**The Problem of Grib**
by Steve Forrestieri

*(a Blanke Schande story by donnylaja)*

I love combing Lisette’s hair in the quad. It’s a thing we do every day after lunch. She lies on her back on one of the concrete tables, bends her knees, and lets them fall to the side, giving me a clear view of her beautiful forest of auburn curls over her vaginal lips. I do it nice and slow, using the soft brush and then the long-handled comb, then start over. No point to it really, she already brushes her hair every morning (actually, one of the other girls in her suite does it, it being easier for someone else to see down there, they take turns with each other), and it always looks fluffy and luxurious and fine, no doubt to that special egg conditioner they use. But I just love brushing and combing it. She likes it even more, she says it makes her feel loved, which she is of course. As I brush and comb I like to sit a little to the side, so that the whole world can get a view of her beautiful crotch and her gorgeous pussy, the lips spread ever so slightly because of the splay of her legs.

Her whole body is beautiful, and it makes me so proud that I have such a beautiful girlfriend whose body is on display in the center of campus. Not that all the other girls aren’t beautiful too, the campus is alive with female loveliness. Odd that it should be so, here at Blanke Schande where female students are supposed to be totally naked at all times, but all BSC girls not only have killer bods — the low-fat food and all that daily phys ed they have to do makes sure of that — but they also have pretty faces. Lisette’s friends, both the naked girls and the clothed guys, sit around the table and she looks up and gabs with them, just like it was nothing. A sophomore now, she has pretty much gotten over any modesty she had last year. Sometimes she giggles (I know I shouldn’t be admitting this) as I slip a little of that long comb handle into her pussy, making sure no one sees (BSC is a very cool place but any kind of public sex is against the rules), and as she giggles I feel the comb tugging at me with every nuance of her internal muscles, like we’re laughing together through her pussy. I could swear, when she gets excited about something — like yesterday when everyone was talking about how hard last week’s Euro history exam was — her lower lips move around, opening and closing ever so slightly, like a second mouth talking along with her first one. Or maybe saying something different, more basic words that we can’t hear with our ears.

I didn’t set out to write about Lisette, though I could go on gushing for five pages, but that would be pretty boring to read wouldn’t it? I want to get a good grade on this essay.

Yesterday, as the autumn leaves (or what passes for autumn here in sunny SoCal) were beginning to fall and a green gecko leaf fell onto Lisette’s forest and I picked it out and turned to drop it on the ground, I saw HER again. Grib. Debbie Grib.

Walking straight ahead, hard bare feet thudding on the pavement, with her companion Heidi Grau behind her. It’s hard not to see Grib, inventor of the “hard nude” idea, with her shaved head, and her shaved armpits and shaved pussy. She does it every day — using cream, I think — removes every bit of hair from her body. She looks like an alien, or some other creature, and makes all the other naked girls look downright clothed and modest. A pretty alien, of course — with a hard, wiry body — but with a hardness to her face. It seems she’s always scowling.

BSC’s nudity policy might sound weird enough to outsiders, but the habits of Grib (everyone refers to her by her last name) are truly bizarre. I suppose she has a suite room assigned to her somewhere, but she always sleeps outside, on bare concrete, no blankets or pillows. She bathes outside (usually in one of the creeks behind the dorms) and relieves herself in the woods. She far outdoes the “Total Nudes” or “Absolutes”, those girls who give up makeup, blankets, and jewelry, staying totally uncovered all the time, even off campus and even when classes are out. She makes them seem like wimps — which is what she calls them anyway. “Wussy Pussies!” is one of her usual taunts as Akeiko and her gang go by. Which is why she’s a problem.

Actually there’s something more than that which I find irritating but at the moment I can’t put my finger on it. Let me list five things that piss me off about Grib:

1. She taunts the Absolutes (see above), who are a gentle crowd and don’t deserve any grief. I understand (I think) the philosophical difference — Akeiko stresses being “natural” and “unclothed”, which is why she thinks keeping all her natural hair is O.K., while Grib stresses total skin exposure. To us clothed guys, and even to most of the non-Absolute girls, it seems like a silly point of doctrine, certainly nothing to get divisive about.

2. She’s just generally prickly and unfriendly. Not someone you go to when you’re looking for a spot in the dining hall and she’s at an empty table. She doesn’t go to the usual affairs like campus dances or parties. She’s technically a member of the Ultra Nudity Club, but never participates in any of their functions.

3. She “presents” when not asked, which is not welcome. It’s one of the basic Blanke Schande rules that any girl must “present” when asked by a guy — show whatever body part he wants to see (usually pussy or anus). It makes the girl oblivious to modesty, and also forces the guys to be polite: he’s not allowed to touch and can’t make any crude remarks. In fact a guy asking a girl to “present” is a way of telling her she’s pretty, and most girls take it as a compliment. But the guy is always the initiator, and most guys like to control when they want to see a girl’s private areas. Grib knows this, of course. So when she gets up on a table in front of a bunch of guys, turns around and spreads her butt cheeks at us, showing every little wrinkle of her brown asshole, it pisses us off. “Look, men!” she says. What’s really aggravating is that she laughs as she shoves her anus into our faces, wiggling her hips, before hopping down and continuing on her way. At first I thought this might be a form of surrendering her modesty, or maybe tantalizing guys. Some girls are very aware that in a presenting situation they actually have more power than the guys, and they “show” more than the guys can really handle, with us not being able to touch or anything. But then Lisette told me that between the girls here, unasked-for displays of the anus are a “p-signal” which means about the same as flipping a middle finger. When she told me this, I said “a-ha!”, my suspicious confirmed. Grib really was being an asshole, showing her asshole.

