**Nude in High School**

by Megan 1985

**Day 1, Monday**

My name is Amy. I am just a typical teenager in a typical suburban town going to what I thought was a typical high school. I have a nice group of friends, and good grades. I am 16, a junior this year. My brother, Rob, is 17, and a senior. My mom works part time as a real estate agent, and dad is a professor at a nearby college. They tend to be strict but fair with us. I am average height, average weight, dark wavy hair like my mom's, though she has put on weight. I guess I am a bit busty, though I tend to more conservative dress. I am not trying to get that kind of attention. I like to look nice, but I do not need boys ogling me.

This is all to explain why it was such a surprise when one Monday morning I was called into the office out of my first period advisory class. When I got there I was ushered in to the principal's office and the door was closed and blinds drawn, which I thought was weird. In the office was the principal and my teacher for biology, Ms. Cohen. They had me sit down.

"Well, today you start on your human anatomy unit and you know what that means right?" the principal, Mr. Charles, asked me.

"Um, that we will study human anatomy?" I asked rhetorically with a quizzical expression.

"What he means is... remember the form we sent home that your dad signed about the practical demonstrations?"

"No." I replied, still looking puzzled.

They looked at each other, and then the principal pulls out a form, showing where it explains about the new way we would be studying human anatomy using live models and demonstrations. And then they showed me where my parents had volunteered me to serve as the model.

I looked and felt a bit stunned "What exactly does that mean?"

"Don't you remember; it was talked of a lot in advisory for a couple of days?"

After some more back and forth, it turned out that was when I had had a really bad flu and had missed two weeks of school. By the time I got back, talk of it must have died down. Because I was absent, they had mailed the information to my parents.

"It means your body will be used to demonstrate and model the functions and parts of a body, and yes, you will have to unclothed fully for that at times. Well actually if you read the print here, any time the teacher asks you to serve as the model, as long as it is for educational purposes, you will be required to do so."

"What! I can't... I can't do that... I can't be naked in front of everybody!"

"Well, yes actually that is what has been agreed to here, this is a legal document allowing us to insist on it, but you should be very proud to be the first to do this. There will also be a male student, but we are starting with the female anatomy."

"And I need you to get undressed now, so I can have a look at your body before class since we are starting today I will need to be ready."

"Like right now, here?"

"Yes, right now here. You can undress yourself or we can undress you." The principal stated flatly but firmly.

I was feeling like this is some anxiety dream nightmare--they really are telling me I have to undress!

"I--I can undress myself."

I was wearing nice slacks and a button down blouse, walking shoes, just dressed to look nice for school. I first removed my shoes and socks. Then I started with my blouse, unbuttoning it. I was still wondering why my parents volunteered me for this, and why they didn't ask me, sort of mad at them, but too confused and self-conscious about undressing at the moment to really think about that too much. They stood there passively watching me as I undressed, looking right at me. I unsnapped my bra next, pulling it off. I noticed the principal took my clothes and put them in a bag as I got them off.

Now my breasts were exposed to them. Then off came my slacks. I was so aware of them watching me, especially as I finally pulled my plain bikini briefs down and off me. All my clothes got put in a bag.

Once I was fully naked they kind of looked me up and down for a bit, then asked me to slowly turn around. They looked me over critically from all sides. After what felt like an eternity, they had me sit on a chair.

"I see you do not shave." The principal commented on my dark bush. It was not unruly or large, but I did not shave, just a little trim to keep in neat.

"I think maybe that is good, at least to start with. We will be discussing the stages of puberty, growing hair and all."

"Are you a virgin?" Ms. Cohen asked me. "It helps if I know if a penis has entered you, also what experience you have when we are doing the demonstrations. "You don't have to tell us, but it would help."

"Yes, I am a virgin." I stated, annoyed at being asked, and a bit embarrassed.

Ms. Cohen said she was going to look at my genitalia with a speculum. I did not know what that was then, but it is a tool to open up the vagina and look inside. It was like so super weird to have her do that, and the principal got to look too. And they got a mirror so I could look to as they went over the different parts. I had never really seen my own vagina up close like that.

