**What a girl will do for love**

by mcmann.molly

**What a girl will do for love, Part 1**

Betsy had always been a shy girl, a little insecure. As a teenager she'd been skinny and awkward and easily mortified by the rare pimple. But by the time she went to college she had a beautiful figure and perfect skin. But she was still shy and tended to be submissive in relationships. She had known, inside, since she was 13 or so that she was lesbian, but it was not until college that she had her first real relationships with other girls. And usually the girls she dated were like herself -- quiet, feminine girls who would rather have someone else be in control. These relationships tended to fizzle because no one wanted to take charge. But Betsy knew what kind of person she wanted.  
  
It took a while, but when she was just turning 21 and finishing her junior year in college she met someone. Kate was 27, an MBA and a rising young star in a large corporation. Kate drove a Porsche. She lifted weights. She had earned trophies in kickboxing.  
  
They'd met at a bar mostly frequented by lesbians. Kate came up to Betsy and asked her to dance. A few hour later they were kissing in Kate's car. And then they were in Kate's apartment. Kate took charge every step of the way and although Betsy had never slept with anyone on a first date before she didn't hesitate to do whatever Kate suggested.  
  
She spent the night, and much of the next day. They talked, made love, ate, laughed. And they were naked the entire time, or at least Betsy was. Kate dressed to run out to pick up breakfast, insisting Betsy remain nude, which she did though she felt strange walking around the unfamiliar apartment with nothing on.  
  
Betsy felt extremely self-conscious sitting nude at Kate’s dining room table while she and Kate (fully clothed) ate their breakfast. But the way Kate looked at her made it seem okay. Betsy saw what she hoped was the beginning of love in Kate’s expression.  
  
"You look so nice," Kate said. "I love girls who enjoy being nude around the house."  
  
"Oh do you?" Betsy replied, flirting back. "Well that’s me."  
  
"Mmmmm, really?" Kate was stroking Betsy’s bare thigh under the table, her half-eaten breakfast forgotten. With each caress her fingers moved upwards. "Are you my little nudist?"  
  
Betsy was most definitely not a nudist. She rarely went naked for any length of time between bathing and dressing, never slept nude, never laid in the sun topless even. But she had fantasized about such things a few times. Things she would never do in real life. But now with Kate’s finger on her clitoris and Kate’s eyes on her body, Betsy breathed, "yes, I am your nudist. Your naked girl. That’s what I am."



Somehow they moved from the dining room table to the bedroom, though Kate managed to keep her fingers moving all the way. And she talked as she made love, asking Betsy again and again if she was a nudist and Betsy replied yes, oh yes she was. It was so arosing to say that -- a delicious, sexy game.  
  
In the days that followed, Kate and Betsy were inseparable. Sometimes they were at Betsy’s apartment but usually at Kate’s. They were getting to know each other and Betsy was learning that Kate was very particular and meticulous about things and was only comfortable sleeping in her own bed and using her own bath and kitchen things. But that was fine with Betsy, who loved being in Kate’s world.  
  
And Betsy was naked almost constantly. Each time they made love Kate wanted to hear Betsy proclaim herself to be a nudist who desired to go naked constantly. Betsy enjoyed the game immensely. She felt so wild and free and un-Betsy. With Kate she was not the timid, insecure mousy Betsy. She was Betsy the nudist. Even when they weren’t making love Kate seemed to get such pleasure out of having Betsy be naked.  
  
Although she felt extremely exposed being naked, even just around Kate, Betsy happily played along with the game because it seemed to make Kate so happy and it was, after all, just a game. When they went out Betsy got dressed and became a normal person again as far as anyone could tell. But when they returned to the apartment she became Betsy the nudist again. They agreed on a "rule" that Betsy always had to undress on the little rug just inside the door, and she had to stay totally nude until she went out again, her clothing neatly folded near the door.  
  
She could not get fully comfortable doing this and sometimes felt embarassed just catching a glimpse of herself in a mirror. But whatever discomfort she felt was more than made up for by the growing bond of new love between them. She tried to get used to it, but that never seemed to happen.  
  
Even when her period came, Kate saw no reason to lift the restriction. Betsy wore a tampon and that was that. Fortunately, Betsy had always had a light flow that was over within a day or two. Even though no one could see her but Kate, Betsy felt a bit silly having the string exposed so she cut the string short to make it less obvious.  
  
And then there was the matter of Betsy’s pubic hair. Although Kate didn’t shave her own pubic hair, she was adamant that Betsy shave hers. Fortunately this was easily done. A natural blonde, Betsy had very little hair down there to start with, just a tuft in the usual spot and none at all between her legs. She tried just cutting it short, but Kate wanted her completely smooth.  
  
And Betsy understood why because of the way Kate made love. She preferred giving oral sex to Betsy more than receiving it herself, and she gave it with wild abandon, rubbing her lips and face all around Betsy’s inner thighs and her vagina, spreading a mixture of Betsy’s wetness and Kate’s own saliva on Betsy's stomach and thighs and all around her vagina.  
  
Kate insisted on absolute smoothness and the slightest hint of stubble annoyed her. Soon Betsy found herself making an appointment with a laser hair removal specialist to take it off for good. She had earlier done the same on her legs and underarms, but that was different. She never wanted hair in either of those places so permanent removal was a logical option. Betsy wasn’t really sure she wanted her pubic hair gone forever, but that was what Kate obviously wanted and what Betsy wanted was for them to be a permanent couple and so sacrificing her pubic hair seemed a small price to pay.  
  
When it was done, Kate caressed the smooth skin where hair no longer grew. "This is perfect," she said and her fingers dipped lower and began rubbing Betsy’s clitoris. "You love being this exposed, don’t you?"  
  
"Yes," Betsy moaned as she arched her back anticipating the first wave of the orgasm. "I love being exposed. I love being naked. All the time, oh god, I want to go naked all the time!"  
  
Betsy would later have some regrets about saying that.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 2**

Within a few weeks after their first date, Kate and Betsy were virtually living together at Kate’s apartment. Betsy had moved over many of her things, including some of her clothes though she was only permitted to wear them when getting ready to leave the apartment.  
  
On their third weekend together, while Kate was busy at her laptop on a report for work and Betsy was reading, the phone rang and Kate picked it up.  
  
"Allison," she exclaimed, " are you in town? Great. Sure, come on over. We’ll order a pizza or something. You haven’t met my lovely Betsy yet and I want to show her off to you."  
  
When she hung up she said simply, "that was my friend Allison. She and her partner are in town so I invited them over tonight. You’ll love them both."  
  
"That’ll be great," Betsy said, "Are they coming over right now? Darn, I guess I'll have to get dressed."  
  
Kate laughed. "No, that outfit you’re wearing now will be just fine."  
  
Betsy laughed too, thinking this was a joke.  
  
"I’m really looking forward to showing you off," Kate went on. "I told Allison all about you being a nudist and she thinks it’s very sexy."  
  
"But I . . . you don’t really expect me to be naked when your friends come over?"  
  
"Of course I do," Kate said. "You said you wanted to."  
  
"But I was, you know . . . teasing. It's just a ga--" Betsy stopped short, stunned by the sudden change in Kate’s expression.  
  
"What do you mean?"Kate demanded, looking both hurt and angry. "You told me you're a nudist, Betsy. You said you want to be nude whenever possible. I hope you’re not saying this has all been some kind of act."  
  
Betsy was suddenly frightened by the look on Kate's face. "No, no, of course not," she stammered. "Of course I'm a nudist. I . . . I love being nude, of course I do, but I . . . just thought that you . . . that you . . . didn’t want me to do it around other people because you wanted us to keep it a private thing."  
  
Kate’s expression softened again just as suddenly and she took Betsy’s face in her hands, "oh you’re so sweet to be willing to do that for me! But I wouldn’t ask that of you. I love you so much, Betsy. I love that you’re a nudist and I want to share that -- not keep it a secret! Now you go off and get ready for company, but don’t you dare get dressed because I want to show you off, my love. But oh god I’d better finish this report before they get here."  
  
And then Kate went back to her laptop and began concentrating on the screen. Betsy was relieved and happy that Kate was no longer mad at her, but her mind was struggling to absorb what it all meant. She walked slowly into the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. Moving as if in a trance she brushed her hair and put on a little makeup and perfume. She looked at her bare feet, deciding whether to put on sandals. Part of her realized this was a ridiculous thought and yet she kept her mind busy on it to avoid thinking about what she was about to do.  
  
The doorbell rang and Betsy snapped out of her trance and was suddenly acutely aware of the situation. She ran out of the bathroom and up to Kate, her mouth opening silently as she struggled to say something, anything, that would get her out of this situation. But Kate was still looking at the computer screen and only said, "would you get that, honey? I just need to finish this sentence."  
  
Betsy gulped. But then as the doorbell rang a second time she forced herself to focus on what was important. Kate loved her. That’s what mattered. If this was what Kate wanted, Betsy would just have to do it. She walked quickly to the door, pulled it open without looking through the peephole and stood naked in the doorway smiling convincingly at the two women on the other side of the screen door.  
  
"Oh my!" one of them exclaimed with a smile. "I guess Katie wasn’t exaggerating about you."  
  
It all happened so fast. Kate was suddenly at Betsy’s side making introductions, her arm around Betsy’s bare waist, as she said, "ladies, this is Betsy -- the love of my life."  
  
Betsy looked at Kate’s face in profile, searching to see if this was a sincere, meaningful comment. As if in response, Kate turned and looked right at her and smiled. "Yes," her eyes said, "you are the love of my life." But her mouth said, "Betsy, dear, why don’t you go open some wine?"  
  
Betsy did, grateful to have a moment alone in the kitchen. My god, she thought. I’m naked and I have to stay naked all evening in front of these strangers and pretend it's normal. She opened both bottles of wine nervously but as she opened the cabinet for wine glasses she saw Kate’s vodka. Quickly, she poured some into one of the wine glasses and grabbed a bottle of tonic from the fridge to mix with it. She gulped it down. She said she loves me! She said I’m the love of her life! I can do this.  
  
This thought made her smile, and the jolt of liquor was loosening her fear. Betsy brought the two opened wine bottles and some glasses into the living room where Kate and Allison and Naomi were seated. Betsy felt so exposed, so naked, and yet she also felt confidence that Kate really loved her and that all Betsy had to do was pass this one test.  
  
Both of them watched her body with no attempt to pretend otherwise. "Kate told me you were the most beautiful girlfriend she’s ever had," Allison said. "I can see she wasn’t exaggerating about that either."  
  
"Did you really say that?" Betsy asked, looking at Kate eagerly.  
  
"Of course I did, because it’s true." They were all seated except Betsy who was still pouring wine. She felt extra-exposed with their faces eye-level with her starkly bare pussy, but she was so happy about what Kate said it was somehow okay.  
  
"Beautiful and naked is certainly a nice combination," Naomi observed. "How long have you been a nudist?"  
  
Betsy wasn’t sure how to answer the question. She now knew better than to admit she was only doing it to please Kate. "Well, I guess it’s something I’ve felt . . . strongly about for a long time. But I haven’t always . . . had the opportunity."  
  
Kate tugged at her hand, pulling her down on the sofa and onto her lap. "Isn’t she adorable?" Kate gushed, relaxing her hand on Betsy’s bare stomach. And then to Betsy she said, "darling, I promise I’m going to give you lots of opportunities."  
  
