I had just walked in the front door, set my school books down on the table in the front hall and was about to go up the stairs to my room but the doorbell rang. Since I was right there I answered the door. I opened the door and said, “Yes, can I help you?”

 There was a slim woman with a rich head of lush brown hair the fell in below her shoulders, wearing only a pair of brown, medium heeled mules and nothing else. She seemed to be totally unconcerned about her nudity. A shoulder bag, the same brown as her mules, hung from her left shoulder and in her right hand was a brown leather briefcase. “Hi!” she said. “I’m Dina Noble and I’m from the National Total Nudity Program for Women.”

 I had already realized she was a Total Nudist as they are now called. She had on the ankle bracelet with the symbol of a C with a slash through it in a circle. “Yes,” I said, “I noticed your ankle bracelet. A lot of people are wearing them lately.”

 “Well, since the Supreme Court struck down public nudity laws as part of the equal right laws it’s becoming more common all the time. But I’m here at the request of Karen Lang.”

 “Yes, she’s my mother. Please come in.” I held the door open and let her come in. “Mom, I called.”

 “In the kitchen,” mother answered me.

 “Follow me,” I said. And we walked down the hall into the kitchen. Mom was standing at the kitchen stirring a pitcher of lemonade. Except for the steel collar on her neck mom was naked to. Like me she is a tall blonde with blue eyes, almost six foot, long legs and firm, B-cup breasts. Her hips were wider then mine, of course and bottom slightly bigger too.

 “Hi, Karen,” the woman said before I could introduce her. “I’m Dina Noble from the National Total Nudity Program for Women. We spoke on the phone earlier to day.”

 “Oh, yes,” mom said, as she wiped her hand on a towel. Mom dipped a deep curtsy. “I’m pleased to meet you Miz…”

 “Miss Lang, please. I like the old fashioned honorific. I take it you are your husband’s house slave.”

 “Yes, Miss Lang,” mom answered. “Would you like to sit at the table so we can go over the contract?”

 “Yes, that would be a good idea,” she agreed. And they went over and sat down at the kitchen table, each woman place a towel on the chair before they sat down. I knew most of the proper habits used by naked people or nudist, since dad required mom to be naked inside the house unless there was a chore or other reason for her to make use of clothes inside our house. Usually that amounted to being an apron when she worked in the kitchen. Both women sat down and then mom looked back at me.

 “Jenny, please pour us all a glass of lemonade and join us too. This concerns you too.”

 “It does?” I asked but took down glasses and got out ice cubes, poured the lemonade and then put the pitcher into the fridge. I brought over the three sweating glasses with coaster and then pulled out a chair and sat down.

 “Now,” the woman began,”You told me on the phone that your husband had ordered to sign up as a Total Nudist.”

 “That’s right. He wants me to become total committed to living naked all the time.”

 “Wow, mom,” I said. “I didn’t know Daddy wanted you to go Total Nude.”

 “Well, he’s talked to me about it for months now and then just this morning told me to call and sign us up.”

 “Whoa, there, Mom! Wait a minute! I’m included!”

 “Yes, honey. Your Dad wants both the women in this household to be totally naked from now on.”

 I was speechless. I just sat there too stunned to say a word. I had just turned 18 and couldn’t see how Dad could make me a Total Nude without my consent. My head spun around a little bit.

 “Well, here are the contracts,” Miss Noble said as she slid them across the table to where I sat next to mom. Mom took hers and began to read it over. I glance down at mine and read the heading. It sated it was the legal contract of the United States Government’s National Total Nudity Program for Women to help increase “green” life styles.

 “Miss Noble,” I said. “I’m eighteen. Can I be forced to become a Total Nude against my own free will?”

 “Well…not unless your mother was a legal house slave before your were born.”

 “I was,” mom said. “I became Henry’s house slave the day after our wedding. He wanted to wait that long so my parents wouldn’t get upset and call off the wedding. My mother never, quite got over it all.”

 “Is that why Grandma acts so…weird at the holidays?”

 “Yes, honey, it does,” mom told me.

 “But what does mom being a house slave have to do with me. I’ve known she was Dad’s house slave all my life. But it never stopped her from doing anything else every other mother does.”

