**OMG! I'm Naked in School!**

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**CHAPTER ONE**
Wide--eyed in the darkness, Carolyn lay awake in her bed staring up at the ceiling. Before she could stop it, another heavy sigh slipped out. There wasn't any getting around it; like it or not, the sun was going to come up.

Go to sleep already! Her thoughts chased themselves as they had all night. You're driving yourself crazy with all this worrying. It's all in your mind.

Turning onto her side, she yawned an empty, sleepless yawn and tucked her hand under the pillow. Not being able to fall asleep is just one of those weird psychological quirks, like last summer before the trip and I was afraid I'd over sleep the alarm and miss the flight. My anxiety is fueling itself. All I'm doing is worrying and getting myself all stressed out. It won't be as bad as I imagine! It can't be!

Carolyn kicked off the rumpled sheets. Since going to bed almost eight hours ago, her every attempt to rationalize away her growing sense of dread provided no peace. No matter how she tried to convince herself she had nothing to worry about, she knew full well there are some events in life when reality outstrips any imagined consequences, and you find yourself living a nightmare far worse than anything you can possibly dream up.

Where her thoughts led her next, didn't help at all. A convict on death row must experience apprehension like this as the final hour approaches ... the ultimate count down of terrifying anticipation. She swallowed dryly and her toes and fingertips went a bit cold and tingly as a vision of her coming reality loomed in her mind. Pushing back the pangs of paranoia, she fled back into her thoughts. What you've been going through over these last few days must be similar to what a condemned prisoner experiences. Time passes slowly, then as the date get closer, time speeds up. It seems like it'll never really arrive, never really be 'that' day. Then suddenly it's here, that day, the day you've dreaded; and when time has run out, facing the reality of what comes next must hit the doomed prisoner with an intensity most of us will thankfully never know.

But, I'm about to know! With the dawning of that realization, her toes went from tingling to numb. The curtains were brightening, and the walls had lightened from gray to yellow. The sun was coming up. That day was here. The weekend had dissolved away in a blur, and over the last twenty--four hours, her every thought lay impaled upon the pins and needles of knowing what was coming.

Reluctant to get up, she watched the numbers on the alarm clock change with unsympathetic regularity. At 6:29, she hit the button rather than endure the alarm's irritating beep. When her bare feet touched the carpet, she was awash in an absolute sense of dread; and yes, she had to admit it, strangely, there was excitement too.

In the bathroom, she showered, though she'd bathed before going to bed. There really was no need to shave again, as she'd done that last night as well, but she couldn't help but do another quick touch up with the razor. Back in her bedroom and standing before her dresser mirror while considering what she should wear, which was usually a fun thing, caused the most unsettling emotions to swirl within her. She pulled open her underwear drawer, thumbing through the things on top. She knew there was no way she would dare wear anything old, or anything even slightly sexy, so she grabbed one of her newest bras along with a pair of pastel pink cotton panties. She dropped both on the bed, looking down at them for a long moment while thinking about what's next. A skirt might be easier, but since she didn't wear one very often, she didn't want her friends to suspect anything's up. She opted for the pair of Vanilla Star jeans and the L'Amore sleeveless button down shirt she'd bought on sale at Penny's before the semester began. For shoes, that was easy; she knew she couldn't go wrong with her pink Mary Jane ballet flats with the cute little straps and chrome buckles. Once she'd made her choices and had all her clothes lain out on the bed, her fingers were trembling and her palms were clammy as she began to get dressed.

When she stepped into the kitchen, her father looked up from his newspaper and offered, "Good morning, kitten," then quickly hid his eyes back in the sports section. Her mom launched into a valiant effort at run--of--the--mill conversation, as though today was just any other Monday, yet her anxiety showed through. Saying things like, "You look like you slept well," and, "Your hair sure looks pretty today," she was just a little too bright and perky. Then withdrawing into silence, she couldn't seem to stay still, wiping down the counter and moving things around while downing cup after cup of coffee.

Right now, for Carolyn it was a relief to sit down and have breakfast with just her mom and dad. Her little sister, Charli had left earlier. Charli attended middle school, which started an hour earlier than high school. Due to the school district being in such a financial bind, the administration was trying to save money by staggering school hours and using fewer busses. The financial situation was also a major reason why the school district had opted to participate in the study. What it all boiled down to was, if it weren't for a need for money, she wouldn't be in this situation at all.

To his credit, when her mom fell silent, her dad stepped in and did his best to act as though there wasn't anything different about today. They managed a little light conversation, and even laughed together when he read aloud one of the foam--at--the--mouth letters to the editor published in the paper's editorial section, which was in dire opposition to the controversial new study in social dynamics. According to the letter's writer, if the community allowed the study to happen as planned, rivers would boil with blood, flaming meteors would hurtle down from the heavens, and Obama would get elected to a third term.

Though her dad did his best not to show it, the tension was there. This was going to be tough on him, too. She could see it in his eyes. When he was just nineteen, only a year older than she is now, he joined the Marines. In his first tour of duty, he saw some of the fiercest combat during the Gulf War, and when she was about ten--years--old, at the scene of an automobile accident, she'd personally witnessed him risk his life pulling a woman and her two kids from a burning minivan. Yet here, this morning, her fearless hero couldn't manage to meet his daughter's gaze for more than a few seconds without looking away.

Again, he checked the wall clock, then rechecked his watch, downed the last of his coffee, and got up and gave his wife a quick kiss goodbye. Standing in the doorway framed by the morning's warm light, he smiled at his daughter and offered, "You really do look nice today, kitten."

Carolyn returned the smile, but it didn't feel real. "Thanks, Dad."

Her back to the kitchen counter and wringing her hands, her mother spoke up for the first time in a long while. "Come on everybody. We all knew today would come. Let's try to be positive. Remember what they said at the family orientation. Our attitudes are what will make all the difference, not just for the study's overall success, but for each individual's success, too."

Carolyn nodded. "You're right, Mom."

Her mother walked over and lightly touched her hair. "You're going to do just fine, baby. Just fine."

Staring down into her bowl of cereal as though she might be able to divine a glimpse of the future in the soggy flakes floating on top; Carolyn dropped the spoon in the bowl with a clank, then exhaled and picked up her cell phone, checking the screen. She peered up at her mom, rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Marcie's texted me at least ten times in the last five minutes." Scooting her chair back and slipping her phone into her backpack, she got to her feet. "I guess that means I'd better get going."

She gave her mom a quick kiss on the cheek, and with her dad holding open the door, Carolyn stepped out into the carport. What followed was another awkward moment, as it was obvious her dad was searching for something else to say. All that came out was, "Well, I guess ... I guess I'll see you tonight."

"Yeah," she swallowed dryly as they both cast away their eyes. "I guess you will."

Traffic was light, and the drive to school was only about fifteen minutes. She purposely avoided the school's front entrance, instead driving in through the back parking lot gate. As soon as she parked in her assigned spot, she immediately checked her phone. Marcie had just texted again: where r u!?! She quickly tapped in a reply: just parked, C U inside.

While walking through the parking lot, everything seemed normal, except she noticed students were hurrying in as soon as they parked. Usually, many would hang out by their cars until the first bell rang, but today, it appeared almost everyone was going straight in. She walked towards the main building amongst the other students, friends talking and laughing, no one noticing her at all. Yet no sooner did she come in the main doors and pass though the security scanners, than Marcie, Jordan, and Megan pounced.

Jordan grabbed her by the elbow, spinning her around. "Carolyn! Where've you been?" Always hyper, the painfully thin girl appeared on the edge of a frantic meltdown. "Assembly's in fifteen minutes. Come on! We have to hurry or there aren't going to be any good seats left."

"I still need to put my backpack in my locker." Carolyn chose her words carefully to avoid having to tell a white lie. "You guys go on ahead. Don't wait on me. I'll be there. I promise." With her heart pounding, it really was difficult to gauge if she was acting normally, and she desperately wanted to appear normal.

Marcie, short, buxom and broad--shouldered, looked as though she could hold the school record for the shot put. Sporting a shock of flaming magenta hair and matching freckles sprinkled across her nose and cheeks, she could wield a vicious, "don't bullshit me" squint she was more than able to back up if anyone was foolish enough to put it to the test. Her eyes narrowed, and she dropped a hand on Carolyn's shoulder. "So what's up, girl? You don't look so good. Are you feeling alright?"

Carolyn glanced to the hand on her shoulder, but didn't dare make eye contact. Quickly looking down at the floor, she mumbled, "Yeah, no problem here. I'm fine."

Megan was standing between Marcie and Jordan. More than a bit overweight and with innocent, child--like blue eyes she peered closely at Carolyn as though searching for something. "You know?" She looked over to Marcie. "Caroline does look kind of pale."

Jordan rolled her eyes and nodded knowingly. "That time of the month, huh?" She shook her head with real disgust. "Don't you just hate it?"

Marcie slid her hand off Carolyn's shoulder and stepped back, declaring, "Oh My God!" so loudly, people walking nearby stopped and turned to look.

Startled by Marcie's reaction, Megan and Jordan appeared completely bewildered. For a few moments, Jordan's eyes darted back and forth between Carolyn and Marcie, then suddenly she slapped a hand over her mouth and took a step back to stand alongside Marcie.

"You're one," Marcie hushed, "aren't you?"

Her cheeks burning, Carolyn couldn't look up.

"Oh, my gawd!" Jordan squealed. "No, Carolyn. No!"

Looking from face to face, Megan still didn't have a clue. "One what?"

"I really do need to go to my locker." Aware the bloom of heat she could feel burning upon her cheeks would give her away, even if her friends hadn't already recognized the anxiety darkening her eyes, Carolyn nervously tossed her hair left then right over her shoulders. "You guys go on ahead and get yourselves good seats. I promise I'll be there."

The three girls staring back at Carolyn appeared as shocked as if a horn had suddenly grown out of her forehead. Jordan, appearing almost as flushed as Carolyn, swallowed dryly, but Megan, clearly worried but bewildered, still didn't appear to have a clue.

Marcie broke the silence. "Okay. Come on." She tugged at Megan but kept her squint trained upon Carolyn. "We will see you in the auditorium, right?"

Carolyn tried to swallow back the lump in her throat. "Yes, you can count on it." Her shoulders heaved as she took in a deep breath, taking solace in the thought, that at least that wasn't a lie.

Keeping close together while whispering, her friends moved off, each of them taking turns looking back at Carolyn until they blended into the crowd.

When Carolyn arrived at her locker, her heart was pounding so hard, she had to pause to catch her breath. Even spinning out the combination to open her lock seemed surreal, and her fingers were so shaky, it took three tries to get the numbers right.

Last week, even though the impending reality of today had weighed heavily on her every thought, she felt as much a part of everyone and everything as ever. Yet now, nothing felt or even looked the same. The light from above, and even the echoey and far--off quality of the sound seemed as strange and unreal as if she was lost in a state of dreams.

Taking a long, deep breath, she put her backpack in her locker, slammed the door shut, spun the combination, then turned and joined the flow heading towards the auditorium. In the main hall, she passed the administration offices, and as she neared the auditorium, along the walls to either side ran tall glass cases filled with trophies for everything from football to debate. In one case off by itself stood Jack the Bulldog. He was the school's original mascot, which some members of the alumni had stuffed and mounted after he died.

The auditorium entrance had multiple doors, but students were entering only through the two middle ones, which were standing open. A large crowd had built up waiting to get in, which she recognized as a glaring example of the herd mentality. Even though all eight doors were probably unlocked, the herd would wait in line to file in through the two doors everyone else was entering. Carolyn had just become aware of the herd phenomena in her AP Psychology class this semester, and ever since her teacher called the peculiarity to her attention, she made a point of being the person who would dare to try passing through another door. In being so bold, she learned once she had opened a new door and gone in, some, but not all of the herd would break off from the others and follow her lead.

Going around the throng, she walked unnoticed through a single door off to the side of the main entrance, which led backstage. Last year as a junior, she played the role of Amaryllis in the Drama Department's spring musical presentation of The Music Man. Knowing she was about to perform on stage in front of hundreds of people, she'd walked down this hall many times filled with an electric tingling of anticipation. Yet now, a much more powerful sense of stage fright gripped her, which had her acutely conscious of each squeak of her sneakers echoing off the polished floor.

Up ahead, she could hear voices. Rounding the corner, she walked into the left wing of the auditorium's backstage area. Near some old props and scenic backgrounds left over from past plays stood a group of adults engaged in conversation. Across from them and lined up in a corner, stood a collection of wan and pasty--faced students, who all appeared like a group of frightened refugees. These were the same students she'd seen at the final orientation, yet in seeing their faces now she couldn't help but wonder if she looked as frightened as they did.

"Finally!" Mr. Morris, a senior class counselor, broke off his conversation with the woman he was speaking to, and glaring directly at Carolyn, he snapped, "You were almost late, Miss Timmons."

She took her place with the other students, and when she looked into his angry eyes she felt so intimidated, her voice came as little more than a dry whisper. "We were told eight--thirty." She pointed to the clock up on the wall. "And it's exactly eight--thirty."

Ignoring her, he turned to Mrs. Winslow. "They're all accounted for now, correct?"

Mrs. Winslow worked in the attendance office, and had probably been born with that clipboard she held clasped in her arms, as well as that sour scowl upon her face. Marking off the last name with a flourish of her pencil, she declared, "Eighteen subjects exactly. All present and accounted for, Principal Rogers."

The school's principal held up a finger to indicate he wasn't quite through with his discussion with Dr. Martin, Superintendent of the Board of Education.

Carolyn had shouldered in next to Richard Johnson, a guy she knew from her Psychology AP honors class. Though they only sat one row apart, the first time they'd ever spoken was at the study's initial orientation. She'd been milling about amongst the other potential participants when he'd spotted her and come straight over and introduced himself. After the orientation, they'd said 'Hi' a few times in class, but she still didn't know him all too well. He hadn't told her much about himself, other than his family had just moved here from Alabama last summer. He was one of those lanky, countrified guys who looked really good in his faded jeans, and his sandy, blonde hair always seemed a bit wind--tousled and wild. Serious and quiet in class, he had this calm and unhurried attitude about him, exemplified by his soft and slow Alabama drawl. As she stepped in beside him, at first neither of them spoke; but finally, they looked to each other and made a quick and commiserative connection with their eyes.

"So?" Richard took in a deep breath, then let it out. "You're going through with it?"

Still stressed from Mr. Morris hollering at her, she couldn't seem to get her breathing settled enough to reply. "I guess so," she finally managed. "But I'm a mess. I don't think I slept at all last night. And it's like nothing is real, like I'm walking around in some kind of crazy dream."

The smile Richard showed her wasn't at all the confident grin she'd always seen before. He had these soft brown eyes, and it seemed she hadn't noticed how deep they were before now. Suddenly, feeling awkward about gazing into his eyes, she looked away and sought for something, anything to say. Her throat dry, she offered, "Did you get any sleep last night?"

Richard shook his head. "Are you kidding?"

Trying to smile, she hoped it didn't come off as grim as she felt. "Funny thing is, though I should feel totally wiped out, I'm not the least bit tired at all."

Leaning forward, Richard snatched quick looks left and right. Then leaning back, he shook his head. "Just look at everybody? We could do one hell of a report on this group for our psych class. Every nonverbal signal for stress we've learned about is on display."

It was Carolyn's turn to lean out a bit so she could peer down the row. Immediately, one guy caught her attention. His face was pasty white, his eyes had a foggy glaze, and his right leg was bouncing a mile a minute. Just down from him, Karen Loeffler, who was also in their Psychology class, was standing with her hands clasped before her waist. She had her fingers so tightly clenched; her knuckles were red and white. Staring off into space, her lips were moving unconsciously, mirroring whatever thoughts were racing in her head.

A small, dark and shrewish woman separated herself from the adults and sharply clapped her hands twice. "Participants! Young people! May I have everybody's attention, please?"

Carolyn recognized her as Dr. Celia Robinson, the professor administering the grant and in absolute control over every aspect of the study. Out of all the teachers, administrators and students, she alone appeared resolute, calm and entirely unflustered. As she faced the participants, those steely gray eyes of hers swept across the line of students like an icy wind.

Again clapped her hands, Dr. Robinson commanded everyone's attention. "We are about to get the study under way." All eyes upon her, when she paused, no one made a single sound. "To recap where we stand, all of you who elected to participate and passed the screening process submitted your final legal consent documents last week. For each and every one of you standing here before me this morning, all your forms have been notarized, documented and duly filed."

Though everyone was giving her their complete attention, she raised her voice, speaking up even more loudly. "You all are aware of the serious nature of the scope of this study. Strict compliance is not just essential, it is critical." Going from face to face, like a military drill instructor searching for weaknesses in her new recruits, she scanned the face of each participant one--by--one. When done, she nodded. "Okay, we've arrived at your proverbial moment of truth. If you've just experienced any second thoughts, or if for any reason you don't feel you are up to the challenge before you, this is your last opportunity to clear your conscience and opt out. Because once we begin, there will be no turning back."

Richard nudged Carolyn faintly with his elbow and whispered sidelong. "Speak now, or forever hold your," he spelled the last word out in a hush, "p--i--e--c--e."

His attempt at humor almost made her feel better.

When no one spoke up, Professor Robinson nodded and allowed the tiniest smile of satisfaction to appear then vanish. "Did any of you have any issues not addressed in your final meetings with your individual counselors? Is there anyone here who has any concerns at all?" Again, the only response she received was silence. Stepping back, she nodded to the well--dressed man to her left. "You can take it from here, Principal Rogers."

Principal Rogers looked as though he had been an athlete in his younger days, and could likely have had a successful career as a male model. Yet close up, the years had left their mark. During high--profile school functions, he used his looks to his best advantage, appearing more like a game show host than a school administrator. This particular morning, the game show persona didn't come off at all. He was showing everyone his patented smile. Yet clearly broadcasting his own nonverbal anxiety signals, he was unable to control a nervous tic at the side of his right eye and continually running his fingers through his hair.

"Alright, students!" Realizing he'd spoken too loudly, he immediately dropped his voice to a manageable level. "We all know this is going to be a very stressful day for everyone. All of you young men and women are at least eighteen and therefore legally responsible to make your own decisions. As well, since many of you have younger siblings at home, your parents or legal guardians have also signed the necessary consents and waivers. Yet in all fairness to Professor Robinson, and more importantly, to each of you, I also want to allow you this last opportunity to reconsider." He paused, while once more his fingers raked through his hair. "After this next step, there is no turning back for any of us. Once we move ahead--" The same as Dr. Robinson, he was scanning up and down the line, making eye contact with each person before moving on to the next. "If even one of you falters in your commitment, it will be to the detriment of the study and therefore to the detriment of you all. Every one of you will suffer the consequences of any individual's failure."

Perhaps it was because all eyes were upon him, but as though he suddenly realized what he was doing, he stopped before running his fingers through his hair. "I can only imagine how nervous each of you must be." Grinning his game show host grin and holding up his hands, he displayed his palms. "Look at me, my own palms are sweating."

A cell phone's ringtone sounded out, causing everyone to focus upon a young man in line standing third down from the left.

For a moment, the student stood frozen, then as though stung, he suddenly came to life. Fumbling in his pants pocket, he pulled out his cell phone and quickly punched in his code, then mashed the button to shut it off. Red--faced and sweaty, he held it up. "Sorry, I guess I forgot..." His voice died away to a whisper "... to ... shut it ... off."

After a few moments of everyone staring at the student, Principal Rogers broke the silence. "All of you need to remember, school rules are all still in effect. That includes the prohibition against cell phone use on campus."

Holding out his hand, the young man walked over and placed the phone in Principal Roger's palm. The student quickly retreated back to his place in line, and with a stern, "You can pick this up at my office after school," Principal Roger's pocketed the phone. Turning his attention back to all the participants, he paused for a moment before remembering what he was about to say. "Now there's just one more thing before we get started. In regards to your courage and commitment in being willing to participate in this important study, I'd like to express my overwhelming admiration to each and every one of you. Seeing all of you assembled here today, I can't help but recall the courageous African--American students in the nineteen--sixties; those who first stood up for their civil rights by attending previously segregated all--white public schools in the Deep South." He nodded to Tamara, the lone African--American girl in the group. "When you think of your situation today, try to imagine how they felt and the hardships they had to overcome. Imagine the courage they had to summon to help society move forward. They were true pioneers, facing the stiffest social resistance; yet the world is now a better place thanks to the challenges they overcame. I'm not going to go so far as to say this study is anywhere near as important to society as the struggle for civil rights, but who knows what kind of future you might create. This is a bold step, which will no doubt test the fabric of social evolution. Its success or failure is entirely up to you individuals, and so for the very last time, I want to offer this last chance to decide if you feel you are truly up to this challenge."

There was a gentle milling as the participants all looked to each other. Out of all the applicants, Fifty--three candidates attended the initial orientation more than a month ago. Every prospective participant had endured a detailed background check, as well as a host of psychological tests and physical examinations. During the selection process, each had met with assigned counselors individually and then along with their families. The successful candidates only received notification of their selection as a participant last Friday, and except for their immediate family, they were under strict orders to keep their selection a secret. Carolyn and the others in line all attended the final orientation on Saturday, and now here they stood. This group of eighteen was all who remained out of the original fifty--three candidates: twelve females and six males.

After a moment, Principal Rogers nodded. "Good. I was confident we had selected the right individuals. I know you will do us all proud."

Principal Rogers stepped back, and immediately the woman to his left stepped forward. She was the official representative from the Department of Education in Washington. Dour and grim, she conspicuously displayed an American flag pin on the right lapel of her drab gray dress, and when she spoke, her nasal voice matched her dry and dreary appearance. "In compliance with local, state and federal law, the public referendum of last November to determine whether to allow this study to take place passed by the narrowest of margins. Though the federal government is providing the funding, there are many in Washington who do not support this study. But, a vote is a vote, and however distasteful its outcome, we must stand by the will of the people."