Allison and Naomi laughed at this and Betsy was glad when the conversation shifted away from the subject of her nakedness and back to Kate's job. She sipped her wine and relaxed a little, leaning back against the sofa pillow as she sat in Kate’s lap. In that position it was difficult to keep her legs together and Kate was not helping matters. As she talked about work she gently caressed Betsy’s thigh, pushing her legs farther open. Betsy instinctively resisted but Kate only increased the pressure of her hand and Betsy knew to submit. Naomi, sitting at the other end of the couch, had the best view and did not bother to pretend she was not looking. Betsy was intensely embarrassed by this, and yet she also felt a hint of sensual excitement by her predicament. The wine on top of the vodka, together with Kate’s caress and Naomi’s eyes was making her feel aroused.  
  
"I love your smoothie look," Naomi said, briefly looking up at Betsy’s eyes again. "Do you shave or wax?"  
  
"Well, um, actually I had it removed by laser," Betsy said.  
  
"Really? Well they sure did a nice job."  
  
"She didn’t have much to start with," Kate said. "Just a little bit right here." Kate’s finger made a little circle on Betsy’s skin where her hair had been. "But nothing at all down here." And as she said that, Kate’s finger finger slid down between Betsy’s thigh and glided up and down on both sides of her vagina, and as she did so she pushed Betsy’s legs even farther apart and Betsy could feel the air as her lips opened a little.  
  
Just then the doorbell rang. Betsy had forgotten about the pizza. She jumped up off of Kate’s lap, intending to hide in the kitchen while Kate answered the door. But Kate made no move to get up and said, "there’s a twenty on the table by the door, honey. Just let him keep the change."  
  
Betsy froze like a rabbit, looking back at Kate. The doorbell rang again and Kate smiled, but her voice was firm when she said, "answer the door Betsy."  
  
There was no way out of it. Betsy was determined not to disappoint Kate again, not in front of guests. Somehow her feet took her to the door and she opened it.  
  
The pizza guy was about 17 and he nearly dropped the box as he gaped at her, speechless. Betsy managed to take the box from him and give him the twenty-dollar bill while he whispered, "awesome."  
  
As Betsy shut the door, Kate came up beside her and kissed her on the cheek. "I love you so much," she whispered as she took the box and carried it back to the coffee table.  
  
Betsy exhaled. She had passed another test. She poured herself another glass of white wine and took a healthy gulp and then another. She leaned back in Kate's arms on the couch feeling dreamy and sexy and let Kate push her legs apart again.  
  
Allison and Naomi left at about eleven. They were traveling and had to be on the road early the next morning. After they left Kate led Betsy to the bedroom and made love to her with more passion than anything Betsy had experienced before. Over and over she told Betsy how much she loved her, how perfect Betsy was, how beautiful and . . . how happy Kate was that Betsy was a nudist.  
  
In the morning Betsy lay in bed after Kate had left for work. She replayed in her mind all of the sweet things Kate had said the night before. But she also thought of the argument they had almost had and she tried to think back on how the whole ‘nudist’ thing had started. Betsy realized it must be her own fault. She had assumed it was just sexual teasing but somehow Kate thought she meant it and now what could she do? She tried to picture explaining it to Kate, but every time she imagined the conversation she saw Kate’s hurt and angry expression and she knew it would be the end of their relationship.  
  
Betsy was stuck. She could think of no way out. If she wanted to keep Kate -- and she did without doubt -- she had to be a nudist.  
  
I'll find a way, she told herself. I got through last night. It can’t really get much worse than that, can it?  
  
But Betsy was wrong about that.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 3**

For the next few days Betsy tried to think of herself as a nudist. It was the second summer session and she wasn’t taking classes, but she was still working part-time at the campus library. She was grateful for the opportunity to go out of the apartment to go to work because it meant she had to be dressed.  
  
But when she came home to the apartment, even when Kate was not there, she dutifully undressed near the door and went about her household chores nude. When Kate came home, Betsy would make her a drink and let Kate fondle her. She loved that part of the relationship. If being a nudist meant only this much she wouldn’t mind, but each day she feared Kate would bring home friends from the office.  
  
Fortunately, Kate had only been in town a few months and did not yet have friends she socialized with. Most of Betsy’s college friends had already graduated and dispersed.  
  
And then one afternoon Kate called. "I have good news and bad news," she said. "The good news is that I’m taking you out to dinner tonight so don’t start cooking."  
  
"Okay. Um, what’s the bad news?"  
  
"The bad news is that you have to put on clothes to go to the restaurant."  
  
Betsy was relieved that this was all Kate had meant, and she was secretly happy to have an excuse to wear clothing. But she couldn’t let Kate know that so she said, "yeah that’s too bad. I wish I could go to restaurants naked."  
  
"I know you do, poor thing. I’ll bet you’d go everywhere naked if you could, wouldn’t you."  
  
"Of course I would," Betsy insisted. "I wouldn’t even own any clothing -- you know that." She was happy to play along with these imaginary scenarios that she knew were impossible. It was the real-life private party situations that she feared.  
  
Betsy picked out one of her favorite dresses, but she knew better than to put it on before Kate came home. When she saw Kate’s car pull up she met Kate at the door holding the dress on its hanger and then as Kate watched Betsy stood on the little rug next to the door and slipped on the dress. The rug had become the only spot in the apartment where Betsy was permitted to wear clothing.  
  
At the restaurant after they ordered their meals and were sipping their wine, Kate said, "I have some big news. I’ve been offered a promotion and it’s a really good opportunity for me."  
  
"Oh that’s wonderful Kate."  
  
"But there one catch," Kate went on. "The job is in Huron so I'd have to relocate."  
  
Betsy could not breathe. What did this mean? Would Kate just leave her and move to another province hundreds of kilometers away. Were they breaking up?  
  
But Kate took Betsy's hand and said, "will you come with me?"  
  
"Ohmygod, of course I will!" Betsy exclaimed, finding her breath again.  
  
And so the next day Kate accepted the job and that night they went out to dinner again, this time to celebrate. Betsy loved going out to restaurants. She had come to treasure these simple moments when she could dress normally if only for a couple of hours.  
  
Kate was talking about her new job and listing all the reasons it would be a good move. "But there’s another reason I took the job -- in fact it’s the biggest reason of all."  
  
"What’s that?"  
  
"Oh you know. You’re just too unselfish to think it would be my main reason."  
  
Betsy was confused and kept her expression blank as she waited for more information.  
  
"Come on, Betsy, don’t be coy!" Kate said curtly, irritation suddenly in her voice. "Being a nudist you must be aware that Huron is known as the most nudist-friendly province in the commonwealth. I thought you’d be a little happier about this."  
  
"Oh . . . I am, Kate, I really am," Betsy insisted reflexively, hardly aware of what she was saying. "It’s wonderful, but I . . . I was so focused on what this promotion meant for you that I wasn’t even thinking about . . . how it would affect me."  
  
"Oh you are so sweet!" Kate exclaimed, instantly transformed again. "This is one of the reasons I love you so much. You were so busy thinking about me you didn’t notice that this was good news for you as well. I’ve heard that nudists can go anywhere they like completely naked. You probably won’t even have to own any clothing at all! You’ve said many times that this was your dream, and I want to make it come true for you."  
  
Betsy was awash with panic and had no idea how to respond. Fortunately it was just at that time that the waiter came with their meals and made a big production out of grinding pepper and Parmesan cheese and refilling their glasses so she had several minutes to take it all in.  
  
Betsy’s mind was churning. She knew this was impossible. Her foolish attempt to fake her way into Kate’s heart had become a disaster. Now it would all come tumbling down on her.  
  
She opened her mouth, intending to confess, but all that came out was "I love you, Kate," and then her throat closed as she began to cry.  
  
Kate took her hands, mistaking the reason for Betsy’s tears. "I love you too," she said. "I’m so glad to have the chance to do this for you."  
  
After a moment, Betsy managed to compose herself. "Kate," she began timidly, "I hope you didn’t take this job primarily for my benefit."  
  
"What if I did?"  
  
"Well . . . you shouldn’t. You should do what is best for your career."  
  
"This is a fairly good move for me, dear," Kate said. "It's not exactly the same move I’d have made otherwise, but still pretty good. And making you happy is worth a lot to me."  
  
Betsy swallowed, but kept her smile. "Thank you so much, Kate."  
  
Keeping the smile on her face, Betsy said in what she hoped was a teasing way, "would you still love me if I wasn’t a nudist?"  
  
"What kind of question is that?" Kate was still smiling, dismissing it as a joke.  
  
"Well, I just wonder sometimes. I know you really like it that I’m a nudist, but you know, I need to be sure you love me just as me."  
  
"Of course I do," Kate said. "But that’s so much a part of you, it’s hard to separate it."  
  
"But what if -- just hypothetically -- what if I decided one day that I didn’t want to be a nudist anymore? Would you still love me?"  
  
Kate wasn’t smiling anymore, but she didn’t seem mad; just serious. "Honey, I don’t think it’s good for a relationship to play these ‘what if’ games, but I’ll answer this one. Yes, I’d still love you--"  
  
Betsy exhaled with relief, but tried to hide how important this was.  
  
"--but I’m not sure our relationship would survive."  
  
"But . . . but if you still loved me . . ."  
  
"It would be one of those tragic situations where someone changes drastically. Love isn’t always enough if people become incompatible. What if I decided I wanted a sex change operation? Would you still love me?"  
  
"Well I . . . I don’t know. Gosh, you wouldn’t do that would you?"  
  
Kate laughed so loudly that other diners looked over to see what the joke was. "No, sweetie, I assure you I won’t. Now you give me some assurance in return. You wouldn’t stop being a nudist would you?"  
  
This was the moment when she needed to speak out -- needed to tell the truth and accept what must follow. But instead, Betsy heard herself saying, "No, I was . . . just being hypothetical. I can’t imagine ever . . . not being a nudist." You coward, she told herself. But no, she reasoned back -- best to wait until morning. After Kate went to work she could research Huron’s nudity laws and find out for certain if Kate was right about this. It was only a shred of a chance, but Betsy clung to it.  
  
"Well that’s a relief for both of us," Kate said. "Now, let’s talk about something more real -- this big move of ours. I’m afraid we’re going to have to pull this off on very short notice, like within a matter of days. They’re in a very difficult situation right now and it’s imperative that I get over there and start working by Monday."  
  
"Monday? But how can we find a place to live so quickly?"  
  
Kate reached into her jacket pocket and produced a business card. "Here’s the name of a realtor we can work with. My company has an arrangement with her firm and they specialize in this sort of thing. She can send you pictures by e-mail of our options. Maybe we can get that little house with a picket fence that we’ve talked about."  
  
Betsy felt her eyes watering. That was her dream -- moving in with Kate in their own little house. She wanted that so much. But if what Kate said about Huron and nudity were true, Betsy couldn’t possibly continue carrying on the charade of being a nudist. She fought back her tears and clung to the one chance that Kate was simply wrong about about it. Betsy would find out in the morning and then decide what to do.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 4**

The next morning after Kate had left for work, Betsy sat down at the computer to search for information on Huron's nudity laws. But before she could get very far the phone rang.  
  
"Hello," a woman's voice said. "This is Lauren Jacobs calling for Betsy Andrews".  
  
