**What Being a BSC Student Means to Me**By Becky Hathmeyer

**First Day at Blanke Shand**

The sun shining through my bedroom window woke me from a deep sleep. I heard Dad shout ‘bye’ to Mum and then the slam of his car door and he was gone. I looked at the ceiling just to check. No, I was not in cloud cuckoo land it really was my day to sign on at Blanke Shande College. I had been practicing being naked, as near as you can at home. I ran my hands down my body, sleeping naked was a start even if it did mean that my nipples perked up at my touch. I eased out of my nice warm bed and held out a hand to my dressing gown - no I did NOT need to put that on. Dad might disapprove of seeing me naked but Mum had encouraged me to apply to BSC and in no way disapproved of my being naked. I trotted along to the bathroom and took a nice hot shower before toweling myself off in front of the mirror. Hmmm not bad I thought to myself I had no fears of showing that body off at the college. It was just that I would never be able to cover it from anyone’s, and I do mean anyone’s gaze at BSC.

Mum’s call of, ‘Breakfast’s ready. Hurry up or we’ll be late’. I stopped my contemplation of my naked body and went downstairs. It was Mum who had encouraged me to apply to BSC and had helped by shedding her clothes when Dad was not around. She was sitting naked at the table and my cereal and fruit were ready by my plate. Now, Mum’s not bad for her age her boobs would not pass the pencil test after three kids - you know the one where you put a pencil under your boob and if it falls out you have passed the test.

‘Ready?’ she asked standing up to put the dishes in the sink showing a well rounded butt.

I took a deep breath, ‘As ready as I’ll ever be. Are you putting any clothes on?’ ‘Just a dress and slip-ons. I want to encourage you but not every pervert that peers in the car window. I suggest you do the same until you get more used to being nude.’ So I pulled on my strappy little number without bothering about undies and joined Mum at the car. Her boobs moved gracefully without a bra and I could see her pubic puff of hair as she bent forward to unlock the door. The drive took about half an hour and I was getting ever more apprehensive about my new life at BSC. Would I be able to carry it off? Mum drew up just inside the gates of BSC and looked around seeing naked girls strolling on the campus.

‘Would I have to strip if I visit you?’ she asked her eyes popping.

‘I expect so. It’s not just the girls who go naked, the staff do too.’ My mind flashed back to my interview to be BSC student. I had arrived by cab at the college gates and after paying the driver and getting a cross between a knowing look and a big grin walked to the precinct.

‘Can I help you?’ asked a fully clothed guy about my own age, ‘I can see you’re new here.’ I gave him a questioning look before the penny dropped that I was fully clothed in a college where all the girls had to be naked.

‘Yes, please. I’m looking for the offices, the Dean’s office to be precise.’ ‘I’ll walk with you. My name’s Tom and you are?....’ ‘I’m Becky, Thanks for showing me the way.’ ‘Look forward to seeing you here as a student,’ grinned Tom as I went into the office area. A fully naked lady of some 30 plus years was sitting behind a desk just inside the doorway. I could see she was topless but the rest was hidden by her desk.

‘I’m Becky. I’m here for an interview for a student place at BSC.’

‘I’m Sheila, come with me I’ll show you to the Dean’s office.’

Now I could see that she was topless down to the soles of her feet and that she had a neatly rounded backside that wiggled its way down the corridor in front of me. She opened the door with Dean of BSC printed in gold on it and let me go in before backing away. ‘There you are. Get undressed for the interview and you can leave you clothes on the hangers over there.’ ‘Undressed, you mean naked?’ I exclaimed. ‘Of course, you are applying to be a student here and the Dean likes to see that all applicants are totally suitable for a naked studentship. The Dean will call you when he has finished with the previous applicant.’ She shut the door as she moved back into the corridor. I knew BSC female students had to be naked at all times but the idea that I should strip for the interview for a place had not occurred to me. If I wanted that place, I would have to get naked. Now I had dressed very suitably for an interview.

Business suit with a skirt, blouse and bra and panties. Knee highs which ended under that skirt and black low heel shoes. Ah well! Get ‘em off. I placed my clothes on the hangers so kindly provided and wondered if the girl before me had arrived at BSC naked as I could see no signs of her clothes. My panties hit the floor last and I was totally naked. What next? I just sat on the comfy chair and tried to pretend I was always naked. It didn’t really work and for five minutes I sat there with my nipples perking up under my folded arms and my legs tightly crossed to cover as much of myself as possible in the absence of clothing. Finally the door to the Dean’s office came open and a well built and naked blonde held out her hand to me.

‘Another applicant?’ she asked smiling at my contorted form,

‘I expect we shall meet at the beginning of term. By the way I’m Jenny.’ I had no alternative but to unfold my arms and delicately shake hands with Jenny. What she was going to do for clothing to go home I had no idea as I could see none here except my own.

Another naked woman opened the door to the Deans office and called me in. Jenny waved her fingers at me and I was on. The Deans office was well furnished and had a chair in front of a large, well polished desk. I stood there for a few moments before the Dean, clothed as are all men at BSC, introduced the woman who had invited me in as his deputy, invited me to sit down. I again folded my arms and crossed my legs.

A secretary, younger, pretty and also clothes free was taking notes for the interview. Except for the Dean I felt quite at home. We went through all the usual stuff about my qualifications to date and why I wanted to join BSC and my answers seemed to go down well. My bag, which was the only solid thing I had managed to hold on to, provided such other information as the Dean needed. I drew a deep breath.

It was over! Oh no, it wasn’t! ‘As you are going to be naked at all times we just need a quick check to see that you are fit enough for that life. You need to go down the corridor and report to the nurse. Just a quick check, nothing too detailed.

’ Deputy head ushered me out of the Dean’s office and into the corridor.

‘Just go down there to the fourth door on the right and knock. That’s nurse’s domain. She will be expecting you.’

‘I looked at my clothes on their hangers. ‘Do I need to put something on?’ I asked hopefully.

‘Goodness me, no, we girls are all naked here. Just trot along.’ I walked the five miles or ten yards down the corridor facing both naked girls and clothed guys who gave me something between a smile and a ‘cor’ look until I reached the door marked ‘Nurse’.

