**Rebecca: Naked in School**

***Editor’s note:*** *The following stories originally appeared in the Springfield Gazette on five consecutive days during the week in September when the Naked in School Program was introduced at Springfield Middle School. The Gazette assigned staff writer Jacqueline Jillinghoff to spend each day of the week at the school and report her observations in detail.*

*Jillinghoff’s first decision was to focus on a single student, sixth-grader Rebecca Chandler of the township’s east end, even though twelve students, four from each grade, took part in the program the first week.*

*“It’s a total breach of a reporter’s objectivity, but I fell in love with her,” Jillinghoff says. “She was bright, articulate, and very uninhibited. We were afraid that having a reporter and photographer hovering around her all day would frighten the other children away, and they wouldn’t interact with her the way the program intends, but they forgot we were there very quickly.”*

*The stories appeared in the Gazette the day after the events they describe: Monday’s story appeared in Tuesday’s edition, Tuesday’s story in Wednesday’s edition, and so on. To avoid confusion, they are reprinted here according to the day they took place.*

*The Gazette thanks the Springfield School District for allowing Jillinghoff and photographer Phil Zipe unlimited access to the middle school. We also thank Rebecca’s mother, Carolyn, for allowing her daughter to be interviewed and photographed.*

*Readers should be warned that the language in the articles is often explicit.*

*“Kids talk dirty,” Jillinghoff says. “We wanted to be true to their experience.”*

**MONDAY**

‘Program’ goes off without a stitch at Springfield Middle School

By Jacqueline Jillinghoff
Staff Writer

A skinny young girl with sandy blonde hair burst from the principal’s office Monday morning at Springfield Middle School. Rebecca Chandler, 11, scampered down the hall on tiptoe, eager to start on her first full week of classes as a sixth-grader.

In this, she was no different from the middle school’s other 400 pupils, and yet the eyes of everyone in the noisy hall followed her appreciatively, because she stood out from the crowd in one significant respect.

Rebecca was stark naked.

The Naked in School Program, the most radical social experiment in the country’s educational system since desegregation, arrived at Springfield Middle School Monday, and Rebecca was one of the first 12 children — two boys and two girls from each of grades six, seven and eight — chosen to participate. Plucked from the line of children streaming off a school bus, she dropped her clothes in a box in Principal Lena Vaughn’s office and hurried off to her homeroom with a book-filled backpack slung over one bare shoulder.

“It’s a lot different from going naked in grade school, because everybody else is wearing clothes,” she said. “I feel more naked.”

Defying the threat of funding cuts from the state department of education, the Springfield School Board took its time introducing middle school children to the pleasures and embarrassments of public nudity.

Beginning when Rebecca was in third grade and the current eighth-graders were in fifth, the board introduced monthly, informal “naked days” in the township’s two elementary schools, hoping group participation would help students overcome their shyness and encourage their sense that they are all in it together.

“It was the right thing to do,” Principal Vaughn said. “These children are required to expose themselves to their peers, and while the program’s benefits are indisputable, they need to be eased into it. Every child in the middle school will spend one week naked this year, but they’ve all been naked in front of each other before, and the kids who keep their clothes on should know to be respectful.”

The indisputable benefits Vaughn spoke of include a nationwide drop of nearly a third in teenage obesity. Research shows an almost one-to-one correlation — with all other factors accounted for — between the introduction of the program and the slimming of the adolescent population, Vaughn said.

Social scientists have a ready explanation: Teenagers are eating better and exercising more because they want to look good when their time comes to strip.

But despite her experience with nudism in grammar school, as well as hours of counseling about her developing body, Rebecca was unprepared for the force of her new sexual feelings. By her second class Monday, she was already having trouble concentrating on her schoolwork. She complained of dizziness, shortness of breath and a tingling in her face and arms.

Elaine Robinson, her second-period social studies teacher, recognized the symptoms and asked Rebecca if she wanted “relief,” which is program-speak for a public orgasm.

“Every child experiences their sexuality differently, and they might not make the connection right away between what they’re feeling and what they’ve been told,” Robinson said. “That little girl has been taught all about being horny. She just didn’t realize that’s what she was at first.”

Program participants are permitted to masturbate at the beginning of any class, although they must do it with the other students watching. They may also ask for a volunteer to massage their genitals for them. Oral sex is an option if both parties agree, and public intercourse has taken place among older students at the high school.

Rebecca’s classmates whooped in disbelief when she unexpectedly chose Robinson to administer the cure — the first time in memory a Springfield student has selected a faculty member for the purpose.

“Teachers aren’t supposed to touch students,” one girl whispered to the boy sitting next to her.

“It’s Rebecca’s choice,” Robinson said, beginning the short version of a program-approved speech the children have been hearing since they were toddlers. “It’s her body, and she has the right to say who may touch her, just as each of you has the right to say who may touch you. And the rules do say she can select anyone she wants.”

Actually, the rules are ambiguous. Section 5 of the pamphlet issued to the faculty states that relief may be given “by any other person in the classroom, provided they are agreeable.” The emphasis is on volunteering. Teachers are not mentioned, but they are not excluded.

“I chose Miss Robinson because she’s really nice, and because her hands are so big and soft,” Rebecca said while her teacher cleaned up with a drop of hand sanitizer.

Robinson instructed Rebecca to sit on the edge of the big desk at the front of the room. Then, standing to one side, she reached between the girl’s legs and caressed the hairless vulva, taking care that the rest of the class could see clearly what she was doing.

“It wasn’t the most comfortable position for either of us, but the point of the program is to make the sexual encounter a teaching moment,” Robinson said. “I tried to be gentle, but we both found out she likes it rough.”

Within minutes Rebecca was panting and squealing and ordering Robinson to “do it harder,” having the first orgasm of her young life in a roomful of friends. It was as though she had brought her own body for show-and-tell.

“I never felt anything like that before,” she said afterward. “Maybe a little bit at home, but not all the way like that. I definitely want Miss Robinson to do it again tomorrow.”

When the program was introduced around the country, only boys were entitled to relief, but that bit of sexism soon went the way of all-male Supreme Court.

“It was assumed that only the boys were aroused, because their desire is there for all to see, and they would be in pain if they couldn’t ejaculate,” Vaughn said. “It didn’t take long to discover that the girls were suffering just as much and were entitled to the same consideration. It used to be the girls had to wait until they got home, or they would sneak off to the girls’ room or the hide in the stairwell to masturbate between classes. Public relief shows them their orgasms are just as important to us as the boys’.

“Little Rebecca may be an extreme case, but I heard our seventh- and eighth-grade girls also asked for relief today, more than once,” Vaughn added. “It calms them down.”

Indeed it does. Rebecca was visibly more relaxed and attentive for the rest of the day, although by her last class — art — she had grown fidgety again.

This time, however, she knew just what to ask for.

**TUESDAY**

Sixth-grader discovers nudity is power

By Jacqueline Jillinghoff

Staff Writer

Rebecca Chandler stood in the hallway at Springfield Middle School Tuesday morning confronting a pack of five boys. As one of four sixth-graders chosen to participate this week in the Naked in School Program, she was wearing nothing but a pair of dark green espadrilles and white ankle socks. Quite naturally, she was the center of attention.

“Hey, girl, show us your cunt,” one of the boys said. When Rebecca hesitated, he added, “The rules say you have to.”

The program rulebook requires participants to consent to any “reasonable request” from other students, and it explicitly defines close-up inspections as reasonable. Since one of the goals of the program is anatomical education, the boys could gaze at her to their hearts’ content, but, typically for pre-adolescents, they phrased their request as a demand, invoking what they saw as their unalienable rights. The last thing an 11-year-old boy wants is to sound soft, especially when he’s showing off for his friends in front of an 11-year-old girl.

Elaine Robinson, Rebecca’s sixth-grade social studies teacher, who was standing in the doorway to her classroom, overheard the remark and intervened.

“Ask her politely,” she told the boy. “Her name is not Girl. It’s Rebecca.”

