**Sabine at College**

by **Sabineteas**

In [the first part of this](https://enf-cmnf.com/2011/02/light-enf-cfnf-story-from-sabineteas-how-it-all-began/), I told you how I had become, with pressure from friends, an exhibitionist. This will continue that story. At the end my roommate had told me that I had to be naked whenever I was in our room. And she also told me that I had to use dirty words for my breasts, bottom and vagina.

I had thought that I would tell her to piss off the first time and get dressed, but my friend from home came into our room and gave me a look. I knew better than to try to put anything on, since the two of them could easily strip me. So I spent the first night that my roommate had found out about me naked. She was nice enough to keep the door closed so no one else saw me. I was so embarrassed; my face was red all night. At bedtime I went to get a nightgown.

“What do you think you are doing?”

“I’m going to put on a nightgown.”

“I said naked in the room and I meant it. No nightgown.”

Tears began to run down my cheeks.

“Please Amy, let me wear a nightgown.”

“No. Get into your bed.”

Sniffling, I got into my bed naked and curled into a ball. I cried myself to sleep that night.

The next morning I was awakened by Amy pulling my blanket and sheet off me, making sure that I didn’t get dressed in anything during the night. I blushed immediately. My dreams that entire night had been of me being naked in public places. If that was not bad enough, I had done it in front of people. Even if it was only dreams, it was humiliating. She made me get out of bed and study at my desk naked, grinning at me. My desk was in front of our window and I made sure that the blinds were closed before I sat down. She dressed and every now and then made like she was going to open the blinds. I would gasp and hunch down, but she never did open them that day. I finally was allowed to dress, but when I started to get panties and a bra out, Amy took them out of my hands, dropped them back in my drawer and closed it. She then handed me a skirt and tank top. I could only stare at her.

“Get dressed. You have a class.”

“B-b-b-but, I need underwear.”

“No you don’t.”

I was crying out loud now, but no matter how hard I bawled I wasn’t going to get any underwear. I got into my tank top and skirt. It wasn’t as bad as I thought it was going to be until we walked out of our dorm. My nipples got hard immediately and were very noticeable and I could feel cool air on my bottom and pussy. I turned red immediately and with my free hand, I grabbed the hem of my skirt to be sure it stayed down. Amy just laughed at me. Every time that we met someone, I was sure that they knew I was naked under my skirt. Walking was not as bad as when we got to the cafeteria and after getting my breakfast I had to sit down. I was so careful when I sat to be sure my skirt was under me and that it didn’t raise up my legs that I was sure I was really obvious. Blushing, I lowered my eyes to my food, but peeked up so I could see if anyone was looking. It seemed to me that everyone was staring at me. That made me blush even harder, until I was sure that my face was like a red beacon.

I could hardly eat and I felt very uncomfortable. Amy was grinning at me all the time. She could tell that I was not comfortable at all.

I felt the same way when we left for our first class. I had forgotten that we sat in the front row. Amy snickered as she watched me sit so carefully. She leaned over to me.

“Keep your knees apart. Not much, just enough so Dr. Nelson can see them open.”

“Amy! I can’t do that!”

“Yes you can and you will or I will pull them open. Now do as I say!”

Trembling, I opened my knees a little. I felt like there was a draft blowing up my skirt. In the front row, I really felt exposed to my instructor. I kept my eyes down, but from time to time I would peek up and at least twice I noticed him looking right at me. Each time I noticed I blushed and felt like I was burning up. It was the longest hour of my life. I felt as though Dr. Nelson was seeing my pussy all through the class. I was so happy when it was over and I could leave. Of course Amy was right behind me.

As we left the building she lifted the back of my skirt, baring my butt to anyone who was looking. I squeaked and jerked it back down as soon as I could and turned bright red. I didn’t hear anyone and I didn’t dare look back for fear of what I might see. Amy was giggling as she walked beside me.

“Feel a draft?”

I almost started crying again. I knew she was going to be mean to me. I knew that she was going to try to humiliate me any chance she got. She hurried me back to our dorm after she had lifted my skirt up. As soon as we were in our room, she held out her hand. I begged her, but she ignored my words. I finally stripped off my top and skirt and stood naked but for my shoes in front of her. I felt humiliated but excited. I had no control because if I didn’t mind, I would get stripped anyway. I was so much smaller than her and my girlfriend from home that I would not stand a chance if I tried to fight back. I would beg, but in the end I would do what I was told.

