**Religiously Absolute – the Beginning (a Gloria Parham Story)**

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A story in Absolute Nudity Universe

**Chapter 1**

The case of Parham vs. Jerkins had not gone in favor of the Parham family. Sentenced to one hundred eighty days of enforced nudity and one hundred hours of public service for discriminatory acts against Absolutes, they were ordered to strip naked in the open courtroom. Gloria Parham had never been nude in front of anyone since she was out of diapers. As her parents stripped, reluctantly, she tried to bargain with the judge, telling him she had only been an obedient daughter to her father’s wishes. His reply was if she were that submissive, she should have no difficulty complying with the jury’s verdict and his ruling.

Again shifting to her parents, Gloria stated she was dependent upon them and had to comply with their wishes. The judge rebuffed that with the statement that Gloria, having passed her eighteenth birthday, was legally an adult and emancipated; therefore she and she alone was responsible for the signature she had added to the complaint signed against Jerkins Realty and Harlequin Gymnastics and Cheerleading.

Gloria Parham stood before the judge’s bench. As she had peeled off the jacket, blouse and skirt, stockings and garters, and was now in bra and panties, her humiliation escalated exponentially with the removal of each article of clothing. Shivering with embarrassment, Gloria spoke for the first time. “Your honor, I’m a college student at Saint Martin in the Fields College for women. I cannot go back to school unclothed and if I don’t return I will lose my academic credit for the year.”

All the judge did be a motion for her to continue to disrobe. She removed the bra while waiting for the judge’s reply and was sliding herself out of her panties when he spoke, “A court order demanding your reinstatement as a student while serving your probationary sentence has been issued. The Dean of Students, Dora Marvis, has all the court documents on file in her office and has made the Dean of the Religious Community, Sister Matthias, The Mother Superior, aware of your unique situation. You shall be required to do your community service on campus under the supervision of the Mother superior of the order of nuns assigned there or at a suitable place within the St. Martin’s community.” This stern reply, issued by the judge from the bench, echoed through the room.

Looking at her parents, trying to be brave but humiliated at being seen naked by anyone and everyone, Gloria shook with the nervous reaction as she contemplated her future.

Gloria waited while the bailiff attached the neck chain and medallion and, to the flashes of photographers for newspapers, magazines and other media, accompanied her parents out of the courthouse and into the glaring daylight, starting her existence as an enforced nudist. While as emotional as her mother on the inside, she refused to let her fear and shame show through and tried to put on the same impassive façade as her father.

Gloria Parham, a second semester sophomore at the Saint Martin of the Lake College for Women, was returning to campus for the first time following her very irregular conviction in state superior court for defamation of character because of a suit she and her parents had brought against several Absolutist businesses in her home town of West Hamlin.

As part of her sentence, Gloria was stripped of all clothing, given a neck chain with a pendant bearing a red enameled “P” and sentenced to one hundred eighty days of enforced nudity in public along with one hundred hours of community service.

Humiliated and embarrassed by her condition, and knowing she would be the only female on campus without clothing at a school run by conservative nuns, she feared to cross the inner wall of the school from the outside community. Once inside she would not have even the occasional Absolute to look at for as companion nudity. She would be at the mercy of the Sisters of Mercy, who set standards for the women on campus so high that no girl ever saw another girl nude in the dorms, gym, showers or locker rooms. Her only comfort was that the few males on campus were tenured professors and not frat boys or jocks her age.

Modesty was a virtue and virtue was an even higher value than education at St. Martin’s. That the judge had ordered her to return to school was punishment, emotionally and psychologically, of the most severe kind, as Gloria did not know what would be done to her once she was on the school grounds.

Barefoot and carrying the laptop bag containing her Nook reader and notebook computer, she entered the east gate of St. Martin’s and immediately knelt before Sister Matthias, the Mother Superior of the religious order that ran the college. Gloria had her long red hair loose and flowing about her, offering a bit of concealment to her otherwise nude body.