"I see your hymen is gone, so I guess you probably use something for masturbation." Ms. Coen just stated, not asking for confirmation.

"And are you on any sort of birth control?"

"No" feeling awkward answering these personal question.

"Good, more natural then"

All the while she is looking at me through the speculum. It seemed to take like forever. Finally, she said they were done, but instead of being allowed to put my clothes back on, I would be wearing a dress without my underwear to make it easy for me to undress when needed. They handed me a simple summer type sleeveless dress with a flower print that came down to just above my knees and a pair of sandals to wear.

"When school is over you can come back here for your clothes."

When I was done second period had started. This was our double Humanities/English class with Ms. Baily. Our school had decided to combine them so teachers could do more thematic instruction. A couple of friends asked where I had been, and then remarked about my change of dress, very curious. I just mumbled that it has something to do with biology class, and feigned needing to pay attention to class--which I really could not do at all. Biology would be fifth period, just after my lunch. Math was fourth period. And to round out my schedule, I had Spanish sixth period, and electives last. Electives varied from day-to-day. I was barely able to pay attention during my classes. My teachers must have known as they appeared to take it easy on me.

Between classes my friends clearly wanted to find out more, but I managed to avoid them. On the one hand I did want to talk to them, but on the other hand I was just too embarrassed, and a bit shaken and confused.

At lunch, I was called in to meet with the biology teacher again. I met her in her classroom. A young girl was there who turned out to be her daughter, Becky, who was seven. At first I was confused as to why she was there, but then Ms. Cohen explained to me she wanted a pre- and post- pubescent model for this session. She had lunch brought in for us and said she wanted to go over what we would be doing in class that day with us. She instructed both of us to take our dresses off to get more used to being naked. I was hesitant, but she insisted, so finally I did. Becky was already doing so. Ms. Cohen then did as well, which really surprised me. I even noticed how she had really nice frilly matching bra and panties, which came off. She gave us all towels to sit on.

"You are really pretty," Becky told me.

"You are too," I told her.

"I thought if I was naked too you might feel more comfortable." Ms. Cohen told me.

I was not sure if it did or not, but in either case, I was still super self-conscious. At first we ate quietly, not really talking while we ate. After eating Ms. Cohen said how she was so grateful that my parents had volunteered me for this. They really did not know if anyone would, and then it turned out I was the only girl that had. I just kind of nodded. Then she sat close to me and brought out a detailed lesson plan. She went over what we would be doing, and when I would be involved. She even put her arm around me and I felt her breast rest against my arm.

I should to point out that Ms. Cohen was a well-proportioned woman in her early thirties. She had fairly good sized breasts that hung nicely. She clearly kept in fine shape. She was married and had this daughter was about all I knew about her private life. She was a good teacher, friendly but firm and demanding at the same time. Students soon learned she would not put up with nonsense. The teachers at this school tended to be that way. We have very few discipline problems. The teachers al took their jobs seriously, were at least interested, if not even passionate, about their subject area and seem to know how to handle the students. It probably did not hurt that the school served mostly upper-income families and that a lot of them were connected to the nearby university.

After spending some time going over the lesson, we got dressed again a few minutes before the students were due in. She had me and Becky each have a seat in a chair up in the front of the classroom, off to the side, but facing the rest of the class, until we would be needed.

Just before class, the principal came in. With him was a film crew. I was told this was so the demonstrations could be used with the other classes too, as ours was the only section that had a live model volunteer. I wanted to point out that I did not exactly volunteer, but I kept my mouth shut.

Class began with Ms. Cohen settling everyone down. I saw the eyes on me, wondering why I was seated there. She went onto explain how today would be the beginning of something very special.

"Most you probably remember the discussions in advisory a while back about our using a nude model for the human biology curriculum--we were lucky in that no parents opted you out. However, for the demonstration model, Amy's parents were the only parents of a female student to volunteer her. We will be starting today with the female body. I also asked my daughter to be here, so we would have both a pre- and post- pubescent model. These classes will be videotaped as well so that the demonstrations can be shared with the other sections. They are also being used to document this new program."

