**Rachel**

by Morgan Jamissan

*Rachel and her mom go shopping in Target. Rachel is completely naked. She always is. She has to be. She's in the Stripped for Florida program, and is prohibited from wearing anything but shoes until she turns 21.*

**Chapter 1: Rachel**

**How Rachel Met Jayden**

It was an unusually warm day for having just had such a sudden cold snap. Sunny, 66º, light breeze — a far cry from the frigid temperatures just three weeks ago. The black surface of the Target parking lot actually felt warm on Rachel’s bare feet as she stepped out of the blue Honda SUV.

“You’re not going to wear your Uggs?” asked her mom as she walked around to the passenger side and saw Rachel standing there barefooted.

“Actually, no, Mom, this feels good. It’s like walking on warm toast!” Rachel had removed her shoes, but she left everything else on: an anklet, two new bracelets she got for Christmas, a thin chain necklace and a floppy sunhat, which she always wore on sunny days.

Target’s policy that shoes must be worn at all times was superseded by Florida’s rules for anyone who had been “Quick Stripped,” that is, whose clothing had been taken away under the state’s Stripped for Florida program. Although they were allowed to wear sandals or shoes, even short boots, they were free to go anywhere in Florida without shoes, so long as there were no health or safety hazards in doing so. The only restriction on footwear was that it was not recommended to wear tall boots or knee socks, which could sometimes trigger the clothing sensors installed throughout the state. These sensors would set off alarms that alerted local law enforcement, ensuring that they complied with the law and remained completely naked — at least from the neckline to the ankles — at all times.

“Ahhh ... this is more like it!” Rachel said to her mom as she stepped across the sun-warmed parking lot.

A family getting out of a green Mazda was taken aback. They knew there were stripped kids in Madison County, and they tried not to be too obvious with their stares, but the sudden sighting of a high school girl walking across a public parking lot without any clothes on was still a bit of a shocker.

The automatic doors glided open as the clothed-and-unclothed mother and daughter strode past the in-store Starbucks. Unlike in south Florida, where the sight of nudity was becoming commonplace, the northern rural counties had not yet seen the proliferation of nudity in public, and heads were turning. Most shoppers had only heard about the county’s few stripped students. Some cast delighted glances, others disapproving scowls (although in many cases, those scowls concealed a clandestine inner delight).

Rachel’s mom grabbed a cart and the pair started shopping as if it were perfectly normal for a girl to be strolling through Target wearing nothing but a sunhat and jewelry. Rachel had been the first stripped student in Madison County, and after living naked 24/7 for the better part of a year, she had finally acclimated to it. She did everything that way. Nude was the only “normal” she knew anymore. And it would be until she was 21.

The floor of Target felt cool on Rachel’s feet as they strolled through the store. They walked past kitchenware, home decor and girls’ underwear (one department that was no longer relevant to Rachel). Then they came to jewelry.

“Oh mom, look,” she said, picking up a jangly bracelet. “I love these. Look how cute!”

“Oh my God, it is,” her mom replied, taking it from Rachel’s hand and looking it over.

“I think Clair has one just like it.”

Rachel had become somewhat of a connoisseur of bracelets. She had quite a collection. She’d been a fashion aficionado before her parents Quick-Stripped her last May, bringing her clothes-wearing days to an abrupt halt. Now she collected necklaces, anklets and shoes. And along with her best friend Clair—both aspirant fashion designers--still indulged in her hobby of drawing outfits in a sketchbook. As Clair says about the outfits Rachel sketches, “You can draw ‘em ... you just can’t wear ‘em!”

Rachel’s mom examined the bracelet, which was of very high quality. “Impressive.”

“Yeah, well, it’s kinda pricy,” Rachel lamented.

Rather than hanging the bracelet back on the rack, Rachel’s mom placed it in the shopping cart.

“Uh, gee ... thanks, Mom. I wasn’t expecting that.”

“Hey, after what you’ve been through in the past three weeks, you deserve it!”

“Rachel, hey!” came a voice from an adjacent aisle. It was Marc, a boy in her 3rd period science class. “What’s going on?”

“Oh hey, Marc,” she replied. “Just doing a little shopping.”

“Hi Mrs. Miller,” Marc greeted Rachel’s mom. “Hey Rach, come look at these new games, they’re cool.”

Rachel and Marc stepped over to a display of new video games across the wide main aisle that ran the width of the store. Marc, a died-in-the-wool gamer, proceeded to extoll the virtues and foibles of several new arrivals.

Marc seemed oblivious to all the female nakedness right in front of him as he enthusiastically talked about the games. He was well-acquainted, visually, with Rachel’s body. He had not met her until the beginning of this school year, so he had never seen her with clothes on. This is not to say he didn’t enjoy looking at her — he did — but her lack of clothing was no longer a novelty, and Rachel was no longer an anomaly, to him or to her other classmates. She was simply his friend. Marc related to her as he would any other student.