“Show us your cunt, Rebecca,” the boy said. He didn’t sound at all polite.

Drawing courage from her teacher’s presence, Rebecca replied, “Say please.”

“Please,” the boy said impatiently.

It was the best she could do, and she took it. Carefully, she parted her outer vaginal lips with the fingers of both hands, exposing the soft folds that cover her clitoris. She flexed her knees and angled her pelvis forward, giving the boys a better view.

They have all seen plenty of naked little girls in grammar school, but now, with their pre-adolescent hormones percolating through their bloodstreams, the female body has taken on a whole new fascination. After jostling and pushing one another aside, they lined up in single file and, considerate of each other’s feelings if not Rebecca’s, took turns bending over thrusting their noses an inch from her vagina.

“Cool,” the last boy said. “Can we touch it?”

Rebecca glanced over her shoulder for guidance, but Robinson merely said, “It’s your decision.”

“Just you,” Rebecca told the boy who asked.

His hand shot out and he grabbed her crotch roughly, but, taking some control, Rebecca instructed him in the proper technique for feeling up a girl: firmly but gently.

“Stoke, don’t poke,” she said, echoing a catchphrase from the colorful sex-ed poster that hangs in the school nurse’s office.

“What’s it like?” asked the boy who had first made the request.

“Kinda slimy,” his friend said. “But it’s cool.”

The rest of Rebecca’s body didn’t seem to interest them, because it was still too much like theirs. Her chest is flat, her hips narrow, and her buttocks, though high and beautifully shaped, are not as full as a woman’s. Trim her hair, cover the nick at her crotch, and she could pass for a mature boy.

“She doesn’t have boozers,” said the ringleader of the boys, coining his own word for breasts. “We wanna see the eighth-grade girls. One kid who saw them said their boozers are awesome.”

So engrossed were the boys in Rebecca’s pussy that they didn’t notice her face, which had taken on an open-mouthed, closed-eyed expression of sexual pleasure as her vagina was being stroked. Her body might look immature, but it feels grown up.

The class bell rang at last, the touching and inspecting ended, and Rebecca walked into Robinson’s classroom desperately in need of relief.

“The boys are getting weird,” she said as she took her seat. “When we had Naked Day in the elementary school, they would just take off their clothes and play with us like it was nothing. Now all they talk about is cunts and tits and asses and pussies. They want to feel you up and get you to touch their hard-ons.”

Robinson regarded the encounter as a success.

“She stood her ground,” the teacher said. “She made choices about her body, and I think she and the boys learned something about giving and receiving pleasure. Sex is negotiation, and she’s learning what she has to negotiate with.”

But Rebecca was the first to admit she was becoming as weird as the boys. A year ago, she said, the attention she just received would not have made her as horny as she was at that moment.

“If I don’t get relief, I’m gonna die,” she said. “Just die.”

She asked Robinson to masturbate her again, but the teacher had another idea, one designed to teach another lesson. She drew the nude girl to a corner of the room and spoke to her intently in an inaudible whisper.

“Really?” the girl blurted out loud. Robinson nodded, and Rebecca said, “OK!” — again loud enough for the class to hear, and this time with obvious excitement.

Robinson had laid an exercise mat she borrowed from the school gymnasium in the middle of the common area, a carpeted section of the room behind her desk that is walled off on one side by a hip-high bookcase. She told Rebecca to remove her shoes and socks and lie down on the mat, then asked the class, “Who here wants to give Rebecca relief?”

A dozen hands went up — all of the boys’ and all but two of the girls’.

“Come up here, and everyone get around her.”

The children knelt around the naked girl, who was already circling her clitoris with the tip of one finger, her unpainted fingernail shiny with her own juice. Most managed to find a spot, crowding against one another like puppies at a water dish. Only the two girls who had kept their arms down were left to stand and watch beside Robinson.

Then, at the teacher’s signal, they began to touch and stroke Rebecca’s body. Her chest, her arms, legs, her face and neck, her feet and tummy — nothing was off limits or out of range. Rebecca’s sexual satisfaction had become a class project.

In a moment, the two girls who stood apart asked if they could join in, too. They tried squeezing themselves between the other students but finally had to settle for reaching over and between them.

“Can I kiss her tit?” a boy asked. The flatness of her chest apparently didn’t turn him off: a nipple is a nipple, apparently, as long as it’s on a girl.

“Ask her,” Robinson said.

“Hey, Rebecca, can I kiss your tit?”

“May I kiss your tit,” Robinson corrected.

“Yeah yeah yeah!” Rebecca shouted, apparently impatient with the grammar lesson.

The boy pressed his lips to one of Rebecca’s pink dots. His boldness set off a feeding frenzy. All of the boys asked to put their mouths on her, somewhere, anywhere. She gave a silent nod, and her body disappeared under a bobbing circle of heads.

Someone — it is still unclear who — managed to insinuate himself, or herself, into her most delectable spot. Rebecca suddenly threw her arms over her head, and her happy sighs and gurgles made it clear the experiment was succeeding.

At last a childish whimper rose through the crowd. It broadened into a moan, reached a peak in volume and remained there for what seemed minutes, broken only at intervals by sobbing gasps.

The Rebecca Chandler Relief Project lasted nearly twice as long as the 10 minutes set aside under program rules.

“It’s all right, children. I think she’s finished,” Robinson said as the vocalizing subsided. “Give her some air.”

The sea of heads parted, revealing a nude girl hugging herself, running her hands along her chest and sides. Her body gleamed with spots of saliva, and her face was plastered with a dreamy grin.

“It was like one big long one,” she said. “They licked me all over. All over. Everywhere. It was so ... nice.”

“All right, everyone back to their desks,” Robinson said. “You all did very well. You were very gentle, and I hope you learned it can be as much fun to give pleasure as to receive it. Now, if you promise to be quiet — very quiet — I’ll let those of you who want to go to the restroom and wash up — or whatever else you have to do. Quietly. Quietly! No talking. There are other classes in session.

“Rebecca, would you like to go to the bath—”

But when she turned back to the alcove, she found the girl had dozed off.

The student who demanded to see Rebecca’s cunt is named Eric, and he and Rebecca have several classes together, beginning with first-period math. Eric wanted to see an older girl with developed breasts. He got his chance during language arts class, his first period after lunch, which is taught by Steven Tillerman.

The middle school has three floors, with one grade assigned to each, so that younger students rarely mingle with or even see the older ones. On Tuesday, however, Tillerman lined up each of his classes and marched them up one flight of stairs to the library, where they listened to Sandra Cohen, the school librarian, explain how to find books and look up titles in the online catalog. They would be using the library a lot for their big fall-semester research project, Cohen told them.

The assignment is to write a short paper about a figure from American History in any field including politics, industry, science and the arts. In January, the students will present a living wax museum, which entails dressing up as their subjects and creating a table-top display of photographs and other memorabilia.

To get the students thinking about their research subjects, Cohen had placed a number of books, mostly biographies, on the reading tables in the library.

By chance, Rebecca sat down in front of “My Week in the Nude” by Dr. Elizabeth Finch, who, as a teenager, was one of the first high school students in the country drafted into the Naked in School Program. Rebecca knew at once she had found her subject for the wax museum.[For Jacqueline Jillinghoff’s interview with Finch, see below.]

Tillerman’s sixth-graders were distracted from Cohen’s lecture by the presence of two naked eighth-graders at the computer stations across the room. Cheryl Stein and Hank Nelson, both 13, were spending a study period in the library, planning to do some research for a brief civics essay due the following week. They did not get far. Other eighth- and a few seventh-graders followed them in from the hallway, seizing the opportunity to make a “reasonable request.”

Hank, a tall, smoothly muscled boy wearing straw flip-flops and a choker made of pink coquina shells, stood in front of a bookcase. He was fully erect under a puff of black pubic hair, and he was demonstrating to a group of fascinated girls how, by clenching the muscles in his groin, he could flip his penis like a diving board.

