for more likely places to search. The playground... I ran over to it and searched all over it, looking under all of the equipment, in the clubhouse where the kids hid out, and in any spaces I could find which could hide an item of clothing. I circled around it again, then one more time; it seemed like an excellent place to hide something. I was ready to give up, but then caught a glimpse of white under the slide, and dug my underpants out of the wood chips. I shook them out and took them over to the picnic table.

“Wow, you’re doing really well!” Both the guys were grinning at me, obviously enjoying having me run around in the nude, looking for my clothes.

So far it had been scary, but also kind of fun. If I could just find the rest and get dressed, it would finish that way, too. I began hunting around for my shirt. There weren’t any really obvious places left for me to look, though. I was sure they’d have hid some part of my clothing really well, but I wasn’t sure if I’d hit on any of what they thought were really good hiding places.

I walked quickly around the mowed area, looking behind shrubs and up in trees, hoping it would be out and would catch my eye, but I went all the way around without finding it. “I’ll figure it out!” I declared to them, and they both grinned.

I went back up to the playground and looked under the playground equipment, hoping to find a flash of my shirt in the wood chips. It wasn’t there. Where hadn’t I looked yet? I couldn’t think of any place! I started across the wide grassy area, returning to the parking lot to ask the guys for a hint.

Then it happened. I gasped in horror as a car pulled into the parking lot, then another behind it. There was no question about getting to cover in time; I was right in the middle of a wide open area. I stood in shock for a minute, then dashed toward the picnic table where my clothes were.

The two cars stopped in the parking lot, and several college-aged people got out to watch me. I started by trying to get my pants on over my shoes, and got all tangled up. Blushing furiously and still bare naked, I had to take a deep breath and get my shoes back out from my short pants, then take my shoes off. I got my pants on, then my bra, and remembered to my dismay I hadn’t put on my underpants. I didn’t have a shirt, either.

The guys from the two cars clapped and cheered. I got my shoes back on, then ran for the car with Jeff and Rick following me at a more leisurely pace. Jeff drove away, with both he and Rick laughing.

“Do you want your shirt?” Rick asked as we drove out of the parking lot.

“Where is it?” I asked wildly.

“Over there.” He grinned; it was hanging on the sign at the front entrance of the park! “Want me to get it?” I nodded tensely, and he got out and ran to get it, then brought it back to me. I got it on without saying anything. Jeff drove away.

“That was... humiliating!” I said, in tears and almost bawling. Rick put his arm around me and I hugged him, burying my face against him.

We drove through town, then out to the highway; we were heading home. Jeff stopped at a gas station after a few miles, and I went into the ladies room to get my underwear on and straighten up my clothes. When I came out, we stopped at a Coney Island type restaurant for lunch.

When we got back to the car, I started unloading angrily on the guys. I was humiliated and ashamed, and they shouldn’t have put me in that

situation. It was very scary for me.

They listened for a while, and Rick started looking a little serious about it.

“Hang on, Karen,” Jeff broke in when I was repeating myself. “It was scary and embarrassing. I can see that. But you were doing scary, embarrassing things all weekend, and had a pretty good time doing them. How was this different?”

“The... the other people!” I gasped.

“All right, I can see that, but you knew, as well as Rick and me, that someone else might come along, didn’t you? You wanted to do it. Right?”

I didn’t answer.

“Wasn’t that why that particular dare was exciting to do?” he asked me pointedly. “Because of the risk?”

I blushed, embarrassed again, but for a different reason. He was right.

“It wasn’t our fault! We did help you, and encourage you to try it, but you didn’t have to, and you wanted to, and you did it yourself.”

I sat silently, looking between my knees for several minutes. No one said anything until I spoke.

“I’m... sorry,” I apologized humbly. “I was wrong to be mad at you guys.

I’m really sorry!”

“It’s all right, Karen. You were upset, and I understand that.” Jeff looked over at me, and smiled. “So did you have fun with the weekend overall?”

I smiled a little and nodded, then giggled.

“Did you have fun with having your clothes hidden at the park?” Rick asked, smirking mischievously.

“Uh... well... yes, I guess I did.”

“You didn’t really complete the dare, though,” he pointed out.

I grinned and punched him in the arm playfully. “I did as much as I could!” But then I blushed. “If you want to give me something to do as a penalty for not completing it, I’ll do it,” I said impulsively.

“How about if you ride home the rest of the way in the nude, with your clothes locked in the trunk?” Jeff suggested.

I looked around uneasily. “All... right,” I agreed. I got out of the car, then hurried 20 feet over and got behind some bushes. I took my clothes off as fast as I could. Jeff opened the trunk of his car, and I dashed over and tossed my clothes inside, then dove back into the car.

We all hurried back into the car, and drove off. I don’t think anyone saw me at the rest stop; if they did, I never found out about it and so it caused no harm, I suppose.

“Please drive carefully!” I begged Jeff. “I wouldn’t want us to get pulled over!”

He grinned, patting my leg. “All right, we’ll be fine, I think,” he reassured me.

He didn’t drive faster than the speed limit. At first this was a relief to me, but pretty soon I found out there were disadvantages. Trucks weren’t going as slow as we were, and got a full view of me as they drove past.

They kept honking. At first I tried to ignore them, but then Rick suggested I wave and smile. I did so, shyly for the first few, then more boldly; it was kind of fun! After a while I even teased them, squeezing my breasts and blowing kisses and sliding my fingers between my legs. I worried a little that some truck was going to swerve and kill us all, but it didn’t happen.

“Shall we pull in at the next truck stop so you can meet some of them?”

Rick asked me.

“No!” I gulped, then giggled as he grinned at me.

“Just kidding!” he said.

Jeff decided it was a bad idea to stay on the highway, and pulled onto a different road. “We don’t want anyone calling the police on their cell phone,” he explained.

“Good idea!” I blushed. I hadn’t even thought of that.

The new road was a two lane road, and passed through several towns. I blushed hard as we passed through them, and slid down in my seat as far as I could so people wouldn’t see me. A few cars passed us and got a good look at me, but we managed to avoid getting into trouble with anyone.

We were about 30 miles from our destination.

“I don’t have to be home for an hour or so yet,” Rick said. “Karen, would you like to try any dares you didn’t get to do yet, or do anything again?”

I thought for a couple of minutes. “Um... I’m already naked... Jeff, if you want to find a nice back country road, I’ll go for a walk down it!”

“That sounds like fun. I liked it when you did that before.” He turned off the highway and went down a paved side road, then down another, and down a gravel country road. “Let me know when you see a nice spot to get out,” he told me.

I kept seeing spots, but was too nervous to get out of the car. Finally I nodded. “You can let me out there,” I said squeakily. “I want my shoes,

too, okay?”

“All right.” He stopped next to a tree, and I got out. He got my shoes and socks out of the trunk, and I sat on the hood of the car and put them on.

“How far do you want to go?”