Not so with the boy across the aisle, browsing a display of DVDs. His name was Nathan. He was an eighth grader at Arnold Middle School, and he was not at all acclimated to female nakedness. Or any nakedness. There were only eight stripped high school students in the county (counting a brother and sister who were stripped just yesterday). He had glimpsed naked students only once, from a distance. Nathan had just moved to north Florida from Missouri, so he had grown up in an environment where nudity was absolutely taboo. Since the DECENT laws went into effect around the world (of which Florida had opted out), there was hardly any nudity on the Internet, and movies and advertisements no longer portrayed even scantily clad people.

Seeing Rachel standing there casually chatting with Marc, wearing nothing, was a rare treat for him. The smooth bright store lighting was precisely balanced to illuminate Target’s merchandise in the best possible way, and it showcased Rachel with that same degree of luminescent perfection. Nathan was mesmerized. He could see every detail, and he savored every nuance. He tried not to be too conspicuous with his glances (which were melding into long gazes), or to knock over the entire DVD display he was hovering around as a decoy. Little did Nathan know, this would be his lucky week. Just a couple of days later, in Steak & Shake, he would run into a stripped college girl with a carefully-shaped strip of brown pubic hair. Then a couple of months later, his family would visit his cousin’s family in sunny Ft. Lauderdale, where he’d find himself surrounded by more nakedness than his eyes could drink in.

“So, Rachel, are you gonna sign up for color guard again next year?” asked Marc as Rachel trotted on silent bare feet back over to the jewelry counter, where her mother was standing.

“Mmmm ... dunno. Ms. Farady thinks I should take baton. I want to see what Clair’s gonna do.”

Mom resumed pushing the cart as daughter strolled along beside her. Rachel was known all around her school for her particularly perky rear end, and as she walked away, the movement of the two smooth orbs of flesh were a marvelous sight to Nathan (who had no idea the DVD he’d mindlessly grabbed was The Julio Iglesias Story). Several other shoppers, browsing various products, were also discreetly checking her out as she sauntered away.

The mother-daughter duo then took a left toward, of all unlikely places, the Junior Girls department. For the first time in over a year, Rachel was about to try on clothes. Legally.

**Chapter 2: Jayden**

Three weeks before Rachel’s naked stroll across the sun-warmed Target parking lot, it was quite a different picture, not only in Madison County but across much of northeast Florida:

“Hamilton County residents will awake to a chill tomorrow morning,” announced the TV weatherman. “The low will be 31 degrees just before sunrise, a good twelve degrees lower than the average for late February.”

Jayden’s parents both glanced over his way from across the living room. He was reclining on the sofa, wearing a pair of high top Converse sneakers, watching TV with his family.

“You better bundle up in the morning,” kidded his sister Amee, who was sitting on the floor building a dinosaur with Legos.

“Har de har, lil smartass Sis” said Jayden.

“It’ll warm up to a high of around 56 or 57,” continued the weatherman, wrapping up his segment. “We might even see 60.”

“Pfft. I can do 60 easy,” said Jayden to himself.

“But it’ll be a nippy morning commute for Hamilton County residents. Marsha?” the weatherman continued, transitioning back to the anchor.

“Yes, Chuck, especially for the county’s five stripped students ... brrrr!” added Marsha as she segued to the next news item.

As Jayden relaxed in the living room, he was noticeably engorged. His daily dose of sildenafil citrate usually didn’t wear off fully until after dinner, and sometimes until almost bedtime. It was a special low-dose formula commissioned by the state of Florida specifically for stripped boys, provided by Stripped for Florida to parents who had Quick Stripped their sons, to keep them from being self-conscious about getting erections in public by keeping them at lease partially erect most of the time. It was not unusual for him to sit down at the dinner table at night completely hard.

At traditional nudist camps (now illegal almost everywhere in the world under the DECENT laws), erections had always been a sensitive issue. If an erection occurred, you were ostracized, and could even be kicked out. For that reason, many ten nudist boys would drop out of the nudist lifestyle, because erections at that age occurred spontaneously and frequently. The state of Florida, in setting up the SFF program, decided to take the opposite approach, to lay the stigma of erections to rest. Newly-stripped boys were almost always put on a specially-formulated low dose Tadalafil (generic Cialis), which ensured they’d have an erection -- or at least be at least somewhat hard -- all day. They’d usually be kept on it until they overcame any embarrassment from having an erection in public, but lately the trend was for stripped boys to continue taking it on a daily basis.

It was traumatic to Jayden when he first got stripped and had to start going around like that at home in front of his family, not to mention at school, walking naked into a classroom full of clothed students—especially since he had been the first stripped kid in Hamilton County. But one can dwell in a state of perpetual self-consciousness for only so long until it eventually becomes the new norm.

“I’ll have the car warmed up for you in the morning,” said Jayden’s mom. “You can just scoot out the front door and onto a nice warm seat. It won’t be so bad.”

“Don’t let me forget to take my science project with me, Mom,” Jayden said.

“We should go ahead and put it in the car tonight,” she suggested. “Will the cold hurt it overnight?”

“No, it’ll be OK.” Jayden stood up to go pack up his project.

“Are you giving your presentation tomorrow?” asked his mom.

“No, that’s not ‘til next week, but Mr. Warner wants to see it tomorrow.”

“Is it done?”

“No, but he’s gonna help me with it. Say, Mom, do we have a big box?” he said as he walked out of the room.