I spent that day and the following ones without underwear when I was out of my room and naked inside it. Other than that I was pretty much left alone. I was continually nervous in our room because I was afraid she would invite people in to see me. Amy did leave to visit other girls, but she didn’t have anyone come to our room.

Saturday morning she left me in our room. I seriously considered putting on some clothes but I wondered what would happen to me if I got caught and thought better of getting dressed. After about two hours she came back, giggling at seeing me naked still. She had a bag with her.

“Sabine, you are sort of hairy aren’t you?”

I turned beet red. I had seen other girls with trimmed pubic hair, but I had never even thought of doing something like that.

“It’s just the way I am, Amy.”

“Well, maybe today we should do something about that.”

I started trembling; wondering what she would do to me. She brought the bag over to me and reached into it. She took out a mask and put it over my face.

“That should work, don’t you think?”

“Work for what, Amy?”

“You’ll see later, Sabine.”

My stomach clenched. Now I was scared to death. I stood up and looked in our mirror. With the mask on you couldn’t tell that it was I. I was a naked body with a mask on the face. My nipples, as always, were as hard as they could be. As I stood there looking at myself I could feel that tingle of excitement inside my stomach. I spent that entire day wondering why the mask and with a feeling of dread. That was mostly because of Amy saying that I was hairy and that something should be done about that.

Finally, after dinner, Rebecca, my friend from home came to my room. She brought in a cut down sheet with a hole in it and came over to me. Telling me to stand, she pulled it over my head. It covered me to the knees. I was beginning to tremble. Amy took my hand and led me out of our room with Rebecca trailing us.

“Wh-wh-where are you taking me?”

Neither one said anything. They just dragged me along with them. My feet were dragging and I was looking around nervously. I was scared that someone who knew me would see me and wonder what I was doing. They led me to Rebecca’s car and pushed me in the back seat. I was getting more and more scared. Rebecca drove off, heading towards the downtown area. I was so scared I almost peed. Finally she stopped on a side street and I was handed the mask. Almost gratefully I took it and put it on. Now, unless someone recognized Rebecca or Amy, I would be pretty safe.

As they had me get out of the car, I was blindfolded over my mask. Now I began to breathe hard. I was dressed in a sheet, downtown and I couldn’t see. They led me through a door. I slid my feet across the floor until they stopped and made me sit on a funny chair. Not being able to see, I hadn’t a clue where I was or what I was sitting on. It was a big chair with sort of a footrest in front. I was almost hyperventilating I was so afraid. All I could do was think of what they could do to me and every thing I thought of made me tremble.

I sat for what seemed to be forever. Then I heard footsteps coming toward me. My body was shaking uncontrollably. The chair I was in tilted back, making me gasp. My feet were lifted up and the sheet was lifted so high I was naked from the neck down. My breath was coming in gasps and tears were running down my cheeks. I felt hands at the blindfold and then it came off. I was having trouble breathing and I looked down at my body, my naked body. I shivered and looked up. A gasp burst out of my mouth as I saw five guys standing in front of me, grinning. I was in a barbershop with a bunch of guys from college and I was naked.

“Oh my god.”

The words just burst out of my mouth. My knees clamped together and my hands went to my boobs. Amy snapped at me.

“Move your hands and open your legs!”

I began to bawl, but I moved my hands. My legs were another story. I was not going to open them in front of guys. Amy again told me to open my legs and I couldn’t speak because I was bawling, but I shook my head no. She then motioned to two of the guys and I began to babble between sobs. It did no good. The guys moved to either side of me and Amy told them to open me up. As hard as I was squeezing my knees together, it made no difference. My legs were slowly pulled apart. I closed my eyes as they spread and the guys were laughing at me. I could picture exactly what I looked like and what they were seeing. My boobs and pussy was what they were seeing.

One of the guys stepped up between my legs and I couldn’t help myself. I really thought I was going to be raped.

“Oh god no, no, no, no!”

