**The Nudity Laws**

by[AnonymousPerv](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1367666&page=submissions)©

Maude didn't like it one bit. It was the third day in a row that her daughter Carrie was wearing another tight t-shirt to school that had holes sewn out of the front allowing her tits to be fully exposed. It was the latest fashion craze and this was the third day in a row that her daughter had insisted on wearing such a thing.

Topless nudity had long ago been normalized, nearly twenty years now, but parents didn't particularly care for any fashion that sexualized it. 'What was it with kids these days?' thought Maude, who especially disliked it. She was becoming more and more conservative in her views in her maturing years. She'd hoped her Carrie would have picked up on these traits. In Maude's opinion, these kids were wearing was "trashy" at best and "slutty" at worst.

Now even Maude went topless on occasions where and when it was appropriate, such as swimming or tanning. The topless nudity laws were there for practical reasons, after all. Still, Maude didn't care to draw attention to her 36G cups any more than she had to. She thought that maybe Carrie's insistence on showing her own tits all the time was perhaps a rebellious act of an envious daughter. Still growing, Carrie was a healthy 34C, her tits more pointed than round, a testament to their continuing development.

"Mom! I wear what I want. If you weren't such a prude, you'd understand!"

Maude was hardly a prude. In her youth, she enjoyed her cock-teasing moments, dressing in sexy low-cut apparel on many occasions, but back then women couldn't go topless openly in public. Maude was at her wit's end with Carrie's behavior. She was going to go down to that school and have a few words with the staff. For them to be so willfully accepting to overtly sexual behavior was troubling, regardless of nudity laws.

"Maude, let your daughter wear what she wants. Teens will be teens." It was Frank, Carrie's new step-father. He was just coming into the kitchen, dressed for work.

Maude kept her thoughts to herself about going to the school from her husband, but she was definitely going to have her say. Once Carrie left for school and Geoff for work, Maude got busy preparing. She showered around noon and finally made it to the school just before 2 p.m. She was dressed in a dark blouse and skirt, two inches above the knee. A student assistant buzzed her into the office, greeting her.

"Hi! Sign your name and time here. Who are you here to see?"

Maude wasn't surprised another girl was sporting the same look as her daughter's. This girl's B-cups stood proudly out of the holes sewn in the front of her tight blouse. The girl certainly wasn't shy as she stood up straight, smiling.

"I'd like to speak to the guidance counselor and the principal, please. Perhaps Carrie's homeroom teacher. Carrie Williams, my daughter."

"Oh, I know Carrie! That's quite a lot people you need to see. Without a scheduled appointment, I'm not sure we can make that happen, but I will try," said the young girl. "Why don't you sit over there?" She pointed to a chair.

Maude began walking over to the chair while looking at the others seated in the room, two girls and one young man who had the look of guilt and exhaustion on him. The two girls were both topless, save for their light school jackets. One was easily an A-cup, but the other a mature looking C-cup, perhaps.

"Ma'am, would you like me to take your blouse before sitting?" the assistant asked.

This took Maude off guard, but looking around it seemed to be the style. Then it dawned on Maude: that just by asking, the office girl was indeed encouraging nudity. It sounded almost as if this was school sanctioned. Exactly why she was here, Maude reminded herself.

"Dr. Roberts has a rule where he takes unscheduled appointments by breast size. Biggest exposed breasts go first."

"That's terrible!" exclaimed Maude.

"Why?" asked the girl. "It gets chilly sitting in the lobby. The A/C is always off in this place. Anyway, the more flesh exposed, the more uncomfortable it is bound to get, so Dr. Roberts puts that into consideration."

"Why would exposing one's flesh matter at all? Shouldn't it be first come, first serve?" An angry tone in Maude's voice.

"Oh, heavens no!" screamed the girl. "It gets really cold in there! And besides, it's perfectly legal to expose one's chest, so no one should be punished for dressing that way. It's our fault the room is so cold and the maintenance man is too inept to fix it."

Maude was confused by what she saw as giant holes in logic coming from the assistant. "When did exposing one's breasts all the time become a thing? It's not necessary!" Maude was almost screaming at the girl, who just looked at her as if she were an alien for suggesting anything at all was abnormal about exposing one's breasts. Just then, a tall man came barging in the room.

"You're next," he pointed at the C-cup girl. The tall man wore a casual suit that fit him well. Without paying any attention to Maude whatsoever, he turned with the girl and walked back to his office.

"See?" said the girl at the desk. "Order of breast size."

