**The Swimming Gala at Blanke Schande**

by Hildabert

I woke early the next morning. I had definitely given up wearing anything in bed, much to the pleasure of my husband, and I could feel the sheets sliding against my body. Hubby was already up and shaved and was about to leave for work. I gave a little wriggle and eased my way out of the covers. Then I dragged them up to keep my body covered. Was I really going to take this job at Blanke Schande? If so why was I keeping everything under cover? Hubby kissed me lightly on the lips not missing the chance to slip a hand down my body for a quick feel of my breasts. ‘Keep it warm, I’ll see you this evening.’ he said as he left. I heard his car start in the drive and he was gone. I slipped out from the covers and surveyed myself in the mirror. Not bad for a 40 something I thought at my reflection. Time to get showered and ready for the day ahead. What should I wear? I had driven home nude yesterday and made a quick and, hopefully, unseen dash to the door. Was this a one off or would I drive to B-S naked today? Why put anything on when I would have to ‘strip to enter’? I just showered and dabbed a little perfume on. Now for the big move. I collected my car keys and purse and eased the front door open. Anyone about? NO. I trotted over to my car plipping the lock as I went. One thing was certain. As I had no clothes with me I should have to do the return dash nude this afternoon. Sitting in a car nobody can really see you. Nobody expects the driver to be naked so nobody takes a closer and longer look. I told myself this very thoroughly as I drove through the mainly country route to B-S. Stops at the lights were few and nobody pulled up close alongside. I turned into the B-S gate and was checked to see I was naked by the gatekeeper before I was let in and drove to a vacant parking space. Surely here I was safe from arrest for being naked in public so why did I twitch before I got out of the car and walked to the office entrance? It was just an unusual state of undress. I had never turned up for work before completely bereft of clothes! The coffee was already perking as I entered the office and my naked co-workers were waiting for me. ‘We were uncertain if you’d come. You have to have courage to go naked all day the first time then it gets easier. We were watching you from the window and saw that you’d done the duck to water act and driven here naked. Congratulations. Coffee? Then work..’ The office was warm enough to be naked and comfortable and the work was much as I done in previous jobs. At least it was until Jean suggested we took the sheets she had been duplicating and put them on the notice boards so I could see where they were all situated. there were certainly more students about today as they were arriving for the start of term. The girls were as naked as we were, the guys all fully clothed and enjoying the view. One of the guys, a cheeky little blighter as he was described by Jean, asked us to ‘present’. Now I had never done this and honestly had no idea that it meant that I should spread my legs and let the CLB get a close look at my vulva so Jean offered to demonstrate first and lifted one leg up onto a convenient chair and gave a full display of her shaven vulva for few seconds. I must admit I was more than hesitant to follow suit even if I had shaved myself completely smooth in the shower before coming to work. I took a deep breath and lifted my leg for the required display. Guys had tried to look down my blouse or up my skirt where I had worked before but they had never got a full view of a naked women showing the bits I has reserved for my husband or gyno previously. ‘Just a bit of a tradition, particularly with newcomers, even we more mature ladies. You get used to it.’ My all over blush cooled down as we walked to the other notice boards and pinned up the sheets. ‘Have you ever considered making the guys go naked as well as the girls?’ I asked Jean as we walked back to the office. ‘I’m sure there is something in the sex equality acts which makes it illegal for we girls to be naked and the guys clothed.’ We turned into the swimming pool are to fix the final posting and I was most interested, to put it mildly, to see all the guys in the pool, round the edge or gosh look at his .....on the diving board as naked as ourselves. As we walked out, only fiddling with drawing pins long enough to get a good look at all the guys, some of who we were having an obvious effect on, I got back onto my main subject. ‘It doesn’t look as though they would mind being naked like us and the girls.’ ‘Welllll......’ started Jean, ‘I do hear, unofficially of course, that there are mixed nude swimming sessions in the pool. Come on let’s have a bit more of your idea.’ ‘Well, being new here,’ (That’s a good excuse for a start,) ‘I am a bit surprised that none of the guys ever goes naked. I’m sure the girls would not mind seeing a few naked guys about. In these days of sexual equality I’m equally surprised that none of them have suggested it. Seeing those guys in the pool and what you have said about unofficial nude sessions I thought perhaps a mixed sex nude gala would be on.’ ‘I must admit that banning the girls from the pool when it is in use by the guys because they swim nude, even though that is not a rule of the college like nudity for the girls, is a bit strange so maybe a nude gala would be on. Let’s ask Tom.’ So we did! ‘That’s not such a bad idea. It could be the start of more nudity by the guys. You’d have to make certain they would not object to such a change in the way we organise things. Put up a list for the guys who would swim naked with the girls at a gala. Those who don’t sign would not be forced to nor would they be allowed to attend. Go for it. Nice idea, Jenny.’ I typed up a nice bit about how this was a new idea and if it was not wanted or supported would not be repeated and appended some blanks for guys to insert their names. I copied them up and trotted down to the pool for starters and pinned them on the board. A load of very nude guys clustered round me demanding a pen to put their names on the list. I then trotted back to the office, duplicated a list of blanks before again trotting back to the poll, complete with pens on strings, to put it on the board under the one which was already full. This was just for the first class swimmers. ‘Will you be acting a referee?’ asked one guy, ‘Will you stand naked at the edge of the pool to see who wins, us or the girls?’ I promised I would and immediately had to sit on the end of the springboard with my legs dangling over the end to give a group ‘presentation’ for the guys. It was lucky they were in the water but even then it was clear enough that I could see the erections my ‘presentation’ was causing! I scrambled to my feet among cheers at my idea and the view of my smooth pubes and scurried back to the office. ‘Now all we have to do,’ said Tom, ‘Is convince the girls.’ ‘That won’t be hard - if you’ll pardon the expression, ‘said Mrs Tom AKA Jean, ‘The girls have been phoning round the students and telling them the gala is on. Also that the Dean will be there as a referee and incidentally that you’ll be stark naked. That seemed to clinch their participation.’ ‘Oh God,’ groaned Tom, ‘What have I let myself in for?’ ‘Well, I was thinking about a fully nude Olympics for all soon.’

The girls are delighted with my ideas, Tom is not so keen. Will I get the sack?

Jenny reporting!