**The Unwritten Rules, A Blanke Schande College Story**

By Ardor  
   
Chapter 1   
   
I had sent my application into Blanke Schande college before I went to France on a special summer of the arts program. It was a prestigious program that meant non stop studying, hours and hours a day of life drawing, anatomy classes and more hard work then I thought possible. The program offered some of the world's best artists as teachers though so it was more then worth all the hard work. I had hoped between the honor of being accepted into the summer program and the fact that I had graduated in the top ten percent of my high school class that I could get some sort of special exemption. You see while my grades are good and being accepted into the summer program is impressive that same program would make me miss the first five days of school. I have heard that BSC is very strict on the rules and there's no way they would allow me to start late. I'd probably have to settle for my second choice of Cooper Union.   
   
After the letter of recommendation I got from the head of arts program every school I applied to practically begged me to attend. I was hoping that BSC would feel the same way but three days until the end of the program and I still hadn't heard a thing. I had almost given up and resigned myself to my second choice when I got a phone call at three in the morning from my mother. Blanke Schande had accepted me after all. My Mother wasn't happy and didn't understand why I'd want to go to "that school" but she knew better then to keep the letter of acceptance from me. I would have to go directly to school once I landed back in the US. I would have just enough time to pack, get a night of sleep and drive out to school the next day.   
   
The last few days of the program I could hardly contain myself. I spent the flight home going over in my mind the things I wanted to pack. It was my Mom that finally brought me down to earth. She asked me a hundred times if I was sure this was the school I wanted to go to. I told her yes again and again until I started to get pissed off at her. Not wanting to get into an argument before leaving I looked at her sincerely and said, "Mom I've told you a hundred times why I want to go to this school. If you won't believe me then do the research for yourself, maybe then you'll understand, just don't ruin this for me, please."   
   
She looked back at me unhappily and then smiled and said, "Fine, but if you're so into this school why are you still dressed?"   
   
"Huh?"   
   
"If you're so eager to get naked, Joany, why wait until tomorrow?" She asked with an annoying told you so grin.   
   
"Mother what are you trying to prove?" I asked suspiciously.   
   
"If you can't spend one evening naked with your mother how are you going to spend the next four years naked with hundreds of total strangers?" She asked with her hands on her hips.   
   
I just shrugged my shoulders and started to take off my clothes. When I was completely naked I looked her right in the eye and said, "Satisfied?"   
   
"Almost," she said with a smug smile, "now I'd like you to present for me."   
   
I looked at her shocked and said, "Where did you hear about..."   
   
"You thought I didn't know about that huh. It was in the brochure from that school," she said rolling her eyes. "Now let's see it. Lay down, spread your legs and show me your cunt baby."   
   
"Mom!" I said shocked that she would talk to me that way.   
   
"Well what do you think's gonna happen when you get out there Joany? Do you really think you're gonna be treated with respect. Not only are you stark naked but just by asking anyone can see straight up inside you. No boy is going to respect a girl like that. You'll wind up being nothing more then a sex toy for a bunch of immature horny young boys."   
   
"It's not like that Mom I swear," I said near tears.   
   
"Yeah, sure it's not. I'm still not seeing any pink. What are you waiting for?" Mom asked with a smug look and her hands back on her hips.   
   
Seeing her staring at me so self-righteously gave me the strength to do it. I walked over to my bed, laid down facing her and spread my legs showing her my pussy.   
   
"Anything else?" I asked angrily?   
   
"No," she said disgusted, "that's just the way I want to remember my only daughter before she leaves for slut college. I'm glad your father is no longer with us. This would have killed him. When you get some sense in your head put some clothes on and come down for dinner. Tomorrow we can call one of the respectable schools that practically begged you to enroll."   
   
Then she walked out in a huff and left me laying there on my bed. I rolled over on my side, brought my knees up to my chest and hugged myself.   
   
"It's not like that," I thought to myself, "I know it's not like that."   
   