Sister Matthias had been alerted by phone that Gloria was on her way back to school and had waited for this moment with a bit of vindictive malice in her heart. The Mother Superior intended to make an example of this student who by her presence added to Sister Matthias’ first tenet of clothing “skin equals sin”. This sinner wearing a “P” around her neck would find that “P” stood for penance, piety, and purgatory before the end of her days of punishment and hours of community service. “Well,” Mother Superior intoned, in a tone that suggested rage seething beneath a controlled surface, “I see it is true, though I had hoped it was a cruel joke or prank being perpetrated by your classmates.”

“Yes, Sister Matthias, I’m sorry…” Gloria was cut off by the nun.

“Sorry, for what? For getting caught? Sorry for being naked in front of God and mankind? Sorry for returning to Saint Martin’s and causing your fellow students and your instructors the discomfort of having to look at your flesh? What, precisely are you sorry for, young lady?” The older nun caught her breath, then continued, “By the time I am finished with you, I am sure you will know the reasons you are sorry. For now, I am turning you over to Sister Thaddeus,” she signaled and a much younger nun in her early twenties approached, “She will see to you and be responsible for you until I summon you again. Just now I need to meet with Dr. Marvis to discuss your status more fully.”

The Mother Superior turned on her heel and wheeled away toward the administrative wing of the campus. Sister Thaddeus looked at the still kneeling girl, shook her head inside her heavily starched veil, and smiled, “You may rise and follow me. Mother Superior has ordered your accommodations changed. All of your possessions, except for your clothing, have been moved to your new quarters. Your clothing has been boxed and sent home for storage. A few things need to be done before you may attend class. Let’s go get started.”

Gloria rose and followed along behind the younger nun. She found herself being led to not the dorm buildings but to the convent across the quad from the dorms. Once inside, Sister Thaddeus led Gloria to a typical nun’s cell, as the bedrooms were called, where Gloria found a single bed, a single chair tucked beneath a tiny table, a barred window that looked down on the quad, and a small square of carpet on the floor. Noticeably absent was a door to the room and any furniture in which to store clothing. A box on the floor held Gloria’s textbooks, athletic equipment, and all the other personal but non-clothing items that had been in her dorm room.

“This will be your quarters for the duration of your sentence,” Sister Thaddeus told Gloria. “You shall be accompanied by one of us where ever you go, on-campus or off, and the order shall be making certain demands of you, in your present unclothed state, for our benefit. This is Mother’s order and the condition set to allow you to return to school. Should you chose to not comply, your disciplinary expulsion will be immediate, again per Mother’s orders.”

“Uh, where are my sheets and blankets?” Gloria asked, looking at the bed.

“Mother interpreted the nude all the time requirement as to include your sleeping. You will be allowed to sleep on the bed but without coverings. Be content with this, there are some in the order who lobbied for your sleeping nude on the stone floor in the kitchen.

“Taped to the floor next to the carpet square is the list of prayers you will recite, aloud, daily. You will also be required to stand, at mealtimes, in the convent dining hall and read scripture to the religious while they dine. These are academic punishments and not part of your mandated community service. We shall get to that service in a few moments.” The nun finished speaking and motioned for Gloria to follow her.

“I must thank you, Gloria, for your current state,” Sister Thaddeus smiled as she said the words, “You have saved me the embarrassment of playing the role of Blessed Lady Godgyfu on her holy day of observation. I instead shall be her sister, Blessed Lady Wulviva, in this year’s pageant.”

“I don’t think I understand.”

“It is our chapter house, this year, which will host the Order of Wulviva and Godgyfu annual parade and pageant on the holy day of observation. As you know ours is a Benedictine Order, which traces its roots back to the patronage of Wulviva and Godgyfu in the eleventh century. Our order traces its beginnings to Coventry, England. Our first House was chartered before the Norman invasion of England in 1066. The sisters Wulviva and Godgyfu funded that House with the sale of their jewelry after the deaths of their husbands.

“Godgyfu earned her jewelry from her husband in a rather unusual way. He had been a corrupt tax collector. She piously begged him to return the unjust monies to the poor and only give to the crown that portion that is legitimately required. She persisted with her prayer and petition, daily for nearly a year. He finally offered her an option, he would return the monies to the people if she, a lady of modesty and virtue, would strip naked, and ride through the streets of Coventry calling to the people to come to her castle for recompense by the Lord of the manor.

