**The Chastity Ball**

A Story in the Naked In School Universe

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**Prologue**

My week in The Naked in School Program was a little different from most girls. All of us experience some pretty big changes in our lives, especially in our sex lives. The changes were more intense for me. I was raised to be a "good girl" in a way that was old fashioned in 1920. My parents believed that sex was dirty, and probably shouldn't happen even between married people. They taught me that, and I believed it.

Most girls keep a diary during their Program Week, and I'm no exception. As exciting as it is to be naked in school and to experience all kinds of sex, most of the week is still kind of mundane, full of classes, conversations with friends, and homework.

This story is different. I wrote over 100 pages about those seven days. I'm only going to post the dirty parts here on line, so if you're just looking for hot sex, you've come to the right place. Last week I found out how great it is, and that's the only thing I want to talk about now. Let's get going:

**Part 1: Monday**

**The Vow of Chastity**

The first thing I want to say is that I began participating in "The Program" under the strongest possible protest. Even in today's sexually permissive environment there are still girls with too much pride, or who were too shy, to flaunt their bodies for the gratification of boys.

That was on Monday.

Principal Johnson told me I had no choice but to go naked in school all week. He said I was selected at random. Right. Selected "at random" on the very week when True Love Waits is holding no less than three events to protest what we believed was a "disgusting affront to the purity of young women." The Protest against The Program was today, my speech at our regular meeting was Wednesday night, and the biggest event of the year – The Purity Ball – was Saturday night. Well, a lot of things in my life have changed this week.

My name is Chastity Smith, and I'm the president of True Love Waits sexual abstinence club at Central High School. Even today, with STDs a thing of the past and unwanted pregnancies under control thanks to "The Shot," we still believed that girls should not have to submit to sexual objectification forced on them by the schools which were supposed to be educating them.

When my name was called on the Monday morning announcements to report to the Principal's office I never had the slightest doubt why. I was terrified and mortified. I knew I would be walking out of that office without my clothes, and I knew I had been singled out because of my opposition to "The Program."

Sure enough, the girls from the sophomore and senior classes were already sitting in Principal Johnson's office when I walked in. I didn't know Marissa Fleming from 12th grade, but Kitty Wilson and I had known each other since elementary school. Poor Kitty looked as scared as I was. Marissa was putting on a brave face, or maybe she really was looking forward to being naked all week. Three boys I didn't know were sitting on the couch on one wall.

Then Phil Peterson walked in. That meant trouble, even though I did my best to hide it from myself. Even a proper young lady like me, from a good home and with a sheltered upbringing (as sheltered as it can be in a society with a constant obsession about sex) still has hormones that come naturally at my age. The truth is, I had a crush on Phil since the first time I met him in 3d grade. I was already having trouble with the prospect of seeing him naked; of him seeing me naked, of seeing parts of him I'd tried never to think about. That was the beginning of my downfall.

Principal Johnson ignored us and worked at his computer while we waited for our last victim to arrive. Finally the office door opened and the school nurse came in, holding a sniffling little 9th grade girl by the hand.

"I apologize for the delay, Principal Johnson," said miss Burton. "Daisy didn't react well to hearing her name called for The Program. Mrs. Stevens sent her to see me. I've given her a sedative to help her through the process. I'll be back in my office when the girls are ready for The Shot."

The Principal took the little freshman's hand from nurse Burton and led her over to the couch where we were sitting. "Here we are, Daisy. Please sit down with the other girls. We'll give you time to relax before we get started. Here's a tissue."

Daisy seemed to be too numb to react, so he wiped her nose and clenched the tissue in her hand.

"Boys and girls, as the chief administrator of Central High, I'm bound to enforce the Student Enhancement Program regardless of my personal feelings. Over the last two years I've had enough experience to know that this orientation is very difficult for most of our participants. All of you know that you're about to be required to remove all clothing apart from that which enhances your sexuality, and remain naked at all school functions until the start of classes one week from today. You will be expected to comply with any reasonable request to display your bodies, as well as any non-violent physical contact that might be asked of you.

"As always, you will be permitted five minutes at the beginning of each class to obtain sexual gratification if you so desire, either through masturbation or by voluntary sexual interaction with other students."

