**The Naked Girl**by Bridget

**Part 1 - My Naked Weekend**

It was the worst spring storm in over one hundred years according to the news accounts. It was the first weekend in May and while still chilly in southwestern Michigan, the promise of spring was on everyone’s mind. It was also prom weekend but that was only the second factor that turned my world upside down. Finally, there was the fact that Brian’s father and mother had spent the last week in San Francisco on a business and holiday trip. Brian got the call about eleven o’clock on Saturday morning that his parents flight was going to be delayed because of a mechanical problem. They were supposed to be back in time for the party after the prom to provide adult supervision so Brian had asked about ten couples over for the party to be held in his basement. We briefly considered calling it off but we thought that they would be back before it was over.

Brian and I were the same age and had been dating from the beginning of this school year but in the fall he was going to U of M while I still had another year of high school. The summer after my sophomore year, I fell off a ladder and hurt my back. I spent a week in a drug induced coma, had surgery on my back, two months in traction before a second surgery, another month in traction, and then five more months doing physical therapy. As a result, I missed an entire school year. We talked about what next year would be like and thought that we could work things out until I got to Ann Arbor the following year. This party was probably going to be the last time we would spend time with our friends from school as a group and we really wanted to make sure we had this last chance to get together.

It bothered me a little that I was a month older than him (I had turned eighteen in March and his birthday was a week ago) and he was going to college while I still had one more year of high school to get through. But I never let my injury become an excuse for anything and I figured once I was in college I could take extra courses and graduate in three years instead of four. That’s not to say that I didn’t have some adjustment problems, however. All my friends were seniors and I was taking classes with people I barely knew. For example, every year there was a sports competition between juniors and seniors and it was a big deal in town with almost everyone showing up for it. But I had to sit on the juniors’ side of the gym because that was my class now, even though I was rooting for Brian and our friends. Another thing that bothered me was that the medical expenses from my injury nearly bankrupted my family. So when I was healthy again, I gave up extracurricular activities and got a job to save money for college. I could probably think of about ten other things that the accident influenced in a negative way and all of the conflict and confusion I felt about it, while not tearing me apart, was certainly hindering me in ways I could just barely perceive. I was confused or conflicted about a lot of things in my life at that point and the upcoming graduation of my friends had brought all of it to the surface.

The snow started falling just as we got to the prom and that is when Brian got the second call that said his parents were stuck in San Francisco because the airports in the Midwest were expected to close while the plane was in the air due the incoming storm. We considered calling it off again but we decided to go ahead and have the party. Brian had extracted a promise from everyone about not bringing booze and as far as they knew, his parents were going to be home. So we were pretty confident that we could go forward with our plans without a problem.

We had a great time at the prom and left about ten thirty so we could get to his house, which was out in the country about fifteen miles, and change our clothes. The dance was going to be over at eleven so we figured that gave us a half hour to an hour to get ready before everyone else arrived. There was some build up of snow on the roads when we left but it wasn’t anything that we were not used to in Michigan. I also noticed as we left that the temperature had dropped by about twenty-five degrees in just three hours and was now below freezing. The snowfall was heavier when we got to his house but the only thing unusual about it was this was May, not January.

The first thing we did when we got to Brian’s was change our clothes. I changed in the guest room and put on jeans and a sweater. I hung up my dress in the closet and put everything else in my bag before going back down to the basement. I carried the snacks we had made earlier and set them out on the table while Brian filled the coolers with sodas and ice. When everything was ready, Brian went upstairs to check on the weather and to greet people as they arrived. I put on some music and waited downstairs for the other kids. It was eleven thirty and we expected the first group to arrive shortly.

Because of the weather, people didn’t start arriving until after midnight and when they did, all they could talk about was how heavy the snowfall was. Brian came down after everyone had finally made it and I danced with him for awhile before he was challenged to a pool game. While he played, I circulated saying hello to everyone and talking for a few minutes before moving on to the next group. And then I went over to a group of girls that included Sally Brownell. Sally and I were oil and water; we were always on opposite sides regardless of the issue and she was one of the biggest reasons I hated being in the junior class. The only reason she was there is that she had been dating Tom, one of Brian’s best friends, for a couple of months. Our most recent confrontation had been in health class earlier that week. Mrs. Williamson was trying to equate nudity with sex. Her argument was that when one person was naked it inevitably led to sex so things like sending naked pictures of ourselves on our phones or otherwise displaying our bodies in provocative ways would so stimulate both partners that intercourse was unavoidable. I didn’t buy it for a minute but Sally with her activist Christian and young Republican bent fully supported Mrs. Williamson. The debate was lively and Sally was proudly proclaiming victory to her group of friends when I walked up. She was really getting under my skin because of her superior, know it all attitude and I could feel the anger building as I listened to her.

“Show me one piece of research that makes that connection,” I said with my voice rising. She quoted some study by an American family values group so I asked her to come with me to the computer and show it to me. We went upstairs to the office with Sally’s three friends in tow and looked it up on the internet. Sure enough, there it was but I suspected their research was slanted by their frame of reference. Once I had read it, Sally challenged me to show some study that contradicted it or concede the point. I ran a quick search and nothing was there that supported my point of view.

“Ready to concede?” she asked.

I don’t know what happened to me, I just snapped inside or something, but the idea that she would claim victory over me was abhorrent to me. I had to do something and I was desperate.

“No, I’m not ready to concede. I propose an experiment.”

“What do you propose?”

Now I was really backed into a corner. What kind of experiment could we perform that would prove my point? “I propose to go naked the rest of the party. If I don’t have sex with anyone, I will have proved my point that nudity and sex are not necessarily connected.”

Sally got this gleam in her eye. “Okay. Define ‘rest of the party.’”

“Until the last guests leave.”

“No, make it until everyone but Tom and I leave. Then we’ll take you home so you don’t have sex after we’ve gone. Also, we lock up your clothes in the trunk of our car.”

“Agreed, except we use Brian’s car. I don’t know if I trust you to give them back. Also, everyone’s cell phone gets locked up in the trunk. I don’t want pictures of myself floating around on the internet. And if I win, you apologize in health class and admit you were wrong.”

“Okay, but if I win, you apologize in health class and tell everyone you are a slut. One more thing. No hiding out. Whatever the rest of us do, you do. Oh, and define sex.”

“Sex is intercourse only. That was the premise of the argument. Anything else is just fooling around. When do we start?”

“I think we should go tell everyone first. Then you strip.”

“Fine. Let’s go.”

We went back downstairs and Sally turned off the music to get everyone’s attention. “Most of you know about the argument Leah and I had in health class. Well, we continued it here and decided that we were going to prove it one way or another. So here is the deal. Leah is going to strip and go naked for the rest of the party. If she doesn’t have sex with anyone, she wins. If she does, I win. She has to remain naked until everyone but Tom and I have left and do everything the rest of us are doing. Okay, Leah, time to show us your stuff, what little of it there is, I might add. Brian, do you have a bag we can put her clothes in?”

The last was a reference to my B cup breasts. But I’m small, only 5’4” and 102 pounds. Would I have like to be bigger? Maybe, but a B cup on someone as small as I was didn’t look bad and they certainly didn’t droop. I swallowed hard and started to pull my sweater off, but Brian stopped me.

“Leah, can I talk with you a moment?”

We went over to one of the corners where we could speak without being overheard. “Are you crazy?” he asked. “What in the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“Brian, honey, I was backed into a corner. You know how much I hate that holier-than-thou bitch. This was the only way to shove her know it all attitude so far up her ass that it sticks out of her ears.”

“I know how you feel, and I happen to agree with you about her, but is this really necessary? Isn’t there some other way?”

“If there was, don’t you think I would have done it? I just didn’t have a choice. Well, I did, but I would have had to admit she was right and I was wrong and that really wasn’t an option for me. Look, we’ve talked about having sex and agreed to wait until we’re at college together. The only reason I can do this is that I trust you to stop before things get out of hand. Because if I am stark naked around you, I don’t know that I can trust myself. Please get my bag from the guest room. I can put my clothes in that. We’re also going to collect everyone’s cell phones so there won’t be any pictures. Get them first, before I take my clothes off. Okay?”

“You are halfway to psycho, but if you are sure this is what you want, I’ll do what I can to help.”

We rejoined the group and Brain went upstairs for my bag. Sally told me to strip but I reminded her about the cell phones. Brian was going to collect them in the bag. Just as he started, one went off, then another and another. Three kids reached for their pockets to answer them and I heard one of them say that everything was okay. Jack, the first to answer his phone, turned it off and put it back in his pocket.

“I think we need to take a look outside before we do anything else,” he suggested.

We all went upstairs to the living room and crowded around the large picture window in the living room. No one could really see anything until Brian turned on the outside lights and turned off the ones inside. We all gasped at what we saw through the window. There was about two feet of snow on the ground and the cars in the driveway were buried in it. And it was still falling, big, wet, white flakes of it were pouring out of the night sky.

“Here’s the deal,” said Jack. “We’re snowed in here now and they expect another three or four feet to fall throughout the night. It may take a few days for the snowplows to get out here and clear the roads. Nobody is going anywhere until Monday or Tuesday at the earliest. My parents are going to start calling everyone’s parents to let them know we are okay because I gave them a list of everyone who would be here and they think it will go over better if the news comes from them instead of us. We’re to give them an hour, and then we can call home and let our folks know we’re okay. Any questions?”

Sally looked absolutely gleeful. “Under the terms of the bet, Leah, you were to remain naked until everyone but Tom and I leave. Would you like to concede now?”

I’m sure my face was ashen. I had expected this to go on for four or five hours, until the morning. Now I was going to have to remain naked for several days. I didn’t try to argue with her because she was right; those were the terms of the bet.

“But I don’t strip until the cell phones are collected. That will be at least another hour. Right?”

“Yes, but how about this. We leave the cell phones up here and you stay in the basement. After everyone has called home, we lock them up in the car with your clothes. That should protect what little modesty you may still have.”

I nodded to her. After all, one hour wouldn’t make that much difference over a couple of day’s time. I asked Brian to collect the phones and he laid them out on the dining room table. Then we all went back downstairs.

“Okay, slut,” Sally whispered to me. “I’m really going to enjoy this.”

Just about then, I was thinking that I was the stupidest person who had ever been born. Nothing really had sunk in until that moment. I was going to be naked in front of twenty other kids and Brian for the next couple of days. I started blushing and wondered how I would react to the humiliation I was about to inflict on myself. I had no one to blame for this; I couldn’t even say that it was Sally’s fault. I suggested it and I agreed to it. No one had been holding a gun to my head. I kicked off my sneakers and bent over to pull off my socks. So far, so good I thought as I stood up again, but I knew it was about to get a lot worse very quickly. I picked up my shoes and socks and handed them to Brian who put them in the bag. I crossed my arms in front of me and grabbed the bottom of my sweater. I hesitated for just a moment before pulling it up and over my head. Brain took it from me and folded it before putting it in the bag with my shoes and socks.

Standing before them all in my jeans and bra, I really noticed them for the first time. Some of the girls were quietly giggling but most of the guys were either smiling from ear to ear or had a very serious expression on their faces. I looked down to unbutton my jeans and as I pulled the zipper down, I thought that it was as loud as a jet airplane flying overhead because the room was so quiet. I pushed the jeans over my hips and down my thighs until they fell down to my ankles on their own and then stepped out of them. I quickly bent over to pick them up and slowly stood up. After they were in the bag, I took another look around at the people looking at me standing before them in my pink bra and panties while I told myself that this was just like wearing a bikini to the beach.

‘Oh, God,’ I thought, ‘can I really go through with this? Can I really strip myself naked and put myself on display?’ Then I saw Sally smirking off to the side so I gave everyone a moment to look before I reached behind my back and undid the clasp on my bra. I let the straps slide down my arms, keeping the cups in place as long as I could before the bra went into the bag too. ‘Okay, time to get this over with,’ I told myself. I hooked my thumbs into the waistband of my panties and pushed them down to my ankles and stepped out of them. Still holding them with one hand I stood up, handed them to Brian, and stood naked in front of my friends. I didn’t try to cover myself because I knew it wouldn’t do any good in the long run and I tried to see my self as they were seeing me. My nipples were small and light pink, not brown. My blond pubic hair was thin and wispy and did not cover my slit. Then Sally’s voice broke the silence in the room.

“Well, I’ll be. She’s a natural blonde. I would have bet it came from a bottle.”

I just stood there frozen in place as everyone looked at my body. I knew I was blushing but there was something else going on in my head beside embarrassment. All of a sudden I felt like I didn’t belong anymore. I wasn’t a part of the group anymore because I was somehow beneath them. I had an overwhelming feeling of inferiority strike me because my mind was telling me that they were better than me because they were clothed and I was not. Brian started to take my bag upstairs but I must have given him a look that said please don’t leave me alone. He took his keys from his pocket and gave them and the bag to Tom, Sally’s date, and asked him to put it in his car trunk. Tom nodded and took the bag upstairs and I watched wistfully as my clothes were taken away.

Brian turned the music back on, a slow song, and came over to me and took my hand. The he pulled me to the center of the room and we danced. Everyone watched us for a minute or so then broke up into groups, some dancing, some playing pool, and some just sitting around talking but whatever anyone else was doing, they would turn to stare at me and then look away when I noticed them staring. I was pressed up against him and as my nipples rubbed against his sweater, I felt them growing hard. “You have to understand, this is a dream come true for me, dancing with you like this,” he whispered in my ear.

“Me, too,” I whispered back and held him tighter, “except for the twenty other people looking at me.” At least with my body held tight against his, I wasn’t on display so much. Brian was 6’2” and my head just reached the top of his shoulder so I put my cheek against his chest as we danced. The music stopped and another song, faster paced and more energetic, started. Brian pulled back and looked at me as if to ask ‘another one?’ and I nodded. But now we were separated and I was completely exposed to everyone. Not only was I exposed, but I was very aware of how my breasts shook and wobbled, how my bottom jiggled, and more humiliating than that, how everyone saw me. I closed my eyes and actually had an out of body experience, seeing myself as the others did. I opened my eyes to look at Brian so I could focus on him and get rid of the image of me dancing naked and that restored some small sense of normality for a moment before I realized that there was nothing normal about all of those people watching me move around in the nude.

I think the worst part of all of it was that I could feel my body becoming aroused and if I felt it I was sure that other people would see it also. That just confused me even more because I did not feel sexy at all; I felt like I was not quite a person. Being sexy was the furthest thing from my mind right then. I thought about my dress still hanging in the guest room closet and considered making a run for it and calling the whole thing off. I was so close to doing it and the only thing that held me back was that I couldn’t let Sally beat me. ‘Are you crazy?’ I asked myself. ‘Is winning a bet with Sally worth this humiliation? You’re naked for God’s sake; go put some clothes on.’ I was going nuts as my mind kept flipping back and forth telling to get dressed and remain naked.

After a couple of more dances, Brian got us some soda and pretzels. We sat together on the floor; my knees pulled up to my chest and pressed tightly together and my feet, hopefully, covering my pussy.

“I don’t know how I am going to be able to keep my hands off of you like this,” Brian told me.

“You don’t have to, not all the time,” I answered. “The only way I lose is if we have intercourse. Anything else is okay and I have to tell you, at some point I am going to want you to get me off. Either that or I will have to do it myself. I never imagined being naked like this in front of so many people could so arousing.”

“You’re not embarrassed by it?”

“Of course I am, but my body is reacting to it in a way I never expected. I’m getting aroused and I don’t understand it because I don’t think of this as being sexy. This is having a lot stronger effect on me than I imaged it would. I feel like some kind of animal, not a person, like this. I feel inferior to all of you and there is nothing sexy about feeling that way, let me tell you.”

“What can I do?”

“Just tell me it’s okay, that you love me, and that I’m still a human being.”

Brian put his arm around my shoulder and pulled me to him. “I can do better than that,” he said. “You’re the one I love, no matter what.” Then he leaned over and kissed my cheek. “But if you change your mind and decide that you are sexy, I would be happy to find more opportunities for you to be naked with me. I think I can work something out.”

We both laughed; me so hard I had to lie down on my side. When I sat up again, I put my hand to his cheek and turned his face toward me. “I like being naked for you,” I told him. “Not for everyone else,” I added as I waved my hand toward the room, “but for you. All you have to do is ask and I just wanted you to know that.”

He smiled at me then leaned in and kissed me again. I wanted to take his hand and put it on my breast, but I held back and just enjoyed the kiss. Just as we broke off the kiss, Billy came over and asked if we wanted to play pool. Brian acknowledged him with a rude comment about ruining the moment, but stood up and helped me to my feet. Hand in hand we walked over to the pool table.

Jane and Billy had won the last game so we faced them at eight ball. House rules said that the previous winner got the break so Brian racked the balls for him and we stood to the side to watch his shot. Brian had been showing me how to play a little but I knew that I wasn’t going to contribute a lot to our team. I hoped Jane was at the same level I was to keep things even. Billy got a stripe to go in and then one more on his next shot before he missed. Brian sank three solids but left himself out of position and had to play a safety. Jane missed her shot and I was up. The only shot I had forced me to lean over the table and extend a leg back to keep my balance. I tried not to think about how exposed I was as I lined up the shot. Surprisingly it went in and I jumped up in surprise. My next shot missed however but at least my stance was more modest.

Billy sank two more before missing then Brian ran all of the solids aided by the fact that there were fewer balls on the table to complicate his shot. He called the eight ball in the side pocket but he was going to have to bank it to make it. The ball caught the corner of the pocket and bounced between the two sides before hanging up on the edge. Jane made an easy shot then but missed, and all I had to do was tap the eight to let it fall in the side pocket for the win. I made the shot and Brian gave me a hug, lifting me off my feet.

We won two more games before I cost us the table by sinking the eight ball out of sequence. I’m sure I put on a good show for people as I took my shots, often having to open my legs and lean over the table. I was also very aroused again and my pussy was leaking with fluid running down the inside of my thigh before drying. This time I decided not to fight it. I was naked and I was sexually aroused and no matter what I told myself, neither of those situations was going to change soon. Sally had to come over and point it out to everyone, of course. “If you wanted to play with yourself to entertain us, I’m sure nobody would mind.” She added.

“Need someone to show you how to get off?” I asked her sweetly. “It’s easy. Just put your fingers in here and rub,” I told her as I leaned over and put one finger inside my vagina. But I didn’t realize how tightly I was wound up and when my finger went in, I really wanted to finger fuck myself and have an orgasm, oh God, how I wanted it. And I didn’t care who was watching, but instead I quickly pulled it out and held my finger out to her. “Want a taste?” I asked. She stomped off but I knew she was going to make me pay for winning that exchange.

People had been using their cell phones to call parents and going up and down the stairs. I’m sure some of the couples had been making out up there as well but that was their business, not mine. But now it looked like everyone was downstairs again. It was about three thirty in the morning and people were getting tired. I asked Brian what he wanted to do about sleeping arrangements.

“Well, we have enough beds for eight girls if they double up. Why don’t we let the boys sleep down here and the girls can have the four bedrooms but two of you are going to have to sleep on the floor. Also, people are going to have to share toothbrushes and the hot water will run out pretty fast if everyone wants a shower. Sometime tomorrow, I mean today, I will take a couple of the guys and we will hike up the road to the convenience store for food for everyone. There is no way we can make it to the grocery store as long as we are snowed in.”

Brian turned off the music and got everyone’s attention. Then he explained the plan for sleeping arrangements and what we would do tomorrow for food. There was some grumbling from some of the couples who thought they could spend the night together but everyone eventually agreed when they realized that we didn’t have the luxury of privacy with this many people sharing the house. The girls started heading upstairs while the guys started stretching out on the floor. Brian and I began cleaning up what was left of the food and getting the trash picked up. We were alone in the kitchen doing the dishes when he asked me how I was holding up.

“I’m doing okay,” I answered, “but honest to God, I almost masturbated when Sally started taunting me about being wet. I’m surprised I didn’t leave a trail of drops on the floor wherever I walked.”

“Did you notice how pissed off she was when she walked away? You need to be careful with her.”

“Yeah, I noticed and thought the same thing. But it felt really good sticking it to her like that. And I think the people who saw it enjoyed seeing her get one-upped. Jesus, Brian, you don’t know what this feels like. On the one hand, it is humiliating, but there is something else about it too. It’s like all of a sudden, I’m not a teenage girl anymore, I’m something else. More sexual, more animal-like. The conflict between the two keeps going round and round in my head. I know I should feel more embarrassed than I am, more ashamed, but I just can’t. In a way, I’m starting to enjoy it and not enjoy it at the same time. Does that make any sense to you?”

He responded with two words, “Quantum mechanics.”

“I don’t get it.”

“In the quantum world, particles can be in two places at once. There are some pretty famous experiments that can demonstrate that a photon goes through both slits in a piece of paper at the same time. That’s you right now. You’re going through the embarrassed slit and the sexy slit at the same time.”

“Speaking of slits, would you please finger me? I could do it myself if you wanted to watch, but if I don’t get to climax soon; I’m going to go crazy.”

“Tell me what to do.”

I sat up on the table and spread my knees as wide as I could. Then I held my pussy open using the fingers of one hand and showed him where my clit was. He took my hand, pulled me off the table, and led me into the living room. He turned off the lights and sat down in the recliner, then told me to sit on his lap. I did, with my back to him, and put my legs over the arms of the recliner. He leaned back so we were inclined about forty-five degrees and reached around me to put one hand to my pussy and the other to my breast. I felt him slip his finger inside me and I lifted my hips to press his hand harder against my pussy. As soon as he touched my clit, an electric shock shot through my body and I felt my toes curl. He was rolling my nipple between his thumb and forefinger, and now I was going crazy as my attention shifted back and forth between my breast and my vagina. But a few moments later, I felt the pleasure from his hand in my pussy and this hand on my breast merge into a warm glow that saturated my whole body. In less than three minutes he had me on the brink of a much needed orgasm. My body convulsed as I got to the edge of the climax and then I felt him kiss my neck and I twitched wildly on his lap as the pleasure centers in my brain were overloaded and I had my orgasm. He kept fingering me to stretch it out as long as he could and then, when it was over, I was panting as I felt my body sink into his as if we were combining to become one person.

I leaned to my right and turned my head to kiss him. Without thinking, one hand went over his keeping him inside my pussy as I kissed his neck and cheek. For the first time, I noticed his cock was hard as it pressed against my bottom. “That was the most wonderful thing I ever felt,” I told him. “I can’t imagine what it will be like to make love with you, but I can promise you we will be doing it a lot next year.” When he didn’t say anything, I asked if he was okay.

“Yeah, I’m fine. It really felt good to get you off like that.” Then he clammed up again. I thought I knew what was wrong but instead of saying anything, I climbed off his lap and turned to pull him off the chair. Then when he was standing in front of me, I knelt down and unbuckled his pants, pushing them down to his ankles. His penis was pushing against his shorts, trying to get out, so I reached my hand in and freed it. I think he expected me to jack him off with my hand but I wanted to do more for him so without hesitating, I leaned forward and took him in my mouth. I had never done him like this before and I wasn’t exactly sure what I was doing, but I felt him stiffen (not his cock, which was already very stiff) and as my lips slid down the shaft, I felt the head touch the back of my throat and I wanted to gag. I withdrew back up his penis and changed the angle of my head just slightly before going back down. This time I almost made it to the base but once again the gag reflex almost choked me. I slid back up and used my tongue on the head of his penis while my hand cupped his balls and gently rolled them around. Then I slipped him deeper into my mouth, pressing against his cock with my lips, breathing deeply through my nose and forcing down the gag reflex I felt. This time I held him deep in my mouth, trembling as I fought not to gag and then, like magic, the need to gag disappeared. Now I could slide up and down him easily, pressing my lips all the way to the base of his penis and feeling its head at the back of my throat, and I took enjoyment from the way I was pleasing him. After several minutes of pumping him and playing with his balls, he grabbed the back of my head and forced his shaft deep inside my mouth then held me there while he ejaculated. I was surprised by the taste, which was salty, and I sucked as hard as I could on his cock to drain him. I forced my head back into his hands so that there was an opening to my throat and I could swallow. I pulled back completely and licked his cock clean as it shrank back to normal.

He put his dick back inside his shorts and pulled up his jeans. Then he knelt down and kissed me on the mouth as hard as he could. After the kiss, he looked deep into my eyes and said he agreed; we would be having sex a lot when I got to Michigan. He helped me to my feet and turned me to the hallway leading to the bedrooms. Then he swatted my fanny, not hard, but enough to sting, and told me to get some sleep.

First I went to the bathroom to wash my face, legs, and pussy. I was going to try to take a shower in the morning but I didn’t want to sleep like that. Then I found an empty spot on the floor in Brian’s room and curled up on the floor with my arm under my head as a pillow. I was asleep immediately and didn’t wake up at all when I started dreaming I was naked at school, naked as a cheerleader at a basketball game, naked at the grocery store, and naked at dinner with my family. For some odd reason, the dreams weren’t disturbing at all; just the opposite in that everything seemed normal about me being in the nude every place I went.

It was just before five a.m. when I went to sleep and about eight thirty when I woke up. There were still a couple of girls sleeping in the bed so I went to the hallway to see about a shower. There were two other girls waiting in the hallway and I saw that someone had posted a sign on the door limiting showers to two minutes. I went down to the basement to get my purse with my hairbrush and make-up and when I got back upstairs, no one else had joined the line.

Beth and Kara, the girls waiting in line, had been two of my best friends before my accident but over the last two years, the year I was laid up and my junior year in high school, we had drifted apart. It wasn’t anything deliberate that happened; it was just because we didn’t get a chance to spend time together at or after school. They looked at me for a few moments then went back to whatever they were talking about before I joined them. I am sure I looked a little wistful because I hadn’t found anyone else that I was as close to as those two other than Brian.

I think Kara noticed my look and asked me what it was like, being naked in front of everyone. I tried to explain it to her, how conflicted I was about it and instead of questioning it or laughing at me; she told me she thought she understood. “I’ve masturbated while fantasizing about being the only one naked at school,” she told me, “but that’s all it will ever be for me, a fantasy. I could never do what you’re doing. You go, girl. Don’t let Sally beat you on this.”

All of a sudden it was like I had gone back two years and now had my two friends supporting me again. I thanked her and Beth nodded her agreement. Then the door opened and Kara went in to the shower.

“Beth, what happened to us? We used to be as so close and now we’re not.”

“I suppose it was a lot of things. Remember how we would get together at the library to study for a test. We can’t do that now because we’re in different classes. I guess we lost what we had in common with each other. Then when you were healthy, you got a job and didn’t have time to hang out anymore.”

“I miss you guys. I think the worst thing about the accident was that we don’t spend time together anymore.”

“Well, we’re just going to have to fix that. I’ll talk to Kara and I know she would like to spend more time with you just like I do. But you have to promise one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“You’ll wear clothes when we go to the mall together.”

“That’s a promise,” I said laughing.

Before Beth went in, she told me the girls were using the vanity in the master bedroom to fix their hair and make-up before going downstairs. She said a couple of the boys had found the stuff to make pancakes and they were churning them out as fast as they could, but if I didn’t hurry, I might be too late.

While I was waiting, another girl joined me in line just as Beth came out. I pulled a towel from the closet and put it on the sink. First I used the toilet then brushed my teeth with a toothbrush I found in there that wasn’t mine but had been used by others because it was still wet. When I got into the shower, I washed my hair as fast as I could then put soap on a cloth and started scrubbing myself. I felt the water growing cooler and quickly rinsed off. Taking my towel, I walked out of the bathroom as I dried myself thinking that there wasn’t any reason to make the next girl wait. But I warned her that the hot water was almost gone in case she wanted to try later.

As I walked into the master bedroom, I was toweling my hair dry. With my hands up to my head, I was conscious of how my breasts pulled and lifted as they flattened themselves against my chest. This was something that I had never really been aware of before, even though I had made the same movements thousands of times. Then I rubbed myself down with the towel. Kara and Beth were ahead of me again but then Kara asked if she and Beth could do my hair and make-up for me. “Just as a show of support and for old times,” Kara said as she sat me down on the bed. I gave them my purse and Beth used the brush on my hair while Kara fixed my make-up. My hair wasn’t long but it was thick and the brushing acted to dry it out even more. When Beth finished, she took a look at me and asked me how sexy I wanted to look today.