Again Richard hushed to her out of the side of his mouth, "Distasteful? If she's talking about what happened in the last presidential election, that's a major understatement."

Perhaps she overheard Richard's whisper, because she paused, glaring up and down the line in the manner of a preacher searching her congregation for a sinner to single out and chastise. When she started back up, she was even colder than before. "According to a recent decision by the Supreme Court, which upheld the results of controversial general elections in states such as Colorado and Washington, the Court has allowed, in some cases, state and local law may supersede federal prohibitions. And since this state, county and municipality have no applicable statutes which would prohibit this study from taking place, there is no legal recourse with which law enforcement can stop this study from proceeding. Therefore, I will now turn you over to your county sheriff." She nodded to a man in uniform, then stepped back, her gray face and dress appearing to fade into the cinderblock wall behind her.

The Sheriff stepped forward. Carrying his regulation brown and black hat tucked under his arm, his salt and pepper hair was a nineteen--sixty era regulation flat top.

"If any of you don't know me, I'm Sheriff Barnes." He took his hat from under his arm, ran his fingers around the shiny black plastic brim, then tucked it back under his arm. "Our department will be coordinating security in partnership with the city police." He nodded to the right, acknowledging Chief Garcia of the Linda Vista Police Department. "Professor Robinson's team will be providing constant participant supervision and feedback to us through their observers. But, my entire department, as well as Chief Garcia's, plans to be extra vigilant, as well."

He paused and repeated the shuffling of his hat, this time tucking it back in under the right arm. "I just want to let you all know, that I stand personally and steadfastly in opposition to this study. I find its scope morally repugnant. However, the law is the law; and I am sworn to uphold it, whether I agree with it or not. The citizens of this county have voted in favor of allowing this study to take place in our community, and so I will do my duty and do everything I can to keep you all safe."

Affecting a similarly icy glare as the woman from the Department of Education, yet appearing not like an angry preacher but a suspicious detective studying suspects in a line up, it was the sheriff's turn to scan the face of each participant one--by--one. Yet when he came to Carolyn, and she met him eye--to--eye, yes, she registered his disapproval, but there was also a sincerity and resolve to those dark eyes, which was as reassuring as it was steely.

When he finished staring down the last participant in line, he continued. "The bottom line is that despite all that law enforcement can do to try to protect you; you will all ultimately have to be accountable for yourselves. You will not always be under supervision; that too, is part of the requirements of the study. This means you must feel free to act freely." Looking up as if seeking divine guidance from above, when he looked back down, he shook his head. "Yet participating in this study doesn't endow you with a blank check. You all know the rules guiding this study, and you know the law. As consenting adults of at least eighteen-years-of-age, you know what you can and cannot do. You have all signed papers to that effect. Though the law considers you adults, all of you are still teenagers, and in my experience there are few creatures, which have ever walked this Earth who are as foolish as teenagers. If for any reason you break any law, I can personally assure you being in the study will not endow you with impunity. We will arrest you, and we will throw you in jail. Therefore, always consider common sense in everything you do. That is the best advice I can give." He again switched his hat from under one arm to the other. "And above all, above everything else, absolutely and positively do not on any condition leave the confines of Comal County. If you do, I cannot and will not be responsible for the consequences."

There came another pause. Carolyn was becoming aware of the growing noise from the impatient crowd in the auditorium. The sheriff looked up to the ceiling as if muttering a prayer, and when finally he brought his gaze back down, he smiled and held up his hat in salute. "I have one last thing to say. You all have one hell of a lot of guts. And despite my personal reservations, I truly hope for the sake of each of you young people that it all works out." With that, he stepped back.

Professor Robinson moved to the forefront, and for the first time since Carolyn had met her, this imposing woman looked nervous. "You all have your personal access codes, which will enable you to enter the study's web site and submit your daily reports on line?"

Everyone in line nodded.

"You will all fill out the reports religiously?" The professor's use of the word 'Religiously' struck Carolyn as odd.

Everyone again nodded.

"Any last questions?"

No one broke the silence.

"Then let's proceed."

Something about the way she said those last words caused a sinking rush in Carolyn's stomach, much like the sensation of going off the top of a rollercoaster.

"Okay!" Mr. Morris clapped his hands. "Let's get this show on the road."

To his side stood Ms. Ingalls, Administrator of girls' athletics dressed in a conservative, green pantsuit. "Show? This is anything but a show." She glared disapprovingly at the young, male counselor. "Poor choice of words once again, Mr. Morris." Ms. Ingalls turned her focus on the participants and raised her hands spreading her arms and indicating to the wings. "Behind you to your right and left are the drama department dressing rooms. I suggest you pick one out. You have ten minutes before we line back up."

Similar to a frightened herd of horses in a corral, the group started to move, yet no one made a move to break apart from the herd.

Ms. Ingalls produced a chrome whistle from her pants pocket and almost blew it, but thought better of it, and instead, sharply clapped her hands. "Remember you weren't supposed to bring any valuables! Any purses or wallets can be checked with your individual counselor!" She tapped at her watch. "Ten minutes people! I suggest you get a move on!"

Carolyn looked to Richard. "I guess here goes, huh?"

"Yeah." His brown eyes were glassy. "Where are you going to go?"

Carolyn nodded over her shoulder. "There's a dressing room right back there."

Richard suddenly started. "I forgot! I still have my wallet." He reached into the back pocket of his blue jeans and produced a billfold. Holding it up, he rushed over to his counselor.

Breaking from the heard, Carolyn headed for the dressing room she was most familiar with; the one she'd used during the play. Four other girls followed her lead and fell in behind her, with Richard suddenly running up just as they were going in the door.

Once they were in the dressing room, Carolyn became aware that for some reason, everyone was looking at her.

Laura Thompson was the first to speak up. "I don't see how you can look so calm, Carolyn?" The diminutive brunette was standing with her back against the wall and had her hands thrust deep down into the pockets of her jeans. "I'm about to have a panic attack."

"Calm? Me?" Carolyn took in a deep breath the released it. "Are you kidding?" She held out a hand. "I'm shaking like a leaf."

"Me, too." Stephanie, a blonde Carolyn knew from a class they'd shared last year held out both hands. "I've never been so nervous in my life."

Another long, silent moment stretched out while all the girls, including Carolyn, shifted their attention to the lone male in the room.

"Hey?" Richard's voice cracked as it rose up an octave. "Why's everybody staring at me?" Clearly realizing he sounded like a frightened child, he cleared his throat. "Hey! Come on, this isn't fair. I'm the only guy in the room."

One of the girls was a small and freckly redhead. Carolyn had seen her around, but didn't really know who she was. Speaking up for the first time, her voice had a great deal of presence for someone so small. "Guys should go first."

Another of the girls was tall, athletic and wore her hair pulled back in a ponytail. Carolyn didn't know her name either, but believed she played on the volleyball team. She was wearing a Linda Vista High Bulldogs t--shirt, and when she spoke, she revealed a New York accent. "Yeah, guys should always go first."

Maybe it was that Carolyn hadn't slept well in days, or maybe it was just nerves, but suddenly she was feeling argumentative. "That's not what they said on the Titanic."

Richard, appearing as nervous as a lone sheep amongst a pack of hungry wolves, smiled appreciatively to Carolyn, and there was something humbling in the honest fear in his face.

"Oh, what the hell!" Richard's lips drew into a tight line, and he shook his head. "Okay. Okay. Y'all just go on ahead and stare at me if y'all want to."

He tugged his t--shirt out of his pants, then pulled it off over his head, revealing a well--defined six pack. Tossing his shirt on the dressing table, he again faced the girls. With all eyes upon him, his gaze fell to his belt. Not looking up, he worked the buckle loose, then popped open the button at the top of his jeans. As intent upon him as any of the other girls in the room, Carolyn could plainly see the white waistband of his underwear revealed in the opening. She also saw his fingers shaking as he fingered his zipper, then as he zipped it down, the metallic zip of it opening sounded out loudly in the silence of the room. Hitching his thumbs into the sides of his jeans in preparation for pulling them down, he suddenly stopped. When he again looked up, there was no other sound in the room except for the tick, tick, tick coming from the clock on the wall.

"Come on, y'all," obviously distressed, Richard sighed and his shoulders sagged. "Give me a break. Don't everybody just stare."

Maybe it was the sound of her own heart thumping in her ears, but the tension in the room was so strong, Carolyn thought she could she hear everyone's hearts throbbing as loudly as her own. In this one, single moment a truly terrifying thought hit her, This is real, and it's happening right now.

Richard let his jeans drop to his ankles, revealing his bare legs and white briefs. Exposing just how nervous he was, when he tried to step out of his jeans, he'd forgotten to take off his shoes and almost fell over. Half stumbling and half falling into a chair by the dressing table, he bent down and began to untie the laces of his sneakers.

While everyone continued to watch, another uneasy silence settled in, and it was Carolyn who finally broke the silence. "Okay everyone. What do you say let's leave poor Richard alone and get on with it."

"So, who's stopping you?" Karen crossed her arms. "I don't see you doing anything but standing there."

Carolyn tried to match Karen's icy stare, but couldn't think of anything she could come back with. Tossing her hair left then right over her shoulders, she took in a deep breath, and before she realized it, her fingers came alive, unbuttoning the topmost button of her blouse.

She tried to block out the fact everyone now focused upon her. Even Richard had stopped fumbling with his shoes and was looking up at her. She had undressed in front of others before, during gym and at camp, but this was different, monumentally different. Her self--consciousness wasn't just because she had people watching her; it was more so because this would be her first time to undress with a guy in the room.

As her fingers went through the motions, it seemed as though someone had hit reality's blur button. The feeling of the hard plastic button between her fingertips was surreal. Reality was every bit as strange as if she'd fallen into to a feverish dream, nothing seemed or felt real.

Working down from the top, she popped the buttons free one by one, not daring to look down at what she was doing and keeping her eyes loosely focused on the wall. When the last button at the bottom came free, she again tossed her hair back left and right over her shoulders, and in doing so, the front of her blouse spread open.

Purposely not allowing herself to focus on the others, she shrugged her shirt off her shoulders. Holding it by the back of the collar, she reached for one of the brown paper bags on the dressing table. Jittery, and her fingers shaking, she folded it neatly, then set the shirt down carefully inside. Still not allowing herself to make eye contact with anyone watching her, she pulled around one of the chairs, sat down and bent over to unbuckle and slip off her Mary Janes. Either her fingers weren't working right or she was in too much of a hurry, because she ended fumbling with the little buckle, unable to get the strap to slide free.

At orientation, one of the stress reduction techniques her councilor had recommended was never to envision how you think you appear to those around you. Yet as Carolyn fretted with the buckle, she couldn't help but conjure up an image of herself. As though she'd tapped into a feed from an imaginary security camera up in a corner of the room, she could see herself bent over in the chair. Behind her to either side were the dressing tables with their chipped Formica tops and Hollywood--styled light bulbs framing the mirrors. Her hair hung down around the sides of her face, and the stark whiteness of her bra strap created a noticeable contrast against the skin of her back.

After fumbling for what seemed the longest time, she finally managed to get both buckles undone and her shoes and socks off. Getting to her feet, for a moment she couldn't think of what to do with her shoes, ultimately settling on placing them on the table next to the bag. Now taking time to look around, she saw the others had followed her lead and were busy getting undressed. Except for Richard, who had gotten his jeans off and was sitting in the chair in his underwear. With his jeans over his lap, he was staring blankly out into space, his thoughts clearly somewhere else than in this room.

While playing the role of Amaryllis in the school play, Carolyn had changed clothes in front of this very same mirror many times, but then, there had only been other girls in the room, and she'd never needed to remove her underwear. Even if Richard didn't appear to be paying attention to her right now, the fact he was sitting only a few feet away definitely had an effect on her stress level as she now reached up behind her back to unhook her bra.

She'd performed this simple act so many times; it had become a reflex she never even had to think about. Yet now, with her palms clammy and her fingers trembling, try as she might, she couldn't seem to get the bra's straps unhooked. When finally the last hook did come free, feeling the back straps fall away to hang at her sides and the cups come loose from her breasts caused another unexpected spike in her anxiety. On the verge of panicking, she tried to calm herself with the thought, This is nothing more than one of those sudden jolts of apprehension my councilor warned me I'd experience. Just breathe and try not to think about what you're doing.

As if frozen in fear, she was holding her bra clasped to her breasts. Yet when she felt first the left strap and then the right slip down off her shoulders, the sensation cut through the fog, and a dose of raw reality smacked her right between the eyes. In that moment she knew, I'm actually here! This is me, Carolyn! Am I really going through with this? Really?

Swept away in a dizzying flood of indecision, the dressing room's gray cinder block walls felt as though they were closing in about her. Everything about everything was as intense as it was surreal. She tried once again telling herself to keep calm, but at that moment, she made the mistake of allowing her eyes to fall upon her own reflection in the mirror. When she'd undone the last hook, and her bra came loose, she'd reacted to the physical sensation of the cups about to slip off her breasts by clutching her bra to her. Standing still, her heart felt as if it was pounding up in her throat. Yet for some reason, when she found the courage to allow her hands to drop away, seeing the soft, white fabric of the cups puckered and loose about her breasts, along with the physical sensation of knowing her bra was on the verge of slipping free from her body had her teetering on the edge of a full-blown panic attack.

If all this wasn't stressful enough, in the next heartbeat she noticed down in the corner of the mirror, Richard had turned his attention back to her. Instinctively, she clasped her hands back over her bra, keeping it from slipping off her breasts. Yet a moment later, when she realized he had witnessed her embarrassment and had to be aware of her distress, she felt a burning flush of self-consciousness light in the pit of her stomach.

Taking in a deep breath, she held it, then exhaled. Carolyn knew if she was going to go through with this, she desperately needed to get a grip. These next few moments were going to be one of those monumental steps her counselor told her she would encounter, a threshold, which would require a conscious decision to cross. It was one thing to take off her blouse, shoes and socks, but if she allowed her bra to fall free from her breasts while Richard watched, there would be no turning back.

Even as she was considering the consequences of not going through with it and quitting the study right now, it happened. Dropping her hands, the cups slipped free from her breasts. Then simply allowing the shoulder straps to slide down her arms and into her hands, she wadded up her bra and dropped it in the bag.

The sensation of being bare--breasted was electric. The feel of the weight of her breasts as well as the cool air upon her bare skin created a blend of pure terror and exhilaration. Not really knowing what to do next, she reached up and began to massage the red welts where her bra's back straps had pressed into her ribs. Yet when she remembered Richard was watching, she stopped, instantly flooded through and through with embarrassment.

In the back of her mind, she knew touching herself like this was nothing more than an unconscious habit. After removing her bra, she almost always massaged her sides as well as the undersides of her breasts. Yet stressing over the fact she'd touched herself in such a personal manner, and Richard had seen her do it; it offered a small measure of relief, as well as tinge of disappointment to glance at his reflection down in the bottom corner of the mirror and see he had already directed his attention elsewhere.

It was so unsettling yet entirely compelling to peer into the mirror and see a reflection of herself. Her breasts entirely bare, and with only her jeans remaining, the face of the girl she saw looking back at her appeared pale, yet also flushed with excitement.

Tossing her hair first left, then right, Carolyn took in a deep breath, then focused again on the task at hand. Her jeans were the next challenge. Again, her fingers were fumbling so badly, it was a struggle to pop loose the button at the top. When finally she had the button released and began to pull down the zipper, with how quiet it was in the room, just as when Richard had unzipped his jeans, the sound her zipper made zipping down struck her as incredibly loud. Holding the open sides of her jeans in her fingers, all she needed to do to make that next giant leap was to pull down her jeans and step out of them. Making sure to focus upon the wall and not dare to watch herself doing it in the mirror, she pulled her jeans down off her hips, then bending over she brought up her left knee first, and next her right, stepping completely out of her pants. With her jeans off and in her hand, another fresh jolt of reality struck her. She was now down to nothing more than her panties, and if she thought her heart was pounding a few moments ago, the tension she was experiencing before was nothing compared to now.

Along with the removal of each piece of clothing, her sense of detachment from reality was becoming more and more profound. She felt hazy and in a daze. Realizing she might be on the verge of hyperventilating, she took a moment to breathe slowly in and out in an attempt to get her heart rate back under control. It's just an adrenaline rush, she told herself. Breathe in, breathe out ... you'll be okay.

She was never all that picky about having to have her clothes folded just so, but now, she took her time folding the jeans perfectly before adding them atop the pile of her other clothes already in the bag.

That done, she stole another quick moment to look around and check out what was going on around her. Richard was still sitting in the chair in his white briefs. He was watching Laura, who was down to her bra and panties, making a face as her hands worked to release the clasp behind her back. Carolyn flashed maybe Richard would be a gentleman, get up, go over, and offer to lend a hand. Though a second later, she recalled her own troubles getting her bra unhooked, and knew she would have felt totally mortified had he offered to help. Stephanie was still in her blouse, but was busy folding up her pants. The volleyball player had taken off her t--shirt and sweat pants revealing a sports bra and a purple thong, and the little redheaded girl had her shirt unbuttoned and was only just now removing her shoes and socks.

Carolyn had calmed her breathing down considerably over the last minute or so, but she received a fresh jolt of reality when she made the mistake of turning back and again found herself confronted with her reflection in the mirror. Seeing herself wearing nothing more than her panties flooded her with an almost overwhelming surge of panic. Similar to the bizarre reaction when she fixed upon the sensation of her bra hanging loose about her breasts, the sight of her bare naval caused another spike of anxiety to wash through her in surreal waves. Transfixed, she stared at the mostly naked girl in the reflection, while the others behind her in various stages of undress went through their motions as if background characters in a Quentin Tarantino movie.

Slowly, she brought her eyes back up to her breasts, and from out of nowhere, an astonishing thought blindsided her. For the first time all morning, a trace of a smile crept across her lips. Think of all those boys since the seventh grade who've worked so hard to sneak peeks at your breasts.

In embracing the thought, Carolyn realized ever since her breasts had first begun to develop, she had become an active player in the cat and mouse game between girls and boys, with the boys trying to seize every opportunity to sneak peeks, and her either letting them or not, depending upon her mood. Deep down in her heart, she knew sometimes she'd purposely left an extra button or two undone on her blouse. Whether bending down to pick up her backpack, or leaning forward while talking to a guy while seated at her desk, she'd relished playing innocent and feigning not having any clue whatsoever a boy was staring down her blouse. More than once, she'd come to school deliberately not wearing a bra, and delighted in the secret titillation of the deliciously naked feeling of the tips of her nipples when they stood taut beneath her clothes. Now though, this was entirely different. The game was over. Dressed in nothing more than her panties, she was topless with a guy in the room. Yet before she could get a handle on this, the ensuing thought hit her with this clammy yet luscious shiver. I guess all the boys are finally going to have their day!

Shocked at herself for what she was thinking, she allowed her eyes to drop from her breasts, and had her attention immediately drawn to the pastel pink of her panties. My god! Look at you, Carolyn? Her inner voice was racing as fast as her heart. This is you! You're standing here before this mirror with a guy in the room and wearing nothing but your panties. You took such care in picking them out this morning. Yet right now, you can't for the life of you remember why it seemed so important. If you take this next step, you'll be completely naked, and these panties you fretted over will end up in that brown paper bag along with the rest of the clothes you worried over this morning.

Peering into her own eyes, as if mesmerized, Carolyn was lost in her thoughts. Truly as if within a dream, the silence in the room about her seemed unreal, unbroken, except for an occasional squeak of a chair leg or a nervous cough.

Her palms clammy and her mouth gone dry, Carolyn came out of it to realize she was at another of those thresholds she would have to cross. As she tried to muster her courage, she felt so disconnected, as though this wasn't her at all; she was simply watching the girl in the mirror. She saw the girl bring her fingers down to the lacy waistband and hesitate before hooking her thumbs down into the elastic. The sensation when the girl's fingers slipped beneath the waistband caused her to reconnect. Never before had she experienced such a flash flood of nerves as she did now, holding her breath with the lace between her fingertips. Yet with a resolve that seemed to happen on its own, she lifted the lace up and away from her hips and pulled her panties all the way down to her knees in one swift move. For just a heartbeat, she paused. Forced to bend over to pull her panties down the rest of the way, in that moment, she became ultra--conscious of so many sensations, from how her hair flowed around the sides of her face to the weight of her naked breasts as they swung away from her body.

As she slid her panties down to her ankles, more startling than any sensation was the sudden exposure to the room's cool air within the heated hollow between her legs. In contrast, she could also feel how cold her bare toes were upon the cement floor. Rising up and steadying herself with one hand on the back of a chair, she tried to step out of her panties, but the leg hole snagged on her big toe and caused her to lose her balance. A burn of panic flashed through her as the chair slid forward slightly and creaked under her weight. The most embarrassing thing she could imagine would be to fall down on the floor like some kind of naked klutz.

Steadying herself, Carolyn slipped her panties free from her toe and clutched them all balled up in her sweaty palm. Her pretty pink panties, her last shred of modesty now wadded up in her hand. Caught up in the rush of the moment, she again allowed her eyes to take in the reflection of the girl in the mirror. There she was, yet somehow not the same girl from only a few minutes before. Is this me? Carolyn? Not a stitch to my name? Absolutely, completely and totally naked?

Her inner voice came alive. This is me! It's really me! I've actually gone through with it! I'm naked! That moment I've been dying over, dreading and dreading, it's here. These are my breasts. These are my nipples. And, oh my god! They're standing out as hard as they can be!