I giggled shakily, standing in the middle of the road. “Just don’t go out of sight,” I said bravely. “I’ll go that far, anyway!”

“All right, have fun!” He tooted and pulled away from me, and I stood in the middle of the road, watching him. He stopped at the first curve, and I sighed in relief.

I walked in the middle, moving along briskly and feeling very anxious. I had no idea where we were, but it was possible there might be people who knew me, and I didn’t want to be caught outside without clothing.

I got close to Jeff’s car, and sighed and gulped, then started trotting to his car.

Then he pulled away. I blushed hard and yelled “Hey!”, but he didn’t stop; he drove down to the next curve!

I sighed in relief when he stopped, then giggled a little; he just wanted to make me go a little further. I stayed right in the road and kept walking. When I got close to his car this time, I sprinted, very anxious to get inside the car.

They let me catch them this time, and I dove into the car, giggling, and also very relieved.

Jeff started slowly down the road. I had to take off my shoes and socks, since I’d agreed to go home naked.

I thought about doing another dare, but decided against it. The guys drove me to my apartment house, and Rick even got out to get my clothes for me.

I put them on in the car, then got out. The guys carried my bags up to my apartment.

Once inside, I smiled boldly and stripped naked once again, and gave each of them a big, warm kiss. “Thanks very much for the exciting weekend!” I told them. “I’ve learned a lot!”

“Keep practicing,” Jeff advised me, smiling. “You’ve gotten a great start.

Don’t always wear clothes around the house, or around other people’s houses if you can get away with it. Take risks whenever you can. Set goals, then stick to them!”

“I’ll remember!” I blushed a little. “You guys can ask me to get naked any time you’re here, or when I’m at your place. Either of your places!”

“That will be fun at parties.” Rick grinned, and I blushed, then giggled back.

“I really have got to go,” he said. “Goodbye, Karen!”

“Bye!” I stood in the doorway and watched them leave, then closed the door. What a weekend!

Karen Naked At The Mall

Monday seemed like the most carefree day in years. I wore clothes all day in school even though I missed the fun I had last week. The girls who were picked to go naked this week were going to have a hard enough time without me taking the attention away from them. Anyway, I was very surprised when the announcement came over the P.A. system during last period: “Karen Wagner, report to the principal’s office at the end of classes.” I got nervous wondering what was wrong. Then I sort of hoped it was something which would require a spanking!

Principal Harriman didn’t keep me waiting for long. I walked in and sat down in front of his desk, feeling a little nervous.

“Miss Wagner, I’ve called you in to ask you to help with a little problem,” he began. “I believe you recall a young freshman girl from last week who had a very poor reaction to the mandatory nudity program in which you participated. She was so shy that she had to be sent to a psychiatrist, and even then she resisted every moment and had to repeat the program this week. Nor is she doing any better today.”

I certainly did remember. She was up on stage with me during the Miss Nude Central High Pageant. Anyway, I heard about the way she cried when they made her take her clothes off, and how she had to repeat the whole week naked at school.

“Her parents seem to be the root of the problem. They appear to be trying to repress her sexuality, and they’ve created a very unhealthy environment for a young teen.

“We considered reporting the situation to Adolescent Protective Services, or ‘Girlie Lib’ as some of the kids like to call it. APS is empowered to investigate, provide counseling, or even remove girls from a sexually repressive household and put them in a loving environment.

“We are reluctant to take such drastic action, however. That’s why I’d like to ask for your assistance. Do you know her? Her name is Penny Lovelace.”

Even though I saw her a few times last week, I never really met Penny. I told him so.

“Unfortunately, Miss Lovelace is not yet 14, and the age of consent is still 15 without a parent’s written permission. If we are to help Miss Lovelace overcome her problem, sex is the best tool available to us.

That’s why I’ve called you in today. I’d like to see if you would be willing to help out a young girl who is very unhappy with her predicament.

I know that last week was very hard for you, and I’m very proud of the way you reacted to the situation. In fact I would go so far as to call you our star pupil”.

I couldn’t help blushing a little at that. It was a mixture of pride at the compliment and embarrassment over being told I was the best in the school at being naked.

“If you agree to help out, I’d appreciate it if you would visit Miss Lovelace at home this evening. I’ve let her know you’ll be dropping by.

I’m hoping that you can help counteract her parent’s resistance and convey how enjoyable a healthy sex life is for a teenage girl. Can I count on you to help out?”

I told him I wasn’t sure how much help I could be, but I’d give it a try.

He thanked me and I left, thinking about what I could do.

What to wear was the first question. I didn’t want to go naked because then her parents might not let us play at all, but I wanted to let her see how much fun it was to let everybody look at your body. I settled for going topless. Then I got the idea to put my hair in pig tails like Penny.

It would help if I looked like I was her age.

My brother Jimmy walked in the door just as I was about to go out. “Hi, sis. Hey, it sure is great to see you topless again. I was afraid you were going back to wearing clothes this week.”

“No, I just wanted to take some time without everybody staring at me so much. I really like being naked now. Say, would you tell Mom I’m going over to play with Penny Lovelace?”

“Sure. Isn’t she the girl who’s having so much trouble going naked? I’d sure like to see her without her clothes, even if she doesn’t have the world’s most gorgeous tits like you. She IS only a year older than me.”

“Why, thank you, Jimmy. That’s the nicest thing you’ve ever said to me.” I kissed him in passing and rubbed by nipples lightly against his shirt.

“I’ll ask Penny if she wants to play with you sometime. Bye-bye!”

Walking topless to Penny’s house was fun. I smiled and waved at everybody who honked and whistled, but when I walked up to her door I hesitated.

I stood there feeling suddenly very shy. Finally I knocked on the door, then I grabbed both of my pig-tails and twisted them as I heard footsteps inside the house. Penny’s father opened the door and looked surprised to see a topless girl on his doorstep. He was a tall man with thinning black hair and a distinguished look; very much the kind of Daddy a girl can look up to.

“Can Penny come out and play?”, I asked in my best shy-little-girl voice.

I glanced up at his face and saw him quickly look away from my chest.

“Who’s at the door?”, I heard Penny call from inside the house. Mr. Lovelace ignored her and said, “I’m sorry, young lady, but our daughter is not allowed to play with boys or with anyone who doesn’t...”

Just then Penny came up behind him and said “Hi, Karen. Daddy, this is Karen Wagner, the girl I told you about who won the beauty contest at school on Friday. Karen’s probably the most popular girl in school. Are you here about the mandatory nudity?”

“Well, yes I am, Penny”, I said, feeling a little awkward without my top.

I saw her Dad looking me over again and I blushed a little. I still wasn t completely over my bashfulness.

“Principal Harriman asked me to come by and see if I could help out. Last week was pretty hard for me, but I made it through O.K., and he thinks maybe I can help you get through it, too. Can I come in?”