Cheryl, wearing a pair of black, square-heeled pumps and scarlet, lace-topped stockings pulled above her knees, leaned over a computer table, giving the other students a generous view of her buttocks and the pubic area underneath.

Glancing over her shoulder, she saw a seventh-grade boy standing shyly apart from the rest of the onlookers.

“Hey kid, come ‘ere and kiss my ass,” she said.

The other students pushed the boy forward, and, humiliated and thrilled in equal measure, he obeyed.

Whoever told Eric the eighth-grade girls’ “boozers” were awesome was right: Cheryl had the beginnings of an impressive rack. She also had a dramatic flare to her hips, a full ass, short muscular legs, and black hair that dangled over her breasts. She was rounder everywhere than boyish little Rebecca, and obviously more to Eric’s liking.

She caught him gawking at her when she straightened up at the computer table, and she turned to give him a full frontal view. He raised his hand.

“Yes, Eric, you have a question,” Tillerman said.

“Mr. Tillerman, can I go over and ask that girl for a reasonable request?”

“You’re listening to Miss Cohen, now, Eric,” Tillerman said. “You can make a request in the hall when we’re finished.”

“But she might be gone then,” Eric persisted.

“Eric, please pay attention.”

The boy folded his arms in a sulk. He kept his eyes on Cohen for a just a few seconds before they drifted back to the girl of his dreams. Fixing him with her gaze, Cheryl traced figure eights around her nipples with the tip of one finger and ran the fingers of her other hand through her dark pubic curls. Eric’s face blazed red. He squirmed in his chair, massaging himself — secretly, he thought — through his pants beneath the table.

Cheryl turned it on. She dipped a finger deep into her vagina, then extracted and sniffed it. It was her middle finger, which she held up by itself in the “fuck you” position. For the coup de grace, she mouthed the words “your penis” and licked her fingertip.

The poor boy fainted.

“I love the little kids,” Cheryl said, as if a generation separated her from Eric, rather than just two years. “They try to act all tough and grown up, but when you flash them they fall apart.”

The lecture was postponed as Tillerman and Cohen peeled Eric off the floor and helped him down to the nurse’s office. Tittering and whispers grew among the other sixth-graders as the realization of what had happened spread. It became clear that it would take a long time for Eric to live down the embarrassment, if he ever did.

Rebecca seemed especially pleased. There was a satisfied smirk on her face, and she flashed Cheryl a thumbs up sign across the room.

“It was kind of mean, what she did,” Rebecca said. “I can’t wait till I have the kind of body that makes a boy faint.”

A Talk with Dr. Elizabeth Finch

On her first trip to the Springfield Middle School Library, Rebecca Chandler discovered “My Week in the Nude,” Elizabeth Finch’s memoir of her experience in the Naked in School Program.

Now in her 30s, Finch is a pediatrician with a practice in her hometown, where she lives with her husband, Carl Walker, and their 4-year-old daughter, Irmelin Rose. As a high school junior, she was one of the first students in the nation drafted into the program. Her book, written to reassure preteens about the program’s benign intentions, is well-illustrated with photographs and imaginative drawings of Finch and Walker as attractive — and fully nude — 16-year-olds.

Rebecca was captivated by Finch’s story — and her body — and decided to portray her in the middle school’s wax museum exhibition.

“I’m flattered she wants to be me,” Finch said Tuesday, speaking by telephone from her home. “If nothing else, it will save her time and money on a costume.”

Finch’s husband, a college professor of American literature and a former Olympic swimming hopeful, took part in the Naked in School Program two weeks before she did. The couple credits the program with bringing them together — on their first official date, they attended a school dance in the nude — but with a grim humor more appropriate to war veterans than naturists, they refer to themselves variously as “survivors,” “victims” and “guinea pigs.”

“When Carl and I were in the program, it was made clear to us that we were on our own,” Finch said. “It was a kind of pointed neglect. We were not given any notice. We were simply called into the principal’s office Monday morning, told to strip and thrown back like fish. The idea was tough love, forcing us to become comfortable with our bodies whether we liked it or not.

“Don’t get me wrong. In some ways it was the greatest experience of my life, extraordinarily exciting and liberating — and the sex, my God! — but I always thought it could be done in a more nurturing way. I’m happy to hear your school district is taking that approach.

“For heaven’s sake, the body is the source of all our pleasures. Nudity should be fun, not a trial.”

Finch said she agrees with the Springfield School District’s philosophy of introducing public nudity at younger ages, with stricter supervision.

“It makes sense to do it sooner rather than later, starting in first and second grades or even younger,” she said. “We started with high school seniors and juniors and worked backwards, which was a mistake, I think. If you’re not used to being naked by the time you’re a teenager, it’s a shock no matter how mature you are. Think about computers or playing the piano. The best ones learn as children.

“The fun of nudity is the feeling of being nude, the awareness of it. If you walk around naked in your home, alone, it hardly registers, but in public, it’s as though you are telling yourself, ‘I am naked, I am naked’ every second, especially if everyone else is wearing clothes. With that state of consciousness, it’s going to be arousing, especially for a girl just reaching puberty.

“Rebecca is learning to be a sexual being with the support of her teachers and friends. I envy her sense of discovery. And I think her teachers are very creative. The orgasms she’s having sound delicious.”

Finch and Walker intend to raise Irmelin and any future children as nudists, imparting the program’s values at home before the children enter school.

“I’m naked now as I talk to you, and my little girl is naked, snuggled against my breast,” she said. “It’s the most tender feeling, her skin against mine. My hope is that by the time she’s ready for the program, the program will no longer be necessary.”

**WEDNESDAY**

‘It just feels good’:

Nudity is about much more than being natural

By Jacqueline Jillinghoff
Staff Writer

After two days in the Naked in School Program, Rebecca Chandler’s official, in-class orgasm count stood at three. She received relief twice Monday, and on Tuesday, the students in her history class united to give her a multiple climax — or one long one, as she described it — that kept her smiling for the rest of the day.

“It was yummy,” she said after a brief nap. “I wanted it to go on forever.”

The program’s philosophy is that early sexual experiences should be as public as possible. Watching and being watched, it is believed, leads to acceptance of others’ sexuality as well as of one’s own.

But public relief is only one part of students’ sexual experience during the program. Rebecca continually touches herself between her legs as she sits at her desk or stands in front of the room doing math problems at the whiteboard. Between classes, she may been seen walking down the corridor with her bookbag over her shoulder and the middle finger of her free hand snuggled between her labia.

The reflex is unconscious. If she is told what she’s doing, she smiles shyly and moves her hand away, but as soon as her mind moves on to something else, her fingers return to their accustomed, comforting position.

During Tuesday’s lunch period, she was sitting in the cafeteria, absent-mindedly fingering herself, when a friend, who was wearing clothes, approached from another table and sat down. The girls got into an animated conversation that had nothing to do with the program, and Rebecca’s hand became a barometer of her interest: When the talk speeded up, she dug a fingers into her hole and shook her wrist briskly. When it slowed down, so did she, resting the finger in her vagina, enjoying the fullness of it. But at no time did she stop touching herself.

During her first two days in the program, by her own count, she came three times in addition to the three in her classes, and that was just during school hours.

“It just feels good,” she said. “I like it more than anything. Nobody’s telling me to stop. And everybody else is doing it, too.”

She was right. They are. Boys are taking longer bathroom breaks, avoiding the urinals in favor of the stalls. On the program’s second day, many had given up the preteen uniform of jeans and came to class in roomier sweat pants. Even the girls prefer skirts now.

*It just feels good.*

Rebecca was already nude when she hopped off the school bus Wednesday morning. The program allows students to travel to and from school with their clothes on, but today the only coverings she wore from home were white tennis shoes and a pair of green-striped, knee-high gym socks. The weather had turned breezy. There was a tang of distant autumn in the air, and Rebecca said she wanted to feel it on her bare skin before she was locked in the school building for the day.

Before entering the school, she stole away and found a semi-secluded spot around a corner of the building. There she closed her eyes and waited for the first bell with her back against the yellow brick, her faced tilted up at the low morning sun.