As a reflex, she almost allowed herself touch them; but immediately stopped, flooded with abject embarrassment the moment she saw her hand come up in the mirror. One of her myriad worries she'd silently stewed over these past few days was what would she'd do if and when her nipples became erect. And now, right off the bat, the worst of her fears had arisen.

Carolyn swallowed dryly and tossed her hair from side to side. Feeling so incredibly awkward and not knowing what to do with her hands, she allowed her gaze to slip lower, and what she saw was terrifying. Yesterday evening, in preparation for today she'd taken extra time in applying depilatory cream and doing a detailed shave everywhere, including her bikini line. Now, for the second time in moments, Carolyn once again experienced that huge sinking sensation in the pit of her stomach when she realized how much of her was visible between her legs. Even in the dressing room's dingy light, she agonized, Why couldn't you leave well enough alone this morning? That final nervous touch up with the razor had obviously gone way too far. All that remained of her pubic hair were the barest wisps, causing her to appear almost entirely bare.

Aghast at how exposed she was, the girl in the mirror's mouth had fallen open. Oh! My! God! Icy panic flooded through her. You've shaved yourself completely bare! Why would you do such a stupid thing! This is so totally embarrassing!

In all her hours of fretting and worrying about being naked, this wasn't what she'd envisioned at all. She'd imagined herself with her auburn curls concealing the most intimate folds and creases between her legs. Compared to some other girls she'd seen, the light brown wisps between her legs weren't very concealing at all, but she'd drawn some comfort in thinking her most intimate secrets would be at least somewhat concealed. Now this! Oh! My! God!

Flushed with panic, she realized her pubic area hadn't appeared this bare since before puberty set in. Fueled by this latest trauma, the dreamlike cloudiness in which she found herself grew even hazier than ever before. She had a sharp taste in her mouth, brassy and dry, and her heart was again pounding and pounding up in her throat. Yet, there was absolutely nothing she could do about it now, short of refusing to go through with it and putting her clothes back on.

Feeling numb, dazed even disembodied, out of the corner of her eye she watched the naked girl in the mirror drop her panties in the bag, then crumple the top closed. On the table were felt tip markers next to a stack of index cards and a box of paper clips. Her fingers shaking, the naked girl in the mirror scribbled, Carolyn Timmons on a card, then paper clipped it to the bag.

Done, she couldn't think of a single thing in the world to do with her hands, even if she could have felt her fingers. Should I sit down? Should I just stand here? Should I go out? I'm so nervous I don't have a clue what to do!

Searching and finally recalling the stress reduction lecture from orientation, Carolyn closed her eyes, taking in two long, deep breaths, then a third and a fourth. Hiding in the darkness behind her eyelids and listening to her heart pound in her ears, she remembered her counselor saying maintaining control over your breathing was the make--or--break stress management technique. She stood motionless, concentrating on long, even breaths; trying to get her racing heart under control. Finally, she began to feel better, but when she opened her eyes, she was just as naked as she had been moments ago.

**OMG! I'm Naked in School! Ch. 02: Carolyn**

It was 7:25, and Carolyn was as nervous as she'd ever been before a date. Just because she didn't have to worry about what to wear, didn't mean that she didn't have to worry about what to wear. In fact, it was worse. She'd spent most of the afternoon preparing. Even as early as this morning she had stripped and freshly repainted her toes and fingernails with a sparkly, metallic--blue polish she'd been saving for a special occasion. She had gone back and forth about what to do with her hair for at least an hour, finally selecting a blue bow to match her eyes. The whole thing with the bow had been such a decision. She'd felt compelled to wear something, but knew the bow would make her look younger; something she definitely wanted to avoid. Yet it was pretty, and it was something, so she went with it. For a necklace, she chose a simple gold heart on a chain her dad had given her, and she'd even talked her mom into loaning her a favorite pair of sandals. Since she didn't have to spend so much time changing and rechanging clothes as was her normal anxious compulsion prior to going out on a date, Carolyn had spent that time in front of the bathroom mirror worrying over her makeup to the point that she'd redone herself three times before she was satisfied enough to leave well enough alone.

The entire time she worked on her makeup, her mind was awhirl. She'd try to concentrate on the task at hand, as she worked carefully on her eyeliner, but found her eyes would keep dropping to her breasts reflected in the mirror. Looking at her nipples, that anxious chill would set back in. God! Carolyn! You're naked! Do you really think you can go out on a date, naked? But even with the anxious chill, the cloud of butterflies raging in her tummy and that voice in her head trying to talk her into backing down, the thrill of knowing she simply was going to do this was what held everything else at bay.

When Carolyn had finally finished up, and was back in her room and standing before her dresser's mirror and trying not to tremble, the image she cast back to herself was one of mixed messages. Her light brown hair was brushed to perfection, falling about her shoulders and actually shining in the light. She had to admit she'd done a really stellar job on all her make up, but especially her eyes; the soft cornflower blue seemed to shine out. The little heart necklace looked so sweet, as sometimes going simple and understated simply is better. yet, in terms of a fashion understatement there just wasn't any getting around this was a naked girl in the mirror. Since Monday a week ago she had fought a constant running battle of conscience over her pubic hair, or lack there of. This afternoon she'd been so careful with the razor as she worked on keeping herself bikini line trim, yet still, here again she felt as if she'd gone to far and her lips were painfully naked.

Carolyn had decided to go ahead and carry a purse. Whether or not to carry a purse had been a big decision in itself. She'd chosen one with a long, fine chain and silvery sequins. It wasn't too formal, but it wasn't like her well--worn, "I--don't--care--I'm--just--going--to--the--mall--with--Marcie" bag, either. Here, looking at her reflection in the mirror and seeing herself as she would appear to Ryan, the whole purse thing remained somewhat an issue. It was just that she felt she should carry a purse, and as an accessory, it did match her hair bow, lipstick, nail polish and sandals. Yet it had to be the psychology of the thing, but it did look out of context to be completely naked and have this bag hanging off her shoulder and positioned at her hip. She tried posing with it on the left and then right, and then a little in front and then a little behind, and finally decided on letting it just hang off her left hip so she could hold it in place with her hand. She really didn't have all that much in it anyway, just a compact, her lip--gloss, a brush, her wallet, and a package of the hygienic towelettes.

Next, Carolyn's eyes focused on her ID security bracelet. The thing just did look tacky as there had been no attempt by the designers to make it the least bit feminine friendly as an accessory, and it really looked like a guy's cheap watch. Yet that was one item that couldn't be helped. She could nix the bow and ditch the purse, even the sandals for that matter, but the ID bracelet was there to stay.

As she drifted back to her image in the mirror and now concentrating on her eyes, she flashed back to her very first real date. Those same eyes had looked back to her as reflected in this same mirror those few years ago, and oddly, so many of the emotions behind them, then as now, also were the same. Technically, her parents had said she couldn't date until she was sixteen, but she and Paul Beringer had gone to the eighth grade graduation dance. Of course, his dad had driven them there, and the whole affair had been heavily chaperoned by parents and faculty alike. Yet, for Carolyn, in her mind's eye, that would always be her very first real date. She could recall it now so vividly, standing in front of this very same mirror, the very same butterflies tickling her insides. That evening she'd been wearing a pretty, blue dress with white lacing. That was one big difference between then and now. But a similarity was her anxiety and excitement and that so much had been racing through her mind. Little things, like: If we sit in the back seat should I sit up close next to him or as far away as I can get? What if he wants to hold hands? What if there's a slow dance, should I let him hold me close if he wants to? Of course, the big question was: What if he tries to kiss me?

Now, though all that seemed a long time ago in a galaxy far, far away; so many of those questions were still running through her head, especially the one about the traditional goodnight kiss. In her mind, she'd been tumbling this issue over and over almost ever since she'd told Ryan, "yes" and then hung up the phone. The very thought of it, in picturing herself naked and letting him kiss her was fraught with every kind of excitement and apprehension. In her worst case scenario she'd imagined him being so bold as trying to make out with her in the movie, or out parked somewhere in his car. But then, finally she'd imagined the more traditional and conservative scene out on her porch at the end of the night.

Quite frankly, the first two concepts she wasn't about to let happen; but the third, imagining standing out on her porch under the stars and both of them being so nervous while they held hands, looking into one another's eyes and then coming together to touch lips, this gave her quite a little thrill.

Finally though, Carolyn went down to the living room to sit in silent anticipation on the couch, her purse strategically placed over her lap and looking at the time on her ID band every few seconds. Of course, her mom, her dad, and Charli were all right there with her. Her dad had been pretty much against the whole idea ever since she'd burst into the den last night with the news. Right off, he'd said he just couldn't imagine it; and kept repeating over and over, "How can you go out on a date if you're naked?" It's just not right!"

Tonight, just minutes before Ryan was supposed to arrive, the argument had flared back up again.

"Carolyn!" Like a caged animal with no room, her dad was pacing back and forth in front of the TV. "I can't believe you're going to go through with this. I mean," he swept out a hand, "come on, look a you?"

"She looks pretty," her mom had come back.

"She's not pretty! She's naked, for Christ's sake!" Her dad fired back. "There's a difference!"

"Yes, Carolyn is unclothed. But, I don't for the life of me know why you're so against this, John?"

In another quick revelation, Carolyn suddenly realized that her mother strictly avoided ever using the word, "naked." She'd say, "un clothed," or "undressed," or sometimes even "nude," but never "naked."

"Yeah, dad," Carolyn had argued back. "Dad, it's just a date. It's not sex."

Just saying the word sex, he'd flinched and missed a step in his pacing.

"I mean, come on, Dad?" Carolyn pressed her case from where she was sitting on the couch with her mother by her side. "You've been seeing me naked now for a couple of weeks. You of all people should know," she waved her hands down to indicate her body, "the study isn't about sex."

Pointing out to her dad that he had been seeing her naked wasn't exactly the right thing to say, that is if Carolyn's goal was to soothe rather than incite.

Carolyn's mom jumped in. "She's right, John. In fact, I'd say sex is less likely now that she's unclothed."

It was Carolyn's turn to be aghast. "Mom!"

"Well, look at it this way, baby." Her mom placed a calming hand on Carolyn's knee. "I'd say the fact that you are undressed will make the entire date so different the whole issue of sex will be a little too weird. It's just ... just ..." Her mom threw up her hands, almost at a total loss for words. "It's just ... Too! Well ... Too ... Too!"

Charli, as always was ready to help. She'd jumped into the conversation with, "Daddy when I turn sixteen, would you let me go out on a date with a boy if I was naked?"

Carolyn's dad's pacing stopped right in his tracks.

"Look, John," Carolyn's mom was desperately trying to be so diplomatic, and in spite of the heavy stress in the air she was doing a fair job of keeping her voice even and calm. "I don't really feel all too comfortable about this, either. But, I haven't felt all too comfortable about a lot of things since Monday a week ago. We're just going to have to deal with this, too." She again patted Carolyn's knee. "John, Carolyn is eighteen. She's in this study. We all agreed to it."

"Yeah." He looked almost pleading. "I know, she's in the study." 'Study,' the way he'd mouthed the word, to Carolyn it sounded as though it tasted rotten. "But I didn't think she'd be going out on any nude dates."

Carolyn scooted a bit and tossed her hair back. "Daddy?" She was always careful when around him to sit with her knees clenched and her arms in so she could mostly cover her breasts without making it look like she was blatantly trying to do so. And with the purse in her lap she had her hands folded down over it ever so ladylike. "I'm telling you, daddy, I'll be okay. I'm scared, too. I won't say I'm not. But, I've been scared so many times since I got started in all this. And every time I find some way to get through it, and then, when I look back it's not so bad." Boy, you really told him a whopper with that one, rushed through her mind as she again tossed her hair.

Carolyn raised her hand briefly to jangle her wrist before quickly recovering her purse to keep it from falling off of her lap. "I've got my security bracelet, and I can tell you after Marcie set it off at the pool it really works." In her mind Carolyn was suddenly flashed with that pervasive image of Sarah, naked, and smiling as she had as she so coyly, yet overtly, presented herself to that big, black cop, Calvin Roscoe. She quickly regained her thoughts. "And it's not like I haven't been out with Ryan before, you know."

Her dad was focusing on her, but only on her eyes. "I hope you weren't naked with him that time?"

Now it was Carolyn's mother's turn to be aghast. "John? What a thing to say?"

"I know! I know!" He threw up his hands. You're going to tell me I'm getting over emotional again. But, it's just ... what kind of a guy is willing to go out on a dare with a naked girl?"

"Dare?" Carolyn seized on the word. "You said 'dare.' "

Now he really was flustered, her dad fired back, "You know what I meant! Dare, date, what's the difference? I guess you're going to say that was some kind of a Freudian slip on my part. And who knows, maybe it was?" He was back to pacing again. "I just don't feel right about it is all. And I don't see how this guy she's going out with could either?" He was now so worked up he fairly roared. "I mean what is he, anyway? Some kind of a pimp or something? What kind of guy goes out on a date with a naked girl, for Christ's sake?"

The doorbell rang.

Everyone looked toward the hall.

Carolyn's mom got to her feet, speaking in a hush with her finger before her lips. "Now you be nice to the young man, John. I can imagine he'll be nervous enough without you jumping on him."

Carolyn started to get up, but her dad waved her back down.

"You just sit where you are, young lady." He began walking toward the hall. "Everybody stay where they are. I'll let him in."

Carolyn, held her purse, and her palms were wet and clammy. She heard the door open, and then Ryan's strong voice. "Good evening, Sir. You're Carolyn's father? I don't know if you remember me, sir? I'm Ryan."

Though Carolyn didn't have super vision and couldn't see through the wall, she could see in her mind Ryan standing there with his hand extended, and that eagerly boyish look she'd though was so cute when he'd done the same thing a year ago.

When the two came around the corner, Carolyn's dad still had Ryan's hand gripped in a handshake, as he had yet to let go. Upon seeing Carolyn, her dad did let go of Ryan's hand and came striding over to stand right next to her, as though he were some kind of guard.

Carolyn's mom got up and stepped over lightly, offering her own hand. As he took it, she said so sweetly, "I remember you, Ryan. You play football, don't you?"

He was so cool, but Carolyn didn't miss spotting the nervous shuffle of his feet. "That's right, ma'am."

Carolyn's mom looked back at her husband, then quickly back to Ryan "What position do you play?"

Ryan was dressed in a pair of freshly pressed tan khakis and a nice button down white shirt. With the way his dark hair was so perfectly combed, it was obvious he had taken great pains to present himself as the picture of a nice young man. "Linebacker." He showed everyone a flash of pride in his grin. Strong side linebacker."

"Carolyn's dad played football in high school, too, Ryan." Her mom's voice was oh--so sweet and as condescending as if she were praising a three--year--old about a picture he'd just drawn as she addressed her husband. "What position did you play, John?"

Carolyn knew full well her mom knew exactly what position her dad had played. They'd heard every one of his football stories at least as many times as infinity squared.

Her dad, still standing protectively to Carolyn's side grudgingly offered up a reply. "I was a tail back."

Ryan, to his own credit, spoke right up. "You know, that's one thing I love about my playing defense, Mr. Timmons. I love to tackle backs coming out of the backfield. And, of course, one of my all--time favorite things is catching one while he's still in the backfield and then nailing him for a loss." He had his eyes squarely fixed on Carolyn's dad, football player to football player. "Of course, on a pass play to come up full speed on the receiver when he's concentrating on making the catch and he's not paying attention to you while he's got his eyes fixed on the ball, that's a pretty good one, too."

Carolyn knew Ryan had it won when her dad couldn't help but smile. It was Carolyn's mom who then stepped right back in with perfect timing. "Well, I guess you two young people had better get going if you're going to make the eight fifteen show."

As Carolyn got up and passed by, her mother made a quick little reach to touch Carolyn by the shoulder and stop her and straighten Carolyn's bow. Up close, Carolyn was positive she saw a tear in the corner of her mother's eye.

Outside in the evening air while walking down to Ryan's car, was another of those overwhelming and entirely surreal experiences. The afternoon heat had long ago broken, the sun was angled down below the trees and the evening sky had gone that soft and velvety blue. Just after coming down the steps she had almost let go of her purse and almost held hands with him. It was one of those reflexive things, and they'd both drawn back upon contact of their fingers. There was just so much going on emotionally; Carolyn's normal first date jitters were squared exponentially, even if this wasn't technically their first date. As she led the way down the walk with Ryan trailing right behind, she had another of those visions of herself in her mind's eye. It wasn't so entirely detailed as some of her others; it was more a holistic thing of seeing the front of their house and the two of them on the walkway. Still, as she led the way down to the driveway she found herself hoping Ryan wasn't looking at her tush. She knew for a fact if she was to give a look back over her shoulder she would see her dad and her mom, and surely, Charli, too, peeping out around the curtains of the front room's windows checking on everything.

She hadn't noticed it before, but with a quick gasp, she realized Mr. Keyes, was out in his yard across the street. He performed the most pronounced double take when he saw Carolyn. This wasn't the first time he had seen Carolyn since she'd started participating in the study; he had seen her twice before. The first time he'd been out arguing over something with Mr. Wryno, and Carolyn's walking down the driveway to her car naked had brought the political confrontation to a screeching halt. The second time was last Wednesday evening when she'd gone down to the street to the mailbox to get the mail as Charli had steadfastly refused telling Carolyn it was her turn. Mr. Keyes was just getting in from work, and was so distracted by seeing Carolyn naked he almost hit his own garbage cans with his car while pulling into his driveway. Tonight it was probably a little shameless, but Carolyn found herself with one of those odd mood swings, and it was actually fun for her to wave a little too--da--loo at Mr. Keyes as Ryan opened the door for her. When she'd sat down and Ryan quite gentlemanly closed the door for her, Carolyn looked out at Mr. Keyes as she adjusted the seat belt. Suddenly though, she found herself flushed with the most brazen grin, she just couldn't seem to suppress, as the realization of her nudity and what her neighbor must be thinking as he looked at her caught up with Carolyn.

Ryan got in, closing the door and immediately put the key in the ignition. As he started the motor and then fastened his seatbelt, he was fixated on staring out the windshield, but did hazard one quickly furtive glance at Carolyn just before putting the car in reverse. When they backed out onto her street and then began driving, for the first little while the silence was deafening. Finally though, it was Ryan who spoke up. "So what was so funny back there?"

Carolyn, who had been concentrating out of the side window, glanced over. "What?

"When I got in the car, you looked as if you'd just thought of something really funny." He nervously regripped the wheel, lacing his fingers up and then back down again. "Whatever it was you need to let me in on it. Whatever I did wrong, I was there, and I can't remember anything all that funny in my meeting your parents?"

He gave Carolyn a surprise, suddenly looking down to his lap and then flashing her an embarrassed grin. "I mean, my fly wasn't open, was it?"

Suddenly, the whole spell was broken. Being so blatant as to have tossed that little wave at Mr. Keyes, and now Ryan's self--effacing attempt at humor was just the right touch to help her breath an internal sigh of relief. "As if anyone would have cared," Carolyn came back.

"Hey! Hey!" Ryan was doing a good job of acting put out. "What do you mean, nobody would have cared? Geeze, I mean I don't get to go around like your pal, Robert, but I would hope at least somebody might care if I did let it all hang out."

The way he was grinning, Carolyn knew he wasn't really angry, but only still trying to lighten the mood; surely, for his own state of mind, as well as hers. She shook her head. "You know I didn't mean it that way. I'm sure people would care if you went around with your fly open." She kept her hands folded on top of her purse, and her purse in the center of her lap. "I tell you what, when we go into the movies, why don't you unzip your fly and we'll see if the ticket taker or the popcorn girl notices?"

Even before he could respond, Carolyn realized the conversation was starting to get pretty weird. Luckily, Ryan probably realized it too, as he dropped it.

"I got us tickets to see that new Drew Barrymore movie." He kept his eyes firmly fixed on the road.

Carolyn responded with, "Isn't that kind of what you guys call a chick--flick?"

Ryan surprised her by managing a fairly good Austin Powers impersonation, "Yeahhhh baby! What ever you like. I always watch a chick--flick when I'm out with a really groovy chick."

Carolyn couldn't help but fall into character, coming back with her own smarmy British accent. "Oh! Be--have!"

During the rest of the drive to the Cineplex they managed to keep up a fast--paced and enjoyable repartee, cleverly inserting lines from their favorite movies into their conversation. Carolyn was actually amazed to learn how well versed Ryan was in vintage Monty Python, and at one point they ever ran through the entire routine of King Arthur being dressed down by the insulting French knight upon on the parapet. They even ended together as if singing a duet with a resounding an entirely snide, "You silly English, Kaa--nigget!" A few minutes after their laughter had died down, Carolyn spotted the theater and the crowded Saturday night parking lot. That happy glow from just a few moments back simply vanished, and she was self--conscious about it when she tossed her hair back over her shoulders. Her angst was such she couldn't help but be aware of the nonverbal signal Ryan had taught her about in tossing her hair, but she wasn't consciously aware that her toes were also curling in her sandals.

Ryan was lucky to be able to pull into the parking lot, come around to the side of the building and immediately "park shark" a couple leaving the theater. He trailed them to their car and got their spot, which was fairly close in. It was comical for Carolyn to see the reaction of the guy backing out and looking over his shoulder, when he saw Carolyn was topless. He probably hadn't been able to really see Carolyn before, but he was driving this monster Nissan SUV, as big as a tank; and being able to look down and into Ryan's car he almost clipped two cars he had his eyes so fixed down on Carolyn as he passed by.

Once they had parked, Ryan removed his key chain from the ignition and twirled it around his finger gunslinger style. He looked at his watch, then turned to Carolyn, who probably hadn't even realized once they'd pulled into the parking lot how much she had scrunched herself into the corner of the seat and the door. "We've got fifteen minutes until the movie starts. I don't suppose you'd want to go in and stand out in the lobby and maybe play a video game?"