Her daddy looked grumpy, but he reluctantly opened the door. As I brushed past I felt something huge in his pants. He might seem strict, but I thought Penny and I could find a way to bring him around.

Her room looked a lot like mine, all pink and white and lacy. She even had a teddy bear collection. The only difference was a lack of makeup or clothes to show that the little girl was growing up. She did have a full length mirror, though, and another at her dresser with lights all around it. I think Penny was starting to think about how she looked, and not just for Church.

“Do you think your Daddy would let us go to the mall?”, I asked. She looked hesitant, so I said, “Don’t worry, you don’t have to go naked except at school. Maybe we can find something a little bit sexy for you to wear, though,” I said, looking at the frumpy sweat shirt and pants she was wearing. I walked over and started looking through her closet. “Don’t you have anything but boy’s clothes in here?”

“No,” she replied. “My mom is still a strict feminist. She even quit her job after the sexual harassment laws were repealed and her boss told her she had to start dressing sexy. Part of the reason I’m scared to go naked is that both my parents treat me like I’m a boy, or more like there aren’t any differences between boys and girls.”

I pulled another baggy sweat shirt off a hanger. Hmmmm... at least this one was kind of faded and had a few interesting holes in it. Wait a minute! “Do you have some scissors?”

“Sure, right here in my desk. Here they are.”

I took them and started cutting off the bottom half of the sweatshirt.

Penny didn’t seem to mind, she was watching what I was doing with some curiosity. “I don’t think Momma would let me wear that. It’ll show my tummy.”

“It’ll show more than that if you aren’t careful. It’s so loose it might ride right up your chest. But we aren’t telling your mom!” She giggled and took it into her closet. In a minute she came back out looking shy but excited.

We slipped out the front door without seeing her Daddy again. On the way to the mall the cars slowed down and honked just like always. Penny looked interested when I smiled and waved. “Isn’t it scary to have everybody staring at you? I get all nervous even in school.”

“It is at first,” I admitted, “but pretty soon you start getting used to it, and then it turns out to be fun. Besides, they aren’t just honking at me. Next time a car passes, wave to them just like I do.”

There was no traffic for a while, then a couple of cars passed us without taking notice. Penny was starting to loosen up a little, so I took her hand and started skipping. She went along with me, and pretty soon our titties were bouncing all over, hers under her shirt and mine out in the open. So many cars started slowing down that it’s a good thing we were close to the mall or there would have been a traffic jam.

We went inside and started shopping. About half way down the mall, Penny stopped in front of a jewelry cart out on the promenade. The sales girl noticed us.

“See anything you’d like, ladies?” she said.

Penny was looking at some pearl earrings. “These are nice. Do they come with clips?”

“No, I’m sorry, but all our earrings are for pierced ears only. But we do offer free piercing.”

“That’s what I thought,” Penny sighed. “I never get any earrings because my Momma won’t allow me to get my ears pierced.”

“Well, if your Momma is a problem we offer piercing in places she won’t be looking. These rings and studs are designed for your nipples, and this rack over here contains a fine selection of of labia or clit jewelry. We can also do your tongue, but your parents are going to notice that.”

Both Penny and I were surprised at the number and shape of bangles designed for our most intimate parts. Why, I never even thought about getting a belly button ring, let alone sticking something in the most sensitive places I had! I did get to thinking about a tongue stud, however. It suddenly occurred to me that lots of boys I knew might think a girl with one of those would be an especially good cock sucker. That was something to think about.

Penny was starring at the nipple rings with a look of enchantment. You’d think this girl had never had a piece of jewelry before. Well, maybe she hadn’t. She sure seemed fascinated with the titty rings. There were all kinds, from plain metal loops to gold wires set with precious stones, even diamonds.

“Pardon me, young lady, are you interested in a nipple ring?” It was a distinguished looking man wearing a business suit who had stopped to look us over and was talking to Penny. She glanced at him, then blushed a deep pink and looked back at a small gold loop set with a diamond. The price tag said $300.

“Let me introduce myself. I’m James Williamson, and I run a web site that’specializes in teenage girls with body piercings. I’m always looking for new girls. Would either of you be interested in earning some money?”

Penny just blushed more deeply, so I said, “No, I’m sorry, neither of us have any piercings, and I don’t think our parents would let us pose for you.” Actually, mine would, but I didn’t want to remind Penny that hers were so old fashioned.

“Well, girls, your parents don’t have to know about it if you’re over 12 years old. Also, I’ve bought lots of jewelry for first-time models.

Sometimes they don’t even show up at my studio, but I believe that it’s worth the price if I can make a young girl sparkle. Now you, young lady.

You seem to be interested in that titty ring. Would you like to give it a try?”

I nearly fell over when Penny looked at him and smiled. It was the first time she hadn’t looked like she was about to cry. “Please, mister, would you buy me that ring? I never get to have anything nice and I’d love to try it just once.”

I was amazed to think that shy little goody-two-shoes Penny wanted to take $300 from a perfect stranger to get a titty ring. Did she know what she was getting into? Suddenly I was impressed with this little girl’s courage. I don’t think I could have done that when I was 13.

The sales lady smiled as she opened the cabinet and handed the ring to Penny. Penny held it flat on her palm and stared at it like it was the most beautiful thing she’d ever seen.

“Shall we go ahead and stick it through your nipple?” she asked. Penny looked at Mr. Williamson, who reached into his pocket and pulled out a gold card. He was smiling. She looked at the clerk and nodded.

There was a comfortable stool sitting next to the display case right there in the middle of the mall floor. Penny sat down and pulled up the bottom of the sweat shirt I had cut off right below her tits earlier that evening. A small crowd had gathered in addition to the boys who had been following us around. Mr. Williamson gasped when her pointy little tits popped out. Even though they were starting to round out on the bottom, they were mostly just cone shaped extensions of two fabulously long, puffy nipples. For a minute I thought she was going to need a bigger ring, but Penny had her heart set on the one she had picked out. The sales girl was already attaching it to the piercing gun and adjusting the gap to fit Penny’s nipple.

“Which side do you want it on?”

“It doesn’t make any difference to me. Why don’t you pick, Mr. Williamson?

It’s just so nice of you to buy this for me. Which one do you like?”

Mr. Williamson stepped over to where Penny was perched on the stool, both her hands holding the bottom of her shirt high up under her chin. He leaned forward and carefully inspected her young breasts. Penny blushed again, but her nipples hardened and got even longer. Suddenly Mr. Williamson took both her nipples between his fingers and squeezed hard.

Penny let out a startled yelp.

“Which one hurt the most?” he asked.

She was surprised, but she looked him right in the eye. “The left one,” she said.

“Stick it in the left one,” he said, turning to the sales girl.

It didn’t hurt too much, at least Penny didn’t cry, and a few minutes later she was wearing a new, very expensive ring in her left nipple. She was awfully disappointed that that floppy, shapeless T-shirt hid her brand new diamond ring completely. Heck, it was even hard to tell she was braless except when they were bouncing, but she was still too shy to go topless when she didn’t have to.