Four doors seems an awful long way in a foreign building when you are unusually naked. A day or more naked at home was nothing. This was ‘where shall I place my hands’ territory for a few moments. I tapped the door.

‘Please wait, I shan’t be long.’

So, I was left standing naked in the corridor under the gaze of passing students and professors. It could not really have been long before the door came just open and Jenny’s head looked around the edge. She must have felt the corridor was a clear as it was ever going to be and came out holding the door open for me. I was glad to be inside with only one other person looking at me even if the only thing which showed she was the nurse was one of those head band things to show which hospital she trained at, She looked at her list.

‘You are Becky?’ This I presumed was to make certain I was not an impostor.

‘Just a quick check to see you are fit enough to lead a naked life.’ Now I have been naked in Doctors surgeries but at least the doctor and the nurse had clothes on and I was the only one naked. Here both nurse and I were naked as the day we were born if you ignore the headband. Nurse peered in my ears and eyes and down my throat before moving further south. She explained that this was not a full gyno exam that would come once I was a student and records were being compiled about living naked. That was not something I would look forward to even if, as the nurse explained, it was easier to carry out full examinations when the patients were always totally naked.

She checked my blood pressure and pulse before asking me to stand and follow her exercises. Hands to sides, feet together. Hams out to sides - she stood like the Angel of the North before lifting her arms above her head and her breast following suit. Quite stimulating for a newcomer to total nudity.

Finally I walked up and down the room, she checked my spine was nice and straight and finally had me stand with my feet apart and touch my toes. I was only too aware that this was showing my all very, very thoroughly to nurse. ‘OK, all over. I have your report on your visits to the doctor. Nothing there. You can go back to the Dean’s office now.’ I did a quick Jenny glance, too, for all the good that would do, to see who was in the corridor before easing my way back to the Dean’s office.

‘Well,’ he said, ‘Everything’s fine so I look forward to welcoming you to BSC at the start of next term.’ ‘Er...just one thing my clothes seem to have disappeared. How do I get them back to go home?’

He smiled and I knew I had a problem, ‘A, as student at BSC you do not need to wear clothes at any time, so we will forward them to your home. You and Jenny can go home naked. Just to get a feel for what is to come when you join us. Jenny said she would wait for you, so you will have mutual support getting the bus into town.’ He stood up and shook my trembling hand. NAKED to go home.

What had I let myself in for?

Becky

After we shuffled outside of the door of Admissions completely naked, as we were crossing campus, I just kept my eyes forward. I was suddenly stopped by the sound of a voice carrying my name, “Is that you Becky Hathmeyer?” I was stunned. My vision cleared to recognize Jim Brody, a guy who had graduated last year from my high school. “I didn’t realize that you went to school here.”  
  
"I just registered," came out of my mouth with a peep.   
  
"Well, welcome. I hope to see more of you next year, or do you start summer semester?”  
  
“No.” I tried to not show the tremors that I was feeling, “I’ll begin in the fall.” Our conversation continued with the usual what major, and interests. This was an upper classman who I hardly knew last year, accepting me as a peer. He was cute and too popular for me back then. I was getting the respect of a woman, and I began to relax and savor that. He asked me for my phone number when Jenny began to get impatient.  
  
We continued along the walkway across campus as Jenny grilled me on “the guy.”   
I began to feel less blushing modesty and more desirable as the sensuality of nudity caressed me and I began to look around noticing men glancing our way and smiling.   
  
We stepped outside of the main gate and stood next to the street at the bus stop. I had taken a cab there to make sure that I wasn’t late for my appointment, but didn’t have those kinds of funds for the trip back. I had planned to take the bus. We didn’t have to stand long. The door opened and we were greeted by a smiling bus driver. The ribbed flooring and metal trim and the vinyl seats were a whole new experience against bare skin. Each passenger watched as we made our way to an empty bench. I slid in maybe too quickly. I was sticking as my bottom fully grabbed, as I tried to slide over toward the window. This spread my cheeks enough to give me the full sensation onto my bare vaginal flesh. “Ooh,” My eyes got wide. I actually could feel my wetness. Jenny in her exuberance to stop standing and hide in the seat, suddenly, put her closer to me that intended. We were bare butt cheek to cheek. I watched her gasp and then correct her landing, moving slightly away.   
  
“I’m feeling so embarrassed, my heart is racing, but then this is kind erotic and sensual.” I confessed.  
  
“I know what you mean,” Jenny offered.  
  
Then we just sat quietly blankly staring forward, overwhelmed by what was going on.   
  
The bus continued and anticipation grabbed me more and more, as I recognized how we were nearing the main part of town. The stores and sidewalks were filled with people. This was the downtown where I have been used to shopping. Soon I would be getting off of this bus totally naked, showing myself to everyone, perhaps people that I knew. Jenny had a connection to make and got off first. We were so nervous that we forgot to exchange numbers. I had fortunately gotten her last name. I would need a great deal of sisterly support to accomplish the requirements of a BSC student.  
  
People got on and off, some smiled and acted usual, some seemingly shocked. A gawker sat down in the seat across the aisle staring, but my stop to make my own connection was fortunately the next.   
  
As I stood up, my butt all but ripped from the vinyl, and cool air glanced across my wet crotch, making me painfully aware. The gawker got a full and up close viewing of every detail of my body. Legs spread enough, as I stepped my foot into the aisle, genitals at his eye level just inches away. As I stood waiting for the older woman to get up from the seat in front of me and amble out, he got a long hard close-up vision in detail of by complete backside. I even had to bend over to help the poor woman out of her bench and to her feet, so that she would move. So very slowly, she hobbled down the aisle before me prolonging the display of my body to the other passengers. Then, one step at a time, I disembarked to a full bench of riders waiting at the bus stop. A lady’s jaw agape, a man’s eyes wide, and then those smiles guys get met me.   
  
I had to stand there in front of them and just wait forever. A fellow with a quizative look about him asked, “Why is it that you are nude.” I then had to explain to him, and purposely loud enough for everyone else to hear, that I was a student of Blanke Shande and what that entails. It felt good to at least have that license to be bare naked on the streets of my town. It felt even better to me to hear myself say that. I WAS now a student from Blanke Shande, and I was proud of that. I was a young woman coming into her own. I was a college student. I was an adult making her own choices. Suddenly, I realized that everything had changed. With another month of high school, yet to go, but I already felt that I was making my way. These people at the bus stop may be seeing me naked, but they were also seeing a woman going places at a prestigious university.   
  
