Nude Day at Darwin High

Nude Day falls on the last day of every school year.

Today is my first. I put on a brand new pair of knickers

and my best bra so that whichever boy undresses me will

see nice things. I go into the kitchen in my peasant

blouse and retro pleated skirt but I can't eat.

The protest sign is so bulky that Mom drives me to

Darwin High. I put it up near the main entrance, next

to the clothes lockers. The other seven girls join me

and we huddle behind it. Soon other students begin to

arrive. Those that are already naked go directly into

the school. The rest disrobe and lock their clothes up

first.

There are a lot of nude couples, mostly upperclassmen.

As one pair goes by they are talking about the

Exploratorium. I guess they were lucky enough in the

school lottery to snag a time slot today. I've never

been inside, but they say the Ex is the best place in

school to make love, because the principal put in real

nice beds and there's a shower and all.

Of course for legal reasons a Federal Nudity Inspector

monitors couples via closed circuit. But I've heard

that the cam can be turned off if both students face it

and clearly state their consent.

I know all five of the clothed and boisterous freshmen

boys who are standing in front of our sign. They're

reading it, nudging each other, laughing, getting their

courage up.

PROTEST!

WE ARE OPPOSED TO THE PRACTICE OF NUDE DAY; THEREFORE

WE WILL NOT TAKE OFF OUR CLOTHES. IN THE SPIRIT OF

PASSIVE RESISTANCE, WE WILL ALLOW OTHERS TO REMOVE

THEM, BUT WE ASK THAT YOU NOT SHAME YOURSELVES BY DOING

THIS.

Of course we pretty much know it isn't going to work,

but sometimes you protest just to make a point. Even in

the unlikely event that the boys do leave us alone,

sooner or later we'll have to undress ourselves. The

law says anyone who doesn't participate on Nude Day

must repeat the whole school year. You'd never

graduate! So that's why, when we discussed how we were

going to protest, we couldn't go with Civil

Disobedience.

So we went with the Gandhi thing. He believed that

people of good conscience will desist from immoral

behavior when gently shown the right path. Uh-huh. Teen

boys. Girls to be stripped. Conscience. Looking at the

boys, I know the whole protest is way lame. The boys

probably think we are just teasing them.

They are rowdy now. They want to know why we think

we are better than the other girls. We're all wearing

skirts as a sign of solidarity. Bruce orders us to pull

them up so he can see if we are wearing anything

underneath, and Dawn even starts to comply. Finally

Jason just walks around the sign and up to Marci and as

he unzips her skirt he says, "I can do this, right?"

She nods, terrified. He pops the button and pulls the

skirt right off and there she is in her knickers and all

the boys are staring. And then he reaches forward and

does something really naughty. I suppose Gandhi would

not have slapped him, but Marci is not Gandhi.

Now the boys are surging forward, each picking a

victim, but no one chooses me. Fingers fumble nervously

with unfamiliar closures. Soon five girls stand

blushing in their under things. The boys hesitate,

momentarily awed. Do they feel shame? Jason again takes

the lead. He kneels before Marci and slowly lowers her

knickers, inch by inch. She bites her lip and looks at

the sky. The other boys crowd close, eyes burning. They

speak indecorously. They turn on the remaining girls.

Some boys tear at knickers and bras, while others, like

Jason, prefer a slow delicious unveiling. In the end it

does not matter. When all the girls are naked the boys

line them up and walk around them in a circle,

comparing I guess, whispering to each other and

laughing. Then each boy picks up his victim's clothes

and goes to a locker. They undress. Pitched clothing

merges, knickers entwine with boxers and briefs. When

the boys turn around, the girls gasp. The ten of them

enter the school.

The other two girls can't stand the tension of waiting

to be stripped. They go to the lockers, disrobe, and go

inside. I'm all alone with my sign and I know I can't

stay clothed long. More boys are coming up the walk all

the time. I spot a tall boy just as he sees the sign.

I don't know his name, but he's a senior on the swim

team. He's showing a sense of humor by coming dressed

in tighty-whities and nothing else. He has that nice

swimmer's build with broad shoulders and well defined

pecs, tight stomach, narrow waist, nice tan. As he

reads our lame sign he starts laughing, catches my eye,

winks. I'm laughing, too.

"I'm Bill."

"Cassie"

"Will you raise your arms to help me get it off?" His

hands are already on my blouse.

"Sorry, no, I'm going to stick with the plan."

"Then if I raise your arms, will you keep them up?" I

nod.