“Maybe I can help, miss,” said the sales girl. “If you go down that way and look for the Lingerie store called Living Dolls, they sell a button-hole blouse which might be exactly what you re looking for. At least a lot of our customers seem to like them.”

“Ladies, this is my business card,” Mr. Williamson said. “Please stop by any day between 9 and 5 if you’re interested in some very well paid modeling.”

I looked at the card he handed me. “Williamson Internet Modeling Web site, for Sparkling Young Beauties” against a line drawing of a small breast in ¾ profile with a glittering diamond dangling from the nipple. It could have been a picture of Penny’s breast.

I think I was beginning to understand a lot more about Penny Lovelace. She had grown up with a feminist mother who treated her like she was no different from a boy. Now her body was maturing and a fight was going on in her mind, or rather, a fight going on between her mind and her pussy.

All her life she was taught that women should never be treated like sex objects, but now her pussy was whispering that sex was exactly what she was made for. She was a shy little girl who freaked out at the thought of going to school naked, but give her a chance to wear ONE sparkling piece of jewelry and she’d pull up her top in front of a crowd of strangers and get her nipple pierced just so she could feel beautiful in front of the boys.

We walked down the promenade toward Living Dolls. As we got close we saw the usual small crowd checking out the live mannequins on display. A redhead with absolutely enormous breasts was modeling matching black bra and knickers with vertical slits cut to leave her nipples and vagina bare.

She looked fabulous.

As we came through the door I noticed a big Help Wanted sign: “Ladies— Be a Living Doll. Pose in our Lingerie for 15 minutes and earn $50 in store credits!” I nudged Penny and pointed to it. I think I saw her smile.

“May I help you girls?” The sales ladies name tag said “Gigi.” It was attached to a leather harness which circled her breasts while leaving them bare. A thin leather strap ran between her legs. She looked sexy, graceful, and poised. Penny blushed again and I tried not to giggle.

“Hi. My friend just got her nipple pierced and they told us we should come and see your Buttonhole blouses. What are those?”

“They’re a new style, ladies, designed to show off nipple jewelry whenever you want and put it away when you don’t. Let me show you one.” She looked at Penny, then led us back toward the Junior’s and Misses’ section. We walked up to a torso display which was lighted from inside. A pink blouse of thin spandex was clinging to the feminine shape. At the tip of the breasts were button holes through which the nipples emerged. Large gold rings through the nipples were joined by a thin gold chain.

Penny looked at the chain and giggled. “Would you like to try one on?” asked Gigi.

It took a while to find one small enough for Penny. Even then, when she tried it on it was so long that the bottom fell below her pussy, looking weird over her baggy pants. It was long enough to be a short dress, so Gigi and I talked her into taking her pants off. She turned out to have long coltish legs, but you could easily see her huge white underpants through the thin material. Neither of us could get her to take those off because she thought her thick black bush would show through even better.

She was right.

The top was a different story. The tight white spandex absolutely clung to every curve on her tiny chest. I tugged both button holes right on top of her nipples, twisted the ring and pulled her nipple right out. Her hard nipple stuck out half an inch from the opening with her brand new ring dangling from the tip. She walked up to the mirrors shyly, almost reverently, but she must’ve liked what she saw. She put her hands on her hips and turned around. She stuck out her bottom and looked back over her shoulder. Then she made a half turn, reached up and cupped her left breast, then tugged gently on the ring. She gave a little grimace; it had to be sore. Then she turned toward the mirror, put her hands behind her head, and stuck her chest out as far it would go. Her smile was dazzling.

She turned back to Gigi and said, “I love it! How much does it cost?”

“It’s $39.95, sweetheart.”

Penny face fell. She turned around and looked wistfully in the mirror.

But I had an idea. “Can I be a Living Doll?” I asked.

Gigi looked doubtful. “We’re not allowed to hire girls your age, but let me talk to the manager and see if we can work something out.”

We waited at the mirrors. I stood behind Penny and smoothed the wrinkles out of the tight material. Then all of a sudden I reached around and pulled her right nipple through the other button hole. She grabbed my hand, but just for an instant she held it against her breast. Then she turned, smiled, and gave me a quick little kiss on the lips.

“That’s for being such a good friend,” she said. Both of her nipples hardened. (So did mine!)

A moment later a good looking guy of about 25 walked over to us with Gigi.

He introduced himself as the assistant manager and explained that the store was prohibited from hiring anyone under sixteen. “Nevertheless, it’s store policy to encourage nudity and exhibitionism in girls of all ages.

We aren’t allowed to pay you directly, but if you’d like to model for us we’d be happy to let you have a 100% discount any merchandise you’d like.”

A few minutes later I was wearing a floor length gown of green translucent material which fell in a straight line from under my breasts, which were left completely bare. Two thin straps crossed between my breasts, over my shoulders. I talked Penny into coming up on the display stage with me, but she was still shy and stood behind me. I spotted some props on a little table and picked up a feather duster in one hand and a fan in the other. I held these up and to the side, and looked off into space, frozen like a mannequin.

After a few minutes I had a naughty idea. Since Penny was standing right behind me, I asked her to reach around and hold my breasts up. The size of the crowd picked up as she cradled my breasts in her small hands. There was scattered applause, and then a guy’s voice called out, “Play with them!” I felt her gently caress the underside of my tits. I was embarrassed to have another girl fondling me like that, but I was determined to do a good job for the store. I felt like I was being paid, even if it was in merchandise.

After 15 minutes we climbed back down. The crowd seemed disappointed to see us go, so I got an idea. I noticed a display of collars like we had to wear last week in class. I was starting to get an idea about a very fancy choke collar, but I picked out a leather dog collar and whispered to Penny. She giggled, and a few moments later we walked back on stage with Penny wearing a collar. I was holding the other end of the leash attached to her neck. We were greeted with applause, which turned to cheers when Penny got down on all fours and started to wag her tail.

I sat down and Penny trotted over in front of me. She sat up, then as she came back down onto her four paws, she did what doggies do: She stuck her nose right between my legs. The whole crowd burst out laughing. I started to giggle uncontrollably, Even Penny started to laugh, but not before I felt a quick lick of her tongue.

For the next few minutes Penny trotted around the stage. Every time she came to the edge boys would reach out and pat her bottom. She would pant or arf a little if she liked it. Pretty soon her dress was pulled up around her waist, but it didn’t do any good because of those awful under pants. Before we knew it our time was up. The crowd applauded again, so we took a bow. Then I turned to Penny and kissed her right on the lips.

Just as we broke the kiss I reached up and unclipped the leash from her collar. She smiled her gratitude, but a moment later she let out a surprised yip as I reached over and clipped it to her new titty ring.

“Ouch, Hey, that’s still sore. Be careful!”