Then he asked, “Are you always naked, then.” It was then that it hit me. With all of my senses of prestige, a part of it was to be proudly nude. I would be “nude at all times”. This experience would be my new life. I had better embrace it or I would wither. In a moment, I felt transformed and proud. My naked body was a symbol, a statement, a uniform, telling the world that I was going to accomplish something. As I realized this, I began to speak. My shoulders pulled back, my spine straight, I replied, “Yes, I am a Blanke Shande student.”   
  
From that moment, I began a series of revelations of what my nudity meant. Before the next bus arrived I had had time to ponder. I knew that this group was watching and some enjoying my bare butt. I liked the idea. With my new role, I should enjoy others admiring my body. I was being liberated from shame. If anything, I should carry myself confidently; even flaunting my body is justified and nearly expected. If didn’t, then others could pick up on the shame and try to diminish me. I thought of Jimmy Brody and his reaction to me. I could maybe really enjoy being naked all the time. It was now acceptable for me to expose myself and enjoy any attention that I procure. By the time that I stepped onto the bus, I was a different person.   
  
As I let my sense of liberation unfold, I had a wonderful ride to just a few blocks from home. I strode down the sidewalk of the neighborhood that I grew up in, feeling alive and free as I had never experienced. I waved to Mrs. Hendrson as she watered her front yard. She asked, “What’s new with you, Becky.” I just got accepted into Blanke Shande University. I’m in college, now!”  
  
“Oh, your parents must be so proud of you,” she said as she smiled.   
  
“They don’t know, yet. I’ll be telling them tonight.”   
  
“Wow,” I thought, “I will be telling them tonight. I’ll be telling them that I will not be wearing clothes anymore, too. Dad won’t like that much, mom’s supportive.” Then I realized the conflict that my father would have. I thought it through, “He knows about the BSC rules, but his attitude will be uncomfortable. He associates nudity with shame. He will have to get used to it. All of my new found confidence and pride in my situation is on the line. If I am going to be confident and nude, then I will have to be nude and accepted.” I made up my mind right then, that I would not get dressed. “I don’t want to lose this new sense of who I am. There is just no sense in delaying it. How many of my peers are already wearing clothing with the names of the school that they will attend proudly. If dad puts down my nudity, he puts down MY school.” With that resolve, I continued home, up the front steps and into the front door, hoping to see anyone on the way to share my excitement over the good news.  
  
That night, mom got home first and I told her my plans. She saw that she had to accept what I did to be supportive. She mentioned that I was 18 now and had a right to my own decisions. I went up to my room to relax and wait.  
  
I lay in bed looking at my soon to be useless clothing that was stuffed into my closet. I daydreamed about going out with Jimmy in complete nudity. I fantasized a hot date like I never could imagine before. Then I heard my dad arrive downstairs.  
  
I waited. My mother would soften him up for the blow. She would explain, then I would make my entrance and explain myself, completely nude.  
  
When I came down, dad had a tear in his eye, he gave me a hug, I told him what nudity and my enrollment deeply meant to me. My new life was then, set in stone.   
  
It was Friday evening; I called and placed the news on facebook. There were reactions as one might typically expect from high school sensibilities, but all in all, my experience was positive.   
  
The next day I proudly strolled over to my best friend Lauren’s house after my first 24 hours of my new nude life. It was a strange experience walking around in someone else’s home naked, saying hello and sitting down with her parents, swimming with no suit or hesitation, and watching her little brother and his pals trip and fall over each other when they saw me.   
  
Jimmy called and asked me out. We talked for awhile on the phone and he gave me insight to how it is with nudity and BSC. It hadn’t occurred to me that girls would get so comfortable being nude that they would go out on the town naked with their dates. In fact most go everywhere in their BSC pride. I was determined to make to most of this new adventure. I told him that I would like to try it, going out with him nude and that it would probably be exciting fun. He suggested that I only take an ID card. He would take care of the rest and that would be all that I would need.  
  
When he came to the door to pick me up, he was very considerate and had a long talk with my frantic dad. He explained the normalcy, and the general attitudes of BSC men. With that smoothed over as best as could be expected, we went out the door. I felt so totally naked at that moment. I had handed my ID to Jimmy to keep in his pocket. I had nothing. I felt so exposed, like I was just throwing myself to the winds. I was up for anything that came.   
  
We dined Italian and then a movie. I was naked. I can’t explain to you how excited in so many ways I felt in these circumstances. I stood in line, with my arm around his at Dairy Queen. This is a place where people cruise just to see and be seen. Car loads of kids pass through that parking lot on Friday and Saturday nights and then onto down on main street, just like in that movie. I bumped into a couple of groups of friends and so did Jimmy. It was fun telling them about my future as they got acquainted with the details of my nude body for the first time, a sight that some would probably etch into their memories. One friend had his cell phone out and asked for a picture of me. I didn’t know how to handle it at first, but Jimmy whispered into my ear, that I might as well get used to nude pictures. I would be in the year book. I would be in social events nude that would be recorded as fond memories of my college days. I had to let it sink in that my new persona would have friends that had never known me with clothes on. I gave my permission, knowing full well that the photos would have circulated around no telling to how many people by the time that I arrived at school on Monday morning.   
  
I never felt so very attractive as this. If only I could attend the last month of high school nude. They had a light dress code, but nude would certainly be taking it over the top. I decided that I would at least go ahead and make a written and very verbal request on Monday. We continued and it was such a hot date. He did remain ultimately respectful, for now, but I know that is only because I think that he really likes me and wanted me to feel comfortable with him. That will happen soon enough, but I was so unbelievably horny after that incomplete session.  
  
Monday, I decided to push the limit. I figured if I just politely asked, that the school would politely turn me down. On Monday, I got on the school bus wearing only a short sundress and flip flop sandals. I didn’t want my parents to know about the stunt that I was about to do. Once on the bus, I got looks and then a comment from the students that had seen my nude pictures. That was a rush. It was as if the whole school had seen me naked. That helped my resolve. Sitting in the back seat. I pulled the dress over my head and when the bus driver wasn’t looking, it was tossed out of the window. There is a rule that requires shoes for safety reasons at school. I was willing to compromise about that. When we arrived, the bus driver just shook his head speechless, as I departed his realm.  
  