He brings them up and lifts off the blouse as gently as

if he were undressing a child. He reaches behind me and

with precise experienced hands unhooks my bra and draws

it off easily, like it's no big thing for him, and now

my breasts tumble out into the sun and there they are

for all the world to see. He looks at them with a

gentle smile, not staring, just enjoying himself, and

he looks in my eyes, too, but just for a second because

I lower mine. He steps away for a moment to put my

stuff in a locker.

But I need him back right away because coming up the

walk, strutting bare and swinging obscenely from side

to side, is that little snot Quentin Snow. Quentin is

this rotten freshman who likes to talk dirty to girls,

plus he has a mean streak. He thinks a girl will be

turned on if he asks her stuff like, does she

masturbate with one hand or two. And then he wonders

why no one will go out with him.

Yesterday he stood in front of my locker and asked me

my cup size. When I wouldn't tell him, he laughed and

held up his hands and said he was going to find out in

person on Nude Day. Now as Quentin approaches his eyes

are fixed on my chest. I'm glad I'm not bottomless yet.

Bill comes back just in time. I whisper in his ear.

"Quick, put your hands on my breasts."

Bill's delighted, but not grabby. He puts his palms

square on my nipples with his fingers spread lightly.

Quentin stops dead. I smile sweetly at him.

"Sorry, Quentin, but Bill is feeling me up right now.

Maybe later in the day you can catch me and get that

measurement." (When pigs fly!)

Quentin is intimidated by Bill's size. He mumbles

something unintelligible and disappears into the

school.

"Thank you! That little piece of trash has been after

me all semester. Bill, I need to ask a big favor."

"Sure, what?"

"I need you to stick with me all day to protect me from

that rodent, and from some of the others, too."

"No prob, but I'd need a couple of favors from you."

"Two?" I ask warily. I'm half naked, after all.

"I'm stuck in the down position and it's uncomfortable.

I need you to bring me up." He says this in a matter of

fact tone and in such good humor that I nod without

really understanding what he wants.

He has to show me. He takes my right hand in his left

and brings it around to the front of his briefs. With

his other hand he pulls out on the waistband. He gently

pushes me in an inch or so. I can feel soft hair. He

lets go and I take a deep breath and I slide my hand

down and I grasp him as easily as if it wasn't my first

time. I can feel the hard shaft. I close my hand around

it and give it a gentle rub as I draw it back up. I

slowly let the length of it glide through my fingers,

feeling the ridge below the head against my palm just

before I release it.

"Yes, that's much better." Once again he winks. We

burst into laughter. I know I have just passed some

sort of a test without even knowing I was being tested.

"And the other favor?" I ask nervously.

"Let's just call it a favor to be named later."

"Bill... I'm not ready...I mean I'm saving myself..."

"Yes, of course, that's OK. Now, where were we a few

minutes ago?"

Now his palms are against my nipples again, moving

gently in slow small circles while he smiles into my

eyes, not a dirty smile, just a happy one. Has he done

this with other girls, on other Nude Days? I really

don't have to allow anything like this under the rules,

but I don't say no.

I'm hardening in his hands and the harder they are the

more they poke out and the more they poke out the

better they feel and the harder they get. He's a bit

detached, a bit cool with his insolent touching. But I

know he's taking pleasure from my pleasure as I breathe

hoarsely through my mouth and cry out softly.

Now I'm lubricating and something inside me is doing

flip-flops. And I'm worried, knowing that Bill will be

removing my knickers soon and they'll be damp. And he

will feel that and maybe even bring them up to his nose

and smell them or something way gross like that and

then when I'm all bare he'll look down there or maybe

he'll even touch me and find out just what kind of girl

I am. And I'm not that kind of girl. Or am I? All he is

doing is a little nipple rubbing, yet I'm as wet as a

horse at the end of a race.

Finally he takes his hands away. He unzips and removes

my skirt, laying it neatly on his arm so that both

hands are free to reach behind me and slide inside the

rear of my knickers and lightly caress my bare fanny.

And he starts to bring his hands around in front but I

quaver out a "no" to keep him from feeling how wet I

am, but probably he thinks I'm just shy. Well, that

too.

He respects me. His hands go instead to my waistband

and as he slides my knickers down he looks at me where

no boy has ever looked before, and for a moment his

face is so serious I think maybe I'm ugly or something.

If he notices moisture - and how could he not? - He's

too polite to mention it.

Finally he breaks into a glorious smile and I'm

relieved. I'm blushing terribly but at the same time I

have a crazy idea to do something daring. I start to

lower my hands but I chicken out so I just smile back.

The sun kisses my bare body as he carries away the last

of my clothes. I desperately want them back. His back

is to me as he peels off his briefs. His tight butt is

cute. Then he turns around.

Oh my, is he happy to see me!