“Risking reputation, modesty, humiliation, and virtue, Lady Godgyfu stripped herself bare and sat astride her white horse to begin her ride through the streets. Lady Wulviva, dressed in only a chemise, the name for a nightgown or a slip in those days, held the reins of her sister’s horse and led it through the streets.

“The town’s people, seeing Godgyfu with her hair down and covering her body somewhat, and heeding Wulviva’s plea to shield their eyes, turned away as the two sisters went by in respect for the act that was freeing them from fiscal tyranny.

“I, as the youngest novitiate in this House, was to play Godgyfu in this year’s parade and pageant. Sister Peregrine was to play the part of Wulviva. Now that we have a young woman who must be naked anyway, you shall be the one to play Godgyfu and I will merely hold your horse’s reins in a gossamer ankle-length gown. Shameful enough, but at least I will not be naked on the horse. The crowds today tend to be less kind than the one of the original ride. Now, these days, staring, photography and catcalls are almost the norm every year. For three years of the last five, the postulant or novice who played Godgyfu left the Order, not being able to deal with the shame of facing her sister nuns after such exposure. The other two girls requested and were granted a change of house far from the original one.”

“Lady Godgyfu,” Gloria was having a minor revelation in her brain, “Coventry, England, you mean that…”

“Yes, Lady Godiva and Lady Godgyfu are the same. Now you know the true story behind that scandalous ride almost one thousand years ago. For the last eight hundred years, this order has commemorated Gongfu’s sacrifice by reenacting it. This year you shall act as she.” Sister Thaddeus smiled. Gloria saw the smile was kind, yet her fear and humiliation caused her to shudder almost uncontrollably.

Sister Thaddeus left Gloria at the doorway to the cell the scandalous Parham girl had been assigned. With the door removed and the bed in plain sight of any passerby (and a nun patrolled the corridors nightly), it was obvious that privacy was no longer her right nor privilege. Gloria seldom relieved herself through masturbation, yet even that option alone in her room was denied her with the lack of a door.

Gloria had become resigned to her fate, long before her return to her college campus. The shameful humiliation of being forced to strip naked in the open courtroom where a judge and jury had found the Parham family guilty of a conspiracy to create a public furor over the Absolutist laws had begun her desensitization. The medallion hanging around her neck on a locked chain emphasized her current status as a sentenced non-violent offender serving her sentence within the community. The release conditions she had signed in front of two parole and probation agents who then transported her to a public bus with a one-way ticket back to Saint Martin’s College continued the numbness in her soul. Now, naked and alone in a nun’s cell in a convent, Gloria finally had a moment to grieve for her lost modesty, privacy, and dignity. Her weeping ended when a bell chimed and she realized she was supposed to be praying the Rosary.

Quickly kneeling by the bedside she began to recite the prayer aloud. She continued this ritual until a second bell chimed. Rising, she noticed the indented marks the rough carpet had made upon her knees and lower legs. The old joke about nuns and whores and the calluses on their knees came to Gloria’s mind and suddenly seemed far less funny.

“Ahem,” Sister Matthias coughed at the doorway, “I do hope you appreciate the comfortable quarters we’ve allowed you, Parham. Now I would like to discuss your class schedule and your mandatory community service.”

The irony of the words from the Mother Superior of the convent as to her comfort was one more nail in the desensitization process Gloria was feeling. It was as if she floated about this nude female form not inhabiting it any longer. Her response was, “Yes, Reverend Mother, Sister Thaddeus mentioned some things, but did say you would have the rest of my schedule for me.”

“You have three major and two minor courses scheduled for this semester, and I do not see how we shall be able to allow you such a full schedule with all the outside activity for which you are responsible.” The older nun paused, looking for a reaction. Seeing none, she continued, “You shall be attending only your major courses, Abnormal Psychology, Anatomy and Physiology, and Sociology of Families on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. You were to have taken an art elective this semester. You will receive credit for that class; however, you will be serving as the art department’s life model on Tuesday and Thursday morning. Instead of drawing, you shall be drawn. From one in the afternoon until eight in the evening on Tuesday and Thursday you will perform your mandated community service at a place to be determined by the local Probation and Parole office. Saturdays are reserved for your studies and Sundays shall be spent on your knees in this room in prayer.”