"Oh yes," Betsy said, excitedly, recognizing the name from the business card."  
  
"I understand you’re going to be a student at Avery College?"  
  
"Well I . . . I may be transferring there for my last year. That’s close to Kingsley, isn’t it?"  
  
"Yes, it’s a lovely little college town, but right near the highway so it has easy access to downtown. I have several properties I can show you online."  
  
Betsy sat down at the PC and spent the next hour looking at pictures of cute little houses. She was enchanted by several of them and narrowed her choices down to three. She wanted to let Kate make the final decision.  
  
"Thank you so much," Betsy said as they were closing the conversation.  
  
"Oh one more thing," Lauren said. "Have you filed your registration as a nudist yet?"  
  
"Um, no, I didn’t know I had to register. How did you know I’m a ..."  
  
"Kate told me in her e-mail. I wanted to talk to you about it because although we do have progressive laws regarding public nudity, they are not as liberal as some people assume based on what they see in the press. People in other provinces read about us in the paper and come to all kinds of ridiculous assumptions. Then tourists come and think they can disrobe, run about naked and get dressed again just like that!"  
  
"Oh well," Betsy sighed, relieved. "I thought that sounded a bit--"  
  
"But we respect diversity and believe that the larger community should be tolerant, within limits, of the beliefs of minorities, including nudists. I just e-mailed you the registration form and the link to a page explaining nudist rights and issues in Huron. It's important that you understand the limitations of our laws. I wouldn't want any of my newcomers to get arrested because they misunderstood the rules!"  
  
Betsy felt every muscle in her body relax with relief. "I'm so glad we talked. Kate thought that--"  
  
"Oh, sorry Betsy but I just noticed the time. I have to run to an open house. Do you have everything you need to make a decision?"  
  
"Um, yes, I think I do," Betsy said, wishing there was time to ask more questions.  
  
"Bye for now then. If you and Kate make a decision, e-mail me right away and I’ll put things in motion."  
  
"Okay, well . . .bye"  
  
The line went dead and Betsy hung up the phone. Well, this was good. All three houses she’d picked were perfect, and apparently the nudism thing was not nearly so bad as she’d feared. She would investigate further to be sure of the details, but this was definitely good news. Apparently nudism was protected in some way, but Betsy figured that probably was just in certain places like beaches and parks. Being nude in public at all was a bit scary but Betsy decided she could make herself deal with a nude beach. After all, everyone else would be naked too so that would take the attention off of her. That wasn’t so nearly so bad as the way Kate had been talking. Kate must have just misunderstood. Betsy wondered if she should tell her. But no, Kate hated to be wrong about anything. Betsy decided it would be best to just play along until they got there.  
  
That evening when Kate came home from work Betsy was waiting for her. As always she was nude, but she also had a surprise. "I registered today," Betsy said as they kissed in the doorway.  
  
"Registered?," Kate asked. "For what?"  
  
"As a nudist, silly, The realtor told me about it so I went to the website of the Huron Department of Diversity and registered officially as a nudist so when we get there I’ll be all legal."  
  
"Ooooh," Kate said, reading the certificate. "This is wonderful." She took Betsy in her arms and kissed her. "Betsy, I love you so much. You are just so completely perfect."  
  
"I got rid of a lot of my clothing too," Betsy went on proudly, glowing from Kate’s affection. "I took almost everything I had to Goodwill."  
  
"Good girl," Kate said. "But why ‘almost’? What did you keep?"  
  
"Well . . . just a few things, really. After all, I still need to wear clothes here and--"  
  
"Only for one more day."  
  
"And . . . and well, you know, I’m bound to need something now and then, and . . . and I’ll need winter clothes."  
  
"Oh, winter is a long way from now," Kate admonished. "Let’s go look at what you’ve kept."  
  
Betsy ran ahead of her trying to shift her attention. "But don’t you want to look at the three houses I picked out? We need to choose one right away and I think--"  
  
"We’ll do that next, sweetie." Now Kate was in the bedroom looking at the boxes Betsy had set aside. "Oh this will never do," she laughed.  
  
"But I’ll need something for winter," Betsy repeated, falling back on her best excuse.  
  
"When it gets cold I’ll buy something to keep you warm," Kate insisted, "but right now it’s the summer. There’s no need to move all of this."  
  
"Okay," Betsy said, stifling a sigh. "I’ll pare it down some more before we leave, but can we look at the house pictures now?"  
  
They sat at the computer and looked at all of the photos and floor plans of the three houses Betsy had selected. They all seemed ideal, but Kate liked the blue one with the white picket fence. Betsy would have preferred the yellow one with the rose bushes, but she did not say so and was just happy that they were about to move into their own home together.  
  
That night they slept in Kate’s apartment for the final night. Betsy felt secure wrapped in Kate’s strong arms. She was apprehensive about what would happen when the reached Huron. She was confused about exactly how nudism was ‘protected’ and where exactly she would be allowed by law (and therefore, she knew, required by Kate) to be without clothing. But she took some comfort in remembering the words of Lauren, the realtor, who said the nudism laws were not nearly as liberal as what outsiders believed. With that thought in mind, Betsy put her trust in Kate and fell asleep.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 5**

In the morning Betsy showered early, preparing for the big day. The movers were expected and Betsy had concocted several necessary errands to keep her out of the apartment -- and therefore dressed -- while the movers were at work.  
  
When she got out of the shower and walked back into the bedroom she found Kate applying the final strip of tape to a box labeled "goodwill."  
  
"What’s that?" Betsy asked, feigning indifference.  
  
"Most of your clothes," Kate replied with a grin.  
  
"I hope you’ve left me something."  
  
"I did." Kate gestured at another box, much smaller, labeled ‘Betsy’s things’. "While you’re running your errands, you can drop off this box at the Goodwill."  
  
Betsy was smarter than most people guessed her to be. She knew this was not a situation in which she could win, so therefore she should lose strategically. "I’d love to," she said with a smile as she marched over to Kate. Kissing her first on the cheek and then enticing a kiss on the mouth, Betsy said, "Thank you for doing this. I didn’t know what to keep and what to get rid of, so I’m glad you decided for me."  
  
Kate kissed her deeply. "It wasn’t hard," she said.  
  
The movers were not expected for another 10 minutes so Betsy checked her e-mail one last time before Kate packed up her computer. In her new mail folder she saw a welcome from the Huron Nudists’ Association with a Q&A about nudity in Huron. The first question caught her eye. "Is it true anyone can go naked anywhere in Huron?" She started reading the answer eagerly, but she needed to be quick so she could be out of the apartment before the movers arrived. But it sounded promising. "No," the answer began, "in many respects the province of Huron has similar laws against public nudity as in other provinces." Whew, Betsy thought.  
  
Before she could read further Betsy heard a truck outside. Quickly she hit the print button and quit out of her mail program. "Well, I should go," she said, edging towards the door. When her feet hit the little rug, Betsy snatched her dress from the hook on the back of the door and forced herself to move slowly as she slipped it on.  
  
"Back soon, " she said, kissing Kate quickly and deliberately on the cheek, making it a bit wet, and then slipped out the door before Kate could react. She hurried at a suspensefully slow walk to her little yellow VW convertible.  
  
"Wait!" Kate shouted from the doorway. Betsy turned. "Don’t forget your donation."  
  
Betsy took the box marked "goodwill" and carried it to her car. Behind the wheel at last, Betsy tooted her horn and eased down the street.  
  
She took as much time as possible, and three times she found excuses to call Kate from her cellphone to see how far along they were. She knew she had to time things perfectly since her car was to be hitched to the back of the moving truck. She parked down the street and watched as the men loaded the last boxes and pulled the door of the truck closed and then she drove up as if the timing were accidental.  
  
"What took you so long," Kate asked. "I was afraid you wouldn’t get here in time."  
  
"Sorry," Betsy offered. "I guess I lost track of the time."  
  
With Betsy’s beloved VW hitched to it, the truck lumbered away and Kate and Betsy went up to the apartment. They still had cleaning to do and a few holes in the walls to spackle. Kate was meticulous about such things and had no intention of losing any of her deposit.  
  
Betsy dutifully slipped out of her dress at the doorway and hung it on the hook.  
  
"Won’t it be nice when you don’t need to do that anymore," Kate said with a smile, wrapping her arms around Betsy’s bare body.  
  
"Yes that will be wonderful," Betsy lied. "So I’ll be able to go outside nude, won’t I?"  
  
"Everywhere," Kate whispered, kissing Betsy’s neck. "From what I’ve read you’ll be free to go naked everywhere. To your classes. To the store. To restaurants." As she listed these possibilities, Kate kissed lower on Betsy’s body, backing her against the counter that separated the kitchen from the living area.  
  
"That will be nice," Betsy said as she allowed Kate to push her back onto the counter. Her legs were now on Kate’s shoulders and Kate was kissing her deeply. Betsy knew Kate was wrong, but she pretended otherwise. "I want to be nude everywhere, Kate. Everywhere." She closed her eyes and imagined going to class naked and walking down a busy street naked. She enjoyed fantasizing about such things as Kate made love to her but she was secretly glad that she would not actually be able to do so. That’s what Lauren had said, and she would know. Betsy let herself enjoy the fantasies as the orgasm steadily crept up on her. As she came she said it out loud again. In Huron she would go naked everywhere. All the time. All the time.  
  
When it was over, Betsy tried to entice Kate into undressing so Betsy could make love to her in return, but Kate was satisfied and wanted to get back to work on the apartment. It was often that way. Kate had to be in just the right mood to have an orgasm herself, but she frequently wanted to make love to Betsy.  
  
Betsy always felt more naked than usual right after an orgasm. Although she wished she could wear clothes more often, Betsy was reluctantly aroused by being nude so much. Throughout the day she often found herself giving herself little caresses, mostly her breasts or her bottom. It was difficult to resist doing so and it did make her a little horny. Sometimes she touched herself between her legs; just a little touch now and then, not really masturbating. When Kate came home in the evenings and made love to her, Betsy usually came pretty quickly. But then afterwards she would be starkly aware of her nakedness again and without the little sense of arousal she felt self-conscious. And she was usually embarrassed by whatever she had said during her climax. She did that for Kate’s benefit, but at the moment when she said such things in the midst of her orgasm she truly meant them.   
  
It took them another couple of hours to get the apartment exactly as Kate wanted it. There were just a few things left in the apartment for them to take in the car with them -- houseplants, Kate’s laptop and the food in the refrigerator.  
  
Betsy gratefully slipped on her dress and helped Kate carry these items down to Kate’s car. It was a warm day and Kate opened the sunroof as they drove away.  
  
They had been driving for more than three hours and had just stopped for gas and to go to the restroom and then they were on the road again. Betsy was happy. She and Kate were moving together to a little blue house with a picket fence. It was like being married, which Betsy hoped would come next.  
  
"I like it when you smile like that," Kate said as she drove. "You’re really looking forward to this, aren’t you?"  
  
"Of course I am," Betsy said with sincerity.  
  
Kate’s hand was on Betsy’s bare thigh just below the short hem of her dress. "You won’t be needing that much longer," she said, sliding her hand under the dress until her fingers were softly caressing Betsy’s vagina.  
  
"Well you never know," Betsy shrugged. "It might come in handy once in a while."  
  