After that little scene I started to doubt myself though. I had to know for sure before I left. I hadn't packed my laptop yet so I decided to scour the college website for anything that would prove Mom wrong. In to much of a hurry to get dressed I just opened my laptop and turned it on. After surfing to the site I looked around for anything that would help. The website made it all look almost wholesome. Sure all the girls were naked but they all looked so clean and friendly. It reminded me a lot of some naturist websites I've seen. Well, except of course for the fact that all the guys were dressed.   
   
I clicked on the student services link and saw something that I hadn't noticed before. There was a link titled, "Special Services for Female BSC Students." That brought up a box that asked for my social security number and date of birth. It seemed kind of high security but not only was I curious as to what was on the other side of that security but I was getting desperate to prove my mother wrong.   
   
I put in my social, my date of birth and hit enter. This quickly brought up another page that I had never seen before. There was a long list of links for everything from academic planning to financial aid. There was also a section for incoming students that seemed to be what I was looking for. There was a link that gave the psychology of the female nudity rule. There was a link to a list of the classic presenting positions complete with pictures. As I clicked through the poses I looked at the girls closely. They didn't look unhappy or victimized. They didn't look like slutty porn stars either. Oh, the pictures were sexy, with some of the poses that was just impossible to avoid, but even when spread wide open the girls all seemed to somehow retain a wholesomeness to them. They looked cute and sweet. Almost as if they were saying, yeah, this is my body so what?   
   
Was I rationalizing though? What would my mom say if she saw these pictures? I sighed in frustration. I just didn't know anymore. I navigated back to the main page and looked through the list of links for something that might be more useful. Somewhere towards the bottom I saw a link titled, "In Coming Freshman Support Chat-room." I clicked on it and a window popped up with a progress bar. Once it reached one hundred percent a large image loaded on the left. Apparently it was a video chat-room. It was a side view of a naked woman sitting behind a clear plastic or glass desk talking to someone out of camera that must have been standing right in front of her. She looked up at whoever it was, smiled and said, "Yeah." Then she looked down at her breasts, cupped and lifted both of them while casually strumming her thumbs across her nipples. Then she looked back up, smiling at whoever it was and said, "They're hard almost all the time. An occupational hazard I guess." She let go of her boobs and shrugged making them jiggle and said, "Now what were you looking for? Oh yes, hang on it's right here."   
   
She got up out of her chair and went over to a file cabinet. Her back was to me now but I could see her from head to toe. She was stark naked and didn't seem to care in the slightest. She opened the top drawer on the cabinet and took out some papers. When she was done she closed the drawer but either it was well greased or she pushed to hard because it slammed closed and the whole cabinet shook. A stack of books and some small boxes fell over. She cursed and then handed the papers to whomever was on the other side of her desk and then started to clean up the mess.   
   
She sort of squatted down with her feet about shoulder width apart. I could tell she still was naked but I couldn't see more then her back. She leaned forward to get something in front of her and her butt came up, her cheeks separated and I saw everything. It was so unexpected and shocking that I gasped loudly. She stopped what she was doing, looked around and then looked back at me over her shoulder. She smiled and said, "Thank god, I thought I was hearing voices for a second there."   
   
She put the stack of books back on top of the file cabinet and then grabbed her chair and pulled it up to the camera. Sitting down in front of the camera I could only see her from the waist up. She smiled at me and said, "Hi I'm Cami Granato. I see you're already naked. Are you thinking of applying for next year?"   
   
I suddenly remembered the built in web-cam and microphone on my laptop. She could see and hear me as clearly as I could see her.   
   
"I, um, actually am registered for this year and I'm leaving for the school tomorrow morning." I said nervously.   
   
"That's unusual. We generally don't admit students after the school year has begun. What's your name?"   
   
"Joan Harper, I got my letter of acceptance a few days ago." I said worried now that I might have screwed things up somehow.   
   
She swiveled her chair to her right and reached back to that see through desk I saw her sitting at when I first entered the chat room. I couldn't help but look at her body as she stretched out in front of the camera. Her breasts moved on her chest as she angled her body to try and reach back. Still not able to reach whatever it was she needed her butt lifted out of the chair and her left leg came up. All her weight was on her right leg now and her left must have been hooked under the desk to keep her from falling over. I couldn't see it below her knee. What I could see clear as day was her pussy. She was clean shaven and her lips were slightly spread. I gasped again and she looked back at me and smiled. Then she stretched a little father bringing her pussy up closer to the center of my screen and snatched a folder off her desk. Sitting back into her chair and facing me she smiled again and said, "Sorry about that. I didn't mean to flash the gash but when you've been naked as long as I've been you don't even think about it."   
   