“Have you any questions?” Sister Matthias did not wait long enough for Gloria to open her mouth and ask a question. It was a rhetorical question as with a sweep of her many robes and skirts she exited Gloria’s room with an imperious stride.

lawn Sun, age 39, holding a Ph.D. in Education and another Ph.D. in Psychology, walked into her classroom on the first Monday of the semester to find a crowd of young women gathered about in a circle and loudly chattering unintelligibly.

“Ladies!” the professor called over the din, “I realize this course is Abnormal Psychology, and I realize eight a.m. is an abnormal hour for a class; however, you need to be in your seats immediately and then perhaps one of you could explain to me why this disruption has started our day?”

As the women separated and sat, Jeri April, who at nineteen was the youngest in the class, except for the subject of discussion, pointed to Gloria Parham. “We were discussing Ms. Parham’s choice in fine fashion, Professor Sun, and asking her where ever did she get such an outfit.” Her tone was just a shade under cuttingly sarcastic and most of her classmates tittered at the comment.

“Ms. April” the tone of displeasure rang in Dr. Sun’s voice, “What exactly do you find to be ‘fine fashion’, as you put it, about Ms. Parham’s state of dress?” The professor, who pointedly ignored Gloria’s nudity, was leading to a point, and as the drapes in the room were drawn tightly against the morning sun and she could bolt the solid oak classroom door from the inside a point was going to be made. She asked Gloria to join her in front of the class and asked Jeri April the question again.

“I’m not sure what you mean Dr. Sun.”

“What part of Ms. Parham’s outfit would you most like to emulate in your wardrobe, Ms. April?”

Jeri April thought for a moment and responded, “If anything her legs, Dr. Sun. These below the knee skirts we have to wear are restricting and the fabric is uncomfortable, I think I would like to emulate the freedom of her legs if I could.” Dr. Sun went around the class of fifteen, asking each woman what she would like to emulate having seen Gloria Parham as she was. Gloria had been invited to stand beside the professor and turn about upon command so that the class could see various views of her body. Gloria felt her nipples stiffen and an uncomfortable feeling develop in her crotch as she was displayed.

Ten of the women voiced their revulsion of having to look at a naked girl in their midst. Two others, Jamie Murray and Aileen Baxley, admitted to the professor they secretly wished they too could attend class natural and despite the reasons, Gloria had to be bare, hoped that before they graduated St. Martin’s would have a policy similar to Central University and other schools participating in the NIP Program. The last girl in the class was Sister Peregrine; at twenty the young nun was finishing her degree to teach in a parochial high school in the future.

The novice responded to the professor with, “I have had the entire weekend, Friday evening through this morning’s breakfast hour, to observe Ms. Parham, Dr. Sun, what I would seek to emulate is the grace she exhibits even though she is embarrassed by her nudity and the attention it draws to her which adds to her shame. You can hear the emotional stress in her voice occasionally and she blushes a great deal, but she maintains good posture and does not avoid interaction with her peers nor her superiors. So I would have to say I would most wish to emulate her grace.”

“Well said, Sister,” the professor smiled, “I agree. Ms. Parham, you may be seated and thank you for opening so many avenues of discussion for this class. Ms. April, Ms. Baxley, and Ms. Murray, for next class a one-page report based upon your verbal response to Ms. Parham’s condition. Sister, from you I would like a report on Ms. Parham’s interaction with your peer group in the convent. The rest of you are to write a paper as to why you feel the dress code at St. Martin’s should or should not be relaxed. Ms. Parham, from you, I would like a page on the emotions you feel being constantly naked in a clothed environment.” Dr. Sun then gave her previously planned lectures. In the end, she dismissed the class with, “Okay, I’ll see you all Wednesday.”