"I think I can manage," Maude huffed. "There are just two people in front of me."

Just then, three girls came rushing in making a fuss, talking so fast that no one could be understood. All three were completely topless, wearing only bikini bottoms.

"The boys were supposed to let us have the pool last period," one finally managed to be heard over the others. "They're not leaving!"

"The principal will be with you soon. Please sit down!" cried the assistant.

The shortest of the girls was quite well-endowed and her breasts were bouncing up and down in her anger, but Maude knew those breasts weren't nearly as big as her own. Maude quickly unbuttoned her blouse and tore off her bra, leaving her huge tits on full display.

"Is this what you want?" Maude screamed at the assistant, throwing her blouse and bra at the girl. "Fine. I can play this stupid little game."

She was just about to sit down when the man in the suit came walking back with the C-cup girl following behind, smiling now and exiting the lobby, her boobs bouncing along with her stride.

"You!" the man said forcefully while pointing at Maude. Stunned by his sudden return, Maude immediately followed him, forgetting to retrieve her top in the process. Maude hadn't been formally introduced to Dr. Roberts since he took over the school a year ago, but was now convinced this was surely the man she was following.

"So, you're worried about your daughter's behavior, I'm guessing," said Dr. Roberts, leading her into his office. He stared at Maude's tits as she faced him. She couldn't believe he was so blatantly sexualizing her at this very moment.

"This is exactly what I came here to talk about, Dr. Roberts. Your school is clearly taking the nudity laws to the limits of acceptable behavior." Maude's tits bobbed up and down as she tried to make her point.

"So you think that just because topless nudity is legal that we at the school encourage it somehow. I would laugh at that if it weren't obvious how little influence a school has on any student's attire. The institution is the epitome of uncool in the eyes of teens."

"Then explain to me why I am in this condition now?" asked Maude.

"You're the one topless," said the principal. "I didn't make you dress that way. Besides, if we encouraged a dress code, everyone would be completely naked."

"Oh my goodness!" shouted Maude. "I knew it! You cannot tell me you are not encouraging this attire. The girl out there asking me to get topless and now here you are saying we should go completely naked!"

"You don't understand," said Dr. Roberts. "ALL nudity is legal, ever since House Bill 268 passed three months ago. If everyone went naked, it would be the easiest dress code to enforce and we wouldn't have to concern ourselves if some clothes seemed more inappropriately sexualized than any others. However, do you think for one minute the students here would agree to go naked? Our students are far too timid for that."

"As they should be!" exclaimed Maude. "The very suggestion..."

"Oh, come on now. Does this bother you?" The doctor unzipped his pants and dropped them, exposing a nine-inch penis, thick and half erect. "For you to think any less of me just because I have a penis is your problem. I'm glad that bill passed. People shouldn't be ashamed of being who they are."

"That's not the point," said Maude, barely able to take her eyes off the doctor's meat. "This could be construed as lewd behavior. Uh...you're saying this is legal?"

"It is legal, ever since House Bill 268 passed. Are you're saying just because you see a penis that you're having lewd thoughts or intend to behave inappropriately?"

"Well, no... I... uh... of course not!"

"And why would you think others would behave differently than you?"

"Well, I..." Maude couldn't seem to battle the argument.

"Listen, you try it. You'll see."

"Try what?" asked Maude.

"Take off all your clothes. Be a role model for these students."

Just then, the door burst open and a fully dressed woman in her late twenties rushed in. She had a healthy rack on her, hidden behind a long knit shirt.

"I'm Carrie's guidance counselor, Lita Simmons. Someone called me in?"

Maude was surprised that Lita didn't acknowledge the huge cock in the room or even her own exposed breasts. Instead, the counselor listened intently as Dr. Roberts got her up to speed on Maude's concerns.

"You think Carrie is immodest? Oh my, how wrong you have it. She hates showing off her tits, but feels like she has to wear those clothe to fit in. She really shouldn't be concerned. She's an absolute doll."

As the counselor spoke, she began undressing, removing every article of clothing. Whatever conservative image had formed in Maude's mind when the counselor entered the room quickly vanished as the woman was now fishing for something in her purse. Her naked ass was on full display for both Maude and the principal. Finally, Lita turned facing the two with a rather large purple vibrator in her right hand. She sat and leaned back into one of the leather chairs, spreading her legs.

"Give me just a second, people," she said, slowly inserting the vibrator into her pussy.

"What are you doing?" screamed Maude, ashamed to look.