"H-how long have you been naked?" I asked as she looked through papers in the folder.   
   
She stopped looking at the folder, cocked her head, looked upwards as if she was thinking and said, "Oh, about eight or nine years now I think."   
   
"Wow, you haven't worn clothes in nine years!" I said shocked.   
   
"Well, maybe a coat here and there when I have to go off campus, and one time when my husband took me to this fancy restaurant I wore this gorgeous evening gown that was almost as good as naked. Other then that nope, not a thing." She looked dreamy eyed for a second, laughed and then said, "That dress had me so horny I blew him in the restaurant and fucked him in the parking lot."   
   
"Oh," I said shocked that she would admit something like that to a stranger.   
   
"Sorry sweetie," she said with a laugh, "I keep shocking you don't I? You'll get used to us lifers. We're naked mentally as well as physically. Nothing to hide, nothing to be ashamed of that's our motto."   
   
"Wow," I said impressed, "I don't know if I could be that open."   
   
"After a while you don't even think about it. You'll see once you get here," she said looking through her folder.   
   
"That's kind of why I'm on line actually," I said feeling a little ashamed.   
   
"Yeah? Oh, hang on, here you are," she said pulling some papers out of her folder and looking through them. "Hmm, we sent you your acceptance letter weeks ago... Well, you're the impressive one, aren't you? No wonder they gave you an exemption. Graduated at the top of your class... Honor student, and look at this recommendation from nothing less then the Pantheon-Sorbonne in Paris!" She said looking at me over her papers. "Very very impressive..."   
   
"Thanks, I worked very hard for those honors," I said feeling myself blush just a little.   
   
"I'm sure you did. So why aren't you here now?" She asked putting the folder down.   
   
"Well, I just flew back from Paris today. I'm leaving for BSC early tomorrow morning but, um, my mom found out about presenting and, well..." I couldn't look at her as I spoke anymore. Here was this beautiful woman completely naked and totally unashamed. Just asking this question made me feel bad but I had to know. I had to be sure. "She said if I went to BSC I'd be nothing but a naked sex toy. She called me a slut and said no boy would ever respect me... It's, not really like that, is it?"   
   
"Oh honey," she said with a sympathetic look on her face, "it's nothing like that I promise you. If anything you'll get more respect from the boys here then you will at any other school."   
   
"Really? But how when they can..."   
   
"I'll tell you our secret," Cami said interrupting me, "you know how some girls say they're sisters while in reality they're just catty little bitches?"   
   
"Yeah," I said with a smirk having known a few of those in my day.   
   
"Well here we really are. What you do to one of us, you do to all of us. The last thing any guy wants is to be surrounded by naked women that won't even look at him." Cami said with a cat ate the canary grin.   
   
I couldn't help giggle to myself as I said, "I'm sure."   
   
"So if one of the guys, no matter who it is, steps out of line you tell one of your sisters. It'll be all over campus before he can take another breath. Here's the thing though," she said looking at me very seriously, "make sure you report what happened honestly and exactly the way it happened. If it's been found out that you lied you could get expelled for it."   
   
"I would never do that I promise," I said with my eyes wide.   
   
"I'm sure," Cami said with a friendly smile, "it's all besides the point really. The seniors usually keep an eye on things to make sure there's no problems. They explain the unwritten rules to the freshman and generally keep them in line."   
   
"Unwritten rules?" I asked confused.   
   
Cami just smiled at me and said, "Don't worry about it. It'll all make sense once you get here." Then she looked back at her papers and said, "In fact by the time Stacy is done with you it'll make so much sense you won't even understand the outside world anymore."   
   
"Stacy?" I asked wondering if I should know who she was.   
   
"Stacy Perchanski is a grad student, one of our brightest and a really sweet girl, she's volunteered to room with you since you're coming in late. She'll fill you in on everything you need to know."   
   
"Oh, cool," I said with a smile.   
   