Then I saw Amy handing him a can a shaving cream, scissors and a razor. As my body trembled, he set the shaving cream and razor on my quivering stomach and grasped a tuft of my pubic hair and snipped it off. A loud sob escaped from my mouth. I closed my eyes but I could hear the snipping of the scissors and the tugs on my pubic hair. After a bit my sobs became quieter, but I still couldn’t stop crying. I was so embarrassed. I couldn’t look at what was being done to me. The snipping finally stopped and I heard the hiss of the shaving cream can and then his hand on me, rubbing it on. I gasped and tried to move away, but I was held too tightly.

Then I felt the scraping of the razor on my pussy and I began to bawl once more. I was shaking with embarrassment and fear of being cut. His fingers moved my lips about as he shaved me. My legs were lifted up and I was shaved further down towards my bottom, which humiliated me even more. I knew that my anus was exposed also which was so humiliating.

Finally he was finished and I was wiped off. My legs were still held open so the guys could get a good look at me. I heard clicks and opened my eyes to see two of them taking pictures of me, which made me start bawling once again. Rebecca and Amy let them take several pictures each and then they grabbed my arms and hustled me out of the barbershop. I found out later that it was the shop of the father of one of the guys.

They hurried me to the car and after we were in it, sped off back to the campus. I cried all the way back. When we got back they hustled me into the dorm and to my room. They then took away the sheet and made me look at my pussy in the mirror. I had a narrow strip of hair from the top of my pussy up, none on my lips, which made them look so much more prominent.

That night I cried myself to sleep once again.

The next few days were a repeat of most other days. I was kept naked while in my dorm room and I found that Amy had taken all my underwear away so I couldn’t wear any. She also wouldn’t let me wear pants, jeans or shorts, so I was always in fear of my skirts or dresses moving up to expose me. I was sure that everyone I saw knew that I was naked under my skirts and dresses. I blushed continuously, which I am sure made more people look at me. Because of that I blushed more which made it a never-ending cycle. The more I blushed the more people looked and the more I blushed. My nipples were also erect all the time. My nipples are large, so they are really noticeable when they are erect.

Amy had me keep my knees apart, both in our classes and in the cafeteria. I was a lot happier when she wasn’t in some of my classes. I tried to sit in the back and for sure my knees were clamped tight together. I am pretty shy and how I was made to dress made me even more shy and quiet.

I began to relax somewhat when they hadn’t put me in a horrible situation for some time. I still had bad dreams about the night they had me shaved. Amy told me to keep my shaving up or they would have it done for me again. That was incentive enough for me. I shaved every other day.

Finally, two weeks after my shaving humiliation, Rebecca came over and she, Amy and I went out to eat together. I was still without underwear so I was nervous with the two of them. I never was sure with them what they would do to me or if they would leave me alone. We had a very nice dinner and after a while I began to relax and actually enjoyed the evening. On the way back, Rebecca stopped on a street next to the guy’s dorm that was next to ours. I immediately began to get nervous. Rebecca turned to me (I was in the back seat) and smiled at me. Amy turned to me also.

“Get your clothes off, Sabine.”

“N-n-n-no. Don’t do this to me, please.”

“Get them off or we’ll take them off for you. And you won’t like it, I promise you.”

I’m not doing this, Rebecca. I won’t do it.”

“Fine, Sabine, fine. I was going to let you wear your mask, but now you can forget it. Now strip!”

I had taken my first steps of resistance and it felt good.

“Fuck you, Rebecca and you too Amy.”

Rebecca turned off her car, looked at Amy and they both got out of the car. I was getting very scared but I was still defiant, until about 30 seconds after Rebecca was out of the car. She came around to the curbside, opened the back door and grabbed my hair. She began to pull me out of the car by my hair. It hurt like crazy and I began to hit her and try to get her hand out of my hair. She had got me part way out when Amy got a grip on my arm and they dragged me out onto the grass. My eyes had filled with tears from having my hair pulled. I began to swing my free arm and kick at them. I connected a couple of times and we were all swearing at each other. But it was inevitable. There were two of them and one of me. Amy got a grip on my top and I heard it tear and I fought harder as I felt it coming off. I started to cry and continued to struggle as she got it off me. Rebecca tackled me and slammed me to the ground. My breath shot out of me and Amy got her hands on my skirt. I was kicking weakly as she undid my skirt and began to pull it off me.