“The air feels good on my body, and the sun feels good, too,” she said. “It’s like cool and warm at the same time. When the wind blows, I can feel it between my legs and on my nipples, and I get dizzy.”

A crowd of boys found her at once, armed with video recorders and cell phone cameras. They shouted at her to show them open her vagina, or turn around to show them her backside, but Rebecca just stood with her eyes closed, letting the cameras snap away.

“School hasn’t started yet,” she said, barely moving her lips. “I don’t have to do shit.”

The boys were insistent, but they also were careful not to get too close. An unspoken etiquette has grown up in the past two days: The naked students are always the center of attention, but the clothed students have learned to keep a discrete distance, like customers in line at an ATM.

One of them got up his courage, however, and took a step forward. Rebecca opened her eyes when he said her name. Everyone knew it by now. She was famous.

He was the same boy she had allowed to touch her vagina in the hall Tuesday, the one who left her craving relief in Elaine Robinson’s class. His name is William Joyce. His classmates at West Elementary called him Billy, but now, as a mature middle schooler, he insists on being called Bill.

Fixing his eyes on Rebecca’s body, he tried to stammer out a question. It was a topsy-turvy moment: She was the naked one, and yet he was the one being bashful.

“You wanna touch me again?” she prompted him.

He nodded, shyly but eagerly. This time, Rebecca did not need to look to a teacher for advice. “OK, sure,” she said and planted her feet further apart. Other boys shouted out, asking to be next, but she waved them away.

Bill put out his hand, palm up, but then hesitated. He seemed to want something more from her. What he wanted was for her to notice him, and asking for a feel was the only way to get her attention over the crowd of leering boys. She squeezed his fingers and guided them between her legs.

He remembered yesterday’s lesson, keeping his fingers rigid and sliding them gently along Rebecca’s moist inner lips. She rocked her pelvis toward him, catching at his hand with her cunt muscles, and they settled into a sensuous contrary motion. She pushed forward with each of his inward strokes, then pulled back as he withdrew.

“That’s nice, Bill. I like that,” she said.

“Hey, girl, you gonna come?” someone in the crowd called out. The boys held their cameras above their heads, recording every sigh and moan.

“Just ignore them,” Bill said.

“Uhhhhhh-huh,” Rebecca replied.

She smiled slightly and placed her hands on the boy’s shoulders for balance. Suddenly her knees buckled, and her shoulders were beginning to shake when the bell on the side of the building went off and nearly blasted everyone out of their skins.

The party broke up. Rebecca headed back inside, a cluster of horny pornographers at her heels.

“Will you let me do it again later?” Bill asked.

“You can give me relief in science class,” she said. That was their first class together, three periods away. “I’ll save it.”

“Save what?” he said.

“You’ll see.”

They went inside together, slipping past Principal Vaughn, who stood beside the front door and stopped the rest from following.

“Everyone with a camera, hand it over,” she said. “Nobody gets inside with one, and if you’re late for class, it’s detention.”

It made no difference, of course. By the time the boys’ snapped their cell phones shut, the image of Rebecca’s body was already streaming around the world over the Internet.

She kept her promise to Bill. At first, it was easy. She refused relief in homeroom and math class, keeping both hands on top of her desk for an entire hour. She was waiting for Bill, she said, because she wanted him to do something special.

“He’s the first boy who ever touched my pussy,” she said.

First times still count, apparently. The program throws naked boys and girls together in large numbers, but they persist in looking for someone they can keep to themselves. Rebecca had spoken to Bill only twice, for less than a few minutes each time, and already she was building memories around him.

She refused relief at the beginning of second period, too, even after Robinson offered her another gang-lick.

“You sure?” Robinson asked. “It’s a long time before the bell rings again.”

“I’m saving it for a boy in next period,” Rebecca said.

“Good for you,” Robinson replied. “Just don’t let me catch you, you know—”

“I won’t, Miss Robinson.”

But it was indeed a long time before the next bell. Rebecca’s excitement got the better of her, and it wasn’t long before her left hand disappeared under her desktop.

Robinson saw and raised a finger toward her as if to say, “Stop.” Rebecca smiled sheepishly. She brought her hand back into view, but it dropped away again almost at once. It became a game — Rebecca sneaking, Robinson silently admonishing. On the fourth or fifth round, Robinson went to her desk and found a ball of twine.

“Who can tell me who can tell me what rights the First Amendment gives us?” she asked the class. Several hands went up. Robinson cut a long section of twine with a pair of scissors. “Yes, Mr. Seltzer.”

While the boy stammered out a fragmented but largely accurate description of the establishment clause, Robinson tied Rebecca’s hands behind her back. A couple of loops around the back legs of the chair fixed her arms in place and her ass to her seat.

“There, that should keep you honest,” she said. “Now, can anyone think of any kinds of speech that might not be covered by the First Amendment?”

Binding a naked student seems like an extreme measure, but Robinson had no reason to fear the school district’s wrath. Program rules allow much sterner punishments. Students caught relieving their sexual tension outside the prescribed times are generally given a choice between detention and spanking. Surveys show that most prefer spanking — especially girls.

“We don’t enforce the rule too rigidly, or else we’d be delivering spankings all day,” Robinson said. “But Rebecca wants to stay keyed up for her young man. And if you look at her, she seems to be enjoying it.”

Rebecca was wriggling in her seat, grinding her crotch against the lacquered wood surface. She kicked off her shoes and rubbed her stocking feet together, and her hands never rested, tugging continually at her twine restraints.

The improvised bondage did one job well: It prevented Rebecca from wasting an orgasm before her science class. But it could not prevent her from thinking about it, anticipating it, obsessing over it.

The bell rang again after nearly forty minutes of self-imposed denial. Robinson, prolonging Rebecca’s agony, waited patiently until the rest of the class had left the room, then calmly found the scissors and cut the girl loose.

Rebecca sprang from her desk.

“God!” she exclaimed, scrambling for her books and shoes. “I am like so horny!”

“That was the point, sweetie,” Robinson said. “Have fun.”

“Thanks, Miss Robinson.”

A pretty pair of buttocks flashed out the door.

“I think she might be in love,” Robinson said.

Rebecca’s young man had been suffering, too. He raced into the science lab seconds after Rebecca and flung himself into the seat beside her.

“Did you ask him yet?” he said, without even so much as a “Hi, there.”

What he meant was, had she told the teacher, Charles Parker, that she needed relief and that she had already picked him to provide it?

“The class hasn’t started yet,” she said. “He’s supposed to ask.”

But he didn’t ask. Parker seemed preoccupied, and when the bell rang and the class settled down, he went directly into his lecture on the states of matter. To the usual three — solid, liquid and gas — he added a fourth, plasma, which they would be discussing today, he said.

Rebecca raised her hand.

“Yes, Miss Chandler, you have a question.”

“Excuse me Mr. Parker, but you didn’t ask if I needed relief.”

“All right, Miss Chandler, do you need relief?”

“Oh, God, yes!”

“Will it take long? We have a lot to cover today.”

“I don’t know,” Rebecca said “I’ve been waiting, so I think maybe it’ll go pretty fast.”

“All right then. Would you come up to the front of the room?”

In her eagerness, Rebecca set her behind on the Parker’s desk without asking permission and unashamedly exposed herself by drawing her knees up and balancing her heels on the edge. She leaned back on her elbows, letting her hair hang off her back. With her toes jutting over the floor, her nude legs formed a slender M, shot through at the center by a gaping pink oval.

“All right ... all right ... that’s, uh, that’s fine,” Parker stammered. “Would anyone like to volunteer to give Rebecca her relief?”

The hand of every boy went up. Even a few girls wanted to test the waters.

“Is there someone you’d like to select?” Parker asked.

“Um, I’d like Bill Joyce,” Rebecca replied.

The class burst into whoops and cheers. Cries of “Get her, man!” and “Aw you lucky —!” filled the room. Parker quelled the riot by raising two fingers in a “V” sign, Springfield teachers’ code for “Quiet down.” Five years of conditioning did their job. The children went silent, but they leaned forward in their chairs, straining for the best view.