Students were gathered around me in juvenile excitement and many pointed. “Becky Hathmeyer is naked!” I slipped past the first authority by blocking the view with the crowd. This morning there would be a school assembly given by the counseling staff to encourage students to try college. I slipped in and took a seat. There were a few students on the stage who would give positive reports about how college would change their lives and what they had done to get acceptance. Suddenly, I felt a tug at my armpit as the principal was making introductions. It was Mrs. Aimly and I resisted. The sight of this gathered attention and stopped the principal dead in mid-sentence. I shouted, how dare you! I’m a Blanke Shande student and this is my show of school pride.” All looked stunned. “Look around. Look at those on the stage. Students are wearing the clothing with logos of their colleges to show their pride and school spirit. So am I.” That got the crowd excited. People began to shout support.   
  
Half of the students, the male half, were obviously supporting me, “If everyone else gets to display their pride, then so should Becky!” I was concerned that I might have started a riot.   
  
The principal began to be tough, but there was a wave of resentment washing over him. There were shouts calling for a walkout. The principal had lost control. There had been a famous walk out concerning the dress code several years before. The press had been called, there was indignation and the then principal had had to back down. He was seen as not having control, nor the respect of the students, not to mention the embarrassing publicity given to the school board. He was not invited back the next year. This principal today, did not want a walkout or a demonstration. Frantically, he motioned me up to the stage, calling my name pleadingly. The crowd’s motion out the door slowed and they turned to see what was developing. From the side, I climbed the stage steps. I had flicked off my shoes while I sat. I was absolutely barefoot all over, making me feel even more bare. I padded across the stage, noticing the free movement of my naked natural body and senses, with my heart in my throat, I was tingling from the blood rushing and wondering if I might pass dead out. There I was, in front of the entire junior and senior classes. The principal grabbed my left arm with his left, pulled me in and placed his right arm across my shoulders. Side to side with him, I was being tightly hugged. “Of course, Becky can wear her school pride. I had no idea. Becky, please, I want you to tell us your story and your future plans, like these other fine students. Perhaps you can inspire your peers.” Wow, what a fake smile! He had a choice of four weeks of me naked, or looking for a new job after being fired. I wouldn’t even require shoes!  
  
Other than a towel wrap, I have rarely worn a thing on my body since.  
  
Becky

**Part II "How I Spent My Summer Vacation”**

After the big uproar at the student assembly, the smoke settled. Our Principal had been relieved to have avoided a walkout. I began to thoroughly enjoy being privileged to be the only one naked in school. My popularity went through the roof. The assembly focused the support and camaraderie of those that were about to walk out for my rights. The sense of revolution and power was savored by the rebellious and avante guarde students, making me a symbol of their success. The more conservative and goal oriented students had listened and identified with my passion for my education, admired my acceptance to such a prestigious institution and determination to attend school nude. When I spoke to the assembly, it had been through the heart and apparently I made an impression on many. The nerds saw me as intelligent. They all treated me as a brave hero for my nudity, and with all of that, I also discovered the interest that they would have in my naked body. Everywhere I went I was treated as an attractive hottie. When I walked down the hallway, all I had to do was quickly turn and catch a dozen eyes drooling over my sweet bare butt. Some seemed to act in love, some got so protective that no one had the nerve to make any rude comments. I was treated like a queen. Even the faculty began to treat me as a special student completely comfortable with my lack of dress.  
  
To top it all off, my love of just being freely nude grew and continues to grow. Clothing is an uncomfortable hassle, whenever I have tried to put some on. I love the freedom of movement, the awareness of my surroundings, the lack of restrictions brought on because there is nothing to hide. Every day I wake up feeling the morning air and everything else like never before. Nothing is mundane and I am constantly reminded that I am a Blanke Shande student, which fills me with gratitude.  
  
It being the last month before graduation, all of the festivities, pranks and reverie was icing on the cake. Things were just more relaxed. It was night and day different from the rest of my high school years.   
  
At home, dad had second thoughts about my being totally nude all of the time. A few days after his shocking discovery and our conversation, he began to think about the ramifications of a nude daughter. He sat me down one evening a few days later. “This is my house. I live here too. AND I pay the bills!”   
  
“Uh oh, take it easy, Becky,” a voice said into my inner ear.  
  
“What about your grandparents? My parents just in no way could understand this. What about disturbing the neighborhood? What about my colleagues from work and their wives, or my boss? What happens when they come over to visit? Not everyone would approve or be understanding of this, in this town. This isn’t next door to Blanke Shande College, where the populous is used to seeing nude girls everyday. What about the law and when we travel? What about family vacations?....”  
  
“Whaoh wait, wait, wait just a minute dad!” His flow of concerns were like a never ending tidal wave. “Let’s just think this out and address each issue one at a time. There have been thousands of women (yes, I heard myself calling myself a woman) and for years, that have families. They all must have adjusted to the new rules somehow.” I’m glad that my enthusiasm had had me at my computer on the BSC website, before this dam burst. “There are counseling staff, peer support groups and networks and lots of literature resources. I’m sure that everything will work out.”   
  
He stopped and leaned back. Still, with his arms folded across his chest, his lips sucked in between his teeth and the seriousness in his eyes, I knew that I would need a delicate and careful tact, before he would rest easy. I’m thinking, “Where is mom? I just can’t cry out for her. I’ve got to stand this one, mostly by myself. She might get on his side on a couple of these and I could get steamrolled over by the fear and unreasonable power of these two together.” His demeanor was still negative, but he was listening.”  
  
“If I don’t have the answers, then I can get them. We’re in this together, okay…daddy?  
He seemed to melt just a little when I turned on the”daddy” treatment. “Okay let’s list each concern. I’ve been reading and can address much of what you just told me.”  
  
I knew that much of what he had concerns about, I could address. I also knew that if he was being unreasonable, that I could tell him that I would give into him a little. He then wouldn’t even know what I actually did in my later actions. Dad commutes to work. He leaves before I get up and returns later than I do. He would be gone most of the day. He and mom don’t interact with the neighbors much. I could placate him, and then do as I pleased.  
  