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“Look, I don’t want to make things worse for you, I really don’t. But I heard about a trick that women sometimes use when they are going to be nude to make themselves look sexier and I wanted to know if you wanted to try it.”

“What is it?”

“Well, your nipples are such a light pink that they’re barely visible against your light skin. How about if we add some color to them?”

“What do you think?” I asked Kara.

“It depends. You have great breasts. A little color on your nipples will draw attention to them. And you know how guys are about boobs,” she said laughing.

I chuckled because I did know. “What the hell, why not?” I said laughing. “If I have to be naked all day, it would be nice to know that people are noticing it.”

I could feel us re-establishing our connection and felt really good about it while Beth got a tube of red lipstick and put a little on her fingertip. Then she started rubbing it into my nipple using a circular motion moving from the center outward. As she did, I felt my aureole crinkle up and the nipple grow hard. She dabbed a little more on her finger to make it just a little darker and I bit my lip to keep from moaning. When she finished the right one, she shifted to the other side of Kara and did the same thing to my other teat. She finished before Kara finished my face so I had to sit there with my nipples erect and my pussy starting to lubricate again. When Kara finished, I stood up and looked at myself in the full length mirror. Kara did a great job with my face but I couldn’t take my eyes off my nipples. Instead of a faint pink, now they were much darker but still pink, providing much more contrast between them and the white skin of my breast. I honestly felt even more naked than before if that was possible, but I really liked the way I looked. My breasts were now ‘womanly’ and not those of a little girl. I thanked them and gave them each a kiss on the check before going down to see what was available for breakfast.

When I arrived in the kitchen, Brian was just finishing another batch of pancakes. He looked me over and then gave a wolf whistle and told me how beautiful I looked. I thanked him but added that I wouldn’t stay that way long on three and a half hours sleep every night. He put a couple of pancakes on a paper plate for me adding that the butter and syrup was in the dining room. I went in and all of the chairs were occupied so I sat down on the floor and ate my breakfast. As I ate, Beth and Kara came down with Sally. I kept thinking that this should be over by now. I should be home and I should be clothed but instead I still had a couple of days to get through while remaining nude around everyone. Then I thought how wonderful last night was with Brian and knew that I never would have experienced that if I hadn’t been so foolish as to let Sally get to me. So I silently thanked her and wondered what new experiences the day would have in store for me.

I finished eating, threw my trash away, and went to the living room to see what the weather was like. It was still snowing, but not as heavily as last night, and there was now about five feet of snow on the ground. The cars in the driveway were small bumps on the snowfield. Yes, I thought, it will be a couple of days at least before we get out of here. It was early in May for crying out loud. We were used to getting a lot of snow in southwestern Michigan but not in May. And never as much as this in one evening.

I went down to the basement where several couples were gathered around the television watching the weather channel. The commentator was calling the storm a once in a thousand year event because of the amount of snowfall and the time of year when it occurred. They were replaying the satellite images that showed the cold front and storm moving down from Canada and then stalling over the Great Lakes. When it stalled, it kept picking up moisture from Lakes Superior and Michigan and dumping it inland right on top of us.

Nobody was talking as they watched. I think everyone was a little dumbfounded by what was happening. All of a sudden I realized that, unlike last night, the storm and not my nudity was the center of everyone’s attention. I continued to watch with the others for about an hour as more and more people came downstairs. When the reporters started repeating themselves because they had run out of new things to say I went back upstairs to see if Brian needed help cleaning up.

He was just finishing up the dishes from breakfast and was alone in the kitchen. I came up behind him and put my hands around his waist, pressing my body into his back. He turned around in my arms and wrapped his arms around me holding me tightly and I turned my face up to his and he kissed me. We held it for a long time and I don’t know if he was remembering last night but I know I was and I was becoming very aroused again. I pressed against him harder, crushing my breasts until the kiss ended. As we separated, he asked me how it was possible that I was even more beautiful today then yesterday. I didn’t say anything, but looked down at one nipple and then the other.

“That’s it” he cried. He lifted one nipple slightly with his finger and I felt myself beginning to melt. I tried to control my breathing as he fingered first one and then the other nipple. Then he bent over and kissed each one of them.

“What did you do to make them look like that?” he asked.

“Kiss them each again and I’ll tell you,” I said laughing.

He eagerly bent over and kissed each one, lingering to circle them with his tongue before standing up again.

“It was Beth’s idea,” I explained. “She suggested a little lipstick on each one to darken them and make them stand out more. I was in such a good mood after last night that I told her to go ahead. Do you like them?”

“Are you kidding? They, and you, are gorgeous. They make you seem more …”

As he struggled to find the right word, I supplied it for him. “Womanly?”

“Yes, exactly. You’re not the little girl I’ve known all these years any more, are you?”

“Yes and no. In one way, perhaps the most important way, I still am a girl and not a woman. But Brian, after this stupid bet is over; can we talk about changing that? I was ready last night and it was only the bet with Sally that kept me from dragging you to the floor so you could make love to me.”

“Does that mean that Sally was right?”

My face clouded up at the suggestion, but then I considered it. “No, I don’t think so. If you hadn’t been here, I would not have sought someone out for lovemaking. I would not have had someone get me off like you did. And I certainly would not have given anyone else a blowjob. It wasn’t my nudity that made all that happen. Maybe that contributed to it a little but it was that I love you and know you love me that made it happen. I would never argue that love and sex are separable like nudity and sex are. Love and sex are like peanut butter and jelly. Each one makes the other better. And that is why the next couple of days are going to be so hard.”

He smiled at me before he answered. “Oh wise one, you can answer everything except how do I keep myself from taking you to my bed and ravishing you for the next couple of days.”

“Actually, I do have an answer for that. You won’t because you love me and you want to see me beat Sally. And if you weren’t so strong, I would be dead meat right now.” I reached down and put my forefinger in my slit just enough to collect some of the moisture and then held it up to his nose. “Smell that? That is what happens to me when you start playing with my tits. I was perfectly dry when I walked in here, well, somewhat dry,” I said laughing.

He chuckled and hugged me before we went down to the basement hand in hand. Brian took charge as soon as we entered by telling someone to turn off the television and everyone to gather around.

“There are a couple of things we need to start working on if we’re going to get out of here when they get around to plowing the snow off the road. First, we’re going to need more food, a lot more food. The other thing we need to do is dig out the cars and clear the driveway. There’s an old sled in the garage. I and three others will walk to the convenience store down the road. The owner lives on the second floor so I’m sure we can get him to open up for us. We’ll bring as much food back as we can with the sled. We have a small tractor that can clear the driveway but we have to dig out the cars by hand first because it can’t maneuver around them all. There are a couple of shovels so I suggest that two guys work for about a half hour then two more take their place. We should have most of it cleared by nightfall. Who wants to go with me to the store?

He got three volunteers fairly quickly. Tom and Jamie volunteered for the first shift with shovels in the driveway. I went back upstairs and rummaged around for a thermos. When I found one, I made a pot of coffee for the guys to take with them on the trek to the store. Just as I poured the coffee into the thermos, Brian came into the kitchen wearing his jacket, stocking cap, and gloves and with a scarf across his face. I pulled the scarf down from his mouth and stood on tiptoe to kiss him before I handed him the thermos. Telling him to be careful, I pulled the scarf back up and watched as he went into the garage to get the sled. I stood in the doorway to the garage and watched as he opened the garage door and climbed up the snow bank against the door. Suddenly I was hit with a blast of cold air and quickly shut the door. I had just started another pot of coffee for the guys digging out the driveway when Sally and some of the other girls came in dressed for outside.

“Where are you going?” I asked.

“We’re going out back to have a snowball fight. Just some girls having fun while the guys are working. And you’re coming too.”

“You’re crazy. I’m not going outside naked.”

“If I remember the terms of the bet, there was to be no hiding out and you are required to do whatever the rest of us do. The rest of us are going outside for a snowball fight. So come along.”

And that is how I found myself naked and ass deep in the snow throwing snowballs. Being hit with a snowball isn’t too bad when you have on lots of padding but it sure hurts like hell when it hits your bare skin. The one thing you have to do is keep moving and generate lots of body heat to keep warm inside. If you stop moving, the cold really gets to you. So for fifteen minutes I ran around like a wild woman to fulfill the conditions of the bet before I headed inside. I stomped around and shook my arms to get warm as soon as I got in and poured myself a cup of coffee from the pot. I was pleased to see that Beth and Kara refused to take part in Sally’s scheme. The rest of the girls came in shortly after me because I am sure that the only reason they agreed to it was to get me outside naked. Once I came in, their fun was over. I went into the living room to watch the boys shoveling as the other girls came inside.

The first shift was ending and two more boys had just started shoveling as the first two came in. I told them there was coffee in the kitchen and they went to get some after shedding their jackets. Sally came to get me and take me downstairs because she had other entertainment planned with me as the star of the show.

“We’re going to have a dance contest,” Sally announced. She asked the boys to come over so they could be judges in the contest. Beth and Kara were watching television and didn’t move. When the boys were all seated around the dance area, Sally turned the music on and said that we would dance in alphabetical order using our first name. So I stood around and watched as about half the girls danced to tunes they had selected. Some of them were really good dancers and then it was my turn.

I had them put on the Beatles version of Rock and Roll Music and then I danced naked for them. This was really different than last night. Everyone had something to do the previous evening so when people watched me, it was only for a moment, or out of the corner of their eye. Now everyone’s attention was on me while I moved to the music. I was so aware of everything about my body, how my breasts moved, how my hips moved, how my bottom shook, but especially how I opened up the view to my pussy with my feet spread that it was hard for me to keep the rhythm of the music. I really struggled for the first few bars but then I caught the beat and forgot about them. I closed my eyes and began dancing for Brian and let the music take my body wherever it wanted. As the music ended, I had my feet slightly more than shoulder width apart, raised my hands high over my head, and bowed my body backward so that every part of me was on display. Not for the first time I felt conflicting emotions. The pose I was in made me feel so vulnerable but I also felt powerful because of the effect I was having on the others. I was really sweaty from the energy I had put into the dance. I opened my eyes and looked at all of the people who had watched me and they were standing or sitting around the dance area with their mouths hanging open. Even Sally was dumbfounded.

“Sally, I’m through with your games,” I announced. I saw Beth and Kara standing near the back of the circle of people around me. “I’m not your slave and I’m not taking your orders anymore. I have to do what everyone else is doing so I am going to do what Kara and Beth were doing and watch some television.” I pushed through the group around the dance area and Kara and Beth led me over to the television. I didn’t sit on the couch because I was so sweaty but on the floor in front of it watching the news about the storm. Some of the guys came over and asked if they could play video games so Kara suggested that we go upstairs. When we got to the top of the stairs, Kara asked if I wanted a bath and suggested that there should be enough hot water by now. That sounded heavenly so we went to the big bathroom in the master bath and Beth drew a tub for me.

When I was soaking in the hot tub, Beth asked if I knew what I had done to the people who had watched my dance. I told her I closed my eyes so I really didn’t see anyone’s reaction until after I finished.

“You just set the standard for beautiful around here,” Kara offered. “I can’t imagine anything more exquisite or erotic than what I just saw you do.” Beth nodded her agreement and I was silent for a moment.

“Thank you,” I started. “Not just for what you said, but for showing some empathy for what I am going through.”

“I’m not sure empathy is the right word,” said Kara. “It’s more like envy because I would love to experience what you are feeling but I know I could never do it. I would crumble in just a few minutes. What you said to Sally, that you weren’t her slave; doesn’t it make you feel submissive or even inferior to be naked all of the time around everyone?”

“Yeah, especially the inferior part. Not necessarily submissive, I don’t think, just beneath everyone. How can you not feel that way when you are naked and everyone else is dressed? It does put them in a position of power over you if you let them. I decided that I wasn’t going to give Sally the power anymore.”

We got quiet again, each of us alone with our thoughts. Mine centered on the relaxation I was experiencing as I soaked in the hot water. I’m not sure how long I lay in the tub but I decided that I needed to wash so I sat up and took the washcloth and soap in my hands. Beth reached in and took them away from me.

“Let us pamper you a little. We’ll wash you. Why don’t you stand up and turn toward us?” I must have shown my hesitation at the idea of having them put their hands all over me. “Don’t worry,” she went on. “Neither of us is gay, believe me. It’s just that we think you should get some kind of reward for what you are doing.”

I relaxed and stood up to face them. They took washcloths and soaked them in the tub, then lathered them up and began washing me. Beth did my face while Kara started on my arm. They took their time and when they finished one part of me, they would rinse so the soap wouldn’t dry and start on another area. Kara ended up washing my breasts while Beth knelt down and did my legs and pussy. Then they had me turn around and started on the back at the top of my shoulders and worked their way down. When they got to my bottom, each one took one of my buttocks and were giggling and laughing as they scrubbed them and they jiggled around. There was nothing sexual about what I was feeling and I know that might be hard to believe, but this was about being taken care of and pampered, not being stimulated. I had been in such a state of arousal for so long over the last day that I actually enjoyed not being stimulated sexually.

When they finished and I was about to step out of the tub, Beth asked me if Brian liked my nipples made up. I told her he loved it and what he did to them, how he fingered them and kissed them, when he realized they were changing my whole appearance. Then she asked if I would like to take sexy to another level.

“Oh, God, I don’t know if I can handle another level. Geez, you don’t know how tough it’s been already. What are you suggesting?”

Beth answered. “We could shave you.”

“My legs are fine; I just shaved them yesterday afternoon before I got ready for the prom.” Then it hit me what she was talking about. “You’re suggesting I shave my pussy?”

“No, we’re suggesting that you let us shave your pussy.”

I stood there in the tub looking at first one and then the other to figure out if they were serious. I honestly thought they both looked hopeful more than anything else. But I wasn’t sure how this was helping me. “Why would I do that?” I asked.

“Well, first, it’s not like your pubic hair covers up a lot. You can still see your slit through it,” Beth began. “And second, I read that guys like that little girl look. How do you think Brian would react to you being bald down there?”

I tried to put myself in Brian’s position, but it was hard because last night had been the first time he had touched me down there. And I know that I had never brought it up. If he had any thoughts about it, he never shared them. But I remember reading something about it too and somehow knew that many men would like that look. The real question, however, was not if Brian would like it, but could I handle it? I felt like I was in quicksand and it was pulling me under as I took each step forward. The first one had been the actual stripping, then came the darkened nipples this morning, then the dance, and now this new idea. How would I feel about myself if I looked like a little girl? How would Brian’s attitude toward me change if I looked like a little girl? But the real issue was the loss of privacy that shaving would entail. Beth was right about my pubic hair. It was blonde and wasn’t very thick at all, but it did afford me some cover. That small three inch triangle of hair was all I had left to cover myself and it was hard to imagine giving it up.

It was then that I realized something. I really wanted what was happening to me and I wanted it for selfish reasons. Maybe somewhere deep in my subconscious I was worried about Brian going off to college and leaving me behind. Maybe this was my way of holding on to him. But if it was, what did it say about me? Was I so needy that I had to humiliate myself just to cling to him? I really believed the answer to that question was *no*. So it had to be something else that was forcing me to walk deeper into the quicksand and the only other thing I could think of was that I really was an exhibitionist. That I liked having people see me nude and enjoyed the attention, even the humiliation. So I told them to do it.

First they dried me off by enfolding me in a big towel while they both rubbed me dry. Then I sat on the edge of the sink with my knees spread wide so Kara could do my make-up and nipples while Beth shaved my pussy bare. As they prepared me, my mind could not help to wonder where all of this would end. I wouldn’t say I was a nudist because being naked around other naked people really didn’t appeal to me. It was all about being kept naked around everyone else who was dressed that I liked.

When they finished, we went into the bedroom and I looked at myself in the full length mirror. I could not take my eyes off my bare pussy and I silently cried out to myself, ‘Oh, God, what have I done?’ but there was no going back now. It made me feel like I was ten years old again and made me feel even more vulnerable. But as with everything I was experiencing, there was a dichotomy and I had to admit how sexy it was also. Kara and Beth each took a hand and led me back downstairs to the basement.

At first, no one noticed because, I think, they were getting used to seeing me naked. But then the whispers started and the subtle glances in my direction. It was after one o’clock and I was getting hungry so I asked Beth and Kara if they wanted to help me make some lunch for everyone. They agreed and we headed back upstairs. After searching through the pantry, we found a couple of large jars of spaghetti sauce and plenty of pasta. So the three of us quickly boiled the pasta and warmed up the sauce. I found some Parmesan cheese in the fridge and grated it while the pasta was boiling. When everything was ready, Beth went downstairs to tell people that lunch was ready and they trooped up from the basement. We served on paper plates with Kara dishing out the pasta and me the sauce because we wanted to ration it and make sure that everyone who was hungry got something to eat. The last five servings went to the two boys who were just coming in from shoveling and the three of us so we grabbed what we could and went down to the basement to eat.

Several of the couples had preceded us downstairs and I got the looks again when people saw my bare pussy. I decided to take the bull by the horns and get the issue out of the way as much as I could. I put my plate down and went over to where everyone was sitting on the couch and floor.

“What do you all think of my smoothie look?” I asked them as I thrust out my pelvis making it obvious what I was asking. I think they were more embarrassed than I was. “Come on, you’ve all seen it and talked about it. Do you like it? Kenny, what do you think?”

“I really like it, Leah. It makes you even hotter.” Then he quickly added, “Not that you weren’t hot already.”

“Hear that, Barb?” I asked directing it to his girlfriend. “He really likes it. So are you going to shave yourself for him?” Barbara was embarrassed that I was putting her on the spot like that, but I said it with a big grin and when she looked up at me, she saw the twinkle in my eye.

“Maybe,” she quietly offered. “But if I do, I’m going to make sure he makes it up to me somehow.” And everybody cracked up when she said it. That really broke the tension and it made me feel somewhat more comfortable because I thought it would take the staring and whispering down a notch. Still, what I had just done surprised me because I didn’t think of myself as brazen. I sat near Beth and Kara as I ate but eating was done on autopilot as I spent more time considering everything that had happened to me in the last eighteen hours. I was doing things to make myself appear more naked, not less so. Okay, I had agreed to coloring my nipples and shaving my pussy, but why had I agreed? I suppose the first thing I needed to really understand was if I liked being looked at while I was naked; that seemed to me to be the crux of the situation. It embarrassed me and it made me feel inferior to the others to be naked while they were clothed so why did I like them to look? Why did I want them to look?

My first thought was that I wanted to be the center of attention but that had never been true before. In fact, I had avoided the spotlight preferring a supporting role in any activities in which I was participating. I was the one who would run for vice president, not president. I was the one who would sing in the chorus instead of trying for the lead. So the next question I asked myself was, ‘What did I get from being looked at naked?’ I got sexually aroused a lot which was self-evident from my body’s reactions to the different situations I experienced. And while wondering what kind of slut I was turning into to, I admitted to myself that I did like that part of it. But there was something else about it and I finally came up with a working hypothesis.

While I was naked, I was vulnerable but I realized I trusted everyone (with the exception of Sally) to whom I was demonstrating my vulnerability. And while I was vulnerable I could not pretend to be something I wasn’t. All of the different roles I had to assume vanished while I was naked. All I could be was my true self without pretense, secrets, or obfuscation. And that was what I really loved about being kept naked. That was the thing that I treasured and enjoyed; that I did not have to play a role with anyone. In fact, I was incapable of playing a role with anyone. I thought about how I had felt about Sally’s attempts to get under my skin and the way I reacted to her was exactly the way I felt about her at that moment. I wasn’t covering up any of my feelings. The same thing was happening with Brian. If I wanted him to please me, I asked. If I wanted to please him, I asked. No quid pro quo was involved. Whatever I felt like doing I tried to do because it was what I wanted and not what someone else wanted of me.

As I came to this conclusion I became more at peace with myself about my nudity than I had since it started. I wasn’t sure that I fully understood everything that was happening to me but I was making real progress. And now that I could accept the fact that there were things I liked about being kept naked, the humiliation I had been feeling began to melt away.

It was about an hour later that Brian and the others came back from the convenience store. Someone told me they were coming up the drive and I raced to the front door. When they were close, I threw open the door, climbed up the mound of snow, and waded through it. When I reached him, I jumped up and wrapped my legs around his waist and my arms around his neck. Of course, I never considered how exhausted he must be and he tumbled backward when I jumped on him and we landed in a heap in the snow laughing like little children. I got up and then helped him to his feet and put my arm around him as we went inside. Some of the others came out to help the other two boys and get the food from the sled and the bags they were carrying.

Once we were inside I helped him out of his coat. “Oh, God, I’m cold,” he mumbled.

“What you need is some shared bodily warmth,” I told him laughing and pulled up his sweater and pressed myself against his chest.

“Man that feels good,” he said wrapping his arms around me. We stood there just holding each other for a long time before I turned my face up to him for a kiss. It felt so good to be in his arms and to feel him against my bare skin.

After we kissed, I whispered to him that I had a surprise for him and stepped back. Then I thrust out my pelvis just like I did in the basement and asked him if he liked it. His jaw fell open as he stared at my bare pussy. After a few moments he closed his mouth and asked me why I did it.

“Actually, someone suggested it to me. I thought you might like it. Do you?”

“You are the most beautiful girl who ever lived,” he told me. “Come here so I can kiss you again and then you can tell me all about your day.”

I noticed that he used the word girl. This morning I was a woman. I knew that change was a reflection of my shaved pussy but it really didn’t bother me because in a way I knew he was right; it did make me look like a little girl. Ever since I saw myself in the mirror after I was shaved, I had been thinking of myself the same way and that made me even more vulnerable and dependent on others; not because I really was but just because of the image I had of myself. He sat down on the couch and I snuggled up next to him with my head on his shoulder and my legs tucked underneath me. I asked him how the trip to the store was and all he could say was that it was hard wading through snow that was up to his chest in some places.

Then I told him about everything that happened after he left. I could feel him getting angry when I told him about Sally’s plan to lure me outside and have me dance with everyone watching me but I tried to calm him down by telling him that I had fun outside and came in before the cold could hurt me. As for the dancing, I told him that I was looking forward to doing it again with him present because in order to get through it the first time, I imagined that I was dancing for him. I repeated what I told Sally about not being her slave and not taking her orders anymore and Brian squeezed my shoulder in support. That took me up to my bath with Kara and Beth. I told him about them asking me and after I thought it through, I figured it would be okay because it was just taking a step further into the deep end. Continuing the analogy, he asked me how far I could go until I drowned. I told him I wasn’t sure and then a thought occurred to me.

“Brian, are you really okay with all of this?”

“Am I okay with you being naked all of the time? Absolutely. Am I okay with you being naked in front of our friends all of the time? Honestly, I’m not sure.”

“I’m sorry,” I began, “I’ve never really considered your reaction to all of this. Is it bothering you that everyone is seeing me naked?”

“I suppose it is a little because it’s like something that should be just for us and not in the public domain.”

“I never looked at it that way, and I am sorry. This started out as being about Sally and me, then it was about me and what was going on inside me, and it was never about you or about us. I should have done better.”

“So go back through it again, but this time, tell me what you were feeling and how your feelings have changed since this all started.”

So I went back to the beginning but the focus was on the evolution of my feelings about why this was becoming important to me. As I came to the end and how everything was coming into focus for me, I tried to make him understand that because of the accident and losing a year, I felt cut off from all of my support and started acting to please others instead of being myself. But when I stripped, I found that I could no longer worry about trying to please others because of what they expected of me and now I had to please them by being myself. Ultimately, I concluded, that may be the best thing to come out of this weekend.

He just nodded and as I went along, encouraging me to keep on talking until I had nothing left to say. Then he hugged me and told me that I could count on him no matter what happened. “And maybe I’ll like being known as the boyfriend of The Naked Girl,” he finished. The way he said it, I realized it was a title, like General or Pastor. Well, if I had to have a title, I could take pride that it was at least unusual.

“You know, you may be more right than you know. Do you think this could become part of my identity? That I become The Naked Girl and that is how I really see myself beyond this weekend?”

“Would that be a bad thing?” he asked.

“I’m not sure, but I don’t think so. I’m less conflicted and confused as The Naked Girl. The Leah who wears clothes might slip back into the role playing and like a chameleon, changes herself from one situation to the next. I wasn’t happy doing that and I don’t want to go back to it.”

Things settled down some after that in a number of ways. The guys got the driveway cleared and we all had hot dogs and chips for dinner. After dinner we were down in the basement and I realized that I had been naked for less than twenty-four hours but it seemed like a lot longer. I really was becoming comfortable with my nudity because I had stopped thinking about how nice it would be to be dressed. Being naked made me feel everything that touched my skin more intensely. I had never really been conscious of the feel of the fabric on a couch, or the tiny air currents generated by the heating system, or Brian’s muscles through his shirt. Now my skin was alive with those feelings and hundreds of others. And because I was more comfortable with my nakedness, I moved closer to being myself all of the time without worrying about what others thought or if they were disappointed in me.

No one really felt like partying so the basement was pretty subdued. The television was on, and some people were playing pool, but mostly there were small groups of people scattered around the room talking. We were sitting on the floor with Beth, Kara, and their boyfriends. Brian asked Beth and Kara if it bothered them that their boyfriends were seeing me naked all the time.

“At first, a little,” Beth offered. “The way Jack was looking at her made me jealous. But as I thought about it, I realized that he wasn’t seeing her in a way that meant he wanted to dump me for her. He was looking at her because she is beautiful just because she is female and you guys are programmed that way.”

Kara jumped in. “I kind of felt the same way. Zeb’s attention wasn’t on me, it was on her. But last night before we went to bed, we talked about it because he could tell something was bothering me. When I explained what I was feeling, he took me in his arms and kissed me so lovingly that I knew that Leah didn’t deserve what I was thinking about her. Then Beth and I talked about it in the morning when we woke up and decided that we were being stupid about it. That’s when we decided to see if we could push Leah a little. Not because we wanted to be mean to her, but because we wanted her to know that we were behind her; supporting her.”

Then it was Beth’s turn again and she asked me to stand up. “Look at her, Brian, really look at her. Do you see how relaxed her muscles are and how loose she is? You guys know I do gymnastics and I understand what it is to be tight or loose. Last night when Leah first stripped, she was a different person physiologically. Her posture wasn’t as straight, she was stiff, and her movements lacked what we call flow. Leah, do me a favor and walk across the room and back.”

I did as she asked. When I returned to the group, I continued standing and Beth continued. “Do you see what I mean? She didn’t walk across the room, she flowed across it and back. It was clear when she was dancing earlier today that everything in her head that controlled her body had changed. Leah, can you explain it?”

I sat down first so I could see everyone’s face more clearly as I talked. It was important to me to make myself understood and I needed the feedback their expressions would give me. “I think that I’ve always worried about what other people thought of me. I was always trying to be what they wanted. Once I shed my clothes, once I lost that protection, it was like the only way I could get through the experience was to take satisfaction in the way they reacted to the real me, not the fake me I tried to project. The real me had nowhere to hide anymore.”

“And do you like being kept nude?” That was from Kara.

There it was again, the conflict between my own emotions. “This may not make sense to anyone but the answer is I didn’t really know because I felt conflicted. Being naked makes me feel inferior to everyone else and I don’t really enjoy that feeling. But do I like the feeling of people looking at my body? Of course I do. I like being looked at, not just by Brian but by all of you. It thrills me in a way that is hard to explain. Part of it is that I am so much more aware of my own body and the sensations it feels. When I walk, I’m aware of how my breasts jiggle and my bottom sways. I am more sensitive to every touch and texture that I feel. And that awareness makes me feel more alive. When I was clothed, I felt none of that at all. And I think that aliveness is communicated through my body language and facial expressions. What was it Mr. Moore said in speech class; that eighty percent of communication is non-verbal? If that’s true, then I am an open book to anyone who wants to take the time or make the effort to read it.

“There’s something else, too. When you’re naked around clothed people, you are so much more aware of your sexuality. I like being female and I like feeling sexy. And I don’t mind people thinking of me that way, even though I am still a virgin. It’s not that I am trying to fool them into thinking I’m something I’m not; it’s just that the real me is sexy even if I haven’t experienced intercourse. Fucking is a mechanical thing but feeling sexy is mental. It is a frame of mind and not an action. I take joy in being seen that way by others.