The principal stated he would be sitting in as this is a big day and he wants to monitor how it goes personally, "If it goes well, we can continue with this project. The school board is taking a big bold step in allowing this, and wants to make sure there are no problems that require them to end it. You are the model class. If this works, and we can get other students to volunteer, it will be expanded to other classes in the future. I likely will sit in from time to time."

The students were instructed to open their textbooks to the section on the female anatomy and the changing body.

She had them read a couple of the introductory paragraphs, taking turns with students reading aloud.

`Now Becky," she said to her daughter "Please remove your dress."

She looked shy, but did as her mother asked without much hesitation. She was fully naked under her dress, just as I was. There was a sort of audible gasp, and a little tittering, but Ms. Cohen quickly settled them down sternly reminding them that it would be the last session for anyone who acted inappropriately.

"Now Amy, stand up and remove your dress as well."

This was the moment I had dreaded. I had to stand up in front of all my classmates and remove my dress. I steeled myself, and did, pulling the dress over my head, in just my sandals--I could feel all the eyes on me, as well as cameras. My dress was folded and placed on my chair by Ms. Cohen.

We just stood there as the teacher had the students continue reading, going over the changes in the female body during puberty.

"I know most of you probably learned this in sex education a few years back, but we are reviewing today. We will get more in depth as the semester moves on. Now we will look at those difference we just went over."

She pointed out how my hips flared where Becky's were still straight. She pointed to my fully developed breasts (kind of pear shaped, 34B cups), where Becky just had nipples and a flat chest still. She then pointed to my bush, and talked about the growth of hair. I noticed the cameras zoom in on my privates then. She mentioned hair growth in the pubic regions, pointing out my bush versus Becky's hairless mons. She mentioned armpit hair as well.

"I see Amy shaves her armpits as most girls in our culture do, but if you look closely, which you will have the opportunity to do, you can see the stubble." I was then asked to lift my arm so the camera cold zoom in on it. "Also, you can notice how on Becky, her mons is not very pronounced." Again, a camera zoomed in on it as well." On a mature girl it tends to be more so, though with Amy, her bush hides it some."

"It has become fashionable for many women now to shave their pubic hair. Most people assume it is more hygienic, seeming easier to keep clean. However, the opposite turns out to be true. She then went on to explain why it turns out to be healthier to have pubic hair.

"In a later class I will also discuss the sexual advantages and disadvantages of pubic hair."

All of this was also being shown on large screen in class, with the class projector linked to the cameras.

Ms. Cohen instructed Becky and I to go up and down the aisles, telling us to stop at each row so the students could get a good look. Students sometimes asked me to raise my arm, or peer right at my vagina, even girls as well as boys. I as pretty sure I noticed some boners on some of the boys. My friends mostly were a bit hesitant, but still did look. The students were told to be reading the chapter while waiting for Becky and I to finish giving everyone a look.

Finally, I got to sit back in my chair alongside Becky in the front. Ms. Cohen continued reviewing the chapter, and finally class ended. Becky and I got dressed. Becky left with the principal and I was dismissed to my next class.

Once I left class, I found myself starting to shake. My friends were waiting for me, wanting to ask me all sorts of questions. I could not talk though, and collapsed on the floor almost crying. Students were starting to gather around noticing--and I think word was spreading anyway from some of the students from class. One of the football players, Carlos, who was in the class, noticed and just scooped me up and took me into a empty room. Some of my friends came in with him--they seemed somehow to keep anyone else for entering, though I am not sure how. It took me a bit to calm down. The shock and embarrassment of what I had been through had caught up to me. Once I was calm enough, I finally explained all that had happened and how my parents had signed me up without my knowing but I was told I had to since it was like a contract.

They continued asking me what it felt like and how embarrassing it must have been. Somehow I found myself defending myself that is was not as bad as I thought it would be. I guess I didn't want to feel totally like a victim.

I made it through the rest of the day, and while the other students did not say anything to me directly, I knew I was being talked about throughout the school as news of my biology class spread through the school, getting lots of looks and stares and fingers pointing my way.