"You OK now honey?" Cami asked concerned.   
   
"Yeah," I said with a sincere smile, "I just didn't realize that being naked could get so complicated."   
   
"It really isn't, you'll see, once you get here which I hope you'll still be doing." Cami asked.   
   
I laughed and said, "I'll be there don't worry. Probably around two or three o'clock tomorrow."   
   
"Great, do you know where the admissions office is?" Cami asked.   
   
"Yeah, I have a map of the campus."   
   
"OK then we'll see you tomorrow."   
   
There's more on my website. I'll continue posting a chapter every few days though.

**Chapter 2**   
After shutting down my laptop I looked around my room and saw that just about everything I needed was packed. There wasn't much really. My art supplies made up the bulk of it. After that it was just a few boxes of personal stuff, some toiletries and my make up. That was it, being naked simplified things. I took three huge suitcases of clothes with me to Paris and that was just for a few months. There would be twice that coming with me to school if I going to a "normal" college. I closed my laptop feeling better about things until I realized that I still had to tell my mother I was going to BSC. I pictured the fight and the name calling that was probably headed my way and wanted to curl up again. Then I thought of Cami and her motto, nothing to hide, nothing to be ashamed of, and decided I was going to be as much like her as I could. What was the point of going to Blanke Schande College if I couldn't embrace it's philosophy. Not to mention the best way to make mom believe that I was serious would be to boldly walk downstairs naked as could be. I cupped both my boobs, lifted them up, looked down at them and said, "Come on girls, you're hitting prime time!"   
   
Then I put my laptop with the other things that were coming with me to school and walked out of my room, naked. I walked down the hallway, naked, and I walked down the stairs, naked. Although that last part was a little weird. I don't usually go bra-less so I wasn't used to the way my boobs bounced as I walked down the steps. I actually had to slow down a little to keep them from bouncing out of control. I cupped both my boobs again, looked at them and said, "Looks like we're gonna have to get to know each other all over again." Then I laughed at myself and thought, "If I keep talking to my boobs people are gonna think I'm nuts. They'll probably send me to the booby hatch." I laughed at my stupid joke, more out of nervousness then anything else probably, and smiled all the way into the living room where I ran smack into my mother talking to Dean Bennett.   
   
Dean was my boyfriend through most of my senior year of high school. He was sweet and very handsome but not terribly smart. If it wasn't for our study sessions I don't know if he would have made it out of high school. In fact he was trying to pick up his gpa in community college so he could get into a better school. It ended as well as it could and frankly I was relieved because he was starting to get on my nerves. He didn't get my art, no matter how many times I explained it to him, and sometimes, when we were out together it felt more like baby-sitting then dating. He was handsome, popular, and I couldn't bring myself to break up with him so close to the end of the year. So I stuck it out, helped him get through exams and before I left for Paris I broke up with him as gently as I could. Now here he is standing in our living-room and here I was stark naked.   
   
"Joan, I thought you were getting dressed!" My mother asked shocked.   
   
"I'm going to Blanke Schande mother. So if I can't spend an evening naked with you, and apparently my ex-boyfriend, how am I going to do it for the next four years." I asked angrily.   
   
"You can't be serious Joany," mom said stunned.   
   
"What's going on here," Dean asked trying not to look at my boobs and failing.   
   
"My daughter is a slut and she's throwing her life away that's what's going on here." Mom said angrily.   
   
"I don't believe that, not for a second." Dean said shocking mom into silence. "Joany is one of the smartest people I know. She wouldn't do that, she wouldn't act like that."   
   
Did I tell you he was sweet or didn't I? He didn't even know what was going on and he believed in me. Why couldn't my own mother have half that much faith in me?   
   
"Now what the heck is black sand?" Dean asked looking like a confused puppy.   
   
I almost laughed but managed to re-strain myself.   
   
"Blanke, Schande, College, Dean," I said slowly and clearly. "It's a small prestigious college and I'm leaving for it in the morning."   
   
"Oh," he said a little disappointed.   
   
"Don't leave out the best part Joany," Mom said in an annoying tone of voice. "Tell him why you're naked."   
   