“Mr. Joyce, you have the floor,” Parker said.

Bill stepped up slowly, savoring the moment.

“Do you know what to do?” Parker asked.

“Yes, sir, I’ve done it before,” the boy said, but when he reached out to touch her, Rebecca shook her head.

“Not that way,” she said.

Bill looked at her quizzically. In reply, Rebecca extended the tip of her tongue between her teeth.

“Miss Chandler is asking Mr. Joyce to give her relief with his mouth,” Parker announced. “Mr. Joyce, are you OK with that request?”

“Yessir,” Bill whispered.

“Have you done this before?” Parker asked.

“No, sir.”

“Mr. Joyce is going to attempt to bring Miss Chandler to orgasm with his tongue and his lips. Settle down. This is what’s known as ‘oral sex.’ Have any of you seen relief given this way before?”

A girl raised her hand.

“In my homeroom yesterday, a boy in the program asked for relief, and this girl put his penis in her mouth,” she said.

“Very good,” Parker said. “It’s the same thing, whether it’s oral sex on a boy or on a girl. Now when a boy receives oral sex, it’s known as a ‘blow job’ or ‘giving head.’ If you give a girl oral sex, you say you’re ‘going down’ on her. Mr. Joyce is about to ‘go down’ on Miss Chandler. Any questions?”

“Let him do it,” a boy called out. The class laughed.

“Yes, perhaps we’d better,” Parker said. “Mr. Joyce, you may proceed.”

Bill knelt in front of the desk. He was just tall enough to reach Rebecca’s crotch. He leaned in and gave her a gentle lap. For a moment he pulled back and licked his lips, considering. Then he carefully went back in.

“Higher,” Rebecca told him. “Up near the front, where my button is, where you touched me before, where — oh yeah. Right there.”

Her prediction proved accurate. It didn’t take long. Or, rather, it didn’t take long to start, but as with the gang-grope Tuesday, once it started, it went on and on. Bill found her clitoris and he came at it from every angle — hooking it from below, scrunching at it from one side, then the other. Finally, encouraged by Rebecca’s sighs, he covered her pink flesh with his open mouth. She threw her legs over his shoulders, and it became impossible to follow his movements. Whether he sucked her or penetrated her or slathered her with spit — what passed between them was theirs alone. All that was visible was the top of Bill’s head, with its curly brown hair, and his nose crushed against her public bone.

But the effects were unmistakable and loud. Rebecca’s mounted on waves of excitement, grunting, panting “Yes! Yes! Yes!” in rhythm with her heaving chest, and finally exploding with a single screaming syllable that could be heard in the front office: “Fuck!”

There was dead silence. It was as though a gun had gone off, and everyone was waiting tensely for some sign that the coast was clear. Rebecca sprawled limp across Parker’s desk. Her legs loosened their grip on Bill’s head, but he made no move to escape. A few boys took their hands out of their pants and searched their pockets and book bags for tissues. A girl in the second row discretely adjusted her panties beneath her skirt. Another pulled hers off over her feet and, after holding them for a moment under her nose like a handkerchief, stuffed them in a pocket.

“Well,” Parker said. “That was ... that was excellent, Mr. Joyce. An A for the day, I guess. You can stand up now.”

Bill’s classmates followed him silently with their eyes. A god walked among them — an erect god, whose penis was jutting forward in his sweatpants.

“What was it like?” whispered the boy sitting next to him.

“Awesome,” he whispered back. “It was awesome.”

Parker helped Rebecca to her feet. He peeled away a paper that had stuck to her rear end.

“Ready to concentrate on class?” he asked.

“Yessir,” Rebecca said.

“That’s fine. Do you have something to say before you sit down?”

“Yes. Thanks, Bill. Thanks very much.”

“Mr. Joyce,” Parker said, “would you like to go to the rest room and, uh, wash your face?”

Bill rubbed his chin and sniffed his hand.

“No way,” he said. This gave his class permission to laugh, and the spell was broken.

Rebecca was shuffling back to her seat, looking dazed, when a boy raised his hand.

“Could you explain what happens when a girl does that?” he asked.

“Does what?” Parker asked.

“You know.”

“You’re right, I do know. So do you. Say the word. Does what?”

“Has an orgasm,” the boy said.

“First of all, we don’t know she had an orgasm. Miss Chandler, did you have an orgasm?”

“Yes, Mr. Parker.”

“So, could you explain that?” the boy said.

“That’s a biological question, and we’ll discuss it when we get to life sciences in the second unit,” Parker said. “Whoever is naked that week, boy or girl, can demonstrate for us. This was Miss Chandler’s relief time, not sex ed. Now, I’d like to get back to the states of matter.”

The class grumbled, but the lesson went on as if nothing had happened.

“The nudity doesn’t interfere with learning,” Parker said. “Except for the relief periods, NIS hasn’t interrupted my teaching time at all. Rebecca has been very attentive these past couple of days, and so have the program students in my other classes. Once the lesson gets started, she’s just a student who happens to have no clothes on.”

Teachers at the middle school predict that as the year goes on and more of the students appear nude, their presence will be accepted with less disruption. Hormones and horniness will continue to rage, as they do at the high school, but nudity will become just another fact of life.

It already appears to be happening. After their science class, Bill and Rebecca walked to the lunchroom together unmolested. Other students gazed at them sidelong or turned around as they passed, checking out the dimples above Rebecca’s butt, but nothing was said except an occasional “Way to go” and “That was great, man” — and those comments were directed at Bill for his oscular triumph.

“He was awesome,” Rebecca said.

“I was petrified,” Bill said. “My heart was going like a mile a minute, and I could hardly see. Everything turned red, and there were these yellow lights all around, like lightning bugs. I thought I was going to pass out, like Eric did in the library. I had to hold on to her legs to keep from keeling over.”

Eleven years old, and he was talking like a combat veteran. He had charged into the valley of death and lived. He could afford to be honest.

He teased Rebecca: “You know, it’s hard to breathe down there.”

She laughed and took his hand, but she pressed close to his side to keep anyone from seeing. Public nudity, fingering and oral sex are one thing, but real affection will always draw snickers from sixth-graders.

“I like the way she walks around with no clothes on,” Bill continued. “It’s like she doesn’t care if anybody sees her. Or she likes it when they see her.”

“I do like it,” Rebecca said. “I’d like it more if all they wanted to do was look.”

But surely Bill has seen naked girls before. There was Naked Day at his grammar school, and, just before summer vacation, there was Naked Field Day, when pupils spent an entire morning and afternoon outdoors in the nude, playing games like Frisbee tag, balloon toss and tug of war and painting their bodies in the school colors of silver and green.

“The boys always painted their wieners,” Rebecca said.

“Yeah, but this is different,” Bill said. “You get to touch her, too, but not unless she tells you you can. So if you do, it means she likes you.”

And does he like her, too, in that way?

“Well, when I’m in the program, I’m going to ask her for relief,” he said.

**THURSDAY**

NiS makes BFFs

By Jacqueline Jillinghoff

Staff Writer

There has probably never been a more rapid, orderly lineup of students at Springfield Middle School as there was in the lunchroom Thursday afternoon. The queue suddenly sprouted across the room, bent at the food counter and doubled back on itself. It consisted mostly of boys, but several girls joined in, too, curious about what it would be like to lick another girl’s vagina.

The subject of the excitement was Susan Li, who is one of two sixth-grade girls taking part in the Naked in School Program this week. Susan sat on top of a lunch table with her feet resting on two chairs, hoping one of the students in line would make her come like Rebecca Chandler.

Rebecca is the other sixth-grade girl attending classes in the nude this week, and her talent for climaxing in front of her classmates has become the talk of the first floor.

“I heard about what she’s did in science class, and history class,” Susan said as the line was forming. “I want to do it, too, but I don’t know if I can. I tried touching myself, and I let a couple boys touch me in the corridor when they made their reasonable requests. It was nice, but nothing really happened.”