"Ma'dam!" interjected the principal. "Allow the woman to get comfortable!"

Maude locked eyes with the guidance counselor as she finished inserting the vibrating dildo deep inside her. She pumped it a few times before speaking again.

"Carrie is just one of the more prudish girls, Mrs. Lipton. It's okay. We support her decision to dress in any manner she sees fit."

"But, Miss Simmons. Can't you all see you're sexualizing everything?" Carrie motioned at the vibrator the woman was pumping rhythmically into her pussy.

Dr. Roberts interjected again, "Just because Miss Simmons needs sexual relief right now does not make her something to be stigmatized. I have no right to treat her like a sexual toy. I would certainly never think of you that way!" The doctor scoffed at Maude.

How dare he, Maude thought. She instantly ripped off her skirt and panties and spread her legs wide.

"Fine. You don't think the naked body can be sexualized. I intend to prove you wrong."

She inched her way closer to the principal, making sure he saw every ounce of her flesh. Never before had she behaved so boldly with a strange man, yet here she was committing to the act.

"I dare you to not get hard watching me. I am going to fuck myself right here right now, and I promise you mister, you will get hard! That will prove how incredibly inappropriate all this is. We shouldn't even be half naked, much less masturbating!"

"But, Ma'am," said the principal, inching back, "It is you who are acting inappropriately coming on to me this way. Miss Simmons is fulfilling a need; you are making advances at your daughter's principal. Do you not recognize the difference?"

Maude looked over at the guidance counselor who was now ramming the dildo in and out of herself at a very rapid pace. Maude also noticed the woman was ogling her naked figure. In Maude's mind, it was obvious Lita Simmons was using Maude's own body as masturbation material.

"Dr. Roberts, I am saying that Lita here is every bit as lewd as I am now. Just look at that!" She waved in Lita's direction just as she squealed out an orgasm

"Look, I don't see the problem," said Lita, after catching her breath. "So what if I had to cum? Nudity is legal. There is nothing preventing me from killing two birds with one stone while being naked, you don't have to make such a big deal out of it. You, on the other hand... if you're not fucking yourself out of need, but rather because you want to exploit a situation, then it is you who are acting out of line, not me."

None of this logic made any sense to Maude, yet she couldn't counter them anything. After all, here she was stark naked, rubbing herself in front of her daughter's principal and guidance counselor. Just then, the door burst open.

"I'm sorry, sir. She insisted on barging in when she discovered her mom was meeting with you." It was the office assistant with the perky breasts saying this as Carrie, Maude's daughter, came storming in around her.

"Mother! Why do you have to embarrass me like this?" Carrie's arms were crossed, but below her breasts, allowing everyone in the room to gawk at her glorious hard nipples.

Maude immediately stopped masturbating. "Carrie! Oh, well... I... uh..."

"And what are you doing? WHAT are you doing?"

Thinking quickly and not wanting to upset her daughter about coming here to start trouble, Maude answered, "Honey, I came here because I thought you were having trouble in school. Instead, these fine people have shown me just how far you've come."

"Why are you naked? You never get naked."

"I've been taught a lesson today, Carrie. I have no right to criticize the way you dress. You do what's best for you. What identifies you."

"Uh... ok?" Carrie was bemused. Why was her mother behaving like all these assholes at her school, she thought? Lately, the teachers and staff were always fucking themselves and acting like it was no big deal. It was very uncomfortable and annoying.

Carrie finally broke down to wearing the open-breasted outfits to get the teachers to stop picking on her so much. The staff seemed to target the more prudish ones in the school.

But Maude didn't know this was the real reason behind Carrie's dressing choices lately, and went on with trying to appease her child. "I mean... I now understand why the principal would rather everyone go naked all the time. You wouldn't have to constantly try to please others on your style of dress. Everyone would be equal. So after they told me this, it was my idea to go naked today and show all the students that it should be considered as a voluntary dress code."

Maude had no idea why these words were coming out of her mouth. All this, simply to save face on the embarrassing situation she'd put herself in? She continued on with the lie, "I'd like you to consider encouraging your classmates to join in, Carrie."

"Mom, I honestly don't even like wearing this! Haven't you been able to see that? Everybody stares at my torpedo tits!"

"Oh honey, that's ridiculous. You're beautiful."

As Lita watched the mother and daughter exchange words, she went back to fucking herself with the dildo. She pinched a nipple and grinded on the device hard, allowing the deep vibrations to send shivers up her spine. It wouldn't be long before she would climax again and she was glad of that, because she was really hoping to get back to work soon.