“I don’t know enough psychology to know if this is right or wrong, but I don’t think of myself as an exhibitionist. That label has a particular connotation to me of someone with a deep-seated need for humiliation and I don’t need or want that. I felt humiliation when I first took off my clothes; however I really don’t feel that anymore, not in the sense of being embarrassed by my nudity. It is almost as if I am telling the world, ‘Here I am, take it or leave it because I am happy with me like this and I don’t care what you think.’ So to answer your question, I think I am happier now than I have been in a long time. If it was possible I would like to stay naked as long as I can because of the way it makes me feel and act. Knowing that’s not possible is a little sad but I can’t worry about things I can’t change. But to answer your original question, as of right now, yes, I love the freedom it gives me, I love the way people look at me, and I love the way I can feel things more intensely than I ever have. So now having admitted it, who’s going to join me?”

I got an immediate chorus of no’s from everyone so I shut up then and let my words sink in. Brian put his arm around me and pulled me close to him. I kissed his shoulder then sat back up. “There is one thing I need to say and I don’t want this misinterpreted. I owe you two a lot,” I said looking at Kara and Beth. “Whatever the process was that I had to go through to get to this point, you helped speed it up for me and I thank you for that. So without trying to be submissive or slavish, which I don’t want to be, is there anything I can do to repay you both?”

Beth and Kara looked at each other and nodded to each other, and then Kara asked if I would be willing to dance for them again. I agreed at once and Beth went over to the stereo and selected several tracks from different disks. She hadn’t hit the play button yet so I stood up and moved to the center of the dance area. Kara stood up and got everyone’s attention by yelling and announced that I was going to dance for them. “If you didn’t see her dance earlier today, you missed a real treat. If you saw it, I know you’ve been hoping for more so now is your chance. Gather round.”

Beth hit the play button and I recognized the song right away, Janis Joplin singing*Me and Bobby McGee*. I knew the song inside and out but my heart was racing and I had to hold myself in check until I picked up the beat. When I did, I held my arms straight out and tilted my head to the left while I waited for the first chorus. Then I let my body tell the story of the song. I didn’t even have to think about what I was doing; it was like I was on autopilot. Just as the last note faded, I bowed at my waist with my arms thrown back behind me and held the position until the next song started. This one was rock and roll and I leaped up on the second bar. Now I was shaking and swaying to the music trying to match the energy level of the band.

On and on it went, one song after another. All the while I wasn’t thinking about the moves I was making but I was conscious of how I looked to the people watching me. I looked down on myself dancing for them, my whole body exposed and open and beautiful the way it moved around the floor. When the last song finished, I went down to my knees and lowered my head, exhausted and panting, and for the first time I felt the sweat running down my face, chest, back, and legs. Every drop, every rivulet was felt as strongly as the rain in a thunderstorm. I could tell my hair was a tangled mess and I shook my head to get it off my face.

And as I knelt there, encircled by them, they cheered and clapped. Brian came over, pulled me to my feet, and I leaned against him because I was so tired. Beth and Kara came over and hugged me, not worrying about how the perspiration from my body was soaking into their clothes.

Beth and Kara pulled me away from Brian, telling him they were going to give me another bath and put me to bed. He just nodded and they led me upstairs to the master bath. As the tub filled, I sat on the floor and without thinking my hand went to my pussy. When I realized what I was doing, I told them I needed to masturbate and asked them if they would mind. It never crossed my mind to ask them to leave. Kara told me to go ahead so I inserted my fingers and played with myself, moaning with pleasure and not caring at all that they were watching. When the climax came, I threw my head back and let out a silent scream as I rubbed my clit furiously trying to prolong it as long as I could. Then they gave me a bath just as they had that morning and led me over to the bed.

When they tried to put me into the bed, I shook my head no. I didn’t want to be covered up with the blankets. Instead I curled up on the floor in one corner and was asleep before I knew it.

\* \* \*

Because I went to bed so early I was the first one up. The sun hadn’t come up yet but the morning sky was lightening and sunrise was imminent. Being quiet so as to not wake anyone, I found my purse on the chest of drawers and took it with me into the bathroom and used the toilet. The boys had brought toothbrushes back from the convenience store and someone had put them in the bathrooms. They were all opened because there wasn’t enough for everyone so I used one to brush my teeth, then washed my face and put on my make-up. I also darkened my nipples with red lipstick and enjoyed the feeling of them growing hard under my fingertip.

When I was ready, I went to the kitchen and looked out the window. For some reason, I opened the back door and climbed on the piled up snow so I could watch the sunrise while the cold air enveloped me. It had warmed up throughout the night and the temperature was already above freezing but not by much; the cold air was bracing and there was water dripping off the icicles hanging on the roof. I only stayed outside for about ten minutes as the sun came up over the tree line at the end of the back yard but it was glorious.

Back in the house I rubbed my body all over to warm up. Mary and Annabelle came down just as I was looking around to see what we had for breakfast and Annabelle suggested that we make eggs and toast for everyone. She found a large electric griddle that we could use to scramble the eggs and keep them warm after they were cooked. Mary suggested that I start on the toast for everyone. “We don’t want your bits and pieces burned by splattering oil,” she said laughing without any malice in her voice. I smiled at her and dug out the butter and started toasting the bread. Annabelle found a large bowl and the two of them cracked open three dozen eggs and then used a spatula to scramble them, adding some milk to the bowl as they went.

Mary cooked the eggs, constantly stirring them while I toasted and buttered a loaf of bread and Annabelle started a pot of coffee. As we worked, more and more people came down to get something to eat but when they saw what we were doing, they waited in the dining room. Annabelle got what was left of the jelly from the fridge and put out the paper plates and plastic knives and forks. When the eggs were ready, Mary unplugged the griddle and carried it to the dining room table, plugging it in again and turning it to the lowest setting. I had the toast piled up on two paper plates and carried them in. Everyone let us serve ourselves first because we had made the breakfast so I took a small scoop of eggs and a piece of toast down to the basement to eat.

Tom and Sally came down just as I was finishing. I don’t know what it was with Sally, but she just couldn’t help taking every opportunity for a snide comment. She had pretty much avoided me after I told her I was done with her stupid games but she couldn’t resist one more jab.

“Well, what kind of show are you going to put on for us today, slut?” she asked. “Going to show us how you play with yourself?”

Unbelievably, Tom jumped to my defense. “Leave her alone, Sally. Quit being a bitch.”

Sally turned around and went back upstairs in a huff leaving Tom standing there alone with me. “I’m sorry about that,” he said.

“No need to apologize. And thank you for what you just said.”

Brian came down right after that carrying his plate and asked what was going on. I told him it was nothing and he and Tom sat down on either side of me and ate their breakfasts. I was quiet as they ate, thinking about what Sally had said, even though she meant it mean-spiritedly, it had been kind of neat knowing that Kara and Beth were watching as I fingered myself to orgasm the night before because it increased my vulnerability. Knowing that they were seeing me satisfy a need that no one really talks about and certainly no one ever demonstrates for others was like sharing part of me with them. Although this had started as a test of wills between Sally and me, it was now all about my displaying my vulnerability to everyone, about being completely honest with them about who I was and what my needs were. As I imagined myself masturbating in front of everyone, I grew wet between my legs and my nipples hardened again. I excused myself, telling Brian that I would be right back and took my plate upstairs looking for Kara and Beth.

When I found them, I asked them to come with me and we found an empty bedroom where we could be alone while I talked with them. I explained what had just happened and how it made me feel. Then I asked them what they were thinking about as they watched me play with myself last night.

“I wasn’t embarrassed by it, if that’s what you’re asking,” offered Beth. “You were being you. You felt the need, which is natural and normal, especially considering the circumstances I would think.”

“It was being honest with us,” said Kara. “No barriers, no hidden agendas; just three girls together and one of them acting on her need and being generous enough to share it with us. You said last night that being naked made you feel inferior to the rest of us, but I think in many respects, you have demonstrated your superiority. The courage you have displayed and the honesty with which you have opened yourself up to the rest of us marks you as being better than us, not inferior.”

“But if you are going to do what I think you want to do, you need to explain it first so it won’t be misinterpreted. You need to put it in terms of this is who you are and this is what you need to do just like you did last night when we were talking. And don’t worry about anything. We have your back on this if you really want it.”

I got up off the bed where I had been sitting and hugged both of them while I thanked them for listening to me. Then I went back downstairs to find Brian. I felt I owed it to him to not take him by surprise by what I was about to do.

When I found him, I told him I needed to talk with him and he suggested we go upstairs. In the same bedroom where I talked with Beth and Kara, I told him about what happened when they took me up for my bath last night and all about what Sally had said this morning.

“So I think I need to do this in front of everyone. It’s like as long as only you, Beth, and Kara know about it, I’m keeping secrets from them and this weekend has been all about exposing my self; not just my body, but what’s going on inside my head, too. I need to share this part of me with everyone else. But I won’t do it if you don’t want me to and I won’t do it if I risk losing you because you took it the wrong way.”

“How do you think I would take it the wrong way?”

“That I’m just a tramp who needs to get off and doesn’t care how or when.”

“How many guys, including me, could you have slept with this weekend if you wanted to?”

“Pretty much any of them.”

“And did you?”

“No, you know I didn’t. If I had wanted that, it would have been you I asked, only you.”

“I know that. So how can you even think I would misunderstand what you are doing? Look, I love you more today then I did yesterday, and I am sure I will love you more tomorrow than today. But loving someone means you accept who they are, all of it, without trying to make her over into someone else. Because if you succeed at changing her, you may find that she is not the person you feel in love with.

“I understand you need to share this part of you with everyone. I can certainly understand, after last night, that being naked all of the time has you thinking about sex; maybe that’s just a natural consequence of everything else that has happened this weekend. But do you really need to do this? Look, I love you and nothing you do will change that, but I was brought up believing that sex is private, not public.”

“I don’t deny that being naked has me thinking about it, but not in the way Sally thought. I won’t deny that the idea of making love with you sounds really good right now, but her argument was premised on the belief that we don’t have enough will power to resist the urge. If you say you don’t want me to do this, I will understand and I will have the willpower to wait until we are alone, or at least I am. But this is more than that. I don’t have anything to hide behind anymore. What you see is what you get and what you’re seeing right now is someone who desires sexual gratification. Since that is who I am, part of getting rid of the roles that others expect me to play is not hiding stuff from anyone. Does that make any sense to you?”

“This is just one more barrier between you and the others that you want to remove. Did I get that right?”

“Perfectly,” I said as I leaned into him and turned my face up for a kiss. As our tongues danced with each other, I felt myself shudder, but in a good way. We went back downstairs holding each other’s hand and Brian called everyone over.

“Leah wants to say something,” he announced to the group.

“As you might imagine, this weekend has been quite an experience for me. I have opened myself up to all of you in a way that I never thought possible. And in doing so, I have learned several things. First, I have learned to trust you. It would have been easy for any of you to take pictures of me and ruin me by sending them to my family or others. I don’t believe that has happened and I thank you for that.

“But more importantly, I have learned to share myself with you and to not hide anything about myself. When you have asked me questions about how I felt, I have always answered it honestly and without any evasion. So some of you may have heard some of this, but for everyone else I need to say it again so everyone understands. What I have enjoyed most about this weekend is not being able to hide anything from you. I have made myself vulnerable to you; I have put myself in a position where it would have been easy for any of you to take advantage of that. And even if someone had taken advantage of me in some way, I think I would have continued because it is the fact that I am unable to keep my secrets from you that I have found so satisfying.

“I want you to know that I have enjoyed having you look at me. And I know that most of the guys have enjoyed looking, judging by the bulges in their jeans.” That got everyone laughing and I waited until it stopped to continue. “But there is one more thing that I have shared with only three of you and I think I need to share it with everyone or else I will feel that there is still a secret about me that you don’t know.

“This whole thing started over a debate between nudity and sex. I maintained that it was possible to be naked and refrain from intercourse. I want you to know that I am still a virgin and intend to remain that way for awhile. However, I will admit to the connection between being naked around clothed people and a certain level of sexual arousal.” Again everyone laughed, including me, and I waited for the laughter to peter out before I went on. “I know that my body has betrayed me over and over again this weekend as you saw fluid leaking from my vagina and run down my thigh or my nipples crinkle up and grow hard. No, let me change that, my body hasn’t betrayed me at all because that is who I am and it was simply showing you that I am a female and a sexual being. It demonstrated for you who I really am; it wasn’t an act of betrayal; it was an act of honesty and openness.

“So there is one more thing I need to do this weekend to complete the journey I have been on since Saturday night when I first stripped off my clothes and showed you my body. In many ways, that was an easier task than showing you my mind but as I have learned to trust you, you have helped make it easier for me to be even more honest about who and what I am. I am going to invite anyone who will be offended to go upstairs for a while because in a few minutes I am going to kneel down on the floor and masturbate myself to orgasm and perhaps do it many times if that is what I feel I need. By doing this I want to share with you the joy I feel about being a woman, about being completely female and completely truthful about my own needs and desires. Again, if you will be offended, you should leave now.”

I stood among them in complete silence. It only took Sally a moment to announce that she had no desire to see the slut fuck herself and she tromped upstairs in a huff. But she was the only one who left. I waited another minute or so then slowly sank to my knees and sat back on my heels. I opened my knees as wide as I could and used both hands on my breasts to rub them. They didn’t need much stimulation because as I was explaining what I was about to do, my body began preparing itself. I looked down at my open cunt and could see the moisture already glistening on its light pink inner lips. My right hand went to my pussy as my left continued massaging my breast. As my finger slipped inside me, I moaned in pleasure.

I wanted to see them see me so I kept my eyes open and turned my head to see as many of them as possible. I used my finger to slowly circle my clit, barely touching it so I could stretch this out as long as possible. Within moments the pleasure I was feeling began to build and I moaned out loud again as if I was urging my finger to go faster. I forced myself to slow down and relaxed my body as I put my left hand on the floor behind me so I could lean back and lift my pelvis up into my hand cupping my pussy. It felt so good that I forgot about the people watching me as I rubbed my button.

Now my body was jerking around a little, as if it was trying to find a position that would maximize my pleasure. I felt as if a heat source was positioned inside my vagina and was radiating outward through my skin. By then I could no longer hold back and I brought my self to orgasm, crying out with pleasure as I continued playing with myself throughout the climax.

It seemed to last an eternity but it eventually passed all the way through me as I continued twitching and shaking. I did not stop there, however, and kept rubbing my clit but now I had a second finger inside me to speed up my next orgasm. Without removing my fingers, I laid down backwards with the back of my thighs lying on top of my calves. This stretched me and forced my pussy to open even more as my butt was still resting on my heels, keeping my hips and pussy elevated off the floor. Suddenly I cried out and shook my head resting on the floor back and forth as the second orgasm washed over me. If anything, this one lasted longer than the first and I felt my hips jerking upward as I arched my back so much that the top of my head was almost touching the floor.

I still wasn’t satisfied so I continued masturbating. I was no longer aware of the people around me. Even my body did not feel the floor beneath me. All I could feel was my clit being rubbed with my finger and the waves of pleasure washing over me, pounding me, like the surf pounds the beach. I had lost all track of time but it couldn’t have been more than a few seconds before I reached my third climax. This one was the strongest and longest yet and I bucked and my body shook, somehow trying to deny that I could feel this much pleasure. It went on and on as I thrashed about, my hand pressed deep into my pussy to keep my fingers inside me.

Finally it was over but still I shook and twitched on the floor. I rolled over on my side and extended my legs relaxing the strain on my hamstrings caused by having my legs doubled up underneath me. I just lay there quietly, reliving the orgasm in my mind.

No one bothered me or disturbed me in any way. I don’t know how long they stood around me watching me but I could sense, almost as if it was in the far distance, that they began to disburse. Brian knelt down beside me and touched my cheek with his hand. I finally acknowledged him by turning my head so I could look up at him.

“My God, I thought you were going to die there for a minute.”

“No,” I whispered, smiling, “if that kind of pleasure could kill us, the human race would have been extinct long ago.”

He helped me to my feet and I told him I needed a shower. By his look, he asked me if I wanted him to come with me, but I shook my head no.

As I let the hot water pour over me, I reflected on everything that had happened to me so far. I looked back on my experience not with shame or humiliation but with pride; pride that I was strong enough to strip myself in front of everyone, pride that I didn’t play games and showed everyone who I really was, pride that I had satisfied Brian and he had satisfied me without hesitation or reservation, and finally pride that I had been able to tear away the last and most intimate veil of secrecy that left me totally exposed to twenty couples. Then I washed my hair and scrubbed my body, dried myself off, redid my face and nipples, and was going to go back downstairs to see if there were any consequences from my performance.

But I found everyone in the living room gathered around the picture window cheering and laughing. I asked someone at the back of the crowd what was happening and they said the plows had gone by while I was in the shower. A couple of the boys were at the end of the driveway digging out the snow that had been pushed into the drive by the plows. It took about an hour and half for them to move all of the snow to the sides of the drive. As they came back up the drive, everyone went to get their things and go home. I watched from the window as car after car pulled out. Finally there were just four of us; Brian, Tom, Sally, and me.

“Well, do you concede?” I asked her.

The look of hatred on her face was almost too much to look at and I wondered if she was going to have a seizure she was so angry.

“Not until you prove you’re still a virgin,” she spat out at me.

I grabbed her hand and pulled her into the kitchen, telling Brian to get me an old rag. I grabbed a spatula with a long round handle from a drawer and took the rag Brian had brought to me.

“I’m going to break my hymen now and when I bleed, you will have to admit I’m still a virgin. As much as I would like Brian to be the one to do it sometime in the future, I’ll do it myself right now if that’s what it takes to prove it to you. I’ll even let you suck the blood from my pussy, you witch, if that’s what you want.”

She grabbed Tom’s hand and pulled him from the kitchen. I heard the door slam, their car start up, and watched from the picture window as they pulled out of the drive. Just as they reached the road, another car was pulling in and the second car stopped to let Sally and Tom out.

“Oh my God,” I cried. “It’s your parents. Quick, get my clothes.”

Brian ran out to the garage and got my bag from his trunk. He was unzipping it and pulling out my clothes as he ran back in. I threw them on and had just pulled the sweater over my head as the door opened. If they hadn’t taken the time to get their luggage from the trunk, they would have found me standing in their living room in my bra and panties.

It felt so strange to be standing there in clothes as we greeted them. I felt the urge to rip them off my body so I could once again be free to be myself but I knew that my extraordinary weekend was over. Brian quickly told them how twenty-two of us had been snowed in all weekend and that they could expect to see a rather large charge on their credit card from the convenience store on the next bill. Then he said he needed to take me home. I got my dress from the guest room and my purse from upstairs and put on my jacket while Brian warmed up his car.

We didn’t talk about the weekend during the drive, but about the future. He would be leaving in a few months for Ann Arbor and I asked him if I could come for a visit some time.

“Of course. If we’re going to be going there together the year after next, you need to get the lay of the land,” he said with a big grin on his face.

“Can I stay in your room when I come?”

“Sure, most of the dorms at U of M are co-ed anyway. That shouldn’t be any problem at all.”

We were quiet for a few minutes then I told him I had one more question. He said to go ahead and ask.

“Can I remain naked all weekend when I come?”

**Part 2 - My Naked Week**

The first day we were back in school after the snowstorm was Wednesday. I had spent Saturday evening, all day Sunday, and most of Monday at Brian’s house naked with twenty other couples after the snowstorm made the roads impassable. Brian couldn’t wait to tell me what happened after he took me home and returned to his house. We didn’t have any classes together because he was a senior about to graduate and I was only a junior so I had to wait until lunch to hear all about it.

He told us that his parents grilled him about what went on while they were stuck in San Francisco. He explained that the snowstorm hadn’t really started when the prom ended so everyone came over for the party just the way he had planned. It wasn’t until later that he realized that everyone was stranded there. His parents asked him about sex and he told them that while he couldn’t watch everyone all the time, the girls slept in the bedrooms and the boys downstairs. As far as he knew, they might have been some making out, but he wasn’t aware of any sex.

So his parents then checked all of the sheets looking for semen stains and went though the trash looking for beer bottles and used condoms. It wasn’t until they completed their search that they apologized and said they believed him.

Sally on the other hand was busy telling everyone at school what a tramp I was. According to the terms of our bet, she was supposed to apologize to me in health class and admit she was wrong. Of course she didn’t apologize, nor did she admit that I had proven her wrong. What she did instead was spread stories about me and what happened that weekend. Unfortunately for me, most of her stories were factual. However, unknown to me, Brian had talked with everyone else who was there, including Sally’s boyfriend Tom, and every single one of them agreed to repudiate Sally’s stories. Then the paper picked up on the rumors and ran a story about the teenage orgy that occurred during the snowstorm.

Brian’s parents wrote a letter to the editor that explained their actions when they got home, including their search for evidence of alcohol consumption or sex. They wrote that they searched the trash and examined the laundry for any sign of wrong doing and found nothing. They also demanded that their letter be printed on the front page beside a retraction or their attorneys would be contacting them about the libel suit. The letter and retraction were published on the front page of the next issue and the paper attributed the error to a disturbed girl who had just broken up with her boyfriend.

Tom had called the editor after the story appeared and told him that he had just dumped Sally because her right wing Christian extremism was driving them apart. It also helped that everyone else who was there phoned the paper after the story appeared and denied it. Just one picture from anyone would have been enough to disprove our story but none ever surfaced and I took that as a sign that the trust I placed in my friends was justified. So Sally was branded as a shrew and a liar. Her social life in that town was over. In fact, instead of coming back for her senior year, she went to live with an aunt in Minnesota and graduated from high school there in a move arranged by her parents.

Obviously, my parents questioned me both before and after the story. I faced my first interrogation after Brian dropped me off. I told them about a lot of stuff that happened, like Brian and some others wading through the snow to get us food, and the effort everyone made to dig out the driveway. I also told them that I didn’t have intercourse with Brian, which was true, and that I wasn’t aware of any other couple that made love while we were there. Then after the article was published, I had to go through the whole thing again.

About a week after the first article, the newspaper arranged to interview everyone who was there and ran another article a few days later about how we got through our ordeal without panicking. The article concluded with praise for the parents of the teenagers at the party for raising us to be the responsible and moral adults of tomorrow. I was a little worried about the interviews because I knew they would catch any little inconsistency but actually it turned out pretty well. Nobody really had to lie about anything so everybody’s stories matched pretty closely. They just had to omit the fact that I was naked the whole time and not say anything about the things I had done.

After the second article, the trust our parents had in us rose exponentially and to our credit, none of us involved in the party tried to abuse it. I guess that’s what made my naked week possible later that summer.

So now I will fast forward to the end of July. Brian is going to leave for college in about four weeks as are many of the other seniors who were at the party. I have about five weeks before my senior year of high school begins. Brian’s parents have to go to Europe for ten days for their business leaving Brian alone at the house. So he asks his parents if he can have some friends stay with him that week as a last get together before they go to different schools around the state and in two cases, to California and Massachusetts. Brian doesn’t try to scam them; he tells them that he wants to invite four other couples and me.

Brian’s parents are a little unsure so they call the parents of the other teens and ask them to come over to the house one evening with their kids. They present Brian’s proposal and discuss it with the other parents while we are all sitting there listening. Brian’s mother almost clinched it when she said she believed Brian about no sex and no booze. Then she went on to say that in just a few weeks all of the kids but me would be off to college and free to engage in whatever behavior they chose, and she believed that all of us recognized that there were consequences to our actions. She went on to argue that since they were going to lose supervision of most of us in another few weeks anyway, they had to decide if they wanted to treat us as children for a short time or recognize that we were adults now and treat us that way.

Then my dad spoke. “For all of you, I can understand your argument and I would agree with it if Leah were also leaving for college. But she isn’t. Yes, she is eighteen but she is still our responsibility. I’m not sure I can agree to this.”

Brian was going to say something but I put my hand on his arm to stop him and spoke instead. “Dad, I won’t lie to you, Brian and I have talked about having sex before and there were times when it was mighty tempting like during the snowstorm. But I am still a virgin and I promise you that if you let me do this, I will return a virgin. We’ve agreed to wait for sex exactly because of the consequences Mrs. McNally mentioned a few minutes ago. And if you don’t agree that I can spend the nights here like everyone else, I would still be spending my days here and just commuting early in the morning and late at night. Brian and I only have a few more weeks together before he leaves and we want to spend as much of it together as we can. But spending time together and having sex are not synonymous. Whatever you decide, I will of course honor your decision, but I hope you will let me do this.”

And that was the speech that clinched the deal. My mother put her hand on my father’s cheek and told him that she trusted me and that I hadn’t done anything to deserve their distrust. She said that it would be a shame if they punished me for something I might do instead of something I already did. My father nodded and agreed that it was okay.

The next day, the ten of us met at the park to make plans. Brian was going to load up on groceries for the week and wanted to find out what people liked and disliked. He also explained that he promised his parents no sex and that meant no intercourse. The boys would share two bedrooms and the girls the other two, including the master bedroom with its own bath. If that wasn’t acceptable, they should not come. He went on to acknowledge that anything short of intercourse was okay as long as it was kept private. Then he looked at me to continue the discussion.

I said, “It is my intention to remain naked the entire week but once again, and I know I probably don’t need to say this, no pictures that could leak out and cause embarrassment to me or my family. I don’t know if any of you have considered trying it but I would suggest to you that it takes a particular frame of mind to get through it. I had to because of my bet with Sally and my refusal to let her win so I had a strong motivation. But if you do decide you want to do it, I ask that you do as I will do and have your clothes locked up the entire week. If it is something that you can jump in and out of based on your mood, then it turns it into something without real value. At least, that’s the way I see it. So, is anyone else in?”

Kara looked around at everyone and spoke for the group. “No, I don’t think so. You will be the only one. I told you how much I admired what you were doing the last time but that doesn’t mean I want to emulate it. While you are comfortable like that because you believe that being vulnerable and completely open is a good outcome for you, I’m not sure that any of us have reached the point where we could duplicate your outlook.”

“I understand. There is just one more thing then. Brian and I will respect the privacy rule for anything we do together, just as you will. But I must be allowed to do things to myself when we are together. If the need is upon me, I will not hide it from you. Agreed?”

They all agreed so we made plans to meet at Brian’s house at about eight in the morning the day after his parents leave for Europe, two days from then. I could feel the excitement building in me knowing that I was once again going to be nude around everyone and have to be completely open about what I was feeling. It was such a relief for me not to have to hide anything from anyone, not having to pretend to be the same as everyone that I could barely wait for the day to arrive. The night before, while I was packing, my mother came up to my room to see me.

“Leah, I meant what I said at the McNally’s about trusting you, but I think your father assumed that I meant it in the same way he did. You are a beautiful and intelligent young woman and if you decide to make love with Brian, I won’t think any less of you. What I wanted to say, and couldn’t in front of your father, was that I trusted you to give yourself to someone you love and who loves you in return, not just for the experience of having sex, but because you really wanted to share your love in a physical way. I don’t think you are too young to make that decision, and I just wanted you to know that.”

I was crying by the time she finished. I threw my arms around her neck and hugged her just like I did when I was a little girl. “Mom,” I said pulling away from her, “someday I may tell you about the snowstorm and about this week, but the one thing I can tell you now is that Brian and I are not ready yet. I think we will be soon, and when it happens, you will be the first person I tell. But even if I wanted to, I promised Dad and I won’t break that promise. And thank you for everything. I know I don’t say it as often as I used to but I love you.”

She nodded and left me alone to finish packing.

The next morning my father drove me to Brian’s. Before I got out of the car, he kissed my forehead and told me to have a good time. I got out and took my bag from the back seat, waved to him, and ran up to the front door. Brian was there to greet me and gave me a huge hug, lifting my feet off the ground as my father pulled away. I had wanted to be the last to arrive so that they could watch me undress because I thought it important that they see me as I shed my clothes and my pretenses with them. Brian carried my bag downstairs to the basement where everyone was waiting.