At the end of the day, I went back to the principal's office to pick up my clothes. He handed me the bag, but it was clear he expected me to change with him still in the room. I decided not to object since I had already changed with him there, and he had seen me naked in me in class, it seemed like I would sound silly if I objected now. He told me I should just wear a dress to school from now on with nothing under. I nodded, but I was not really planning on doing this again. I figured I would tell my parents to get me out of it.

---

When I got home, I just fretted about how to confront my parents. I decided to wait until both were home to talk to them.

My brother came home a little bit after me, and at first teased me a little, but soon he saw how actually visibly upset I was. He sat with me, his arm around me, comforting me, not saying much except that it would be all right. The phone started ringing a lot, but my brother said to ignore it--and he would check to see if it was anyone important. He just let them go to voicemail

Finally, my parents were both home. I nervously, but firmly told them I needed to talk. Once I did, I blurted out "How could you, I had to go naked in front of all those people!"

They acted all confused. After some crazy back and forth, it turned out they had not meant to sign the part saying I would be the model, and they thought I knew all about the plan for the new curriculum. They acted really sympathetic and I had to go over with them everything that happened. It ended with them agreeing to come to school in the morning and meet with the principal.

**Day 2, Tuesday**

We got to the school early and got in with the principal. They asked me to wait outside his office first to talk just the three of them. They were in there quite a while when they finally called me in. Then, instead of telling me I would not need to do it anymore, my dad said they decided it would be best if I continued. I practically had a fit right there, and we argued for a bit--well, me getting mad--but finally they got me to calm down. They explained how important this project was, and that a lot was committed to it. They did not have a replacement for me. I countered, well yeah, no girl is crazy enough to get naked in front of other kids. They asked me to go over how it really was, and like did anything bad happen. So with more and more talk, they finally got me to reluctantly agree to continue. My parents told the principal they would like to observe for this class to make sure they approve of how it is being handled. He accepted the request telling them, of course they are welcome to observe.

Then the principal instructed me change into the dress again and handed it to me, and they all sat there like waiting for me to change again. I stood there a bit, and they all just waited. I had not been naked in front of my dad sine I was a little kid, but none made a move to leave or give me privacy. I guess they figured they were going to be seeing me naked in class anyway. I did get undressed, and once again he took my clothes as I put on the dress. He told my parents about how I should just wear a dress and sandals to school from now on.

It was a quite weird having my dad watch me, though I managed it. Finally, they left, and I went off to class again; by now half of Advisory was already over. I found lots of kids now wanted to talk to me about how it was. I also got some kids whistling. Between classes some boys tried groping me, and a teacher noticed though and scolded them--they were not from my class.

After the next period, two senior boys came up to me as I left class and told me they had been assigned to accompany me between classes to make sure no one bothered me.

When lunch rolled around, I ended up with a table totally surrounded by friends of mine, plus the two senior boys. The upcoming class was what they all wanted to talk about wondering what would happen. I just kind of said I would see, and do what I needed to. However, about 20 minutes before class, my teacher asked to see me. She brought me again into her room. She explained that for today's lesson they would be looking more closely at and in my genitalia. For that she would need to shave around my vaginal area. I saw she had a basin of water and razor and some clothes, and recliner for me. I knew a lot of girls shaved or trimmed there, but it felt a bit invasive. However, it was clear I did not have a choice. I sat in the chair as she shaved all around my lips, but left the hair above on my mons area. It felt so weird to have this teacher of mine touching me, shaving me right there--I was so aware of her fingers on my sex. When she was done she wiped me clean first with a wet cloth, which ran right along my lips as she made sure to get it all clean, and then with a dry soft cloth. I could feel myself almost getting aroused, which embarrassed me to no end. Then she let me get my dress on, and I sort of sighed in relief, yet knowing I would soon be showing it to the class.

The principal, accompanied by my parents, entered as well. He introduced them to the class and the three of them sat in the back. Of course the camera crew was their gain as well.