Betsy felt Kate’s finger slip inside of her and slide upwards across her clitoris. It made her shiver. "You’re going to wreck the car," she said in a whisper as she closed her eyes.  
  
"I’m very good at multi-tasking," Kate replied, and her finger continued to dip inside for wetness, slide upwards to dance a moment on Betsy’s clitoris and then down it plunged again. Betsy leaned back in the seat, feeling the orgasm building.  
  
But then Kate’s hand stopped and she said, "look, honey, we’re only half a mile from the border. Take off your dress."  
  
"What? Why?"  
  
"Because I want you to cross the border nude of course. Hurry, we’re almost there."  
  
Kate’s tone did not leave any options. Betsy knew from experience that Kate was only seconds away from becoming angry. Betsy arched her back to pull the dress up past her hips and around her waist. She sat back down again, her bare bottom on the car seat and then she pulled the dress over her head and handed it over to Kate. Just before they passed the "Welcome to Huron" sign, Kate tossed the dress up through the sunroof and it disappeared behind them.  
  
"Omygod Kate, you can’t do that," Betsy blurted.  
  
"I know it’s littering," Kate said, laughing. "But it’s cotton and therefore biodegradable. You don’t need dresses anymore, my love. Now you can be nude all the time, just like you want."  
  
Betsy didn’t know what to do, so for a minute or two she smiled and laughed along with Kate and pretended this was what she wanted more than anything.  
  
But then she acted as if a thought only just occurred to her. "Kate," she said. "Are you sure it’s okay for me to be nude anywhere. I was just remembering something Lauren said on the phone. She said Huron’s nudity laws aren’t as liberal as people think and that tourists come and think they can strip down whenever they want but that they cant."  
  
Kate was silent for a moment and Betsy worried that she’s be angry because Betsy obviously knew this and didn’t tell her.  
  
"Oh Betsy," Kate said shaking her head. "I didn’t realize what’s been going on in your head."  
  
"Kate, I’m sorry but I--"  
  
"Betsy you poor thing. You’ve been worrying that your dream wouldn’t come true; that you wouldn’t be free even in Huron."  
  
"Um, well yes," Betsy said. "I had my hopes up at first, but when Lauren said that I thought, well, she lives there. She’d probably know the truth."  
  
"Betsy, darling?"  
  
"Yes, Kate?"  
  
"I think you misunderstood her."  
  
"But she said--"  
  
"Haven’t you read that stuff you printed out from the Huron Nudists Association? You left it in the printer this morning and I have it here in my bag." With her free hand Kate fished into the bag and produced some pages stapled together and handed them to Betsy. "I skimmed over it and I think this explains it pretty well. Oh, here’s our exit."  
  
Kate pulled off the highway and now they were in the city. Betsy was distracted by the fact that she was naked and had no clothing whatsoever in the car. She put her attention on the printouts in her hand.  
  
It was the same Q&A she’d started to read online that morning. Again she read the first question about whether it was legal for anyone to go nude in Huron. "No," the answer said. "in most respects the province of Huron has similar laws against public nudity as in other provinces." But then Betsy read the part she had not seen in her haste that morning. "Except for registered nudists, whose right to be naked in all circumstances and all locations is protected."  
  
Betsy’s heart raced as she read the sentence a second time hoping she had misread it. The next question was "do nudists ever wear clothing?" The answer was: "Yes, there are many kinds of nudists and some nudists only go naked in their homes or at designated nude beaches." YES, Betsy thought, that’s the type I am. "However," the answer went on, "the court ruling establishing nudist rights in Huron involved an advocate of "full-time nudism" in which the individual never wears clothing except for protection from the most extreme weather and other very dangerous physical conditions. It was specifically because "full-time nudists" never wear clothing that the court ruled the way it did. But this meant that part-time nudists were not covered under the ruling. Only those who were committed to constant and complete nudity were covered by the ruling.  
  
The next question was, "if I register as a nudist, does that mean I have to be nude always?"  
  
The answer was, "yes, because the ruling only applies to full-time nudists. If you are not willing to be nude every minute of every day, then do not register, even if you consider yourself a nudist. If you have already registered but do not feel you can go nude in all circumstances, then you must remove your name from the registration and cease going nude in public at all. Under the current law, there is no middle ground."  
  
"Honey, this is our neighborhood," Kate said, startling Betsy from her concentration. She looked out the car window at the quaint residential neighborhood. The houses were beautiful, but she felt ill and confused. What could she do?  
  
She looked down at the paper. The last question was, "do full-time nudists go nude all the time, even in winter?" The answer was, "yes, but they do wear shoes, coats, and hats as needed for physical protection. However, full-time nudists pride themselves on their ability to withstand most cold temperatures and only resort to coats when truly necessary."  
  
Betsy was numb and only barely registered that Kate just said, "here’s our street." Betsy looked up from the papers and saw a pretty street with quaint and adorable houses. And now in front of her stood a blue house with a white picket fence in front of it.  
  
At least the moving truck was already gone so she would not have to expose herself in front of the moving men. But now what? Kate pulled into the driveway and got out of the car. Reluctantly Betsy followed after glancing around to be sure no one was near. It was a charming little house and normally she would have wanted to walk all around it, seeing it from different angles. But now she only wanted to get inside as quickly as possible and she stood nervously on the front porch as Kate opened the door with her key.  
  
Inside boxes were stacked everywhere -- though each was in the correct room because of Kate’s meticulous labeling. The house was as lovely on the inside as it was from the street and Betsy felt a rush of joy that momentarily pushed aside her dread and fear. This was home.  
  
But now it was evening and the women had only snacked for lunch.  
  
"Why don’t we go out to dinner?" Kate suggested.  
  
"No!" Betsy exclaimed. "I mean . . . there’s way too much work to do. You . . . why don’t you run out and get take-out food and I’ll get started cleaning the bathroom -- so you’ll be able to get ready for work tomorrow?"  
  
"Hmmm, that does make sense. I’ll get us some wine too."  
  
When Kate was out the door, Betsy fell on the couch and cried uncontrollably. How had she gotten herself into such a situation? What was she to do? She couldn’t imagine actually going nude constantly in every public situation -- that was just out of the question -- and yet apparently she was expected to do so, not just by Kate but by the Province of Huron itself. She would have to tell Kate the truth and accept the consequences.  
  
After a few minutes of self-pity, Betsy pulled herself together. She walked around the house looking at all of their possessions mixed together in boxes in the beautiful little house. How could she walk away from this? Kate loved her; they were moving in together. No, she would not tell Kate. Not tonight. She couldn’t bear seeing Kate’s face as she heard the horrible confession of lies upon lies. Anything was better than that.  
  
Betsy found the cleaning supplies and got to work on the bathroom. She was on her hands and knees scouring the tub when Kate walked in with bags of Chinese food and a bottle of white wine.  
  
The dining room table was not assembled yet so they sat on the sofa and ate from take-out boxes.  
  
Kate looked at her with concern. "You’re eyes are all red, honey. Have you been crying."  
  
"A little," Betsy admitted. "I just ... I just love this house and I feel so lucky, so lucky that you love me." And now she was crying again as Kate put her dinner aside and held Betsy and kissed away her tears. Betsy felt better and refused to think about the negative.  
  
When they finished eating, Kate and Betsy put their bed together and found their linens. They were both exhausted when they climbed in bed but they were not too tired to make love. And for the first time in several days Kate was in the mood to have an orgasm of her own. Betsy happily climbed between Kate’s legs and kissed her to climax. It took a while, but Betsy didn’t mind. She loved the intimacy of oral sex and her heart filled with joy as she watched Kate’s face from below as Kate let down her guard and allowed the orgasm to wash through her. And then they slept.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 6**

In the morning while Kate was in the shower Betsy made coffee, but there was nothing for breakfast.  
  
"That’s okay," Kate said. "I’ll grab a bite downtown and you can go to the grocery today and stock up." And with that, she kissed Betsy and dashed out the door.  
  
Go to the grocery. It sounded so simple, but how could she possibly do that naked? She had put off thinking about the inevitable, but now she would have to face it. She was naked and had no clothing and was expected to-- but wait. The box. She suddenly remembered the little box labeled "Betsy’s things." Taking a sharp knife from the kitchen, Betsy unearthed the box from a stack in the bedroom and slit it open hopefully. After all, here had to be something in it. And there was -- shoes, a couple of hats and two pairs of the little ankle socks she wore with her tennis shoes. Those little socks were the only clothes Betsy had left.  
  
But Kate had clothes, lots of them. Very carefully Betsy opened the closet and looked at them. Gently, she caressed a maroon silk blouse that she had never once seen Kate wear. And there was box after box of Kate’s other things -- shorts, jeans, tshirts all neatly folded and packed just so. But Betsy didn’t dare open the boxes. Kate would know. Even if Betsy took something from the closet and later hung it back exactly where she found it, Kate would know. She was obsessive about order. Everything had to be in exactly the right place, positioned just so and if anything was out of order in the slightest she would notice. Betsy had learned this the hard way. It would be bad enough to disturb one of Kate’s possessions, but if Kate caught Betsy wearing her clothes it would be an act of betrayal and the end of everything. It was just too risky.  
  
Betsy put the thought out of her mind. She had plenty of work to do in their new house. The grocery shopping could wait a while anyway. So for the next few hours Betsy cleaned and unpacked and made mental notes of decorating ideas she wanted to try -- though all of those would require trips to the hardware store for supplies.  
  
Lunchtime came and Betsy had still not eaten breakfast. She was hungry. She stood at the doorway and imagined herself walking out to her car and driving to the grocery. She even knew where one was; they’d passed a Kroger’s on the way into town.  
  
But she had to shower first, of course. She took her time at this, washing and conditioning her hair and carefully washing her body. Then, after she toweled dry she had to put on her body lotion and dry her hair. All of this took time, of course, but longer somehow than usual.  
  
And now it was 2 p.m. and there was nothing else to do but go to the grocery. She made it as far as the front porch, but darted back inside the door when she heard a car coming down the street.  
  
She went back to the Q&A from the Huron Nudists Association and read it over again. Yes, it really did say that she could go nude anywhere in the province, which presumably included the Kroger store on Main Street. But wait, now she noticed a phone number at the bottom of the page. It was a "help and support" line for nudists.  
  
Betsy called it immediately. A guy answered, around her age she could tell. His name was Steve.  
  
"I really need advice," Betsy said, emotion thick in her voice. "I just moved here and I registered as a nudist because . . . well, because I’ve been living as a home nudist for a while before I moved here. And I didn’t realize when I signed it that this would mean I’d HAVE to go nude everywhere. I just thought it meant I COULD when I wanted to, you know?"  
  
"Oh totally," he said. "We get that a lot. So, like, you didn’t actually read the thing you signed, right?"  
  
Betsy stifled a sob. "I was in a hurry," she said. "It’s a long story."  
  
"No, that’s okay," he said cheerfully. "I’m not here to, like, judge you or anything. I just answer questions about nudism and the law and stuff.  
  
He was a couple of years younger, Betsy decided. "Well is it true" Betsy pleaded. "Does this mean I HAVE to be nude."  
  
"No, not really. Not, like, you know, ultimately."  
  
"I don’t understand."  
  
"It’s a free country," he said. "You can un-register yourself the same way you registered. But then you can’t go nude in public at all because you wouldn't be a protected nudist anymore."  
  