Each of Gloria’s classes met for ninety minutes. It was now shortly after nine-thirty in the morning and most of her classmates were off to the student center for coffee and a restroom break before their next class. Gloria, with Sister Peregrine as her escort, returned to the convent. She had an hour break between classes and her Anatomy and Physiology course would run from ten-thirty until noon. She would return to the convent from noon until two p.m. for the lunchtime meal and kitchen clean up and then attend Sociology of the Family from two-thirty until four in the afternoon. Back again to the convent to help prepare, serve, and clean up after the evening meal, then homework, prayer, and bedtime.

The walk was almost an act of shunning. The women on the campus, student, and faculty alike, did not wish to stare openly, though some did so furtively, and tended to look away as Gloria passed by. If Gloria saw a friend and tried to converse, eight of ten would ignore her and the others would dismiss her with a, “gotta go, class” or similar comment. She felt like a stranger in a strange land.

Once back in the cell she was to call home for the semester, Gloria opened her computer and started a file for the paper Dr. Sun had assigned. In what seemed like seconds, the hour between classes was nearly over and Gloria carried the Nook, bearing the electronic copies of the texts she needed for the semester, with her to the Health Sciences building for her Anatomy and Physiology class.

Again she encountered many who she knew from previous classes or clubs on campus and every student either turned her back or refused to speak to her. She arrived five minutes early and discovered the classroom door locked. Gloria squatted against the corridor wall and waited. Slowly, other students arrived and, ignoring Gloria, stood and chatted.

“Doctor Dunbar probably is still at the hospital,” one girl said to another.

“Well, Irving Dunbar is the best at what he does, even if it takes him away from the classroom and into the operating room,” the other replied.

“I know for a fact,” another said showing a small scar on her left wrist, “he is the best reconstructive surgeon there is. He practically rebuilt this hand following my accident last year.”

“I wonder why he wastes time teaching undergraduates Anatomy and Physiology.” This came from a fourth student in her late teens that had joined the group, “After all, the medical school and the graduate school of science both have been offering him a great deal more money to teach at their schools.”

“He must make a great deal of money doing his surgeries, so why does he teach at all?” A fifth girl remarked.

Still wearing scrubs and a lab coat, the man in question turned the corner, “Sorry, I’m late, I know, but a seven-year-old who followed a foul ball right into a shed window kept me busy the last four hours or so.” Taking a ring of keys from his lab coat he unlocked the classroom, (which also held a well-stocked biology laboratory, which required him to keep the room locked), and he ushered his students into the room. Gloria rose to join them, but Doctor Dunbar blocked her entry.

“I’m sorry, we won’t need the life model until the ninth session of this class in the third week, and you may leave, young lady.” Doctor Dunbar told Gloria.

“Uh, doctor, I’m not the model, I’m a student, Gloria Parham, and I’m scheduled to take your class,” Gloria was blushing furiously as the doctor was scanning her with the practiced eye of a person who is more used to seeing the injured naked than a young healthy woman.

“So you are Bill and Lynn’s little girl, Gloria?” Irving Dunbar gasped. “I should have recognized the birthmark right away.” This drew Gloria’s attention to the inner aspect of her upper left thigh, near her groin, oh, lord, he was staring at her crotch, her blush deepened noticeably, as did the dampness in her loins.

“Yes, my parents and I were found guilty of Absolute discrimination and were sentenced to one hundred eighty days of forced public nudity. Also, I have to perform one hundred hours of community service. We were told to return to our regular lives, for me that meant returning to school, so here I am.”

“Let the punishment fit the crime, as Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Sullivan would have said,” Doctor Dunbar smiled sympathetically. Gloria perceived it as the first act of kindness since her arrival back on campus. “Come on in, then, and let us see how the clothed classmates take to my announcement.”

“Announcement?” Gloria thought, “Just what does he intend to announce?”