“N-n-n-no, stop it, please stop it!”

My skirt slid down my legs and off, leaving me in shoes.

Rebecca was holding me down.

“Get her shoes too. She’s going to be completely naked tonight.”

Amy laughed and pulled off my shoes.

“I would have let you have your mask, Sabine, but not now. We’ll meet you at the dorm.”

Rebecca and Amy grabbed my clothes and shoes and climbed into the car. They waved at me, lying naked in the grass and then drove away, leaving me. I lay there for a moment, panting to catch my breath, and then I scuttled away from the street to hide behind a bush. I couldn’t believe that they had done this to me.

As I crouched there sniffling, I began to think of my predicament. I was totally naked and there was a guy’s dorm between me and my dorm. I had a choice of running through a tunnel into the courtyard of the guy’s dorm and to mine or circling it along the street to my dorm. Neither option looked good to me. Through the courtyard was shorter but it had more of a chance for me to be seen. Around the guy’s dorm would leave me exposed to the street and was longer. I just knew I couldn’t stay where I was. I was getting cold and scared. I thought that I would wait for while, because I was sure they would come back for me. After 10 minutes I knew they wouldn’t.

I thought about my choices and as I shivered, I decided to take the shortest route. Crouching, I looked both ways on the street and then dashed across it, bent over. I huddled by the wall of the guy’s dorm by the tunnel. Peering around the corner and not seeing anyone, I covered my boobs with one arm and dashed through the tunnel. Now I couldn’t stop. I ran across the courtyard and almost died of shame as I heard some guys yelling behind me. I glanced over my shoulder and saw about 6 guys staring and then beginning to run behind towards me. I shrieked in terror and ran as hard as I could for my dorm.

I could hear them pounding behind me as I dashed across the grass. I kept my eyes focused on the door to my dorm and ran as hard as I could. They were gaining on me but I reached the door and yanked it open, almost stumbling as I entered the reception area. I shrieked as I saw three guys sitting with girls and ran hard again for the door to the rooms as I heard the door open behind me. As I reached the door, the dorm mother came out of her office and watched me yank it open and dash through it. I headed for the stairs to my floor and she followed me.

I got to my floor and ran down the hall to my room, yanked that door open and jumped in, slamming the door behind me. Rebecca and Amy were sitting, waiting for me. They began to giggle until our door opened again and the dorm mother walked it. I turned my back to her and covered my boobs and pussy with my hands.

She didn’t say a word, but walked up to me, grabbed me by an arm and pulled me up.

“Get dressed.”

I hurried to our closet and pulled out the first top and skirt I could find. I pulled them on and stood there stupidly, staring at the floor.

“Put some underwear on.”

“I-I-I d-d-don’t have any.”

“You don’t have any underwear?”

She was incredulous. I was ashamed. She grabbed my arm and pulled me out of the room and down the hall to the stairs. I was begging her all the way to let me go, but she ignored me. She pulled me down the stairs and to the door to the reception area.

“Oh god no, no, no!”

I was ignored again as she opened the door and dragged me through it. There was a cluster of guys by the door that cheered as I came through it. The guys who were with girls turned to watch as I stumbled along, pulled by her. I ended up in her office.

“What were you doing, what were you thinking of?”

I didn’t say anything. If I told her Rebecca and Amy had stripped me they would get in trouble and most likely I would later after their punishment was over. It would give me a respite, but things would probably get worse for me later. I was surprised I was thinking so clearly

“Talk to me Sabine. Something is going on and I intend to get to the bottom of it. I’ve watched you and you would not do something like this on your own. Now tell me who is doing things to you and I’ll get it stopped.”

I looked at her wanting to believe everything she said, but she couldn’t be with me every minute. Eventually I was going to catch hell from my roommate and Rebecca if I squealed. I shook my head no and looked down again.

“Sabine, please let me help you.”

I wanted to trust her and tell, but I was afraid. I was small and not strong. I was naturally someone who did what others told me to do.

“Sabine, please, tell me.”

I looked up at her. I was shivering.

“Y-y-y-you don’t think I-I would d-d-do this by myself?

It was all I could think of at that moment. Showing her that I was not what she thought I was, even if I was.