In grade school I spent lots of time looking,

fascinated, at a picture of Michelangelo's David. The

sweet little harmless thing I saw there nestled like a

wren in a hairy nest intrigued but didn't threaten a

shy girl.

This is nothing like that. It is angry, demanding, and

scary. I assume the 'favor to be named' involves taming

this beast. And I'm quite inexperienced.

Fortunately the bell rings just then. Bill takes my

hand and we enter the school.

It isn't as bad as I feared, because we are all in the

same boat. I want to cover myself with my free hand,

but nobody else is doing it so I guess it's considered

unsportsmanlike. The upperclassmen are generally

practicing eye etiquette anyway, but not the first

timers. I see my friend May posing for a knot of

freshmen boys. She's standing in the hall with her

hands locked behind her neck, chest thrust out, slowly

rotating her torso.

Probably soon they'll ask her to do something really

gross and I hope she has the sense to say no. For that

matter, no girl even has to pose, but if you get asked

nicely by a friend it's hard to refuse. Satisfying

curiosity is a big part of Nude Day, and of course we

girls are curious, too. I'm sneaking in a few peeks

myself at the boys who bob by. I'm supposed to be

protesting the whole idea, but I have to admit that

seeing how May is affecting the boys clustered around

her excites me.

What would I do if they asked me? I'm getting some

pretty interested looks from some of them. I'll bet if

Bill wasn't holding my hand someone would ask me to be

naughty. I might even say yes.

My first class is English. Bill and I take adjoining

seats. He silently points out that the desk is covering

up my lower parts and makes a comically sad face, so I

flash him. Mrs. Dawkins starts out droning on about

British Lit, but we're too busy looking around to

listen. Then her mouth quirks up and she picks up a

book and starts reading to us. It's her little joke,

because it's "Lady Chatterley's Lover", by D.H.

Lawrence, and of course the whole class is nude.

We can hardly believe what she's reading, how exciting

it is, and yet how beautiful. After a while she puts

the book down and starts talking about something called

"personification of the penis". And I haven't passed a

note in years, but I get this wicked idea and I

scribble something and hand it to Bill. And he writes

something and hands it back.

WHAT'S ITS NAME?

DICK.

Which is pretty bad, but so bad it's funny. And then I

get a little bolder.

DOES DICK LIKE TO BE PETTED?

And back it comes.

SOMETIMES, AND SOMETIMES NOT. IT COMES IN SPURTS.

I have to put my head down on the desk. Bill can see my

shoulders shaking. I've liked him right from the first.

Now I realize I've underestimated him. He's funny, lots

of boys are, but how many can make jokes about their

own penis? That's really cool. I think about what it

must be like for him to be attending his very last day

of high school. Is he sad? Anxious to get on with the

rest of his life? And what does he want with me?

Probably he wants to do it, all boys do, but when I

told him I can't he didn't split. Does he think I'll

change my mind? What about that constant mysterious

smile? Is he really cool enough to enjoy just looking

at me without losing control? What did he get girls to

do with him on his other three Nude Days? Is he using

me? Because of his gentle ways, I feel safe with him.

But he must have a plan. I remember what I saw when he

first turned around from the lockers, and I shiver.

By lunchtime I'm pretty hungry. Bill and I sit

together, trying to ignore the girl spread out on a

table under the window. I feel sorry for her. She

doesn't have to do that to be popular. All next year

the boys will remember, remind her what she did, want a

repeat. After a while one of the teachers walks over

and disperses the boys and gets her up, but the damage

to her rep is done.

The best part of lunch is talking to Bill. I'm still

pretty shy, but he's being polite with his eyes. I am

trying in an indirect way to find out what his plans

are for me the rest of the day. And if he likes me.

"What does this day mean to you?" I ask

"A lot. Certain days you never forget. My first Nude

Day, my first driver's license, a special birthday...I

want my last day of high school to be a perfect day, a

day I will remember for the rest of my life."

"But isn't there a girlfriend, to, um...help make it

memorable?" I flick a look downward.

"Not at present. But if you'll go with me to the gym,

I'll call in that second favor and make this day

memorable for both of us."

I should have guessed. I knew about the gym being

partitioned off, but never thought about it in relation

to myself. It's mostly for upperclassmen. I am scared

but excited, too. I trust Bill, I owe him that favor,

and I nod.

The light bamboo screens do nothing to muffle sound, so

it's pretty obvious which cubicles are in use. We

finally find an empty one near the center of the gym.

The bare mattress lying on the floor inside is

shockingly unromantic. Beside it is a short stack of

disposable pads, a box of tissues, and a wastebasket

full of stuff I don't want to look at or even imagine.