4. She disrupts just about everything she walks into. Like at Student Assembly meetings where she stands up on chairs in the back, balancing with her toes curled around the tops of the backs, and asks ridiculous confrontational questions. Last week it was, “How can you say you speak for all the students?”, without identifying what issue she was talking about. She asks disruptive questions in class too, when she’s not being disruptive in other ways, like spreading her feet wide on the seats in front of her and pushing her pussy up, closely examining her bare pussy in full view of everyone, meticulously pulling the lips open, checking out her clit. One time she actually said to Heidi, “My cunt hurts,” and Professor Barclay finally told her to close her legs and shut up.

5. If she just shaved her body and slept outside it might be weird but not so bad, maybe admirable in a way if she was quiet about it, choosing such a hard life on principle. But she’s ostentatious about it. She sleeps on concrete — in the quad in mid-afternoon. She shaves her pussy — right in the middle of the student union, wiping the last traces of the cream from every little crevice. And she does those damn “erotocize” exercises, usually reserved for the girls’ morning classes, and the usual sit-ups and jumping jacks — but in the middle of the day, right on the sidewalk. It’s enough to make you roll your eyes, and a lot of people do.

6. Make that six things. She smokes. Some other girls here smoke too, but Grib smokes with such a tough-girl scowl that it almost makes you laugh. Like she was sucking on the sourest pickle in the world. Then she throws it down and stamps it out with her tough sole and stomps on. Ugh!

So why do so many girls find her intriguing? Not that anyone is imitating her, but she has a fascination or a hold on some of them, and I think on many more who are not willing to admit it. Heidi herself is only halfway to imitating her; she shaves her pussy and armpits but hasn’t quite shaved her head — she’s got a short Mohawk. (Not a surprise, because Heidi is lesbian, though it’s anyone’s guess what Grib’s sexuality is.)

I’ve seen a couple of girls bathe in the creek, and sleeping out in the open, on tables or benches, is starting to become a trend. Or at least you see a lot more of it this year than last year. And there are more girls shaving their pussies. Recently I’ve seen some mushroom cuts that are coming close to being Mohawks.

So what is the attraction? Mabye it’s just the dare. A sense of living dangerously, or breaking rules, even though no rules are actually being broken. It would certainly seem so, considering Akeiko. Akeiki is very nice, and has been a positive cheerleader for the Absolute cause since she took over as President of the Ultra Nudes last year, but is not exactly a rebel in any other way. Partly it’s her physique — like a lot of Japanese girls, she has almost no chest and is skinny, seeming like an innocent child. But mostly it’s the way she acts. She never curses or anything, and acts like a naive virgin a lot. (She might, in fact, be a virgin. She has no boyfriend, at least.) You should see her bed (she lives in Lisette’s best friend’s suite, and of course in all the girls’ suites the bedrooms have no doors). Her bed is covered with fluffy toy animals, always a red flag if you’re trying to get to know a girl. She’s one of the few girls who never uses p-signals (short for “pussy-signals”), those little hand signals involving the genitals that have evolved like a second language that only the girls really understand among themselves. She’s almost unnaturally cheery, like a 12-year-old Mouseketeer. And then there’s Grib.

It would be easy to dismiss Grib as a rich kid being rebellious, acting like someone who has no bed to sleep on, but I found out she actually is from a working-class background. A lot of us are really curious about this, and it turns out she gets some financial aid but also supports herself with being “an artist’s model”. Modeling for money is something that BSC females shy away from for some reason. Maybe it’s because they have to be naked all the time and it seems too easy to earn money that way, or tacky somehow. Grib disappears most nights — to model. Or maybe do something else? Someone heard a rumor that she does porn movies in L.A. It would kind of figure.

I think I hit upon something in that last paragraph. Grib acts like she’s poor — no, she acts like she’s a prisoner who has to be kept naked and shaved as part of her punishment, forbidden the comforts of a bed or of indoor plumbing. And making us feel guilty about it. THAT’s number 7 of what bugs me. Maybe the main point. I remember a dream I had once about her. She was on all fours on a table in the quad, and Heidi Grau was behind her, using a big mallet to pound a huge dildo into Grib’s butthole with big roundhouse baseball swings. Grib was looking ahead at everyone as they passed by, veins popping out in her forehead, teeth gritted, grunting at each new pounding of that huge dildo that must be hurting like hell as it forced open her anal ring and went deep into her gut, angry and determined not to crack at the same time, like a prisoner being tortured, as if to say, “F\*\*\* you, Warden! Unhh! Go ahead, you bastard! I — unhh! — can take anything you can hand out — unhh!!”

