**Tracey - The Reluctant Nudist**

by casuarina

“I don’t know what all the fuss is about!”

“Elizabeth, we are trying to run a progressive finishing girls college here, where all the students are deemed equal. The trouble is many of the students are from, well let us say humbler backgrounds and this stands out a mile. The very clothes they wear shows they come from poorer suburbs. In fact some of the richer students even poke fun at these individuals, it’s not fair.”

“But we are only talking about a month’s camp away from the school grounds, not changing the world.”

“But I would like this camp to show the girls that they are all equal.”  
“Yes, but does that matter, I mean they are all the same underneath aren’t they.”  
“But that doesn’t help does it, not unless they all walked around in the nude.”  
There was a silence in the room as the staff digested this comment. It had been a big issue especially when one of the students was delivered in a helicopter at the start of term.

‘That’s it!”

“What is?”

“Why not take them to a nudist camp, and then they will be all equal!”  
  
Tracey rushed down the corridor to the editor’s office and knocked quietly on the door.  
“Come.”

She opened the door and walked in. “Ah, Tracey, just the girl I want to see. I liked that report on the cat club last month, very eye opening.” He smiled up at her as she stood waiting to find out what he wanted before sitting down.

Looking though his day book he said, “I think this assignment will interest you as well.”  
Tracey sighed, not another dead end assignment that nobody will read. The CWA knitting circle exposé or trouble in the library!

“Fine Jack,” she said resignedly, “What’s it all about?”

“I’ve had an email from a friend, who has heard that St Mary’s Girls Finishing School is having a month away from college camp, and I want you to find out what it is all about.”  
Tracey couldn’t believe it, covering a college girl’s camp, had he gone totally mad.  
“It doesn’t sound too exciting, sir, what’s the angle?”

“Ah well, that’s where you come in, apparently the entire senior year is going to Nude Norfolk, the new Exclusive Naturist camp at Upcock Manor for the rich and wealthy over at Cromer.”

“A nudist camp! The whole lot?”

“Yes, and I need you to find out what is going on, why they are doing it and the like. I can hardly send one of the men although there have been a few volunteers. Of course it means you will have to go undercover, or not as the case may be!” he laughed.

She was intrigued, a whole college at a nudist camp, all those prissy misses.

“How do I get into this place?”

“I’ve arranged an interview with the House Mistress at 10am. Don’t come back without a story as I have already allocated you half a page. I’ve booked you in for a couple of days to get a feel for the place. I have a security clearance here you’ll need as it is all very hush hush. They run a tight ship what with all the celebrities going there so don’t forget to take it with you,” he said as he put it down on a pile of paper in front of him.

They talked a bit more about the type of information he was looking for before he looked at his watch, “Is that the time, I’ve got to go, meetings bloody meetings.” He grimaced.  
As he stood grabbing some papers from the desk before stuffing them into his briefcase, not noticing Tracey security clearance was one of them. Tracey followed him out the door.  
It was pleasant to drive through the summer countryside, the roads were quiet and avenue of trees on either side of road flickering by made Tracey wonder whether living in the country wasn’t such a bad thing. She turned right at a sign to Upcock Manor and drove a couple of miles off the main road along a narrow lane-way flanked by poplar trees on either side. The place certainly looked affluent.

Tracey drew to a halt at the large iron gates that marked the entrance to the park.   
Written in large letters was Nude Norfolk, with underneath “Authorised persons only”. A man in uniform came out from a stone building to one side of the gate. Tracey remained seated in the car and as he came over, opened her window to flash her press badge.  
He was about 40 and overweight. The uniform had Warden embroidered above the top pocket and strained to encompass his beer belly.

“Yes Miss?” he asked.

“I’ve an appointment with Miss Brown from St Mary’s College at ten. And a room booked for a couple of nights.”

“Fine you can park over there, as no visitors cars are allowed in the park,” he pointed to a car park. “Then we’ll fill in the paperwork.”

Tracey did as instructed. It was a warm sunny day with fluffy clouds scudding across the sky so she decided not to wear her jacket over her white high necked blouse. She took out her bag and walked over towards the man as he waited. She could see his eyes roaming over her body pausing over her larger than average breasts as she walked towards him. Typical man, she snorted to herself.

He stood aside and she entered the building. It was a light long narrow building with windows down one side and lockers at the far end. On one wall were several posters giving information about the park and its activities, which she barely noticed.  
The warden sat down behind a low reception desk opposite the entrance and started to shuffle some papers.