I sighed and said, "Because the women of BSC don't wear clothes. They're naked all the time. Just like I am now."   
   
Dean didn't say anything but a slow smile crept across his face.   
   
"See mother," I said self righteously, "Dean doesn't think it's such a horrible crime."   
   
"Well of course he doesn't," she said angrily, "you're standing there with your tits practically in his face."   
   
"Why do you have to be so crude?" I asked my mother.   
   
"Crude? I'm crude?" She said like she thought I was crazy. "You're standing there stark naked for anyone to see and I'm the one being crude!"   
   
"There's nothing crude or obscene about nudity mother. The human body is a work of art. What do you think I spent the last three months in Paris studying? Rotting fruit and potted plants?"   
   
"So you're not going to get dressed?"   
   
"No," I said folding my arms under my breasts not realizing how that would emphasize them until it was to late. "I have nothing to hide and nothing to be ashamed of."   
   
"We can all see that," my mother said looking at my breasts and then up to my face. Then she smiled and said, "Since you're being so progressive why don't you show Dean what he's missing? Ask her to present Dean."   
   
"Mother!" I said through my teeth.   
   
"What? You have nothing to be ashamed of and nothing to hide right?"   
   
"It won't work mother." I said defiantly.   
   
"W-what's presenting?" Dean asked hesitantly.   
   
"Um, well you see Dean," I said trying to figure out a way to break it gently.   
   
"Any girl who goes to this slut school," my mother interrupted her voice full of venom, "is required to spread her pussy wide open for any guy who wants to see it. All he has to do is ask, isn't that right Joany."   
   
"Well, yes," I said looking at Dean who's mouth dropped open, "but she's making it sound so nasty. It's not like that Dean really."   
   
"Yeah, right," mom said angrily, "I'll show you just what it's like."   
   
She walked up to me in a ridiculous parody of the sleazy guy no girl wants to meet and said, "Hey, nice rack sweet lips. I see your nips are hard so you must be in the mood right?" She laughed obnoxiously and looked at Dean smiling. Dean looked like he was about to have a heart attack and I was so shocked that I couldn't get myself to move. "You know what I'm really in the mood to see?" Mom asked continuing her horrible little play. "A little brown eye, yeah. Why don't you turn around, bend over and spread your ass for us baby."   
   
I don't know where it came from but something inside me just snapped.   
   
"Mother!" I screamed at her angry beyond belief. "If any male on campus even thought about speaking to a BSC woman that way they'd regret it to the very end of their days. Do you really think I'd... OH! You just don't get it!" Then I got right up in her face and said, "And until you do I don't want to see you, I don't want to speak to you, I don't even want to think about you ever again!"   
   
Absolutely out of my head with anger I turned around and walked out the front door. As I did I heard Dean say, "You stay here, she needs some time to cool off, I'll go after her. I won't... I'll take good care of her, I promise."   
   
I was halfway down the front lawn when Dean caught up to me.   
   
"Joany, what are you doing? Where are you going?" Dean asked desperately.   
   
"I don't know but I won't stay in there one more minute with that, that, woman!"   
   
"Joan," Dean said grabbing me by the shoulders and looking me in the eye, "you're naked, you can't walk around the neighborhood like this."   
   
It was like someone threw a pail of cold water in my face. I looked down at myself and then around me. I was standing in the middle of my front lawn naked as the day I was born. Luckily no one was around. However everything I owned was upstairs. My money, my car keys, everything.   
   
"I can't go back in there," I said about to cry.   
   
"Ok," he said pulling out his car keys. He pointed the remote at his car, hit the unlock button and said, "We can sit in my car and figure out what to do next."   
   
I smiled at him despite my situation and said, "Thanks Dean."   
   