None of this was a surprise to any of us. It was just the routine publication of the rules so we couldn't say we didn't know, but I found myself choking back tears of anger. It was so unfair! Yes, I was certain to be picked for The Program sometime during high school, but I knew that I had been singled out for a reason.

"Mr. Johnson," I blurted. "This isn't fair! You know this is the most important week of the year for True Love Waits! You know I'm the club president! We're having a protest against The Program this very afternoon after school, and yet here I am, being forced to participate in the exact thing we're protesting against! I don't believe for a minute I'm here by accident!"

"Miss Smith, please. I'll be happy to discuss this with you after we finish these formalities, but neither you nor I can change The Program requirements. No matter how we feel about them."

I won't say he glared, exactly, but the look he gave me was enough to quiet me down for the moment. I settled back, sorry that I'd drawn attention to myself, knowing that one of us would have to undress first.

"You are not permitted to conceal yourself in any way," he continued. "You are required to use the locker rooms, bathrooms, and shower facilities of the opposite sex. Any violation of these rules will result in bare-bottomed spanking or other discipline at the discretion of school authorities. I have the final say about contested punishments.

"You are also subject to photography or video recording at all times. All such recordings are school property and may be used as we determine appropriate." Everybody knew what that meant. Every week The Program girls ended up on the school website porn page. It was free to students and families, but paid access for the general public, and accounted for nearly half of the school budget. "For your protection you will be photographed nude before leaving this room and again at the completion of the school day on Friday. These pictures will be published in the school newspaper and yearbook." Again, no surprise to anybody.

"At this time you are required to remove your clothing and place it in the box with your name on it. Boxes will be locked until the end of the school day, at which time you may retrieve your clothing. All of you will be permitted to retain your shoes and socks today, but girls are required to meet dress code requirements for the rest of the week. Heels must be a minimum of four inches, and platforms are encouraged.

"Are there any questions? If not, who will volunteer to go first?"

Nobody moved. After a few seconds, two of the boys, I think they were a senior and a sophomore, nervously stood up and started to unbutton their shirts. They didn't say a word. I looked away while they pulled their T-shirts over their heads, but couldn't help sneaking a peak when they unzipped their pants.

Neither of them were very hunky, but you have to remember that I had never seen a penis before, not even in pictures, so I was curious. I told myself it was academic curiosity, but now I realize it was my very first experience of horniness. It turns out I just like looking at cocks.

Not that these were much to look at. Both boys were nervous and limp, and their testicles were hidden in their pubic hair. Even so, I forgot about my own nervousness for a moment.

"Thank you, gentlemen. That was brave of you. Would one of you girls please go next?"

Daisy still seemed to be numb. Kitty and I were looking at Marissa, hoping she would take pity on us and go first. Actually, Marissa didn't look at all reluctant now, in fact she was still staring at the two naked boys. She gave a shy smile and stood up. "Well, I guess I don't have much choice. Here goes."

It isn't that I thought Marissa Fleming was really a slut. Her skirt covered her bottom, just barely, but that was the style. Even mine was only a couple of inches longer. She was even wearing panties. Of course, everybody could see she wasn't wearing a bra. Her nipples were poking out through her blouse, but that wasn't unusual either. She had really big breasts for a high school girl, but that wasn't her fault. Those panties, though! When she unzipped her skirt and dropped it to the floor we could all see that it was just a tiny little piece of fabric over her vagina, and you could see right through it! Even worse, her pubic hair was shaved in a line straight up from the top of her slit! I changed my mind about her being a slut.

"Just a moment, Miss Fleming, before you remove that. This is a good example of permissible attire, since it is intended to enhance rather than conceal your sexuality. You are permitted to keep it on if you so desire, but you must be careful never to use it as a barrier to any reasonable request, or you will risk a Program violation."

"That's OK, Mr. Johnson. I'll take it off so there's no chance of a misunderstanding. I've sort of been looking forward to my Program week anyway." Just as I thought! She was even wearing what the boys called Fuck Me shoes. One more victim of The Program!

"Now, then, Miss Smith," said Principal Johnson, "Miss Fleming has lead the way as the oldest of the group. As representative of the Junior class, I believe it's incumbent upon you to set the example for our two younger ladies."