“I can understand your concern for the neighborhood. I can be more discrete around here,” I told him. I knew already, that my days on the school bus were now over. People were bending over backwards offering me rides to and from school. I didn’t have to walk around the neighborhood like I had been, but if I did, he probably wouldn’t hear of it. If I did and saw anyone, I would just make a point of explaining my school pride and ask if there was any offence, just to head off any complaints. Dad would be placated. He heard me out and I could see him relax, thinking that he would get what he wanted.   
  
He softened and now it was probably a good time to share my resolve and drop a bomb. I couldn’t know how he would handle it, but he had to know. It would handle much of his list of concerns and I would have the University system backing me up. “Uh, Dad, there are no California anti-nudity laws on the state level. There are however, some local ordinances in some places. The university has, as you know, a policy that absolutely requires complete nudity on campus and at all university functions. That means statewide. There is available, a waiver, like a license, that is personally signed by our Governor Swartzenigger, granting the right to all Blanke Shande students and faculty to travel and comport themselves nude anywhere in the state, trumping all ordinances. Upon my pre-registration, it applies to me. None of the townships in the area have nudity restrictions. So far, I have had no complaints, nor abuse from anyone. It has been the opposite, especially when they hear that I go to BSC. That doesn’t mean that a negative reaction wouldn’t be inevitable, but I’m ready for that and I have faith that you and mom will support me, if that comes.” I decided, in mid-sentence to leave out the part that I’ve been thinking of becoming an absolute naturist. I love this so much, but the time wasn’t correct.  
  
“I am moving away to college, daddy. I’m growing up. I most likely won’t be here when your work friends stop in. If so, I would expect you to proudly tell them about where I go to school and not feel ashamed of me.” That got him on the defensive, score.   
  
“I don’t want any part of my pals ogling you,” he looked upset when that came out of him.   
  
Well, your friends ogle me anyway, if you hadn’t noticed. I can’t help that. If they are your friends, they will have some consideration for your feelings. You have to stand up to them. You must realize that this is the way that I will be presented to the world for the coming years. This is my look and dress. This is it.   
  
Something inside quaked obviously. He straightened up, “Oh cripe, what about photos? You could end up all over the internet! JENNY!” He hadn’t thought of this before, and he was calling in reinforcements, my mom..  
  
I could understand his reaction. I had had to deal with this, just a few evenings before. Mom came rushing in to the room in alarm, “What?!”  
  
He stood up as he spread the alarming news, “Becky’s gonna have nude pictures everywhere!”  
  
“Yes dear and we will be proud of them. She’s our daughter and she is beautiful.”   
Dad was stunned. He sat back down with this amazed expression on his face. I suppose that I had one similar on mine. I didn’t expect this. Mom had been thinking, too. She just stopped him cold and pulled the rug out from under his perspective. He had lost this point and the ramifications were flashing inside of his churning brain. I love my mom. I now knew that I had her support all the way. She was proud of me and would accept all of BSC and respect my decisions, now as an adult. The conversation with me was over.  
  
I graduated with the honors that got my admission. I wore the robes of a scholar at the ceremony. It was out on the football field, during the early evening. I was certainly hot in the costume after a month of being completely naked, but tradition is tradition. One tradition is to honor each college bound student by mentioning their plans and place of higher education. When I stepped up to the podium, my name was announced with my college, BSC. I pulled open the robe right there, like a flasher and showed off my notable school pride to everyone. I was surprised when I was applauded by my peers. While many of their parent’s faces went into shock, I received standing ovation. Wow!  
  
After the ceremony, my gown and high heals were tossed in a waiting rental bin, the last clothing I figured that I would need for possibly years to come. I kept the cap for the photos, before I removed my tassel and discarded the mortar board. Dad kept the tassel in his pocket and I went off to party.  
  
Guess whose picture was in the local paper the next day, with a list of honors, flashing her body standing at the podium?!  
  
A week or two after things had died down and I got used to the summer break, I realized that extra spending money would be a very handy thing in the coming year. Maybe even a vacation or a car. I then realized a dilemma. I had been totally naked and accepted that way, for six weeks. I absolutely shunned the closet in my room that was bursting with clothing. I went up to try some things to wear on job interviews. I knew that most summer positions would be filled by then and with the competition, I needed an edge.  
  
I had been sleeping with the window opened to fresh air, and using no blankets. The southern California weather was warm that year, but perfect living in my skin. I placed a bra across my belly, hooked it, twisted and pulled it up, cupping my breast. It was so alien and tight. When the panties arrived in place, I felt so very covered. It seemed like a lot, but I was just in a small bikini. I then pulled out a nice business-like skirt and light blouse. The skirt was tight, and confining my body. When that blouse, as light as it was, something I used to feel good and girly in, was buttoned up, I realized the heat wave that everyone had been talking about. I sat down on the bed to put on a pair of closed toe pumps. My feet had spread and they were a miserable fit anymore. How could any sane person actually wear clothing like this and expect others to do the same? This was just plain wrong. As I quickly unbuttoned, unsnapped and removed the offensive waste, my mind began to think fast. That experience had made up my mind, which had already been leaning toward becoming officially an absolute naturist/nudist. Now however, how could I resolve the reality of living nude in a clothing obsessed world? Where could I get a job? I would surely suffer in clothing and resent every moment and person who forced the clothing upon me.   
  
I felt distressed. I decided to distract those hard feelings by doing something positive. I wanted something that empowered my desires and liberated my nature. I began to inventory my closet. Perhaps there would be something and it was time to thin things out. I had occurred to me that by the time that I had any use for the items in my closet and dresser that they would be way out of fashion. I had to decide what would be enduring fashion and what might be necessary. Like going grocery shopping when you are hungry, I went through my clothing in a state of mind that wanted really no part of any of it after the distress, yes distress of putting on clothes.   
  