Now, each student in the cafeteria will get one stroke of the tongue. Then, if they want, they can move to the back of the line to wait for another turn. The idea behind the experiment, which was the brainchild of Bill Joyce, Rebecca’s new special friend, is that one of them will give Susan a Rebecca-sized orgasm.

Susan, like Bill, attended Springfield West Elementary School. Rebecca attended Springfield East. The two girls never met before this week. They have no classes together — scheduling is rigged to keep nude students separated as much as possible — and they would probably never have become friends except for the program, which has given them much to talk about.

After finishing her lunch today, Rebecca presented an impromptu lecture and demonstration in the cafeteria on the topic she has learned about the most this week — her own body. She perched on the edge of the table, her fanny flattened amid the scattered bread crusts, crumpled napkins and empty milk cartons, and stretched apart her labia for a jostling semicircle of admirers.

“This is where it feels best,” she said, touching a finger to her clitoris. “When you rub that, or a boy licks it, the feeling goes all through you. And this is the hole I pee from. It’s called the urethra.”

“Where does the penis go in when you have sex?” a boy asked.

“You’ve had sex?” another said.

“No,” Rebecca said. “He just means if I had sex, where would the penis go. It goes in here.” She slipped a finger into her vagina. “I don’t know how it would fit. The boys in the program look too big for me. My hole is real small.”

“I think it’s supposed to stretch,” a girl said.

“I hope so,” Rebecca said.

“Why did you yell ‘fuck’ yesterday when that boy had his mouth on you?” the girl asked. That boy, Bill Joyce, was sitting on the table next to Rebecca with his hand furtively resting low on her back.

“I don’t know,” Rebecca said. “I just felt like it. And it’s like the one time you don’t get in trouble for cursing.”

“What’s it feel like?” said a voice behind the group. It was Susan Li.

The other students barely moved as she shouldered her way between them. Knuckles grazed her thighs, fingers brushed her nipples, palms patted her behind until she stepped into the open and faced Rebecca.

Seeing the two together, one is struck immediately by their differing approaches to nudity. Rebecca is a purist, a nature girl who shuns ornament, while Susan treats her body like a blank canvas to be turned into a work of art. She was adorned like a nude princess in gold, sling-back heels, garnet stud earrings, a gold necklace that gleamed against her honey-brown skin, a string of costume pearls tied around her waist, with the loop dangling along her thigh, and a provocative rub-on tattoo: a dragon curled in a ball above her crotch. Its mouth was open, baring a set of fangs and thin, red tongue that lapped at the tip of her slot.

She was also wearing makeup — pale pink lipstick, with matching polish on her finger- and toenails, and subtle blush on her face and body. The air around her was sweet with perfume.

“My mom wanted me to look beautiful,” Susan said. “She says the jewelry and the makeup make people look at different places, and — it’s hard to explain — but it makes me feel more naked.”

She and Rebecca compared notes on their bodies: hair color, skin tone, shape of the buttocks, and the development of their chests. Susan’s breasts are beginning to bud, and Rebecca asked if she could touch them. Susan viewed the request as reasonable. Rebecca placed a hand over Susan’s right nipple, and the other hand over her own.

“I’m so jealous,” she said.

“I’m jealous of you,” Susan said, and the talk turned to orgasms.

“It’s fantastic,” Rebecca assured her. “I never felt anything so terrific.”

“Show me what you do,” Susan said. “I think I’m doing it wrong.”

“You can’t do it wrong. You just do what feels good. I like to do it like this—” Rebecca pressed her hand into her vagina, and Susan mimicked her.

“How’s it feel?” Rebecca asked.

“OK, I guess,” Susan said.

“Did you get anybody to give you relief?” Bill Joyce asked.

“I didn’t need it,” Susan said

“Maybe you should do it at home when you’re alone,” Rebecca said.

“I wanna do it at school, like you do,” Susan said.

“Maybe you should let somebody lick you,” Rebecca said.

“I’ll do it!” Bill said. “I know how.”

“No way,” Rebecca said. “You can’t touch any other girls.”

“I’ll do it,” a boy said.

“I’ll do it,” said another.

“Me!” said a third.

“Let me,” said a fourth. The crowd pushed forward.

“You know what we should do —?” Bill said, and the game of Cunnilingus Roulette was born.

“You think I should?” Susan said.

“Yeah, yeah, do it,” Bill said.

“Whatta we win?” a boy said.

“What do you mean, ‘Whatta we win?’“ Rebecca said indignantly. “You get to lick her pussy. What do you want?”

“I don’t know,” Susan said.

Cries of “Come on!” rose from the crowd. It was Susan’s chance to match Rebecca’s achievements in the arena of public, preadolescent sex ...

“OK, cool!” Susan said.

Rebecca slipped off the table. Susan took her place, the loop of her costume pearls rattling behind her.

“Hey wait,” Bill said. “You’ve got peanut butter on your ass.”

He extended a finger to wipe off the smear of goop, but, thinking better of it, bent over and sucked it off Rebecca’s bottom instead, leaving a red cherry just above her left leg.

“Gross!” Rebecca said.

“Nuh-uh,” Bill replied as he licked his lips.

The line formed quickly as word of the game made its way around the room. First up was Rebecca, who took advantage of her position next to the guest of honor. Bill stood to one side, respecting his newfound monogamy. He was content to watch, he said, so long as he got to see it up close. He was the timekeeper and referee. It was his job to keep the line moving.

Rebecca bowed and swiped her tongue upward along the tight seam between Susan’s legs, under the sign of the dragon. Then she leaped out of the way and scurried to the back of the line.

“It didn’t taste like much,” she said. “It was dry, kind of like licking your arm. I want to try it again. Maybe she’ll be wetter next time, like I get.”

Susan did indeed grow wetter as the line progressed. At first, the moisture was only saliva, shimmering atop her mound and along her outer labia, but in a short time her vagina swelled, and her own juices glistened under the fluorescent lights.

Student after student stepped up, bent over, licked, stepped away. Some had more success than others, finding a spot that caused her to moan, squeak, or draw a sharp breath. For the rest, she leaned back on her elbows and, with her eyes closed, raised her face to the ceiling.

Suddenly, Principal Lena Vaughn was standing beside the table, arms folded, glowering at the naked girl in front of her and the line that curled around the room.

“What is going on here?” she demanded.

Bill, still playing the referee, explained the object of the game. Susan opened her eyes and smiled at her lazily.

“Well, this might qualify as relief,” Vaughn said. “But I don’t think it’s permitted in the cafeteria under the program rules.”

“Or — it’s more like a reasonable request,” Bill said. “Everybody asked if they could lick her like that, sort of like for sex ed, and she said yes.”

Vaughn considered that argument for a moment. Every day, the program, like the U.S. Constitution, adapts to unforeseen circumstances and creative interpretations. Vaughn produced the official program booklet from her skirt pocket and riffled through it feverishly, searching for the discussion of “reasonable request.”

“I mean, what’s the difference if one kid asks or if a lot of them do?” Bill said.

Children quickly learn how to game the system. They find loopholes faster than any lawyer.

“Well —” Vaughn said slowly, “I don’t see anything that relates to numbers. But I still don’t think students should be allowed to organize a mass —”

But her judgment, whatever it would have been, came too late. A seventh-grade girl, who was clothed, was already pushing little Susan over the top. Susan finally had enough of the one-student, one-lick rule and clamped the girl’s head to her crotch with both hands.

“You gotta keep it moving,” Bill said.

“Uh uh!” Susan gasped. “I want her to stay.”

“Well, finish up,” Vaughn said weakly. “You’ve got five minutes until you have to go to your next class.”

“I guess she wins,” Bill said.

The line broke up as the students pressed in close to watch. Rebecca, who was in third place behind the lucky seventh-grader, was deprived of a second try.

“I really wanted to do it again,” she said.

The seventh-grade girl finished Susan off with a showy slurping sound.

“See what I mean?” Rebecca asked.