'Sacrificial victims' is more like it! The three of us were all dreading being the next to strip.

"Come now, Miss Smith. I know that you're opposed to The Program, and if it weren't my duty to carry it out I would have some sympathy for you. But think about this: You're not only the president of the club that is fundamentally opposed to everything The Program stands for, but you're also a top student, a natural leader, and probably the strongest defender of traditional morals in this school.

"The Program has a history of success with practically every student who goes through it. By the end of the week, even the shyest girls generally turn into what can only be called 'sluts'. I don't like the word, but it's the truth.

"What you have here is an opportunity to show everyone that a young lady of good upbringing and strong moral character can overcome temptation and maintain both her dignity and - if I may say – her chastity in the face of anything The Program can force you to do. If you can get through the week without giving up your principles you'll become an inspiration to your cause, much more than you could possibly accomplish by participating in the events you already have planned for this week. Indeed, you should look on this as a chance to show the world that The Program can be endured and defeated!"

I had to admit he was making sense. Maybe if I allowed myself to be stripped of my clothes, but not of my dignity, I could strike a blow for decency and start my school on the road back to sexual restraint. Not that I had any choice anyway. I resolved to do it!

"One more thing before I send you off to class," said Principal Johnson. "There have been a few changes to the city nudity ordinances that you need to be aware of. Based on a number of recent complaints, the city has decided to start licensing public nudity. Ugly, old, and fat people were going around naked, frightening dogs and children. Rather than bringing back the laws against indecent exposure, the town council decided to issue licenses to people who should be seen naked." He began passing out medallions.

"These temporary licenses will permit you to be naked on public property anywhere in town. You can wear them either on collars or necklaces. Besides city property, Program friendly businesses displaying the NIS Angel logo permit and encourage nudity. Many of them offer special discounts or other incentives to naked customers. Look for Angel logos on a heart shaped background: Those businesses not only allow nudity, but also encourage public sex acts. You can get some great deals there!

"On successful completion of your Program week, your temporary licenses can be automatically upgraded to permanent, without paying the $20 fee. All of you meet the under 45 age requirement, but you must also meet the physical qualifications. Girls must not be over-weight as determined by BMI, although the limit is automatically adjusted up based on your chest-to-waist ratio. Special exceptions are also allowed for particularly cute girls."

All the other girls and one of the boys put on their medallions. I stuck mine in my backpack. There was no way I would ever wear it. Being naked in school was already more than I could stomach.

Ten minutes later the office door opened and eight naked kids stepped into the hallway. A mob of students and teachers was waiting for us, their cameras at the ready. Before the last girl had emerged from the office, I had already been photographed at least a hundred times, with cameras most often zoomed on my tits, my bottom, or my pussy. It wasn't easy to keep my dignity, but I somehow suppressed my overwhelming desire to cover my forbidden regions with hands and arms, knowing The Program specifically forbade such modesty. I could see that living up to my principles was going to be the hardest trial of my life.

I wasn't surprised to see Bubbles Mackenzie there in the throng taking pictures. I've known her since forever. We were in Kindergarten together. We were even friends once. She was never very smart, but she's always been friendly and playful. She's always giggling in a way that just drives me crazy. I guess it's my fault she got the nickname Bubbles. Her real name is Rebecca, or Becky, but back in 5th grade she started getting breasts at least two years before the other girls. She also started getting a lot of attention from the boys. One day on the playground I told her she needed a training bra for those bubbles. She giggled and everybody who heard me laughed, but then some of the boys started calling her that and the name stuck.

The name didn't bother her, in fact she seemed to like it. She even started wearing tight tops that were never buttoned up properly, and sometimes she even got in trouble over that. That was before they started the Naked in School Program in our town. Things changed a lot after that, and the school started letting her wear whatever she wanted. By the 8th grade she her tits were enormous, she was getting way better grades than she deserved, and she still had that annoying giggle.

Why was I in The Program and she wasn't? "Hi, Chastity! Nice titties!" I tried to ignore her as I started the long walk to class. "Wait a minute! I have a reasonable request."

Oh, no! If I hadn't already turned beat red in the Principal's office everybody would see me blushing now. How can I get out of this?

"Please be nice and pose for all your friends. They'd all like to take your picture! Stand up real straight and take a deep breath. Throw your shoulders back and push out your tits. Like this!"