Carolyn, though all day she had told herself she was going to be brave, the earlier ease she gained during the drive was simply gone, and she felt the numb chill set in as the blood drained from her fingers and toes.

"Hey, just kidding!" Ryan reacted. "You sure you're okay?"

Carolyn realized her body language for what it was and forced herself to sit up. She tossed her hair back and checked the clock on her wristband. "I don't mind sitting out here for a few minutes. That is if you don't?"

He sat up and pocketed his keys. "Cool with me." He gave her a quick grin. "Usually I don't get to park until the end of a date."

For a moment, it was all silent. The dearth of sound in the car was such that it was readily apparent this time; Ryan's attempt at lite humor had fallen flat on its face.

Carolyn looked down to see herself. That was one of the stress avoidance no--no's they'd been taught in orientation. Like a contestant on the reality show, "Fear Factor" the counselors had explained, who is way up somewhere scary, climbing a ladder or suspended out on a high wire, you do a lot better in keeping it together if you don't look down. And now, Carolyn had just looked down to see herself. In becoming real in her mind it all became so unreal. She was sitting here in Ryan's car: her breasts, her nipples, her tummy, her bellybutton, her legs, her thighs, her knees; she was naked.

Suddenly Carolyn was so conscious of the feel of her bare bottom on the seat, and too, the uncomfortable chaff of the seat belt, which was separating and cutting across her bare breasts. In fact, the entire seatbelt and shoulder strap felt like some kind of bondage device against her bare skin. In the ugly yellow glow from the parking lot's sodium vapor lamps, everything was so surreal. It was like an image from a Twilight Zone horror in how the light and shadows patterned and illustrated her naked body through the windows. Those were her very own naked breasts she saw. Making it even worse, her nipples were standing out stiffly. The very worst of it was, when she had resituated herself in the seat Carolyn had forgotten about her purse, and in a little patch of light, she could clearly see highlighted, as if in a spotlight, the little wisps of brown pubic hair tucked into the tightly clenched triangle between her legs. She gathered up her purse and put it back in her lap, suddenly having to swallow back the urge to plead with Ryan to please just take her home.

Carolyn knew she had to say something. "So you didn't have a game last night?"

His voice sounded relived if not somewhat strained. "We played OD high."

"OD?" Carolyn squinted, ala Marcie. "Overdose?"

Ryan was looking right at her, but being very careful to keep his eyes above shoulder level. "OD, it's an acronym. It stands for Open Date. That's what they put on the schedule, OD. So we make a joke out of it saying we're playing OD high."

Carolyn knew he was looking at her, but she kept her own eyes out on the parking lot. "So what did you do? Did you go out cruising with your football buddies?"

"Yeah." He now regripped the wheel with both hands, stretching his arms out and leaning back in the seat. "We got a couple of six packs and went out to the reservoir. The moon was up. It was really pretty out over the water. I kind of wished I had brought my sketch pad." Out of the corner of her eye, Carolyn could see him smile. "But, I don't think the guys would understand my sitting out there and drawing. That's not all that macho of a thing for a football player to do, you know?"

Carolyn had a flash. Last night, when Ryan had called to ask her out he'd said he was going to be running around with Darius, who she knew also played on the football team. That's where Ryan heard about Charli's little business. Yesterday, in homeroom, she'd told everyone about it and now, obviously Darius had told Ryan. She wondered what else they had talked about, and was instantly glad she hadn't been so ready to prove to Marcie she wasn't a stick--in--the--mud that she'd taken Darius up on his awful request to "spread--em" for the class.

"You know, maybe we ought to go in." Ryan released the wheel to look at his watch. "It might be better if we go in and get a good seat before it gets too full?"

Carolyn looked over to the crowded strip shopping center. For a Saturday night, she'd had seen it more crowded, but there still were quite a bit of people milling about near the ticket sales windows and out in front of the doors. She pictured going into the theatre and them not being able to find two seats together and her having to sit next to some smarmy looking pervert guy. She could next imagine the geek then trying to cop a feel in the dark. Of course, she doubted any smarmy perverts would actually be going to see a Drew Barrymore chick--flick, but that idea was enough to spur her to action. She'd made up her mind. She wasn't going to be conservative Carolyn; she was going to do this.

Carolyn reached down to unsnap the seat belt, and gather up her purse in one hand and put her other hand on the door latch. "I'm ready if you are?"

"Hang on," Ryan cautioned. "Let me go out and open your door for you. It'll look better that way."

Carolyn wasn't exactly sure how that would "look better," but she was pleased he was obviously focused on being a gentleman, and obviously had given a lot of thought as to what he was going to do tonight, too.

Once the door had closed, and the alarm had chirped, it was so difficult to get her legs to move. Dazed, Carolyn found she was so numb she felt as if she were floating. Maybe I should hold his hand? Maybe I should put my arm around his waist? Yet she discarded those as quickly as they had flown at her. She wanted to stick close to him, but not that close.

Coming out of the parking aisle and into the lane where the cars were dropping off and picking up, the effect of Carolyn's emerging into the light was even more than she had ever expected. Everything just stopped. People were staring open--mouthed out of their car's windows, and one guy even got out to block traffic and pounded on the roof of his car, then gave her a long and sweeping wolf whistle.

Carolyn was doing everything she could to focus on nothing and nobody. Yet that was impossible. Through her adrenaline rush and haze she saw it all, in a crazy whirl. The people in line at the ticket counter turning around, the one girl behind the glass knocked the girl working next to her in the shoulder so she could see. It seemed the general milling and murmuring had come to a complete and utter hush. That is until a boy somewhere squealed, "Look! That girl's naked!"

Carolyn knew it when they were at the door. It was a weird rush, when Ryan let go of her hand so he could step up and open the door for them for her to realize at some point she had taken his hand. Gripping her purse at her hip, she stepped into the too bright lights of the busy concession area with Ryan right behind, and in but a matter of a few racing heartbeats the only sound in the place was the roar of the popcorn popper erupting behind the candy counter.

Ryan, though, was right beside her, even though everyone, absolutely everyone was staring. Sensing her discomfort, he offered, "I guess you'd like to pass on the popcorn? What do you say, let's just go in."

They crossed the paralyzed lobby, and the people already in line at the ticket takers had all turned about to stare. She and Ryan stepped up, and it was everything Carolyn could do to not look at the fat balding guy who had turned to face her and inches away was gaping and grinning as though Santa had just brought him his dream come true.

"Hey!" Ryan spoke up, produced the tickets out of his shirt pocket. "If you people aren't going to go on in why don't you just step aside and let us go on?"

The fat guy in front of her was doing a head bob routine of sweeping his eyes over Carolyn up and down, up and down. It wasn't so much him, but his attitude and expression, which were so awful. This was the pervert she had imagined sitting next to her. She really did have an urge to just bolt and run. Had Ryan not had her hand she probably would have. She did cast a quick look back over her shoulder to see that wouldn't be possible anyway. It was as if every person in the theatre was now standing directly behind her, with the first three rows deep of gawkers all males and about Charli's age.

She was conscious of Ryan leaning in and turned her attention back. He whispered to her. "You okay, Carolyn?"

The one thing she heard, even more than the words themselves, was the sincerity of concern for her in his voice. She squeezed his hand, and something actually did come out of her mouth. "Do you think we can just go on in?"

Ryan reacted by pushing past the fat gawker and moving right up to the front of the line, brining Carolyn in tow. The kid in the theatre uniform standing inside the red velvet rope didn't appear to be up to any of this at all. He'd frozen, rooted where he was. Ryan was forced to tear the tickets and put the stubs in the slot, then just stepped past the guy, and they were free. He somehow found the right theatre and led them inside. Luckily, Carolyn was able to breathe a sigh of relief as it wasn't all too crowded at all.

Like a couple of conspirators they were standing close together, still hand in hand and peering around the edge of the entry wall into the seating area. Carolyn was aware she had her breasts crushed against Ryan's arm, but she wasn't about to let go of his hand and stand away.

No one inside, as of yet had seen them.

"Where do you want to sit?" Ryan asked.

Carolyn normally tried to get middle center, but tonight the least conspicuous was what she had in mind. "How about if we go all the way up to the back and sit up in the corner?"

Ryan squeezed her hand. "Follow me."

Of course, it was a repeat performance of stunned shock and amazement amongst the people already seated as a naked girl clutching her purse was led by her hand up the stairs. People eating popcorn stopped in mid mouthful, and everyone turned, and every eye followed them each step of the way up. By the time Carolyn and Ryan stepped between the seats up against the back wall and to the very corner, word had spread, and even those people seated down in the section lower and nearer the screen had all turned about to stare. Ryan allowed Carolyn to lead the way, letting her take the last seat in very corner with himself positioned between her and the end of the row. Though she was self--conscious about doing it, while all eyes in the theater were watching, she opened her purse, pulled out one of the hygienic towelettes and placed it down over the seat before sitting down.

Once Ryan was settled beside her she again took his hand not wanting want to let go, at least not just yet.

Ryan looked at their hands and then up to Carolyn's eyes. "You sure you're okay, Carolyn?"

With her other hand she was clutching her purse and was trembling, her heart was racing, and her mouth had gone stone dry. There was a commercial on the screen for Coke with a question about Hollywood trivia. Carolyn was aware of reading the question, but the words and letters as they tried to form in her mind might just as well have been Greek.

"Carolyn?" Ryan squeezed her hand again.

She came out of it to focus on him. In just seeing the expression on his face a huge weight fell from her. No child ever awoke from a terrible fever to look up into the eyes of an anxious parent who displayed more sincere worry or concern, than Ryan showed her right now.

"Yeah. Yeah," she croaked. "God, that was all so intense."

"I thought that guy in front of you in line was going to bust his aorta," Ryan offered lightly, though to tell the truth, his own voice was a bit shaky.

"What guy?' Carolyn came back.

"The bald guy with the triple--X size beer belly in line at the ticket taker's, when he turned around and saw you, his face went from red to blue."

Carolyn looked past Ryan to the aisle. A group of boys had gathered and were standing there gaping at her. Seeing her looking past, Ryan reacted, and turned back to his left.

There had to be twenty boys, none of them older than fifteen. The rest of the people in the sparsely filled theatre were mostly couples, so it was plain these moviegoers had followed Carolyn into this theater for an entirely different kind of show.

Ryan did get Carolyn to allow him to pull her his hand free, and the linebacker with the enormous shoulders twisted about to face the boys dead on. "I was wondering something?" He stated out of the blue, causing every eye to suddenly leave Carolyn and fall upon him.

One boy, who was dressed in an "Aqua Teen Hunger Force" t--shirt, and who had moved in so close as to be sitting on his knees facing them backwards on the third seat in the aisle just in front, took the bait. "Wondering what?"

"Wondering where the closest hospital is?" Ryan stated flatly, but with a very apparent resolve. "Because if you geeky little spazzes think I'm going to just sit here while you stare at us and embarrass us, I can tell you right now, that's just not going to happen."

"Yeah?" One still standing back in the aisle piped up. "What you gonna do about it?"

"I'm only seventeen," Ryan lied. "So legally, I'm not an adult. So if I come over there right now and bust a couple of you up, probably the worst that would happen to me is I'd get thrown out of the theatre."

Ryan stood up.

"Hey!" One of the boys nudged another. "With the way she's sitting and how dark it is we can't see anything anyway. And I don't want to see this stupid movie. Let's go."

Still, though, about a dozen thought it was worth the risk.

Ryan sat down and shrugged to Carolyn. "Hey, I tired. Maybe if we ignore them, they'll go away?"

Carolyn immediately tapped Ryan on the shoulder indicating to him he should look back out into the theatre. When Ryan looked around, he saw a man in a cheap suit followed by an officer in a brown uniform who had a firm hold on his gun as they both were climbing the steps two at a time. When the man in the suit got up to them he was entirely red faced and out of breath. Still he managed to put his hands on his hips as he stood in the aisle heaving and spat, "Just what in the hell do you think you're doing? Get out of my theatre!" He looked back over to the officer. "Arrest those people and get them the hell out of here."

Carolyn sat where she was. Ryan was so big it was as if she could just look around him. Her mouth was so dry, and now she was conscious of the tang of a bit of brass. Still, even if it was weakly, she managed to speak up. "I'm not doing anything wrong."

"Yeah, one of the kids piped in. "She's looking pretty good." He punched the kid next to him. "Man, I saw her tits just now!"

"Come on!" The theatre manager was hitching his thumb toward the exit. "I want you two out of here."

Carolyn spoke up again. "I told you I'm not doing anything wrong." It was dim back here, and the officer was standing off to the side, but Carolyn had a flash of recollection. "Deputy Ramierez? Is that you?" She almost stood as a reflex, but thought better of it and continued to peer around Ryan.

The deputy stepped around into the light, and a grin spread across his face. He pointed as if firing a gun. "I know you. I saw you at the pool the other day, didn't I?"

"I don't care where you saw her." The manger had droplets of spit flying out of his mouth he was so upset. "Get her out of here!"

Deputy Ramierez regripped his pistol and shook his head. "Sorry, I don't know what I can do. She's not breaking any laws as far as I can tell."

The manager fairly roared. "She naked for Christ's sake!"

Carolyn could see something in Deputy Ramierez's expression, which told her exactly how much he thought of the theater manager and how much he was enjoying not doing as he was instructed. He kept the one hand still on his pistol and his eyes on Caroline. "Look, Darren, I'm telling you, she's not breaking any laws."

"What the hell do you mean?" Carolyn caught the flash of the man in the awful suit's name badge as a brighter slide lit the screen. It read Darren Stephens, Manager. "She can't just go around naked. It's obscene." Darren pointed, indicating the gawking kids. "I can't let these kids in to see an R rated movie, and you're telling me it's okay for them to see a real live naked girl?"

"I don't make the laws." Deputy Ramirez was stroking the tips of his moustache with his free hand. "I just enforce 'em. Speaking of that." He shrugged to indicate the gawking kids. "How much you want to bet none of these boys have tickets for this movie?"

Carolyn saw the change of attention as it passed over the face of the manager. He obviously subscribed to a hierarchy of laws, and kids sneaking into the wrong theater ranked significantly higher on his list of offenses against theater rules than a naked girl.

He held out his hand. "Come on. I want to see your stubs?"

With a deputy right there, the boys didn't have a chance, and they knew it. Grudgingly, they began heading down the steps, though each and everyone did look back over his shoulder before disappearing down the side exit.

Theatre manager Stephens obviously was a guy who had to get in the last word. He addressed both Carolyn and Ryan. "I don't want to see either one of you two in here again. Young lady, your making an inappropriate and vulgar scene may not be against the law, but on Monday I'm going to check with our lawyers. And I don't think we have to admit nudists."

The manager had gone down two steps when Ryan spoke up. "Hey! Why don't you just put up a sign out front?"

Manager Stephens stopped and turned back questioningly.

Ryan grinned. "No Shirt! No Shoes! No Service!"

Ramirez broke out in a laugh, as manager Stephens stormed down the aisle. It was obvious though, the deputy wasn't ready to leave just yet. Standing out in the aisle he addressed Carolyn. "Where's you little friend Sarah?"

Carolyn kept her purse where it was as she could follow Deputy Ramirez's eyes. "She couldn't make it tonight."

Ramirez still had his hand on his gun and was still fingering his moustache with the other hand. "You two out on a date, or something?"

Ryan nodded.

Ramirez let go of his moustache, and his teeth shown bright white in the gloom. "Now that's a first. I thought I was pretty slick with the ladies. But I haven't ever had one naked while we were still at the movies. Wait 'til I tell Roscoe about this." With that, he tipped his hat to Carolyn, then sauntered down the steps and disappeared.

Carolyn exhaled. "Do you think it's over?"

Everyone in the theatre was still looking back towards the corner and not at the movie trivia slides flashing up on the screen. Ryan looked around then said, "I get a feeling the evening's only just begun."

Their timing in arriving when they had and choice of movies though was rather fortunate. This movie had been out a few weeks, and was nearing the end of its run, so the theatre remained mostly empty by the time the trailers for the coming attractions began to run. The new arrivals had no idea a naked girl was sitting up in the back corner, and in but a few minutes after Deputy Ramirez had left, even most of the people who still continued to crane their necks and look back had begun to watch the screen.

Once the movie had started, Ryan whispered, "Carolyn? Are you thirsty?"

To tell the truth, her throat was terribly dry. Yet, she wasn't about to go down into the lobby, and she definitely didn't want to be left here all alone. She shook her head. Still, though, after the movie had started, and she could see everyone below was concentrating on the screen she whispered to Ryan, asking him if he would please make a trip to the concession stand. All the while he was gone, she slunk down low in the seat, terrified that someone might come in late and decide to come sit in the back. It was such a relief to see Ryan come back up the steps with a couple of drinks and a bag of popcorn.

Around half way through the movie, Carolyn realized how cold it had become in the theater. Maybe she partially had the drink to blame, as it had tasted so cold, and sweet, and wet, and she'd been so thirsty she'd drank more than half of the enormous cup within a few minutes of Ryan having sat back down. Yet now she was cold and her teeth were chattering.

Ryan had been a complete gentleman. He had made sure to keep to the other side of his seat so as to not encroach on Carolyn's personal space, and had not even put his arm on the arm rest.

Carolyn was aware he had occasionally cast furtive glances at her breasts. In the cafeteria at school she had caught him with his eyes on her with a great deal more frequency than he had here in the theatre. As with the heightening of all her senses, Carolyn had grown extremely adept at knowing when someone was staring outright. Yet, she was even more aware when a person was too embarrassed, or whatever, and so only snuck these fleeting little glimpses and quickly guarded glances hoping she wouldn't know. But she was cold. Probably, that asshole manager had taken a page from Coach Carl's playbook and had turned up the AC to freeze her out.

Carolyn had her arms wrapped up and her legs clenched together, but it was getting to the point where she becoming so uncomfortable she was no longer able to enjoy the movie, and was about to ask Ryan if they could leave. Ryan though, must have noticed her shivering as he leaned over and whispered are you okay? It's gotten kind of chilly in her."

Carolyn's teeth chattered. "It's terrible. I'm freezing."

In the illumination of a bright scene on the screen, she could see Ryan give her a quick once over, and she could also see the goose bumps populating her arms and legs.

He whispered, again, "Do you want to go?"

She shook her head. She had been enjoying the movie before the blizzard set in. "Could you?" She chattered. "Could you maybe put your arm around me?" It was a desperate move, but she was cold. She clearly saw Ryan's shocked expression

He leaned back in. "You sure?"

She nodded, then actually left the wall where she'd had her shoulder pinned and leaned in next to him. Ryan brought his arm over and placed his hand in a most gentlemanly fashion on Carolyn's arm, just above her elbow. For Carolyn, the change was almost immediate. Her legs were still cold, but she turned slightly and whispered into Ryan's ear, "thanks!"

For Carolyn, completely naked and in such a public place she was immersed in a flood of thoughts and emotions. As always, when she finally had to time to consider her plight, the knowledge of and associated physical sensations because of her nudity were a source of trepidation and thrill. The blend of these two competing emotions swung back and forth as she would go from being so ultra self--conscious about even having Ryan's arm around her to secretly hoping he might be so bold as to let his hand slide up her arm to let a finger graze the side of her breast. The electric flash of titillation she'd experience every time she'd look down during a bright scene on the screen to see her own naked breasts and his hand but a few inched away was as intensely frightening as it was alluring.

During one of the hotter romance scenes involving Drew necking with her hoped--for boyfriend out on an open park bench, Carolyn found watching her kissing and the parallel to her own present public situation very compelling, even exciting. She became so conscious of Ryan next to her, and her thoughts ran wild. What if he slides his hand over and he cups my breast? This thought was so pervasive. What if I let him? And what if he even began to trace his thumb back and forth over my nipple? Would you let him? What would you do? She shivered, and it wasn't from the cold. Ryan looked over to her, and she managed a smile, though she was afraid he might somehow see what she was thinking in her eyes.

She looked back to the screen, but her thoughts weren't on the plot. Even without the occasional glance she'd steal down to see herself, Carolyn was intensely aware both her nipples were straining and taut, as hard as little rocks.

With that sensation so strong she found it difficult to quit thinking about her "what ifs." After all, it wasn't like this was their first date, and Ryan had already kissed her once before. She knew if Ryan were to touch her, the first contact of his fingers to her naked breast would cause her such an electric sensation she couldn't even imagine the impact of the reality until it was upon her, and perhaps, not even then. The feel of his fingers, if they were to graze her would be one thing, but if he was to just move over and cup her breast completely she could vividly recall how much she had enjoyed it when Austin had first done that with her. Of course, when they had gone from just light kissing to actually making out, and things had begun to get hot and heavy, she had waited a bit, but asked him to take his hand off of her breast after letting him have himself a little feel. But, after a few of those getting to know one another sessions, that night out on the lake, on the platform, when she'd decided to let him go all the way, once he'd definitely cupped her breast, she'd never told him to take his hands off of her; quite the contrary she had very willingly pressed herself to him, actually offering herself to his hands. And there was something so powerful in doing so, a crossing of a threshold and an ensuing sense of passion unleashed maybe? And that powerfully passionate sensation was so pronounced in how Austin's hands had almost felt hungry in the way his fingers pressed against her soft flesh, and in the way she responded to his obvious thrill as he discovered her own excitement through the stiffness of her nipples.