“D-d-do you h-h-have a c-car?”

“Yes.”

“T-take me f-for a r-ride if y-you think I am s-such a g-g-goody two shoes.”

She looked at me and shook her head. Then she got her purse and walked to the door. I think she was thinking I would say something in the car and wanted to get me away from the dorm so I would. She stopped and looked at me. I stood up and followed her. We went out to her car. We got inside it.

“D-drive somewhere, anywhere.”

She started it and drove out of the parking lot. I sat shivering thinking through what I had decided. We were on a brightly-lighted street and she was looking at me from time to time.

“You don’t think I would take of my clothes without someone forcing me, do you?”

“No I don’t, I think you are protecting someone, someone who is being very mean to you, Sabine. I want to fix it for you.”

“J-j-just watch.”

I bent over and untied my sneakers and pulled them off, dropping them in the backseat.

“Sabine.”

I ignored her and after taking a deep, shaky breath, I pulled my top up and over my head, baring myself from the waist up. I dropped it in the backseat also.

“Sabine, you don’t have to do this. What is being done to you is terrible and should be stopped.”

I looked at her and started to cry, she was being so nice to me. I unbuttoned and unzipped my skirt. I lifted my butt and pulled it down. I lifted my feet out and bent over, lifting the skirt up. For a moment I held it in front of me, looking at her and hoping that I was making the right decision. Then I reached back and let it fall in the backseat also. Naked, I sat there. I wiped my eyes with a hand and my nose also.

“Satisfied?”

“I still think you are lying to me.”

“Pull over then, stop the car.”

She turned off the main street and onto a residential street and stopped perhaps a hundred feet from the corner. I looked at her, wanting to trust her, but afraid of the consequences if I did. I looked around. It was late. It was dark. I opened the door and got out. I shut it, standing naked on the grass and stepped back to the sidewalk. I gave her a weak smile and began walking down the sidewalk bare ass naked. She sat and watched me for a few moments as I got further and further away from the car. Then she pulled up ahead of me and got out. She walked in front of me and grabbed my shoulders, stopping me.

“I still think you are lying. But since you won’t tell me anything, I will have to think about this. I may have to report this entire episode to the president and the Conduct Committee. Get in the car and I’ll take you back.”

I let my shoulders slump down and walked back to the car. I got in and sat naked. She got in.

“Get dressed.”

I knelt up and bent over the back of the seat, feeling for my clothes and embarrassed even if she was a woman too. I got my top, then the skirt and my shoes. I pulled on the top, then the skirt and slipped on my shoes. She drove back in silence and I was glad she was quiet. I had nothing to say.

When we were back at the campus and parked she didn’t let me get out.

“Sabine, tell me. I know this is not you.”

“Would you like more proof?”

I had mostly calmed down by now and was thinking hard.

“No Sabine. I don’t want you to prove anything to me that I don’t believe. Now go to your room and get some sleep. I will talk to you tomorrow and decide what I am going to do with you.”

I really didn’t feel very good after hearing that. I pictured myself standing at attention in front of a group of people, the Conduct Committee. The President and Board of Trustees were there also and a group of girls and boys to witness my expulsion. It was a very different expulsion. I had to stand as girls with some armbands came up and removed my clothes, leaving me naked and then the President got up and read something to the effect that the honor code prohibited nudity or something like that and I was being expelled for the good of the student body. I was then paraded down in front of all of them, naked and led out. My suitcases with all my belongings were at the curb and my parents were standing there, waiting for me. My father loaded the suitcases in the trunk and my mother started to cry as she looked at me. My father opened the back door and I climbed in the car still naked. Mother and father got in and we drove off. Some imagination, huh?

I just went to my room and cautiously opened the door. Rebecca and Amy were still sitting there.

“What happened?”

“Nothing.”

“You were gone for almost an hour, something happened. What did you tell her?”

“I said nothing, I told her nothing. She doesn’t know anything other than I ran into the dorm naked.”

“You’re lying, Sabine.”

“If I am, you’ll find out soon enough, because your asses will be in trouble. Now let me go to bed.”