Lita spoke just before the oncoming orgasm. "Carrie, I want you to know I will also participate in this with you every day. Completely naked. Maybe we could boost this as a school spirit program. Won't you help? Please?" She erupted into a loud orgasm, sending her quivering against the back of the chair.

Carrie looked up from her to her mother. "And you expect me to do that?" She was pointing at the sweating, beaten woman.

"Do what, young lady?" interjected the principal. "Masturbate? Only if you get the urge to knock one out, sure, but that wouldn't be a requirement of the dress code. That would be silly, of course. Maude, I think your idea is perfectly grand. Why don't you all tell everyone as they exit for the school day. In fact, all three of you girls can work the doors. I'll have the office monitor make an official announcement over the intercoms as well. Tomorrow can be our first test day."

Carrie eyed her mom in disbelief. Somehow she'd been swindled into stripping completely naked for all to see... and asking others to do the same! She knew was going to be the most hated girl in the school.

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"I can't believe you got them to agree to do that," said Lita Simmons to Principal Roberts. They were back in his office. They had indeed joined Maude and Carrie in greeting the students as everyone left for their buses and rides home. They informed all of them to participate in the impromptu Nude School Day event the following day. Not to mention, the student assistant blasted out the announcement as the students first came pouring into the halls at the end of the last period.

"It worked to our advantage. We've been wanting to push these boundaries as far as we can take them." The principal was scuttling to get his clothes back on. Lita was too, putting on her bra as quickly as possible.

"I just can't continue doing this, Dr. Roberts. It's so... so... sinful!"

"Now, now, my child." The principal reached over, patting the woman on her shoulder. "You did good today. HE knows this is a sacrifice for you. Purity and modesty are the paths to heaven, but sometimes we must make detours to find the correct path."

"I know, but it's just so hard!" Lita was almost in tears. "Everyone saw me naked today. Everyone! And that... that thing!" She pointed at the purple dildo resting on the large chair. "Did I have to do that? I can't believe you asked me to do that."

In fact, Dr. Roberts had given Lita a secret signal when she'd entered the room that instructed her to masturbate. It was the latest thing the teachers had been doing to continue pushing the boundaries of the students. Knowing her role, Lita immediately followed the order when she saw it.

"We talked about this. We'll have to push our boundaries in order to push theirs before they see the light. They will understand the error of their ways. It will be a day of reckoning for us. "

The two finished getting dressed when the door opened and in walked Judge Mary Brandt and her lanky assistant, Geoffrey. Judge Brandt was also the head of the school board and a local pastor. More importantly, she was also one of the most powerful women in the town, known for her harsh sentencing of even the pettiest of criminals and her very prudish nature.

Which was strange because Mary Brandt had the physique of one that most wouldn't associate with being prudish. Her enormous, voluptuous breasts were always being hidden away under layers and layers of clothing, but they could never disguise how large they were. Many people joked it was half her body weight, as the judge's lithe 5'3" body, especially at the age of 48, was completely mismatched to the size of her tits.

The Judge hated her breasts. She despised the ogling she received throughout her life, all unwanted, for Judge Brandt was a very religious woman. So religious in fact, she had started her own strange religion, a church (more like a cult) almost solely focused on the importance of purity and modesty. Though it had a large congregation of almost a thousand members, their fixation on modesty was not the norm in society these days. Any other Christian or religious organization considered Mary Brandt's views to be fanatical, as she wanted all women to be dressed from head to toe, completely covered at all times.

After topless nudity laws were passed twenty years ago, Judge Brandt worked even harder to crusade against the increasing vulgarity. Once every few months or so, there would be a report of a girl sunbathing topless in the park or swimming in the public pool as such. It wasn't often, but Judge Brandt knew this was a slippery slope.

A cunning woman, Judge Brandt developed her cult of followers and over time had them infiltrate civic organizations, schools and libraries. Positions of power that would help influence the public. It was two decades of hard, dedicated work.

Originally, the judge had her church members working as a mouthpiece for purity, a propaganda machine that unfortunately hadn't proven effective. They would spread conservative viewpoints, but not many were listening. Sure, the congregation grew a bit from the efforts, but not fast enough and it could never get big enough. Anyway, more and more girls were displaying their tits and more and more people were becoming insensitive to it. This bothered the judge greatly. Another twenty years and people would be fully naked in the street, she thought. An abhorrent thought.

