The Naked Freshman, A Blanke Schande College Story   
   
Chapter 1   
   
I had sent my application into Blanke Schande college before I went to France on a special summer of the arts program. It was a prestigious program that meant non stop studying, hours and hours a day of life drawing, anatomy classes and more hard work then I thought possible. The program offered some of the world's best artists as teachers though so it was more then worth all the hard work. I had hoped between the honor of being accepted into the summer program and the fact that I had graduated in the top ten percent of my high school class that I could get some sort of special exemption. You see while my grades are good and being accepted into the summer program is impressive that same program will make me miss the first five days of school. I have heard that BSC is very strict on the rules and there's no way they would allow me to start late. I'd probably have to settle for my second choice of Cooper Union.   
   
After the letter of recommendation I got from the head of arts program every school I applied to practically begged me to attend. I was hoping that BSC would feel the same way but three days until the end of the program and I still hadn't heard a thing. I had almost given up and resigned myself to my second choice when I got a phone call at three in the morning from my mother. Blanke Schande had accepted me after all. My Mother wasn't happy and didn't understand why I'd want to go to Blanke Schande but she knew better then to keep the letter of acceptance from me. I would have to go directly to school once I landed back in the US. I would have just enough time to pack, get a night of sleep and drive out to school the next day.   
   
The last few days of the program I could hardly contain myself. I spent the flight home going over in my mind the things I wanted to pack. It was my Mom that finally brought me down to earth. She asked me a hundred times if I was sure this was the school I wanted to go to. I told her yes again and again until I started to get pissed off at her. Not wanting to get into an argument before leaving I looked at her sincerely and said, "Mom I've told you a hundred times why I want to go to this school. If you won't believe me then do the research for yourself. Maybe then you'll understand. Just don't ruin this for me, please."   
   
She looked back at me unhappily and then smiled and said, "Fine, but if you're so into this school why are you still dressed?"   
   
"Huh?"   
   
"If you're so eager to get naked, Joany, why wait until tomorrow?" She asked with an annoying told you so grin.   
   
"Mother what are you trying to prove?" I asked suspiciously.   
   
"If you can't spend one evening naked with your mother how are you going to spend the next four years naked with hundreds of total strangers?" She asked with her hands on her hips.   
   
I just shrugged my shoulders and started to take off my clothes. When I was completely naked I looked her right in the eye and said, "Satisfied?"   
   
"Almost," she said with a smug smile, "I'd like you to present for me."   
   
I looked at her shocked and said, "Where did you hear about..."   
   
"You thought I didn't know about that huh. It was in the brochure from that," she said rolling her eyes, "school. Now let's see it. Lay down, spread your legs and show me your cunt baby."   
   
"Mom!" I said shocked that she would talk to me that way.   
   
"Well what do you think's gonna happen when you get out there Joany? Do you really think you're gonna be treated with respect. Not only are you stark naked but just by asking anyone can see straight up inside you. No boy is going to respect a girl like that. You'll wind up being nothing more then a sex toy for a bunch of immature horny young boys."   
   
"It's not like that Mom I swear," I said near tears.   
   
"Yeah, sure it's not. I'm still not seeing pink. What are you waiting for?" Mom asked with a smug look and her hands back on her hips.   
   
Seeing her staring at me so self-righteously I suddenly found the strength. I walked over to my bed, laid down facing her and spread my legs showing her my pussy.   
   
"Anything else?" I asked angrily?   
   
"No," she said disgusted, "that's just the way I want to remember my only daughter before she leaves for slut college. I'm glad your father is no longer with us. This would have killed him. When you get some sense in your head put some clothes on and come down for dinner. Tomorrow we can call one of the respectable schools that practically begged you to enroll."   
   
Then she walked out in a huff and left me laying there on my bed. I rolled over on my side, brought my knees up to my chest and hugged myself.   
   
"It's not like that," I thought to myself, "I know it's not like that."   
   
After that little scene I started to doubt myself. I had to know for sure before I left. I hadn't packed my laptop yet so I decided to scour the college web site for anything that would prove Mom wrong. In to much of a hurry to get dressed I just opened my laptop and turned it on. After surfing to the site I looked around for anything that would help. The web site made it all look almost wholesome. Sure all the girls were naked but they all looked so clean and friendly. It reminded me a lot of some naturist web sites I've seen. Well, except of course for the fact that all the guys were dressed.   
   
I clicked on the student services link and saw something that I hadn't noticed before. There was a link titled, "Special Services for Female BSC Students." That brought up a box that asked for my social security number and date of birth. It seemed kind of high security but not only was I curious as to what was on the other side of that security but I was getting desperate to prove my mother wrong.   
   
I put in my social, my date of birth and hit enter. This quickly brought up another page that I had never seen before. There was a long list of links for everything from academic planning to financial aid. There was also a section for incoming students that seemed to be what I was looking for. There was a link that gave the psychology of the female nudity rule. There was a link to a list of the classic presenting positions complete with pictures. As I clicked through the poses I looked at the girls closely. They didn't look unhappy or victimized. They didn't look like slutty porn stars either. Oh, the pictures were sexy, with some of the poses that was just impossible to avoid, but even when spread wide open the girls all seemed to somehow retain a wholesomeness to them. They looked cute and sweet. Almost as if they were saying, yeah, this is my body so what?   
   
Was I rationalizing though? What would my mom say if she saw these pictures? I sighed in frustration. I just didn't know anymore. I went back to the page before and looked through the list of links for something that might be useful. Somewhere towards the bottom I saw a link titled, "Freshman Support Chat-room." I clicked on it and a window popped up with a progress bar. Once it reached one hundred percent a large image loaded on the left. Apparently it was a video chat-room. It was a side view of a naked woman sitting behind a clear plastic or glass desk talking to someone out of camera that must have been standing right in front of her. She looked up at whoever it was, smiled and said, "Yeah." Then she looked down at her breasts, cupped and lifted both of them while casually strumming her thumbs across her nipples. Then she looked back up, smiling at whoever it was and said, "They're hard almost all the time. An occupational hazard I guess." She let go of her boobs and shrugged making them jiggle and said, "Now what were you looking for? Oh yes, hang on it's right here."   
   
She got up out of her chair and went over to a file cabinet. Her back was to me now but I could see her from head to toe. She was stark naked and didn't seem to care in the slightest. She opened the top drawer on the cabinet and took out some papers. When she was done she closed the drawer but either it was well greased or she pushed to hard because it slammed closed and the whole cabinet shook. A stack of books and some small boxes fell over. She cursed and then handed the papers to whomever was on the other side of her desk and then started to clean up the mess.   
   
She sort of squatted down with her feet about shoulder width apart. I could tell she still was naked but I couldn't see more then her back. She leaned forward to get something in front of her and her butt came up, her cheeks separated and I saw everything. It was so unexpected and shocking that I gasped loudly. She stopped what she was doing, looked around and then looked back at me over her shoulder. She smiled and said, "Thank god, I thought I was hearing voices for a second there." 