"So my choice is just to be a total full-time nudist or not do it in public at all."  
  
"Basically."  
  
"Okay . . . Thank you."  
  
"No prob."  
  
Now it was 3:00 and Betsy was starving. Worse, she had only two hours or so before Kate came home. What had she done with the day?  
  
Betsy knew what she had to do. She was determined not to give up on her relationship with Kate. She could deal with it because she had to. Betsy stepped out on the porch and closed the door and locked it. "I am a nudist," she said out loud in a quavering voice. Naked except for sandals, her watch, a few rings and makeup, Betsy walked to her car and got in. It was a nice day, but she did not put down the top.  
  
As she drove, Betsy watched all of the people she saw walking along the streets or getting in and out of their cars, coming in and out of shop doorways. None of them were nude. When she arrived at the grocery story she she sat for a long time in the parking lot watching people go in and out, all fully clothed.  
  
She looked at her watch. It was 4 p.m. and she really could not wait any longer. And so she got out of her car and walked naked through the parking lot to the entrance to the store.  
  
The glass doors opened with a whoosh as she approached and Betsy walked past a security guard and a store manager who happened to be talking together. They both stared at her for a moment and she briefly met their gaze before looking away. She took her time selecting a shopping cart and putting her purse into the basket. She half-expected and half-welcomed them coming over to tell her she couldn't shop in the nude, but they didn't. So Betsy began pushing her cart through the store.  
  
She tried to concentrate on her list and get it over with but she could tell by the reaction of nearly every person she passed that while it may be legal to do so, grocery shopping nude was not as common as Kate had characterized it to be. She wondered where all the other "official registered nudists" were. Didn't they need to shop?  
  
But Betsy began to relax just a little about halfway through. See, I can do this, she told herself. People stare at me, but no one's upset. No one's arresting me. And despite her embarrassment, Betsy could not help but look at herself in the convex mirrors that were at the end of each aisle to prevent shopping cart collisions. And when she went down the frozen food aisles Betsy found herself enjoying the burst of cool air on her skin every time she opened a door. She could see her reflection in the glass doors. It was all a bit . . . erotic somehow.  
  
At the checkout, there was one pimply-faced teenage boy running the cash register and another bagging her groceries. They both did their best to banter with her but mostly they grinned and stared. Betsy had to tell the bagger twice that no she really didn't need any assistance getting the groceries to her car.  
  
When she was finally home again Betsy wanted to throw herself in bed and cry . . . or maybe masturbate (she had conflicting impulses). But there was no time for either. She unloaded all of the groceries and then began making dinner. When Kate came home at 5:30, Betsy was ready. She'd made progress on unpacking and had a nice chef salad with salmon ready.  
  
"Well, you’ve been busy," Kate said as she looked around the house. "And I see you went to the grocery store. How was that?"  
  
"It was good," Betsy said, as she busily set the table.  
  
Kate came up behind her and held her, kissing the back of her neck and wrapping her arms around from behind. "Did you enjoy your first naked grocery shopping experience, my pretty girl?"  
  
Betsy allowed herself to relax, leaning back against Kate’s strong body and letting Kate’s fingers work their way between her legs. She knew what Kate wanted her to say. "It was wonderful," Betsy said, closing her eyes as Kate kissed her neck. "I got to walk out in public naked, Kate, and get in my car and drive. I loved walking naked in the sun and I loved shopping naked, especially in the frozen food section."  
  
It was all a lie, or was it? Betsy didn’t know because Kate was rubbing her clitoris and although she had been uncomfortable and embarrassed when she’d actually experienced these events, now they seemed different as she recounted them for Kate.  
  
"And did you enjoy it? Did you love it?" Kate whispered in her ear as she quickened her movements and Betsy lifted her arms and reached behind to hold Kate’s head against her neck.  
  
"Oh yes," Betsy moaned, nearing climax. "I loved it. I loved it. Oh god, Kate, thank you for bringing me here. Thank you for taking all of my clothes away. Oh god, Kate, I want to be naked all the time, every minute, all the time, oh god, oh god, naked all the time!"  
  
It was, quite possibly, the most intense orgasm Betsy had ever experienced in her life. For a long time she slumped back against Kate, her eyes closed, her breathing heavy and her skin damp with sudden perspiration. And then she collected herself and found her feet. She turned around to see Kate face to face and Kate was smiling down at her.  
  
"I am so in love with you," Kate said, kissing her gently.  
  
"Oh Kate!" Betsy cried, tears suddenly in her eyes. "All I want is to make you happy!"  
  
After some while, Kate and Betsy finally sat down to eat. Kate did most of the talking, about her first day in her new job. Betsy concentrated on paying close attention because she had learned from experience that Kate would be irritated if Betsy forgot some detail had Kate told her. But part of Betsy’s mind was busy reliving her experiences of the past 24 hours: the realization that she would be required to go nude all the time; her experience at the grocery store; and her experience having an orgasm while telling Kate about the grocery store. It was almost surreal, as if it happened twice to two very different people.  
  
"Doesn’t that seem a bit odd to you," Kate asked, and the fact that it was a question startled Betsy back to attention.  
  
"Um," she said as her brain scrambled to retrieve the memory of the conversation. But it was there. Betsy had been paying enough attention to recall Kate’s long description of how her office at work had been missing several necessities such as a computer and a working telephone. "After all, you said they were’nt very well organized. I guess that’s why they need you."  
  
"Well they certainly need more discipline," Kate went on. "You wouldn’t believe how sloppy their accounts payable department is. Here’s an interesting example."  
  
Betsy did not find the example particularly interesting, nor did she quite understand Kate’s point about accounting, but she listened attentively and sipped her wine.  
  
The next day, Betsy kept herself busy cleaning and unpacking and did not have any need to go anywhere. But Kate seemed disappointed that Betsy had no new experiences to tell.  
  
"You shouldn’t spend all your time working on the house, honey. You need to get out and explore."  
  
"I will," Betsy promised. "I just wanted to get us settled in first. I know you like things to be neat and orderly."  
  
"Oh, I don’t expect that instantly, sweetheart. It’ll get done."  
  
As they went to bed, Betsy resolved to go on at least one errand the next day so she’d have something to say to Kate in the evening. But the next morning she again found herself busy working on the house and when Kate called at lunchtime she still had not been out.  
  
"I plan to go to the . . . the hardware store this afternoon," Betsy offered. "I want to get some paint swatches for the kitchen." She winced as she said this into the phone, knowing it wasn’t good enough.  
  
"Tell you what ," Kate said. "Don’t cook tonight. I’m taking you out for a change."  
  
"But I . . . I really like cooking for you--"  
  
"Not tonight. You need a break."  
  
Betsy knew better than to push it farther, so she pretended to be excited. "Thank you, Kate. I’m looking forward to it."  
  
And now Betsy was also stuck going to the hardware store because Kate would surely ask about it. Outside, the day was gorgeous and Betsy regretted not being able to spend more time just walking around outdoors. She knew she could, of course, but she had not been able to bring herself to go anywhere naked except when she absolutely had to.  
  
At the hardware store, Betsy felt the eyes of all of the men who worked there and the customers who were also mostly men. But she did her best to act as though she were wearing clothes as she made her way down the paint aisle and selected several shades of yellow for the kitchen.  
  
That evening when Kate got home she embraced Betsy as she always did, kissing her mouth and neck as with her fingers she stroked Betsy’s exposed vagina. Betsy had come to expect this and enjoyed it immensely. Often, of course, these encounters continued until Betsy had an orgasm but this time Kate stopped after a few minutes.  
  
"Mmmmm," I could just eat you up right here and now," Kate said, "but we should get going so we don’t have to wait for a table. Make me a quick drink while I get ready."  
  
Kate dashed off to the bedroom. Betsy hurried into the kitchen to make Kate her vodka tonic. She felt wonderfully aroused by Kate’s attention, but a bit frustrated at how quickly it stopped. But mostly she was nervous about going out to dinner naked in public. As she made Kate’s drink she gulped half of it down herself and then topped it out again and brought it to Kate, who was just changing her clothes.  
  
Kate polished off the drink pretty quickly as she finished getting ready while Betsy told her about the hardware store.  
  
"I’ll bet those men in the store were pretty excited by you," Kate said. "I’ll bet they imagined they could do this." Here, Kate suddenly knelt in front of Betsy, put her hands on Betsy’s butt and deeply kissed her pussy.  
  
Betsy leaned back against the bedroom wall, expecting this to go on until she climaxed. But Kate popped up again after only about 15 seconds, glanced at her watch and said, "Ooh, let’s hurry."  
  
Betsy was terribly aroused and feeling the buzz of the alcohol on an empty stomach. She was expecting them to go to Kate’s car and she hoped they’d drive to a nice dark restaurant, but Kate had her arm around Betsy’s waist and led her in another direction.  
  
"Aren’t we taking the car," Betsy asked, realizing the answer as she said it.  
  
"Let’s walk," Kate said. "It’s only a few blocks to that cute little street of shops and restaurants near the university. "I want to try one of them."  
  
Betsy was not ready for this. Very soon they were walking among other people along a busy street. People were everywhere. Most of them looked at her and smiled, especially the men. She knew she was safe and that her nudity was accepted, and yet she felt intensely exposed.  
  
There were several little restaurants with tables out on the sidewalk. Kate picked one of them and they were soon sitting together at a little white table on the sidewalk. A waiter came and brought them wine. Betsy did her best to seem totally relaxed. She looked around at all of the people passing by and sitting at other tabled. Every single one of them was fully dressed.  
  
"Have you noticed," Betsy said carefully, "that there don't seem to be many other people . . . taking advantage of the . . . freedom to be nude? I seem to be the only one."  
  
"I know," Kate said. "There's a reason for that."  
  
"Oh?"  
  
"Yes. There's a nudist community in the southern portion of the province, about 300 kilometers from here I think. That's where the court ruling originated, but it affected the entire province. Apparently there don't happen to be many nudists in this region because the weather is more temperate down there."  
  
"Oh," Betsy said uncertainly.  
  
Kate put her hand on Betsy's bare leg under the table. "But I like it this way, sweetie. You're so special. You're like a jewel that stands out brightly among all the ordinariness around you."  
  
When Kate spoke to her that way it made everything seem perfect, no matter how exposed Betsy felt to the eyes around her.  
  
After dinner Kate wanted to keep exploring the little shopping district near the entrance to the university. "Oh look, honey," she said stopping. "This is just what we need."  
  
They were in front of a photography studio where the photographer was set up out on the sidewalk taking portraits in natural light against a stone wall covered with ivy. "I need a new picture of you to put on my desk at work."  
  
Betsy was alarmed. "What's wrong with the one you have? It's almost new and you said you really liked it."  
  
"I do, silly, but it's outdated now. You're wearing clothing in it. After all, I've told everyone at work that you're a nudist. I need a picture that shows you that way."  
  
"But I can't . . . I mean I'm not prepared to have my picture taken. My hair must be--"  
  
"You're hair is fine," Kate said, running her fingernails through Betsy's hair to poof it out a bit. "And your face is perfect as always. I don't think you're even capable of taking a bad picture because you're so beautiful."  
  
Betsy blushed, smitten by Kate's attention. There was nothing she could do but allow herself to be posed and photographed against the stone wall as dozens of people walked past them.  
  