I'm already scared and half ready to leave, but I did

agree to come. And I'm in his arms.

He bends down to kiss me, drawing me to him with his

hands cupped on my bare rear, my breasts light against

his stomach, his penis teasingly hard against me. His

lips are soft and warm and again I feel his signature

gentleness. The kiss goes on and on, obviously Bill's

in no hurry, but I keep worrying about his next move.

Will he put his tongue in my mouth, will his hands

roam? Nothing happens and the tension builds. And then

suddenly his right leg gracefully slides between mine

and I can feel the muscles of his thigh pressing

against me and his hands on my fanny are pulling me

into him and now they are raising and lowering me

slightly, rubbing me against him. I groan softly. I

blush to think someone in the next cubicle might be

listening.

But then from that same cubicle there comes an odd

sound, a muffled bump-thump, repeated over and over in

increasing tempo. And a girl's inarticulate voice is

calling out, her cry at first a soft ah.....ah...ah,

with a gasp for breath in between, but then as the

thumping speeds up her cries fuse and rise in pitch in

a continuous ululation which ends abruptly in a

glorious full-throated howl of joyous release.

The gym has fallen silent. By the time her voice stills

everybody has been listening. There are a few coarse

male cheers of approval and a little clapping, followed

by shushing sounds from the girls. There is a brief

moment of silence. But the match has been lit. In

scattered cubicles hands fondle, mouths engage, bodies

intertwine, and throats rejoice in the unmistakable

sounds of lovemaking.

In a chain reaction, more couples, spurred on by the

passionate moans of their neighbors, join in, adding in

turn their cries to the din. The incendiary uproar

sweeps more and more before it. The entire gym is on

fire.

Bill's strong leg still presses against me but now he

is lifting me up and down faster. His lips are still on

mine. There are cries from every cell. Are we the only

couple not doing it? My judgment flees. I tear away

from him and I throw myself on my back on the mattress

and I open my legs.

"Do me."

I want to feel his body cover me. I want to feel him go

in all the way in a single thrust. But, even as wet as

I am, maybe that's not possible because it's my first

time. Maybe he'll have to ram it in, jam it in, and

cram it in, maybe it will hurt, no matter. I want him

bad, I want him hard, I want him swift, I want him now.

But he does not cover me. Instead, I feel his hands

briefly resting on my hips and now they are sliding

down and inward and he is opening me up, exposing my

last pink secrets, seeing what no boy has seen before,

touching me softly. I should be blushing but I'm way

beyond that.

And now he is bending down and his mouth is over my

clitoris, oh my, is he really, and yes he is, forming a

seal with his mouth against me with a little soft

suction, bringing it up against his tongue. And now it

is all soft and wet and warm, his tongue slides against

me, and my moans join with all the others. Soon soft

and wet aren't enough. I want it hard and fast and I

grab the back of his head and press him against me and

I buck against him. And then it gets even better.

Because now he slips his index finger inside me,

curling it just a bit and pressing against the wall and

I now I can feel his tongue on my clitoris and his

finger on its root, and I give one last orgasmic heave

and I come hard. And I can't help myself; my groan of

pleasure is so loud it stands out even in the uproar.

I fall back, totally relaxed, eyes closed. I've come

before, of course, in bed or under the shower. This is

indescribably better.

I feel so good I'd like to lie here forever, but now I

can feel Bill on his knees straddling my torso and I

open my eyes and I see Dick poking at my chin and I

know it's time. And I don't really know what I'm doing

but I take it in my hand by the root and I kiss all

around the tip until he gasps, and I take the tip in my

mouth and I run my tongue around it a couple of times

until I'm ready to take it in deeper, but it's too

late. I can feel the shaft spasm where I hold it, and

now he's spurting into my mouth.

He jerks out and pulls sharply downward, still

shooting, trying to save my face. I put my hand down protectively so none of it goes lower than my navel. Finally he stops and collapses beside me while I search out the tissues with my other hand and start

mopping up. And then for a good long time we just lie

together wordlessly. We pretend we are both way too

cool to talk about what we just did.

Others want to use our cubicle; you can hear their

restless feet, God, were they listening to us? We get

up and change the pad. Bill apologises for the mess and

says we both could use a shower. The locker rooms are

unisex on Nude Day, so we go together.

Fortunately we are alone in what is usually the girl's

shower room. We take adjoining stalls and tend to

ourselves. I'm still feeling afterglow and my soapy

hands make me feel good. Bill turns off his spray and

so do I. He pops around the corner. I don't see how he

could still be interested but he's looking at me

frankly. After all we've been through I'm still shy and

without thinking I cover myself. He starts laughing.