The pile became too much for my bed and then the floor began to gather its heap. I tried on some things, but all that were at least tolerable, were only a couple of light short sun dresses. None of my shoes fit at all. I was tolerant of some of my smaller hardly there panties as they came out of the drawer. Some of them I had loved to wear and had felt sexy in, but in the end, I couldn’t realize the point in them and they all fell aside. I could certainly do without a bra, but light tops tend to reveal that missing wardrobe piece. I kept two minimals, just in case. I was done with leisure wear and casual. If I wasn’t getting paid, I wasn’t having any part of it. There hung ultimately, two get a job outfits and two sundresses for an emergency. I kept a short windbreaker jacket and a heavy long coat just incase. The windbreaker would be warm, but boy did my butt look cute looking out from under it, bottomless. I finished, turned around and then realized what I had done, as I gazed into my nearly empty closet and the empty drawers that hung open from my dresser. I was making myself really really naked and the sense of commitment sank in. It was both empowering and scary. “Wow, can I really do this?” I asked myself.  
  
I had discussed the possibility of absolute nudism with my mother. She had probably not been anticipating this happening so soon. She might try to talk me out of the disposing of all my clothing at this time. The next morning, I called Laura. She had been wild about these things that were going on in my life, all along. She had also applied to Blanke Shande after seeing my situation, and after already being accepted to UCLA. Often, when we had been spending time together, she would join me in nudity, even a couple of times in more public places.  
  
Hey, I need to get rid of my clothing.”  
  
“What do you mean, you already have…oh, holy…you mean like totally gone!” I could hear the excitement at the revelation.   
  
“Yea, I’ve got it all piled up in my room read to go, but I haven’t come up with what to do with all of this.”   
  
“Well, we could burn it.” She giggled.  
  
“No, too destructive. This is nice stuff and shouldn’t be wasted. I paused and then giggled, “Especially on me.”  
  
She then told me about used a clothing consignment store that would net me some extra money.   
  
“That’s it! But, can you give me a ride to haul this stuff down there? I’d rather that my parents don’t know and they probably won’t notice for weeks, anyway.”   
She arrived in twenty minutes.  
  
When we arrived at the shop and I was told that much of the stuff was very trendy and desirable. It should sell well. We spent an hour doing inventory, pricing and labeling and it would be put out for sale that afternoon. Some girls came in as we were doing this and bought some items right then. As they carried all of my clothes off of the floor and to the back room, I suddenly felt very naked. I took the credit and found a nice practical set of “look for work shoes” that fit. I gave Lauren some panties that she liked, for helping me. Anything not sold would go to the donation center. Walking out of that store, now without even owning a real wardrobe, was like stepping into a whole new world. I bought lunch for us to celebrate, just a few doors down, naked.  
  
The following Sunday, I was buried in the newspaper looking for work and getting what I could get done online. On Monday, I took the bus into downtown dressed in one of the god-awful outfits and pounded the streets, collected applications, came home and filled them out. This continued all week and there was not a thing happening for me as I visited the entire region. There were few jobs and I was pretty green. It was such a pleasure to strip off out of those offending clothes when I got home. By Wednesday, I was stripping them off on the bus and carrying them home.  
  
On Friday afternoon, I was feeling the hopelessness. I revisited the used clothing shop to find out how my clothing sales were going and received a check. To cheer myself up, I sulked into the restaurant that Lauren and I had celebrated in, on the previous Friday.

There I sat, slumped and depressed in a booth. I had had enough of a frustrating week. After the cheery waitress took my order and left, I thought how much better I feel about things without having to endure that ridiculous uncomfortable prison of an outfit. I slipped the shoes off, something that I should have done long before. I looked around. There was a young man that looked away as I glanced over. “Screw these clothes.” I began to unbutton my blouse slowly. It has frill on the front so I had been fortunate to not have to put up with a bra all day. When it was open to my waist, he glanced over again. I looked back. The neckline was all the way to my waist. My back was straight, as I was sucking in, unsnapping the skirt in my sitting position. We locked eyes as I slid the zipper down my thigh. He stared with one of those glazed eyed smiles, as I lifted up and began to pull the dark skirt down my legs, then he gasped wide eyed, when it dropped to the floor and was kicked off of my feet.  
  
I quietly smiled as I felt the air and his eyes all over my body, when the blouse slipped off of my shoulders and then over my wrist. I left the skirt on the floor, just to feel defiant of its intrusion over my humanity. I tossed the blouse in a ball across the table to the other empty bench. I was done with them for now. I felt desired, sensual and my spirit uplifted.  
  
The waitress came back with my order and smiled. “Oh, I remember you from when you were in last week with your friend. I didn’t recognize you with your clothes on. You look like you were pretty glad to get out of them.”   
  
I replied, “Yea, they feel really confining when you aren’t used to having any on.”   
  
“Then, why were you wearing them,” she queried.   
  
I began to tell her my story. That I had achieved a scholarship to Blanke Shande College, how I had been naked for nearly two months and was disturbed by my job prospects and the clothing.  
  
She seemed to be considering something, and then she said, “Look, one of our waitresses has her last day tomorrow. I’m the manager. I know that you are no slouch and capable, if you have been accepted into a fine school like BSC. One of my best friends went there and she explained the dress code in principle and practicality. I respect that. I know you from last week to have an uplifting personality and that you have demonstrated that you can rebound even on a hard day. From the look on the guy at that other table, you would probably perk thing up around here and generate amazing tips. You are welcome to fill out an application if you would take a job here, seriously. However, I don’t want anyone to get the wrong idea about this business. So you would be required to wear a waist apron or a cap with a BSC logo, so that customers know who you are.”  
  
I sat there stunned. After a moment, I stuttered, “Yes…okay…I’d, uh, love to.”  
  
After I filled out the application, I received my schedule starting the following Monday. As I was shown around the kitchen, I tossed my clothing out of my hand and into a trash barrel. I wouldn’t be needing it again. I am so grateful to be privileged and lucky to go to such a school.   
  
That evening, I had a date to go to a booney bonfire with friends. With all due drunken ceremony, my wardrobe diminished to two short light sundresses for emergencies stuffed into a drawer and a completely empty closet. I closed the closet so mom wouldn’t notice. She didn’t all summer.  
  
The positioning at the restaurant was perfect. The tips were wonderful and my naked body grew the business. Later in the summer, when my new manager, Barb, went on vacation for two weeks, the owner had me take over her responsibilities. She fell in love and ran off with a guy. I was promoted.  
  
My summer was peppered with dating around the local network of friends and hanging out with Jimmy and some of his college cohorts. Getting to know my future and connecting with the college would make the transition much easier. I had gotten in touch with Jenny and we were to be assigned as roommates in the dorms. Lauren had acted too late, but might transfer during the midyear break.   
  