Next, Kate led them to a garden shop. "We need something for those flower boxes along the sidewalk," she announced. "I love that picket fence, but it looks so starkly naked."  
  
Betsy giggled. "I thought you were into having things starkly naked."  
  
"Just you, my love," Kate said and kissed her in front of everyone. Betsy felt a rush of joy and arousal mixed in one emotion. And somehow the flowers lined in their little plastic starter containers were part of Betsy's emotional reaction. She wanted to buy all of them and plant them in the fertile soil of their new home for Kate. She picked out dozens of petunias for the long flower beds that ran between the picket fence and the sidewalk in front of their house and she bought bags of compost to work into the soil and new shovels and trowels. They had to walk back to the house and return with a car to carry it all.  
  
When they got home, Betsy was happily aroused and expecting Kate to initiate a nice bout of lovemaking. But Kate was preoccupied with preparing for something at work the next day and afterwards they just went to sleep.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 7**

In the morning Kate was in a hurry to get to work and Betsy knew she had to start working too. The weather forecast was for a muggy day with showers expected late in the afternoon. Betsy wanted to get her flowers into the dirt early before it was too hot, and hopefully just before the rain.  
  
It was hard work. The soil in the flower boxes had not been turned in years and was packed and hard. She wore shoes so that she could work the shovel and it was so humid she quickly worked up a sweat. This made her feel self-conscious because she was out on the sidewalk outside of their yard and people were passing by in cars and on foot. But she was determined and after a while she had the old dirt broken up and had worked in rich compost. By this time her body was shiny wet, dripping with perspiration and speckled with dirt and compost. Yet she didn't mind. There was something so rich about the whole experience that was making her feel that sense of earthy arousal that she'd felt before.  
  
And as she dug small holes to transplant the root balls of each flower she felt a few sprinkles on her back. She kept working and felt a few more drops and then more and the rain came down. But it was a gentle rain; just a shower that felt perfect on her hot body. She turned her head up into it for a moment, but then kept at her work. Only a few more to plant. Finally she was finished, picked up her tools and carried them through the gate and into the yard. She didn't want to get out of the rain. It felt too good. She walked through the little back yard to put her shovel and trowel in the tool shed. In the sheltered space between the shed and a giant lilac bush Betsy touched herself and felt a surge rush through her body. She needed to get indoors where she would have complete privacy. The rain had stopped anyway and on the horizon the sky was clear.  
  
Betsy walked in the kitchen door and was on her way to the bedroom, still dripping wet from the rain, but she noticed the light flashing on the phone. She had missed hearing it ring when she was outside. She pressed the button and it was Kate's voice, a bit on edge, just wanting to remind Betsy of the errand she was supposed to do.  
  
The errand! Betsy had completely forgotten. She looked at the clock and was relieved to see there was still plenty of time. She just had to run down to the post office to pick up a package for Kate that had gotten held up because the sender had not used enough postage. But Kate had been worried about it and Betsy -- stupid forgetful Betsy -- had promised to take care of it.  
  
She ran to the bathroom to see what she looked like. The rain had cleaned her up pretty well but her hair was a mess. She allowed herself five minutes to blow-dry and comb it and then she was out the door, dashing down the sidewalk to the post office two blocks away. Fortunately the rain had stopped and the sun was struggling to come out from the clouds.  
  
At the post office she stood in line, panting a little from the run, and acutely aware of everyone in line noticing her. When she finally reached the counter she explained her errand and the clerk disappeared for a moment and then came back to announce that no such package was there.  
  
"But it has to be," Betsy said. "We were told that it was being held."  
  
The clerk punched some buttons on the computer and said, "oh I see. It's at the main post office."  
  
"Where is that?"  
  
"Downtown, at Fourth and Main." The clerk handed her a little map of the city showing the locations of all the postal branches. "They close at four."  
  
Betsy looked at the clock. She only had an hour and it would take half that time to get downtown. But Kate was already downtown. She pulled her cellphone from her purse and called Kate's number. She got voicemail so she pressed zero and a receptionist answered.  
  
"I was trying to reach Kate Henderson," she said. "I'm her . . . my name is Betsy Andrews and--"  
  
"Oh hi Betsy," the voice said. "Kate has told us so much about you! You sound adorable."  
  
"She has? Oh, well, um, do you know where she is?"  
  
"I'm afraid she'll be tied up for a while. I can get a message to her if it's important?"  
  
"No, no," Betsy said quickly. "Don't interrupt her. I was just calling to . . . say hi."  
  
"Well I'll tell her that you called, Betsy," the voice said.  
  
Betsy hung up and ran the two blocks back to the house. She got in her car and drove to the ramp to the interstate and headed downtown. She had time. She could do this.  
  
She kept glancing at her watch as she drove and seemed to have plenty of time, but once she got downtown Betsy was unsure which exit was best. She saw one that said 6th Street and figured that must be close so she took it. And then she hit traffic. The downtown streets were confusing and there was no place to park. She drove past Fourth and Main and saw the post office, but the parking meters were all taken and she went around the block again. Finally she saw the entrance to a parking garage at a hotel and took it. She snaked up to the sixth floor before finding a space and then ran to the elevator. She hit the lobby button and rode down, but when the doors open she found herself in a shopping mall and as she stepped into the crowd Betsy remembered that she was nude.  
  
But she had no time to worry about how many men were watching her breasts bounce as she ran through the shopping mall to the revolving door leading to the street.  
  
Outside it was now sunny and there were people everywhere. She hurried to the nearest intersection and looked at the map to get her bearings and then at her watch to see how much time was left. It was okay. She was four blocks away and had 15 minutes to get there. But now that she knew this, Betsy could also afford the luxury of being fully aware of the fact that she was naked on a downtown street surrounded by hundreds of clothed people and all eyes were on her.  
  
She tried not to run. Clutching the strap of her purse, Betsy walked briskly down the sidewalk. Her eyes were hidden behind sunglasses but her entire body was exposed. She saw her reflection in the shop windows and she heard the whistles as she had to pass a group of construction workers.  
  
But there it was -- the downtown post office. She pushed through the doors and took a place in line. Once again she reached the counter and once again she told a clerk about the important package that had been held for lack of postage. But this time, miraculously it seemed, the package was placed before her and she had only to produce twenty-two cents to take possession of it.  
  
A minute later she was back out on the sidewalk, exhilarated. Now oblivious to the stares she whipped out her cellphone again and punched Kate's number. This time Kate answered right away.  
  
"I've got it!" Betsy sang happily. "I've got your package."  
  
"That's such a relief," Kate said. "I was worried about that."  
  
"And guess what," Betsy went on happily. "It wasn't at the Avery branch because they had it downtown, and I got here just in time before they closed!"  
  
"You're downtown?"  
  
"Yep," Betsy said. "Fourth and Main. I'm parked a few blocks away and--"  
  
"Betsy, you're a lifesaver. Bring it to me! You're only about six blocks from my office. If I could have that today it would be fantastic."  
  
"Bring it to you?"  
  
"I'm in the Caldwell building. That's right on the square on the southeast corner. Just come four blocks south on Main and you'll be here. Come to the 22nd floor. Oh shit I have another call I have to take. See you in a few minutes babe. Love you!"  
  
And then she hung up. Betsy put her phone back in her purse and looked down Main Street. It was clearly the busiest part of the central downtown area and she would have to walk through it naked. But the important thing was that she had Kate's package and Kate had called her a lifesaver. And the receptionist had told her Kate talked about her a lot and that she sounded 'adorable.' Those were the things that mattered to Betsy and if she had to walk naked through downtown Kingsley, that was a price she was willing to pay however embarrassing it may be.  
  
So she began walking, clutching the package and wearing her sunglasses so she would not have to make eye contact with the men who passed her on the busy sidewalk. Once again, there was no one else around anywhere near naked. Most people were in business clothing and everyone bustled around importantly.  
  
But Betsy had important business to attend to as well, and she made sure her bearing and attitude showed this. The heels of her dress sandals clicked on the sidewalk as she strode quickly down the sidewalk, carrying her important package to the Caldwell Building. The closer she came the more crowded it was and at every intersection the traffic was gridlocked with taxicabs, delivery vehicles and the occasional limo. A guy her age on a messenger bicycle gave her a wild grin as he passed and yelled "you made my day!"  
  
Finally she reached the downtown square, which was one square block of grass and park benches surrounded by towering skyscrapers on all sides. Betsy found the Caldwell Building and pushed through the revolving door. The brisk walk in the late afternoon sun had made her start to perspire, but now the building's air conditioning hit her like the freezer at the grocery store. The security guard looked at her as she marched determinedly to the elevator. All the men in dark business suits stared at her, but pretended not to as she waited for the elevator. When two elevators arrived simultaneously everyone seemed to wait for her to choose one and then they all squeezed aboard, ignoring the other one.  
  
When the elevator reached the 22nd floor, Betsy squeezed out among the men, who made a show of politely moving aside for her and yet did not move enough to allow her to get off without brushing against them.  
  
There was a receptionist's desk just off the elevator and the woman behind it smiled at her knowingly. "You MUST be Betsy," she gushed. "Let me show you to Kate's office."  
  
The woman led Betsy through a room of desks where everyone looked up and watched her go by. Then they walked down a carpeted hallway with rich paneled wood covering the walls. Important looking business people passed them in the hall and smiled at her. At the end of the hallway was another open room and finally there was Kate, rushing to her with her arms outstretched. They hugged and Kate kissed her while the receptionist giggled.  
  
"That looks like it," Kate said, taking the package and ripping it open. "Wait here a sec, dear." She cast aside the torn envelope and took the papers that it had held to an office with glass walls behind which an older woman looked up with a surprised expression as Kate went inside. Together they looked at the papers and the older woman smiled broadly and said something that made Kate laugh.  
  
And then both women emerged from the office and walked up to Betsy. "So this is the famous Betsy," she said.  
  
"Betsy, this is my boss, Dr. Strunk," Kate said.  
  
"Oh just call me Alice," Dr. Strunk said, putting out her hand. "Kate speaks of you with considerable affection, and after today I will as well young lady."  
  
Betsy shook Dr. Alice Strunk's hand "Thank you," she said, "but I'm just the delivery girl. I don't even know what I delivered."  
  
"I wish all of our delivery girls looked like you," Dr. Strunk said, and then turning to Kate she added, “you’ve done more than enough for one day, Kate my dear. Why don’t you take off a little early and treat this girl to a nice dinner downstairs at Chez Francois?”  
  
“Good idea, Alice.”  
  
“And I trust I’ll see you both at the auction?”  
  
“Wouldn’t miss it,” Kate said. “C’mon, babe, let’s go get some champagne.”  
  
When they were alone in the elevator, Kate kissed her and instantly put her hand between Betsy’s legs.  
  
Betsy squirmed, but did not resist much. “Someone’s going to catch us.”  
  
“No they won’t. Oooh, baby, you’re pretty wet. Lot’s of people saw you naked today, didn’t they.”  
  
“Yes, but I was . . . so worried about the package.”  
  
“You did good, babe. You can relax now.”  
  
The elevator did not stop until it reached the lobby and for the entire descent Kate kissed Betsy’s faced and neck while massaging her clitoris. Betsy was starting to feel she would climax right there in the elevator when suddenly it stopped and Kate withdrew her hand just as the doors opened.  
  