“Yeah,” was all Susan could say.

She lay across motionless on the tabletop, her chest rising and falling in peaceful, ocean-like swells.

“I didn’t think I’d ever do something like that to another girl,” the seventh-grader said, “but I figured since everybody else was doing it ... I just did what I thought I would like. I never had anybody do that to me. Now I can’t wait to be in the program.”

**FRIDAY**

‘Program’ creates its own traditions as the faculty joins in

Rebecca Chandler stuck to her resolution of riding the school bus naked until Friday morning, when a chilly pre-autumn mist forced her to cover up. She walked through the front door of Springfield Middle School wearing an adult-sized sweater that hung on her like a sack, a pair of brown penny loafers with pink wool socks, and her yellow-streaked hair tucked up inside a red baseball cap.

Her friends — and she has many of them now — gathered around her in the hallway, all with one question on their lips: Why she wasn’t nude?

“I’m not wearing anything underneath,” she said. And to prove it, she pulled the sweater up, flashing her naked crotch.

The crowd dogged her closely as she made her way to the principal’s office.

“I’ll see you at the assembly,” she told them. “I gotta go strip.”

She stepped into the office, where she Principal Lena Vaughn placed an empty cardboard box on top of her desk. The box bore a white stick-on label with “Chandler” written on it in bright blue marker.

“In here, Rebecca,” she said.

The girl tossed her cap into the box and dragged her sweater over her head. It rose quickly from her knees like a theater curtain, exposing, in order, her smooth vaginal cleft, her navel, the flare of her ribs and her flat pink nipples. She threw it in a messy tangle on top of her cap.

“It’s nice and cozy, but I didn’t want to keep it on,” she said. “I don’t know what I’m going to do when I have to get dressed on Monday. Clothes are going to be so ... I don’t know, tight.”

“You won’t have to be completely dressed,” Vaughn said. “Maybe a loose dress with no underwear. Just so long as you’re not exposed.”

“Can’t I come to school naked if I want to?” Rebecca asked. “I can volunteer for the program, can’t I?”

“I’m afraid not, sweetheart,” the principal said.

In a major evolutionary change, the Naked in School Program no longer permits voluntary participation, as it once did. In another, nudity is no longer used as punishment for inappropriate behavior toward participants. Planners were surprised to discover that students actually wanted to come to school nude — the possibility of sexual relief in class was the major attraction, surveys showed — and too much nudity, they found, interfered with the program’s goals. Now, egregious misbehavior will get a student kicked out of the program, rather than drafted into it.

“We’re delighted Rebecca is enjoying herself, but the program is really about whoever is assigned to be naked for that particular week,” Vaughn said. “They should be the ones on display, the ones getting relief, the ones learning about their bodies and learning to feel comfortable in the nude. If we allow other students to take that attention away from them, that specialness will be lost.”

The middle school holds a 45-minute assembly every Friday morning, with classes shortened for the rest of the day. Before the scheduled part of the program — a pitch to join the school’s various clubs and activities — Vaughn appeared at the podium onstage and invited the program’s dozen participants to stand with her.

“These students have been brave and cooperative all week,” Vaughn told the assembly when the naked students lined up across the stage. “If you haven’t gotten a look at any who aren’t in class with you, this is your chance. They have fulfilled all the requirements of the program and set a positive example for the rest of the year. They deserve a round of applause.”

Vaughn, who was wearing a brown tweed suit with a sea-green blouse, stepped from behind the lectern. While she was waiting for the clapping to die down, the assistant principal handed her cardboard file box from below the stage. The box had a white label with “Vaughn” written on it in big blue letters. The principal placed it on the floor, then removed her jacket, folded it carefully and laid it inside.

“Now, I know this isn’t usually done,” she said, “but there’s no rule against it — and I looked.” Coolly, she began to unbutton her blouse. “I’ve watched all week as the program has turned these students into confident young men and women, and I thought perhaps you would all be curious about what your principal looks like with her clothes off.”

The auditorium burst into cheers, whistles and the stamping of feet as Vaughn removed her clothing and placed each article neatly in the box. When she was naked, she threw back her shoulders and puffed out her chest. She twirled around, once, and waved to the crowd.

“I think I’m remarkably well-preserved for a 42-year-old woman,” she said. “I promise to stay this way all day and I invite any teachers who are so inclined to join me, to celebrate the end of the program’s first week here at Springfield Middle School. We honor these young people who are making the program such a success.”

The naked students returned to their seats, and the assembly proper began.

Principal Vaughn was as good as her word. When Rebecca passed her in the hall between homeroom and math class, she was still nude, laughing with the students who clustered around her.

She and Rebecca high-fived each other. Today they were sisters under the skin — or perhaps just at the skin.

“Mrs. Vaughn is really beautiful,” Rebecca said. “I think all the teachers should go naked. Especially Miss Robinson. She’s my favorite.”

“Hey, Rebecca!” a voice called out as Rebecca entered her mathematics class. It was Eric, the boy who had confronted Rebecca Tuesday with the demand that she show him her cunt. He has since learned her name, and they appear to be quite friendly.

“Hey, Eric,” Rebecca said. “You got a reasonable request?”

The words “reasonable request” have quickly become a joke among the students, but Eric did have one. A math quiz was scheduled for that morning, and Eric told Rebecca about a movie he saw on TV about a submarine crew that had a picture of a girl in a bathing suit pinned up in the mess room. Every time the submarine went into battle, the crew patted the girl’s behind for good luck.

Eric wanted to know if he could pat Rebecca’s behind before the test.

A few other boys at the front of the room overheard him and asked for the same favor, and soon everyone, girls included, wanted in.

Rebecca asked Mario Salzedo, her math teacher, if it would be all right.

“If it sounds reasonable to you,” he replied.

It did. Rebecca leaned over Salzedo’s desk, and the class lined up behind her. Styles of touch varied: some students patted each cheek separately, some patted both at once, some just ran their finger along the center cleft.

“It’s better than the movie,” Eric said, “because that was just a picture, and this is real. I think it’s better for good luck.”

Flushed with confidence, the students took their seats.

“Shoot, now I’m horny,” Rebecca said. She asked the teacher for a relief period.

“Anyone you’d like to help you?” he asked.

“No, I don’t think so,” Rebecca said.

Settling on the edge of Salzedo’s desk, she opened her legs and rubbed the upper, fleshy part of her genitals, vigorously throwing her whole arm into a circular motion. The class watched her intently, with wide eyes, even though they had been watching her and other naked students masturbate all week. The sight of a classmate in the grip of sexual pleasure never gets old, it seems.

“I hope whoever they get next week is as hot as she is,” Eric murmured.

In her next class, Rebecca found her wish had been granted. Her favorite teacher, Elaine Robinson, had accepted Principal Vaughn’s invitation and was standing in front of the room naked.

“I’ve always approved of the program,” she said. “I wish they had it when I was in middle school, though I was a happy participant in high school. I haven’t been naked in front of a roomful of students since then.”

Robinson is 34 years old and has never had children. Her breasts are an ample C-cup, shapely and high, with sharp nipples and wide, brown aureoles. She doesn’t shave her pubic hair, preferring what she calls a natural look. Her black bush is a solid triangle of onyx that reveals nothing of the lips beneath.

“Many of you have probably seen your mothers and other grown women naked, and maybe you’ve snuck peeks at your dads’ magazines,” she said. “So you have a basis for comparison, and you know not all bodies are alike. Women’s breasts have different shapes and different-sized nipples, and some women’s hips are wider than others.”

She called Rebecca to the front of the room.

“Now, Rebecca’s body is still very childlike, but she’s going to start developing soon,” she said. “I can’t say she’ll look like me. Her hair isn’t black like mine, for instance. She’s blonde, and her pubic hair will be much lighter than mine. Some of you girls are already developing more than she is. You’ll all be in the program sometime this year, and we’ll get to compare all the stages of your development. I’m looking forward to that. Does anyone have any questions?”

“Miss Robinson,” Rebecca asked, “are you going to need relief?”