She demonstrated. Luckily none of her buttons popped, but it was a testament to the quality of the thread.

The Program rules didn't leave me any choice. All I could do was glare at her as I inhaled and did as she asked. A titter ran through the crowd as she stood in front of me with her huge tits straining her blouse, inches away from bare little tits. It was humiliating, but then I guess that was exactly why she was doing it.

"OK, thanks. You can go now." She smiled at me and completed her plan by brushing her boobs against mine as she walked past. I recoiled in distaste from her soft, warm caress.

**Chastity's Protest**

My clothes felt wonderful! Every button was fastened, zippers zipped, and my skirt was pulled down as far as it would go. I felt like a human being again instead of a lewd if unwilling sex object. I hurried past the desk and out of the office. Missy was waiting outside and gave me a hug as I came through the door. As we approached the main entrance I could see the kids from True Love Waits gathered outside by the flagpole. Most of them were girls, but a few boys were there to show proper respect for decent young ladies.

As I came through the door all the chatter stopped and everybody turned to look at me. I could see that even though I was forced to participate, some of the girls still thought I was a slut for being naked all day. Some of the boys – well, most of the boys – were looking me over in a very different way, a way that made me feel like they weren't that happy to see me back in my clothes. The biggest surprise was a tinge of regret I felt for disappointing them.

I quickly suppressed that feeling. Mustering all my courage I stood on the top step, waved to the small crowd, and tried to smile. "Hi, everybody. Thanks for coming. I guess you all know that I've been forced into The Program this week. That's the very same Naked in School Program that we're here to protest, and it's no coincidence that I'm president of the very organization that is trying to save us from this shameful humiliation."

Some of the kids in the crowd were holding up signs with slogans like "Dignity and Decency!" and "Don't strip me!" hand lettered on them. Across the street, a couple of vans from the local TV stations had pulled up, and TV cameras were focused on the crowd and on me. I saw three adults in the crowd who looked like reporters. The closest was holding a microphone toward me.

Just then I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned to see a school security guard and a man in a suit standing next to him. "Miss Smith," the guard said, "I have to warn you that this is a school function, and that pursuant to the rules of The Program you are required to be naked if you choose to participate."

I was shocked. "That's not right. This is a protest against The Program! You can't make me go naked to protest going naked!"

The reporter with the microphone had moved up the steps and was recording everything. Most of the crowd was looking puzzled.

Missy was listening with a worried expression on her face. "I'm sorry, Miss Smith," said the man in the suit, "but I represent the district legal council. We have confirmed that any activity on school property is considered a school function for purposes of The Program. I'll have to ask you to disrobe if you want to participate."

After I absorbed this, I turned to the crowd, making sure to speak toward the reporter's microphone. "Listen, everyone, they're trying to beat us by saying this is a school function and I have to be naked if I attend." A murmur of discontent rose from the crowd. Was I imagining things, or did some of the boys perk up and look hopeful?

"I'm not going to give them what they want. We're going to move across the street and continue our meeting off of school property where I can be dressed like a decent young lady!"

The suit tapped my shoulder again. "I'm sorry, but The Program requirements aren't restricted to school property. Even if you are merely present at this function, whether or not you participate, you are legally required to be naked. This is your last warning. If you do not disrobe completely and immediately you will be subject to sanctions and punishment as prescribed by the rules of The Program."

I could feel tears in my eyes, but I wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of seeing me cry. "Alright, then," I said, turning back to the crowd, "they're trying to beat me down by taking my clothes away if I stay here with you. I'm not going to let them do that. Missy Frazier is going to take over for me, and I'm going to go home where I'm still allowed to be a good girl, not a harlot!"

As I walked down the steps and through the crowd, all three of the reporters followed me, begging for an interview. Just then my heart lept. I saw a new group of students carrying signs heading down the street toward us. Reinforcements! Maybe we were going to win this after all!