“Look downstairs under the steps. I just put one down there yesterday.”

“I guess those seat warmers were a good investment after all,” said his dad, who had originally voted for foregoing that option when they bought their new Mazda, seeing as how they lived in Florida. But his mom prevailed with the argument that if they were going to Quick Strip Jayden, which they had decided to do shortly before they went car shopping, they should spring for it, even if they used it only a few days a year. And they were planning on stripping Amee when she turned 14 (although she had no idea yet), so even more reason to have toasty car seats in Winter.

So far in the brief history of the fledgling Stripped for Florida program, winter weather had been moderate. Students found various ways to cope with the occasional cold snaps. Jayden had his routine down pat. On a chilly morning, after a breakfast of hot oatmeal, he bundled up in his warmest winter outfit, a knitted sock cap and a pair of shoes with thick socks (scrunched down so as not to trip the sensors). Then he downed his morning pill, grabbed his book bag and made a dash from the house to the car (hello heated seats!). Next, a brisk jaunt from the car into the front door of the school and he was home free for the day.

Principal Landrum kept the school nice and cozy on cold mornings to accommodate the nude students at Jefferson (there were three of them). Still, it took a while for the unclothed students to warm up after dashing through the cold morning air. Jayden was usually still a bit chilly at the beginning of Mr. Hall’s first period history class. His scrotum would be drawn up tight and firm into a perfectly round shape (a look that many of his classmates, as well as Mr. Hall, secretly enjoyed). But by the end of first period, he was usually pleasantly warm. And pleasantly erect.

**Chapter 3: Rachel's Bare Fanny**

In the past couple of days, since this unseasonable cold snap came through north Florida, the bus ride to school was a bit difficult for Rachel. The hard seat of a yellow school bus can bring a quick chill to a bare bottom. But her best friend Clair would always slide over and offer her a warmer place to sit.

Sometimes her friends Steven or Geoff or one of several other compassionate classmates would slide over and offer their seats to help her avoid the chilling experience of naked-flesh-on-vinyl-bus-seat. For the most part, her bus mates were sympathetic and helpful. Many, though, if truth be told, looked forward to a cold snap, as they got to enjoy Rachel’s small pink nipples standing out erect, and ogle the goosebumps all over her cute bottom as she scurried up the steps and into the school. Many students, boys especially, but some girls too, were fans of her particularly cute little butt, and would try, without being obvious, to follow her down the hall a bit to treat themselves to a look between classes, even if they had to double back and scurry to make their next class. The goosebumps on her bare fanny was something her secret fans — connoisseurs of every detail of her nakedness — savored.

The ride home after school was usually no problem, for Rachel in Madison County or Jayden over in Hamilton County, or for any of north Florida’s stripped kids. By the end of the school day it would usually have warmed up to at least the upper 50s, often the low 60s. Even by mid-morning, if naked students needed to walk outside for some reason, say to switch classes, the early morning chill would have diminished. So, all in all, cold snaps, although annoying, were manageable, even without any clothes. Until now.

When the unexpected cold snap came rolling in three weeks ago, stripped kids and their parents were ill-prepared for such a plunge of the thermometer. Some parents simply kept their kids home for a couple of days and understanding teachers sent classwork home for them to do. But when it extended into a third day, this truancy became problematic. Sarah, a sixth-grader in Columbia County, showed up at school one nippy morning fully clothed. This would have been fine with the more conservative school administrators who opposed the Stripped for Florida program, but allowing her to remain clothed would have been a violation of state law, so they had no choice but to have her remove all clothing and go through the school day with nothing on, as the law required.

If a stripped kid wearing clothing tried to approach a school (or anywhere in Florida where sensors were installed, which was in almost every public place), alarms were set off by the Quick Strip chips implanted just beneath the skin behind their left ear. If a stripped kid were caught wearing clothing, or concealing their bodies with any sort of textile, their parents could be subjected to a fine. And the fines were stiff. School administrators were obligated to make sure their nude students complied with the rules, and local police were obligated to enforce state law. During cold weather, they sometimes looked the other way as much as they could get away with, to try to cut the kids some slack, but this put them in a precarious position. If they allowed stripped students to go around clothed, they were breaking the law.

Wanda, a freshman in Union County, came up with an inventive plan for nippy days. Her mom had bought her a giant scarf, which she draped around her body. But just before she entered a zone where she knew alarms were located, she’d bunch it up around her neck so that the sensors wouldn’t detect thick fabric cascading around her. She also discovered that the bus ride on frosty mornings was made a bit more comfortable by sliding snugly between two burly, heavily-clothed students clad in puffy insulated jackets. She was friends with a couple of fairly massive guys on the football team, who were more than glad to help her get cozy (Well, as cozy as you can get riding naked in a school bus in the dead of winter).

These makeshift tactics for coping with occasional chilly spells worked very well until this latest cold snap. For about three days, naked students in the northern counties were spending too much time exposed to the record-breaking cold. You couldn’t have handed better ammo to the hard-line old-school conservatives, the “Anti-Nudites,” who seized the opportunity and began strategizing how to pull the struts out from under Stripped for Florida.