Kara was still with Zeb, but Beth was dating Tom, Sally’s old boyfriend. The other two couples were Robin, who I had been friends with since we were in the Brownies and her boyfriend Shane, and Terri and Heater. His real name was Heathrow but other than an occasional teacher who didn’t know any better, everyone had called him Heater since grade school. “Well, are you ready, Leah?” Brian asked.

“I have been ready for this since the snowstorm. I never expected that I would have another chance so soon.” Everyone sat down on the floor in a semi-circle and I stood in front of them and started removing my clothes. Unlike last time, however, when I moved slowly and stalled as much as I could, this time I fairly tore them from my body. It took me less than a minute to get naked and as soon as I was, I stretched like a cat waking from a nap. I lifted my arms straight up as far as I could while I stood on my toes and I felt the way it pulled my breasts taut and flattened them against my chest. I stretched my legs back behind me one at a time and felt the muscles pulling and loosening up. I stood straight up and twisted from side to side as I felt the stiffness ooze out of me. I was even more aware of the feeling of the rug on the soles of my feet. Once again I was free and it felt terrific. I knelt down facing them and sat back on my heels with my knees spread so that my slit was plainly visible. I had stopped shaving a week after the snowstorm and now I used a hair removal lotion to keep my pussy bald. Brian put my clothes and shoes in my bag and took it upstairs to lock it in the trunk of his car.

“Leah, your nipples! What did you do to them?” asked Beth.

My nipples were a deep reddish brown, almost mahogany color. Naturally, they are pale pink, barely distinguishable from my skin. “Well, I really liked the way they looked when they were darker but coloring them every day when no one else would see them but me seemed kind of stupid. Plus the color comes off on the bra cups and I was worried my mom might ask about it when she saw my bras in the laundry. So I found a better way. There is some non-toxic dye that people use for temporary tattoos and I have spent a couple of weeks rubbing some in every night after using a blow dryer to open the pores so the dye would soak in before drying. If I stopped completely, they’d go back to their original color in a few months. I’m at the point now where I’ll only color them every couple of weeks to keep them this shade. It really makes them stand out, don’t you think?

“They’re lovely, Leah, but if the goal is to not hide your real self, isn’t it cheating?”

“No more so than when you put the lipstick on them the first time or the fact that I still wear make-up on my face when I’m naked. But this is really more about vanity than anything else. I like them better now that they stand out. I want people to see them and this makes it possible, well, at least easier.”

“You really do take joy in being naked around us, don’t you?” Terri asked.

“Oh, yeah. This is the most wonderful feeling I know.”

“When you made that speech before you masturbated the last time, I wasn’t sure if you really meant it or were just saying it to rationalize your behavior.”

“That first night was hard, and thinking about it after that weekend, I probably had lots of other ways I could have dealt with Sally. I certainly didn’t have to offer to strip to win a debate with her. But I think that I was trying to be so many different things to so many people, that it was driving me nuts. My subconscious was fighting against all the roles I felt I had to play. I felt I had to be one way at school for the teachers and another way at work. I have one role for my parents and a different one for Brian and still another for classmates. Look, you guys are probably better at balancing all that stuff than I am and it was driving me crazy. There were nights when I cried myself to sleep wondering why I couldn’t just be me and if people disapproved, so be it. I think some of it also came from being more cut off from you guys after my accident. Because now that I was in different classes, I didn’t see you as much and we didn’t talk as much. So a lot of my support was missing.

“That’s when my subconscious came up with an ingenious solution. If I was naked in front of everyone, I could shed my roles with my clothes and just be myself. I did some research on dreams and when you dream that you are naked in public it means you are hiding something about yourself but you want to share it with others. And since your subconscious controls your dreams, it seems to me that it was trying to teach me about myself, but instead of using a dream, it used real life. Maybe this is all bull but I feel it is close to the truth, at least as far as it relates to me. I’m not sure that I could even have this conversation with you if I was wearing clothes. That’s how much being naked frees me.”

Kara jumped in at that point. “Before we go too far afield, can we come back to your tits for a moment? Does using the dye on them change the texture? Do they feel the same to the touch?”

“You’ve felt them before. Come over here and touch them now and you tell me.”

Brian returned and joined the others sitting across from me as she crawled forward on her hands and knees and reached out to touch one of them. Her touch was cool and gentle and as soon as she made contact with the nipple, it crinkled and became very hard.

“Wow, it feels perfectly natural and look how fast it reacted to my touch.”

“Anyone else want to touch them?” I asked.

To my delight, they all said yes. I spent the next ten minutes having my nipples rubbed by nine people as they sat cross-legged in front of me. Even Kara had a second helping. It was fun and when it was over, we were all laughing. Also, I was leaking as I got felt up by everyone and I wasn’t sure how long I could hold out against my need for an orgasm.

Then Brian said he had the perfect game to play with a naked girl and asked if anyone was interested. We all agreed so he got up and went to a closet. When I saw what he brought back I jumped up clapping my hands and laughing. It was Twister. He hadn’t told me that he was going to do that but I had to agree; it is the perfect game to play with a naked girl. It’s also the perfect game to play if you are a naked girl and want to show off your body to others in every position imaginable. Before we began, Brian announced that he had a prize in mind for the winner.

So for the next two hours we played with the winner playing the next game. Being shorter than everyone, I had a distinct advantage because I could keep my balance better in tight spaces but what was so great about it was that every time I came in contact with someone else I could feel their clothes rubbing against my bare skin so it was a constant reminder of my nudity in a tactile way instead of just a visual one. The other thing I loved about it was that every part of my body was exposed to them. I found myself in positions where my ass, pussy, and breasts were all prominently on display at one time or another.

The other advantage I had was that it was probably a little disconcerting for them to play with someone who was naked. I won a couple of early games because they were afraid of touching me inappropriately but I cured them of that by making sure that I touched them inappropriately, so after awhile, they stopped worrying about it and just had fun. Once I had one of the guys leg between mine so my pussy was rubbing up against his thigh. Another time, the situation was a little different because I had my forearm rubbing another guy’s crotch as I reached for a spot. I lost one game when Brian copped a quick feel of my pussy while we were moving and his touch was so electric that I jumped and fell off one of my spots.

I probably spent half of the two hours playing and that was fine with me and them because when they weren’t playing they got to watch a naked girl contort her body into strange positions. And I got to have everyone staring at me as I moved to get to the next spot while rubbing them with my naked body.

Brian had been keeping score of how many games each of us won and I was far ahead when we decided to call it quits. As Heater put the game away, Brian asked me if I was ready for my prize. I told him that of course I was so he went back to the closet. He got out a huge beach towel and a couple of plastic bottles. He spread the towel out on the floor and told me to lie face down on it. I stretched out on the towel and waited for what was coming next. This was another one of his surprises that he hadn’t shared with me.

“You are now going to get a massage by eight people at once. Girls kneel down on the right side, boys on the left. Here is a bottle of massage oil for each side. You get thirty minutes this way then we flip you over and do thirty minutes with you on your back. I will be the official timekeeper. Okay, you can start now.”

I had a sudden thought. “Wait. Brian, if someone else had won, would he or she have had to strip for a massage?”

“No, I had something else in mind for a prize if anyone else won. But this is what I had in mind for you and I had faith that you would come through, honey.”

“Thank you. I love you, you know.”

“I most certainly do know and by the way, I love you, too. Gentlemen and ladies, you may begin.”

I had never had a massage before so I don’t know how good they were compared to a spa massage, but I was in heaven for the next hour as eight pairs of hands massaged every muscle in my body. At first I marveled at what good friends I had. Here were four girls who were not only allowing their boyfriends to put their hands all over a naked girl but they were also taking part in it. After the snowstorm it took me some time to realize that one of the most amazing things about the experience was the complete lack of jealousy that weekend. I don’t know if everyone in that larger group would have put up with this but among the ten of us there was not one instance that I could point to where anyone expressed an objection to anything they or their boyfriend or girlfriend was asked to do and many were far more intimate than anything we did on my first naked weekend. And that included Brian who not only was allowing four other guys to feel me up, but actually suggested it.

Then I had to stop thinking and just enjoy the feeling of all those hands rubbing the oil into my body. I felt my legs pulled open so that they could reach the inside of my thighs. Other hands were on my shoulders and back and calves. The two at my feet, Shane and Robin spent a lot of time massaging the soles of my feet and I giggled because some of it really tickled. After thirty minutes, Brian told me to turn over and now I was face up with my breasts and pussy available and they took full advantage of my exposure, even the girls.

All too soon, Brian called time again. Everyone stood up and Brian helped me to my feet. He told everyone that they could take turns washing the oil off their hands in the restroom but now it was his turn. He picked up the beach towel and wrapped me up in it then rubbed me all over to remove the excess oil. He took his time and by the time he finished everyone was back and I was so turned on that my pussy was like Niagara Falls it was leaking so much.

I sat down on the couch and spread my legs. Then I masturbated while they watched me. When my orgasm hit me, I moaned softly and my body quivered for a long time after it was over. When I recovered, Brian suggested we go upstairs for lunch. I washed my hands at the kitchen sink and the other girls and I made sandwiches and poured sodas for everyone. The guys were seated at the table already and we gave them theirs and went back to the kitchen for our own. We sat around the table eating and sharing funny stories from high school. Other than the fact that I was naked and had just masturbated while everyone watched, we were like any other group of teenagers hanging out.

“So what would you like to do after lunch?” Brian asked.

Everyone came up with suggestions, and then Tom asked if we would like to play some football in the backyard. It was a gorgeous day, about seventy-five degrees and sunny with a little breeze, so everyone quickly agreed. The game was two-hand touch anywhere and Heater, Brian, Beth, Robin, and I were one team. There wasn’t another neighbor within a half mile of Brian’s house so we didn’t worry about privacy.

So for the next two hours, I got to run around naked in the sunshine getting mauled by my friends. Sometimes the two hand touch got a little energetic and we often ended up in piles rolling around in the grass laughing like crazy. Pretty soon we stopped keeping score because we got so caught up in having fun playing that the score wasn’t important.

When we decided to stop, everyone was dirty and sweaty so the next stop would be the showers. The boys let us go first so we headed to the master bedroom. The shower was huge, easily big enough for three, a little cramped with four, and five made it impossible to bend over.

Then I had an idea. “Hey, listen; there is something I want to do for you. The massage you gave me was so great; I want to pay you back. How about if I take two of you at a time into the shower and wash you? That will save some hot water for the boys compared to five showers and it gives me a chance to treat you after what you did for me. Beth and Kara quickly agreed but I noticed that Terri was holding back a little. Beth and Kara stripped off their clothes and we got in the shower together. I pulled them away from the spray and lathered up bath sponge and went back and forth first doing one part of one then the same part of the other. I didn’t linger at their breasts or pussies because I didn’t want to give them the wrong idea and Terri and Robin were watching me wash them. Maybe if it had just been the three of us, I might have done it differently but sensing Terri’s discomfort with the idea made me cautious.

Beth and Kara got out of the shower and Terri and Robin came in. I did Robin all over first to show Terri that everything was okay. When it was Terri’s turn, she was a little tense but she relaxed a little after I finished scrubbing her and she got out. Then I washed myself, turned the water off, and dried myself off. All together, the five of us had only taken about fifteen minutes in the shower. It would have been longer if we had to wash our hair, of course, but we all settled for a thorough rinse to save time and hot water.

Kara told the boys that the shower was ready and we took turns fixing each other’s hair while the four of them were wrapped in towels. Of course, I discarded mine as soon as I was dry. Just a little make-up on my face and I was ready to face the world again. Well, maybe not the world because I was naked, but at least ready to face my friends feeling clean and refreshed.

I went downstairs while the other girls were getting dressed and the boys were showering. I waited in the kitchen and pretty soon everyone had joined me there. Brian was the last to arrive, half way grumbling that maybe it was a good thing that he had to take a cold shower with me running around naked. I laughed so hard I almost fell down when he said it. Then he asked what we wanted for dinner.

That’s when Terri took charge. She shooed the boys down to the basement, telling them to watch sports or play video games or do whatever boys do when they are alone. She took a quick look through the fridge and freezer, found everything she wanted, and started giving us directions about what to do.

An hour and a half later we called the boys up from the basement and served them salad, rare London Broil, garlic mashed potatoes and gravy, and creamed spinach. The food was delicious which surprised and delighted everyone but Heater who already knew what a marvel Terri was in the kitchen.

“So Leah, explain something to me,” said Robin. “I did some research on dominance and submission for my AP psychology class and you seem to fit the classic submissive profile. Role confusion, enforced nudity, and the desire to please are all indicators of a submissive personality. I’m a little surprised by the fact that you don’t act more submissive, or even slavishly. How do you manage to keep from crossing that line?”

“I’ve done research on that and exhibitionism myself since that weekend just to help me understand myself better. First, with submissiveness, I don’t think I could do that for a couple of reasons. I put myself in this position so I could feel good about myself, to get rid of the pretense and let people see the real me. If I gave others the control and let them put me in this position, I would feel shame and humiliation. I did feel a little humiliation the first time, but it passed pretty quickly and I really don’t feel that anymore. As for shame, I don’t think that is a good thing to feel and don’t want any part of it. Also, the key is for me to be me, to let you see me just as I am. In a submissive role, I would have to be what my dominant wanted me to be and that would defeat the purpose of exposing my self to you. And by expose, I don’t just mean my body; I also mean my feelings and thoughts. When I masturbated earlier today, it was because I felt the need very strongly and did not want to hide that need from anyone. But as a submissive, I could have been denied the right by my dominant to masturbate, thereby hiding my true feelings and needs.

“As for exhibitionism, my understanding is that it is a disorder only when it interferes with other life activities. It’s broken into two categories; indecent exposure when the intent is harmful to others, like a guy flashing his genitals to little girls, or non-harmful. Obviously, I don’t have any intent to harm anyone here with my nakedness and it certainly has not interfered with any of my life’s activities. By that, I mean avoiding doing something that is required in order to expose by body. For example, if I took a job at a strip club in order to satisfy my need to exhibit myself, and as a result my grades suffered and I was forced to drop out of school, then you can say that it is interfering with life’s activities.

“So what is left? Well, I am a girl who enjoys being looked at obviously because if I didn’t, I wouldn’t be doing this. And the feedback I get from all of you, even you girls, but especially the guys, is that you like looking. Naked women, no matter how homely, almost always have some appeal to men because they are hardwired in the brain that way. But we also appeal to women. I’m sure you have seen paintings of naked women, sometimes with men around like Luncheon on the Grass. Did the women in those painting appeal to you? Did you see them as beautiful? If you are honest with yourselves you probably said yes because there is something erotically beautiful about a naked woman around clothed men. At the same time, you all know that I love Brian and don’t represent a threat to any of your relationships, so it makes it easier for you to accept me this way. Does that help?”

Robin agreed that it did, and then Terri asked a question. “What about sex? Doesn’t being naked all the time increase your arousal and your need for sex?”

“It most certainly does!” and everyone laughed hard and long. When the laughter died down, I went on. “I’m pretty sure that I feel aroused more often than you girls do because I am nude and you are not. In some ways, Sally was right; there is a connection between nudity and arousal. But where I disagreed with her was in the outcome. It was her belief that intercourse would be inevitable in this type of situation and I think that is rather sad because it means she believes that we don’t have the willpower to deny ourselves things that we want even if they may harm us. I believe that people are better than that; I believe that we can control our desires and act in our best interest even when we want something different. In that way, I believe that I am more optimistic about people in general than she is. And I’ll tell you what is interesting about that. Robin, isn’t it true that people believe that everyone is like them? That dishonest people think everyone is dishonest and honest people think everyone is honest?”

“Yes, all the research suggests that is true. It is the fundamental basis for the tests retailers give applicants to see if they will be conscientious employees. And it works for lots of things, not just stealing money or merchandise. It also applies to things like getting to work on time and not calling in sick when you are well. It applies to working hard instead of trying to avoid working hard while on the clock. There are a lot of other applications besides those.”

“So can we assume that Sally, because of her belief about others, may be incapable of controlling her own behavior in sexual situations?”

“I would say that is probably correct.”

“So getting back to Terri’s question, Brian and I have pleased each other but we have never had intercourse because we both believe it is not in our best interests at this time. Last night my mother came to see me. You won’t believe what she told me but the essence was that if I felt I was ready to make love with Brian, I had her blessing. Can you believe that?”

It got very quiet around the table for a few minutes as people digested what I had just said.

Then Terri asked another question and I felt good when she asked because it showed she was opening up. “In the shower earlier today, was there anything sexual about that?”

“Maybe a little but that is only because all of you girls have great bodies. They are warm and soft, and curved, and beautiful; not like all the sharp angles and pointy things the guys have.”

I was going to go when the chuckling tailed off but Kara jumped in before me and cracked everyone up. “It looks like you have a couple of pointy things of your own there, Leah.”

“Yeah, but mine are generally softer, not all hard and stiff like the guys,” I quickly added so everyone could hear before the laughter got out of control. When the laughter died down again, I went on. “To really answer Terri’s question, being naked makes me more aware of my sexuality. I can not help thinking about myself as a sexual being when I am naked and the rest of you are dressed. In fact, I would say that it is on my mind almost constantly. And if that is who I am, a sexual being, and it takes me being naked to show you that, then it is a good thing I am naked.

“Let me ask you a question, and I’m going to phrase this as a hypothetical because I really don’t want to upset anyone. Just suppose that I told you I was going to go up to one of the bedrooms and wait. If any of you came in the room, I would perform oral sex on you. First, would you come up to the room and second, how would you feel if your partner came up? Oh, and Brian, if you’re not the first one to haul your ass up to the room, you’re in real trouble. But for you, how would you feel about me doing that to anyone else?”

I was so proud of Brian because he answered right away without thinking first. “Leah, you have enough love in you for the whole world and if that’s what you wanted to do, I wouldn’t feel threatened or upset by it. I am so secure with your love that I know beyond doubt that I will always have that special place in your heart; that I will always be the one you love first, and if you wanted to share that love by doing what you suggest, not only would I not object, but I would encourage anyone else to go up to the room. But just to be clear, you’re just talking about the people in this room, not the population in general, correct?”

“Yes, just you guys. No one else would be part of this. Beth, would you do it?”

“To answer the first part, I think I would. Not because I want to make love with you and not because I ever fantasized about making it with a woman, because I never have. But because it is your way of sharing and it might hurt you if I didn’t let you share. For the second part, if Tom went up, I think that would be okay, too. I’m not worried that he would dump me for you just because you gave him a blow job because he and I know you would never leave Brian for him. But it would be alright for exactly the same reason I would go myself, because you would see it as a way of sharing yourself with him.”

“Well, before any one else answers, you can think about it because it’s not going to happen tonight and probably won’t happen ever. But right now, I want to dance with my guy. Who else is coming with me?”

We didn’t get to dance right away, because Terri told the guys that since the girls cooked, they would have to do the dishes and clean up. So the five of us went down to the basement while the guys stayed upstairs to put leftovers away and clean the kitchen.

Beth turned on the music and we sat cross-legged in a circle while we waited for the guys and Terri asked me if Beth was right, if doing what I proposed was my way of sharing.

“If I did offer it, I think she’s right. But I worry that it might hurt our friendship if I did say I would do it. Look, did every one have fun today?” Everyone nodded so I finished the thought. “I did too. It was a wonderful day, one of the best of my life. And I don’t want to put more days like today in jeopardy. You guys are too important to me for me to do something that might hurt your feelings.”

“Okay, enough of this serious stuff,” Kara said. “I’ve never danced with a naked girl and it has always been near the top of my must do list, so Leah, let’s dance.”

We all laughed again and as I stood up to I thought about how much laughter we shared today. It really was one of the best days of my life. I was naked and free to be me and having fun with my best friends. How could it get any better than this?

Kara and I danced while the other three danced together and when the song ended, Robin cut in, and then it was Beth’s turn after that. I wondered if Terri would dance with me when the next song started. I put it out of my mind and just let the music carry me away as it directed my body how to move. At the same time, I was so aware of every part of my body, my breasts, and stomach, and shoulders, hips, and legs and how they felt as they shook and swayed. When the song ended, Terri piped up with “My turn,” and I danced with her. I tried to watch her face and she was smiling as she watched my nude body move around. Everything that had been bothering me about Terri’s reaction in the shower melted away and I knew that everything would be okay. She was the reason I proposed a hypothetical instead of actually offering, well, Brian too because while I thought I new what his reaction would be, I wasn’t positive. But he had confirmed everything I loved about him; that there wasn’t a selfish bone in his body. We danced to a few more songs then sat down in the circle again to talk while we waited for the guys.

Kara noticed the change in Terri also and asked her about it. “You look liked you’ve had an epiphany,” she told Terri.

“Yeah, I suppose I have.” “Want to tell us about it?”

“Maybe later. Is it enough to know that what was bothering me isn’t bothering me anymore?”

“That’s plenty good enough for me,” I told her. “It looked like a weight had been lifted. I’m happy it has and I don’t really need to know what it was to be happy about it.”

“But you can probably guess, can’t you?”

“Yeah, probably, at least two things come to mind that might have a high probability. But it’s enough that you’re free of whatever was troubling you.”

“No, I guess I do need to share. You were troubling me but it really wasn’t you, it was me. I guess I’ve been so cynical lately that I had trouble believing that with you, what you see is what you get. And I guess because we can see so much,” she said giggling, “it was hard for me to believe that you could share that much without some ulterior motive. I was in a place where facts didn’t matter, it was all about perception. But finally the facts sank in and the perception changed. Make sense?”

Everyone understood.

“So let’s try another hypothetical,” I proposed to the group. “Suppose I came to you and asked you to get me off? Would you do it?”

“Let me answer that one,” Terri started. “This morning, I would have run away screaming. But tonight, I think yes, I would do that for you if you asked.”

“Tongue or finger?” Beth asked her.

“Beth, don’t push it. It’s enough that she said yes,” I said.

But Terri wasn’t going to be denied. “Beth, whatever she asked for.”

After that, we got a lot less serious and the conversation could best be described as girl talk. Just the five of us sitting around talking about the guys, hair styles and make-up, clothes, and anything else we wanted to share, except of course that they were dressed and I was nude.

Finally the boys came down and I was able to dance with Brian. It felt so good for him to hold me that I just went limp in his arms. I didn’t even notice the other couples dancing with us. We didn’t talk as we danced because the love in his embrace said everything I wanted to hear and I think he was feeling the same thing. The music changed to rock and roll and reluctantly he let go of me and we continued dancing but in a way it was even more intimate than the slow dance we had just finished because I was dancing for him, not necessarily with him. On and on we danced, sometimes holding each other and sometimes separated by space. Finally, I pulled him to me and stood on tip toe so I could whisper in his ear.

“Can we go some place private? I really need to do you. You’ve been so patient all day but other than this dancing, we’ve barely touched each other.” He took my hand and led me back upstairs. We went to his bedroom, which was being shared by the boys, and he closed the door behind us. The boys had agreed that the closed door was the signal not to enter the room. Then I told him to take off his clothes. I had never seen him naked before and I really wanted to take care of all of him, not just his cock. He did as I asked and then I told him to lie down on the floor. I knelt down beside him and leaned over to kiss him. I broke the kiss off more quickly then he would have liked, I think, but I moved my lips to his neck and shoulder and began kissing him there. Then I threw my leg over him and straddled him as I kissed and licked his chest for a long time, occasionally moving back up to kiss him on the lips. So far, I hadn’t touched his erect penis, other than brushing against it as I moved. Once the tip rubbed right up against my pussy and I almost shoved my hips down so I could impale myself on him, but I didn’t because of the promise we made. My next stop on my tour of his body was his feet so I turned around and sat on his thighs while I bent over and nibbled his toes before kissing his legs starting at his ankle and moving up to his hip. My kisses moved from his hip across his stomach and abdomen, and then I went down his other leg from hip to ankle.

I lay down beside him, on my side facing him and kissed his check and lips again. Then I whispered in his ear, “You’re not going to shoot as soon as I touch it, are you?”

He mumbled that he might because the experience had crossed over from loving to sweet torture quite a while ago. I got between his legs and touched the head of his cock with my tongue, making little circles around it. He was quivering now, not just his penis but all of him. I put the head in my mouth and very, very slowly slid down his shaft until my lips were at the base of his penis. Then I kept my lips in place and ran my tongue up and down his cock as much as I could. I got to the point where I couldn’t hold back anymore so I began moving up and down him, slowly at first but then faster and faster. I tasted his pre-cum and knew he was close so I slammed my mouth down to the base of his cock and held it for just a moment before slowly pulling back up. At the top, I slammed my mouth back down and repeated the slow rise up his shaft. It only took two or three more of those before he ejaculated and I had my lips locked around the base of his penis to keep all of it in my mouth.

I licked him clean and lay beside him again with my head on his chest while I used a finger nail to trace a pattern on his scrotum. We lay there touching skin to skin for the first time ever and I just wanted it to go on forever.

“Are you ready for me to take care of you?” Brian asked after a few minutes.

“No, don’t get up. There is only one part of your anatomy I want to see rising. You are such a perfect guy; so kind and unselfish, that tonight I want this to be all about you. Don’t worry about me, I can take care of that later myself, either with you watching or alone. I am here for you right now and no other reason.”

Having said that, I took his penis in my hand and started pulling on it very gently, trying to encourage it to get hard again. I was patient and I could tell from Brian’s moans that I was making progress. Then I felt him start to stiffen again and I squeezed a little harder as I stroked him. I was also kissing his neck and shoulder again and I could feel him moving a little against me. I kept stroking him slowly, without any sense of urgency and let him respond any way he chose. But when he wrapped his hand around mine and started moving it faster I did as he wanted. He let go of my hand and without releasing it, I shifted position so I could get my mouth on it again. There wasn’t a break as my hand let go at the same time that my lips touched his cock and I took him in my mouth. It didn’t take him long to shoot after that and I could tell from how quickly he shrank in my mouth that he was done for awhile. I licked him clean and lay down beside him again with my head on his chest and my hand holding his balls until I heard him start to snore. I disengaged from him as quietly and gently as I could, threw a blanket over him, and went to the master bedroom to use the bathroom, leaving the bedroom door open to let people know we were through.

When I came out of the bathroom, I went down the hall to see if anyone was still doing anything. The other two bedroom doors were closed and the rest of the house was dark so I went back to the master bedroom and lay down on the floor to go to sleep.

When I woke up, it was just getting light outside and there were two girls asleep in the bed. The other bedroom doors were also closed so I assumed that everyone was still asleep. I went back to the bathroom and took a shower, brushed my teeth, and did all of the other things necessary to get ready for the day. One of the nice things about being naked was that I didn’t have to fuss around deciding what to wear. When I was ready, I went to the kitchen and then the basement to see if anyone else was up. When I saw that no one was, I went up to the kitchen and out the back door to watch the sunrise; remembering how I had done the same thing when it was cold and I had to climb up the snow piled against the back of the house to get out the door. I stood there watching for a long time until the sun had cleared the tree line at the end of the backyard and went back inside. I was still the only one up so I went downstairs and turned on the television to catch the news.

It was about an hour later that Brian came down. He walked over to where I was sitting on the floor and bent over and kissed the top of my head. “Thank you for last night. Have I told you lately that I think you are terrific and I love you?”

“Yes, as a matter of fact you have, but you can never say it too often.”

“Come on upstairs. Terri has been making breakfast and it smells wonderful.”

Everyone was already seated at the table and handing plates to Terri so she could put a serving of some kind of scrambled egg casserole on them. There was a big plate of bacon and another of toast in the center of the table. The casserole was made with scrambled eggs, green onions, cheese, and some spices I couldn’t identify but it tasted wonderful. When we finished eating, Brian asked us if there was anything special anyone wanted to do today. Nobody had anything specific so he suggested a walk in the woods and a picnic lunch.

I don’t think that I showed any panic at the idea of walking around in the woods naked but that doesn’t mean that I didn’t feel it. Beth said it sounded like fun and all of a sudden everyone was on board with the idea. But Brian had one more surprise in store. He went out to the garage and brought in a picnic basket, two small coolers, and three large blankets. He put the cooler and the blankets on the floor and the picnic basket on the table and opened the picnic basket. He announced that there were only six plates and sets of silverware in the basket so that couples would have to share if that was okay.