Wait. Was that girl in front topless? I read the sign she was carrying, 'Naked is Fun!' Four or five kids behind her were holding a big banner that said, 'Junior Sex Club'. It was Bubbles! Most of her crowd was boys, but I was ashamed to see there were more girls behind her than the in whole TLW put together. Some of them were naked, and some were worse. A lot of the girls were wearing pink Junior Sex Club sashes from waist to shoulder, leaving one breast and their pussy bare. Some of them were riding on their boyfriend's shoulders, their vaginas pressed hard against the back of his neck. Unlike the good boys and girls in our crowd, they were noisy, grinning, playing with each other and being lewd in public! I could even see some girls with their hands inside boy's pants. Both hands, in different pants! The reporters walked away from me toward Bubbles.

I had to do something right away. "Just a minute!" I called to the reporters. As one of them turned back toward me I smiled and began to unbutton my blouse. The TV cameras swung back to me.

"I want to prove that not every girl in this school is a slut, even if the rules that say we have to be naked." My blouse came off and I reached behind me to unhook my bra. Even if Bubbles got her nickname for her titties, mine were pretty nice, too. They seemed to be enough to get the reporters attention.

I unzipped my skirt as the first one walked up and asked, "Can you tell us a little more about what's going on here?"

"My name is Chastity Smith, and I'm president of True Love Waits at Central High School. We're here to show that you might be able force kids to be naked, but you can't force them to like it!" With the TV camera focused on me, I dropped my skirt to the sidewalk. I began slowly peeling down my panties, doing my best to keep the cameras away from the JSC.

"I was put in The Program today. I didn't have any say in it, and if I did I would have said NO. All day long I had to pose for anyone who asked. I even had to let boys touch me in my most private and intimate places. I also had to control the lustful feelings that a girl my age naturally experiences from that kind of contact. Even right now I'm not just feeling embarrassment and shame, I have to admit I'm also feeling a little bit of excitement that isn't easy to control. But I'm doing it! I'm doing it because I know I'm a good girl and sex is bad! I'm not like those girls over there in the Junior Sex Club. Just look at the way they shave their pussies! There's no reason for that, none at all, not unless they are going to show them to boys! I only have a little hair on my pussy, but I'm a virgin and I'm going to stay that way until I'm married. I don't spend all my time thinking about boys and their cocks! I don't flaunt my body to make them look at me, except for when The Program makes me do it. I wouldn't let boys touch me all over if I didn't have to! And I won't give in to the feelings I get when they touch me."

It was working. I had their full attention as I let my panties drop on top of my skirt and stepped out of them. It wasn't my fault the cameras kept focusing on my naughty bits. I wanted to cover up, but I was afraid of a Program violation. At least, that's what I told myself.

"As president of True Love Waits, and an organizer of today's anti-Program demonstration, please tell our viewers why is it that you're stripping on live TV right now?"

"The lawyers say that I have to be naked because this is a school function. That's not fair, but I'll do it because I have to. Not because I like it. I spent all day naked, and I didn't like it very much, and even when I did I still controlled myself. I don't like having your cameras on me and I think you should keep them focused on my face, or at least above my waist. I'm not here to give you a show, but to tell you about True Love Waits.

"We feel that young people shouldn't be forced into sexual situations beyond their control. We want to remain pure, and fight the primitive urges we feel as teenagers. Our parents have raised us right, and we believe that sex is dirty ... Well, not dirty, exactly, but it's something to be ashamed of, along with our bodies. No, that's not exactly what I mean. I'm just confused, with everybody staring at me, just like they did all day." Why was I babbling? Why couldn't I think clearly all of a sudden?

Trust Bubbles to horn in where she wasn't wanted. I noticed the cameras lift up from their focus on my chest and point behind me. I glanced over my shoulder where Rebecca was standing, waving to the cameras and making her breasts bounce shamelessly. She was wearing a short pink skirt, fishnet stockings, and high platform shoes.

"Hi, everybody! My name's Bubbles! My friends and I came out to support The Program. We heard some of the stuck-up girls were going to protest having to go naked. We're here to say naked is fun, and we won't let the party-poopers take it away! Right everybody?"

There was clapping and loud cheers from the JSC crowd. Some of the girls who were still dressed opened up their shirts and flashed their tits shamelessly. The cameras panned over the crowd.

"So don't let this little bitch fool you. She won't admit it, but she likes being naked just as much as any girl in school. If she ever gets her cherry popped she's going to be the sluttiest girl in school, too. Too bad she's afraid to try it!"