“You’ll have to fill in these forms before you go in, the usual disclaimers, but let’s get you organized first, as it does take a while.” He smiled at her whilst still staring at her breasts.

“You can put you bags in locker number 5 over there. Then I’ll go over a couple of points before you enter the place.”

Tracey looked over to the locker which was big enough to take a suitcase.  
“Excuse me, but I’ll need my bags for the stay over.”

“Sorry, it’s a park policy; there is no taking of personal items into the park, security and all that. In fact nothing at all, no phones, watches jewellery, etc, everything will be provided, including a toothbrush. It was all in the security notice you would have received.” He explained.

“You can leave your clothes in there as well,” he added.

“Clothes!?” Tracey asked.

“Yes clothes, this is a nudist park, they don’t wear them here!” he grinned.

“But I’m here to write an article, not to be in the park as it were.”

“Ah, but you will be won’t you, and everyone except staff has to be nude. It’s the rules.”

“I didn’t expect this, hang on I’d better make a phone call.”

Tracey took her phone out of her bag and dialed the editors number.

“Jack, I’m at Upcock Manor and there’s a small hitch.”

“Oh, what’s that, it shouldn’t be too difficult to interview a teacher on holiday surely?” He sounded gruff.

“No but Jack, they want me to take my clothes off before I go in.”

“Well what’s the problem, it is a nudist camp, besides you’re a big girl now, do what it takes to get the story. It could be a first. Look Tracey I’ve got to go.”

“But Ja…” The line went dead.

Christ how did she get into these things.

“Any problems miss?” the man said as he looked up.

“No, um it just I wasn’t expecting this, can’t I go to my room and then strip off there?”  
“I’m afraid not miss, as I say it’s the rules.”

Tracey couldn’t believe it. What was she to do? The boss was adamant and she was a professional after all. She reluctantly came to the conclusion that to get the story she would just have to comply.

“Is there a changing room around?”

“Changing room? Of course not just strip off everything over there. There are sandals to one side of the locker, just pick your size.”

He waved his hand across the room to the lockers with a smile. She turned and looked up the room, turning back to see him fiddling with his crutch.

Tracey was aghast, strip just like that, in front of this bozo, though I suppose she was going into a nudist park. She looked at the warden who looked back with a smile on his face.

She checked her watch 9.40, she realized she had little choice if she was to interview Miss Craig. Sighing she picked up her bag and walked over to the lockers. She opened the door and placed her bag inside, removed her watch and placed it in the bag. Was she really going to do this, take all her clothes off?

Her fingers nervously fumbled with the buttons on her blouse and one by one they popped open, before she slid it off her shoulders, keeping her back to the man at the far end of the room.

She slid her shoes off and placed them at the back of the locker behind the bag, then after sliding the skirt zip down and unhooking the waist band she allowing it to fall to the floor. Her slip quickly followed, bending down she picked them up and they were also popped into the locker. She was not wearing any tights and so she stood in her bra and panties, hesitating, oh what the hell, she thought, as she reached up behind and unclasped her bra. Her breasts felt heavy as their support was removed. The pink nipples stood out in the cool air conditioned air. She stuffed this into the bag and then quickly slid her panties down, they followed her other clothes. She couldn’t believe she was standing nude in front of a total stranger.

His voice cut into her thoughts, “Just shut the door, and it will lock automatically.”  
She took a deep breath and shut the door. For brief moment she panicked Could she go through with this she look down to see there was no key, it must have a remote opener, so she was committed, she’d look a right fool if she asked to get her clothes back now!  
She selected a pair of sandals from the rack and slid them on her feet and turned to face the warden, she resisted the urge to cover her breasts and genitals as she walked back over to the warden her breasts jiggling with every step.

She would show him she thought angrily, and of course she did!

The warden she noticed had both hands under the desk and appeared to be openly adjusting himself.

When she reached the desk he handed her a form, there was no chair so she was forced to stand as she read the information on the sheet of paper. She could see him staring at her genitals, where he’d notice she’d had her pubic hair trimmed to a tidy thatch over her labia, which were uncovered. Her boyfriend said he liked it that way. She had prominent lips that hung down framed by the space between her thighs.

“You have a pen?” she said shortly.

He handed her a pen and she bent over the desk to fill it in, her breasts hanging heavily down, her legs slightly apart. She was like this for a minute or two when another voice startled her.

“Well it looks like another great day!”

Tracey jumped as another man had entered unheard into the room to be presented with the sight of her cunt framed between her buttocks. She stood and turned around.

Christ, it was Mr Chambers who lived just down the road from Tracey and was always trying to chat her up.