“Oh, and what’s this?” he asked as he pulled out two balls the size of large marbles strung on a silken cord. The marbles were spaced about an inch apart and the cord was knotted at one end against the ball but extended four inches past the ball at the other end of the string. “I picked these up in Kalamazoo the other day because I thought we might try them out. Does anyone know what they are?”

“Oh my God!” exclaimed Robin. “Are those what I think they are?”

“What do you think they are?”

“Are those Ben Wa balls?”

“Give that girl a prize. That’s exactly what they are. Would you like to explain how they’re used?”

“Ben Wa balls are inserted in the vagina. As the woman moves around, the balls rub against her clitoris providing a gentle stimulation. They can cause an orgasm if the subject is active enough but it usually takes a long period of constant movement. A rocking chair is a good example, but walking a long way will also do it.”

“I bought these as a present for someone. Would anyone like to take a guess who they’re for?”

All eyes turned to me. “I guess that would be me,” I said.

“Now if you will all come with me, I, as a certified Ben Wa ball insertion technician, will show you how to do this.”

We all went into the living room and Brian had me lay down on the couch with my butt up on the arm. Then he told me to spread my knees, pull them up toward my shoulders and hold my labia open with my hands. I was now exposed completely to their gazes. He put the balls into my pussy and I could feel at least one of them against my clit. He laid the extra length of string down so that part of it hung outside and told me to let go and put my legs together. Then he helped me off the couch.

When I stood up, I let out an involuntary “Oooohhh,” as the balls began moving around inside me massaging my clit. I took a few steps and felt the stimulation with every one. “How far am I supposed to walk with these in?” I asked.

“Well, it’s probably about a mile and half or two miles to the meadow where we’re going to have the picnic but I was thinking that you should leave them in all day.”

“Oh my,” was all I could say.

“To give you girls a break from cooking, Leah and I will pack the picnic basket. We’ll be ready to go in fifteen minutes.”

I went with him to the kitchen and he started taking stuff from the fridge. He had a couple of boxes of fried chicken, a container of potato salad, and some apples and pears. I packed the basket as he handed me the food and added some paper towels to use as napkins. He got out some bottled water and put it in the coolers. In less than the fifteen minutes he promised, we were ready to go. Kara had gotten a portable CD player and some disks so we would have music. Brian picked up the basket, Tom got the blankets, Zeb and Heater got the coolers, and Shane took the CD player and music. Not only were the balls rubbing gently against my clit, but the string hanging out was tickling the inside of my thighs when I walked. I felt a drop of liquid run down my leg as I became wetter with every step I took. We went out the back door and across the back yard to the trees. There was an opening where a path started and he led us directly to it and into the woods. I had been walking beside him holding his hand while we were still in the yard but the path was only wide enough for one so I fell in behind him when we entered the trees.

I could feel my hips sway more than normal as we walked across the yard as I tried to increase the stimulation from the balls. But once we were inside the trees, I had to focus on where I put my feet so I didn’t step on any sticks or sharp rocks. The problem was that my brain wanted to focus on my clit, not my steps, so I really had to concentrate hard on where I walked.

Thankfully, the path was covered with leaves that had fallen for years forming a soft carpet over the hard ground. We had walked for about fifteen minutes, maybe a half mile or so when I told Brian I was about to have an orgasm.

“Keep walking,” was all he said.

It happened after another hundred yards. My body jerked as the orgasm suddenly flashed through me. It wasn’t the massive, intense kind I usually had with Brian or when I masturbated, but it was strong enough to make me cry out. Brian turned around and called out to the group behind me. “That’s one, if you’re keeping track,” he said laughing and he turned around and kept moving forward.

After another half mile, we came to a barbed wire fence running through the woods and crossing the path. Brian explained that it used to represent a property line. He told Tom to climb the fence then he would hand the girls over it to him. Once Tom was on the other side, Brian picked me up as easily as he would pick up a doll and before I knew it, Tom had an armful of squealing naked girl. He set me down gently and Brian handed Beth across the fence to him. When all of the girls were across, the boys climbed it one at a time and jumped down.

After another quarter mile, Brian stopped again and gathered everyone around. “There’s a house on the left around that bend. The trees are pretty thick but it’s possible that someone might see Leah through them. I want you to tighten up as we go around the bend and Leah, you stay on Tom’s right side. He’s big enough to block anyone’s view if someone happens to be looking into the trees.”

We got past the house okay and continued through the trees in single file. About three hundred yards before we reached the meadow, I had my second orgasm. I bit my lip so I wouldn’t cry out but Terri, who was right behind me obviously saw what was happening and called out, “That’s two,” and everyone laughed, including me.

When we got to the meadow, the boys trampled down the tall grass and spread the blankets around so everyone could sit down. It was still way too early for lunch but we all took a bottle of water to sip as we talked.

After a while, Brian asked me how I was doing. I told him that everything was quiet down there while I looked at my pussy but that I could still feel them inside me. Then Kara suggested that maybe I would like to dance for them and I agreed, looking forward to the stimulation from the balls as I danced. Beth selected a CD and put it in the player while I stood up. When the first cut came on, I called out to stop the music. It was the Beatles’ song, *Twist and Shout*.

Beth turned off the player and I looked right at her. “This is a set-up, isn’t it?” I asked smiling.

“Well, Kara and I kind of talked it over and thought it might be interesting to see what would happen with this song,” Beth said laughing as she turned the music on again and I began to dance.

That one didn’t do it, nor did the next three after that. By then there was a steady stream of moisture leaking out of me and running down my legs, and in the middle of the fifth song I had to stop as another orgasm wracked my body. Immediately everyone shouted out, “That’s three.”

I sat down still trembling from my climax and Beth turned the volume down so we could talk over the music. Terri asked me what it was like to keep having orgasms while everyone watched me. “Isn’t there anything that you want to keep private about yourself?” she finished.

“I guess the answer to your second question is no, there is nothing I can think of that I want to hold back from you, from any of you. The only way I can explain it is that when we grew apart after my accident, I felt alone. I felt like there was no one to really share my life with. Until Brian I didn’t date after I got out of the hospital, so he was the only one of you that I could talk to and I didn’t talk much about my feelings at all because I was afraid he would think me whiny. But so much in my life had changed, having to work to save for college instead of doing other stuff that I wanted to do and I had to keep all of the regret and recriminations bottled up inside.

“But after the prom I realized that you hadn’t left me; it was I who left you. I didn’t make any effort to get back into your lives because I was feeling so sorry for myself. So now I guess I’m just making up for lost time, albeit in an untraditional way. But there is nothing that I feel that I want to keep hidden from you anymore. Anything I think or feel has to be available to you so that there won’t be any barriers between us.

“As to the first question, orgasms are wonderful things and the more the better if you ask me. So let me turn it around to you, Terri. Have you ever been in a situation where you wanted a climax but couldn’t do it for one reason or another? Too many people around or not in the right place, or some other reason?”

“I suppose so, yes.”

“Well that just isn’t a problem for me when I am naked and with you. If I want one, I have one. There is no shame in being aroused; nor is there any humiliation when I give in to my body’s demands. It is who I am when I am naked and, I believe, it is the real me; not some pretense I choose to show you. If I could stay like this all the time, I would. When our week is up and I have to go back to wearing clothes and hiding my true self from everyone, it will be a disappointment. Does that answer your question?”

“I suppose so. But isn’t your methodology a little extreme? Aren’t there other ways for you to achieve the same outcome without remaining nude?”

“Maybe there are, in fact, I’m sure there are. And some of them I’ve tried to incorporate into my behavior since the prom. For example, if Brian asks me what I want to do on a date, I tell him instead of telling him I’ll do whatever he would like to do. Another example is with my parents. If they want me to do something for them and it interferes with what I have planned, I’ll ask how important it, or ask if it’s okay to do it later when it is more convenient. So instead of subverting my own needs for others, I’ve become more assertive because of the openness I feel when I’m nude.

“But being naked is the best way for me. Nothing to hide behind, nothing to protect myself, nothing to be except what I am; a young woman who is sexual and vulnerable. And I love that feeling more than anything except for Brian. If he ever even hinted that he was unhappy about what I was doing, I would stop in an instant. But I know that he never would; not just because his girlfriend is naked all of the time and he loves seeing me, but because he knows, and I know he knows, that this is right for me.”

“How about it, Brian?” asked Heater. “It doesn’t upset you that everyone gets to see Leah naked and getting it on? Tell me it doesn’t bother you just a little.”

“I suppose that first night when this whole thing started in May that it did. But it went away pretty quickly because I know Leah loves me and doesn’t want anyone else. And because I don’t want anyone else either, it works out okay.”

Not much happened after that. We had our lunch, but Brian insisted on feeding me while I stretched out with my head in his lap which was pretty cool. We packed up our stuff and headed back to the house.

Two orgasms later, we reached the back door. That afternoon we all just did what we wanted; played pool, watched television, talked, and otherwise goofed off. I was in a constant state of arousal from the balls inside me and had to carry around a towel to sit on so I wouldn’t wet the furniture. But at one point, I gathered all of the girls together in the living room.

“I need to ask all of you a question. If you don’t want to answer, it’s okay.” They all said okay so I went on. “Are you still virgins?”

To my surprise, none of them were, but I remembered that each of them was about to graduate while I still had another year in high school. “Did it hurt the first time?”

They all said it did, but in varying degrees from just a little bit to mild pain. “If you had it to do over again, would you have done anything different?”

“Look,” said Kara, “You know how female anatomy works. Everybody is a little bit different. It just depends. I take it you are thinking about making it with Brian.”

I told them I was thinking about asking him if I could stay an extra day before his parents came home. I wanted to honor the promise of no intercourse we had made to each other, but after they left, I figured that it would be the right time.

“Well, why don’t you bust it beforehand then if you’re worried about it?” Robin asked.

“I guess it’s because I always thought Brian would be the one to do it. I never considered doing it myself.”

“Then you should talk it over with him. Guys are so stupid about some things and it may be important to him to be the one, or it may not. But you won’t know unless you ask him.”

I thought about what she said and it sounded like a good idea. I promised I would let them know what he said after I talked with Brian. “One more question. If none of you are virgins, how have you been able to hold off the boys while you’ve been here? This would be the perfect opportunity. The house is big enough and everyone respects closed doors.”

Robin answered for everyone. “We talked about it, the eight of us, before we got here. We decided to refrain out of respect for you and Brian. Just as you want to honor the promise we made, so do we. Our friendship is more important than a romp in the hay.”

“Thank you.”

A little bit later, Terri supervised another great dinner which we girls cooked under her direction. However while moving around in the kitchen, I had another orgasm, my sixth that day.

After dinner the boys cleaned up and when they finished, Brian got me and took me into the living room. We sat on the recliner where he first masturbated me to a climax but this time, I had my bottom in his lap and was leaning against one arm with my legs thrown over the other and my arms around his neck. We were just talking with each other, sometimes kissing, and all the while Brian was playing with one of my nipples.

“Brian, remember when I told you what my mother said the night before I came over?”

“Sure, about how she trusts you.”

“I know that we’re all supposed to leave and give you a day to clean up before your parents get back, but do you think I could stay an extra night?”

“Why?”

“Because we promised not to make love while everyone is still here and I think it’s time.”

He face broke out in a big grin. “I’ve kind of been thinking the same thing.”

“But I need to explain something to you first. Remember during the snowstorm when I offered to break my hymen to prove to Sally that I was still a virgin? How I said that I would prefer that you do it but that I would if that’s what it took?” He nodded and I continued. “I want our first time to be perfect; I don’t want anything to go wrong with it. So I need to explain some things about female anatomy that you may not know.”

I went on to explain how the hymen forms from dissolved skin during gestation. I told him that there was already an opening in it to let the blood out during menstruation and that the pain and blood from first time intercourse comes from an extra flap of skin around the hymen. If it tears, there is blood and some pain. But first time intercourse is all about stretching the existing opening enough to let the penis in.

“So I was thinking that maybe I should take care of that first. If there is going to be blood and some pain, maybe it would be better to get that out of the way before we make love. But if you want to be the one to do it, that would be fine with me.”

“So the choice is for you to not do anything and maybe have some pain during our first time or for you to do it before hand and avoid the pain when we’re making love. Is that correct?”

“Pretty much.”

“Doesn’t seem like much of a choice to me. I would rather it be pain free for you so you get as much pleasure from it as I do. Also, if you’re going to be worried and uptight about it, I say, ‘Bust it first.’”

“You, sir, are very crude and coarse with your choice of vocabulary, but thank you and I love you.”

“How many orgasms have you had today?”

“Six. I had two walking to the meadow, one while dancing, two on the walk back, and one in the kitchen while making dinner.”

“Are you ready for number seven?” he asked as his hand went down to my pussy, took hold of the string, and gently pulled the Ben Wa balls out of my cunt.

“What if someone see us?” I asked.

“It’s not like they haven’t seen you climax already. I’ll take my chances. You can claim to be the innocent virgin for a little while longer while I will be the crude and coarse brute who forced you to my will.”

“Will my brute please stop talking and put his fingers inside me?”

And then I had my seventh and eighth orgasms of the day because as they say, “No one can eat just one.”

Before going to bed that night, I had managed to let the girls know what Brian and I had talked about. They all thought it was wonderful and then Beth shared a secret with me. “You’ll never know how hard we worked to keep the guys out of the living room last night. They were ready to head to the bedrooms after dinner and we had to keep them occupied downstairs while you and Brian had your talk.”

I had never realized how much energy the body burns in an orgasm, and after my last two with Brian, I was exhausted, so after filling in the girls, I went to the master bedroom and fell asleep on the floor. I stirred a little as the other girls came to bed but rolled over and went back to sleep each time.

Even going to bed early, I was the last one up the next morning. After completing of my morning stuff in the bathroom, I went down to breakfast and I was famished and looking forward to whatever treats Terri had prepared. Everyone was sitting at the table finishing breakfast when I sat down. I started helping myself to the French toast and sausage when Beth stopped me. “Juice and one piece of toast only for you this morning. We don’t want your stomach to be too full.”

“What’s going on?” I asked a bit tentatively. If they had been planning something for me, I knew two things. It would revolve around my nudity in some way, and I would probably enjoy it. But still, without knowing what was going on, I was still a little hesitant.

“Eat up and we’ll show you.”

I gobbled the one piece of toast I was allowed and drank down the apple juice. Then Kara tied a blindfold over my eyes and helped me to my feet.

“Brian? What’s going to happen to me?”

“They just sprang it on me this morning, honey, after planning this last night after we were asleep. But it’s going to be okay. The blindfold is just to keep the surprise going a little longer.”

Beth and Terri led me to the steps to the basement and talked me down them while holding my hands. We turned at the bottom of the steps toward the pool table and by my estimation, stopped just before we ran into it.

It was Kara who told me what to do. “Leah, I want you to look down at your feet before I remove the blindfold. This has been carefully staged so you take in a little bit at a time. When I take it off, I want you to very slowly lift your head, just taking in a little bit at a time until you are looking at the wall across from you. Once you see the wall, you will understand everything. Okay?”

I nodded agreement, not trusting my voice as my mind raced trying to imagine what they were going to do to me. I lowered my head so my chin was almost on my chest and I felt someone untie the blindfold.

I was looking at the end of the pool table. I saw that there was a plastic sheet covering it and two big pillows covered with old towels were sitting on the end. I raised my eyes just a little and saw a big beach towel stretching away from the pillows on top of the plastic sheet. Raising my eyes a little more, there was an eight-inch dildo with bumps all over it standing upright at the other end of the table. It was about an inch and a half in diameter and I quietly wondered how any girl could stand having that massive thing inside her. I began to panic a little because from the setup so far, they intended to use it on me but I felt two of the girls hold my shoulders as a gesture of support. Then I raised my eyes to the wall across the table from me and squealed with glee while I clapped my hands together. On the wall they had hung a sign by writing one letter per piece of paper in multi-colored markers. The sign said LEAH’S DEFLOWERING CEREMONY and they used four pieces of paper to put a purple tulip underneath the lettering.

Shane and Zeb helped me up to the table so I could lie down on the towel with my bottom lifted up by the pillows. When I was in position, I spread my legs thinking how similar this was to yesterday when Brian put the Ben Wa balls in my pussy. Kara went around to the end of the table and brought back the dildo, coating it with lubricant as she did and announced, “Gentlemen, you are here as witnesses only and you will not speak or interfere in any way. Only a girl who has gone through her first time knows what this will be like for Leah, so we will take care of everything. Is that understood?”

They agreed to her conditions and crowded around the table. Robin and Terri each took one of my hands in theirs and Beth got up on the table and knelt above my head, holding it in both of hers. Then Kara turned to me. “Leah, Zeb got this for me after the snowstorm. I know it looks big to you, but you will be amazed at your capacity to stretch and take it all in. I am going to push it in very slowly the first time and just move it around a little until you are comfortable with it inside you. Then I am going to turn it on so it vibrates and will move it in and out, again very slowly. If you want me to go faster or slower, just tell me.

“I will stop after several minutes or if you have an orgasm. Then we will let you rest in place for a little while and Beth will get her turn to use it on you. Again you will be allowed to rest before Terri takes a turn followed by another rest period and finally Robin will take a turn.

“We’re doing it this way for two reasons. First, we all wanted to take an active part in your deflowering and second, we want to stretch you enough to make sure that everything is okay when you and Brian make love for the first time. Do you understand?”

I nodded because I was literally unable to talk. I closed my eyes as the tip of the dildo touched my outer lips and Kara started wiggling it to help them open a little more. Then I felt a slight pressure as she began pushing it into me. My pussy ached as the dildo stretched it wider than it ever had been before and true to her word, Kara used just the tiniest amount of pressure to move it deeper into me. I even felt the bumps on it rubbing my pussy lips as each one slid past my opening. At some point, I don’t know how far inside me it was, I felt a tear form in my eye and leak out past my closed eye lids.

Just after that, Kara increased the pressure just a little as she reached the hymen and I literally felt the dildo slip in faster as it pushed through. I cried out in pain as I was stretched past my endurance and Kara released the pressure, letting the dildo just sit inside me. My muscles tightened and actually began pushing the dildo out but when Kara saw what was happening, she reapplied the pressure and the dildo penetrated deeper and deeper.

Perspiration was flowing out of every sweat gland in my body. Then I felt a strange, new sensation as the dildo reached an obstruction. Kara had pushed it in as far as it would go. I was openly weeping by that time because of the pain I felt. I am a small woman, only about five feet four inches tall with a small frame. I felt like the monster inside me was made for someone twice as big and that it was all out of proportion to my internal dimensions. Kara let me rest for a moment once the dildo was in as far as it could go before turning it on.

The thing inside me was resting right up against my clitoris and when Kara flipped the switch, it was as if I stuck my finger into an electric outlet. My whole body convulsed at one time and I tried shaking my head back and forth but Beth held it steady and Robin and Terri squeezed my hands tighter. My pelvis began bucking wildly, with two causes creating a single outcome. I wanted to hurl the thing from my body because of the pain and I wanted my clit to make maximum contact with it because of the pleasure. I felt two feminine hands press down on my stomach to stop my thrashing around and Kara began pulling the thing out of me. Every little bump on it drove me wild with pleasure as it rubbed against my clit and as I felt the pressure inside me lessen as it was withdrawn, the pleasure increased by comparison.

When it was almost all of the way out, Kara started pushing it back in again and I cried out, “Oh, God, no, this can’t be, God, no, oh please, yes, oh please yes, more.”

I don’t think anyone laughed at my contradictory pleadings. Some time later I had an orgasm that went on and on and on until I thought it would never end. But end it did and I felt Beth’s gentle touch on my cheek as she tried to sooth me.

Later, Beth told me that it took me about five minutes to climax after Kara began pushing it back into me. I honestly don’t remember more than just the first thirty or forty seconds after she turned on the vibrations.

When it was over and the phallus was removed, Kara found some blood on it so she held open my pussy lips and patted inside me with a sterile pad she had ready. I rolled my head back so I could see Beth’s face and whispered something to her that was barely audible. She leaned down with her ear next to my mouth and I whispered again into her ear. “Tell Brian to get his camera. I want all of you to have a picture of this to remember it.” Then I closed my eyes, unable to say any more.

About ten minutes later, Beth put her hands under my shoulders and lifted them so I could look into the camera for the picture. Kara was putting the dildo back inside me and everyone was in their original position just like when I was first penetrated except Kara who was standing a little bit to the side so she wasn’t blocking my face and me being propped up by Beth. Brian had set the timer and then I saw the flash of the camera go off and Beth lowered my shoulders back to the table. Later when I saw the picture, there was only about two inches of the dildo exposed sticking out of my pussy. The girls rotated positions so that Terri and Kara were holding my hands, Robin was at my head, and Beth controlled the dildo. There was still some pain but not as much and my orgasm, when it occurred, was even greater and longer than the first one.

They gave me about ten minutes rest before they started the third penetration. By this time, I was fully stretched and the pain was little more than a dull ache in my abdomen. My climax came much faster, after just three minutes and I was more conscious of what was happening to me throughout the event. I had expected a shorter orgasm because it came upon me so quickly, but I was wrong. Even after the dildo was removed I felt the pleasure coursing through my entire body as my climax would not end.

After my rest period, Robin took her turn. I have tried to think how to describe my last orgasm and words don’t seem appropriate. I was floating in time and space supported by my pleasure. After that, the words just won’t come to me to make sense of it all.

After the dildo had been removed for the last time, Kara used another sterile pad on my pussy to soak up some blood and put one of her tampons in to absorb any additional bleeding. Brian and Tom lifted me from the table because by that time I was incapable of moving a single muscle. It was like I was a paraplegic and Brian carried me upstairs and put me to bed. Terri came with him and threw off the covers to the bed before Brian put me down. Brian tried to cover me up but Terri stopped him. She knew that I wanted to remain exposed even when I slept. Then she held my head up and made me take a couple of aspirin with a sip of water before putting my head back on the pillow. The two of them walked out quietly as I fell asleep.

When I woke up, my pussy was sore but the pain had almost entirely gone away. I tromped into the bathroom and saw that Kara had left another tampon on the toilet seat. I relieved myself and got in the shower turning the water as hot as I could stand it and let the steam and hot water relax my tired muscles and the ache in my abdomen. I really felt a lot better when I got out so I put the new tampon in, fixed my hair and make-up and headed down to join the others. They were just sitting down to dinner and I joined them at the table.

Brian was asking me how I was feeling and I told him I was fine. As I caught the first smell of food, my stomach rumbled because I had been very hungry at breakfast and had only had a piece of toast that morning for breakfast. People were talking and trying to involve me in the conversation but I had to apologize a few times because my mind was thinking about something else and I wasn’t paying attention. After a couple of attempts, they left me alone with my thoughts.

I was thinking about how special my friends were that they would even think of doing something like what happened this morning. And they weren’t just doing it for me; they were also doing it for Brian to make his first time better. I wanted to thank them all but was having trouble trying to figure out how to say it. Then a plan began to form in my mind. I thought through every aspect of it while I was wolfing down the food in front of me without even tasting it. As everyone finished eating, I got their attention and started to explain my plan.

“I need to thank all of you for what you did for Brian and me this morning but I’ve been struggling throughout dinner trying to figure out a way to say it. When I realized that words were inadequate, I was able to think of a way to demonstrate my appreciation in the best way I know how. But there are some conditions so please don’t say anything until I finish. Beth, can you get the scarf you used as a blindfold this morning?”

She got up from the table and returned with it in just a few moments. After she gave it to me, I went on to explain my plan.

“I propose turning my hypothetical offer of the other day into reality, but I am going to ask that you do it my way and I will explain my reasons. I am going to go into the master bedroom, put the blindfold on, and lie down in bed. If you decide to come into the bedroom to have me satisfy you, you will close the door, take off all of your clothes and jewelry, and lie down next to me. I will do everything I can to give you pleasure except perform oral sex until you tap my shoulder three times. That will be the signal for me to really begin. I don’t want you to talk or identify yourself to me in any way because it really doesn’t matter who is sharing the bed with me and I want to treat you all the same way, the best way I know how.

“I want you to know that I’ve been thinking about doing this on our last night here but hadn’t made up my mind. It is the only thing I can give you that even comes close to what all of you have given me, not just this morning, but ever since we arrived. Brian, I ask that you come in last, after anyone else who wants to. You can tell me to remove the blindfold then I will do what I can to please you as much as I can.”

Having explained my plan, I stood up and took the scarf with me to the bedroom. I tied it tightly around my eyes and lay down on the bed waiting to see if anyone would come. It was about ten minutes later that I heard the door open and close as someone entered the room. I listened as the person undressed and then one of the girls lay down beside me in the bed.

I did everything to her that I did to Brian on our second night. I used my hands, lips, and tongue to explore every inch of her body, including kissing her on the mouth and touching my tongue to hers as we kissed. Some time later, I felt the three taps on my shoulder and moved between her legs to get in position. "Before I began," I told her, “this is my first time doing a girl. I will do my best based on what Brian has done for me,” then I put my lips to her pussy and performed cunnilingus on her.

She must have been biting her lip or covering her mouth to keep from crying out when I brought her to orgasm but she was whimpering with pleasure throughout her climax. I heard her get off the bed and get dressed and when the door closed behind her, I heard someone else getting undressed. I did all four boys and all four girls before Brian came in and told me to take off the blindfold. I did and looked at the clock and saw that it was almost midnight. I had left the dinner table around six thirty so I had been pleasing my friends for about five and a half hours. I spent another hour exploring Brian the same way but early on, he touched my pussy with his finger. I pushed his hand away and explained that I still had the tampon in and really didn’t want anything else inside me. He acquiesced and I went back to kissing and licking him and using my hands on his nipples, scrotum, and penis. When he came, it was with his penis deep in my mouth. I swallowed and licked him clean until the last few drops of his ejaculate leaked out while his penis shrank back to normal. Then we fell asleep spooning with his arm thrown over me and his hand cupping my breast.

The next morning when I woke up, I felt wonderful. Brian was still asleep so I untangled myself from him, did my bathroom thing, put in my Ben Wa balls, and went out to the kitchen. Terri and Kara were there fixing breakfast but no one else was up yet. They were setting up a buffet with scrambled eggs, pancakes, hash browns with grilled onions, toast, coffee, and juice.

They each said good morning, but I told them that good morning was no longer adequate as a greeting. I went over to Terri and gave her a hug, kissed her on the mouth, and told her that I loved her. Then I did the same thing for Kara. It felt a little strange because I wasn’t used to having someone else’s breasts pressed into my own during a hug, but I decided I liked the soft feel of them against my own and resolved to do more of it.

Kara noted the silken cord hanging from my pussy and told me that those should be the only thing that got inside me until I was ready to sleep with Brian. I nodded and Heater came in just about then. I let Terri go first and she greeted him the same way I greeted her, then Kara followed suit, and finally me. Heater commented that mornings just kept getting better and better all the time.

After everyone had come in and been greeted (I should add that the boys didn’t kiss or say I love you to each other but they did hug) and had breakfast, we all went down to the basement. Tom asked us to sit on the floor in a circle and said that they all had something to say. I was sitting cross-legged like everyone else and was very conscious of the string dangling from my pussy. Terri took over from him when he started to hem and haw.

“Leah, while you were up in the bedroom last night, we all spent a lot of time talking about you. What Brian said the other day is true. You have enough love in you for the whole world. We all grow up learning to protect ourselves from others, but somehow you never learned that lesson. In just the last couple of days, you have changed all of our lives forever by setting a new standard for trust, honesty, and love. We are all better people because of the time we have spent with you the last few days. I would have been furious with jealousy a week ago if I even suspected that something like last night was going to occur. But it was as if I could feel your love for both of us when he went into the bedroom. We owe you in ways that you may never even suspect because of what we have seen in you and learned from you.”

When I realized where she was going with her speech, my eyes started watering and I tried vainly to blink back the tears. I crawled over to her and hugged and kissed her, then repeated it with all of the others, ending with Brian. When we finished kissing, he held me close by putting his arm around my shoulder and pulling me into him.

There isn’t a lot to tell about our last few days without repeating things. Suffice it to say that we played outside several days and had fun, we played inside and had fun, and Brian and I kept pleasuring each other and had fun. I never forgot that I was naked; that is, I never wanted to take anything about the experience for granted because it became life changing for me. I think the first time after the prom was just the appetizer and I never really realized how good the entre would be until I experienced it that week with my friends.