It was a very powerful dream, and maybe the girls who are intrigued with Grib have had something of the same dream. Forced to be naked all the time — but they agreed to it — forced to “present” to any guy who asked — but the guys can’t touch — being vulnerable and strong at the same time, these conflicting factors must drive any Blanke Schande girl to some weird dreams, and weird desires. And though it’s giving her too much credit to say it was intentional, maybe Grib has tapped into these dreams and desires. One thing is clear — she’s tough. Maybe a kind of toughness that a naked girl would like to emulate.

The only time I ever saw Grib really intimidated was the time she taunted Dan Small. The sympathies were all on Dan’s side, of course. Everyone likes Dan, a very nice guy, a gentle soul, very quiet, he hardly says two words all day. He also has the biggest penis on campus. Not that I’m into guys, but you just can’t help seeing that long thick bulge running halfway down to his knee, even through those long baggy shorts he always wears. Fortunately at BSC everyone is cool about it.

Except for Grib. There she was with Heidi Grau, waiting for him to approach with me and a few others on the way to class, and then she hopped on the table and did her butthole thing, looking at Dan’s crotch and then his face, saying, “Here I am, big boy!” I rolled my eyes and Ted seemed about to say something like “go away, Grib!”, but Dan walked right up to her, real calm, looking at her face and then at her anus. He breathed in, and we all saw as his equipment got harder and even longer, pushing the bottom of his shorts out like a tent pole, threatening to poke out the bottom. He cleared his throat and said, “So you want to be touched. May I — touch — you?”

There was a long pause as they looked at each other and time seemed to stand still. Then she quickly said “No”, with a deadpan face, and looked at him some more. Then she broke the gaze. She hopped off the table and walked off with Grau. Dan had one of his quiet smiles and the three of us went to class. He’d called her bluff. Looking for hard anal sex? Well — !

Whatever else you can say about Grib, she’s not nuts. Harry Valentine, who doesn’t hide his dislike for her, told her that she would never be able to do “hard nudity” at the Alturas campus, where there’s snow on the ground five months out of the year. Which was true — sleeping outside on a subfreezing night would kill anyone, even those weather-toughened Alturas girls. Grib replied, “Yes, but I’m not there, I’m here.” In sunny SoCal, where it is indeed possible to sleep outside all year. Another time, when we came into class from a windy, heavy rain. More a pain for us guys with our wet clothes than for the girls, for whom it’s just basically a shower. Lisette plopped her wet butt into the plastic seat and I settled down next to her. Grib sat down alone in front of us and Lisette said to me, “rough weather out there”. Grib, not turning around, said, “Once you sleep on concrete everything else is easy”. I rolled my eyes again but I have to admit it’s — Grib has made herself able to handle anything. There is a weird logic to her habits which is not the thinking of a crazy person.

Lucky for me, there’s clearly an anti-Grib contingent among the girls. Even with the flood of conflicting mental factors, being prickly and obnoxious is not the only way for a BSC girl to go. Lisette has been very clear about that. I was hanging out in her suite the other night with her and her suite-mates — always a weird feeling, being a clothed guy sitting on the floor (BSC girls tend to be floor-sitters) hanging out with four naked girls who don’t seem to remember that they’re naked — and we got to talking about Grib. Someone mentioned the name, and Marisa opened her legs and worked her pussy lips up and down with each hand, making the other girls laugh. Seeing I was puzzled — most guys are with p-signals — Lisette explained that it literally meant “get that pussy fart out” but had the sense of “what a pain, something to get rid of”. (P-signals don’t translate very well.) Teresa, sitting like a lot of BSC girls do, cross-legged with fingers entwined in the toes of the opposite foot (a skanky habit but not for BSC girls who are barefoot all the time), said “I don’t want to join her pity party”. Shanelle said, “If she wants to be in ‘Prisoner of Cell Block H’, that’s her business. Just not on my time.”

Lisette, lying back in my arms, languidly stretched her foot out to Teresa, who clasped her toes. Shanelle scratched one of her big black nipples. Marisa lay on her side, resting her head on Lisette’s flat tummy. As Lisette flexed her foot back and forth in Teresa’s cradling hand, she said, “I don’t like her being in everyone’s face, but I’m not going to let it ruin my life.” “Amen.” That last comment was mine. It was like a light going on over my head, turned on by Lisette, who is smart and wise as well as beautiful.

Well that’s it. I know this was supposed to be a short assignment, write about someone you know, and this was probably more than you asked for. Also I didn’t change the name like the assignment sheet said (though “Grib” seems so apt for this strange girl, and even if I did change the name you would know who I was talking about anyway). But once I started to write, I just couldn’t stop. I’m glad I got it all out. I feel better now about this weird girl. Maybe at some level I’m attracted to her, but she was bugging me and now that I look back on my written thoughts, like Lisette I can accept her (even if she doesn’t accept the rest of us).

Ahhh, life is good. Now I can go back to really enjoying it the next time I comb Lisette’s pubic hair on that table on the quad.

[end]