"I see we need to make you decent."

He turns my shower on low and takes the soap in his

hands and works up a good lather. He plops a big blob

of soapy foam around each of my nipples. Solely in the

interest of scientific accuracy, I point out that

something pink and tight is still visibly pointing

through. Another application is required. Now I look

like one of those bubble bath ladies in an old movie.

The first blob between my legs is likewise

insufficient. We can see light brown hairs floating in

the foam around my partially visible slit. Another glop

completes the job. We admire it. We laugh at our

silliness. There is something particularly sexy about

the transience of soap bubbles. Bill isn't about to

wait for them to pop.

"I think I like you better the other way."

He turns on the shower full force and in a flash I'm

back to where I was, but now I'm not covering myself.

And he's pushing me back against the shower wall and

his smooth soapy fingers are sliding between my pussy

lips. I can't believe that I want this again so soon,

but I do. Bill obviously knows a lot, but this time his

fingers are just slightly off center. I guide him

upwards just a tad and then I'm flying. When I come

this time, it is softer and less urgent.

Now the shower is off and we are embracing, which is

good because I need help standing. After I recover a

bit I offer to towel him dry. It is pleasant to feel

his strong muscles under the towel. Soon there is only

one area left.

"May I?"

"Certainly."

I am curious. After he is dry I get real close to take

a good look. My face is only inches from the cute tiny

slit at the tip. I think from the little I know he must

be circumcised. I lift it up to see its underside and I

see his scrotum, stretched soft by the heat. I gently

hold his balls in the palm of my hand. I'd like to look

longer, but I don't want him to think I'm pervy or

something. By the time I'm done he's only a little bit

bigger.

"In case you're wondering, there's a latency period,"

he says.

I know that word from the sex study module in biology

class.

"How long?"

"Theoretically not too long, but overall I think I'm

done for the day."

I'm not sure if he's referring to his physical state or

if he's dismissing me. Maybe I didn't do it right.

Maybe he came so fast he feels cheated.

Now he begins to towel me off, leaving the best for

last. He is very assiduous. Not a single crevice is

left unblotted, yet moisture keeps welling up. When he

is done I still have trouble standing, so we go into

the locker room and sit down.

Crazy things are going through my head. Sex feels good

when you're doing it and afterward too. What if I did

it every day, would it still be as good? I thank him

until he's restless. I want him to hold me in his arms,

I want to smell his sweet skin, I want to be with him

forever, I want to tell him I love him. I say none of

this. But I must know one thing.

"When we were in the gym, I asked you to do it, I mean

I really wanted you to, but you didn't?"

"I didn't because you would have cried afterwards. And

that would have spoiled my perfect day."

I cry anyway. Bill is right, of course. He knew what my

body was telling me there in the gym, but understood

that I wasn't thinking straight... And he was kind

enough not to take advantage of me when I was

vulnerable. But when I look at his sweet smiling face I

think maybe I really am ready. Now that it's too late.

After awhile it seems there is nothing better to do

than go to our afternoon classes. What they are all

about I have no idea. We only have eyes for each other.

I have a sense of unease that by mid-afternoon becomes

acute. I still don't know his plans for the summer, and

I'm afraid to come right out and ask him if they

include me. Boys seem able to get their fun and move

on. Is it really possible I might never see him again?

I ache.

After the last class is over he still hasn't said

anything. We are walking past the school office towards

the main entrance. Nude Day is officially over, and we

are about to join the other students getting dressed

outside. Bill excuses himself to go to the men's room.

I'm desperate.

When he comes out, I am sitting on the bench outside

the office, filling out a form I just picked up.

"Cassie, wassup?"

"This is an application for an Exploratorium spot. The

next available opening is on Wednesday at noon. Can you

make it?"

"You know what this means?"

"Yes, very much."

Bill hesitates before speaking.

"When we were in the gym, it wasn't easy for me to

resist. I'm glad I did, and I told you why. But if we

go to the Ex, it's going to happen. We both know that.

I don't think we can make a good decision today. So

let's fill out the application, see each other over the

next few days, and decide then. If you change your

mind, we just don't show up at the Ex, no hard

feelings."

"Agreed." I giggle at the word 'hard'. His latency is

clearly over. I have no intention of changing my mind,

but it's sweet for him to give me the chance.

Outside, we dress each other tenderly. There are

certain indications he is thinking about Wednesday. I

grin as I make sure he is in the up position under his

tight white briefs. I pat him goodbye.

"Cassie, thank you. This has been a perfect day."

I am crying too much to answer. But on Wednesday, when

we have made love, and I lie in his arms, skin to skin,

flesh to flesh, bone to bone, I will say the same.