“Alright, ladies, find your seats in the lecture area and we’ll get started. As an on-call neuro-vascular surgeon, there may be other mornings such as this one when I am late for the start of class. Emergency surgery does not keep to a strict schedule. If I should be longer than thirty-five minutes, feel free to sign an attendance sheet slip it under the door, and enjoy a free hour. Classes can be made up, should this happen too many times, on the four Saturdays before final exams. I hope you have all downloaded your textbook on to your Nook readers and it would behoove you all to have read chapters one through three by next class meeting. Usually, this class has twenty-four meeting days. On or about the ninth to the twelfth class day, I would normally introduce you to our nude model, who will then demonstrate live the kinetics we shall be learning this semester.

“However; in our class today, and for the rest of the term, taking the class with us is our model, Gloria Parham. Please get used to seeing her nude, as in a matter of days, you shall not only be seeing her but having hands-on experimentation with her. Gloria, please rise and introduce yourself to the class”

Blushing furiously, Gloria rose and fully exposed herself to her classmates. “Hi, I’m Gloria, and I’ll be naked all semester.” As she sat she thought just how stupid that must have sounded to the rest of the class. She also wondered if they noticed how hard her nipples had gotten when she stood or if they could see the damp spot she felt in her crotch on the desk chair when she sat back down.

She soon forgot this as Doctor Dunbar began a rapid-fire lecture on the major joints of the body. Irving Dunbar had Gloria stand again to pose in several dancer’s positions to illustrate joint movement including a pose standing on one leg with the other held over her head; right heel cupped in her right hand. This pose exhibited to the entire class and Dr. Dunbar the glistening wetness of Gloria’s womanhood. Embarrassed, humiliated and thoroughly aroused Gloria continued to pose. All too soon the class came to an end and Gloria rushed to the restroom to dry herself off before making her way back to the convent for her mid-day meal duties.

The first thing she noted, leaving the class was there was no nun to escort her. What she had experienced earlier in the day was not Sister Matthias keeping tabs on her via Sister Peregrine, but rather Peregrine’s attempt at providing her with a cordial buffer.

Sister Matthias met Gloria at the door of the convent kitchen and with a look on her face that spoke volumes for a woman who made a practice of inscrutability and she demanded Gloria follow her to her office. “You have been chosen by Dr. Dunbar to be his kinetic studies model. He called me to ask that you be paid for your time, and I explained the conditions of your court-enforced lack of attire. He had presumed you were an Absolute convert who had been granted the dispensation to attend St. Martin’s, and that your tale of a court-imposed sentence was just a cover story. It has been agreed that in place of being paid cash for your participation as his model, you will earn community service credit. That will subtract thirty-six hours from your one hundred hour requirement.

“Doctor Sun has also asked that you be available to pose and demonstrate for her class, which shall bring your credited service to seventy-two hours. With the rehearsals for and the participation in the pageant of the Blessed Ladies Wulviva and Godgyfu, and your posing for the Life Arts course, your community service hours should be filled. When classes end in May, though, you shall still be forty-five days shy of your one hundred eighty-day sentences. Dora Marvis has a possible solution for that, young lady. Please see her after your last class today and discuss the option with her.”

Sister Matthias had given Gloria good news and bad. She would leave school not having to publicly appear for community service, but from May fifteenth through June thirtieth she would still be a sentenced nude.

Gloria set about aiding the serving of the mid-day meal, then clearing the dishes from the tables to the kitchen and setting the dishwashers in motion. Her next class was across the campus quadrangle from the convent and she set off alone to cross the open area on the diagonal to arrive at her afternoon class. Once again the hissy catcalls of her peers and the shunning by them left her feeling belittled and humiliated. The Humanities department, in which Sociology of Families was taught, shared a building with the college administration. Two wings separated by an atrium entryway made up the building. Classrooms and the Humanities professors’ offices were to the right while the college administration was housed in the wing to the left.

The cold stares of the disbelieving students followed the naked Gloria as slowly closed the distance between those waiting to see the bursar or someone in the admissions office and headed up the stairs to the second floor to her classroom. Oddly, the stiffening of her nipples and the twitch and itch between her legs mixed embarrassment and arousal into a mental stew of emotional confusion.