I called my mother the night before she was supposed to pick me up and told her that I was staying another day to help Brian clean the house before his parents got home in two days. I also said that Brian would bring me home so she didn’t have to drive out there. She told me she understood and I think she knew why I was really staying. As the other kids pulled away from the house on their last day I was really looking forward to making love with Brian. I found out later that the girls had to cajole the guys into leaving that morning; they thought it would be okay to hang around until late afternoon or evening. So that really gave Brian and me two days, not one, to experience the ultimate in sharing and it was more wonderful than I can describe. It was like we were on our honeymoon and we made love all over the house several times each day in I don’t know how many different positions and locations throughout the house.

We also worked hard getting everything cleaned up. I was still naked as I helped Brian do all of the laundry (God there were a lot of dirty sheets and towels), vacuum, mop, dust, and whatever else there was to do. But I had fun helping him and usually we were working on things together instead of being in different parts of the house.

Finally, the morning came when his parents were arriving home. Brian got my clothes from his car and I got dressed for the first time in a week. I was sad about it we got out of the shower we took together and dried each other off. Then we got dressed in Brian’s room and I felt uncomfortable as soon as I slipped on panties and a bra. After we dressed, he drove me home and I kissed him and then thanked him for a terrific week before I got out of the car and headed up the walk to my front door. My naked week was finally over and I wondered if I would ever get the chance to do it again.

**Conclusion - My Naked Month**

The day I got home from Brian’s house I made an appointment with my doctor to get birth control pills because I didn’t want to have to pass up the opportunity to make love with him those last couple of weeks. The first time we made love, I told him not to use a condom because I wanted to feel him inside me but after that he used protection.

Brian left for college a few weeks later and I was faced with the prospect of no social life my senior year of high school. I didn’t have a lot of friends in that class because until last year, they had all been a year behind me in school. But I made that work to my advantage by working more hours at my fast food job during the school year. I needed to save as much as I could because my college fund had been depleted by my medical expenses after I hurt my back.

Brian came home at Christmas and we had a great time, even arranging to make love a few times while he was home. It was hard because of the family obligations that we all had during the holidays. I saw a little more of him during spring break but not once during my senior year did I have an opportunity to visit him at school or shed my clothes and I desperately wanted to be naked around others because of how good it made me feel. When Brian left to go back to school, I was hoping that I would have a chance that summer but again it was not to be. In fact, I didn’t see Brian at all that summer other than in passing because just before he came home he called me and told me that he had met someone at school and had fallen in love with her.

I was devastated and moped around for a few weeks. Even my boss at work noticed the difference and asked me about it. I told him that Brian had broken up with me just when we had almost reached the end of our separation. I was supposed to be joining him at Michigan in the fall and we had already gotten through nine months apart. I had been looking forward to spending more time with him and with my other friends when they came back that summer but now I wasn’t sure if I wanted to be with any of them anymore.

I’m not sure if I could have gotten through the summer without Beth and Kara. Both of them were now unattached after a year at college and they made sure that they spent time with me after they heard about what Brian had done. So we did things like go to Lake Michigan, movies, and shopping together whenever I wasn’t working. They also told me about what it would be like in the fall when I was on my own at college. They explained how it had been so much more than they ever expected and how exciting it was to be learning new things, meeting new people, and seeing new places. Pretty soon my attitude started changing to friendly and optimistic again. It made no sense for me to be depressed about a failed relationship when I was nineteen years old and had my whole life ahead of me. The other thing that helped me was that I knew I would run across Brian at college and I didn’t want him to know how badly I hurt so I pushed it way down inside me and wasn’t about to let it out, at least not then.

When it finally came time for me to leave for college, I really was feeling a lot better about things. The excitement had been building for a week or two before I left and that finally pushed Brian out of my mind. Not completely, but at least the hurtful part. I was now able to think about my two experiences when I was the only one naked and how supportive and loving he was and feel happy about it without missing him and I knew that I was going to be okay without him in my life.

My parents drove me to Ann Arbor and helped me get moved into my dorm. I think they were surprised when they realized it was a co-ed dorm with men and women on the same floor. I met my roommate, another freshman named Suzie, who was oriental with golden skin and long black hair. We talked for a few minutes as I began unpacking before she left saying she had to meet her parents. I got everything unpacked and put away with Mom’s help and then it was time to go to Freshman Orientation. All of the parents and freshman were meeting in Crisler Arena for presentations.

After the orientation, I hugged my parents before they left to go home and went back to my room to register for my classes. I signed up for basic freshman stuff because I wanted to get as much of it out of way as I could, thinking that they would be easier courses while I adjusted to being on my own. The other factor was that my scholarship required me to work at least ten hours per week at a campus job so after I knew what my schedule was, I searched for jobs and found one in the student union working in a coffee shop from six to ten in the morning on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday.

I had also considered trying to get work as a nude model for art classes but decided against it because I didn’t feel comfortable stripping in front of people I didn’t know. I guess for me it wasn’t so much the nudity but the fact that I got to share it with my friends. It was one thing to be naked around them, the people I trusted, and another to be naked in front of complete strangers. The latter had no appeal for me at all.

Suzie and I got to know each other on the Sunday before classes started. She was from Lansing and was planning on majoring in psychology. I told her about my accident and how I had missed a year of high school because of it but didn’t describe the times I had been naked at Brian’s house. I told her how I had to quit extracurricular activities and work to save money for college because of the medical expenses. She was sympathetic and I was glad that my room mate was a decent person.

The first three weeks were both exciting and routine. I got to know other people on our floor in the dorm and settled into a routine of work, classes, and studying. I called home a few times to let my parents know that everything was going well. That was the routine part. The exciting part was just the experience of being on my own and the chance to access almost unlimited learning opportunities. I had always loved school and was soaking up as much as I could. I spent a lot of time in the library just exploring different sections and picking up something at random to read it and learn something new because it was all of the entertainment I could afford.

I was going to get my undergraduate degree in math because that was the basic tool I needed before going to graduate school in either physics or astronomy. I loved both fields and if someone had forced me to make a decision about choosing one over the other, I would have been unable to do so. But everything interested me and I read about things that had nothing to do with science or math just because I could.

It was at the beginning of the fourth week of classes that Suzie came back to our room with the flyer that would change everything for me. The psych department was looking for coeds for a research project. It went on to explain that volunteers would be paid one thousand dollars for participating in the project for one month and that the project would not interfere with classes or campus jobs.

“I know money is tight for you. Is this something you would interest you?” Suzie asked.

“Maybe, but if sounds too good to be true, it probably is. That much money has to have a catch somewhere.”

“It couldn’t hurt to check it out. There is a website where you go to fill out a questionnaire first. After that, you could decide what you wanted to do after you learned more about it.”

I agreed with her and opened my laptop to volunteer for the experiment, whatever it was. A thousand bucks would make a world of difference for me and what I could do in my free time. I found the site listed on the flyer and put in my personal information. Then I had to complete a questionnaire on-line. It asked me some pretty tame questions about my interests, my intended major, and my family before it got to the interesting ones.

*Q: Other than a shower or a locker room, have you ever been naked around other people of the same gender? If yes, please explain below.
Q: Other than a shower or a locker room, have you ever been naked around other people of the opposite gender? If yes, please explain below.
Q: If yes to either situation, how long did you remain naked?
Q: In either of the last two situations, were others also naked?
Q: If no, what effect did your nudity have on the people around you?
Q: Did you enjoy the experience of being naked around others?*

There were more questions related to those but I won’t write all of them out. As I read the questions, I got this far away look on my face as the memory of my two experiences came flooding back creating an intense rush of emotion. Unnoticed by me, Suzie was looking over my shoulder, reading my answers as I typed them out. Finally, she could keep quiet no longer.

“Wow! You really did that? That is really hot!”

I spun around in my chair, almost knocking her down before she jumped back. Then I calmed myself and told her that yes it really happened and I was the only one naked in a group of boys and girls; once for three days and once for a week.

“Why would you do that?” she asked me.

So I poured out the whole story about the bet with Sally but then talked to her a long time about all of the things I was feeling because of my accident, feeling abandoned by my friends, about my confusion about all of the roles I had and my inability to just be myself. And I told her how all of that went away when I was naked with my friends and how I trusted them to not take advantage of my vulnerability when I was nude. I probably took thirty minutes to explain it all and when I finished I felt she really understood it all in terms of my feelings and motives as well as I did.

“That has to be the strangest story I’ve ever heard about coping but I’m just starting out in psychology so I don’t know enough yet to figure it out. But it sounds like you really have and, as near as I can tell, there wasn’t a hint of regret about anything that happened.”

“Yes, that’s true, no regrets at all. In fact, that week at Brian’s house was probably the happiest time of my life. I wouldn’t trade it for anything.” Then I changed the subject. “Can you figure anything out from the questionnaire about what the research is trying to do?”

“Well, this is just a guess but it’s probably about exhibitionism. But there has to be a lot more to it then just doing some interviews or filling out some surveys or they wouldn’t be advertising it as a month-long project and they certainly don’t pay that kind of money for interviews and surveys. The going rate in the psych department for volunteers is about five dollars an hour. But what they have in mind for the volunteers is beyond me.”

“Well, we’ll just wait and see. As much as I could use the money, with my luck, I’ll probably never hear from them again and from the reputation you guys have for using students as lab rats that may be for the best” I said laughing. Suzie didn’t take offense, in fact, she laughed along with me. After that we went down to the cafeteria for dinner and things returned to normal for a few days.

A few days later I received an e-mail that said I could make an appointment with one of the researchers on the psych project. I called the office number in the e-mail and made an appointment for later that afternoon. The woman taking the call told me to report to room 451 in East Hall.

When I arrived, I found room 451 on the top floor. It was a faculty office and the nameplate said it belonged to Professor Haynes. I knocked on the door and was told by a booming voice to come in. When I entered, I assumed that Dr. Haynes was clearing off a chair for me to use. The furniture was piled high with journals, books, papers, and personal effects. Professor Haynes was about six feet four inches tall and towered over me as he offered his hand and had me sit down. He took his seat on the other side of his desk and asked me how I liked school so far.

“It’s been better than I expected, sir. I get along well with my room mate and the classes have been great so far.”

“Why did you decide to come to Michigan, Leah?”

“Well, it’s the best school in the state and I’m afraid out of state tuition or a private college wasn’t an option for me. Wait, that didn’t come out right. I always wanted to come here, ever since I was a little girl, it’s not like I wanted to go somewhere else.”

“Are you a legacy?”

“No, sir. My father went to Albion and my mother to Michigan State.”

“Tell me about them.”

The interview went on like that for about twenty minutes; questions about my family, high school, my goals, and my interests. I didn’t realize it at the time but he was getting me comfortable talking to him about things that weren’t threatening to me. After all of that, he finally got around to the answers on my questionnaire about my experiences being naked around others. I was completely honest with him about everything, even when he asked about my sexual experiences while I was nude. When he asked me what motivated me to spend the evening pleasing nine other people orally I explained that I felt an obligation because of how supportive all of them were and that was the best way I knew to thank them for everything they had done to help me.

“Would you have been that sexually active if they hadn’t been your friends?”

“No, sir. Remember that this all started as a bet about the connection between nudity and sex. I won that bet because I believe that people can control themselves. Even that last week, when it would have been so easy to have intercourse with my boyfriend, we didn’t because we had made the condition and everyone, not just us, lived up to the promises we made each other.”

“But you did have intercourse. What about the promise you made to your father?”

“That’s harder for me to answer but I believe that my mother released me from that promise the night before I left the house. If I had been underage, I think I would have kept it. So yes, I broke my word to my father, but I don’t regret doing so.”

“If it’s any consolation, breaking promises to our parents is almost a rite of passage into adulthood. It’s what severs our dependence to our parents and helps make each of us our own person. Anyway, let me tell you a little bit about our project. First of all, we won’t be studying the subject; we’ll be studying the people’s reactions to the subject. Our subject will be the catalyst in the experiment, not the object of the study.

“What we want our subject to do is to remain completely naked for one month. That means in the dorm, on the way to class, at your job, everyplace. During that time, the person will be restricted to campus because we can’t control what the police in Ann Arbor will do, but we have the support of the administration and the cooperation of the campus police for our experiment. I can’t tell you more about what we want to find out, at least not now, but after the study I will be more than happy to explain it to you.

“The person we need has to be able to do this without, I don’t know, cracking, I guess is as good a word as any. What I mean is that once accepted, you can’t back out because it would ruin the study. Any questions?

“You said everyplace, including outside. Most of this will be happening in October when it can get pretty cold. What will you do if it gets too cold to expose someone to the weather?”

“Well, we were originally planning to do this in the spring but the forecast is calling for a nice, long Indian summer this fall so we decided to move up our timetable. If, however, it becomes too cold to walk around campus, we will provide you with transportation.”

“What about a backpack. You said the subject would remain naked. Does wearing one count?”

“If you don’t have one, we’ll give you a bag big enough for books, a laptop, your wallet, and anything else you need to carry. But it won’t have a strap to wear on your shoulder, just handles.”

“When would it start?” I asked.

“We would need a couple of days yet to get everything ready.”

“I’ve been very careful with my word choice to refer to the subject instead of myself. When did you make the transition from referring to the subject to referring to me?”

He laughed, a huge laugh, loud and raucous, and slapped his knee. When he settled down, he still had a big smile on his face. “About the same time you decided you wanted to do this,” he told me.

“How do you know I’ve decided to do it?”

“Your body language told me. Most communication is non-verbal but people don’t take the time to learn the language. I have, obviously, because knowing it is an important part of my job. Are you going to deny that you want to do this? Before you answer, you need to understand that this is probably going to go viral on the Internet. There isn’t any way we can confiscate all the cell phones on campus. Your family will probably hear about this. Are you prepared for that?”

“I realized that as soon as I understood what this was about. It may be a problem for my parents, especially my father. But I want this. I wasn’t sure if I could do this in front of strangers; in fact, I had decided that I couldn’t when I first got here or I would have been modeling for art classes, but I want this for my reasons that have nothing to do with exhibiting myself. I don’t know whether you believe that or not, but it’s true. One more question, if I may.”

“What is it?”

“What do I tell everyone? What can I tell my room mate? She saw the questionnaire I filled out on line and knows a little bit about it.”

“Okay, you can explain it to her, but swear her to secrecy. You can tell anyone else anything you want except that you are the subject in a research study. Your instructors will know; we have to let them know not to kick you out of class when you show up naked. When would you be ready to start?”

“I’m ready to start now, but if you need a few days, how about Saturday morning as soon as I wake up?”

“That will be fine. We’ll start the clock on your month Saturday morning at seven a.m. Two more things.” He opened a desk drawer, pulled out a bracelet and handed it to me. “This has a GPS tracker and a panic button. Wear it at all times. The panic button will alert police who will be monitoring the signal. This is the charger. Charge it up every night and you should be fine. Will you need a bag?”

“I’ll take the strap off my laptop bag. That should work okay.”

“Just one more detail. Here's the contract for you to sign.”

I scanned through the contract, which seemed to be mostly legal boilerplate, then signed it and handed it to him.

“We won’t have any more contact until after the experiment ends. Good luck to you, Leah.” He stood up and I got up with him. He shook my hand and opened the door for me and I left his office and made my way back to the dorm.

When I got back to my room, Suzie wasn’t there so I just lay down on my bed and thought about what I was about to put myself through. One the one hand, I was going to be naked again, which, and I know it sounds strange, was going to make me happier than I had been in a while. But the flip side of it was that it was going to be in front of people I didn’t know well and thousands of others that I didn’t know at all. I also had to figure out what I was going to tell my parents when they found out because I knew to a certainty that they would find out.

When Suzie came back to the room, I told her that I went for the interview for the research project and she asked me what it was all about. When I told her that I didn’t know, she asked me what I would have to do during the month long project.

“I have to remain naked,” I told her.

“Huh?”

“I have to remain naked the entire month. No clothes in the dorm, outside, at my job, or in class.”

“You’re kidding, right?”

“Nope, I’m not kidding at all. That’s the deal.”

“Why would you agree to that?”

“Because I like being naked. I’ve done it around my friends and now I have to see it I can take it a step further. This is my opportunity.”

“There are plenty of places you can go if you want to be naked. Some of the beaches on Lake Huron are close. There’s even a nudist colony north of Detroit that I heard about. Why here at school?”

“I don’t know, but I think it has something to do with being the only one around people who are dressed that makes me vulnerable. It changes me in a good way.”

“When do you start?”

“Saturday morning. Seven o’clock.” I said.

“You are certifiable; you know that, don’t you?”

“Suzie, I’m being serious here. If I’m going to get through this, I’m going to need a friend to help me. Someone I can talk to and cry to, if necessary. Before that was Brian but he’s out of the picture now. Will you help me?”

“What do you need me to do?”

“Just try to understand what I’m going through. This is going to be so different from the last couple of times for me because the only people around were people that I trusted. And the other thing that you need to understand is that I get aroused a lot more often when I’m naked. There will be times when I just have to get myself off. I’ll try to keep that as private as I can if you don’t want to see it, but you may walk in on me sometime or I may have to excuse myself while we’re in the middle of something. Okay?”

“Wow, and they say that Orientals don’t suffer from body taboos. But we’ve got nothing on you, white girl.” She was laughing and I laughed with her. We talked about it a few more times over the next couple of days, or rather, Suzie asked me questions and I tried to answer them. She agreed to keep quiet about why I was doing this and I don’t think she told anyone what was coming on Saturday morning because judging by my entrance to the cafeteria no one was expecting a naked girl to show up.

I woke up about quarter after six on Saturday morning, applied the hair removal crème to my legs and pussy, and gave it a few minutes to work before getting in the shower. I had been using the tattoo dye on my nipples every two weeks or so to keep them a dark mahogany color and they stood out against my pale skin like two headlights on a dark night. I also masturbated while I was in the shower to try to forestall my arousal which I knew would be building as soon as I was seen outside my room. By the time I fixed my make-up and hair, it was almost seven o’clock and I began mentally preparing myself up for what I was about to do.

Suzie was still asleep so I woke her up and asked her if she wanted to see my grand entrance. She got out of bed mumbling to herself, used the toilet and got dressed. When she was ready, I grabbed my student ID and we stepped out into the hall together. It was empty because most of the students slept in on Saturday morning unless they had somewhere to go and we went to the stairs (my suggestion) instead of using the elevator. Two flights down and Suzie paused with her hand on the door handle, asking me if I was really ready. I just nodded and she opened the door for me. I took a deep breath and then walked through.

The dining hall was about sixty feet down the corridor. There were a few students in line but they were facing away from me so no one was looking our way. But just as we reached the elevator, it dinged, the doors opened, and three guys became the first to see me naked in public, but stood there with their jaws hanging open as I walked past the doors. They were so dumbfounded, they forgot to get out of the elevator and the doors closed with them still inside. I walked with my head up and tried to remain calm but inside I was a nervous wreck. Suzie, walking beside me, told me to breathe and I nodded in acknowledgement, afraid my voice would crack if I tried to talk.

When we were about half way to the dining hall, a girl in line turned around to talk to the person behind her and saw us coming down the corridor. She turned her friend around so her friend could see us and I saw them telling everyone else in line to turn around. In moments, there were seven pairs of eyes staring at me as I walked down the hallway and then the cell phones started coming out to snap pictures and video as I approached. Suzie and I fell in at the end of the line and in less than a minute, we were swiping our identification cards for the person checking everyone in to the dining hall.

“We were told to expect you,” the woman said as she handed me a towel. “This is for you to sit on. Just turn it in with your dishes when you’re through.”

I thanked her and took the towel and when I turned to get in line, there were about thirty people who stopped eating and were pointing and staring at me. Suzie held my elbow and helped guide me to the serving line and I’m not sure I would have made it without her help because I was frozen where I was standing, scanning the people who were staring at me. In the line, I got a bagel, a bowl of fruit, and a glass of skim milk and followed Suzie to a table for four. I put the towel down on my seat and sat down to eat my breakfast.

Throughout breakfast, I was the obvious center of attention. Suzie asked me how I was holding up and I told her I was doing okay. She asked me how I felt now that I would be the masturbatory fantasy for at least twenty guys and I smiled at her and said I hoped they enjoyed it because I sure did when I got myself off. She chuckled a little and told me I was doing fine; that I just needed to get through breakfast and make it back to the room. I nodded and focused on trying to still my pounding heart while I ate.

The good news was that no one came over to talk with us, nor did anyone call out anything that was demeaning or insulting. When we finished eating, we took our trays up to the conveyor that would take them, the towel I sat on, and our dishes into the back. Then we headed back toward the door were we checked in all the while seeing the flashes of camera phones taking pictures of me. We by passed the elevators again in favor of the stairs and didn’t see anyone until we were headed back down the hallway to our room. Two girls came out just as we passed their door and we heard them giggling as they walked away from us. Suzie unlocked the door and we went into our room and I collapsed on my bed.

“How are you feeling?” asked Suzie.

“Pretty good, all things considered. That wasn’t as hard as I thought it would be.”

“And how did you feel when you were first spotted? I’m asking because this is going to be my field and you have to expect me to ask.”

“I felt very much like the first time I did this, but it was much stronger this time because I didn’t know those people, or at least most of them. I felt vulnerable, very vulnerable, especially as they were taking pictures because I was powerless to stop it. And I felt sexy when they stared at me because I know I’m pretty and I like it when people take pleasure from looking at me. It’s like I’m giving them something, some part of me that I’m sharing with them and that makes me feel good. And I felt inferior to them. I think that is a natural part of being the only one without clothes. You aren’t as good as everyone; they are somehow above you in the hierarchy of relationships because they can wear clothes and I can’t. It’s amazing really because that is exactly how I felt when I did this the first time, but felt it much less the second time. Now those feelings are back, bigger and stronger than ever. I don’t know if I will still be feeling that a month from now, but right now it is overwhelming.”

“Thanks for sharing that with me. Do you mind one more question?”

“Sure, ask as many questions as you want. One thing you will learn about this is that I can’t help but be completely open and honest about things when I’m naked. I think when my clothes come off, I don’t have anything to hide behind, and so I can’t help but share my feelings.”

“Did you become aroused?”

“No, not yet, but I’m sure that as I get used to this, I will. I masturbated in the shower this morning and I think that helped hold my arousal in check for the time being.”

“I have to go to the library for some research. Do you want to come?”

“It would probably be good for me to get out so I can get used to this again. But no, I have a paper to write and I can do it here. But I do have one favor to ask.”

“What is it?”

“Can you go with me to lunch? I’m not sure I’m ready to face a crowd alone yet. Having you there really helped me this morning.”

“Sure. If I go now, I should be back by noon. I’ll see you then.”

She packed her bag and left me alone. As soon as she was gone, I let out a deep breath and released the tight control I was holding on myself. As soon as I did, I began trembling and I just lay there letting my nervousness work itself out.

When I finally settled down, I went to my desk to work on my history paper. I had all of the research and citations I needed in my notes so I was able to finish the paper by eleven. It was due on Monday so I saved it thinking I would go back and reread it later looking for last minute corrections. I started on my math assignment and got about half way through it when I had a sudden image of myself sitting naked at my desk. This kind of out of body experience had happened several times before when I was nude; it was like I was standing or floating behind myself looking down to see what I was doing. Without thinking, my hand went down to my pussy and I played with myself. I put one leg over the arm of the chair to open my pussy and put two fingers inside to rub my clit. I didn’t hear Suzie when she came in because I was so engrossed in my own pleasure. I whimpered as I came and my body twitched sitting in the chair until finally the climax subsided. When I turned my chair around, there was Suzie staring at me, not saying a word, but smiling. I blushed from head to toe, then excused myself and went into our bathroom to wash up before lunch.

She hollered in to me as I washed. “Just so you know you don’t have to excuse yourself around me. It was cool to watch you. Just next time, I want to see your face instead of watching from behind. Okay?”

“Okay,” I called out to her. “Next time you get the full frontal view. I’ll be out in just a sec.” I finished washing and dried my hands and pussy. “Here we go again,” I offered as we left the room. “The crazy naked girl is on the loose.”

We giggled a little as we headed down the stairs but for the life of me, I’m not sure what was so amusing. Once again, Suzie held the door open for me as we left the stairwell for the long hallway leading to the dining room.

Obviously the word had gotten out because this time the hallway was crowded with people, both men and women, who wanted to get a look at me. I kept my shoulders back and my eyes straight ahead as I walked that gauntlet of cell phones snapping pictures and recording video. People were also calling out to me; everything from questions about why I was naked to requests for a date. Some of them, not many but some, were just downright obscene as they graphically described what they wanted to do to me or have me do to them.

Thinking about it now, in just that one walk down the corridor, I saw and heard everything that was good and bad in people. This was so much different than when I had been naked with my friends and knew that they loved me and I loved them that it gave me pause. I suppose I realized that this was going to be more difficult than the last two times but I believe that on some level of my subconscious I was expecting it to be the same; where people accepted me for what I was. Then it hit me; there were Sallies in the crowd of students and anything they couldn’t understand they mocked and ridiculed. That realization made it so much easier for me and as I walked through the students lining the hallway, I was smiling. Now I had something I could deal with. I wasn’t going to let the Sallies beat me. I let out a strong exhale and knew that everything was going to be all right. As further evidence that I was feeling good, my nipples grew into hard, little nubs sticking out instead of remaining flat.

After we got our food and were seated, Suzie asked me what happened in the hallway. She said she noticed a change in me as we were walking through the crowd of students and I explained how I had gotten started by losing my cool with Sally and offering the bet. Then I told her that the people with the catcalls and insults were just more people like Sally and I was determined not to let them beat me. She nodded and we talked about classes while we ate but about half way through lunch, two guys came over and asked if they could sit with us. Suzie looked at me and I nodded that it was okay so they sat down facing each other and between Suzie and me on each side.

I knew both of them slightly. Jake and Colin were freshman, and I had one class with each of them. As soon as they were seated, Jake took the lead.

“So, Leah, what’s this about?” Jake asked me and with a half-smile, I asked him what he meant. “Don’t be coy. Why are you naked?”

“Jake, honestly, I would tell you if I could, but the reason has to be my secret for a while. Is it enough that I tell you that I like it and am glad I have the opportunity?”

“I guess it will have to be, but jeez, Leah, how long will you be doing this?”

“I’m afraid I can’t tell you that either, but it will be awhile before I get to wear clothes again.”

“Well, I’m sure that by tomorrow, you’re going to have the campus in an uproar. The evangelicals are going to have a field day with this. Not to mention the newspapers and TV. How are you going to deal with all of that?

“I’ll just have to deal with everything the best way I can. If it helps, I have the support of the administration. That means the campus police won’t hassle me and my teachers won’t kick me out of class because I’m naked.”

“Well, I don’t understand but if you’re okay with it, who am I to make waves?”

Then it was Colin’s turn. “Leah, some of us were going to get together tonight for beer and pizza in the common room. You and Suzie are invited but it’ll be ten bucks to cover the cost. You interested?”

I looked over to Suzie who asked me if I though beer and nudity were a good mix. That made everyone smile and so I told them that we would both be there.

Once again it was a circus as we left. As we passed the front doors to the dorm, Suzie asked if I was ready for the next step.

“What do you mean?”

“Would you like to walk off lunch outside? It’s a gorgeous day and you shouldn’t be cooped up all weekend.”

I was going to have to go outside tomorrow morning to get to work so I held my breath and said okay. We went to the doors and then I stepped out naked into the sunshine. I was surprised that there weren’t more people around until I realized that most of them would be eating lunch inside. We headed across the lawn to the other side of the square created by the buildings around us. The grass felt cool and clean underneath my bare feet and then I stumbled as I suddenly was overwhelmed by the sensations my body was giving me. It was like a switch had been turned on and all of sudden every nerve came alive, overloading my brain with sensory input.