“Oh yes, little puppy, I ll be very careful. Now it’s time to go for a walk!” I giggled and gave a gentle tug which caused her to rush after me down from the display.

The mall crowd was very heavy by now, but people lined up on both sides and let us pass like we were movie stars. A topless high school Junior leading a little Freshman around the Mall on a dog leash attached to her tit seemed to be a very popular sight. Penny looked like she might start to cry again, but I knew I had to be firm. We walked from one end of the mall to the other listening to various snickers, encouragement, and applause. Penny started to brighten up as we headed back to Living Dolls.

We had enough to get Penny her Buttonhole, and I bought her the collar she wore up on stage. I also picked out something else I didn’t show to her yet.

I was determined to get Penny out of those awful underpants, so I talked her into getting her hair done with me. We headed for the end of the mall.

We saw the Beauty Parlor as we walked around the corner. There was a sign over the entrance, “The Purrrfect Pussy.” A kitten was curled up on a girl s lap. The lap was bare, but you couldn’t see her pussy because of the kitten. Penny stopped short when she saw the sign.

“What kind of a beauty parlor is that?” she asked me. I had to come clean.

I told her we were getting “hair styling,” but I didn’t say what hair.

My pussy hair had never been trimmed. Last summer I thought about getting a bikini wax, but I didn’t really need one because my bikini bottom was so conservative. Last week nobody at school seemed to be disappointed by my bush, which is not very thick anyway, partly because I’m a blonde, and partly because my hair is very fine.

Penny, on the other hand, is a brunette, and her hair is as thick and wavy as any I’ve ever seen. If that was true of her pussy hair too, there were lots of outfits she wouldn t be able to wear unless she didn’t mind it sticking out. Suddenly “shave and a haircut” seemed like just the thing.

We walked up to the receptionist. She smiled at us and asked, “Do you ladies have an appointment?”

“Sorry, no. Don’t you take walk-ins?”

“I’m afraid we’re fully booked up for the next three days. I’d be glad to make an appointment for Thursday.”

Just then a lady in a business dress walked over behind the counter and spoke to the receptionist. “Jennifer, do you know who this is? Karen Wagner is quite well known all over town. I think it would be very good for business if we could say that Miss Nude Central High has a Purrfect Pussy.” She smiled at us. “Your hair styling will be on the house, girls.”

She smiled again and led us to chairs by the window.

She brought out a big binder full of color pictures of exotic pussy hair styles. There were pages and pages of frosted and dyed bushes, trimmed lips topped with patches of hair shaved into hearts, lips, horizontal bars and vertical lines extending straight up from snatch-top, long arrow shapes pointing to bare pussy; or the opposite: Shaved mounds over lips covered with dyed or frosted hair, sometimes trimmed and sometimes left thick. Even braided if there was enough there to begin with. Penny and I sat there trying to decide.

The chairs were something to see. They were kind of a combination of a dentist’s and a barber chair. They were deeply upholstered and very comfortable, but they reclined way back. The most unusual part was the split extension leg rests. The stylists sat on little stools right between our knees. There were overhead lamps just like dentists use too, only these focused a lot further down.

It was hard to make up my mind, but finally I decided to shave my pussy lips bare, but leave a thin line leading straight up to the top of my mound. It flared out slightly so the effect was to extend my slit while pointing down toward it. My natural blonde hair made it hard to see, so Jenny, my stylist, recommended dying it black with pink frosting.

Penny got hers shaved bare.

Another crowd gathered while we were sitting there getting our pussies shaved in the window. Along with the men and boys there were lots of girls window shopping. I was really enjoying the attention as Jenny finished trimming with the electric clippers and began to lather me up with shaving soap. It made my pussy tingle and I started getting wet with something besides shaving cream. Several guys outside the display window were talking to their wives or girl friends. Quite a line had formed over at the appointment desk.

As Jenny finished applying the last of the pink highlights, the lady who had seated us came walking up. “Girls, I want to thank you for doing business with us. You’re both welcome back any time. In fact, I’d be glad to offer you free styling for the rest of the year if we could take your pictures for our display book.” It seemed like a great idea to me, but Penny was feeling a little shy again. I think she was afraid her mother would find out.

The house photographer came out and posed me in the chair. Jenny powdered up my pussy and did my makeup, too. They got several shots from all angles, both closeups and full body. Finally they asked if I would mind posing with some props. They handed me a large pink dildo and asked me to lick the end while they took pictures. I was feeling very daring by this time with the crowd cheering me on, so I licked the end and then I stuck the whole thing in my mouth. I was only able to take the first three inches before I gagged, but I still got applause.

The tip of the dildo was all wet and shiny now. Jenny took it and started to lightly stroke my clit. It felt wonderful. I was squirming in my chair now with the crowd looking on. That was when Jenny slid the dildo inside my pussy.

I know I should have put a stop to the whole thing right there, but the photographer kept clicking away and telling me to smile, the crowd was chanting my name, and best of all Jenny was stroking that big, beautiful dildo in and out of me. Somebody handed me another dildo and I started to suck it.

I don’t know how long it went on, but I could feel the warmth turning to an electric tingle high up inside my pussy. I felt like an orgasm was coming that I would remember forever. Jenny stroked me faster and faster, and I heard myself moaning and begging her not to stop. The flash of the camera turned to fireworks as my body tensed and shuddered in an intense, almost violent orgasm.

The crowed cheered wildly as I came back to earth. Drained of energy though I was, I reached out and pulled Jenny to me for a deep and grateful kiss.

Penny was so excited about her new hair style that we both walked home from the mall naked. She still shied away when cars slowed down and honked at us, but I smiled and waved, and pretty soon she was doing her best to wave at them too.

We were still bare when we walked up to her front porch. “Aren’t you going to get dressed?” I asked.

“Gee, Karen, tonight was the most fun I’ve ever had had in my life,” she said to me. She was absolutely bubbling. “I can’t thank you enough, and now I m going to march right in there and tell Daddy I’m staying naked for the rest of the week.” She looked straight up into my eyes, stepped closer until her nipples brushed against mine, put her arms around my waist and kissed me. I wasn’t so surprised when she opened her mouth, but when she grabbed my bottom I knew she’d overcome the last of her shyness. The kiss went on and on for a long, wonderful time.

Our lips parted at last. I sighed and looked deep into her eyes. “Are you sure you want to do this? Your Dad is going to be mad at you.”

“Oh, I can handle Daddy. It’s Momma that’s the problem, and she’s out of town. Daddy s just a big old cuddly bear who loves me too much to say ‘No.’”

“I think you’re right.” I giggled. “Did you see his erection when he was talking to me at the front door? Your Daddy really likes naked girls.”

“What’s an erection?”

I was more startled than when she grabbed my bottom. “An erect penis, silly! What do you mean?”

“Is a penis the thing boys have between their legs?”