This time there was a recliner type chair for me to sit in when it got time for the demonstration. I was told to get in the chair. I saw the teacher has the speculum again, and explained they would be looking more closely at my genitalia and the parts. She had the students turn to a page in the textbook with an illustration, and passed out paper and drawing pencils. She told the students they will be also doing their own illustration of the female genitalia.

She explained about the speculum. The cameras again zoomed in and it was displayed on the large screen in front of the class.

She put on rubber gloves and had a laser pointer that she used when pointing to the different parts of my body. She began to point out each part of my genitalia--first the more obvious (pointing out even my anus, explaining that is not part of the genitalia per se), the Mons Pubis, the Labia Majora, Labia Minoa, Vagina, Perineum. Then she spends some time, using the speculum as well, to point out the difference between the urethra and the actual vagina. She also got to some of the more detailed parts then, and to the clitoris as well--even touching it briefly with a finger, which does give me a little tingle! With the camera pointed at me everyone there was able to see it in great detail.

I found the whole experience almost surreal, having my genitalia exposed and probed and video-taped by my teacher as my classmates, principal and parents look on. The teacher did do her best to keep her tone very clinical.

After they were given plenty of time to do the illustrations she opened up the class to questions. As students asked their questions about different parts and functions she would again either use the laser pointer, or if need be, her fingers, to show the part in question.

Class finally ended and I was allowed to put on my dress. I noticed my class started to tell me how cool and great I was for being the volunteer. Several told me they were really glad it was me. My parents left without hanging out. I would have to see what they thought when I got home.

On to Spanish class, which was uneventful, though I cannot say I did the best job of paying attention.

Last period we had different electives or P.E. My last period that day was art class. When I got in class easels had been set up in a circle and there was a box with a cloth draped over it in middle of the room, as it was when we were all to draw some still life. Once we all got there, and students began setting up, the teacher pulled me aside. She told me that she would be having me model nude today. I tried to object that it was about biology class, but she said no, that was not the case, and she had discussed it with the principal. It did not specify that it had to be biology class, but any educational purpose! Then telling me to take my dress off, the teacher announces today will be a nude life drawing. Some of the students are in my biology class, but not all, and so some have not seen my nude before. She also had the videographers there so that she cold use it for her other classes as well.

She set me up to pose, though she did make it a more modest one, where my genitalia were not on display, and my arms somewhat shielded my breasts. I was given some short breaks to be able to move and no stiffen or cramp up, though I did not get to cover up during those breaks. In that way I was actually more exposed on my short breaks than in my pose. They worked on drawing me all period. I found out how hard it is to actually hold a pose that long!

At last the school day was over and I went back to the principal's office. I noticed my parents waiting for me there. Now, just a bit more used to the routine, I just sighed and took off the dress and got into my own clothes. The principal then told me that it had gotten out in the press about our experiment, and because reporters had been calling the school, he would have my parents to take me out a side way. He explained that while he had not disclosed my name-- the school is actually legally not allowed to--they likely would get my name from other students or parents who knew.

--

When we got home, the phone rang incessantly, but my parents ignored and finally turned it off completely. I did hear them talking to some people on the phone though. Mostly, after talking to me some about how it went, they left me alone. My brother let me know was there if I needed him. I ended up going to bed very early exhausted by the ordeal.

In the morning, we saw the paper. There was a front page article about me, well about the program. It had just a generic picture of the front of the school. The article started out a bit sensationalist about kids going nude in school, but then did get down to the actual facts. It did name me as the girl, saying "according to several parents and students," and on the inside page had a small photo of me from the previous year's school photo. It did not name any boy or boys, but I guess no one knew who that would be except the school and the boys themselves and no one was talking. Now everyone in town would know about me!

**Day 3, Wednesday**

This time I did just wear the dress to school, so no need to change in the principal's office. I was a little calmer today. I was finding I could concentrate better in my other classes, though I realized I had been falling somewhat behind in the last couple of days.