I went to my dresser and pulled out a nightgown. I looked at them, stripped and slipped off my clothes, then put the nightgown on and got into my bed. I turned my face to wall and began to cry, silently. I didn’t know if I had done the right thing or not. But, it was done now. I couldn’t take it back. I hoped that they would let up on me and not embarrass me anymore, but that wasn’t a sure thing. I just hoped I had made the right decision.

The next morning the dorm mother came into our room. She crooked a finger at me and I got up in my nightgown and followed her. We went to her office and the president and a male security guard were there.

“All right. Ms. Wilson has told me something of what has happened and I want you to tell us the truth. Who is doing this to you? What she has told us is that she doesn’t believe you would have done what you without being pressured. So we want to know who is doing it.”

I felt uncomfortable being there, especially in my nightgown. I was thinking again.

“May I ask a question?”

“Yes.”

“I have been told that I am an exhibitionist. If I prove that to you, will you drop this and let things be and not punish me?”

“Well, ah, I don’t know.”

“I can prove it to you now, but I don’t want to punished. I will assure you that I will not embarrass the college further.”

The president looked at me, a fairly plain girl, quiet and obviously shy, since my face was red already.

“I suppose.”

“No punishment?”

“No.”

Ms. Wilson started to get up as she realized what I was going to do, but she was too late. I pulled up my nightgown to my shoulders and then over my head. I held it in front of me for a second and then dropped it on the floor. Then hands at my sides, naked, I slowly turned around, showing him my bare ass and then stopped, facing him and the security guard, naked. Ms. Wilson reached me and stepped in front of me and put her arms around me.

“Get out.”

The president and the guard got up and left, not before getting an eyeful. I was blushing and hot and started shaking.

“Stupid girl, stupid, stupid, stupid. You could have told. Now it’s too late. But I think he’ll keep his promise and you won’t be punished. Get your gown back on and go back to your room. Get dressed and wear some underwear today. Tell whomever that I said you had to wear underwear and that I was going to check to be sure you did. And find a friend you can trust and tell me who it is. I will get you in that room and away from Amy.”

Oh my god, she had figured something out. I was dreading going back to the room. I picked up my nightgown and slipped it on. I walked back to my room slowly. As I came in, Amy got up.

“What’s going on?”

“Shut up Amy. I had to prove that I did it alone, last night and again this morning. To keep you out of trouble. Shut up, just shut up.”

“What happened?”

“Last night I stripped in Ms. Wilson’s car to keep her from asking more questions and this morning I stripped in front of the president and a security guard and told them I was an exhibitionist. Now shut up. Ms. Wilson says I have to wear underwear and that she is going to check to be sure that I am, so get my things and let me get dressed.”

Amy got up and left and returned a few minutes later with a paper bag stuffed with my bras and panties. I grabbed the bag and dumped everything on my bed and grabbed the first pair of underpants I saw. I stepped into them and pulled them up before taking off my nightgown. I put on a bra and then a skirt and blouse and left for breakfast.

I was embarrassed at what I had done, but I wasn’t a squealer. I took my medicine even though I didn’t like it. After breakfast I returned to the room and Amy and Rebecca were there.

“You said nothing?”

“They don’t know who, but they suspect you, Amy. So just leave me alone, all right. You too, Rebecca, just leave me alone.”

A few days later I was in another room with a girl a lot like me. Shy, quiet, reserved. I kept to myself a lot and studied hard but after a few days I felt like I was in a funk. I couldn’t figure it out. I tried, god I tried! A few more days and it was Friday. I went to Amy’s room after dinner.

“Look, Amy, I am feeling pretty low and I want to try something. Is there a party somewhere or can you set one up with a few girls and some guys?”

She looked at me.

“Well, I guess I could.”

She was suspicious, I couldn’t blame her.

“Look, I am not trying to get back at you, Amy, I just need to find something out. All right?”

“I’ll let you know.”

A couple of hours later Amy came into my room.

“I’ve got a thing set up. You, me and four other girls and some guys we know from college. It’s off campus.”

“Fine, what time?”

“I’ll get you.”

I left and dressed in nice jeans and a top and underwear thank god, underwear! I waited. Amy came and got me.

We left and went to this apartment off campus.

We all had some drinks, yes drinks. After a while of talking and stuff I got up.

“I want to play spin the bottle with my rules. I’ll go into the other room and when a guy gets a turn he is to come in there with me. No questions.”