“Good heavens, Penny, don’t tell me you ve never seen an erect penis! I know you’ve had sex education even if your parents won’t let you watch T.V.”

“No, I haven’t,” she admitted shyly. “My parents never let me take sex education. Up until last year they didn’t have to if they sent a note to school. I never even thought about my Daddy’s penis before.”

“You poor girl, you have sure missed a lot.” I strongly suspected Penny was going to learn a lot about erections this week. “Yes, boys have penises right where girls have vaginas. When they’re ready for sex their penis gets big and hard, and then they can put it inside us.”

“Wow, that’s cool!”, she bubbled again. “But you’re wrong about my Daddy.

That’s just the way he is all the time. I know that for sure because I’ve sat on his lap all my life. When I do he slides it right between my butt cheeks, and then he rocks me back and forth. We’ve cuddled like that ever since I can remember. That’s how I know he loves me so much.”

I could see Penny wasn t going to have any problem at all wrapping her Daddy around her little finger.

“Penny, I picked up a present for your Momma at the mall. I think it will solve your problem with her.” I opened up the package from Living Dolls and took out a choke collar just like the one Miss Hooker put on me in class last week.

“Just tell your Daddy to put this on your Momma. After he tightens it up so she can’t breath she’ll be eager to do exactly what he wants. Believe me she will.”

Penny looked at me and smiled. Her problems were solved.

The End

Karen and Penny’s Play Date

I was up in my room doing my homework when the doorbell rang. I took off

all my clothes when I got home, so I was going to answer it naked. I

should probably mention I was naked because I found out how much fun it is

to go without clothes. I’m not an exhibitionist... correction, I didn’t

used to be an exhibitionist, but my school has a new program called the

Girl’s Enhancement Project which requires five girls to attend classes in

the nude each week. I was one of the first five picked, and by the end of

the week I was really having a wonderful time. I learned how much fun it

is to try new things and expand my horizons. Those new things included

blow jobs, butt plugs, and gang bangs!

My name is Karen Wagner.

At the same time I was learning to enjoy the benefits of going naked, one

of the other girls in the program was having a terrible time. Penny came

from a very repressive family, and when the school made her take her

clothes off she was so upset she had to go to the school psychiatrist. The

next week our principle asked me to make friends with Penny and try to

help her adjust to the program because I had done so well and had so much

fun.

Penny and I got along very well, even though she is only a freshman and

two years younger than me. I even got her to go to the mall with me naked,

and by the time we went home she was loving it. Just like me, she was

embarrassed to be naked in public at first, but when she got used to being

the center of attention she really blossomed. She ended up getting her

titty pierced, and we both got our hair done at the Purrfect Pussy. Then

we picked out some toys, and I gave her something to help out with her

mother, who was the reason for all the sexual repression in her family.

I started downstairs to answer the door, but my Mom got there first.

“Karen”, she called, “there’s somebody here to see you!” I knew Penny was

coming over to play, so I wasn’t surprised. I wasn’t surprised until I got

a look at her.

The plain little girl I went to the mall with was gone. In her place was a

glamorous, naughty little Lolita. Her legs shimmered in sheer nylons. Her

makeup was a little amateurish, but flattering, especially the bright red

lipstick and the deep rose blush. She had on a short skirt, but the real

stunner was her tiny cut-off T-shirt. It barely covered her tits if she

didn’t breath too hard, but even then her nipples stuck through the flimsy

material. It was perfect to show off her nipple ring, and anyway it had a

tendency to pop-up and get caught on top of her titties. Across the front

it said “AngelTeen”.

Penny was wearing high heels, but she obviously wasn’t used to them

because of the way she teetered on the three inch spikes. “Wow, Penny, you

look SO kewl! Where’d you get those shoes?”

“My Daddy bought them for me to say thanks for the choke collar. He wants

you to have a pair too.”

She handed me the package. Just like Penny, I’ve never worn high heels

before, but when I opened up the box I caught my breath at how beautiful

they were. Mr. Lovelace had bought me a pair of open-toe spikes which had

a little gold ankle strap to hold them on.

I had been going barefoot most of the time I was naked, but I didn’t

really like it because it hurt my feet every time I stepped on a pebble,

plus I don’t like having dirty feet. The program at school encouraged

complete nudity, but allowed shoes, and would make an exception if you

wore something that made you look even sexier. I slipped them on and stood

up. A little wobbly, maybe, but feeling very grown up and glamorous. I

looked in my full length mirror, and was delighted with the way they made

me stand. My bottom stuck out in back, my tits in front, and my legs

looked much longer and more curvy. I decided I was going to wear them

everywhere, even if they did hurt my feet.

“Wow, Penny, thanks! Your Daddy sounds great, but I never thought your Mom

would let you dress like that. You rock, girl!”

She smiled and dimpled. “Lot’s of things have changed at my house since

Daddy started making Momma wear the choke collar you got her. She didn’t

like it much at first, but every time she got bitchy Daddy just tightened

it up until she did whatever he wants. This is the first time I’ve ever

seen Momma wear a short skirt and go without a bra.

“In fact, I hardly see Momma and Daddy all day, but I sure hear them. They

shout nasty things from the bedroom, and I can hear her all over the

house. Even out in the yard!” Penny seemed embarrassed, but I could see a

twinkle in her eye when she talked about her noisy parents.

“Cool! I love that little T-shirt. It goes perfect with your nipple ring.”

“Thanks,” she said. “Karen, I can’t thank you enough for helping me grow

up and enjoy the program. My Girl Scout troop is starting a nudity project

next week. We’re going to have merit badges for going topless and for full

nudity, and maybe even for sex. We’d love it if you’d come to our meeting

and help us get going.” I’ve never been in Girl Scouts, but I liked the

idea of helping other girls learn to enjoy going naked, so I told her I’d

think about it.

She walked over to me. “Look how hard my nipples get now when you play

with them.” Just as I reached up and touched her nipple, the door opened

and in walked my kid brother Jimmy!

I grabbed back my fingers but I think Jimmy saw what we were doing. “Uh,

Penny...”, I stammered, “This is my brother Jimmy. Jimmy, you know all

about Penny. Jimmy has been asking to meet you ever since he heard you

were in the G.E.P.” Penny’s eyes lit up when she heard another boy had

been talking about her.

“Hi, Jimmy. Pleased to meet you”, she said.

“Hello, Penny”, Jimmy said, trying not to stare at her titty ring,

obviously embarrassed because I told Penny he wanted to meet her. I felt a

little bad, but that’s what he gets for walking in just as Penny and I

were starting to play.

Jimmy pulled out a small box wrapped up in red paper and a big bow. “Karen

told me you might be coming over. Here. It’s just something...”, he

stammered, “I saw it at the mall and I thought about you”. He handed the

box to Penny. She smiled at him and tore off the wrapping paper.

“I heard all about your nipple ring. These were for sale at a stand in the

middle of the mall. This one isn’t as fancy as the one that man gave you

last week, but I kind of thought you might like a little variety”.