Suzie gave me a look and I told her I was okay. She was right, it was an absolutely beautiful day and I enjoyed the feel of the warm sun on my bare skin. While there weren’t a lot of people around, it didn’t take long for a crowd to gather around us and once again I was subjected to a multitude of cell phones snapping pictures of me and recording video. Once we made it across the square we turned right and then right again when we got to the end of the walk, and then one more right so we were heading back to our dorm. By now there were about thirty people, almost all of them guys, surrounding us but giving us about fifteen feet of space. At our front door, Suzie asked about one more lap and I shook my head no so we went inside and back up to our room.

The good news was that no one following us had made any lewd or obscene remarks to us. The bad news was that they were still camped out near the front doors waiting for my next appearance. I got on my bed with a textbook and tried to read but all I could do was think about what the walk around the square really meant. I expected to be the center of attention while I was naked, but I wasn’t sure that I could withstand a month of being surrounded by gawkers every time I made a move. I was thinking about that when Suzie broke my train of thought.

“You know, it’s going to be tough for the rest of us to get a date for the next month. How are we supposed to compete against a naked girl?” she asked chuckling.

“Well, you could go around naked, too.” I suggested laughing. “It would be nice to have some company.”

“I don’t think so. First, anyone who wanted to date me just because I was naked would probably not interest me. And second, it would dishonor my family which is everything in the Japanese culture. So I guess I’ll have to be celibate until you’re ready to wear clothes again.”

“Suzie, what do people see when they see me naked in everyday situations?”

“Not sure what you mean. If you’re fishing for compliments, they see a beautiful young woman. Beyond that, I’m not sure what you’re getting at.”

“Do you think it makes them happy or gives them some pleasure?”

“The guys, certainly, unless they happen to be uptight and prudish. The girls, I’m not sure. I can only speak for me and I’m not sure yet how I feel about it. I still have to process it and I’m not there yet. Why do you ask?”

“What if I told you that I liked the fact that looking at me makes them happy? Does that mean there’s something wrong with me that I would be willing to humiliate myself to gain their approval?”

“If that were the case, then yes, there would be something wrong with you. But so far, I haven’t seen any signs of humiliation. Did you feel humiliated earlier today?”

“No, not today. I did a little bit the first time, but not today. So why do I do it?”

“Why do you think you do it?”

“Because it frees me in a way that nothing else does. When I’m naked, I’m just me; I’m not trying to be someone else’s picture of what I ought to be.”

“Then that’s why you do it. I’m sure a psychologist would help you achieve that while you’re wearing clothes but for now, this is what you have so use it. Why was it so important to you to play roles for other people? Have you ever asked yourself that?”

I told her about the accident and the feelings of separation I had from my friends when I didn’t see them because of different classes and my work. I concluded with “I guess it was just my way of getting people to like me when I was among strangers.”

“You didn’t have to think about that at all which means one of two things. First, it could be the truth and you’ve come to understand it or second, it is such a well rehearsed lie to yourself that you’ve come to believe it. Any idea which it is?”

“No, when you put it like that, I don’t know.”

“So maybe you just need to figure out which it is. Let’s say it’s the second option. That means that you really are an exhibitionist. Nothing wrong with that, and there are lots of healthy and appropriate channels for it. In fact, you’ve found one now. I’ll admit it is a little out of the ordinary, but it has an official sanction so it can’t be wrong. You were just taking an opportunity that was offered to you. Anyone else would do the same thing if the opportunity met a real need the person had. Either way, it’s cool. The one thing psychology teaches us is that we can’t hide from ourselves. We can try to, we can cover up the truth and disguise it for awhile, but eventually we either face it or we develop psychoses that lead to other behavioral problems. I’ve lived with you for a month and as near as I can tell, you are pretty normal with the exception of the situation you are now in. Now remember, I’m only a freshman starting out on this but I have read a lot, as much as some professionals, but nothing replaces experience so maybe I just sold you a bill of goods.”

“Maybe, but I don’t think so. Keep this up and you will turn out to be a great psychologist. Thank you.”

“You’ll get my bill.”

After that we studied for a while before it was time for the party in the common room. We took a few minutes to freshen up and headed down the hall. There were about twenty people there when we arrived and Jake greeted us, took our money, and let us in. We already knew the people, even if it was just a passing acquaintance and my nudity became the immediate focus of everyone there.

I asked Jake to turn off the music for a minute and when I got everyone to quiet down, I made an announcement. “I don’t want to spend all evening explaining so let me just get this out of the way now. I can’t tell you what is going on, but the administration is aware and supportive. I can’t even tell you how long, but it will be some time before I can wear clothes again. I am doing this willingly and I know there will be repercussions for me, my family, and perhaps some of you. For that I apologize. Is there anything else you want to know?”

“Do you want to do this? Are you happy about it?” someone shouted from the other side of the room. It was a damned if you do and damned if you don’t type question so I evaded, slightly.

“I wasn’t forced into this and I could have avoided it and chose not to. Does that answer your question?”

“No. You don’t happen to be a political science major do you? You have a real future in politics with answers like that.” Everyone laughed and when the laughter died down, I asked if there were any more questions. When there weren’t, Suzie and I got a beer and a slice of pizza and sat at one of the card tables. In another minute, Jake and Colin joined us.

“Well done,” Colin said. “Get the information out and forestall an inquiry. Pretty good crisis management technique.”

“Oh, God, you’re a communications major, aren’t you?” asked Suzie.

“Communications and marketing. I want to work in public relations.”

“Is there no limit to the depths when humans fall from grace?” she told him with a big smile on her face.

“Actually, it’s not much different than what you do, I just do it wholesale to your retail,” Colin said laughing.

Jake and I were taking in the exchange while we ate our pizza. “Do you have enough alcohol in you to agree to a dance?” he asked me.

All of the memories of dancing naked, both for and with Brian, came flooding back. I wanted to dance and yet, I didn’t want to dance because of the association it would have to my other experiences naked. Before I could answer, Colin extended his hand to Suzie and she took it so they got up and went to the dance floor leaving Jake and me alone. “I don’t know if that’s a good idea. I might get carried away and who knows what would happen.”

“Carried away?” Jake asked.

“If you haven’t noticed, I’m naked, and if I start shaking my booty with you, there is a good possibility I will get very aroused. It’s one of those things that just can’t be helped; my body will react to the situation no matter what my brain tells it to do. I’m not sure I’m ready for everyone to see that. Believe it or not, there are still some things that can embarrass me.” Jake had a perplexed look on his face, as if he was being torn between two bad choices, then his face suddenly cleared and he just nodded. “You were just thinking something and came to a decision. Care to share it with me because I’m pretty sure I’m involved with it somehow.”

“I didn’t realize I was that much of an open book to you. Maybe I need to practice my poker face.”

“No, I doubt most people would have noticed; it happened so fast. But in my current state of undress, all of my senses are heightened. I think it is a self-protection mechanism because I’m more vulnerable naked.”

“You don’t hold much back about your feelings, do you?”

“Not when I’m naked. This isn’t my first time doing this so I’m aware of how it affects me. I am more open and honest with people about my thinking and my feelings. I don’t want to hide anything about myself when I’m like this. It’s really a case of what you see is what you get, no pun intended.”

“Then that means I must be getting a lot, because I can certainly see a lot.”

I smiled at him and told him I was glad he was enjoying the view. Then I went back and asked him again what had troubled him a moment before.

“If I tell you, will you dance with me?”

“Only a scurrilous coward would attempt to blackmail a damsel at his mercy,” I cried.

“Scurrilous, yes, I will grant you that. But coward, no. How many of the unattached guys had the guts to come over and talk with you? Despite the fact that every single one of them wanted to so badly it hurt.”

“Point taken. Okay, one dance, a slow one if you tell me what you were thinking.”

“I was wondering if I should back off a little and give you some space. I wanted to ask you out for the last several weeks and never caught you at the right time. I was afraid I had blown my chance after I talked with you in the cafeteria because you might think that I was only doing it because you were nude. I didn’t want you to get the idea that I thought you were easy. But I decided to chance it because clothes or no clothes, I want to spend time with you.”

“But how do you know I’m not easy? After all, the evidence would seem to support the conclusion. Who else but an easy lay runs around naked in front of others?”

“Somehow, I don’t believe that.”

“That’s good, because I’m not. Just one boy and we waited a long time before we did it.”

“Want to talk about it?”

“No, I want to dance with you but there is a condition. If I get too aroused, you have to take me back to my room. Not to have sex; that isn’t going to happen. At least not tonight but you’re good looking and pleasant to talk with so I won’t rule it out in the future. Deal?”

“You have a deal. Let’s go.”

We walked over to the area where four other couples were dancing and watched them for a few minutes until the song ended. I was hoping the next one would be a slow song, but it wasn’t so I had to make a decision. I took Jake’s hand and pulled him into the dance area. As we danced, I kept my eyes glued to his face, trying to block out everything else. I knew from experience that my body could do this on autopilot. I was going to be sexy and beautiful; I would be loose and flowing and soon everyone would stop dancing to watch me. By staying focused on his face, I hoped to avoid seeing what the others were doing. I was smiling at him as I danced and I surprised myself by never once thinking about Brian. Jake was my focus and as I danced for him I knew that it was incredibly erotic from the way his eyes kept straying from my face to see my body move.

When the song was over, I took a deep breath and waited for the next one. This one was a slow one and I think I surprised him when I flowed into his arms and put my arms around his neck so I was pressed up against him. I closed my eyes and let him guide me around while my breasts were crushed against his chest. He was a little taller than Brian, so I turned my head and put my cheek against his chest as we danced.

Then I began to feel my body react. Even crushed against him, my teats were growing hard and I felt a trickle down my thigh from my pussy. We got through the dance and when it ended, I stood on my tiptoes and whispered for him to grab a couple of beers and take me back to my room. He nodded and held my hand as we walked over to the cooler to grab two longnecks and then through the doors and into the hallway. Once in the hall however, I realized I didn’t have a key to my room so I told him I would have to go back and get one from Suzie. He told me to come down to his room instead and since he roomed with Colin, we would know when Suzie got back to her room.

So we went down another twelve doors and he unlocked the door and held it open for me. His room was amazingly clean and neat; somehow I had the idea that guys in dorms were basically slobs and that there should be dirty laundry and fast food leftovers all over the room. He sat down on the bed and opened the beers, handing me one while I sat on one of the desk chairs.

“So how bad was it getting when we left?” he asked me.

“Pretty bad. There was fluid running down my thigh thanks to you.”

“How is this my fault?” he asked, genuinely puzzled.

“You were holding me too close,” I answered smiling at him

“If I remember correctly, you pressed yourself into me.”

“Yes but then there was no escape from you because you were holding me too close. See, perfectly logical and you have to admit it was entirely your fault.”

We both laughed hard and when we settled down, I spoke again. “I was serious about not sleeping with you. I just want to make sure you understand.”

“I do, and that’s fine. You’ve given me hope for the future.”

“But there is something else I can do if you want. I really need to masturbate and if you want to watch me, I’m okay with that.” His jaw dropped open but he didn’t say anything. “Excuse me,” I said, “I can either go back for my key or I can do it here, but either way, I’m cumming in the next few minutes. It’s your choice as to where.”

He just nodded to me and I assumed that was an acknowledgement that it was okay to do it here. I stood up and rested my bottom against the edge of the desk with my feet a little more than shoulder width apart. I drained my beer, and then had the idea to use the neck as a dildo. With one hand holding my lips open, I used the other to put the neck of the bottle inside me and shuddered as the ridges at the mouth pushed at my clit. As I worked the bottle in and out inside me, I was amazed how the end of the bottle stimulated me. Every time those ridges rubbed against my button, it was like a mini-climax. I was shaking and felt myself grow weak as the pleasure radiated from my vagina throughout my entire body. I moved away from the desk and got down on my knees to prevent myself from collapsing. One hand went to my nipple and I was pulling and twisting it furiously until it hurt but the pain merely drove me on to fuck myself with the bottle even harder. I leaned back so my head was against the desk and my body was bowed outward, completely exposing myself to Jake and I jerked the bottle up and down in my pussy. Finally I froze in place as the orgasm exploded and I saw a flash of light even though my eyes were still open. When my climax finally subsided and I looked at Jake, his hand was rubbing his crotch through his jeans. He quickly pulled his hand away, embarrassed that I saw him rubbing his erection and he stood up from the bed and reached out his hand to me. I took it and he pulled me up to my feet. We stood there for a few moments just looking at each other’s face while we held hands.

He smiled at me and said, “How in the name of God’s green planet are we supposed to have a conversation after that?” and laughed.

I laughed with him and he pulled me over to the bed, sat down on it, and I climbed into his lap for our first kiss. It was long and deep and hard and I loved the feeling of his tongue dancing with mine as I sat naked on his lap. I was waiting for him to touch my breast but he kept one hand on my shoulder and the other on my leg, not trying to feel me up, although I wouldn’t have minded if he did.

When the kiss finally ended, I told him that was nice and asked him if he liked watching me masturbate. “Yes,” he answered, “I really did, but I liked kissing you more. Ready for an encore?” Instead of answering, I leaned in and we kissed again. Unbelievably, our second kiss was better than our first. I could feel his cock pushing against my leg through his jeans and when the kiss was over, I asked him if he needed help while I grabbed his crotch. He just nodded and I slipped off his lap and knelt between his legs while I undid his belt and zipper. I pulled his dick out and leaned down to take it in my mouth and he stopped me.

“You don’t have to do that. Your hand is fine if you want.”

“I know I don’t have to, but I want to. And I’m sure you’ll get a lot more out of it this way.”

I don’t know what it was with Jake, but he took forever to come in my mouth. If he had been fucking me, I could have cum twice in the time it took me to suck him off and my mouth was sore as he finally ejaculated in my mouth. When I finished, I swallowed, put his penis back in his shorts, and zipped him up. Then I got on his bed with my legs underneath me facing him and he turned around to look at me.

“Earlier, you said you’ve done this before. What did you mean by that?”

I told him about the two other times I had been naked around my friends, but I didn’t mention any of the specifics. “One of the things I learned,” I concluded, “was that when I do this, I need friends around who won’t take advantage of me. And when I have them around, I’ve found that what we just did is the best way I know to thank them for being a friend. I believe you said something earlier also, about asking me out on a date. As long as we stay on campus, I would love to so when are you going to ask?”

“Right now. Casablanca is playing at the union next Saturday night. Would you like to go with me?”

“Of course. You know I’ll still be naked then. Is that okay?”

“Are you nuts? Don’t ever ask a guy if it’s okay for you to be naked. He’ll think you’re retarded.”

We laughed and then I told him that I had to work early in the morning so I needed to go and asked him if he’d walk back with me to get the key from Suzie. He agreed and we walked back to the common room holding hands. “You know, everyone is going to think that we made love, especially since you have the special smell. Why don’t you wait here and I’ll get the key.”

“No, it doesn’t bother me what they think or what they can smell. When I’m naked, I don’t hide anything from anybody. If someone asks you what happened, you can tell the whole truth. That’s what I will do if I’m asked. Okay?”

“Okay, if that’s what you want.”

We went in and found Suzie sitting with Colin. Most of the others were still there dancing or talking and I asked Suzie for the key. She told Colin it was time for her to get back too, so she got up and headed out. I gave Jake one last goodnight kiss and followed her out.

Back in the room, Suzie asked me what happened and I told her everything. She just sighed and said she wondered what it would be like to be that uninhibited. I told her that it was easy once you were naked but that getting naked in front of others was the hard part and she laughed. I got in the shower so I wouldn’t have to get up early in the morning and when I got out, I went to bed. It was only about nine thirty but I was tired and went right to sleep while Suzie read a novel.

The next morning I got up about five thirty without the help of the alarm because I went to bed so early. I decided on another shower and got out of bed as quietly as I could in the dark and found my way to our bathroom. I closed the door, turned on the light, and got in the shower with the water as hot as I could stand it. The bathroom was filling with steam as I just stood under the hot water and let the steam relax me because I was still wound up from the night before with Jake. After about five minutes, I turned the temperature down to as cold as I could stand it and let the water cool me off. Then I turned it back to warm and washed my hair and body. The bathroom was still steamy when I got out so I opened the door and slipped out, leaving it open a crack while I dried off.

I did some yoga exercises in the dark to stretch and when the steam had cleared out of the bathroom, went back in to fix my hair and make-up. Twenty minutes later I was ready so I put my wallet and key in my laptop bag and slipped out of the room without disturbing Suzie.

I knew I was going to be early but I figured that was okay because I might have to explain to Bobby, the other employee who was in charge, why I was showing up for work naked. The sun was just coming up as I walked the half mile to the union and entered the front door. Amer’s was the coffee shop where I worked on the first floor and Bobby was already there, brewing coffee and tea and setting up the register.

“I got an e-mail that said you would be naked, but I didn’t believe it. I thought it was some sort of prank,” he said as I walked up.

“No, it’s me in the flesh,” I told him and then quickly added, “all my flesh,” and he laughed, but it was a nervous laughter. Bobby was a senior and he only worked about twelve hours per week as part of his scholarship. “So how do you want to handle this?” I asked him.

“I’ll take care of the coffee and tea and you handle the register. We’ll both fill orders but when there is a line waiting to order, you take care of them as fast as you can.”

Because it was Sunday morning, we both knew it wasn’t going to be very busy so I agreed with him and counted the money in the register drawer to verify what I had. After that, we had some time to talk before people started showing up. When everything was ready, Bobby asked me why I wasn’t wearing clothes. I told him that I couldn’t tell him but obviously I had the support of the administration because of the e-mail he had received. Then he asked me what it was like to not be dressed. I noticed that he was choosing language that did not include the words naked or nude and from that I thought he might be embarrassed by seeing me like this.

“Bobby, I’ll be happy to talk to you about it but are you embarrassed because I’m naked?”

He blushed some and just nodded. So I turned to face him, spread my legs shoulder width apart, and put my hands on top of my head. “Look at me, Bobby, look all you want until the embarrassment goes away. I like being looked at and that is one of the reasons I’m doing this. So take your time and really look at me, not just my face, but everything. He stood there red faced for several seconds looking at his shoes then lifted his eyes. I could track them as he started at my feet and scanned slowly upwards. I saw him hesitate at my bare pussy and again at my breasts before he paused and I knew from his face that he was seeing all of me. I slowly turned around, hands still on my head to let him see me from the side and back and when I returned to a position facing him, he was smiling.

“Thank you,” he said, “You are really beautiful.”

“Did you enjoy looking?” I asked.

“Very much.”

“Well, don’t hesitate to look again if you want. As I said, I like being looked at. It makes me feel sexy and erotic.”

Just then we saw a group of three students, two girls and a guy, coming our way. I recognized them as Sunday morning regulars. They would spend most of the morning there reading the New York Times and the Detroit Free Press. They were chatting as they walked toward us so they didn’t notice me until they were almost to the cash register. When they did see me standing naked behind the counter, they just stopped in their tracks and stared with the guy’s mouth hanging open.

“Can I help you?” I asked.

“Huh, do you realize you’re naked?” asked one of the girls.

“I am? Omigod,” I exclaimed. “I am!” and I laughed. “Yes, I know, and it’s a long story. Can I get you something?”

They gave me their orders and I told them to have a seat. I noticed that the guy put a dollar in the tip jar. Usually students just put in their change if they put anything in at all. Bobby was smiling as he went to work on the cappuccino while I got the two coffees. I put the coffees on a tray and added the three pastries they wanted while Bobby finished. He added the drink to the tray and I took it out to them. As I put the tray down on their table, the other girl asked me if I was in compliance with the health code.

“Apparently, I am. This was arranged ahead of time. It’s not a spur of the moment thing.”

“Why would you do this? Why would you humiliate yourself like this?”

“I don’t feel humiliated, not at all. I like being looked at. Check out your friend; he can’t take his eyes off me.”

The two girls turned to the boy and before he knew it, he was being slugged on each arm by the girls. I went back behind the counter while the two girls berated the guy and he just sat there looking sheepish, taking their abuse.

Two more guys came up and after taking a few moments to get over being flabbergasted, placed their orders. Each of them also left a tip and when I took their order out to them, I thanked them. “A small price to pay,” muttered one of the guys as he openly stared at me. I did a pirouette for him to let him get the three hundred sixty degree view before going back to the register. As I walked back, I heard him calling a friend telling him to come down to Amer’s.

Everything was pretty normal until about eight thirty. That’s when I really noticed that a line was starting to form. I told Bobby I was going to start taking names on the orders so I could stay behind the register until we got caught up and he agreed. But the line kept getting longer and longer until there were over thirty people in line. We worked our asses off trying to keep up with the orders and started a rotation where I would take an order and fix it while Bobby took the next order and prepared that one. While it was a more equal division of labor and let us work a little faster, there were some groans from the guys in line when Bobby took the first order.

Neither of us got a break all morning as people kept arriving based on cell phone calls and text messages from their friends to come down. By ten when my shift was supposed to end, I was exhausted. Our relief arrived a few minutes before ten and Bobby and I took a deep breath. Then we took the contents of the tip jar to the back to divvy it up. There was over one hundred dollars in the jar when the usual Sunday morning meant fifteen or twenty dollars to split between us. Bobby said he would have to see if he could arrange to work more shifts with me and I asked him about sharing the wealth. He just shook his head no and said it wasn’t about the extra money; it was because of the fringe benefits and I laughed.

Nothing much happened the rest of the day. I spent the day in my room except for lunch and dinner thinking about what tomorrow would be like when I would be going to my two classes, one at ten in the morning and one at three in the afternoon. The last one was pretty far away, almost a mile, which meant a fifteen minute walk there and fifteen minutes back across campus. I was also sure that after this morning the word would be out all over campus that there was a naked girl running around.

What I wasn’t prepared for the next morning when I left the dorm were the camera crews from the local stations shoving microphones in my face. It was a tumult outside the dorm as I exited and began walking to my first class. At first I was stymied as the news people crowded around me but then a couple of students got between us and began pushing them out of the way. A few more guys joined my escorts and then I was able to make good progress, leaving the news people trailing in my wake as two of the guys took up a position behind me, blocking the view of the cameras.

When I got to the building for my class, I thanked them for their help. One of the guys from my dorm told me that he had arranged for some of his friends to meet him outside in case something like this happened. I stood up on my toes and kissed his cheek to thank him, then had to repeat the process with the other six guys who had gotten me to class safely. By the time I kissed all of them, the news people were catching up so I ducked inside and headed to my class.

I got through the class all right because most of the students had already heard about me or had seen the commotion with the news people. I was sitting in the back and could see the frequent head turns as people looked back to see what I was doing but I kept my focus on the instructor and taking notes. When class was over, I was dreading the walk back to the dorm but my escorts were waiting for me and helped me get back with a minimum of fuss. This time, instead of kissing them on the cheek, I kissed them on the lips, but they were thank you kisses, not passionate ones. Still I thought they were pleased that I did and I knew that pressing my self against them was having some effect. The other nice thing was that each of them put their arms around me during the kiss to hold me and I liked that a lot.

I had lunch and headed up to my room to wait for my next class. I was surprised when I came out that the news people were gone but I guessed that they got their footage for the evening news earlier and were now content to leave me alone. It was after I got back and had dinner that I got the call from my parents. They were both on the line but it was my mother who spoke first.

“Leah, we saw a girl who looked like you on the news walking around naked. Tell me it wasn’t you.”

“I can’t, Mom. It was me.”

“Leah, what’s going on up there? What do you think you’re doing walking around naked?”

“Mom, I can’t explain but you have to believe me; there’s a good reason for it.”

Then my father took over. “Leah, there’s not a single reason anyone can think of that would justify this behavior. I am about fifteen seconds away from driving over there and yanking you out of school unless you stop this tonight.”

“Dad, I’m sorry you found out the way you did. I should have called you and told you first; that was wrong of me. But what I’m doing isn’t wrong and it’s important. The administration knew ahead of time what I was going to do and it has their support.”

“Not good enough. Tell us why you’re running around campus in the all together or you’ll be home by tomorrow morning.”

“Dad, I can’t tell you without ruining everything. I know this is hard on both of you but can’t you trust me that there is a good reason?”

“Hard on us? Do you know what it will be like for us tomorrow? Do you know what it will be like when I have to go to work and have everyone tell me they saw my daughter naked on TV? You’re mother and I will be humiliated and ridiculed for this for years. Didn’t you think what it would do to us?”

“With all due respect, Dad, you’re not the one naked in public. The images of me are now on the Internet and they will be there forever. So again, are you going to trust me and trust that I know what I’m doing?”

“Leah, does this have anything to do with the stories Sally told about you after the snowstorm?” It was my mother asking.

“Only in a very remote way. It really isn’t connected at all. If she had never told those stories, I might still be doing this. Does that answer your question?

“Not really. You sound like your trying to be evasive.”

“I know I am, Mom, but I have to be. I promise, when this is all over, I will tell you everything. But for now I have to finish what I started.” We talked a little longer and I could hear my father fuming at the other end of the line. Finally I told them I needed to study, and that I loved them both, and hung up.

After all of the initial chaos, things settled down fairly quickly. I worked my shifts at Amer’s and saw my tips increase four or five fold over normal. I attended classes, I ate my meals in the cafeteria, and I studied. I also spent time with Jake, just talking with him as we got to know each other better and we studied together for the one class we had in common.

One of the things I noticed however about my first week being naked is that I did not masturbate nearly as often as I had the last time I spent a week nude. I spent a lot of time thinking about it and came to the conclusion that because I didn’t know the people around me nearly as well as I did the last time, my nudity wasn’t affecting me as much. I did masturbate once with Suzie in the room and a couple of other times when I was alone, but there wasn't any day when I had eight or nine orgasms like the last time I did this. I hadn’t masturbated nine times since I had arrived at UM, let alone in one day. I think the other reason was that I was so much busier now compared to the last time. Then we had a full week with nothing to do but play. Now with work, classes, and studying, there just wasn’t that much time. I often went to bed exhausted; literally too tired to finger myself. I silently resolved that I would have to make time for myself in my schedule.

On Saturday night, I spent about an hour getting ready for our date. I used the dye on my nipples because they were starting to fade a little, used the depilatory crème on my legs, underarms, and pussy, took a shower, fixed my hair and make-up and was ready five minutes before he was to pick me up. I quickly made a decision and got out the Ben Wa balls Brian had given me and put them in my pussy, tucking the string inside also instead of letting it hang out. I got my wallet, made sure my key was in it, and was standing near the door when he knocked. I opened it for him, he asked me if I was ready, and I told him I was. Before leaving, I put my arms around his neck and gave him a kiss, feeling my breasts rub against his shirt, and then we were ready to go.

The theater at the union wasn’t a typical theater. Instead of rows of folding seats it had sofas and easy chairs spread around a large room. There were tables near the furniture for food and drink and servers took our orders and brought them to our seats. When we entered, Jake pointed to a couple of easy chairs near the middle of the room but I took his hand and pulled him to a solitary chair in the back. I had him sit down and then I sat on his lap with my back against one arm and my legs over the other. The server came and we ordered hamburgers and cokes and she brought them to our table just before the lights went dim. We ate with me on his lap during the first twenty minutes and when we finished, I took Jake’s hand and put it on my breast. “I hope you understand why I wanted one chair in the back now,” I whispered in his ear and he just smiled at me.

For the next twenty minutes, Jake played with my nipple and breast while we watched the movie. I was really turned on by having him touch me like this in public, even though it was dark and we were in the back. I opened my legs a little and moved his hand to my pussy and he cupped it gently in the palm of his hand while he massaged it but didn’t try to put his finger inside me. It didn’t matter because he was moving the balls around and as they rubbed against my clit, I felt my pleasure build. Just before the orgasm, I pressed my mouth against his neck to stifle the moan and then my body shook as I experienced a wonderful climax. He realized what had happened and I think he was confused because he never entered me. Again I whispered in his ear, telling him I had Ben Wa balls inside me and he nodded. He didn’t stop kneading my pussy and within ten minutes, I had my second orgasm. ‘This is more like it,’ I thought, ‘two orgasms in twenty minutes.’

After that, I moved his hand back to my breast and we watched the rest of the movie. I cried at the end, like I always do during Casablanca and I didn’t have a tissue to wipe my eyes or blow my nose. When we got outside, Jake wiped away my tears and asked me if I wanted to stop for a coffee and I told him that would be great. We hadn’t taken more than a couple of steps when I heard Brian’s voice from behind me.