Someone got a bottle. No one knew what I intended. I went into the other room and stood, waiting.

The first guy came in.

“Take off my shoes.”

He did and I stood up and kissed him, really well for me. I pointed at the door and he left, confused.

I waited some more, until the second guy came in.

“Take off my socks.”

He did and I kissed him long and hard also. He left. I waited some more. The third guy came in.

“Take off my top.”

I stood quietly as he looked at me. Then he walked up to me and after grasping the bottom of my top he lifted it up. I raised my arms and it went up, over my head and off. I kissed him long and hard also.

I waited some more and the fourth guy came in. He stared at me standing in jeans and a bra. I looked at him.

“My jeans.”

He fiddled with the snap and unzipped me, and then he knelt and pulled them down my legs. I leaned on him with both hands and lifted my left foot, waiting until he got that leg off, then lifted my right foot. I was just in underwear now. I pulled him up and kissed him. Then I pushed him to the door. I figured that they were talking about me. The fifth guy came in and smiled at me. I lifted my arms and didn’t say a word. He walked behind me and unhooked my bra. I shivered as he pulled my arms down and lowered the bra, baring my tits. I let him take it off, leaving me in just my underpants. His arms went around me and he kissed me, frenching me and feeling my soft breasts and hard nipples on his chest.

I was shivering when he left me alone once again. The sixth guy came in and stopped. He hadn’t believed the others, I guess. I held out my arms and he came into them. I kissed him hard and moved his hands down my underpants. He understood then. He pushed them down until they fell to my ankles. I stepped out of them. I kissed him again and let him squeeze my naked ass.

“One more turn for every guy.”

I pushed him towards the door. He really didn’t want to go, but he knew he was coming back. He left.

As each one came back in, I let them look, touch my breasts only, tease my nipples with their fingers and hold my bare ass as they kissed me. Then I gave them the piece of my clothes that they had removed earlier and sent them back. After all of them had a feel of me and a naked kiss and I had no clothes to put on, I took a deep breath and walked out to where everyone was.

The girls and guys all knew that I was naked but they didn’t expect me to come out naked. But I did. And I was feeling better than I had for days and days. I stayed naked and waited on them all, bringing drinks and letting them look. I felt empowered and even though a couple of the girls were obviously unhappy with me, I was happier than I had been for days. I didn’t go in the bedroom and “pull the train”, like some of you wish. I didn’t let them finger me except for teasing my breasts. I just let them strip me and then see me naked.

The guys left. It was just the girls now.

“Look, I had to find out. I just like being naked, all right? No one got hurt, most everyone seems happy and if one the guys was a boyfriend, I am sorry. Tell me and I will apologize and not fool with him anymore. But I had to find out. Now I know. Amy, let’s go back. I got dressed and we left.

“Amy, no more fucking with my mind. I’ll do things, I’ll get naked, but no more shit where I am not happy. If I say no, drop it. You’ll get to see me naked in front of people and I may do some stupid things where I could get caught, but on my terms, OK? I just can’t deal with being uptight and scared of what you are going to do with me. And don’t forget, I kept your ass out of trouble.”

She didn’t say anything. We got back to the dorm and I went to my room and she to hers. A few minutes later, she and Rebecca showed up. My roommate didn’t really know me.

“So, you’ll do shit, but only if you want to, Sabine?”

“Yes. And no pressure and no forcing me. I just found out I like it. You’ll get your views of me but on my terms.”

They left. My roommate looked at me. She had been in bed, but now was sitting up looking at me.

“What was that all about?”

“Remember the story about the girl running into our dorm naked and no one would say who it was?”

“Well, yeah…”

“It was me. I kept some people from getting into big time trouble because Ms. Wilson caught me. She got me away from some people that she thought were doing things to me. And I got down and I had to find out for myself. So tonight I did.”

“What do you mean?”

“Promise nothing gets said?”

“Promise.”

“I went to a party tonight. We played spin the bottle and I let the guys there undress me. Until just a half-hour ago, I was naked with six guys and five girls and they were all dressed. And I liked it. I liked it a lot. So I probably will do it again.”

She just looked at me. I smiled at her and stripped off all my clothes and climbed into bed naked.

“Good night.”