Amy was staring at the little wire with a small stud on one end and a

silver pixy charm on the other. She held the box in her open palm and

looked at it with fascination. Then she glanced up and shyly looked Jimmy

in his eye. “This is the nicest present I’ve ever gotten from a boy”. I

thought that it was probably the first present she’d ever gotten just for

being a girl, but I didn’t say anything.

“Jimmy, would you like to put it in me?”, Penny asked, pulling up her

T-shirt. The diamond that Mr. Williamson bought her last week sparkled

from the gold ring in her left tit. Jimmy blushed bright red and nodded.

Penny handed the box back to Jimmy. Then she undid the latch and slid the

ring out of her nipple. “Be careful, my titty is still a little sore from

last week.”

Jimmy took the bar and unscrewed the stud. As his fingers touched her

nipple, Penny gave a little grimace of pain. Jimmy pulled his fingers away

as if he’d burned them. Penny turned sorrowful. Then she looked back in

his eye and said, “Maybe you should kiss it and make it better.”

Jimmy looked awe-struck. “Gee, Penny, can I really?”

“Of course you can, silly. Come here.” She took his head in her hands and

pulled him down to her little boob. Jimmy gave it a lick, then a kiss.

Then he opened his lips and sucked it into his mouth. Penny grimaced

again, but this time she cuddled his head in her hands as he gently sucked

her nipple. Suddenly she gave a start of surprise as his gentle sucking

gave way to a sharp bite!

Jimmy gave her tit a final lick, then took it between thumb and

forefinger. Penny gave out a yelp, but Jimmy pinched tighter and pulled

her tit painfully toward him. “Quiet!”, he said commandingly, “If you want

a present, stand still while I give it to you.”

Penny looked startled, but she stood still and bit her lip while my

brother stuck the wire through the tiny hole in her tit, pushing the pixie

tight up against it and screwing the stud in place on the other side. The

tiny silver pixie was tilted so she seemed to hover over Penny’s tit, just

touching it with the tip of her wand. Jimmy gave it a sharp twist. A tear

ran down Penny’s face, but she didn’t make a sound. “There,” he said, and

kissed her.

I’ve never seen this side of my little brother before. He was treating her

like the boys did when they gangbanged me. I’d never seen this side of

Penny before either. She liked it. She opened her mouth and let Jimmy

stick his tongue in.

When they finally broke the kiss, I spoke up. “Penny, have you seen a

naked boy up close yet?”, I asked.

She blushed again. “No, at least I’ve never seen a hard penis.”

“Not ‘penis’, silly, boys like us to call it a cock, or a dick. Just like

you have a pussy, not a vagina. Right, Jimmy?” He smirked and nodded.

Penny giggled. “Last week my Momma would have washed my mouth out for

saying words like that, but this week she’s the one who’s been yelling

them. I even heard her say ‘fuck’!” She blushed a little with the thrill

of saying the forbidden word, and her sore nipple hardened beneath the

hovering pixie.

“Jimmy, I think you should show Penny what she’s been missing.”

Penny and I saw the bulge in Jimmy’s pants the moment he walked into the

room. I stepped over to him and took his hard-on in my hand. My ‘little’

brother was surprisingly big, and I felt it swell even more in my hand.

“Here, Penny, do you want to feel it?”

“Only if Jimmy tells me to”, she said shyly.

Both of us looked at him. Jimmy gave us a smirk and nodded arrogantly.

“Get on your knees and you’ll get a really good look.”

Penny was staring at my hand on Jimmy’s hard cock. I let go as she slowly

came closer and stopped in front of him. He put his hand on her shoulders

and shoved her roughly to her knees. Now she was staring at the outline of

it bulging out through his jeans, looking a little frightened. Jimmy

surprised me again by grabbing her hair and demanding “Unzip my pants.”

Penny looked up at his face, then back down at his dick. A bit reluctantly

she reached for his belt buckle and unfastened it, then tugged down his

zipper. She began to fumble with the button.

Jimmy looked impatient. “Hurry up, silly bitch,” he said, and reached down

to help her.

Things were going too fast for Penny. The button snapped apart and Jimmy’s

hard prick popped out and bonked her forehead. She went cross-eyed trying

to focus on the dick in her face, then she fell backward, startled,

catching herself on her hands. Jimmy reached down, grabbed another handful

of her hair, and yanked her back to her knees, pressing his dick against

her face.

“Ewww,” she said, suddenly confronted by her first hard cock. Even though

Jimmy was a year younger than her, it was still an intimidating sight for

a girl who had recently been traumatized by her own nudity. Suddenly the

tart was gone, and the frightened little girl was back. Her eyes closed

tightly as Jimmy rubbed his dick over her face, leaving hairline tracks of

pre-cum from her forehead to her chin until he smeared them across her

face with the next pass of his dick. She was trembling now and moaning

with fright, but at least she didn’t try to fight him.

I knew she needed help, so I moved around behind her and dropped to my

knees, taking her shoulders in my hands. “Hey”, I whispered, “It’s all

right. Jimmy isn’t going to hurt you. He’s just doing what boys do to

girls. You made him think you were going to suck his dick, and now he

thinks you’re just a cock-tease.” Some of her trembling eased, and I

reached around and gently cupped her small titties. Her shoulder length

brown hair caressed my bare nipples as I hugged her from behind. “You’re

not a cock-tease, are you Penny?”

“Noooooo,” she moaned through clenched teeth.

“If you give a boy what he wants he’ll give you what you deserve.” I felt

her nipples hardening against my palms. “You don’t want to grow up to be a

feminist shrew like your Mother used to be, do you?” Her eyes and lips

remained closed, but now she relaxed. Jimmy’s hard, smooth cock rubbed

over her face. Her nose was buried in the hair at the base of his shaft,

his balls banging softly against her lips and chin, her every breath

saturated with his smell, her makeup smeared with thin tracks of semen. I

could feel her excitement rising as her young body responded to Jimmy’s

demanding presence.

“What DO you want to be, Penny?”

Then a miracle happened. Her eyes opened, and the smeared red lipstick

parted in a radiant smile.

“I wanna be a cock-sucker!” she said.

Jimmy and I burst out laughing. Out came Penny’s tongue. I gave her

nipples a little pinch just as she licked a big drop of pre-cum off the

tip of Jimmy’s dick. “Mmmm!” she said, “Candy!”

Without a moment’s hesitation she popped the head of Jimmy’s dick right

into her mouth. I moved around to get a better look as her head began to

bob up and down on his shaft, sending ripples through the long hair

cascading down her back.

Now it was Jimmy who gave out a low, guttural moan. He closed his eyes and

released her hair as she began her initiation into the sacred feminine

ceremony of cock worship. There she was, on her knees, his dick sticking

straight into her mouth, not touching at all except for her lips on his

shaft. Two kids discovering what boys and girls were made for.