His car was parked at the end of the driveway which of course meant that I would have to go further out into the world naked. I didn't have much choice and it's something I'd have to get used to anyway so I moved quickly towards his car. If I thought walking down stairs naked was a problem it was only because I hadn't tried moving fast yet. My boobs were all over the place. Not wanting to slow down though I just grabbed a hold of them and kept going. When I got up to the car I saw that Dean had parked to close to my mother's car and I couldn't fit between them. I could run around the front of my mother's car, the back of Dean's car or climb over his bumper. Climbing seemed the quickest way to safety so I put my foot up on his bumper. As I did I thought about what I must look like. I turned my head to the right to look for Dean. I found him sitting behind the wheel of his car. He was looking right at me as I stood there in front of him with one foot up on his bumper and both hands still holding my boobs. I froze. He looked up my body to my face and we locked eyes for a moment or two. Dean could see all of me from head to toe. I felt myself blush and my nipples harden against my palms. "Oh god," I thought not knowing what to do. Dean looked down and I saw his right arm moving but because of the dashboard I couldn't see him below the waist. He wasn't... Just then the car started to roll slowly backwards and I realized all he had done was take the car out of park. When there was enough room I ran between the cars and over to the passenger side door. Dean already had it open so I jumped in and closed the door. I slunk down in the seat and said, "Thanks Dean I don't know what I'd do without you."   
   
After a moment or two of uncomfortable silence he laughed and said, "You'd be this town's first naked homeless person."   
   
I laughed back and said, "At least that would make begging for change easier."   
   
"I'll say! You'd be the richest homeless person in the world."   
   
"Dean," I said a little shocked at his enthusiasm. "It's not like you haven't seen me naked before."   
   
"Well actually," he said looking at me out of the corner of his eye, "I really haven't."   
   
I looked at him and said, "We had sex in the back seat of this very car."   
   
"Yeah, but it was dark and neither one of us really got undressed. You took your panties off but you still had your skirt on. Your blouse was open and your bra pushed up but it wasn't the same as seeing you like I did when you came downstairs, into a well lit room, or just now in front of my car. Or even right this second." He said smiling but not looking at me.   
   
"Oh," I said suddenly feeling very naked.   
   
Then I thought about Cami and all the other women at BSC who were probably just like her.   
   
"Nothing to hide, nothing to be ashamed of," I said repeating Cami's motto quietly to myself.   
   
"What?" Dean asked.   
   
"Just something one of the BSC women told me. Dean, look at me," I said trying to be strong.   
   
He slowly turned his head towards me.   
   
"So now you know what I look like naked, big deal. In fact," I said about to offer to present for him when I caught some movement out of the corner of my eye.   
   
I turned to look at the living room window and saw my mother standing there glaring at us. After I made a little grunt of disapproval Dean followed my stare to see what I was looking at. As soon as he saw my mother in the window he turned his head so that he was looking off to his left at the ceiling.   
   
"Can we get out of here?" I asked Dean.   
   
"Where do you want to go?" He asked with a nervous laugh.   
   
"I don't care, anywhere, we can just drive around. We'll come back later after she's asleep to get my stuff."   
   
"Joany you're naked and I don't even have an oily rag in this car." Dean said concerned.   
   
"Dean, I'm going to be naked for the next four years. What's the difference if I start right now or tomorrow?" I asked thinking I was making perfect sense.   
   
"Because you're allowed to be naked at that wacky college, you're not here." He said looking at me and raising his voice a little.  
   
"It's not a wacky college," I said folding my arms under my breasts and pouting. "It's a perfectly legitimate institute of learning that's very well respected thank you, and if you're gonna start calling me names like that, woman," I said pointing back at my house, "then I'll just deal with this on my own."   
   
I started to reach for the door handle but Dean stopped me by saying, "I'd never call you names Joany and I'm sorry I said it was a wacky college. All I meant was that it's not legal to walk around naked out here."   
   
"Actually, non sexual nudity is technically legal here." I said quietly.   
   
"You're serious?" He asked unsure.   
   
"Yep," I said proudly, "the school's web site has a listing of the public nudity laws for every state and city in the country so we can get used to being naked if we want."   
   
"And you're totally OK with everyone seeing you naked?" He asked doubtfully.   
   
"Yep!" I said trying to sound more confident then I really was.   
   
"I take it back," he said laughing as he started up the car, "the school's not wacky you are."   
   
"Hey! I thought you weren't gonna call me names." I said knowing he was joking.   
   
He shrugged and said, "If the shoe fits, well, I guess in your case, don't wear it."   
   
I gave him a playful slap on the shoulder and smiled at him.   
   
Ardor