 Miss Noble sighed. “She doesn’t know?” she asked mom.

 Mom took a quick, deep gulp of lemonade. “No, we…I…haven’t had a reason to bring the subject up yet.”

 “Bring up what subject, mom?”

 Miss Noble said, “Jenny, I think your mom is trying to tell you that you are legally a slave too.”

 “Me?”

 “I believe so,” Miss Noble added. “Didn’t you cover the legal aspects of volunteer slavery in your civics class at your high school?”

 “Well, what about my brothers, Jack and Kenny? Aren’t they slaves too?”

 “No, it is a gender thing. A slave can only pass down her slavery to a girl child. It has to be a child of the same gender. Only your father can free you if he so decides. I take it he hasn’t signed any release papers freeing Jenny yet.”

 Mom was blushing now. “No,” she admitted. “I asked him to do that but he’s just put it off.”

 “So I’m Dad’s slave too?”

 “Actually, honey, you are the same as I am. You are one of the family’s slaves. A house slave, like I am.”

 “But what if I don’t sign the contract?”

 Mom sighed deeply.

 Miss Noble said, “Your father will have to sign it for you. I’ll just leave it here for him to read over and sign.”

 “Damn it! Give me the paper,” I said in anger. “If that’s what my father wants I’ll be his loving daughter.” I flipped the first page up and scanned the second page and the picked up the pen and signed away my rights to wear clothes, ever again, unless for extreme emergencies when I have to act to protect myself when out in the elements. I consoled myself with the idea that I will at least not be the only nude girl going to school in the buff tomorrow. I flipped up the front page of the contract, scanned it and the signed on the bottom line with an angry flourish. “There!” I said as I stood up next to the table and stripped myself of my denim shorts, panties, tee shirt and bra. I put my shorts down on the chair and sat my now bare butt back down. “I suppose I have to throw out all my clothes now?”

 “Actually, the National Total Nudity Program for Women doesn’t tell women what to do with the clothes they are no longer going to wear. But most people do donate them to charity. Well, if you ever have anymore question about being a Total Nudist please feel free to contact me with them.” She took business cards out of her briefcase and handed them to mom and I. “Thank you the lemonade,” she added as she finished hers off with a long swallow. “I really have to get back to the office now to get these papers filed. I’ll e-mail them to you right away so you can have copies for you husband to read when he gets home.”

 “Thank you for coming so promptly, Miss Noble,” mom said and got up and walked with Miss Noble to the door.

 I waited for her to come back into the kitchen. She came back in but this time sat across from me where Miss Noble had sat. “Do you want to talk?” she asked.

 “Yes and no,” I said. “Were you ever going to tell me I was a slave?”

 “Yes, but your Dad kept putting it off.”

 “But you could have told me anyway. Couldn’t you?”

 “Could I, darling? I’m your father’s property. Could I have told you before he gave me permission?”

 “No, I guess not,” I admitted to her. “I have to do whatever he tells me to do now?”

 “Pretty much, yes. But do you think your father will change all that much?”

 “I guess not? So now I don’t have to worry about what outfits I’m going to wear to school anymore, or anywhere else, for that matter. So maybe it won’t be too bad. I’ll get used to it. Will I have a collar now?”

 “Now that is totally up to your father, Jenny and I wouldn’t presume to answer that. Now that your true status is out I imagine that he’ll decide it’s the right thing to do now. But it’s always his decision to make.

 “Why don’t you go put your clothes away and then come back and help me get dinner ready,” mom suggested.

 I gathered up my clothes and started out of the kitchen. I stopped in the doorway and looked back at my mother. I had always admired her as I was growing up. She was a beautiful woman in her early forties and I have always looked up to her, even knowing she was Dad’s house slave. That never seemed to matter to me before. I took two steps back into the kitchen and said “Mom.”

 She closed the door of the fridge and said “Is there something you want to say, honey.”

 “Yes, tell Dad for me that I want a collar, please. Since I know now who and what I am, I want to learn how to be a good slave. Can you teach me please?”

 “Of course, dear,” she said. “And it’s not all that hard.”

 “Thanks, mom!” I called as I turned and ran up the stairs.