They were in the lobby and people leaving work or going to dinner were hurrying back and forth. Betsy could see the entrance to Chez Francois across the lobby. It looked extremely fancy with a man in a tuxedo standing in front. She really didn’t want to go in there naked if she could find a way to avoid it, but she felt so sexually aroused she could not think straight.  
  
“Oh shit I forgot something,” Kate said. “Honey, just wait over there in the lounge. I just have to run up to the office for a minute.”  
  
And then Kate was gone into the elevator again leaving Betsy alone. She all eyes on her as she walked slowly across the lobby to some plush couches and chairs outside of the lounge and quite close to the restaurant entrance. Betsy felt very wet between her legs and she was afraid she might leave a wet spot on the upholstery so she chose a dark loveseat. Almost immediately a waiter glided over carrying a tray of champagne glasses. “Compliments of the house,” he said with a slight bow. Betsy took a glass and a little napkin to place it on. She wanted to use it to wipe herself a little, but there were so many people around she could not figure out how to do it without being noticed.  
  
Betsy’s glass was nearly empty when Kate returned.  
  
“Sorry,” she said. “It’s always something. Do you want to go eat?”  
  
“Actually,” Betsy began cautiously, “I was thinking maybe we should just go on home.”  
  
“Why? Aren’t you hungry? This is supposed to be a great restaurant.”  
  
“Well, I just . . . um . . . well you got me pretty excited in the elevator and I’d really like to just go home and make love.”  
  
“Ooooh, well if you put it that way, yes I agree.”  
  
Betsy was relieved that it had been so easy and began to follow Kate to the building’s garage, but Kate stopped her. “Don’t forget you drove separately.”  
  
“Oh right. I parked up by the post office.”  
  
“Do you remember where? It’s your first time downtown after all.”  
  
“Yes, I can picture it.”  
  
“Well I’ll see you at home then, my beautiful nudist.” Kate kissed her on the mouth right there in the midst of a crowd and Betsy felt her legs weaken. Kate had such an effect on her.  
  
Betsy pushed out the revolving door in to the early evening sunshine. The warm air felt good after the air conditioning of the building. Once again Betsy was walking along a busy downtown street in the center of downtown and again she was the only person totally nude. But now she didn’t mind quite so much as before. She still wished she could be dressed and not the center of attention, but she also felt elated at how well things had gone. She had succeeded and Kate was proud of her. And everyone at Kate’s office knew who she was, which could only mean Kate had talked about her to them. And in the elevator she had been so close to having an orgasm. She could stil feel the tingle and the dampness between her legs.  
  
Betsy was a little confused about exactly where the parking garage was. She knew it was within three blocks of the post office and she found the post office easily enough, but every time she started down one street it seemed wrong. She kept circling the same few blocks hoping something would look familiar. There were people everywhere, getting off work and headed for their own cars. All the men stared at her and smiled but Betsy had her sunglasses on and remained aloof.  
  
She was just starting to feel a bit panicky about being lost, naked, downtown when at last she recognized where she was and there was the parking deck just a block ahead. She stood at the corner waiting for the light to change and could not help but see her reflection in the dark glass of a shop. She was so naked. So . . . so . . . so totally naked and people were all around her on a busy downtown street. Betsy could not have imagined only days before that she would ever do this, and now here she was. The light changed and Betsy walked across the street feeling special and so alive. This was her life now -- she was Betsy the nudist and she was happy.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 8**

It was Saturday morning and Betsy woke next to Kate feeling less stressed than she had since the whole move to Huron began. Somehow she was managing to fake her way as a nudist, despite all of her continuing embarrassment and fear, and she was determined to keep on doing it if necessary. She still didn't know how she would resolve her situation for the long term, but her highest priority was not losing Kate.  
  
Kate now slept beside her, a slight frown on her face as she dreamed. It was 8:30 and Betsy slipped carefully out of bed and tiptoed out of the bedroom, closing the door quietly. Downstairs in the kitchen she made the coffee, strong just the way Kate liked it, and while it was dripping she stepped outside and walked down to the front gate to get the newspaper. Across the street, people sitting outside at the cafe looked up at her. A bicyclist came by and gave her a grin. It had been a week and "Betsy the nudist" was becoming known in the neighborhood. She cringed a bit at the thought of being known that way, but at least it was slightly less embarrassing to be seen by someone the second or third time than it was the first. Her neighbors seemed to be adapting to the idea of her nudity quicker than she was. Feeling an unaccustomed confidence, Betsy gave a little wave to the people across the street, picked up the newspaper and casually walked back to the house. She brought the paper and coffee upstairs, waking Kate at precisely the correct time.  
  
"Good morning, my love," Kate said sleepily as she pushed herself up to a sitting position and accepted the coffee cup.  
  
Betsy had intended to go back downstairs to make breakfast, but instead she found herself saying, "hey, I was thinking maybe we have breakfast at the cafe, or maybe ride our bikes over to one of those restaurants near campus?"   
  
Kate smiled. "Good idea. Let's get in a good ride first so we'll be hungry."  
  
While Kate read the paper, Betsy jumped into the shower and 20 minutes later they were outside getting their bicycles ready. Betsy wore only sneakers and her riding helmet. They set off and Kate led the way and the pace, exploring the neighborhoods around them and charging up a steep hill toward the campus. Betsy struggled to keep up and sweat began to trickle down her body. They crested the top of the hill and Betsy felt the cool breeze on her skin as they coasted the short distance down to the busy corner at the edge of campus.  
  
They parked their bikes and Betsy used her fingers palms to wipe the sweat from her brow and the back of her neck, running her fingers through her hair to fluff it out. The restaurant's outdoor seating was full but they were the first in line for the next table and stood a few minutes by the entrance surveying the posted menu as they waited. Betsy felt all of the eyes surveying her as well, but she was almost enjoying it. Her bicycle seat tended to make her a bit horny even under normal circumstances and this was increased now that there was no fabric between her and the seat.  
  
Finally they were seated and Kate was going on and on about something at work. Betsy was not interested in the details, but paid sufficient attention to respond properly if her input was solicited. She had learned from hard experience that it was not good to be caught not paying attention. Now, she heard Kate mentioning "the auction tonight."  
  
"The auction?" Betsy repeated carefully.  
  
Kate looked at her. "I told you all about it before, sweetie," she declared.  
  
"Oh, I know," Betsy lied. "But it's tonight?"  
  
"Yes, and I signed you up to volunteer."  
  
"Oh, um, doing what?" Betsy's throat tightened a little.  
  
"Just carrying the artwork back and forth during the bidding," Kate said. "Which reminds me we need to go shopping to get you something to wear."  
  
Betsy felt an involuntary moment of hope that somehow magically her situation had changed, but intellectually she knew that couldn't be. Wary of some kind of trap she made sure to respond correctly. "Something to wear??" she repeated with just the proper amount of incredulity in her voice.   
  
Kate laughed, her eyes shining with love that Betsy absorbed happily. "Don't worry, dear. I just meant you need some white gloves. All the art handlers have to wear gloves and they provide those cheap throw-away gloves, but I think we should buy you something more elegant. You wouldn't mind wearing long white gloves, would you babe?"  
  
"Ooooh," Betsy cooed. "You know I like accessories." She was feeling good from the combination of Kate's attention and the lingering influence of the bicycle seat, but also worried about what this event would be like. But being assigned to carry the artwork could be good since that was probably done behind the scenes. Still she'd be in public at least part of the time. "So how will, you know, normal people be dressing?" she ventured to ask. "Sounds formal."  
  
"Oh yes, I think it's a rather dressy affair. Soooo I think we need to get you some new shoes also."  
  
A few hours later, they were at a nearby shopping mall and Betsy was trying on some fabulously expensive white shoes. The salesman eagerly knelt in front of her, expertly slipping a succession of heels onto her like Prince Charming with his glass slipper. He tried -- Betsy could tell he was really trying -- not to look up the long stretch of her legs to her crotch, so available from his vantage point. Betsy wanted to discretely put her hand in her lap, but Kate was watching and that would annoy her. Betsy allowed herself to be on full display and even gave the salesman a chance to take a long look at her when she turned her head pretending to be interested in some far-off display sign.   
  
There was only one place to buy long white gloves, a Saks Fifth Avenue store and after that they went to a hairdressers' shop. Betsy closed her eyes as the hairdresser leaned her back in the chair and washed her hair in the little sink. She tried not to think about how exposed she must be in that position.   
  
It was mid-afternoon when they got home. "There's just one more think you need to finish your ensemble," Kate said, taking a wooden box out of one of her dresser drawers. She lifted out a dazzling string of pearls. "My grandmother left these to me when she died. She thought I was just a tomboy who would someday blossom into femininity. I've been saving them for just the right girl."  
  
"Oh, my god, Kate, they're beautiful." Betsy wept as Kate clasped the antique double-strand of pearls around her neck. It was almost like being given an engagement ring. Kate called her "just the right girl." There were dangling earrings to match. "Saving them for just the right girl." Betsy was so focused on these elements she was able to keep her mind off of the event itself. After a light dinner she took a bath, being careful not to get her hair wet. It was piled up on top of her head so it was easy to keep it out of the water.  
  
After her bath Betsy carefully went through what her "dressing up" routine had become, putting on body lotion and her makeup, fussing with her hair. She carefully lifted up the beautiful pearls and put them around her neck, and then she put on the earrings. She slipped on the white shoes, which had narrow heels about an inch taller than most of her other dress shoes. She slipped on the long white gloves and looked at herself in the three-way mirror in the bedroom. Behind her, Kate was getting dressed in a black silk pants suit with a low white blouse that showed her tanned cleavage. She tied a narrow red scarf around her neck, giving the suggestion of a bow tie. The overall effect was tuxedo-like, but not at all masculine.   
  
At 7 p.m., they pulled up in Kate's car at the entrance of the Museum of Art, which was hosting the auction in its grand marble lobby. There was valet parking and Kate walked around the car to open Betsy's door and took her white-gloved hand as Betsy stepped out into the lights of the museum entrance as a young man in a vest took the car keys and drove away.  
  
They stepped inside and into a crowd of people in which all the men were in dark suits or tuxedos and all the women in the most fashionable evening dresses. Betsy felt overwhelmingly, unquestionably, alarmingly, astonishingly nude -- and yes, everyone was watching her -- and yet somehow she also felt elegant in her pearls and her white gloves that might have belonged to Princess Di or Jackie Kennedy. Betsy held her head high Kate escorted her through the crowd and toward faces she recognized from Kate's office. Kate's boss, Dr. Strunk, greeted them cheerfully and re-introduced her all around. A sign above declared tastefully that the firm, "Peabody and Strunk" had generously sponsored the evening's festivities.  
  
White-jacketed waiters carried trays loaded with champagne flutes and Betsy was hoping one would come by her quickly, but just then a young man dressed all in black bounded onto the stage and tapped the microphone. He wore tinted eyeglasses of the most trendy shape and sported sideburns despite having a shaved head. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announced. "We'll begin the auction shortly, but first a few announcements. Most importantly, the Kingsley Art Association wishes to thank our generous sponsor, Peabody and Strunk, for once again making this annual event possible." He clapped his hands and all the audience applauded as Dr. Strunk nodded in acknowledgement. "Secondly, those of you who have volunteered to be art handlers, please make your way back stage for instructions."  
  