“I’d love some.” the teacher replied, “but teachers really aren’t supposed to.”

The rest of the class took up the cry: “Come on!” “Why not?” “Show us!”

“We wanna see how grown-ups do it,” Rebecca said.

“Well, it would be a lesson,” Robinson said. “And I did want to demonstrate these.”

Across the front of her desk stood a collection of bullet-shaped vibrators, arranged in order from shortest to longest. Clustered together, standing upright on their blunt ends, they looked like a row of model rockets, and indeed, some of the boys, on entering the classroom, guessed that’s what they were. They speculated that they were going to learn something about the space program.

Robinson explained the equipment’s true purpose, and the students clamored to see it in use. She handed the smallest to Rebecca, kept the biggest for herself and gave one to each of the girls in the room. Soon the air was filled with a soft, beelike buzz.

Robinson sat down in her own chair, which she had set beside her desk, and spread her legs. Her open crotch, dense with hair, revealed little except two small fleshy bulbs that peeped through the matted tangles. She put three fingers deep in her mouth and applied the spit to her vulva. A dull pink mound, with a dark opening at the center, swelled up amid the black curls as she rubbed, and she gently inserted the buzzing phallus into the slit.

“The vibrations impart a very pleasant sensation,” she explained. “A very, very pleasant sensation. Oh ... Oh ... Now, girls, you can either slide it into your vaginas, or, if you feel it’s too tight, just place the tip on your clitoris like this. Rebecca, why don’t you give it a try?”

Rebecca switched on her toy and touched it to her clitoris. She tried pushing it inside of her, but, as Robinson had predicted, she was too tight, and she settled for clenching lengthwise it between her legs.

The other students read pleasure in her face and in her relaxed, satisfied sighs, and they followed her example. There was no longer any pretense of discretion. The boys pushed their pants down over their knees, and their hard little dicks sprang naked into their hands.

One girl stripped completely, flinging aside a loose woolen frock and heavy green pantyhose and throwing her soggy panties on top of the pile. She gripped her vibrator tightly and dug it into her crotch like a spoon. It was a violation of the rule that only the program participants may be nude, but Robinson was in no position to correct her. The girl was one of those who, as her teacher had pointed out a moment before, were already growing breasts, and she had some downy fuzz around her vulva. Glancing from this specimen to the undeveloped Rebecca to the fully developed teacher, the students got their promised lesson in comparative anatomy.

The classroom grew quiet as the students looked inward, focusing on their own feelings. They were working toward a collective orgasm.

Rebecca, always the most creative of students, took her vibrator from between her legs and hid it behind her back, continuing to work her vagina with her free hand.

“Ohhh,” she said. “Ohhhhhhhhhh!”

Robinson glanced at her and grinned.

“Show everyone what you’re doing, Rebecca,” she said. “Rebecca has found a new use for her vibrator. Turn around and show them.”

Rebecca turned and, spreading her legs far apart, bent low over the teacher’s desk. She continued to massage her clitoris with her fingertips as she worked the tip of the buzzing wand into the pink pucker of her asshole.

“Now, do the rest of you see what she’s doing?” Robinson said. “She’s masturbating with her hand while placing the tip of the vibrator into her anus, which can be a very sensitive organ, almost as pleasurable as the penis or vagina. Can you all see?”

Two students at the back of the room said no, and Robinson suggested Rebecca climb on top of her desk, keeping her backside in the air.

“Can you see? Can you see?” Rebecca gasped over her shoulder, massaging herself furiously. “Everybody look. Look. Look. Oh. Oh. Oh.”

Gobs of semen suddenly appeared on desktops, on the floor. Jism flowed from tiny slits, streaming over clenched, yanking hands. The girls, too, fingered and rubbed and pushed the vibrators into themselves, moaning and sighing and breathing in deep spasms.

The room slowly grew still, and quiet, except for the muffled buzzing. The air was thick with the scent of perspiration and pubescent sex.

Having begun the orgy, Robinson was the last to climax. The students, nearly spent themselves, watched in awed silence as she fucked herself with her vibrator and massaged spit into her nipples.

“I was dying to have two of the little fuckers suck on them,” she said. “But, I mean, there are limits.”

Despite the fun she has had attending classes nude, part of Rebecca Chandler has grown reflective about her body and its reactions. She seems genuinely puzzled by the new pleasures of sex, and even more by the way sex makes her lose control of herself — the way it makes her want to lose control.

“Relief is good when I do it at home,” she said, extending the program’s word into her own life, “but it’s funner in front of everybody, with everybody watching, or when somebody else is doing it to me. It’s like before the program, if a boy called another boy a jerk-off, they’d get into a fight. Now it’s like everybody knows everybody does it, and nobody cares.”

The Naked in School Program has gotten Rebecca to think, which, in part, is what it is designed to do. Her experience with Robinson’s vibrator was still on her mind when she sat down to lunch later in the day.

“It was so weird when I put it in my asshole,” she said. “Even after Miss Robinson took everybody else out to clean up. They got back from the bathroom and I was still there, and the thing was still in me going *bzzzzzzz*. I could feel it all the way up to my eyes. I could walk around like that all day.

“Adults are weird. They come up with all this stuff about sex, like vibrators. I wonder what else us kids don’t know about.”

A second Naked in School tradition — besides ass-patting for luck — was born just then when Susan Li, the other sixth-grade girl in the program this week, approached Rebecca’s table with a red Sharpie in her hand and asked for her autograph.

“Oh, cool,” Rebecca said. She knew instinctively what Susan meant. She took the marker, went down on one knee, and wrote her name in block letters on Susan’s skin — in the blank space between Susan’s vulva and her dragon tattoo.

“Now do me,” Rebecca said. She stood up and leaned over on the table. Susan, who, like Rebecca, is left-handed, signed Rebecca’s left butt cheek.

“Everybody patted my ass this morning,” Rebecca said. “I got me thinking about it. I have my ass on my brain, I guess.”

The new ritual, like everything connected to the Naked in School Program, quickly drew a crowd. Everyone wanted to sign, and in a few minutes Susan’s and Rebecca’s torsos resembled a pair of office birthday cards, covered in good wishes and signatures in blue, black, green, yellow and orange.

A rule was quickly established that no one could write anywhere that would show Monday, when Rebecca and Susan would have to return to school clothed. Students had to write exclusively on what they called the “naked parts” — tummies, backs, upper thighs, and for the most favored among them, the chests, backsides, and genitals.

Eric, who began the tradition of ass patting before a test, traced his left hand on Rebecca’s behind, the outline surrounding Susan’s signature. Another boy was about to write above her vagina, but she told him the space was reserved for Bill Joyce, whom everyone now speaks of as her boyfriend. When his turn came, he drew a downward arrow, in blue, pointing to her vaginal slit, and above it, he wrote, “Eat me! Billy.”

Rebecca read the message upside down and giggled. She borrowed a yellow marker and told Bill to cover her crotch with curls.

He started above her cleft and worked downward on each side. Just when he thought he was through, Rebecca sat down and, opening her legs, asked him to fill in the smooth gaps between her thighs and her outer lips. He crouched on his heels and balanced himself with his free hand on Rebecca’s thigh. Gently, he traced tight circles on either side along pink centerline, while Rebecca, watching him closely, sneaked a finger between the fleshy pads that frame her clitoris and reproduced the motion of the sharp felt tip.

“This is what it’s going to look like when I finally grow hair,” she said.

She came again — the last in a long line of public climaxes — but quietly this time, and only for herself.

“It started out weird, with everybody looking at me and wanting to touch me,” she said. “But now it feels natural. Whoever goes naked next week should remember the kids aren’t trying to embarrass you. They’re trying to get close to you. They want to be your friend. And when everybody signed my body, it’s like, when I’m home now and take off all my clothes, I can read what they wrote and remember everything that happened this week — until it washes off.

“Watch this —”

She stood up and stretched her graffiti-covered body. The other students stood around, gazing at her silently, tamed.

“I’m gonna miss it,” she said.

The End