In early July, the College contacted me and offered a pre-registration. With all of my course work and activities lined up, I was acknowledged as an official BSC student with all the privilege, prestige and identification. All that I had to do was arrive at the college in the fall, sign in and get started. I also acquired the governor’s nudity pass for all of California. On my days off Jenny and I were able to go to the sunny beaches on the coast… naked! It was wonderful. The BSC ID was recognized by any interested cop and business. I soon found out that when a naked female proudly struts with an air of impunity, that the college is famous enough, that many people just assume that she is a BSC student. A BSC logo hat gives certainty. My allover tan became outrageous. I loved to show it off.   
  
During pre-registration, I was told to wait by the student assistant that was behind the table. A very healthy looking nude woman, probably in her thirties came over to me. “HI, I’m Brenda Elders, an outreach recruitment coordinator. We recognize that your hometown has an activity coming up and would like for you to represent the college there.”  
  
“I’m interested.” I replied sounding a bit confused, but curious.   
  
“In the coming fourth of July parade, there will be a float encouraging students to further their education. It also honors those that have. Various colleges in the area will be represented by their students. I’d like you to be on that float.”  
  
Our Fourth of July parade was famous for its classic Americana authenticity and appealed to people everywhere. Various civic organizations, scouts, schools, marching bands and businesses contributed. It was very popular with seemingly the whole town in attendance.   
  
“This is a perfect opportunity to show my school pride. I assume that I would ride nude?” I inquired.  
  
“Oh of course, yes.” She was smiling and showing signs of beginning excitement. So was I.  
  
“I have been learning about the intolerance of nudity, its injustice, the importance of body freedom and wanting to become more of an activist on the issue. Each moment of my daily life feels like a statement and activism. This would be a good statement encouraging the acceptance of body freedom as well as the value of education. My home town is a good distance from here and they are not used to seeing nudity. They need to see more of it within the wholesome mindset that they live. I would be honored and grateful to represent Blanke Shande in that parade.” I didn’t mention that the idea and vision of it all was definitely turning me on in other ways.  
  
“You may be interested in joining the young women’s naturist organization Becky,” and she handed me a brochure from a table behind her.  
  
On the day of the parade, we arrived very early. The float was huge with three tiers and so easy to find in the long line that was backed up several blocks. It was about three quarters of the way back and we started from the front, searching our way there. We passed marching bands, troops of boy and girl scouts, vets and dignitaries in convertible cars from the local dealership. I had been given a baseball-like cap with the letters BSC emblazoned large. I stuck my hair, as a ponytail through the adjustment hole in the back. What this girl was doing there nude was obvious. There was of course a few disgusted or disgruntled looks by individuals in groups such as these, but no one would protest. It was common knowledge that many citizens of our town were employed as a result of, or directly by BSC. It would not be politically wise to refuse, or put down a representative.  
  
There was a young man with a clipboard to meet us. He pointed to my spot and it was in prominence. The others were climbing onto the float and I do mean climbing. Something had happened to the small step ladder for us. Most were needing a boost. When it was my turn, the young fellow put down his clipboard and squatted, putting his fingers together for me. “Well, okay.” I placed my foot on his hands noticing my crotch at his eye level and lifted up, bringing my sex just inches from his face. I reached around and grabbed the top of the float’s lower edge, but in doing so, I twisted and fell back somewhat. There I was leaning back out of balance helplessly placing my sex on this guys face and rubbing it around. Fearing that he might drop me, we both gyrated and danced a balancing act, while his nose, face and lips buried themselves, tasting me intimately. A dozen people stood and snickered at the sight. Finally, he pushed up with his legs, lifting with them and his face, raising my body enough for me to get it on top of the ledge. Oh, yes, I was getting wetter than just the anticipation of the exposure to come.  
  
There I stood and waited until the band started to play and the float pulled into the formation of the parade. I stood in the middle of town, naked, with thousands of people, many of which I grew up with, looking up at me, and up into my loins, as I smiled and waved. I recognized some and waved with eye contact to them. I felt like a star and I image that for many of the opposite sex, that I was a star. I felt great. All of this and a good cause to boot. Guess who was there to help me down from the float when it was over? I came when his face met me once again.  
  
The clothing store had profited me with over two hundred dollars. After the freak loss of one of the sundresses while my grandparents were visiting, I had just one piece of clothing left. My intentions were clear. I would wear the last remaining piece of clothing to my name to school in the fall. There, I would disrobe and dispose of it as I arrived at the campus, symbolically starting anew and becoming absolutely naked.  
  