Instinctively, Penny began to increase the pace of her sucking. Jimmy

reached out again and grasped the back of her head in both hands. Now he

began thrusting his dick into her mouth. Deeper and deeper it went until

suddenly Penny gagged and pulled her mouth off. She grabbed his erection

and gazed up apologetically into his eyes. “Sorry,” she said, “Give me a

minute to catch my breath and I’ll do better.”

“Don’t worry, you’re doing great!” he told her. “You’re going to be the

best cock-sucker in school! All you need is practice.” With that he rammed

his cock back in her mouth, and she eagerly resumed her sucking.

“Hey, whada ya think, sis? Is your friend ready to swallow her first

load?”

“Ummmm hummm!” came the muffled but enthusiastic response from Penny.

“Don’t talk with your mouth full! Besides, I wasn’t talking to you. Hey,

sis, what does this girl need, anyway?”

“Looks to me like she’s getting exactly what she needs,” I said. Since I

wasn’t getting what I needed, I reached down and began tickling my clit.

“Nope,” said Jimmy, showing incredible control for a boy his age.

“She’s... uhhh ... got high heels. ug... she’s got a new titty ring...

Unnh... she’s got... Uck... a short skirt... she’s got... a hard dick in

her mouth... UCK... but what she still needs... UCGGG... is... a...

FACIAL!”

Jimmy pulled his cock out of Penny’s startled mouth and stroked his fist

down the length of the shaft. Immediately a long white rope of silky cum

spewed out of the tip, catching Penny directly in her left eye. Another

stream and another broke over her hair, her forehead, and her cheeks as

the delighted young nymphet tried amateurishly to capture them in her open

mouth. At last her lips closed on Jimmy’s illusive cock and he emptied his

balls in her eager mouth.

Just then my bedroom door opened and in walked Mom, carrying a tray! She

stopped short when she saw Penny’s face, and everyone froze in shock. Long

seconds ticked by, but suddenly Mom smiled. “Well”, she said, “I was going

to bring you some milk to go with these cookies, but it looks to me like

somebody already has all the cream she can handle.

“Young lady, you should think about wearing your hair pulled back in a

pony tail. It gives the boys something to grab onto when they’re fucking

your face, and it keeps from getting so much sperm in your hair.”

Penny smiled as a string of Jimmy’s cum dripped off her chin. She didn’t

look like she had any objection to sperm in her hair.

“Stay just like that for a moment sweetie, I want to get my camera. If

this was your first facial, you’ll want a keepsake to remember it by. And

we’re going to need one for the family album. It’s not everyday that your

son cums all over such a pretty face!”

Mom set down the tray and hurried back out the door. Penny looked up at

Jimmy, who had been standing silent and a little embarrassed by his

mother’s bubbly pride. I could just hear him saying “Aww, Mom” under his

breath, but at the same time I knew he was dying to get a picture of his

cute little playmate covered with his cum, still dribbling from her face

onto her perky little tits.

The silence was just starting to grow awkward when mom bounced back into

the room with the camera. “Okay, let’s start with one of you two just like

that. Smile!” The flash made Penny’s face sparkle as she turned toward the

camera, still on her knees in front of Jimmy.

“Now turn back and look up at him, Penny. I want to get some of the

action.”

Penny took Jimmy’s penis in her hand. It was still wet and slick, but it

had gone limp when Mom came into the room. Jimmy was blushing now, and his

penis stayed soft even when Penny took it in her hand.

“Karen, help your brother get ready,” Mom said.

I was startled. “What do you mean?”

“I mean that a young lady who’s famous all over town for going naked in

public knows exactly how to make a boy hard.”

I wasn’t sure what to do, but I walked over and took Penny’s hand off

Jimmy’s cock. Then I pulled her to her feet.

I kissed her. Immediately my face was soaked with my little brother’s

sticky cum. Penny opened her mouth and I found the rest of Jimmy’s copious

load. How boys produce so much cum is still beyond me, but it tasted

delicious in Penny’s sweet mouth. “Goodness,” said Mom, and the flash went

off again and again. I kind of lost track of time.

It worked. Jimmy’s cock hardened and stood up for the camera. Maybe it

liked seeing his big sister french kiss the sperm-covered Penny, or maybe

it just liked being stared at by three horny girls.

I stepped out of the picture and Mom pressed the shutter again. Penny

stuck out her tongue as a final drop of cum oozed out of the tip of

Jimmy’s dick and hung down by a string which she caught on her tongue.

“Beautiful!”, said mom as she clicked the shutter. Penny turned toward the

camera and opened her mouth to show that it was still full of Jimmy’s cum.

“Wonderful!” said mom again, as Penny closed her mouth. After a moment’s

pause she opened wide again to show the camera that she had just swallowed

her first load.

“You’re a natural, Penny. Any pornography site on the web would pay a

fortune for pictures like these, but this camera just isn’t professional

quality. We can set up an appointment for you and Jimmy over at Sears

portrait studio if you want to try out for Miss Messy face.” Jimmy and

Penny looked at each other, then both of them broke into wide grins.

“There’s a coupon in the paper for a ‘Young Lovers’ package. It’s 50% off

if the girl is nude, and another 10% for each different sex act. You two

ought to be able to get a real bargain if you start fucking soon.” She

winked at them.

“Oh, I’m sorry Penny, I forgot.” Mom’s face fell. “At your age you still

need your parent’s permission to be in porno”, she said regretfully. It

was a little funny because she had just filled our camera with pictures of

Penny nude and dripping with sperm.

“Didn’t Karen tell you, Mrs. Wagner? Things have really changed at my

house since my Daddy made my Momma start wearing a choke collar. She can’t

tell me what not to do anymore. I bet Daddy would love to see me in porn.

Just yesterday he told us he wanted to get a new family portrait taken

with Momma and me topless, and he said he was proud of me when he saw my

titty ring. I bet I could talk him into it as long as he gets a to

watch!.”

Mom was smiling again. “That’s wonderful, sweetie. Well, I guess you can

wipe off your face off now. I’ll get you a towel.”

“Um, wait a minute, Mrs. Wagner. Do you think it would be Okay if I just

wore it home?” Penny was blushing deeply again, but she was beaming with

pride at the same time.

“Oh. Well. I don’t see any harm in that. You do look very cute. But you

know it’ll dry up pretty soon and start to flake off. It doesn’t stay

fresh for long.”

“That’s Okay Mrs. Wagner. I just want everybody to know what I’ve been

doing. Besides, I bet I can get Jimmy to freshen it up for me.” She gave

him a shy smile and he blushed in return.

“I bet you could, young lady. In fact, I bet you won’t have any trouble

getting boys AND men to splatter your pretty little face any time you want

them to. Just watch out for your Daddy!”

The girls were still giggling about that when Penny left for home, topless

but wearing a fresh load of cum!

The End