It was only when she realized how wound up she was becoming, Carolyn forced herself to pay attention to the movie. But in a few minutes as she watched Drew Barrymore fall into another very romantic kissing scene, Carolyn realized she'd begun to recall the details of what it had been like when Ryan had last kissed her goodnight, dwelling on the feel of his lips against hers, the taste of his breath, and that delicate tremble she'd felt from his arms and how surely this big, strong guy had been scared just to kiss her. Suddenly conscious of the feel of the seat against the bare skin of her bottom didn't have a towelette, and would have been horrified if when they got up to leave he had seen she'd left a spot on the seat.

Yet, despite all of Carolyn's recollections and associated angst and aspirations, Ryan didn't take advantage of the situation. He kept his arm around her, and his hand always on her elbow. Occasionally, as they sat together, she would know he was looking at her, and she would turn, and he would smile and whisper, "Are you okay?" And when she would nod or whisper back, "yes" he would give her elbow a little squeeze and momentarily hug her the slightest bit closer.

By the time the movie was over, Carolyn had drained the forty--four ounce drink, and, of course, all that fluid had taken a heavy toll on her bladder. For the most part, the people filing out as the credits began to roll, looked back once, or twice, but left the theatre without making a scene. Carolyn had been worried about that, and so was happy it appeared she was going to be left alone. Yet now, she had a more pressing problem.

Just after the credits had started, Ryan had removed his arm, but surprisingly didn't seem all so eager to leave. By the time the names of the cast had passed, she nudged Ryan. "You ready to go?"

He had a strained look on his face. "Just give me a minute. I want to see what the name of one of the songs was."

Carolyn hazarded a quick glance of her own to see that her suspicions over why Ryan wasn't in such a hurry to leave were confirmed. He definitely, had a very pronounced bulge he was attempting to hide in the lap of his khakis. For Carolyn, she found the effect of this realization was so flattering. To tell the truth, she had been slightly uncomfortable when he'd first put his arm around her. But he had remained a true gentleman, and never once attempted to cop a feel in any way. For her part, she had begun to become so comfortable she had settled right in. Now though, that she was aware of the effect she'd had on him, she felt a new wave of admiration for the big guy, and was only too willing to wait until he felt he was ready. It must have been quite a powerful effect, as the full credits had rolled, and the house lights had come up before he finally got up and offered her his hand to leave.

She was dreading the lobby, but actually contemplating using the ladies room. Ryan though, stopped at the aisle break between the upper and lower levels and pointed toward the emergency exit. "Carolyn, if we go out through the exit we'll come out at the side back door near the front of the theatre. We're parked only a few rows away. Do you want to just head out through there, or the lobby?

She took but a few seconds to decide. She needed to pee, but she definitely wanted to avoid another scene with the crowd out at the concession stand. Holding hands as she followed Ryan, they came outside just as he'd said, and with only startling a minimum of people in the parking lot, they made it to the safety of Ryan's car.

Once she had her seat belt on, Ryan hesitated in turning on the ignition, instead turning to ask, "How'd you like the movie?"

Carolyn really did have to pee. In fact, since she'd gotten up out of her seat it was only worse, and with each step she'd felt as if her bladder was going to burst. "It was good, just fine. Hey, do you think we could go now?"

It was obvious he felt taken aback by her being so short. "Are you okay? Did I do something wrong?"

"No, no." She decided to be honest and fess up. "Ryan, it's just I drank that entire drink." She tossed her hair back. "You know what I'm getting at?"

His grin slipped out before he could suppress it. "Well, you said you were thirsty, so I got you a big one."

Carolyn tugged at the shoulder strap as it was cutting across her breasts. "So could we go? I'm not even sure if I'll even make it home, so try not to hit any big bumps, okay?"

Ryan twisted the key, but stopped. "If it's really bad we could go back in the theater?

Carolyn wasn't about to repeat that lobby scene again. She shook her head. "I'll be okay, but the sooner you get me home the better."

They rode for a while in silence, only listening to the radio. Carolyn kept replaying scenes from the movie in her mind, as well as various scenes from the lobby and the confrontation with the manager. She realized, once again, Ryan had saved her, as he had in the hall that first Monday, which now seemed eons ago. It also hit her she'd been rude in being so adamant that he rush her home. The sooner you get me home, the better. She had only had a couple of dates she'd call bad, but that was the first time she'd said anything like that to any guy.

Ryan, though, again was nothing but a gentleman. He'd definitely registered a hurt look to Carolyn's request, but as he drove, he was the one who tried to engage Carolyn in conversation, and it was she who was only coming back in single, monotone syllables. Not too long after he'd all but given up, Carolyn looked over to watch him as the sweeping patterns of light and shadows streamed over them through the windows. He had dark eyes, as kind as they were strong. She liked his lashes, too; they curled more than any macho football player would ever admit to himself; but she saw it. And in his entire countenance, especially when he smiled, there was a sense of something she could only call tenderness. She wanted to say something, but couldn't think of a thing she didn't think would sound dumb or shallow considering how cold she'd been behaving and how nice he'd been all evening.

Back to looking out the window, Marcie's admonition over Carolyn being a conservative, stick--in--the--mud was playing in her mind, along with her last complete sentence to Ryan, The sooner you get me home, the better. It was then she saw it and had an idea. There was Fuzzy's Pizza just a couple of blocks ahead and on the right. Amazingly for a Saturday evening, the parking lot appeared almost empty, with only one car out front. Thinking quickly, she decided to just go for it, clearing her throat and speaking up. "Ryan, how about if we stop in at Fuzzy's for a pizza? I could use the ladies room, and then we wouldn't have to just hurry home?"

He looked over to her.

Carolyn quickly added, "I've been having fun, and you've been really cool about everything. I mean, I'm up for it if you are?"

Ryan didn't even have time to reply they'd come up on the entry into the parking lot so quickly. He did hang a quick right and pulled up in front, now only two cars in the parking lot.

He moved to switch off the ignition but kept his hand on the key. "This is weird. This place is usually packed."

Right about now Carolyn was seriously considering getting out and just squatting down in the shadow of the car right there in the parking lot. Obviously, this would be one time when being naked would prove to be a huge advantage. "The lights are on," she offered. "And it looks open."

Ryan switched off the ignition, and his grin was back. "You sure you're up for this?'

He had his hand on the dash, and Carolyn actually reached over to touch him, and grinned herself. "I'm game if you are. Besides," she winced as she unbuckled, "I really don't think I can make it all the way home."

Once inside they did find that the place appeared deserted. No one was even to be seen behind the counter. Still, Carolyn was in dire need, and she hurried back to the restrooms while Ryan went up to the counter. When she came back out, feeling entirely so relieved, Ryan was standing by a booth.

He waved a ticket, as if she hadn't seen him. "I ordered us a medium special."

The girl behind the counter momentarily registered shock at Carolyn's appearance, but the immediate alarm vanished when they both realized they recognized one another. The counter girl, Belinda Villareal, had played the role of Mayor Shinn's daughter, Zaneeta, in the school's musical production of, The Music Man. Zaneeta was the flighty and over--excitable teen--aged girl who had the hots for River City's bad boy, Tommy Djilas. Throughout the play, Belinda, as Zaneeta, whenever she was exicted, she would impale the audience almost as if she were dragging her fingernails over a blackboard with her tin--whistle shriek of, "Ye--Gods!" And demonstrating surely why Belinda had won the part, when she called out revealing her surprise at seeing her naked classmate, it sounded just like Zaneeta's squeaky, "Ye--Gods," but in the form of, "Carolyn! Is that you?"

Carolyn stepped over hesitantly to stand near to Ryan. "Hi, Belinda. Yes, it's me." Carolyn let go of her purse, leaving it to dangle at her hip and swept her arms out from her sides. "In the flesh!"

Belinda, who'd finished writing on the order pad, tucked her pencil behind her ear and from her obvious expression was extremely pleased to see to Carolyn. She actually leaned eagerly forward over the counter, bracing herself with both hands. "Carolyn, I know this may sound weird, but it just blows me away to see you actually standing there. I mean, I know everyone in the study has to be ... na ... nake ... uh, like that, twenty--four seven. And I've seen you and everyone else out in the halls, and I've even got a naked guy in my Calculus class, but I just didn't really imagine actually running into you out in public somewhere." It was shades of Zaneeta again when she squealed, "Are you two like ... like... On a date?"

Ryan spoke up. "A movie and a pizza on a Saturday night." He looked to Carolyn and then nodded to Belinda. "Yeah, I'd call this a date."

As if Zaneeta's, "Ye--Gods!" had been her only line in the play, Belinda laid another high--pitched exclamation on them. "How cool!"

At this moment, Carolyn didn't feel 'cool.' In fact, after Belinda's admission about seeing her 'na ... na ... like that' out in public, she felt almost as self--conscious as she had in the theater lobby. Again, it was one of those stark and sudden realizations, which just blind--sided Carolyn out of nowhere. Following a pattern she was hit with a visualized dose of reality; Carolyn could see a mental picture of herself. She was naked with only her sandals, necklace, bracelet and a pretty little bow in her hair, and she was standing out amid the neon beer signs and plush--red booths and tables of a pizza parlor. And when Belinda finally turned on her heel and disappeared through the kitchen's double doors it didn't help Carolyn to hear "Zaneeta's tin--whistle squeal when she called out to whoever must have been back there manning the pizza oven. "You won't believe this!"

Ryan indicated for Carolyn to take the seat in the booth, which faced the back of the restaurant. She thought about taking another towelette out of her purse, but for some reason she felt overwhelmingly awkward about it, so just scooted in feeling more than a bit embarrassed when her naked bottom squeaked loudly against the seat's vinyl upholstery.

Ryan didn't seem to mind, and he was grinning as he sat across from her. "This should work out pretty well if people come in. There's no way for someone to see you unless they go over to the jukebox."

Suddenly, sitting there with Ryan looking across at her from the other side of the booth, she was washed through with another of those sudden waves of self--consciousness. Possibly similar in the onset to how a sensation of Déjà vu can suddenly overcome someone, triggered by an unexpected sight or sound or aroma, Carolyn found herself reeling under the influence of an ultra awareness of her being naked and out in a public place. Knowing the flush had risen to her cheeks, she let her eyes drop, staring down into the table and began to roll a paper napkin between her sweaty palms until she had it twisted into a long, thin piece.

Trapped in this awful world of embarrassment which bordered on shame she knew it as if she could feel it each and every time Ryan's eyes fell to her breasts. Without looking up she knew absolutely this was where his attention was focused right now. "You know, Ryan, technically," she said, concentrating on what her hands were doing, "I'm supposed to be what they called in the orientations, forthcoming. I'm supposed to push myself to not be so self--conscious and to do stuff. Like instead of hiding in a booth I'm supposed to go sit at a table out in the middle of the room, and at the movies, I should have played a video game in the lobby and I should have gone out and got the popcorn and stuff like that."

He brought his eyes up and sat back. "Really?"

Still not looking up, Carolyn nodded. "It's all so weird. Like now, I know you were looking at my breasts, and in knowing it for some reason I get all self--conscious. Why? Each day at school you've seen me. We've sat across the table at lunch and you can see my breasts; so why do I get so freaked out now? I don't know what it is, but I seem to have these mood swings. For a little bit I get bold, and I tell myself I am going to do things. I tell myself I am going to be forthcoming whenever someone asks me to do something, or if I have the chance to let people see me, I will. For those brief moments, I feel empowered in my nudity, as though I am the one who has all the control. I mean, I know I'm supposed to be learning to not be ashamed that I'm naked. And I know that by being more and more open about it and crossing plateaus I'm supposed to evolve and become enhanced in my own self--perception and learn that I am beautiful as a person and so much more than merely a naked body."

Carolyn tossed her hair back, right then left. "Then, though, like when we walked into the theater and everyone at the concession stands and in the whole freakin' lobby stopped dead in their tracks to stare at me, I get all freaked out. Like some kind of melt down, I just lose it. You know I went to the pool with Marcie and Sarah last Saturday, but then all week I never went anywhere except to school, and then afterwards I mostly just hide out in my room." It was all just pouring out of her as her fingers worked at the twisted length of napkin. "And like now, I just made a crack to Belinda about, 'in the flesh,' and yet here I am sitting here with my back to the wall, hiding out in this booth and feeling all so utterly naked again." She dropped the tortured length of napkin on the table and looked up. "Ryan, it's like I'm on this crazy rollercoaster ride. I tell myself I'm going to be bold and sometimes I sort of can, for a little while, anyway. But most times I end up spiraling down into this panic meltdown. I don't know how to express it, but I just feel so utterly naked. I don't feel like I'm in some important study. I don't feel empowered. I don't feel enhanced."

She had that twist of napkin so tightly straining between her fingers it was beginning to tear in a number of places. "All I feel is naked."

Carolyn looked him squarely in the eyes. "Like I know you know all about me being in home room yesterday and agreeing to go sit on a guy's lap. That was bold and forthcoming Carolyn. But I know you saw the terrified Carolyn out in the hall that first Monday after I got my bottom pinched, and I was about to have a nervous breakdown. Then, tonight in the theater, and even right now, just a moment ago when you were looking at my breasts from across the table, I get so embarrassed and self--conscious. You must think I'm nuts?"

Ryan, showing a flush of his own was now strictly keeping his eyes to hers, and he had a bewildered and somewhat worried look drawn over his face. "How do you know I know you sat on that guy Matt's lap in your home room yesterday?" Like Carolyn, his hands couldn't seem to keep still, and he had the saltshaker's top pinched between his fingers and he was clattering the bottom around in a circle on the table.

Carolyn raised an eyebrow at Ryan's apparent distress. "Because last night when you asked me out you said you were going cruising with Darius and some of the other guys. Darius is in my homeroom, and since I didn't tell you anything about what my little sister did I figure it was he who told you about Charli charging her little friends to come look at her naked sister." She kept her eyes to his. "So I know you two had to have talked about me."

Ryan swallowed. "Whoa, I can see a guy who underestimates you could get himself into a hole real quick like."

Ever so delicately in using her prettily painted finger nails, Carolyn plucked back up the tortured length of tissue and rolled it lightly between her fingers, twisting it this way and that. "So ... since I know you two talked ... I guess I can be pretty sure Darius told you about what he wanted me to do?"

Ryan's expression went from bewildered awe to suspicious concern. "No, Darius didn't tell me he asked you to do anything." Ryan let go of the saltshaker letting it stand on its own. "What'd he want you to do?"

It was Carolyn's turn to swallow dryly. "You really don't know?

Ryan, his eyes sharp, shook his head.

"It was no big deal, really." She had to look down into her reflection in the table as she lied. "But it's just an example of what I was saying. If I go ahead and try to do the things people ask of me, you know, take some dares, and maybe, maybe even go and do some things on my own, then I might be able to take myself to one of those other levels I keep hearing about and actually enhance myself and learn to take things more in stride and not worry about worrying myself to death."

"I think you're being way too hard on yourself, Carolyn." Ryan's eyes had instantly gone from hard and steely to soft and deep. "I can't think of a single thing I've ever done in my life, which even begins to hold a candle to how brave you are. You're sitting there right now n ... na ...." He waved a hand as he sought to avoid using the 'N--word.' "You know, like you are, and I know I wouldn't have the courage to do such a thing in a million years, much less get up on stage in front of the whole school or go out to the movies, or anything like that. Don't sell yourself short because you get freaked out. Let me tell you one thing, and I mean it. I think if you looked in the mirror and you see the girl I see right now, you would be proud of yourself."

Belinda was back. She had just appeared and was standing in front of the booth with a large "to--go" cup in each hand and wearing a big smile. "I know you ordered iced--tea," she said in a clandestine whisper. "But I brought you each a beer. That is if you don't mind?"

After Ryan's surprising little critique of her situation, Carolyn was only too quick to turn her attention to Belinda. "We're not twenty--one," was her hasty reply.

"As if that really matters?" Belinda winked. "I won't tell if you won't."

Ryan, still with that red flush blooming in his cheeks, reached out. "Hey! Cool! No problem. Thanks, we really appreciate it." He took both from Belinda and handed Carolyn her cup. "We'll have to remember to come back here."

Belinda just stood there, her arms hanging down and staring at Carolyn as if she had no place to go and nothing to do. With Belinda looking at Carolyn as she was, Carolyn, found herself feeling suddenly quite naked again. She tossed her hair back and came up with something to ask, "Belinda, why's it so dead in here? I don't come here all that often, but this place is usually pretty busy on a Saturday night?"

Belinda shrugged. "Beats me. But the place has new owners. I think that's part of the problem. When they took over they made some changes, and I think they lost a lot of the regular crowd. I've only been working here a few weeks, but since I've been here, it seems to be real on again off again. Some nights we're packed, and others it's like a ghost town, like tonight." She gave them a smaller dose of her Zaneeta's "Ye--Gods" shrill. "Go figure!"

Carolyn had no choice but to look back at Belinda, who still appeared in no hurry whatsoever to leave. She hardly ever drank alcohol, but took a small sip from the cup, and found herself relishing the bitter, but cold and rich taste. She couldn't understand why Belinda was being so blatant in staring, and like with Ryan a few moments ago, the knowledge of being stared at made her so uncomfortable she wanted to cover up and hide her breasts. Specifically she could acutely feel both her nipples as if they were being touched. It was as if with Belinda's unabashed scrutiny she'd become painfully self--conscious these once intimate bits of flesh were so openly exposed.

In trying to think of something else other than the feel of her naked skin, Carolyn realized, being in the play together she and Belinda had changed in the same dressing room before and after every performance. Carolyn knew that Belinda's playing Zaneeta was considered a larger and more prestigious role, but she had infinitely preferred being sweet little Amaryllis over the flighty and shrill Mayor's daughter. It came to Carolyn that she remembered she knew an intimate little secret of Belinda's, and it could have something to do with why she was staring. Neither one of them had totally undressed in the dressing room, but they had stripped down to just panties and bras. So Carolyn knew Belinda stuffed her bra with Kleenex. Carolyn had, on more than one occasion, seen Belinda's reflection in the dressing room mirror as Belinda had her back to Carolyn and she'd snatched up and stuffed tissues into her bra from a box on the dressing table. It hit Carolyn: If she's self--conscious about her own breasts maybe it's that she's admiring mine?

Ryan took the plastic traveling top off of the large paper cup, took a big drink and then wiped the foam from his lips. "Thanks for the beer, Belinda. I owe you one."

Belinda waved. "Don't sweat it. And there's plenty more where that came from."

A bell rang as the door opened, and Ryan and Belinda looked over. Carolyn, from where she was sitting couldn't see, and didn't want to.

Belinda reacted. "Some more customers, cool!" She turned on her heel adding over her shoulder, "Your large special will be out in about fifteen minutes."

"Large?" Carolyn echoed to Ryan once Belinda was gone. "Didn't you say you'd ordered a medium?"

He shrugged. "You see, all this is just a sign of more good things to come." Along with a smile, he offered his cup for a toast. "We'll have to remember this place, and come back more often."

As Ryan and Carolyn waited for their pizza, chatted and sipped on their beers, again and again the bell above the door rang as more and more people began to fill the restaurant. The smell of the pizza baking in the back was beginning to cause Carolyn to feel hungrier and hungrier, and the beer was beginning to go down as quick as it was smooth. The restaurant was growing noisy, and as they sat talking, it probably was the alcohol, but she was beginning to become quite relaxed, the first time in quite a while.

"Carolyn," Ryan was saying. "Don't worry so much about you're being nervous and sometimes getting freaked out." Ryan had again picked up their previous conversation and was twirling the base of his half--empty cup around on the table while using just the tips of his fingers on the rim. "I can't even begin to imagine what you've been going through. But I'll tell you again, you have to be one of the bravest people I've ever known."

The beer had begun to work on Carolyn, and a warm glow had settled in. She gave Ryan a smile. "Even if I don't have any balls?

He grinned back. "Especially, since you don't have any balls."

"Damn!" A voice rang out. A guy was standing by the juke box staring into their booth. "Goddamn! Hey! Hey!" He hollered out. "There's a naked girl in here!"

"You're shittin' me?" A voice came back.

The guy was a cowboy, wearing boots, faded blue jeans and a tattered and bent straw Stetson. "If I'm lyin' I'm dyin. Whoooeee! Looky there!"

In a flash, it seemed half a dozen people had crowded in front of the booth.

"Hey, I know what this is!" A girl whose breasts were way too big for her lime green tube top called out. "She's got to be one of them that's been going 'round naked in that high school." She pointed directly at Carolyn. "You're one, ain't you?"

Carolyn looked out and nodded.

Surprisingly, the cowgirl stepped right up so the roll of exposed fat at her midriff pressed against the table and held out her hand. "I'm pleased to make your acquaintance. I'm Darlene."

Hesitantly, Carolyn reached out, and Darlene, gave her hand a vigorous shake. "You got no idea how much I've been hoping I'd meet one of you people. I mean I've seen y'all on TV and stuff, but they always fuzz out the good parts." She leaned in and put her hand to the side of her mouth as if she were about to confide a secret, but didn't lower her voice one iota. "Don't tell anyone, and don't get insulted, but I was hopin' if I ran into one of you it'd be one of the naked boys."

More people were pressing in to see, and Carolyn could see a few heads craning over the others to catch a glimpse, along with calls of, "Let me see! Hey! Let me get a look!" The guy in the hat, to the side of Darlene, looked as astonished and awed as a kid before the Christmas tree on Christmas morning. His expression was even more telling as he seemed to glow in wondrous and almost child--like amazement, despite the fact that with a number missing teeth and a week's worth of filthy stubble on his face he looked anything but cherubic.

"Damn, Girl! I got to take my hat off to you." Darlene managed to hold her place in spite of the press of those behind her shoving to get a look. "I know I don't look it, but I used to be an exotic dancer a few years back, and I know exactly what you're going through. It's pretty tough at first." She elbowed the semi--toothless guy next to her. "You got all these here kinds of jerks always slobberin' over you and gawkin' at your boobs and your butt. But," she winked, "you get used to it." She leaned in again, smiling at Carolyn as if they were the best of friends. "And to tell you the truth, once you get used to it, it's kind of fun."