Sociology of Families was a required course for graduation. It was designed to prepare the young ladies of St. Martin’s for the rigors of marriage, childbearing, and child-rearing, and was taught by the most logical instructor on campus, the seventy-two-year-old Sister Martha Mary, the oldest non-retired active nun in the Order of Wulviva and Godgyfu. No one had ever questioned or challenged her qualifications to instruct in areas of life where she lacked practical experience. The fact that she had taught the same class for forty-two years and was still using the textbook she had begun within the Nineteen-sixties seemed to matter not to the administration either.

Using uniquely appropriate language Sister Martha Mary would explain the sex act as something done by a wife for the husband’s relief and the procreation of children. The wife was to attain her gratification in the bearing of children and the rearing of them in the Church for goodly and Godly pursuits. Martha Mary would quote scripture, telling the girls under her tutelage that “it is better to marry than to burn” and then turn around and also instruct them to bank those fires and allow the husband his pleasure only when the wife was fertile. Sex was a necessary evil provided by God so that the Church might have congregants until the good Lord returned to collect His own.

A full semester of this had led some girls to procure and wear chastity belts. Others discovered that Father Lawrence was liberal in assigned penance when certain indiscretions of the flesh were admitted to within the confessional, up to and including the third base. The many things that Sister Martha Mary preached as forbidden fruit were precisely the tasty treats those girls began to shop for and taste. Only the virginity check at the beginning of each semester had prevented some boyfriends from hitting a home run out of the park. “Some men will ask their wives to place the disgustingly stiff male member into their mouths. Girls this is both unnatural and makes you an accomplice in the sin of Onanism. The only place for the male member is in his pants or your treasure chest when you know you may conceive a child,” Martha Mary would extol. Sixty percent of the girls in the class will have gone down on their boyfriends within two weeks after that lecture. Wow, an option to keep the boy happy that in no way risked the girl getting pregnant, thank you, Sister Martha Mary, for the idea.

Into this outer ring of Dante’s Inferno view of hell walked the barefoot and bare everywhere, Gloria Parham. If Gloria had horns on her head, hooves in her feet, and a forked tail she would not have looked more like a hellish abomination to Sister Martha Mary than she did simply walking into the classroom nude. Gloria was told later, by Jeri April who was also taking the class, that Sister turned red in the face and began to bluster at Gloria and Gloria blushed pink all over. Sister went from red to magenta and her anger and tone of voice-directed at Gloria did not get any less when Gloria reacted with ever stiffening nipples and a glistening crotch even as the all-over pink turned to a sunburned red. Shouting, “I cannot teach under these conditions, class dismissed,” Sister Martha Mary stormed out of the door and disappeared in a swish of robes around a corner in the hallway.

None of the other girls in the class paused for a minute to speak to the naked one standing in the front of the classroom, they all filed past her while averting their eyes. Gloria waited until they were well on their way to their next destination before padding on bare feet to the administration wing and the office of Dora Marvis.

“Ah, Ms. Parham,” the administrative assistant at the outer office desk smiled, “We have all been waiting to see you. Dr. Marvis shall be finished with this appointment in about five minutes. Please sit. Here, I’ll give you a towel so you do not stain the upholstery, and she’ll call you in soon.”

Gloria was surprised to see Father Lawrence McBride sitting in an overstuffed armchair to the left of Dora Marvis’ desk when she was escorted into the office. Dr. Marvis was behind the desk, standing and gazing out the window of the office into the quadrangle of the campus. “Gloria,” she said as she slowly turned to look at the nude girl for the first time, “Father Lawrence and I have a proposition for you, that I shall let Father explain. If you accept, it both pays well and will give you three credits toward your Humanities requirement.”

“Every two years, this college holds a graduate-level Summer course for the Religious community, teaching nuns, brothers and lay teachers in parochial schools are in attendance. The course is titled Chastity, Obedience, and Sacrifice. We are offering you the unique opportunity to be the life model for this class. It meets six hours a day, six days a week from May fifteenth through June thirtieth. You will receive room, board, expense money, and a stipend. As an undergraduate, you will also receive three credits toward your degree.” Father Lawrence explained the nature of the course to Gloria further and she accepted the offer, smiling at the possibilities.