“Hello, Leah.”

I turned around and said hello to Brian. Then I introduced Jake and Brian introduced Rachel. There was an awkward pause for a moment and then Jake asked them if they wanted to join us for coffee. I thought for a moment that Brian would say yes, but Rachel pulled on his arm and said they were planning on meeting some friends off campus. We said good-bye to each other and went our separate ways.

At Amer’s over coffee, Jake asked me how I knew Brian and I told him he was my boyfriend in high school. Jake gave me a quizzical look and then I explained that Brian was my boyfriend the other two times I was naked for extended periods and that he was the first (and only) boy I had slept with. Then I had to tell him everything about those times. I had told him that I had been naked around my friends but I had never given him any details about it. Now I did tell him; everything from the bet with Sally up to my deflowering ceremony and then being alone with Brian for two days when I lost my virginity. Then I finished with him dumping me, presumably for Rachel, just before summer vacation started.

“Wow, that’s some story. So that’s what you meant when you said that you had done this before. Look, if you don’t want to say anything that would be okay, but why do you like being naked?”

“Jake, you’re a dear and I really like being with you. Are you sure you want to know about this? It may leave you with the impression that I am really fucked up in the head and while I don’t think I am, you may not agree with that assessment.”

“With or without clothes, you are the most beautiful girl I know and I really like you, too. I want to know all about you because I… well, because I think we’re great together and I want to see how much better it can be. But you can’t do that if the other person is an enigma.”

“Okay, here goes. I missed a year of high school when I hurt my back. If you look closely, you will see two small, white scars on either side of my spine about half way up from the two surgeries I had. When I went back to school, I was a year behind and had no friends in my new class and lost touch with my friends in the class ahead of me. Plus I had to work to save money for college because all of my college money went to pay my medical bills and even so, my parents almost went bankrupt. So I was feeling guilty and abandoned and to overcome all of that, I started trying to please everyone by being what I thought they wanted me to be. So at the party, when I shed my clothes something amazing happened after I got over the humiliation and embarrassment. All of a sudden, I couldn’t be anything but me. All my real feelings came out and I didn’t have to pretend to anything any more. And that was exhilarating. Beside that, I found out how sexy I really was and I liked that. Finally, I was able to bond again with my friends and that made me feel terrific. So all things considered, I was a lot better off naked than when I was dressed.

“So when I had the chance to do it again, I leapt at the opportunity. I spent the entire week as the only one naked and it was the best week of my life. But when it was over, I thought that it was my last chance to experience the good stuff that comes with being naked. So I just existed; going to class and going to work, but not really feeling anything. When Brian came home for Christmas, it was nice, and we made love a couple of times, but it wasn’t really the same because now there was some distance between us caused by his being away. Then a few months later, he broke up with me and I was really in a funk until a couple of friends helped me get out of it. By then, it was time to come here and I was excited about it but after the first couple of weeks, I felt myself slipping into the doldrums again.

“Then I was presented with an opportunity to be naked again and I grabbed it. Since then, I’ve been happier than I have for a long time. I met you and that has been a blessing, as has Suzie, but without being naked, I’m not sure that either of you would have helped me feel things so strongly again. The bottom line is that I am happier and better adjusted when I’m nude than when I’m clothed.

“So now, just how screwed up do you think I am?”

“Other than the lack of attire, you seem pretty normal to me, so how can I answer that? But if I could make a suggestion, I think what’s inside you is a lot more important than what is outside you, not that the outside isn’t terrific. Talking with you the few times I did before you got into this situation made me want to get to know you better. And as I have, it’s made me want to know even more. So screwed up or not, I’m in if you want me to be.”

“Jake, honey, just how in do you want to be?”

“Huh? I’m not sure what you mean.”

“Well, if I have to be obvious, will you please take me back to your room or mine so you can get inside me in the very best way.”

Suddenly the light dawned on him and he understood what I was saying. He took my hand as we walked back to the dorm but Suzie was in my room and Colin was in Jake’s. But he didn’t let that upset him and, still holding my hand, he led me back downstairs and out the back of the dorm. It was dark out, but not late, as he led me across the campus to a thick grove of trees. Once inside the grove, we were almost invisible to anyone walking past us.

“I wasn’t expecting this,” he told me. I don’t have a condom. We can make love without intercourse if you’re worried.”

“It’s okay. I’m on the pill.”

“Have you ever made love in the grass?” he asked and I just shook my head no as I tugged at his shirt, trying to get it over his head. He quickly stripped down and we lay down together in the soft grass as we kissed. Then I took out the Ben Wa balls and we made love together. It never crossed my mind that we might be found and so the love making was free of worry and unhurried.

When we were finally through, he got dressed and we headed back to the dorm. There was semen leaking from my slit but I didn’t care. We said good night at my door and I went inside. I realized I was still holding the balls so I went to the bathroom to clean them.

Suzie began quizzing me immediately, not even waiting until I came out of the bathroom and I told her everything that happened, including how he had brought me to orgasm twice during the movie. She either had a terrific poker face or she knew me as well as I knew myself because nothing I told her seemed to take her by surprise.

“So does being naked make you more sexually active?” she asked after I had told her everything about our evening.

“I think it makes me more aroused, but not necessarily more active. If I hadn’t been with Jake, I wouldn’t have done it to myself in the theater. I think the fact that he is cute, smart, and very interested in me has more to do with it than my lack of clothes.”

“You kind of glossed over the part with Brian. Was it really awkward?”

“You know, not as much as I expected it to be. I had played out the scene where we saw each other a hundred times in the last couple of months and the reality turned out better than most of my imaginings.”

“Any interest in seeing him again?”

“I don’t think so. Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me. How could I ever get serious about Brian knowing that he already dumped me once?”

“Yeah, but that was before he knew you’d be running around campus in the nude. If he had known, do you think he would have broken it off with you?”

“The question is moot. He did, and Jake makes me happy. By the way, how are you and Sammie getting along?”

“We’re not. He’s nice but I don’t get that special feeling.”

“Sorry, I thought you two were getting along.”

“We do, just not the way you and Jake do,” she said with an ear to ear grin on her face.

“He is nice. I wish there was a way to spend more time with him.”

“Maybe there is. Janis dropped out today. I could move in with Billie and Jake could move his stuff down here.”

“Do you want to move out?”

“Not necessarily. But having you naked all of the time can be a little unsettling. I might be able to focus on homework a little better if my roommate was wearing clothes.”

“It’s only a couple of more weeks. And I don’t think I’m ready to move in with Jake. We’ve only had one date and there is still a lot I don’t know about him. Can I go back to what you just said?” When she nodded, I went on. “Is it really that hard to study with me around? You’ve been so great this last week and I don’t want to make things harder on you. Is there anything I can do?”

“Other than put on some clothes? I don’t think so. Look, I could always study at the library if it was really a problem, but it’s something else.”

“What?”

“I envy you. You’re so easy about it even when the guys are looking at you and thinking what it would be like to fuck you. I wish guys would look at me that way sometimes. It’s not that I resent you, or resent that they look at you and get pleasure from it. I guess I resent that I can’t be that way myself.”

“Do you trust me?”

“Sure. What are you thinking? I can see the wheels turning.”

“You, dear friend, are about to become the subject of my own experiment. But you have to do exactly what I say. Agreed?”

“What are you planning? I know better than to agree before I know what you’re planning on doing.”

“That’s why I asked you if you trust me. You can’t know until it happens. Otherwise you will talk yourself out of it. So do you agree?”

“Okay. What do you want me to do?”

“Get in the bathroom and clean yourself up. You have five minutes. Go on, just get ready.”

It was with some hesitation that she went into the bathroom. When I heard the water running, I dialed Jake’s room and asked him if Colin was with him. When he said he was, I asked him if he felt like a walk around campus. He told me he would love to join me and I said to bring Colin. I was going to leave my door cracked open and he and Colin were to knock and barge in fifteen minutes from now.

“What are you planning? You’ve got something going on.”

“Doesn’t matter but you need to be here in fifteen minutes. Don’t be early, it will ruin everything. And taking a walk is your idea, not mine. Got it?”

“Anything you say. See you in a few minutes.”

I hung up and called in to Suzie to see how she was doing while I opened the door and pushed it almost closed but not letting the latch catch. She told me just a sec and when she came out, she was wearing fresh make-up and she did her hair in a ponytail.

“Okay. Now I want you to take off all your clothes,” I told her.

“Why?”

“Just trust me, remember. You told me you wanted to experience something like what I do every day. Since it’s just the two of us, I figured this would give you a taste of what I feel all of the time.”

“Okay, but I don’t see the point. You’ve seen me naked lots of times.” She pulled off her top and unfastened her bra. Her breasts, smaller than mine by a smidgeon, were perfect cones pointing out from her chest with dark brown nipples that quickly grew into hard, little nubs as I looked at them. With her golden skin, it was hard to tell if she blushed as I looked at her, but she kept stripping, kicking off her sandals and pulling down her shorts and panties with one motion. When she was naked, I asked her to put her hands on top of her head and turn slowly while I looked at her. She did as I asked and when she was facing me again, she started to put her hands down but I asked her to leave them on her head as I looked up and down at her body. After a few moments of staring at her, I asked her what she was feeling.

“It was weird. No one has ever looked at me just to see me like you did. You were studying my body, taking it all in with an intensity that I’ve never associated with looking at someone. It made me feel like I was some inanimate object; a painting or a sculpture, and you were just trying to memorize every line and curve of my body. And I also felt, I don’t know, it’s hard to find the right words, but I felt very sexual. I couldn’t help thinking about how nice an orgasm would be, even with you watching me.”

“Now I want you to close your eyes and do the turn again. But this time, we’re not alone. Imagine ten or fifteen other people, men and women, watching you. I’ll tell you when to stop turning but keep your eyes closed.”

She took a sharp breathe before she closed her eyes and slowly turned around. When she was almost all of the way around I had her stop and asked her how this was different than the first time.

“I could see them smiling as they stared at me and I felt good about that but I also felt less like a person and more… more like an animal. I felt some humiliation for a moment but as I saw their faces, I was proud of the way I looked and could feel their pleasure being transmitted to me somehow.”

I told her to open her eyes, and just as she did, Jake knocked on the door and it flew open. Suzie saw Jake and Colin standing in the hallway looking at her as she stood there completely exposed with her hands on her head. She started to go to the bathroom to hide but I stopped her. “Let them look at you,” I told her. “They’re friends and you can trust them.” She turned to face them and just stood there with her hands at her side, not trying to cover up as Colin and Jake looked at her with their eyes wide open, unblinking.

After almost a minute of staring at her, Jake said, “We thought you might like to go for a walk.”

“Sure, we’d love to. Let’s go, Suzie.”

“I have to get dressed first. Give me a minute.”

“No you don’t. Let’s go. Once around the square,” I told her, gabbing her hand and pulling her toward the door.

“No, I can’t. I’m not you, Leah. I could never go out like this.”

I got very serious and told her that yes she could. “You wanted to experience this and now you can. You saw how Jake and Colin reacted; they were absolutely stunned by your beauty. Time to share that beauty with the world; or at least this corner of the campus. You can do this because you want to do this. It’s late and it’s dark outside. You’ll never have a better opportunity. Trust me, remember?”

I pulled a little more on her hand and she followed me to the door. She hesitated there for just a brief moment, took a deep breath, and stepped out into the hallway. It was deserted and we walked down the hallway, Suzie and I holding hands and the boys flanking us. Just as we got to the elevator, it chimed and the doors opened. There were two guys from our floor who looked first at me and then gave Suzie a long, hard stare before they got off and we got on. As the doors closed, we heard one of them say, “Wow, now there’s two of them! Isn’t college great?”

There was no one in the lobby and Suzie hesitated again as we got to the front door because we could see ten or twelve people out on the square walking in different directions. “You can do it,” I whispered to her and she nodded and walked outside first while Jake held the door for us. I followed her outside and then the boys came after us.

We started walking up the sidewalk toward the far end of the square and pretty soon we saw people pointing at us. The area was well lit so there was nowhere Suzie could hide from the gazes of the other people and realizing this, she straightened her shoulders and held her head high, looking straight ahead. I told her it was okay for her to look at the people looking at her, that she should enjoy them looking and she just shook her head a little. We made the turn at the end of the sidewalk and now we were headed toward a group of four guys who had obviously been drinking. They called out to us as we approached and Jake tried to steer us away from them but Suzie and I went right up to them and I asked them how they were doing.

“Pretty good starting the moment you walked out of the dorm,” one of them told us and Suzie and I smiled at them. Then another one asked us if we wanted to dump the guys we were with and party. Suzie told them no, she and I were happy with the guys we had and he replied with, “Your loss.” They moved to let us by but as I passed them, one of the guys swatted my bottom; not hard, but there was some sting. I turned to face him while Jake was trying to pull me away. I shook off his hand and looked at the guy who had spanked me.

“Look all you want guys, we like it when you look and we like it when it makes you happy to see us naked. But no touching without permission, not ever. Understood?”

“Sorry, I apologize.” He had a sheepish look on his face.

“I know you are, now come here,” I told him and when he got close to me, I put his hand on my breast and kissed him on the cheek. “Next time ask,” I told him, “and you might be surprised at my answer.” I smiled at him and then turned and we continued walking away.

When we had gone about twenty or thirty steps, Jake stopped me. “Are you crazy? Those guys had been drinking; there’s no telling what kind of trouble they could have caused. And why did you kiss him and let him feel you up?”

“First, I won’t go through this expecting to find trouble. I’m aware of the risks but what you don’t know is that I have a panic button on my bracelet that summons the campus police. But even with that, I didn’t think I would need it with that group. Second, he recognized his mistake and apologized for it. I believe that type of behavior needs to be rewarded, not ignored, so I rewarded him the best way I know how. Any more questions, Jake?”

“No, ma’am.”

“Don’t get huffy with me, Jake. I shouldn’t have snapped like that and I’m sorry. What can I do to make it up to you?”

“You can let me apologize.”

“For what, for being concerned about my safety? Why would I ever expect an apology from you for that?”

“Because if I apologize, then maybe I can get rewarded like he did,” he said laughing. “Come here, you,” and I pulled him toward me. I took his hand and put it on my breast but he didn’t get a kiss on the cheek. I stood on my toes and gave him a full one on the mouth. He let go of my breast and put his arms around me, pulling my tight against him and crushing my breasts into his chest as we kissed. I don’t know how long the kiss lasted but it seemed to go on forever and I forgot that Colin and Suzie were still waiting for us.

When the kiss finally ended, Colin suggested we head back to the dorm. The four of us ended up in the boys’ room with Suzie still naked. She wanted to go to our room first to put on some clothes but I wouldn’t let her. The four of us sat on the floor with the boys facing each other and Suzie and me between them. The boys were sitting cross legged while Suzie and I sat with our legs folded.

“Okay, Suzie, truth time. How did you feel when Colin and Jake first came into our room?”

“You saw, I tried to hide in the bathroom because I was embarrassed but I also wanted to stay so when you told me to stop I stopped. I think if you hadn’t been there already naked, I couldn’t have done it but I got some strength from you to let them see me. And as they looked, the feelings were far more intense than the ones I had during the visualization exercise you used. Now it was real while before it was just my imagination.”

“Why did you want to stay?” I asked her.

“Because I… you know, I’m not sure. I just thought it was important for me not to hide, but while they were looking at me, I felt sexy and desirable. I also felt some humiliation at being naked in front of clothed men, but that just added to the feelings of being sexy.”

“And how did you feel outside?”

“I was scared and excited. It was like just before a bungee jump. I knew someone would see me naked outside and so there was a feeling of anticipation and not knowing how exactly I would react to being seen. But once we were noticed, I wanted to show everyone that I am proud of the way my body looks so I made sure I was standing tall. I also didn’t want them to know how scared I really was so I tried to block everything out and just focus on putting one foot in front of the other.”

“And how do you feel right now?”

“Comfortable but if I was the only one naked, I’m not sure I would feel as comfortable. And aroused; definitely aroused. My pussy is moist,” she explained, blushing at the last.

“Have you ever considered doing anything about your arousal while others watched?”

“Oh God, no. I could never.”

“Well, I have and I can. Would anyone mind if I played with myself right now?”

When no one objected, I shifted around so I was on my knees with them spread wide. I put one finger inside my pussy and the feeling was intense. It was always that way when someone watched me touch myself; far more intense than when I was by myself and I think that’s why I sought out these kinds of opportunities. I was looking straight at Suzy as I fingered my clit and then I lost focus on her as the pleasure began to build. I wanted to cum so badly but there was something else I wanted also and I tried to calm myself just a little as I refocused on my roommate sitting across from me. It was like the guys weren’t even there and then I saw what I wanted. Suzie’s hand went to her pussy and she began playing with herself. Before I lost my concentration, I took a quick look at the boys and their heads were on swivels, turning back and forth trying to watch both of us at once. Then I lost all connection to the others and laid back, my thighs on top of my calves so my pussy was elevated and gapping open while I continued to finger myself. My other hand, no longer needed to prop myself up went to my nipple and was twisting and tugging at it, not very gently, until my climax came. I shuddered for a few moments as the pleasure washed over me and after I calmed down, I pushed myself back up so I could watch Suzie’s orgasm.

She was very close and I reached my hand out to hold Jake’s as we watched her writhe on her knees as she got closer and closer. She cried out as she came, shaking her little boobs and we stared intently at her until her orgasm subsided and she was looking at us again.

“Jake, honey,” I said, “Would you please take me back to my room. I’m afraid that I need to ravish you because just that one wasn’t nearly enough.” He smiled as he stood up and then helped me to my feet. We left the room as Colin moved closer to Suzie to hold her and I saw them kiss as we walked out the door.

The lovemaking with Jake was fabulous. He came twice, once in my pussy and once in my mouth and I had at least three more orgasms before we fell asleep in each others’ arms.

Suzie woke us the next morning, still naked, and kicked Jake out. I asked her how her night went and she said it was wonderful but further than that, she would not say. She got in the shower first and when she came out, I took my turn. When I came out, she was still naked and when I asked her if she was going to get dressed, she got a surprised look on her face. Then she went to her closet and took out the clothes she was going to wear that day and laid them out on her bed. She stood there looking at them for a long time before getting dressed.

“Are you sorry it’s over?” I asked.

“Huh? Sorry what’s over?”

“Your naked time. It seems to me that if you’re going to keep doing this, your next step is to go outside in broad daylight.”

“No, last night was enough for me, but now I think I understand you a little better. But I think this is a case of one and done,” she said as she got dressed. “Let’s skip the dorm breakfast this morning. I’m buying coffee and pastry at Amer’s if you want.” I told her that sounded great and we left for the union.

I had been naked for a week now and I would have thought that I would get used to the stares or at least indifferent to them, but on the walk to the union, I was more conscious of them than ever. As I’ve said before, I liked it when people looked at my naked body because I knew, at least for the men, how much pleasure they got from it. And it always made me more conscious of how my body was moving and how all of the parts worked together. My posture was straighter and the awareness of my breasts, hips, thighs, arms, stomach, and bottom was a powerful and pleasant experience.

At Amer’s, I got a table while Suzie placed our order and waited for it. As soon as she sat down, a guy came over and asked if she was The Naked Friend, verbally capitalizing the words.

“What do you mean?” Suzie asked.

I had become known as The Naked Girl. That was what the You Tube and Daily Motion videos called me. He went on to explain that there was a new video posted last night that showed a girl, also naked, walking with Jake, Colin, and me around the square. The other girl was referred to as The Naked Friend.

“Yes, that would be me, I guess,” she told him.

“It was hard to make you out because it was dark, but I thought it might be you. You both were very beautiful and I was wondering why you decided to get dressed again.”

Suzie was dumbfounded, as was I to a certain extent, by the question. Imagine someone coming up to a stranger in a public place and asking them why she decided to wear clothes. The incongruity of the question made me smile but Suzie just had a confused look on her face. After all, how does someone respond to a question of that type? But to her credit she tried to explain.

“Leah’s my room mate and I wanted to understand what she was going through and how she felt. The only way I could do that was to duplicate her experience so I tried it last night. That doesn’t mean I want to run around in the nude all of the time. It was just an experiment; a one time thing.”

“That’s too bad,” the guy told her. “Because you really are beautiful and I wish I could have seen you better in the video.” Suzie blushed and he went on. “Any chance you might repeat the experiment some time?”

“I don’t think so. I got what I wanted from it.”

He left us alone and I asked Suzie if she really did get what she wanted from it. She got this far away look in her eyes, as if she was going back to last night to relive the experience before she answered. “Yes, I think I did. All of the feelings I experienced last night are somehow jumbled up but the whole thing was just amazing. I really do understand what you mean when you say that you shed a lot of baggage along with your clothes. You can’t be anything else but yourself when you’re naked, as I found out last night. I think I was shying away from Colin because of what he wants to do with his life; advertising and public relations is something I looked down on. But last night when I was naked, all my pretenses about it just slipped away and I saw him as a person instead of just his major. But what’s more, I understand now how it could become habit forming. What I mean is that the rush I got is already starting to fade a little bit. When I think about last night, the memory isn’t nearly as intense as the experience was. I find myself thinking about doing it again; about pushing myself a little further into it in order to refresh the intensity of the feelings.” Then she paused for a moment. “My God, I can’t believe I’m thinking about doing it again.”

“You know, the other times I did this, it was important to me that I was the only one naked. I remember thinking at the time how much I needed to feel vulnerable by being the only one naked. I needed the feelings of inferiority that came with being naked around my clothed friends. It really helped me shed the different roles I was trying to play so I could just be myself. But last night was different. I liked the fact that I was sharing it with a friend; that we were both naked and exposed and helpless to do anything about it. So if you ever want to repeat the experience, I’d be glad to have you join me.”

Suzie didn’t say anything for several minutes as we finished our pastries and coffees. When it was time to go, she excused herself to use the restroom, taking her backpack with her. I looked around at the people who were sneaking surreptitious looks at me while I waited for her, thinking about how strange my experience really was. Completely exposed on one of the largest college campuses in the country, visible to thousands of students and faculty, day after day with no hope of reprieve and I felt isolated and alone in a way I had never felt before. On my previous encounters, I was surrounded by a small group of friends for short periods, but this was an entire month, with only a few friends, and I was exposed to an entire community. It briefly crossed my mind to end the whole thing just so I wouldn’t feel so different; so I could begin the process of fitting in again. In retrospect, while my extended nudity helped me grow closer to my high school friends, now it was a barrier of the type that my previous nudity had removed between my friends and me. I was close to three people in a dorm with almost two hundred and an institution with thousands. I was tired of feeling alone because my naked body was more of an obstacle to forming relationships than I had thought it would be.

But Suzie was about to prove that the quality of the relationships was more important than the number. When she came striding out of the restroom, she was as naked as I was. As people noticed her, their stares turned away from me and toward her. She was unhurried in her walk and there was a smile on her face that told everyone that she was proud of her body and that she was happy to be showing it to them; the same kinds of feelings that I had most of the time I was naked. She walked over to the table and asked if I was ready to leave so I stood up and we walked together back to the dorm. We didn’t go directly to our room; we stopped first to see Jake and Colin. When we were inside, Suzie asked Colin if it was okay with him if she stayed naked for awhile and he just nodded; unable to speak because of his surprise and, I believe, that Suzie looked drop dead gorgeous. Jake smiled at me and asked if I was perhaps the carrier of a nudity virus. I just shrugged my shoulders as if to say maybe.

Suzie didn’t remain naked constantly like I did but over the next several weeks, she stripped six or seven more times and appeared in public like that. And she wasn’t the only one. Within a few days, as the videos of The Naked Friend spread and more and more people saw them or actually saw her, a few more women made naked appearances on campus. None of it was streaking; that is to say, in each case the women were deliberate, unashamed, and almost insolent about their nudity.

On the last day of my naked month, I received a phone call from Professor Haynes asking if I could stop by his office that afternoon. I was surprised by the call because he had said that we wouldn’t have any contact until after the experiment was over but I was eager to see him and hoped I would learn the purpose of the research.

At two o’clock, I knocked on his door and he let me in. I was, of course, still naked and I put the towel I had been carrying around for the last month on the leather chair before I sat down.

“I want to thank you for everything you have had to go through this last month. I expect you would like to know what it was about and what we learned.”

“Yes, sir, I would.”

“We wanted to try to measure the power of personal example. What I mean by that is ‘Can one person’s behavior that is contrary to social mores influence others in a similar way?’ We wanted to learn if your behavior would spread to others just because of your own behavior, uninfluenced by argument or attempts at conversion. Hence the prohibition on explaining your reasons for being naked. And I would say it was successful. At last count, over seventy co-eds have appeared nude in public on campus. That is an astonishing number given the inhibitions and the peer pressure that have to be overcome by a person to appear nude in public.

“So tomorrow, you can get dressed again and I don’t know if that will be a relief to you or not. But you have fulfilled all of your obligations to the project so here is your check and again, I want to express my personal thanks to you for making this work.”

“Sir, one more question if I may.”

“Of course, what is it?”

“Why is this important to know?” His face clouded over for a moment and then broke into a big smile. It was as if he was not used to being asked to explain himself but then he realized I had next to no knowledge of his field and he became more tolerant of me.

“Well, I could site hundreds of applications, but let’s just take one to make the point. Think of a law abiding person who is friends with a criminal. It is possible for the influence to move in either direction but one would expect that it is easier to cross the line into criminality than for the criminal to reform. Another example might be a politician who refuses campaign cash from special interests. That is contrary to the mores of most politicians but perhaps they can be influenced by the example of someone else. Do you understand?”

“Yes, sir, I believe so. And thank you for the opportunity. I have learned a lot about myself and my friends because of this. In the long run, that will mean more to me than the money.”

“I don’t know if you realize it yet, but together we have also created quite a conundrum for the administration. Are they now supposed to ban nudity on campus or permit it when it is not sexual or lascivious? You probably don’t realize it but during the last month, attacks on women on campus hit a five year low. This is consistent with other research that shows that as pornography became more accessible on the Internet rapes declined. I’m not saying that what you did is pornographic but there are obvious similarities. My suspicion is that they are going to have to allow it now that the genie is out of the bottle. If they do, will you remain naked? I know you had your own reasons for participating and I’m curious.”

“Perhaps occasionally, but I would have to consider it more before I can tell you. I certainly don’t expect to spend such an extended period without clothes.”

That was really all that was said during the interview. We exchanged pleasantries and I left his office.

\* \* \*

When the weather turned nice the following spring, it seemed that there was rarely a day that went by when a co-ed wasn’t seen naked on campus. I don’t know if it became a lifestyle for anyone or if anyone remained naked twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week like I did over that month. But if it did, more power to them.

Jake and I remained lovers the rest of freshman year and about half way through sophomore year. We are still good friends and spend a lot of time together but the spark that was there got lost and neither of us was unhappy about it. In a way, we are closer now than we were then because we have come to rely on each other for advice and are free to take it or leave it as we see fit without any pressure of a relationship to worry about. However, Colin and Suzie stayed in a relationship all four years and are going out west to grad school together. Whenever I am with them, I think about Suzie’s comment that there was no electricity between them when they first met. I once reminded her about her remark and she said that nudity certainly has a way of charging the romantic batteries.

I’ll be graduating in a few weeks with degrees in math and physics and then it is on to MIT for grad school with a full scholarship. My original plan was to graduate in three years to make up for the year I lost to my accident, but I just couldn’t pass up the chance for the double major so I ended up taking the full four years. So far, school has been a challenge, not in terms of the course work but because of the time management it takes to get two degrees in four years. I expect that will change in the fall because I will be working (and competing) with some of the best young minds in the country.

I’ve often wondered how I would have done if I had remained naked after the experiment but it never bothered me. I think that month got it out of my system and I’ve only been seen naked by room mates or lovers (sometimes they are the same thing) since then. My parents never really understood my naked month but since that was almost four years ago, we act as if it never happened. I wouldn’t be the person I am today without those experiences and I cherish them but I’ve gotten all I can from them. They helped me come to terms with myself and I’m glad I did what I did, but I have no need to repeat them. It would be impossible for me to be taken seriously in my field if I had continued to live naked so it is just as well.

Still, every once in a while I get the urge to do it again, so who knows what will happen?