Suddenly Darlene stepped back and stretched out her arm to point. "So you go, girl!"

There came a commotion behind the group, and everyone parted as a hugely rotund man with a black beard and a red apron pressed in carrying a pizza high atop up on a tray. When he saw Carolyn he stopped, and his mouth opened.

Carolyn had that sinking feeling as she saw the name badge on his apron's pocket, which read: Oliver Cavales, Manager. Yet, without saying a word, he expertly placed the pizza down on the holder; Ryan had hastily pulled out from by the napkins. Once the pizza was properly situated, he put his huge fists on his hips and stood staring.

Ryan looked up. "Is everything okay?"

The manager seemed to be in a kind of a daze, but came out of it with a slight shake of his head. "I thought Belinda was pulling my leg when she said we had a naked girl out here. But------" He was left shaking his head as his voice drifted away.

Carolyn didn't know exactly what to do. She felt so boxed in sitting in the booth, not knowing what to expect or what would come next.

"Look!" She suddenly spoke up boldly. "I'm not bothering anyone, and I'm not doing anything against the law!"

The manager looked taken back. "Who said you were?"

His reply took the wind out of Carolyn's sails. Maybe it was the beer, but she was prepared for a confrontation.

Like some kind of drawn cartoon character the big man's lips flashed red in his black beard when he spoke. "I don't have any problem with you going around naked if you don't. The day I get upset about seeing a pretty young thing like you strutting your stuff in the altogether is the day they better just cart me away." His eye hadn't left Carolyn's beasts. "I got no issues with it at all."

"Okay then," Ryan spoke up. "We'll just eat our pizza."

The manager stepped back moving the crowd behind him. "You two enjoy. If you need anything let me know." He had this big grin shining out of his Rasputin--like beard, as the flicked his name badge. You need anything, I'm Oliver, but most people just call me Ollie."

Ryan had begun breaking out a wedge, wiggling it back and forth, as the cheese began to stretch out in long strands. "We'll holler if we need something."

As the crowd closed in, immediately after Ollie vacated his vantage in front of the table, Ryan put a piece down in front of Carolyn on a spread of napkins she'd laid out. "Careful!" He had to lick his fingers. "It's hot!"

"I'm telling you what!" The redneck in the Stetson chimed in. "that girl right there, she's pretty hot too. Damn you got some good looking tits, girl!"

Darlene gave him an elbow to the ribs but was looking to Carolyn. "Clovis don't got no manners. Don't let him bother you none."

For some reason Carolyn's attention was drawn to Darlene's huge nipples as they were bulging out through the fabric of her thin tube top.

"Besides," Darlene continued. "Clovis is just all fired up 'cause you're stittin' there. He's really partial to big ones, like mine."

"Well, hell, Darlene." Clovis snatched his hat off his head and slapped it down to his hip. "Why don't you show her what you got?"

Carolyn saw the decision as it passed over Darlene's face. It was a complex flood of emotions, which ended with a flash of a competitive glint in her eye towards Carolyn as Darlene suddenly just put her fingers to the bottom of the tube top. Carolyn and Ryan watched transfixed as the robust woman using both hands rolled the top up over her enormous breasts, and then pulled it off over her head to twirl it around like some kind of a prize up in the air.

Standing there with her huge nipples sticking out, the look she now gave to Carolyn was one of utter delight and total satisfaction. For Carolyn though, she had never seen breasts with areolas as huge as Darlene's. They were easily six inches in diameter and a dark purplish red. Darlene then turned about to face those others crowded in by the jukebox. The guys in her group, or clan, or whatever they were, set up a ruckus, hollering, whistling and calling out like they'd just seen the winner at a grand champion tractor pull. Darlene was positively beaming.

"Hot damn, Darlene!" Clovis called out. "You got her beat.

An idea hit Carolyn, and she immediately started clapping. Ryan gave her a questioning glance, but then must have realized what Carolyn was doing as he too, joined in. In no time, everyone else had fallen in, and Darlene proudly walked off, still holding up her tube top to continuing waves of whistles and applause.

Finding themselves suddenly not the focus of attention, Ryan had to shake his head in awe as he picked out a slice for himself. He was blowing on the streaming slice when he paid Carolyn a much--deserved compliment. "You sure turned that around."

Of course, they weren't going to be left totally alone, again and again guys would come over to the juke box. Some would put in their money and only give Carolyn furtive and sidelong glances as they pretended to be hunting for their selections. Tet there were occasionally a few who, once they had pressed in their selections, would lean back and just outright stare. It seemed though, for Carolyn the more beer she drank the less she even cared. She even found herself keeping her elbows in as she ate her pizza, as she knew her arms were pressing her breast together, and that actually felt quite good. When they weren't even half way through with the pizza, Belinda reappeared with fresh cups. And by the time they both couldn't eat anymore, Carolyn had this warm and rosy glow to her.

Ryan took his last drink and put the empty cup down. "You won't mind if I take a break to hit the boy's room?"

Carolyn pursed her lips and shook her head.

He got up. "I'll be right back."

She nodded. "I'll be okay."

She felt so entirely different than she had a half hour ago. She was stuffed; the pizza had been really good. Of course, the beer had worked wonders in taking the edge off everything. The encounter with Darlene had been a revelation, and was something she was very anxious to include in her next study report. She looked down, and even patted her tummy, then let out with a delicious burp. When she looked up, Ollie, the manger was standing right over her.

"Did you two get enough?"

Carolyn suppressed another burp, putting her fingers over her lips and nodding.

Ollie pointed to Carolyn's cup. "You know, I know about the beer."

In response to Carolyn's flush of alarm, he held up his hands. "Don't worry about it. Belinda's not going to get into trouble. In fact, I told her she could send the second round."

Sitting there, the guy seemed positively huge. Carolyn looked up at him. "Thanks."

"No big deal." He waved her off, then laced his fingers in front of his enormous belly. "You know, I was thinking. If you or any of your friends, you know, like you, in the study; if any of you would like to stop in, I'll let you eat for free." He winced a bit. "I can't promise beer, as we both know the cops wouldn't like that too much, but whatever else you want, pizzas, hoagies, whatever."

Carolyn could only look up, a bit dazed.

"I think it'd be a good thing for the restaurant," Ollie continued. "So you spread the word amongst your cohorts. Will you do that for me?"

Carolyn nodded, gaining an immediate smile from Olly. He reached into his pocket and put a twenty on the table. "To show I mean business here's your boyfriend's money back."

When he moved away, Ryan was there. He watched the manger and then turned to Carolyn. "What was all that about?"

Carolyn picked up the bill and as she got to her feet, she held it out to Ryan. "It looks like your money's no good here."

Leaving the restaurant, Darlene, Clovis and their gang had taken over the center of the room by pushing three tables together. Surprisingly, though she purposely wasn't trying to look, Carolyn noticed another girl in the group had also joined in and was topless. She was thin, freckly and with stringy hair, and her breasts were flattish and droopy, the kind Carolyn knew guys referred to as "saddlebags." As Carolyn passed by, so conscious of the feel of her sandals on the floor, the still topless Darlene held up her cup as she called out, "You go, girl!"

Getting back in Ryan's car, Carolyn picked up her purse from the seat before she sat down and then buckled herself in. Everything seemed so completely different than it had from when they had pulled up into the parking lot. The headlights of the cars passing by, even the feel of the night air itself seemed brighter and more alive.

Ryan hesitated just before twisting the key. He looked over. "That was some kind of wild scene in that place, wasn't it?"

Carolyn shook her head wondrously. "I think we're going to have to come back here. They appear to be nude friendly."

Ryan was quick to respond. "So you think I merit another date?"

Carolyn revealed a sly smile, which actually slipped out before she could stop it. "We'll have to see about that." Suddenly feeling emboldened she added, "You know, this one's not exactly over yet."

"Okay, cool." Ryan turned the key and the engine came to life. "What's next then?"

Even though Ryan had a digital clock both in his dash and another displayed on his stereo, Carolyn looked to the clock on her bracelet. It was almost midnight. She had to suppress another little burp, putting her hand over her mouth, then gave Ryan a look she hoped would come off as sincere disappointment. "You know, it's getting kind of late. I think maybe I'd better be getting home."

Ryan responded like a gentleman. "Home it is." He reached around with his right arm as he reversed out of the parking space. Theirs was the only car in the lot as Darlene and her group had arrived in three pickup trucks. He stopped, snapped on the stereo, then put the car in drive, and turning right out onto the boulevard he immediately picked up speed.

Carolyn was extremely aware of it when he left his right hand where it was still gripping the headrest of her seat. Suddenly, her toes went a little cold. With every date she'd ever had, the part when the guy was taking her home had always been filled with nervous speculation, but tonight the end of date jitters were on an entirely different level.

Ryan too, didn't seem to have that much to say all the way home. Just a couple of blocks away from the pizza parlor he pulled his hand back, and they both sat where they were, listening to the radio and only occasionally making a remark or two. When they at last drove up in front of Carolyn's house, Ryan turned off his lights and slowly pulled up into the driveway.

As he came to a stop and put the car in park, Carolyn had her knees clenched together and again had her purse clenched down squarely over the center of her lap. In the light from the streetlight in front of Mr. Keyes house, and the porch light Carolyn's dad had strategically left on, the car's interior was a patchwork of light and shadows, illuminating some things but leaving others in semi--darkness. Carolyn hazarded a quick look down to see her breasts were fully illuminated by a band of light which stretched in through the window across her chest. She looked up and took a deep breath, not knowing what she should do.

It was Carolyn who cleared her throat and broke the silence. "Well Ryan, I had fun."

"Me too." Ryan's reply was overly quick, and his hands still gripped the wheel.

Carolyn fidgeted, and was extremely aware of the brief squeak of the skin of her naked bottom against the seat. For some reason, before getting in she just couldn't bring herself to put a towelette down; she just couldn't.

They both attempted to speak at the same time, then each gave a nervous laugh.

Ryan was looking right at her. "What were you going to say?"

She tossed her hair. "Nothing I guess." But she was gripping her purse as nervously as Ryan was gripping the wheel. "I just wanted to say again how I had a really nice time."

Ryan looked away from her and through the windshield, his shoulders still squared as though he were driving. "The scene we made at the theater wasn't too awful?"

She shook her head. "I think it was another one of those things I really needed to do."

"The pizza place wasn't too bad," he came back. And how about that redneck girl? What was her name, Darlene, taking her top off in the restaurant? Now that's something you don't see every day."

Carolyn, even though she was not going to look again, was so conscious of her breasts in the light. She felt surprised by how small her voice was as she replied, "But you can see me right now."

Ryan brought his attention back in from the darkness, and Carolyn saw his eyes as he took in her form. Her own heart was pounding, and it seemed as if the entire world had disappeared except for the two of them inside the car.

Ryan's voice too, was soft and hesitant. "Does it bother you when I look at you?"

"Sometimes yes, and sometimes no." She really was clenching her purse strap, strangling it almost. "It's like I said, the self--consciousness comes and goes."

He came back immediately. "How about now? Does it bother you if I look at you right now?"

She swallowed dryly and tossed her hair. "Like I said, the feelings come and go."

Ryan finally released the wheel and twisted about to face Carolyn, the fabric of his khaki's scrunching on the upholstery.

She felt this sudden shrinking in her tummy and the chill in her toes was to the point they'd almost gone numb. Carolyn forced herself to face him, and was washed over with a sense of relief when she saw his face illuminated in a slash of light reflected in the rear view mirror. He looked every bit as nervous as she was.

There followed a long and awkward pause, and this time it was Ryan who broke the pounding silence. "I had this idea a few days back," he finally blurted out. "I've been kind of afraid to just come out and ask you."

A hundred possible ideas over what it was he was about to ask poured into her mind, and in response all that came out was a trembling and dry "Afraid? Why's that?"

Now he was running the fingers of his right hand all around tracing over the grip of the transmission's shifter. "I don't know so much if afraid is the right word, but you remember when we were in that art class together?"

Carolyn nodded.

"And I don't know if you think so, but some people say I draw pretty well. I got an A, you know?"

Again she nodded.

"Well, I've been thinking. You know, maybe, I mean if you wouldn't mind. You know, you were talking about needing to be forthcoming and all that, so maybe this would help? Or maybe not? I don't know. But I thought, sometime here while you're still ... na ... you know, like you are, that you might be able to ... I mean if you'd be willing ... maybe I could ask you to ... to ... you know, let me kind of like draw you? You know, maybe sometime. Not like right now, but you know, sometime?"

His request hit her out of the blue. It had been the last thing she'd been expecting.

At her hesitance, he let go of the shifter and squirmed back around in his seat to again bring both hands up to regrip the wheel. "Yeah," he said to the darkness. "I figured it'd sound kind of crazy."

It wasn't that Carolyn was even thinking at all about saying no. It was that suddenly she could see it in her mind. It was a vision styled after that famous scene in the movie, "Titanic." Young Rose enters the room nervously twirling the sash from the robe. She then steps up to give Jack a dime and explain herself, then she swallows hard and takes off her robe. Standing absolutely naked in front of Jack, he instructs her to lie down on the sofa, and she does as he asks, posing for him for the longest time and letting him draw her every most intimate detail. Like everybody else she ever known, to Carolyn that had been one of the all--time hottest sex scenes she had ever seen, even though it didn't involve so much as a single kiss.

"No. No." She came back to herself. "No, I mean yes. I think that would be okay, you know, sometime."

The look of astonished relief he gave back to her said it all. "Really?"

She nodded.

He again twisted around, flying into a stream of excited words. "I was thinking, we could do it at my house one afternoon after school, or maybe we could do it here at your house. I don't care. Where ever you like. Maybe we could even do it outside somewhere?"

Carolyn couldn't help it. He was so eager she just couldn't resist calling his gaffe to his attention. "You want us to do it?"

Even in the dark, the flush which, rushed crimson over his face was readily apparent. "You know what I mean." He stumbled. "Come on, Carolyn? I mean, you know I was talking about drawing?"

She had to smile. His chagrin and embarrassment were so disarming. "I know. I know." She almost reached out to reassure him by patting him on the arm, but immediately placed her hand back on her purse. "No, I think it could be fun, and it definitely would be forthcoming. Maybe we can do it ------" She paused and made a point of correcting herself. "Maybe I can let you draw me one evening. I've got that stupid cheerleader practice in the afternoons."

"Yeah, I've got football practice, too," he came back. "It doesn't get dark until around eight or so. I'd like to try to use natural light if we could. Maybe we could meet after practice and then go somewhere?"

She nodded. "That'd be okay."

They were both grinning and were turned so that they faced each other. All of a sudden this heavy silence again made itself known between them in the car.

Carolyn broke the hush. "Well, I guess I'd better be going in."

Ryan nodded.

She had her purse clutched, her heart thumping wildly.

He smiled, but it wasn't really much of a smile at all. It was almost as if he were bolstering his courage, steeling himself to jump off from someplace way up high.

Carolyn tossed her hair back, wringing the life out the purse's strap.

Then it happened. Keeping his eyes on hers, Ryan slowly, ever so slowly leaned towards her.

Carolyn's toes curled up in her sandals, and she was so ready she was entirely unaware that she was leaning in, too. When their lips came together it was as if she had never ever been so excited ever in her life. Pounding, her heart was absolutely pounding. Everything, the entire world outside had disappeared, and she was only aware of the sensation of the first touch of his lips. After a few long and delicious moments of such gentle and timid exploration they pulled back, and Carolyn hesitated dreamily before opening her eyes. Yet when she looked at him, the vision that greeted her in Ryan's own disarmingly and entirely overwhelmed expression of absolute breathlessness, it was such that she couldn't help herself but leaned back in and again let him put his lips to hers.

Yhis time, how he kissed her! This was deeper; that first nervous hesitation was behind them now. It just seemed to flow between them, so perfect and so right in how she wanted it, too. It surely had to be the effects of the beer coupled with the inescapable fact that somewhere in the back of in her mind, Carolyn knew she truly was naked, but the thrill and excitement, which ran within her was like nothing she had ever felt before. After a few minutes of them leaning across his console, when he brought up a hand to run it through her hair and then caress her cheek, her neck, and then down to her shoulder the subtle tremble Carolyn felt in his fingers matched the innocent quiver in his lips, and his anxiety was so sweet she couldn't think of a thing in the world except for the growing passion she didn't want to stop.

Moving in closer across the console, deeper and deeper they kissed, giving themselves over to each other with real passion. When finally he parted his lips and brought his tongue to touch her's, she willingly responded, eagerly tasting his taste in so much more than just the heat of his breath. I was as if all her worry and anxiety over this moment had never been at all, and all she simply wanted was for him to just keep kissing her and kissing her.

It might have been an accident as they moved with each other. They were divided in their seats by the console running down between them, and after a bit of awkwardly leaning way too forward, Ryan had to shift his weight. As he brought his hand down from Carolyn's shoulder to brace himself, the back of his fingers brushed unexpectedly across the stiffly erect nipple of her left breast.

Carolyn flinched, giving off an unconscious and reflexive little gasp, and instantly, Ryan pulled back his hand.

Carolyn opened her eyes. Ryan was right there across from her, his cheeks flushed scarlet, his eyes wide and white in the shadows.

"I'm sorry," he croaked. "I really didn't mean to----"

Carolyn quickly shook her head. With her eyes to his she swallowed dryly trying to find her voice. The accidental touch had been positively electric. Even now her nipple was as stiff and alive as ever she could remember. "Don't worry," she managed to hush, then added, "I really liked how you were kissing me just a moment ago."

"Really?" he came back.

She nodded. "Really."

Like Ryan, Carolyn was mostly in shadow, but her eyes had become somewhat adjusted to the darkness. She saw Ryan's eyes drop and knew he was looking at her breasts. She, too, looked down, seeing her own nipples in the semidarkness. The soft pink color was mostly washed out in the gray gloom, but there was no mistaking she was so stiff and excited. She could even see the tiny, little indentations in the very tip of one. Such an intimate detail. She caught herself, fighting back the sudden powerful urge to pass one of her own hands across the very tip.

She looked back up and Ryan looked up, too. There wasn't anything to say. It was even more exciting than that first tentative kiss moments ago when he again leaned in, and she in response, closed her eyes in anticipation. This time, when they kissed, the passion was already full--tilt; Carolyn's heart was beating in her throat, and it was she who opened her lips to his.

In her mind, Carolyn was lost in a whirlwind of sensation and flurrys and flashes of thought. Kissing like this, just leaning across the console and holding her lips to his was so tremendously exciting. Yet, Carolyn's only cognizant thoughts were focused on that accidental brush of Ryan's hand a moment ago. Will he touch me, again? Will he touch me for real this time? Should I let him? Should I really let him? What if I do and then he tries to touch me between my legs? With the last thought her heart really did skip a beat.

In a flash, Carolyn was presented with an image of that first time. The monumental remembrance of it had been ingrained into her mind as strongly as any occurrence in her young life. It wasn't too long after she had just begun to develop her breasts that a boy had first tried to touch her. She was at a summer time birthday party, Missy Patterson's thirteenth. They were playing a kissing game where Missy, as the birthday girl, got to choose who went into the closet for "twenty seconds of heaven." Carolyn had gone into the closet with a boy named Randy Rice. It was dark in the closet, pitch dark, and it seemed no sooner had they begun to kiss than he had placed his right hand to her left breast. It was such a shock, but it was so new, so grown--up, and even though she was embarrassed, for some reason she'd let him. She had just made the transition from a training bra to a real bra, but can vividly remember the feel of his fingers pressing against her softness almost as if he had actually touched her skin. Ever since those first 'twenty seconds in heaven" her life had been inalterably changed, and when she was alone in her bed or just daydreaming as she sometimes did, even the idea of what it was to let a boy fondle her breasts was enough to give her one of those deliciously secret little shivers.

And now, after but a few long and perfect moments of anticipation, when she felt him shift his weight and his fingers came back to so hesitantly touch her, Carolyn didn't flinch, but actually leaned into his hand and kissed him that much more deeply.

So much was just exploding in her mind. That quick brush against her nipple, possibly because it had been accidental, had been positively electric. Her nipple had remained so alert it was as if she were on fire. Now, the actual feel of his hand, tentatively touching upon her naked breast, her nipples simply were as tight and hard as they could possibly be.

His lips, his tongue, the heat and taste of his breath, the feel of the press of her cheek against his, and even the occasional brushing of the tips of their noses as one kiss led into another and another, Carolyn was becoming all so overwhelmed and thoroughly captivated in the flush and rush of such indulgence. She could sense his excitement, too; it was as though he was feeding off of her own. After the first sweetly hesitant touches, his hand was now fully upon her breast. There was no question that she was letting him touch her, and that she was actually reveling in the intimacy of allowing his contact with her body. He had cupped her, so softly so gently, but then his fingers had slipped down underneath, lifting her delicately as if to test the weight, then his palm had come up and she'd shivered as her nipple had rolled under the gentle grazing passing of each finger.

They were so into it, kissing and kissing, and sometimes it would just well up in her, and she couldn't help but let slip a soft, little moan. All the while as he fondled her, Carolyn's passion kept building, and twice already she realized it and caught herself as she'd begun to let her legs begin to part. Still though, he appeared to be content to just fondle her breast, and after a bit, when Ryan moved his hand from her left breast to her right, she even scooted herself in the seat to better present herself to his caresses.