“Well fancy seeing you here Tracey and so much of you!” he laughed.

“Wha..wha...what are you doing here?” she stammered her hand by reflex covering her breasts and cunt. She could see his eyes rejoicing in her nudity, a silly grin on his face.

“I work here as gardener and odd job man,” he pointed to the label on his overalls. “I might ask what are you doing here?”

She blushed, standing nude in front of the one man she didn’t want to see her especially nude. “I’ve got an assignment here in the park, my boss has booked me in.”

“Oh, so you’ll be here a while then, wonderful” he smiled openly staring at her nakedness.

“Miss, the form, I have to be somewhere at 10am.” the warden said interrupted brusquely.  
Tracey was caught, knowing she’d have no choice but to show Mr Chambers all her glory. Blushing profusely, she dropped her hands and turned to finish filling in the form, signing where the warden directed. She knew Mr Chambers would take in every square centimeter of her nakedness.

“Now you have the security clearance letter?”

“Security letter?” she said.

“Yes the one sent to you or your employer.”

Tracey remembered the letter in the editors office realizing it had been left behind.  
“No I left it at work, is that a problem?”

“Not for me, but you will have to be searched.”

“But you can see I’ve nothing to hide!”

“Sorry miss,” he grinned, “without the clearance you’ll have to be checked it’s all in the rules, it would cost me my job if you were found smuggling anything in.”

“But you know I have an interview and I’m from the paper!”

“Sorry Miss, rules it’s the rules, if you want to go into the park you will have to be checked - everywhere,” he emphasized as he looked down.

“You’re kidding me.”

He opened a draw and took out a box of examination gloves and a small jar of Vaseline.  
“But you can’t do that!” she said eyeing the objects on the desk as if they were a pair of snakes.

“It’s part of my job miss. It’s up to you, it’s either that or you don’t enter the park.”  
“But not here surely, with him watching,” she pointed at the grinning Mr Chambers.

“There’s nowhere else miss. It won’t take a moment. just bend over and it’ll all be done, I’m a busy man and can’t stuff about here all day, what’s it going to be,” he said truculently.

Tracey looked at the clock on the wall, fifteen minutes to go. Her boss would never forgive her if she didn’t get the job done, what was she to do.

“Alright, but not with him here,” she pointed at Mr Chambers.

“Sorry miss, I have to have a witness in case you claim sexual harassment.”

Tracey fumed inside but realized she had little choice than to go through this embarrassing search.

“All right then, go ahead, ” she said squeaked.

“Good just bend over here,” he said as he pulled the glove on, dipping the tip into the Vaseline tub.

Why was it always her who had to do these things? She swallowed her pride and bent over the desk hiding her head in shame.. She could hear the gloves squeaking and snapping as the warden pulled them on, then the tinny rattle of the jar lid. There was a pause and then he put his hand on her back.

The shock of his cold finger penetrating her vagina made he jerk a little, and then squirm as he forced in two or three inside. She could hear Mr Chamber sucking in air as he enjoyed her humiliation.

The digits were removed, and if she thought this would prepare her for what was to come next she was very much mistaken, as he plunged his forefinger into her anus, she squealed to the amusement of the two men, who chuckled. It was only the firm push of the warden hand on her back that stopped her from jumping upright. Her sphincter muscles clenched against the invasion as his finger moved around.

“Over in a minute miss.” he said as he continued to probe abound.

The digit was removed and she then felt a tissue wiped across her orifice.

“Clean as a whistle, inside and out,” the warden said as he removed the gloves and dropped them in a bin.

Tracey felt her face burning from embarrassment as she stood up to face the two men.  
“You must check the rules out before you enter,” the warden said pointing to the poster along the wall.

The last thing Tracey wanted to do was walk around in front of these two, but she thought she had better check out what the posters said if only for the report she would make. They were the usual be tidy and respect others space etc etc. But on one poster she was shocked to see a man sporting a huge erection. By the side the following was written:   
“Male erections are nothing to be ashamed of or anything to be worried about displaying. They are a perfectly natural response to seeing naked women. In view of our natural body natural mind philosophy at this park we believe it is the duty of women to help relieve any men they encounter with an erection either vaginally, orally or manually. If anally, we recommend a condom for health reasons only, these can be found in cabins and recreation areas. Any women not complying with this directive will be removed from the park immediately.”

It was signed by the park manager.  
  
If Tracey thought her day couldn't get any worse, she turned to see both men had dropped their trousers and with big grins were both sporting erections onto which Mr Chambers was pulling a condom.