What I did notice was that I got lots of sincere comments of support from kids and teachers. They would tell me how brave I was, how great it was for the school that I was doing it and such things. A couple of times some kids said something rude, but they got jumped all over by the other kids and soon shut up. It really made me feel a lot better.

In biology class that day my teacher said she would be going over the breast exam. She hoped the girls already knew how to do this, but likely many were not, as they might be thinking that no need at this young age. She said however, even though rare, problems can arise at any age. Also, what is important is to know one's breasts, then one can be aware if something is different. It is also important for boys to understand, she went on, as they could also learn to give them to their girlfriends or spouses, and since often boys likes to caress breasts they would be in a position to notice just in the act of play.

She had me get in the front of the class again, removing my dress.

"Do you do breast exams on yourself?"

I replied, "No, my doctor has, but I don't"

I found myself again a bit anxious about my teacher fondling--well technically not fondling--but feeling and touching my breasts in front of all the students. Again what she was doing on the screen for those that did not have a good view. I felt her hands come first to my left breast firmly using her fingers to press into it, and moving them spiraling inward. As she did show she described the texture of my breast.

"I am checking the texture, particularly looking for any lumps, or if anything feels particularly tender. And Amy, let me know if anything is tender or hurts in any way, or feels peculiar."

I almost said having your touch my breasts in front of my class feels peculiar, but I bit my tongue.

"Of course Ms. Cohen." Was wat I did say. Even though there was nothing sexual in the way she touched me, my nipples were getting erect.

"It can be a natural reaction to being touched for a woman's nipples to get aroused and erect," Ms. Cohen commented, noticing it. "We will talk more about symptoms of arousal in a later class."

At her talking about arousal, and her pointing out mine to the class, it occurred to me, I would likely be the model for that which actually made me more aroused. Did I see one of the cameras point to my privates? I was pretty sure I did.

For the next breast she mentioned "Another position to do this in is with the partner standing behind the woman, bringing the hands around to the front. I suggest that if you use this position, do it in front of a full length mirror so both parties can see what is being done."

She then got behind me and taking both my breasts in her hands at the same time demonstrated how to do it from this position. I was pulled fully back into her chest as she held me this way and worked her fingers around my breasts once more. It felt so intimate the way she touched me, and yet at the same time there I was facing my while class as well as the principal and being recorded.

"The other advantage of this positon," almost mirroring my thoughts "is if it is with a partner this position can feel very intimate." I felt my nipples must me standing so erect and hard, and even my vagina was responding. I am sure if anyone looked they might have noticed a slight arousal in my sex, especially more visible that I was now shaved in that region.

"Now that you have seen how it is done on another person, Amy and I will demonstrate how you do a self-exam."

Ms. Cohen then proceeded to remove her own blouse and bra. She talked me through the exam once again, as we both worked our fingers to feel our own breasts one at a time.

A lot of the kids stared right at her breasts seeing their teachers well-formed large breasts exposed now. We stood there touching our breasts, me fully nude, somewhat visibly aroused, our teacher topless. I had the idea now, and occasionally looking over at her to keep in step with her. Ms. Cohen talked the whole time explaining again what she was doing, feeling, and the purpose and importance of it.

Once we were done with that she told the students that next class they would each get a chance to practice on one of us. I would be having other students actually touching me!

She dismissed us, I put my dress back on, noticing Ms. Cohen was still topless as we all filed out of the classroom.

That day, my elective at the end of the day was Cheerleading. As it was not football season we were not dong any actual cheering, but just working on routines and meeting once a week. As we are supposed to suit up, the instructor said to me "Amy why don't you just practice in the nude, I'd like to see what this is like." I could not see a justifiable educational reason, but I decided I would not fight her about it. I had been nude around classmates a lot anyway, and this was just the other girls. So there I was in full nudity as we did our cheer routines, my breasts bouncing freely without the tight sports bra on.

"It's kinda too bad you cannot actually do cheers like that" She laughs. "I think it works well. Does it hurt your breasts?" she asked.

"No. I would have thought it would, but actually it does not."