But a brilliant plan emerged one day. Fight fire with fire. The idea came to the judge on a night following the failure of trying to get a bill passed that would have banned topless nudity on Sundays. It was a bill Judge Brandt had introduced herself to Town Hall and yet it was still beaten by a wide margin.

"We won't get the public to understand if the downward slope is so incrementally small that they just don't see the sin occurring around them. We must make them fall to the depths of depravity as quickly as possible. Then our bills will have substance. An opposing side will emerge, whether they stand with us for the same reasons or not!"

Judge Brandt was brainstorming with her team when she said these words. All of them had been crushed their bill had not passed in Town Hall. Principal Roberts had been in this meeting. He and all the staff at the school belonged to the cultish church, a result of the infiltration efforts. After much debate and arguing, it was finally decided that the disciples of the church would have to encourage the deviant behavior themselves. The teachers and coaches began showing up naked to school and sure enough, every now and then, one of the students would go topless or even flash a tit on occasion.

The staff began punishing those who didn't participate. For instance, if one of the girls in gym class went topless, she would only have to do half the exercises, or those who went topless in class would get a pass on the hard questions. The teachers would have denied doing this, but the students began picking up on the behavior and naturally, more and more girls began wearing attire that allowed their breasts to be exposed. To them, it was far better than doing twice the work for worse results. It was a little embarrassing, but over time it became no big deal for most of them.

Back in the principal's office, Judge Brandt looked at her now fully and modestly-clothed comrades. "Maybe this will get the rest of them to join in now. It's been a hard road for you both, I know."

"When you asked us to finger ourselves around the more prudish ones until they start loosening up is what got me at first," Lita said. "And now this? To be requested by Dr. Roberts to fuck myself with a dildo? Ewww! I'm just not sure I can keep this charade up!" Lita was almost in tears.

"But it's necessary," said the principal. "Look how far we've come and so fast in the grand scheme of things. In three months we've accomplished this. More and more girls are coming to school exposed every day. It's no longer a slippery slope, it's an avalanche... and it's the only way our mission will succeed. We all have to walk through this fire, but on the other side is a life of purity, modesty, honesty and goodness."

The principal, in his heart of hearts and devotion to his religion, truly believe modesty was a holy and humble thing. It broke his heart to see Lita so upset having to subject herself to such humility every day, but he also knew their plan was working.

"I'm truly sorry I have to see you naked. Your body belongs to you and you alone," said the principal. The latter sentence was a mantra the church employed often.

"I don't feel like it does," sniffled Lita. "I just want this to end."

"Dear, dear," said Judge Mary Brandt to the girl. "You are a great disciple."

The judge knew she herself could never do what her disciples were doing. She would never! The very thought of anyone actually seeing her naked would crush her. The judge would tear her whole church down before she subjected herself to being gawked at by any man, or woman for that matter, for even one second. She would, however, exploit her flock to get what she wanted and that goal was to get nudity outlawed completely and forever. She also wanted sexy dresses outlawed. She wanted people to stop behaving like sexual miscreants, and in the judge's slightly warped mind, everyone acted like miscreants. Whether someone was gawking at her tits or not, she always assumed they wanted to and the thought repulsed her.

Growing up, Mary accused her friends and her family of all trying to see her tits, often. Mary was hypersensitive to even the slightest glances in her direction. However, she finally learned to stop bringing it up all the time, as it alienated her from having any real relationships. Even so, Mary's suspicions were sometimes confirmed. There had been times when one of her few friends openly admitted they wanted to see her tits, fascinated by how huge they were. Mary hated what God had given her, but she assumed he did so to lead her to this mission.

Mary learned to distance herself from most people, instead employing them to get her way. She demanded her close circle always dress entirely conservatively and now it was her mission for everyone to be that way. Her fanatical, delusional mission.

The judge was sure once a trend of slutty behavior erupted through the town, everyone would be rushing to correct the situation. It would be easy to pass strict dress code laws then. At first, she thought that all the young women going around topless so often these past months would have done the trick, yet her bill failed on the floor. It seemed most of the women didn't mind going topless and none of the men minded if they did, either.

"Judge Brandt," said the doctor. "It has been a privilege to be a missionary in this challenge. To know we're doing God's work is all the satisfaction we need, right Miss Simmons? It will get us through these humiliating events." The principal was still trying to make Lita feel better.

"I think so," Lita said. "I can do this. I can. It won't be much longer, right?"

"I guess we find out tomorrow," said the judge. "You both did great work. I thank you."

To the pair, it was like getting blessed by the Pope to receive such praise.