Suddenly, maybe it was because the nipple he was touching was so stiff, or maybe it was in the way the tip of his tongue had just touched hers, but Carolyn found she was presented with a vivid recollection of the feel of Austin's erection. The essence of it had just appeared in her mind. Though actually Austin was definitely the last man in her thoughts right now, the recollection of the touch of his masculinity was so entirely real. She'd first felt him through his pants pressing against her leg when they had first kissed, and then even more firmly a couple of day later when he had lain on top of her as they had made out in a field behind the cabins. Of course, she had definitely felt him when they had been alone out on the platform in the lake, both of them out of their swim suits, and she had let him slip himself inside her.

But it was Ryan who she wanted. In kissing and hugging she had always been eagerly aware of the press of a boy's body whenever the opportunity had presented itself. But she had never, ever been able to muster the courage as to be so bold as to bring herself to actually put her hand between a guy's legs. The only times she had actually touched a guy's erection was when the guy had taken her hand and placed her hand on him.

Ryan though, was driving Carolyn almost over the edge with his light and gentle caresses upon her breast and the insistent pressure of his lips to hers. She craved to feel him; even his lips were so masculine, and the tracings of his fingers over the erection of her own nipples fueled her desire. In her mind, Carolyn was sure within Ryan's pants that he had to be standing so stiff. Following on this awareness, in a swirl of unexpected emotion she found she could hark back to her continuing fantasy as to the reality of what it would have been like to have gone ahead and thrown all caution to the wind and to have traced he fingers across that hard, arcing curve of Robert's erection as they had stood up in front of their psychology class. Just do it! Flashed through her mind. Go ahead! Do it, Carolyn. His thumb is caressing your nipple. And you're so wet. Do it. Touch him! Don't be cautious Carolyn! Do it!

With that, she let go of her purse and her trembling hand seemed to move on its own until she felt her fingertips fall upon his leg. With the first contact, Carolyn felt a tremble pass through him too, and that in itself was as if some hidden door had opened, and she had helplessly fallen through. Caution to the wind and with total shameless abandon, Carolyn brought her hand up from his knee along his thigh. Then quaking with the thrill she let her fingers run higher and higher until she finally felt the brush of a bulge in his pants.

The way he was kissing her, his excitement at what she was doing was as apparent as her own. His thumb had stopped, poised just over the very tip of her nipple, staying right where it was since she had first begun to slide her hand up his leg. She was there. Carolyn moved that last little bit, and was rewarded as her fingers traced over the rigid form just where she envisioned it would to be. He was so hard! He was every bit as stiff as she herself was wet, and in now feeling his outline within his pants, she was suddenly so aware of how naked she was. The consciousness of what she was doing simply took her over in one enormous flood of passion. As her fingers pressed to his pants more closely her own body responded in kind with these deliciously erotic waves of heat, like a wild and uncontrollable ecstasy, which coursed with growing abandon throughout her.

It was all too much. As she touched him, now even more boldly, Carolyn had to again fight back that impulse in which she craved to spread open her legs. Her little clit, now so swollen and sensitive beyond any mere distraction, was tucked within that excruciatingly delicious roast simmering between her legs. This little bit of her most intimate anatomy was every bit as hard as were her nipples and Ryan's erection. Yet, as much as her legs craved to open, it did feel so entirely wonderful to squeeze her thighs together and make that bit of flesh just pulse and pound, all the while stroking and kneading Ryan through his pants.

They were both now so caught up; from here, there never could be any turning back. A few minutes ago, still in the throes of the end--of--the--date nervousness and anticipation they had been relatively total strangers in comparison to the thresholds they had now crossed. Here, out in her driveway, with the porch lights and streetlights striping the interior of his car in crisscrosses of black and white they were now making out with a passion Carolyn had never felt before. It wasn't that she was doing anything she had not done before in kissing and touching, so surely it had to be that this time it was that she was naked and in a relatively public place.

Now so close to being overwhelmed, Carolyn found she was being swept away. Her wild, almost dazed consciousness of it all, compounded by the intensity of the myriad of physical sensations suddenly came together into one wild and overwhelming crescendo. It was such an unexpected culmination, so strong and emerging from so deeply within it melted her body with a liquid, shivering, shimmering pleasure so intense it stole the very breath from her lungs in one huge cry and gasp. Her fingers ceased stroking, and she gripped him through the fabric, squeezing his thickness as she shuddered and held on. At that same instant, she felt the release as it burst through him, too. The realization and astonishment of feeling what she was feeling, that in itself carried her over into another wave in which she had to pull her lips from his, crying out and gasping for breath with each ensuing throb and pulse. Ryan's hand fell away from her breast, and he crashed back to lean into his seat, gasping for breath, his eyes gone wide and wild as he gripped the wheel, mouth open, quaking and staring out into the darkness.

From the time of the first touch of their lips to their mutual loss of control not even ten minutes could have passed, even if it could have been possible for either of them to be consciously aware of the passage of time. Yet a heat, like a the humid roast from within a steaming jungle had filled the car, and both of them were left shaking, sweating and gasping for air.

It was Ryan who finally caught his breath and spoke up. "I'm so embarrassed, Carolyn." He couldn't help but look down to the dark stain illuminated by a swatch of light on the front of his khakis. "I can't believe I did that. I'm so sorry."

Still breathing as if she had run a mile, but slowing down a bit now, Carolyn brought her gaze back in out of the darkness and then down to his lap and then back up to his eyes. "Why?" she protested, her voice as cracked and strained as was his. "Why would you be embarrassed?"

He came back in a downcast hush. "I came."

She reached out to touch his shoulder. "So? I did, too."

He shook his head. "It's different. I'm a guy."

"I'm not bothered by it at all." She was still finding it difficult to catch her breath, and she was so conscious of the sweat on her body and the feel of the heart necklace and its fine, little chain sticking to her skin between her breasts. "Ryan, don't. Don't let it bother you. Actually I'm flattered."

He looked back to her, his cheeks aflame. "Flattered?"

"Yes. That I could get you that excited." Carolyn took a deep breath, blew it out and then took another. She took her hand off his shoulder and brought it down to trace a finger over his leg, then realized what she was doing and hurriedly reclutched her purse. Yet she did keep her eyes to his. "So don't you be embarrassed. You don't ever have to be embarrassed with me."

His smile came back, but it was plain he was still uncomfortable.

Carolyn shifted in her seat and took another deep breath. "I'd guess I'd better be going inside."

He nodded, but as she put her hand on the door latch, he reached across to touch her shoulder and they again leaned in together into what became another long and lingering kiss.

When they parted lips, Ryan kept his eyes to hers. "You know I won't ever forget this night, Carolyn."

With that last kiss, she had again felt her excitement begin to grow, and it had been ever so difficult to break it off and not fall back into something which surely would have led to the both of them climbing into his back seat. In an irony, she was aware her mouth was so dry, and yet that intimate spot deep between her legs was ever so wet. With how Ryan was looking at her, if he had again touched her, even slightly, she would have fallen into him right then and there. But as he didn't, she managed a hopeful smile. "Me, too, Ryan."

Carolyn opened the door, not being able to not look and see the mark she knew she'd left on the seat. Ryan, leaning across in the light, kept his eyes to hers. "I'll see you Monday, then?"

Out in the dark and feeling the night air on her naked skin, for some reason Carolyn tossed her hair. The feeling of her nudity was so different now, so incredibly different. Feeling so open, so exposed, yet as if strangely liberated, too, she clutched her purse, covering herself judiciously as she was standing at Ryan's eye level. "Yeah. I guess I'll see you at lunch."

He was leaning over, way over almost in the passenger seat. "Do you want me to walk you to the door?"

Carolyn almost said yes, but then reconsidered. Another kiss up at the door really would be nice. Yet with the spot Ryan had on the front of his pants, if her dad was hiding and watching, and if he confronted them at the door and saw that tell--tale stain she didn't even want to imagine such a scene.

"No, that's okay. You need to get home." She gave him a little wave, then proceeded up the walkway knowing he was watching her every step. She was wet and sweaty, especially between her cheeks, and the sliding feel of her muscles moving, and knowing he was watching was another thoroughly erotic treat.

Once in the light of the porch she turned and again gave him a wave, then went inside. Tiptoeing through the hall, she could see a light under her parent's door and could hear their TV, though in passing she heard a sound, which led her to believe her parents were definitely not watching the late movie. Once she had gotten ready for bed and climbed in under the covers, it was quite a long while before she could even imagine falling to sleep. Over and over she kept reliving the evening's events, but kept coming back to that peak of passion in Ryan's car. He had been so hard! The feel of him through his pants! And his lips in how he had been kissing her, and how incredible it had been to feel his thumb each time it traced so lightly across her nipples. She'd been kissed goodnight a couple of times in a car. Yet had only done what she'd call making out just once before. Of course, then, she hadn't been naked. Still, though, she realized this had been a level of passion and excitement, which had even eclipsed what she'd experienced out on the platform when Austin had been inside her.

Trying to define it and describe in her mind and come to grips with what it was which had so set her off and allowed her to throw all caution to the winds and touch him as she had, Carolyn came to the conclusion it was something in that sweet and sincere tremble of his when they'd first kissed. Knowing that he was nervous, too, had been so disarming. And in examining about every nuance of his actions there was no doubts in her mind that just because she was naked he had not taken their ending up their date as they had for granted. That's what made it so beautiful. A moment different either way, a word here or there, and she would have gotten out of his car and maybe just let him walk her up to the steps, and then it surely would have been only the traditional quick kiss goodnight she had originally envisioned. She just knew it; his excitement, as had been her own, had been so much more in that they had fallen into it all as an unexpected surprise. How it had happened, she decided, it just couldn't have been better had it happened any other way.

With the memory of it all so fresh and so real, Carolyn could still feel his lips, taste his breath and savor the electric charge of every second of her thrill. Unconsciously touching herself as she relived it, Carolyn found it so deliciously easy to bring herself to the edge of an electrifying orgasm, then give into it and then fall into another and then still another until she was afraid she was going to cry out too loud and be heard. She just couldn't help it. It had all been so erotic. It just wasn't like her to reach out and touch a guy; she never, ever had done something like that before. And the sensation of the power of Ryan's erection as she'd truly felt him through his pants just stayed with her like some kind of ghostly, though still tangibly real afterimage in her hand. And too, how she'd felt it when he'd shuddered and lost control. It wasn't just through his erection that she'd felt it, but through his lips, as well. It was as if through the heat of his breath had passed to her the essence of his passion's release as surely as what she'd felt happening with her hand.

Now, as she lay here in her bed, all alone in her room, Carolyn knew she was being entirely shameless, but it was beyond her control to stop. She just couldn't seem to quit touching herself. Maybe it was that lately she had been making a steadfast effort not to masturbate so that she wouldn't have to feel guilty about lying on the reports, but now she was so sensitive, and it felt so good, especially when she imagined it was Ryan's hand and not her own. Finally though, it must have been the alcohol crash overtaking the excitement, but Carolyn did manage to drift off, still with her fingers tucked sweetly between her legs and a smile on her lips.

**OMG! I'm Naked in School! Ch. 03**

It was late Saturday afternoon; the second week of the study was over, and Marty Thompkins, Carolyn's counselor was in front of his computer working the mouse and intently watching the monitor. Over the first weeks of the study, little by little the area around the counselor's offices had evolved into what looked like a media workstation. Even though the subjects of the study, whom the other students had taken to calling 'Nudies' weren't aware, most of the time, some unseen camera or a discreet observer was watching their every move. Along with the massive volume of the daily and weekly reports submitted by the participants, their families and the student body, the amount of data the counselors had to crunch was staggering.

With a quick tap of his finger, Marty clicked his mouse; stopping the replay on the monitor. Then ejecting and removing this flash drive from his computer, he quickly inserted another. It appeared he was searching for, then copying specific items, because when he moved through the thumbnails, he would occasionally stop, then open the drop down File menu, and finally save clips of recordings or picture files in a file folder on his flash drive titled: Marty Personal.

A number of the items he was saving featured Carolyn. The one he opened now, Marty had videoed in his office just yesterday. As it began to playback, displayed on his monitor was a crystal-clear view of Carolyn sitting in front of Marty's desk, completely naked except for her study bracelet and a pretty, silver--blue bow in her hair.

The scene he was watching was a full frontal shot of Carolyn videoed from an angle behind Marty's left shoulder. Sitting in a traditional wood school chair, Carolyn' soft brown hair was down lightly around her shoulders and the blue of her eyes was bright and vibrant. Even without the benefit of a pushup bra, her breasts stood up firm and full. Whether it was a bit cold in the counselor's office wasn't apparent in the video, but the tips of her pert and pink nipples were standing up as stiff as stiff could be. Though it wasn't possible to see Marty's face, it was entirely obvious his attention wasn't upon Carolyn's eyes.

If someone was to compare this clip to the video recorded during Carolyn's first interview, even a blind person could see the amazing difference to Carolyn's body language between the first days of the study and now. In this clip, it was obvious this very pretty, young woman sitting completely naked before her young, male counselor had grown much more relaxed about being naked in public. The way she held her head up so proudly with her shoulders squarely set, the confidence with which she spoke, and especially the way in which she sat up in the chair with her breasts so unashamedly bared, she displayed a level of comfort about her nudity, which simply had not existed a couple of weeks ago.

As Marty watched his monitor, Carolyn shifted in her chair, and as she reached down without even thinking to scratch her ankle, her knees came apart. From the angle provided by the camera, almost as revealing as a beaver shot on a porn site, Carolyn's most intimate secrets tucked between the spread of her thighs were momentarily completely exposed to view.

Marty froze the action and zoomed in. He sat staring intently for a while, his own excitement obviously growing the longer he studied the close-up view of the feminine intimacies between Carolyn's legs. Because of her diligence in shaving, Carolyn's plump outer labia appeared as bare as if she had almost no hair at all. The resolution of the camera appeared so sharp, as Marty zoomed in a bit more, even a few wrinkly folds of her inner labia were visible amid the darker crease centered between her legs. Working his mouse and clicking, Marty positioned the shot exactly how he liked it, then saved it, sending the compromising image of Carolyn to his private file.

A few moments later, when Marty got up and raised his arms toward the ceiling until he was stretching up on his tiptoes, the bulge in the front of his pants revealed his reason for doing this when he was in the office alone on a Saturday afternoon. After a minute or two of stretching, he walked over to his office door, unlocked it, and looked around the main office. Not seeing anything other than empty desks and chairs, he closed and relocked his door, then hurried back to his monitor. Producing a fresh thumb drive from his pocket, Marty inserted it very delicately. Once it loaded, he scooted up close to the monitor, quickly scrolling through the files. When he found what he was after, he scooted in even closer, then unzipped his pants.

On the monitor was a spider's eye view looking down from the ceiling into one of the school's science labs. From the position of the camera hidden up in a corner, it was possible to see almost the entire room. There weren't any traditional desks, only experiment tables with stools for the students to sit on, and behind the teacher's old, wooden desk hung a standard, periodic chart of the elements.

A male student dressed in blue jeans and a t--shirt walked into the room. Almost immediately, three more male students followed him in. They all met up at the teacher's desk, high fiving. Clearly, something was up.

When the tall, lanky guy facing the camera began speaking to the others, Marty reached up, turning on the speakers.

Marty was just quick enough on the volume to hear, "This is gonna be so good."

The guy with his back to the camera spoke up. "Jeff, are you sure she's gonna show?"

Jeff crossed his arms and leaned back. "When I talked to her before lunch period, the bitch told me she'd meet me here for sure."

A stocky guy, who was clearly Hispanic chimed in. "Man, I'll be pissed if she stiffs us. I cut class to be here."

The guy to his left, a well--muscled black guy, playfully shoved the Hispanic. "Shit, Jesús. Seems to me like you've been trying to graduate since back when I was a freshman. Like skipping one class will matter."

With the others all laughing, Jesús fired back, "Fuck you, Darius!"

Suddenly, all four looked over to below where the secret camera was hidden. Just a heartbeat later, looking down from above, a completely naked blonde girl came walking into view. Sashaying her hips, she strolled up to the four and stood with her back to the camera. "Hi, guys."

Sticking his thumbs in his pockets in an attempt to look cool, Jeff stepped around Jesús. "Hey, Karen. Glad you could make it."

The picture quality was definitely high-definition, yet the sound was tinny and echoey. The microphone obviously wasn't nearby, and with Marty having turned up the volume of his monitor's speakers so loudly, the sound quality had this underlying buzz along with the empty echo every time someone spoke. Perhaps the amazing quality of the picture on Marty's monitor was because of the extra light coming in through the row of widows at the back of the classroom, but the view into the science lab looked more like reality than video.

The naked blonde ambled over to the classroom's large whiteboard, and once there, she turned about to again face the guys. "You said you wanted to talk to me in private, Jeff?" She had this almost accusational tone, as if she were daring him. "So?" Leaning back so her bare butt touched the eraser holder, she crossed her arms under her bare breasts. "What is it you want to talk about?"

Jeff came swaggering over, dropping his shoulder and swinging his arm like a pimp ambling down a sidewalk towards one of his bitches. "I heard something about the study, and I thought you'd be the person to ask."

Jeff was standing so close up in front of Karen, most people, clothed or otherwise would feel anxious about having their personal space invaded, yet Karen didn't even bat an eye. "Okay." She stared back at him. "Ask away."

Sitting hunched over before his monitor, Marty could sense the tension. This was the infamous video clip everyone was buzzing about, and the girl was Karen Loeffler. In anticipation of seeing this, he'd pulled her file. Karen was from an affluent family, an honors student, and definitely not the type of girl most people would ever dream would participate in a study about public nudity. Yet there she stood without a single stitch to cover her luscious, young body. She was strikingly pretty, yet in the bitchy and aristocratic manner of someone who uses her daddy's money as a tool. The pink of her fingernails matched the pink of her Nike tennis shoes, and her shoulder length blonde hair shown with a lustrous sheen, which only comes from an expensive salon. Even her perfectly pinched little nose had obviously taken shape under the knife of a highly skilled plastic surgeon. Though she was naked and alone with these four guys, she exuded the haughty and arrogant air of someone who isn't used to asking twice for whatever she wants.

Staring down at Karen's breasts, Jeff had this stupid grin pasted upon his face. Finally, he looked up and into Karen's eyes. "I heard something about asking you to be spontaneous. I heard that if I were to ask you to be spontaneous or forthcoming, you might do whatever I asked you to."

Karen squeezed away, sidling out sideways and leaving Jeff at the chalkboard. She walked over to where the other three guys stood, then gave each one a once over. After a moment, she reached out and tapped the guy to very left on the shoulder. "I already know these two guys." She tossed her head slightly to indicate Darius and Jesús. "So what's your name?"

When he spoke up, he revealed a heavy Boston accent. "My name's Christian."

Jeff had followed closely behind Karen, but she acted as if she hadn't noticed. "Tell me, Christian?" Her tone was saucy, almost snide. "Do you want to ask me if I'm willing to be spontaneous or forthcoming for you? And if you were to ask me, and I was to agree, what is it you'd like to ask me to do?"

From behind, Jeff was almost breathing down her neck, and with Karen standing up so close up to Christian, there was scant inches between her and the guy in front and the one behind. Darius came walking around to stand on Karen's left, and Jesús moved over to her right. Standing naked in an empty classroom and now ringed in by four big, strong guys, amazingly, there was no doubt about who was still in control.

"Well?" Karen stared at Christian as if daring him. "In what way would you like me to be spontaneous?"

Christian swallowed heavily. "I don't know?"

"You don't know?" She mimicked coyly. "I bet Jeff knows what he wants me to do, don't you, Jeff?"

Jeff nodded. "Damn straight!"

"So, Christian?" Karen reached out with a finger, lightly tracing it down the front of his shirt. "As a good Christian, didn't you hear you should do unto others before they do unto you?"

From his blank stare, it was obvious Christian didn't have a clue what she was talking about.

Jeff, though, was obviously ready to get on with the main event as he suddenly reached around to cup Karen's breasts with both his hands. Almost immediately, she closed her eyes, dropped her head to her shoulder, and let out with this deep, sultry sigh. Christian, standing less than a foot away was left watching in wide--eyed wonder as Jeff's fingers kneaded Karen's breasts.

When she didn't resist, Jeff pressed in even more closely behind her, and while still giving her right breast a thorough groping, he now dropped his left hand down between Karen's legs.

While the others closed in to watch, Karen luxuriated in allowing Jeff to feel her everywhere, but then suddenly, she reached up and pressed her hands over his, holding him in check. Then lifting his fingers gently away from her body, she turned about to face him front on. "Whoa there, cowboy. We haven't begun to play my game yet. You still haven't told me what you want me to do." She was speaking teasingly like a pouty child. "You haven't even asked me if I'll agree to be spontaneous."

Darius was quick to speak up. "Okay, Karen, I'll play."

She instantly swiveled to face him.

Darius was so well--muscled, he was obviously an athlete, and the glow in his dark, brown eyes appeared focused upon the goal. "Would you be so spontaneous as to bend that sweet little ass of yours over on this desk and let me fuck your brains out?"

Karen's eyes flashed, then she pursed her lips and let out with this delighted little, "Oooh!" Obviously overacting, but getting her point across, she cooed, "Why Darius, you sweet talker." She then cast a quick glance to the others. "You see. That's how to ask a girl to be spontaneous."

Without another word, Karen stepped over to the desk and leaned down, bracing on her elbows with her forearms down as she offered up her bare ass to both Darius and the camera. The only thing Karen had on; besides her study bracelet were her pair of pink Nikes. When she spread her feet wide apart on the floor, clearly visible to the camera, up amid the dark cleft below where her plumply rounded cheeks came together, her feminine lips were on open display.

Darius passed a quick, triumphant leer to Jeff, then displayed his athleticism by stepping quick as a flash up behind Karen. Just as quickly, he unbuttoned and unzipped his pants, then stripped them down underwear and all to reveal a very formidable erection.