"Because of this new curriculum, I was doing some reading, and while not proven, there is some evidence that gong braless and dong exercise braless may strengthen the breast tissue. The theory is that by always having a bra to support the breast, the tissue weakens with the muscles not having to do their own work, like your legs would get weaker if you never walked anywhere, but were always driven or wheeled or such."

The other girls agreed I looked good that way "I don't think I could do that though." Several mentioned, "You are so brave to do this."

Then it was time to go home. I had survived three days of showing my body and privates to my classmates, parents, teachers. --

When I got home, my parents were home already, which was unusual, and they asked my brother and I to meet them in the kitchen for a family meeting. They told me how proud hey were of what I was doing. They showed me a follow-up up article in the paper, and how they had printed over a page of letters about it. There were a couple that lambasted the school as immoral and me as a slut, but the large majority were supportive, including an open letter of support from the PTA and another letter of support one signed by all of the students in my biology class.

"We also heard you have now been naked in Art class and your cheerleading class. This is a big deal, and you are setting a real precedent here." My father stated.

I wondered how he already knew about Cheerleading since I had just come from that! Probably the principal kept them informed.

"Now, we also talked to the parents of the boy that will be joining you soon. It turns out they are doing things to prepare him that maybe we could have done had we realized ahead of time. They decided he should get used to be nude around others first, so he now is nude at home around his family. That way when he has to be nude in front of the other students he will already have had a few weeks of being used to being nude in front of them. Your mother and I decided Amy should be the same way. We have taken the liberty of taking all your clothes, Amy, and also removing the door to your room and the bathroom. You will have a few dresses to choose from that will be kept in a cubby that we have put by the door. Amy, when you come in the house, you will remove your dress...."

I open my mouth to begin to speak an objection.

"And no, none of this is open to debate. You have started this and you need to see it through. We love you, and you are growing up, but we are still your parents and while you are under eighteen and living at home, we do sometimes need to decide what is best for you."

"But what if I have friends, or Rob does, or you do?"

"They will see you naked, just as the other students and staff at school do. And on that topic, the boy who will be doing this with you is Paul Jacobs. His parents thought it would be a good idea for the two of you to spend some time together, nude of course, before he joins you naked in school. He has not yet had much experience with being naked with girls his age, and you two will be nude together in class soon, so we thought this weekend our families would spend time together."

I wanted to object on so many levels. I had thought I would get to go home after my ordeal in school and be normal again, but it was not to be so. Instead of trying to argue, I just went "Yes, dad."

"So, your dress please."

I sighed, and stood up and removed it. My dad took it and walked to the front foyer and folded it and put in the cubby.

"Oh, and they said it is a good idea to have a cloth under you where you sit when you are nude--you know bodily oils and fluids." My mother chimed in.

"So I can still have friends over then?" Ron asks.

"Of course. Nothing else is changing. Unless there is something else, see you at dinner."

I hid out in my room then and did homework, though it was not really hiding out totally since my room looked down the hallway and so was visible if anyone was going to or from their rooms. I checked and sure enough, my closets and drawers were empty--no clothes at all.

I thought about Paul. Now that I thought about it, he had been paying particular attention to me, and being particularly nice as well. Now I knew why. He was not someone I knew well, but we had mutual friends, and sometimes went to the same parties, or hung out at the same table at lunch. We had most of our classes together. He was similar to me in some ways. Professors for parents. He was a bit more studious and serious than me. My guess was he had never had a girlfriend. He was reasonable looking. No hunk, but not super skinny nor fat. I guessed that that was why they picked him, as I had heard there were quite a few boys who volunteered.

At least that night at dinner, no one invited friends over.

When I went to go to bed, I realized, I would be sleeping in the nude too. And then I discovered they had removed even my sheets and covers--wondering how I could have missed that earlier. I then noticed, they were keeping the house particularly warm, and my room even more so. They were really taking this to the extreme, I thought. Shortly after getting in--well on--bed my parents came in to wish me a good night, kissing me on the cheek. It somehow felt even more exposed in bed like that. It took me a long time to fall asleep between the different feeling of not curling up in my night clothes and sheets, and all my racing thoughts about my experiences.