"Eeewww!" came a low moan from the JSC crowd. Mustering what dignity I could, I picked up my clothes and walked away.

As soon as I was out of sight of the crowd I stopped and put on my clothes. This time they didn't have the same great feeling. It was a hot afternoon and I missed the feel of the air on my body.

All the way home I thought about what I should have said. It's always easy to think of great comebacks after it's too late. That little slut Bubbles was always using her big tits instead of her brains. I was a lot smarter, but somehow I kept losing out to those boobs. Maybe there was a lesson there. After all, it wasn't my GPA that got those reporters to talk to me in the first place.

I perked up a little by the time I got home. After all, even if I didn't win the fight with Bubbles, I had enough sex appeal to get attention away from the Junior Sex Club in the first place. Maybe if I tried a little harder I could make that work for us.

I walked in the front door and headed for my room, not wanting to face my mother with the news about my day. I made it OK. As I changed out of my school clothes I took a look in the mirror. I was definitely too skinny. My tits were too little. My legs were too long and skinny, but I had to admit my face was kind of cute, with rosebud lips and a little, upturned nose. Green eyes and long blonde hair.

Staring into the mirror, I began to think of a plan. Maybe I could do something with this after all, if I had to spend the whole week naked, perhaps there was a way to use my sexy body to influence other kids, to use their sexual desires to lead them back toward prudence and chastity.

If I were going to succeed I would need to get their attention away from Bubbles first. Tomorrow when I had to strip outside the school, I needed to make sure I had everyone's full attention. I had to look my best, and that meant I had to give up my last tiny form of concealment. I made up my mind I had to shave my pussy. It was a high price, but I would gladly pay it in a righteous cause.

After dinner I told my parents I had homework and probably wouldn't leave my room tonight. I spent over an hour trimming pussy hairs with scissors before I moved into the bathtub with my razor. Shaving my legs was nothing new, but this time I didn't stop below my pussy. The shaving cream felt delightful as I spread it over my mound, and I couldn't help thinking about everything I saw in the boy's shower that afternoon.

It wasn't yet 9 o'clock when I finished, but somehow I didn't want to do anything but crawl into bed. My newly smooth pussy was ultra-sensitive to the touch of my sheets, and I squirmed a bit. Every time I closed my eyes I could see the cocks I'd been looking at all day. They were ugly. They were frightening. They were fascinating. I couldn't get them out of my head.

Somehow my right hand found its way to my sensitive mound. New and delicious sensations spread upwards outwards to my slit and to my tummy. The chase was on. My middle finger moved down from my mound to the top of my slit, seeking the source of that wonderful feeling welling up inside me. The gentlest stroke brought tiny electrical shocks radiating from my hairless lips to my deepest recesses. I began to moan as I stroked my finger along the length of my slit. It slipped easily through a wetness that I had never noticed it before. I was astonished by the hunger I suddenly felt in my pussy for the touch of my own fingers. I knew it was naughty to be touching myself like this, but unbidden, my other hand joined the first, both of them stroking my inner thighs, then I brought one to my breast and pinched my nipple while the other pressed a finger inside my wet, slippery tunnel.

This was masturbation! I was masturbating! This was forbidden, wrong, sinful! Delicious, irresistible! I couldn't stop thrusting my finger deeper inside my pussy, bumping up against the barrier of skin I knew was my hymen; no, my cherry! As I did it the heel of my palm rubbed hard against the little bump at the very top of my pussy lips, and suddenly the world exploded into sparks, stars, fireworks, something unknown and impossible, something that could only happen once because the only possible result was death, death from immeasurable joy! I had heard of orgasm, but this couldn't be it. To name it, first you had to survive it!

Later, at some unknown time, I realized I was crying out in ecstasy, and knew my family, no, the entire neighborhood could hear. Even then I couldn't stop. I managed to get a corner of the pillow between my lips to dampen my cries, but still I couldn't stop what I was doing with my fingers. As my first orgasm abated, I rubbed harder, and again I was moaning and thrashing in the ecstasy of a second orgasm. An orgasm it had to be! A miracle that I survived a miracle.

Four times I brought myself to the peak of ecstasy before exhaustion claimed me. My first day in The Program dissolved into erotic dreams.