Karen was looking back over shoulder. "Ooh, Darius," she positively purred. "You really do know what I like, don't you?"

Dropping his right hand down to run his fingers up between the spread of Karen's legs, Darius drew open her lips and then slipped two fingers up inside her. In response, Karen shivered, wiggling her butt and letting out with a breathy little gasp. Darius, grinning for all he was worth, glanced back over his shoulder to the others, then drawing back his fingers, he brought them up under his nose and inhaled deeply.

The others anxiously crowded in. Fortunately, the three guys stood positioned to the opposite side of the camera's secret vantage, providing an unobstructed view of the action as Darius gripped Karen firmly by her hips. As he pressed forward, it wasn't necessary to see the actual penetration as it was visible in Karen's reaction. With her elbows down upon the desk, she skidded forward, knocking some papers from the desk as Darius slid himself all the way inside her.

Then slowly, and clearly enjoying every inch of the sensation, Darius slipped himself back out, and it seemed as if every the hips of other guy in the room moved back along with him. Yet he didn't quite slide his entire length all the way out of her. Smiling bright and wide, he closed his eyes, and once again slowly pushed his entire length all the way back inside her. Karen responded by spreading her feet even wider and visibly pressing her butt up and into him.

"Fuck her, Darius!" Jeff broke the heavy silence. "Give it to her, man! Fuck that bitch's brains out!"

Darius didn't appear to need any coaching. He was already setting up a rhythm, slowly at first, then faster. In response to his quickening thrusts, Karen was tossing her hair and moaning, the swaying of her breasts even knocking more papers off the desk and onto the floor.

Marty couldn't believe what he was seeing. Ever since this recording had first come to light, it had become the subject of all the underground gossip of the counselors and observers. It had created such a stir; Professor Robinson supposedly had confiscated it, but apparently not before someone had made copies. Professional pornography is usually composed of some tired formula. No matter what the producers do, it's almost always the same old thing regardless of the setting and participants. Yet the scene Marty was watching on his monitor was something else entirely. This was real. Perhaps the view came from a secret camera, there was a covert intensity to it, exciting and alive, a Peeping Tom's view of spontaneous, real--life sex.

Unlike a porn queen, Karen wasn't acting at all; she was totally into it. Darius was vigorously pumping her, forcing her to grip either edge of the desk to lift up with her ass and fuck him back. Her breasts were swinging, and her lustrous blonde hair had fallen down around both sides of her face. As he worked at her and she pushed back, every now and then Karen would fling her blonde hair around and peer back over her shoulder at Darius. This girl wasn't just being bent over a desk and fucked. She was giving it back with an intensity all her own.

The sensation of their excitement wasn't in just what could be seen; so much was captured in the sounds. There were the eager jeers and catcalls of the other guys, the sounds of Darius' powerful breathing, the slapping of flesh to flesh, and Karen's guttural grunts and breathy moans. Occasionally, it did sound like the dialogue from some cheap porno flick, as Karen would look around, huffing and puffing and call back over her shoulder, "Yeah! Oh yeah! Fuck me! That's right! Use your big, black dick, baby! Don't ever stop! Just fuck me and fuck me and fuck me 'til I cum!"

According to the counter on Marty's monitor, a respectable few minutes had passed when Darius raised his face up to the ceiling, slammed himself all the way into Karen, and let out with a huge cry of release. His strong, black fingers gripped deeply into the white flesh of Karen's hips, and as he began to lose all control, he started bucking with his hips vigorously, almost violently.

Clearly swept away in the moment along with Darius, Karen released hands slid free from the sides of the desk. Dropping down flat so her breasts bulged out to her sides, as she lay with her cheek down upon the teacher's blotter, she pushed her ass up as high as she could, urging him to fill her to his heart's content. When finally Darius' eyes flashed open, he finished by pushing himself so deeply into her, Karen slid all the forward onto her stomach; laying spent and splayed out upon the desk.

"Hey, man! Quiet!" Jeff hissed in response to the noise. "Somebody will hear us."

Clearly savoring the moment, Darius wasn't paying the least bit of attention to Jeff. When finally he did look around, sweat was running in rivulets down his forehead, cheeks and neck. Breathing heavily and still lying with her right cheek and breasts down upon the desk, from the way in which she was visibly shaking there was no question but Karen had also experienced an earth-shaking climax. Lying with her arms spread almost as wide as her legs, the camera recorded her every quiver and tremble. She was breathing so heavily, the strands of her blonde hair covering her face and mouth puffed up with each puff of breath.

They remained joined together with Darius buried all the way inside her for a few moments longer as Darius' fingers gripped Karen's hips with his dark thumbs spreading back on forth across her starkly white cheeks. Then slowly, he stepped back, revealing his glistening erection to the camera, inch by long inch, until finally he pulled himself free.

Though no longer quivering and shaking, Karen made no move to get up. She still had her bare ass arched up to the camera, and her lustrous, blonde hair entirely covered her face. When she'd first bent down upon the desk and spread her feet, the camera caught a clear view of her plump, little lips tucked up between the spread of her thighs. Now that Darius had worked her so vigorously, those very same lips had spread open, clearly revealing the deeply pink entrance to the wellspring of her passion.

It was Jeff who broke the spell, stepping in past Darius to give Karen a resounding slap on her bare right cheek.

Surprisingly, she didn't immediately react, though the whack sounded out loudly in the empty classroom. Slowly, almost mechanically, she finally brought up her head, then got up on her elbows, and finally, using her hands, she pushed herself off from the top of the desk. When she turned to face the guys standing behind her, reaching up to pull her disheveled hair away from her face, she exposed a scarlet flush to her throat and cheeks, as well as this incredibly feral and cat--like smile.

"Boys, boys." She was still breathing heavily, her entire chest heaving in and out. "Now that was hot." She looked about. "So who's next?"

Jeff was already unzipping his jeans. The other guys were also now beginning to drop theirs, as well.

Holding onto the desk and leaning down, Jeff was in such a frantic hurry, he almost had to rip his jeans off to get them over his tennis shoes. Yet when they were laying on the floor, Jeff simply lunged forward into Karen, forcing her to brace herself with her hands as the blotter and even more papers fell off the teacher's desk and scattered all over the floor. Jeff appeared to have gone wild. Groping her breasts with both hands and kissing at her madly, he bore her backwards down onto the desk until Karen lay flat on her back with just the tips of her tennis shoes down on the floor.

"Damn, dude!" Grinning from ear to ear, Christian laughed. "Go for it!"

Clearly, Jeff required no encouragement. What he lacked in finesse, he more than made up for with energy as he continued to grope and kiss her with the hunger of a starving man. Suddenly releasing Karen's right breast and reaching down between her legs, Jeff lost no time in working himself into her, immediately bucking and thrusting with wild abandon. In response, Karen brought up her legs, the soles of her prim, pink sneakers rising up to the ceiling.

With Jeff so vigorously pumping away, it was only a matter of a few moments before he leaned back and let loose with a loud groan. He didn't seem concerned at all about the noise or over having lost control so quickly. Clearly pleased with himself, his stupid grin had returned full-force as he pulled himself out of her and stepped back.

Karen sat up off the desk, a disheveled mess. Not ten minutes ago when she'd entered the room, the prissy blonde had appeared primped and freshly clean, her fingernails polished to a bright pink and her hair brushed to shiny perfection. Yet in the span of these few minutes, she now appeared sweated and flushed, resembling someone who had just run a marathon. As she sat breathing heavily on the edge of the desk, in the crisp and clear image recorded by the hidden camera, it wasn't possible to miss the thick and shiny white smear running down the inner thigh of her right leg.

Suddenly focusing upon Jeff, Karen clearly had something she wanted to say. "Do you remember when I called you a cowboy a minute ago?"

Ever so proud of himself, he was positively beaming. "Yeah," Jeff spoke between gasps for breath. "I do. That was one hell of a wild ride, huh?"

Karen shook her head. "I was wrong. You're not a cowboy. You're more like a bronco rider, eight seconds, and you're done."

Jeff's grin faded as Christian chimed in. "Yeah, Jeff. It looked to me like if you're a cowboy; you're the fastest gun in the West."

Darius high--fived Christian, adding, "Definitely wasn't no long barrel, neither."

Jeff tried to save face the only way he knew how. "Yeah? Well, I got my rocks off so fuck all of you!"

There stretched out a few moments until the laughter and smiles slowly drifted away. Amazingly, Karen showed no signs of being ready to leave. Finally beginning to breathe less heavily, she was just sitting on the edge of the desk as she looked from guy to guy.

Suddenly, it was Jesús, who came forward. "I want a blow job." He elbowed Jeff out of the way. "Get down on your knees and suck my dick."

With his pants down about his ankles, Jesús was already hard. Karen looked down at his swollen length, which had slight leftward curve to it, then responded with something like a smirk. "You forgot to ask me to if I would be spontaneous."

Darius grimaced. "What the hell is all this spontaneous bullshit? It's like we're playing fuckin' Mother May I!"

Jesús was obviously smart enough to know how he played the game didn't matter as much having the opportunity to play the game. "Okay, I get it, babe." He stepped closer, pushing out his hips and holding himself up so that his swollen crown was pointing straight up at her. "I want you to be spontaneous for me. Be so fuckin' spontaneous you get down right now on your knees, take my dick in your pretty little mouth and suck me dry."

With the return of control over her breathing, Karen once again appeared to be back in control of her situation. She pulled away the strands of hair still sticking to her face and stood. Looking Jesús straight in the eye, she reached down and one-by one, she wrapped her fingers about him. For a few moments, she stood where she was, stroking him back and forth, then she got down on her knees. Still holding him in her right hand with her bright pink fingernails wrapped about him, she rolled her eyes upwards, the tip of his swollen crown but a few inches from her lips.

That feral intensity she had displayed earlier had returned as she stared up at him. "Is this what you want? Do you want me to open my lips, slip your dick inside my mouth and suck you off?"

It had grown deathly silent in the empty classroom. On the wall above the blackboard, the clock's second hand was visible as it clicked off the passing of each moment of time. Clearly oblivious to everything else around them, Darius, Jeff and Christian were looking on in breathless anticipation as Jesús nodded.

Still looking up at Jesús, when Karen gave the very tip a teasing little kiss, a groan slipped from his lips. Clearly pleased by his reaction, she dropped her eyes to the subject at hand, then reached up and around to place her left hand on his butt, while the fingers of her right hand slid off him and began to fondle him up between his legs. With everyone staring down at her, Karen closed her eyes, then slipped his entire length all the way inside her mouth.

On his monitor, Marty could see the force with which Karen applied herself. She sucked on his dick so deeply, her cheeks dimpled in, and when she finally drew back her lips, they pursed outward as she slid slowly all the way back up to the tip. The first few passes, she stopped just short of drawing him all the way out of her lips, each time pausing only long enough to roll her eyes up to enjoy the expression of blind passion emblazened upon Jesús' face. Quickly though, she began to work up to a steady rhythm, vigorously stroking Jesús in and out of her mouth as he closed his eyes and placed his hands to the sides of her head.

Perhaps to get a better view, Christian stepped around to stand by Jeff, and as seen in Marty's monitor, he had begun to stroke his own erection as he watched. Following Christian's lead, Darius began to stroke himself as well. Like Darius, Jeff's erection was beginning to return, and with the three guys working at themselves as they looked down upon the completely naked girl down on her knees before them, they presented a strikingly powerful scene to the hidden camera up in the corner of the room.

"Damn, man." Darius nudged Jeff in the ribs with his elbow. "Look at that girl suck dick. Never ... not even in any porno I've ever watched have I seen a girl suck a dick like she does."

"She's serious about it ain't she?" Still stroking at himself, Jeff was visibly growing harder. "I tell you what, Karen. When you get done with Jesús, I'm next."

"The hell you are," Christian fired back. "You've already popped your wad, dude. It's my turn next."

"You seem to be forgetting who set all this up." Never taking his eyes off Karen, Jeff was now every bit as hard as he was before. "You wouldn't even be here if I hadn't invited you. So you owe me."

Though he was speaking to Jeff, Christian never took his eyes off the action for even a second. "Dude, I don't owe you shit."

Karen and Jesús were both oblivious to the argument. By now, she was working on trying to make Jesús come so vigorously; her blonde hair was swinging back and forth beside her face as she rocked back and forth on her knees. Though she was sliding him in and out of her mouth quickly and with purpose, each time Karen pulled back, her cheeks still puckered in all the way from the force of how deeply she was sucking on him. Then her cheeks would puff outward as she drew in a quick breath of air a split second before driving him back into her mouth as far as she could take him. All the while, Karen's right hand was still fondling his balls, and with her left clasped tightly to the middle of his butt it was impossible to tell if she was pulling him into her mouth or Jesús was thrusting into her with his hips.

His hands having slipped away from Karen's cheeks and down to his sides, Jesús held his eyes squeezed shut as they both pumped away. Suddenly throwing back his head and crying out, as he bucked and throbbed through his release, Karen kept him within her mouth, her throat moving visibly as she swallowed each molten jet and pulse.

She took it all. Even after it was obvious Jesús had spent every last drop, for a few long moments as she looked up at him, she still kept him buried inside her mouth. When finally Karen drew back her lips, his blue veins bulged out, and his entire length was scarlet red and glistening wet. The moment Karen let his swollen crown slide free from her lips, Jesús stumbled, grabbing onto the edge of the desk for support while she beamed up at him in a clear state of triumph.

"Now it's my turn!" As Christian elbowed his way in, he actually bumped the tip of his swollen crown into Karen's lips. "Give me a blow job just like that one."

"Then me!" Jeff crowded in closer. "I want one, too."

"Hey!" Darius also moved in. "Don't forget about me!"

With these three guys sticking their erections into her face, Karen pushed them away and reaching back to steady herself on the edge of the desk, she pulled herself to her feet.

"Hey! Hey!" Christian protested. "You can't be done. I haven't had my turn yet."

"Do us all!" Darius's grin spread from ear to ear. "We'll all line up and then you go down on us in a row. First Christian, then me, then Jeff, and finally Jesús again if he's up to it."

From the fire blazing in her eyes as Karen looked from face to face, it appeared clear after how quickly and powerfully she'd laid waste to Jesús, she was the one who was still in control. Though Darius had fucked her brains out from behind as she leaned over the desk, Jeff had taken her lying on her back and she'd just sucked Jesús into a state of oblivion, being their sex slave didn't appear demeaning the least bit to her, as this was all about empowerment, and all her own.

Looking up to the clock and noting what time it was, Karen reached back, pulling her blonde hair together into a ponytail so she could lift it up and away from her sweaty neck. "I don't think there's time for all that. Mrs. Kendricks will probably be back from lunch soon. But I do have an idea that should make everyone happy."

Leaning back onto Mrs. Kendricks' desk, Karen then laid herself down so she was facing up to the ceiling with her legs spread wide and the toes of her pink Nikes were just barely touching the floor. She opened her knees so wide apart, the sodden curls between her legs appeared sweat soaked and matted down onto her lips as well as plastered onto the spread of her inner thighs. Lying back on the desk as she was, Karen wasn't just revealing everything she had up between her legs to the guys standing before her, she was offering a spread-eagle view of herself to the camera.

"It's my turn now." Karen raised her head slightly to look up. "I want one of you to get between my legs and another can walk around to the side of the desk so I can slide him into my mouth. Then the other two," she stretched out her hands to either side, "I don't care who, I'll give them hand jobs."

She didn't need to ask twice. Christian lost no time in rushing over to position his hips between the wide-open spread of Karen's legs. Then grabbing onto her thighs and spreading her apart even wider with his hands, he began to tease her by rubbing his swollen crown up and down between her sodden lips.

Despite his pants being still down about his ankles, Darius just as quickly rushed around to the other side of the desk, placing the tip of his erection to Karen's upturned lips.

"Hey!" Jeff shoved at Christian. "You said you wanted a blow job. Switch places with Darius and let me fuck her again."

Not even looking up, Christian pushed himself all the way inside Karen. Already beginning to breathe heavily, his Boston accent was thick. "If you wanna go fuck somebody, how 'bout, you go fuck yourself, Jeff."

It looked for a moment as though Jeff might attempt to push the issue, but in response to Christian entering her, Karen bucked upwards with her hips and gasped. She was unable to gasp again as Darius lost no time pressing himself all the way into her mouth. With her hands out to either side, though Jesús wasn't hard yet, he still positioned himself so Karen could grab him with her right. Not wanting to miss out on the fun, Jeff had no choice but to move to the other side of the desk to allow her to start stroking him with her left.

Even as he watched it happening, Marty remained hard pressed to believe what he was seeing with his own eyes. He'd seen group action in pornos many times, yet the scene he was taking in on his screen had an immediacy and reality to it unlike any staged orgy. It was all so vivid and alive; the gasps for air, the wet and sloppy slapping of Christian's hips into the wide open spread of Karen's thighs, even the sounds of the echoes of the guy's voices in the empty classroom as they began egging each other on. Perhaps it was because this was all going down in a real school classroom, but the image displayed on the young counselor's computer monitor had a stirringly surreal quality to it.

Easily as aroused and excited as any of the participants he was watching, Marty had pulled himself fully from his pants and was stroking himself in time with the movements of Karen's hands. With one hard dick thrusting away inside her, another in her mouth and one in each hand, Karen appeared fully occupied, yet enjoying every moment of being the center of it all. Sucking as deeply on Darius as she had on Christian, as Karen bucked up with her hips in response to Christian's thrusts, they were all going after their own climax as hard as they could.

Christian was beginning to bang himself into Karen faster and faster. As he did, her knees came rising up until she planted the soles of her pink tennis shoes down on the edge of the desk. Now able to arch up even higher with her hips, she presented an eager and inviting target to Christian who was now holding onto her knees and thrusting away for all he was worth.

On the opposite side of the desk, while working himself in and out of Karen's mouth, Darius had his own hands resting upon his hips and his eyes held shut. He was easily much longer and thicker than any of the other guys. To take his entire length fully into her mouth, Karen had turned her face to the right, allowing Darius to work himself easily in and out between her tightly pursed lips.

Jesús had grown hard again, and Karen was working both he and Jeff vigorously with her hands while they groped and fondled her breasts. There was this wild and raw audacity to the whole thing; if ever this video found its way onto the Internet, it would surely became an instant porno classic. Though there was only one girl amid three guys, Karen was the main attraction; she was the apex of it, as all pleasure flowed through her.

Not surprisingly, it was Jeff who lost control first. He suddenly spurted, sending out long, white streams, which spattered onto Mrs. Kendricks' desk. Like dominoes they all fell, Darius, Jesús, and finally Christian, who slumped forward with his face down between Karen's breasts. As though they were posing for the mannequin challenge, they all stayed frozen in place for an amazingly long length of time before Darius came back to life and looked back over his shoulder at the clock.

"Oh shit!" He stepped back, drawing himself from Karen's lips. "We better haul our asses out of here. It's only like five minutes 'til the bell rings."

Karen was the last to struggle up. She was a sweaty mess, and there was even a scarlet crease along the top of the back of her shoulders from where the edge of the desk had pressed into her flesh.

All at once, the guys were pulling up or pulling on their pants. Yet Karen, not needing to dress, just sat on the edge of the desk watching the frantic activity and keeping her thoughts hidden behind her glazed and glossy eyes.

Without saying a word to Karen or anyone else, Darius was the first out of the room, followed in short order by Jesús, and then Christian. Jeff had been the only one to remove his pants completely, which forced him to sit on the floor and remove his shoes before he could get his pants back up his legs. Once he'd finally zipped up, he stood and leaned over, taking Karen's right nipple into his lips. Though at any second someone might walk into the room and catch them, he licked and suckled on her with an incredible zeal while she just sat staring off into space with this dazed and satisfied half-smile pasted upon her cherry-red lips. Finally, with a resounding smack and displaying a self--satisfied grin of his own, Jeff stood back.

"Absolutely fuckin' awesome, Karen." Jeff spoke so loudly, his voiced echoed throughout the empty room. "If I could do this regularly with you, hell I'd come to school every day."

Karen pensively bit at her bottom lip, and looked over to him, her thoughts behind her eyes impossible to read.

"Hey look, babe, I have to go." He tossed a quick look at the clock. "Sorry if I don't give you a goodbye kiss, but you've got Darius' cum all over your lips." With that, he turned and walked out under the camera, leaving Karen all alone in the room.

Still perched on the edge of the desk, Karen stared off into space. Slowly, her eyes brightened, and then bit by bit, a devilish grin spread across her face. She looked down between her legs, and then letting go of the edge of the desk, she reached down with her fingers and wiped away a glob of whitish goo from her inner thigh. Holding it up and examining the blob sticking to her fingertips, she then simply wiped it off on the edge of the desk. Then pushing with her hands and kicking out her with her shoes, she made a little jump forward, heaving her bottom up and off. Once standing, she took in an extra deep breath, let it out, then took in another. Appearing oblivious to the mess they'd made, it became clear she was going to leave the blotter and papers where they scattered all over the floor.

Back in the counselor's office, Marty was sitting up erect in his chair, still electrified. He had reached his own climax at the same time it all came to a head on his screen. Down in his lap, he held his right hand closed loosely about him as he began to shrink away. Rather than get to his feet and clean himself up, he sat with his eyes glued to the monitor, watching Karen wipe her lips clean, then brush her hair back to either side and finally begin sauntering without any sense of hurry toward the door.

Though it appeared to be all over; it wasn't quite over yet. The voyeuristic graduate student was totally blown away and left in a state of shock and awe when just before she passed from view; Karen Loeffler stopped in her tracks, looked straight up into the hidden camera and winked.