Becky

**Moving in to Blanke Schande.**

‘Seeing as you’re not taking any clothes with you you do seem to be putting a lot of stuff in the car,’ I said watching Becky loading up for the to move into Blanke Schande. ‘Just my laptop and some paper, and some books and .....’ ‘All right, all right. We will be off soon so I’d better get dressed. Are you wearing anything for the drive?’ ‘Thought I ought to we may get stopped at the lights or by a cop - with your driving - so I’m just putting a dress on.’ Since her interview and acceptance as a student at Blanke Schande College Becky had been ‘practising’ being naked at least about the house and garden. Our neighbours could not fail to see her prancing about naked or simply lying on the grass getting an all over tan. Now they had a full size pool rather than our blow up thingy and had invited Becky round to swim in it. She had wrapped herself in a bath towel, reasonably big enough to cover from tits to crotch, and made a dash from our drive to theirs. I am sure somebody saw her but the towel avoided any complaints. Mrs Jameson, our next door neighbour had provided lemonade and nibbles and had joined Becky topless for a swim. She had never managed to convince herself to take her pants off despite Becky’s teasing. Mr Jameson who got home early from work one day, had enjoyed an eyeful of the water nymph emerging from his pool. He had no complaints either and suggested Becky should make more use of the pool, preferably when he was at home. ‘Is that all then?’ I asked as Becky ceased rushing about, ‘Can we go now?’ Becky had dragged a clingy and strappy little number about herself with complaints about having to wear clothes after going naked. I put on a jumper and skirt to look like a caring mother and settled down for the drive which took a half hour or so. ‘You do realise, Mum, don’t you, that you will not be allowed onto the college grounds with clothes on, don’t you?’ commented Becky as we pulled up at the gatehouse. Becky was already wriggling her way out of her dress and, having nothing else on underneath it, was ready for her big entrance. ‘Of course, dear,’ I said unbuttoning my wrap around skirt to end up sitting on it flatten out rather than wrap around I lifted my bum and eased it out before throwing it onto the back seat to join Becky’s dress. A crossing of hands and gathering the hem of my jumper let me ease it over my tits which were lifted before their release and literally bounced into view as it freed them from its clutches. ‘Ready?’ I asked moving into the gate and being checked by the keeper that we were naked. ‘I’ll just see you signed in and help you cart this lot to your room and then I’ll be off.’ Or so I thought at that time. I parked up and Becky got her paper out of he case and we went into the office area to check in. We couldn’t miss it there was a large enough notice and a big arrow. Becky signed in and I stood around looking like a spare part until a squeal announced the arrival of Jenny and lots of nude hugging later Becky became aware that she was rooming with Jenny and that help was at hand to move her stuff in. We extracted the essentials from the car for Becky’s move in and I was used to carry the heavy stuff. What else are Mums for?’ Having seen her settled and gossiping to Jenny I was free to go home. Slightly tearful at losing my daughter to the big wide world. particularly as she was stark naked, I went back past the office area to go home. A voice stopped me in my tracks . ‘Sorry we do not have any places for mature students,’ it said and I saw the Dean, I had seen his picture in the prospectus, standing there with a grin on his face and all his clothes on. ‘I see you have joined the throng and shed your clothes. As you are about the only parent who has stripped off to see her daughter settled I feel I do, at least, need to give you a tour. You are fully prepared for it.’ I was more than a little uncertain about a tour of unknown premises with me stark naked and him fully clothed. A woman of a similar age to myself, which was comforting, came over and shook my hand. ‘ Tom - that’s the Dean, is my husband’ and I assure you that we have got him and all other males in the college fully trained in the ‘lookee, lookee but no touchee, touchee’. I doubt they’ll ask you to ‘present’ so you will not be subject to that embarrassment. I’m Jean by the way. I expect Tom will buy you a cup of coffee in the canteen so I’ll see you there in about half an hour.’ She shot off down the corridor buttocks bouncing as she went.

‘Come on then,’ said Tom, ‘let’s do the grand tour.’ We looked in on a stark naked nurse checking a stark naked patient before moving on to the classrooms. ‘Not everybody has arrived yet, just the newcomers to be shown around.’ One of the students was posing, naked of course, for a class in the Art Room. A naked female tutor somewhat younger than myself was lecturing in another to a class of naked girls and clothed guys. We peered through the window of other rooms where clothed male tutors were again lecturing classes of naked girls and clothed guys. Then we moved on to the Gymnasium. ‘We believe in keeping our students fit so classes here are mandatory. Want to try anything?’ I looked at the well equipped gym and spotted a jogger. I liked that back at my fitness club so I decided on giving it a go naked. Now I wore the full gear at the fitness club not only control pants under my shorts but an exercise bra as well. It was quite different naked and I could feel my boobs bouncing in time with my steps.

‘Anything else?’ asked Tom watching my efforts. ‘How about some exercises with weights and a bit of stretching?’ The machine had me lying on my back and I pulled to lift the weights and got my nipples into fine perk with the strain. I did some pushing exercises with my feet which did not expose any ‘naughty’ bits but those which required me to spread my feet and then force them together again did. I knew Tom was keeping a close eye on my shaven vulva between my legs. Maybe he was not a fully house trained as his wife thought. Finally I was shown the adjoining pool area. and invited to take a dip after having showered. At least here I was covered even if it was only by water. A dry off in one of those hot air cubicles and I was fit to move on to the canteen for coffee and nibbles. We collected our coffee and cakes from the counter under the gaze, particularly male, of the students before sitting at a table where Jean joined us for her break. ‘Well,’ she said sipping her coffee,

‘When do you start?’ ‘Start?’ ‘Tom has designs on you, perfectly respectable designs I assure you, to join the staff here. First in the office with us and then, if you have teaching experience or ability in other areas, teaching the students. We need more, shall I say, mature staff who are willing to go naked and you seemed to fit the bill just fine as you brought your daughter in. Well I’ve told you the deal. How about joining us?’ I’d have to think about this. What would Becky think about her Mother, naked to boot, wandering about the college? Would I be warm enough? The place seemed to be heated to suit a naked female. Would I like the half-hour car trip each day? What would my husband think? Should I bother to tell him? One answer came up very promptly as Becky wandered in. She came over to join us holding her coffee and biscuits.

‘You’re still here then?’ said unnecessarily as I was obviously sitting at the table. Get straight to the point I thought. She can only scream in despair at the idea of her Mother being always at hand. ‘I’ve been offered a job here at BSC. In the office. Would that be all right with you? Would you rather I only turned up for the Summer Sports days? Or what?’ I ended helplessly. ‘That would be great!’ replied Becky unexpectedly, ‘You’d have the car here and could take us into the town shopping and being ol.... more mature there would be less chance of people getting too friendly with us all being naked. Go for it! It’s the chance of a lifetime for you to show your all to the world. And get a look at the guys in the pool, they swim naked you know. Welcome to BSC.

See you Monday, must go, got to see what the boys are like.’ Becky shot off bum wiggling to chat up a couple of fully dressed guys who showed their interest only to plainly. I could see why they had to keep their pants on only too clearly from the tenting.

‘So that’s settled. You will start Monday at nine. By the way the salary is $XXX . Jean will see you out.’ Jean and I walked back to the office. Two ‘mature’ naked girls together. I filled in the form with my details, including my age which I will not disclose here before I went out into the parking area to collect my car. I suddenly realised I was still naked. Should I put on such clothes as I had worn to come here or drive home naked? No contest! I started the engine to warm the car up inside and drove home. What a feeling of freedom. What a job I’d taken on. Roll on Monday. What did Becky mean by taking them shopping? Would I dare to walk round the town naked with them? I’d find out Monday. And I had the added benefit of the chance to see those guys naked in the pool. I was sure I’d find an excuse to visit.

Jenny.

**The Swimming Gala at Blanke Schande.**

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? See the next instalment!

Jenny reporting!