Reluctantly, Betsy left Kate's side and worked her way through the crowd -- as everyone watched her -- and joined three other people and the bald man with the sideburns (his name turned out to be "Ian James" and he would correct anyone who simply called him "Ian.") Though he was clearly gay, Ian James declared Betsy to be "absolutely adorable" and "wonderfully daring" as he shook her hand. "And you even have your own gloves," he gushed. "How so very Grace Kelly!"  
  
The instructions were simple: Wear your gloves, handle the objects carefully, make sure everyone can see them and don't break anything. Ian James demonstrated the proper ways of holding an object in a frame versus three-dimensional works. Betsy, who had hoped her job would be entirely behind the scenes, now learned with horror that in fact she would be carrying the objects onto the stage and holding them up throughout the bidding.   
  
The artworks to be auctioned were all lined up next to numbered markers corresponding with their place on the auction brochure. Ian James went back on stage and with a flourish announced the first item, which happened to be Betsy's. With a gulp, she nervously walked out on stage carrying a small painting and held it aloft, pacing to the left and then to the right to allow all in the audience to see. And boy could they see! The stage was two feet off the ground and everyone was sitting in folding chairs in front of her. As she looked out at the sea of faces it was clear that not many eyes were actually on the painting she held above her head. She wished she could say: Hey, my art is up here.  
  
The bidding began and Betsy had to stay on stage walking to the left and right until the item was sold. Gratefully, she ducked back stage again as someone else carried out the next item. All too soon it was her turn again and this time as she came out onto the stage there was a bright light in her eyes. It was a camera crew from one of the local TV stations, ZPTV Channel 4. She hesitated, wanting to back away and make someone take her place but she was already on stage and there was nothing she could do except soldier on. So again she held up the artwork wearing her white gloves and nothing else but her high heels and pearls. This time the bidding went on and on, almost as if the purpose was to keep her on stage as long as possible while the TV camera followed her every move.  
  
When she was backstage again she peeked out and noticed with relief that the cameraman had lowered his equipment, perhaps having gotten enough footage for what she hoped would be a very brief and very late-night news item. But when her turn came again the camera was back on. And so the night went on until -- finally -- the last item was sold. Betsy and her fellow volunteers were dismissed from their duties -- though this happened only after Ian James brought them all together on stage for a round of applause as he announced each of their names. Betsy got the loudest applause and she saw the TV reporter scribbling in her notebook.   
  
At last, Betsy was off the stage and making her way through the crowd again -- wanting only to find Kate and go home. But when she was only a few steps away from Kate's table someone called her name from behind and when she turned she was facing the TV camera again and the little blond TV reporter who was saying into her microphone, "and here's Betsy Andrews, the surprise star of tonight's gala auction. Betsy, are you enjoying the evening?" She thrust the microphone into Betsy's face and the cameraman stepped closer.  
  
She was trapped. "I . . . I . . . yes, it was very nice," she stammered. She began to turn again, hoping to make that the end of the conversation, but the cameraman turned with her and she could now see past him to the table where Kate, Dr. Strunk and four or five other people from the company watched smiling at her. Kate gave her a look that Betsy understood -- give the interview.  
  
"We couldn't help but notice that you're a nudist, Betsy," the reporter said. "So you're registered under the new full-time nudist law, I'm assuming?"  
  
"Yes," Betsy said, aware of Kate's eyes on her. "I . . . most certainly am a full-time nudist."  
  
"Can you tell our viewer's what it's like being naked all the time?"  
  
"No!" Betsy blurted. "I mean . . . I'd rather talk about the auction. It's . . . it's for a good cause and . . . ." Here, her eyes again caught the sponsorship sign hanging above the entrance, so she said "The auction is sponsored by Peabody and Strunk, which makes such a huge difference for all of these artists because . . . Peabody and Strunk's sponsorship gives them this opportunity to become better known and to see their art appreciated, so I just want to thank Peabody and Strunk for doing that."   
  
Betsy did her best, but there were only so many times she could say it and the reporter kept bringing the conversation back to her nudity, until Betsy finally gave in and said, as convincingly as she could, "I have always wanted to live as a full-time nudist and since coming to Huron I have been able to finally live as I wish. I no longer own any clothing at all other than shoes and hats and things of that nature. And I'm very . . . very happy this way."  
  
That finally did it and the camera crew went away to annoy someone else, allowing Betsy to rush into Kate's arms. Everyone at the table cheered her and praised her effusively.  
  
"Betsy sweetie, you were fantastic," Kate said, kissing her on the mouth.  
  
"I dare say you were," Dr. Strunk agreed. "I should hire you in our Marketing Department."  
  
"And you did a wonderful job during the auction," piped in a man she'd been introduced to but whose name she'd now forgotten.  
  
"Have you done modeling work?" asked one of the women. She was probably in her in her 60s, but beautiful and looked like a former model herself. Betsy shook her head in response, both in answer and wanting to put an end to any and all conversation focused on herself. "You have such poise," the woman went on, "and natural beauty. I could introduce you to some people."  
  
"Oh Alexandra, think of what you're saying," someone else said. "A nudist wouldn't want to model clothing."  
  
Ex-model Alexandra rolled her eyes. "Dear, there are many avenues in modeling and Betsy here would be a fabulous model for jewelry, hats, shoes, makeup, hair care products and so on."  
  
  
Betsy was smitten by the compliment, but what she really wanted was a glass of wine and no more attention on herself. There was no waiter nearby and Kate had a vodka tonic in front of her. "Can I have a little sip," she asked quietly.   
  
"Take it, all babe," Kate said, handing here the glass. Betsy took a healthy gulp, the liquor burning her throat as she swallowed. Kate liked her drinks strong and typically ordered a double. Betsy felt the buzz almost immediately and took a few more healthy swallows, finally starting to relax. The glass was soon empty and it had been just what she needed -- more than enough actually since she didn't normally drink anything stronger than wine. But when the waiter came by Kate ordered two more of the same and suddenly Betsy had another full glass in front of her.   
  
A half-hour later the second glass was nearly empty too and Betsy was feeling wonderfully drunk. She was beginning to appreciate the erotic feelings that had been building within her during the evening. The band began playing a slow-dance tune that was among Kate's favorites and they looked at each other and grinned. Kate led her out to the dance floor and they danced in embrace as Betsy felt Kate's fingers caressing her back, her sides and her hips. That song ended with a quick seque into a swing-dance tune and Kate led her into a jitterbug. Betsy danced and twirled and occasionally caught glimpses of herself in the mirrored walls. She felt like she was in a dream in which her nudity was normal and special at the same time. People were watching them, but everyone smiled.  
  
It had turned into a magic evening, but Kate made sure they were home in time for the 11 p.m. news and set the TV to record. The broadcast started off with the usual summary of news stories to be covered in the half-hour and among them was a tease to the annual art auction "where we met this art fan" and there was a two-second clip of Betsy holding up one of the paintings during the bidding. It was over in no time and Betsy wished that was all there would be, but they kept teasing to it every time they went to a station break and each time it was a slightly different snippet of footage. If it was a tease for viewers it was working well on Kate. She was caressing Betsy's body throughout the news, but whenever they showed a clip of her Kate's fingers quickly made their way between her legs.   
  
They saved the actual segment until the very last few minutes of the program and they gave it several minutes of air time. The reporter's voiceover gave the basic summary of the art auction and how much money was raised, but the footage was nearly all Betsy on the stage with the camera looking up at her from below. Betsy would have been mortified watching it all except that Kate's fingers were dancing on her clitoris during the entire segment. She was on the verge of climax, but too distracted by wanting to see what came next. Naturally, they used every second of her proclamation of nudism and edited out most of her babbling about the importance of the auction and its sponsor, but one of her "thanks to Peobody and Strunk" comments was included, prompting Kate to momentarily take her hand away long enough to pump her fist in the air and declare "yes!"   
  
Just as the news ended, Kate's cellphone chimed to indicate a message received. Betsy was left in sexual frustration as Kate read the message and then made a call. "We watched it too, Alice," she said. "Wasn't Betsy great?" As she talked, Kate also fiddled with the TV remote. She had recorded the entire news program but now she was selecting her favorite moments for replay. As she hung up the phone, Kate pressed the play button and there was Betsy on the screen again saying "I no longer own any clothing at all," and there she was holding a painting as the camera zoomed in on a closeup, her breasts bobbling just a little as she walked across the stage. Kate climbed between Betsy's legs and began to kiss her clitoris as Betsy lay back watching the screen. Kate's selections were set to loop and as Kate continued her work Betsy felt the orgasm coming as she whispered the lines along with herself. "I no longer own any clothing at all," and "always wanted to live as a full-time nudist," and "very happy this way." Very happy, very happy, no longer own any clothing at all . . .

**What a girl will do for love, Part 9**

On Sunday, the day after the auction, Betsy was home alone while Kate was off on a long run. She checked her e-mail and there was one from her sister Hannah. The subject line was "do you know this is on the Internet?" Oh no, Betsy thought. She opened the e-mail. "Bets! Can't believe what I'm seeing. I mean -- it's cool, really. Absolutely a cool thing to do if that's what you want to do. But it just doesn't seem like my kid sister. I'll call you today so we can catch up. Meantime, take a look at this link. Thought you should know it's on the internet."  
  
Betsy hit the link and it was the complete news report. Like a zombie she watched the whole thing again, not knowing what to do. Before it was over her cell phone rang and it was Hannah.  
  
"How did you find this?" Betsy nearly screamed over the phone. "Has everyone seen it?"  
  
"Woah, sister," Hannah said. "First things first -- are you okay?"  
  
"I'm fine. I told you about Kate and . . . the nudity thing."  
  
"Yeah, but last I heard it was just in her apartment. You told us about moving to Kingsley, but . . . you didn't mention this."  
  
Betsy poured out her story, leaving nothing out. "But I didn't think everyone in the world would see me! Has the whole family seen this?"  
  
"I think just me, Roy and David so far," Hannah said.  
  
"Roy and David??? Oh my god, they watched this?"  
  
"They're the ones who showed it to me, Bets. Perhaps you don't know this about our brothers, but they like to search the Internet for pictures of naked women."  
  
Betsy sighed. That did sound like her brothers.  
  
"But Roy went to great length to explain to me that they're not into porn, just pictures of real-life women going nude. It's like their moral code or something."  
  
That sounded like them too.  
  
Roy and David were not actually Betsy and Hannah's brothers, but their first cousins -- and step-cousins at that. Not blood relations, but they'd all grown up in the same house like siblings and Betsy considered them her big brothers.   
  
Betsy and Hannah's mother had two step-sisters, one of whom had four children -- two girls and a pair of twin boys (Roy and David). When Betsy was eleven, a car accident took the lives of her mother and her aunt and uncle. Betsy's father had never been in the picture so her mother's death left Betsy and her two sisters orphaned -- along with the four step-cousins who had lost both of their parents in the crash. The only surviving member of their parents' generation was the youngest of the three original sisters, Mindy, who was then 30 years old. Aunt Mindy had never intended to be a parent. She was a party girl who had been so certain she never wanted children that she had her tubes tied at age 25 so she wouldn't have to worry about getting pregnant. But Fate tends to mess up the best of plans and Mindy ended up adopting five of the seven children of her sisters. The other two had already reached 18 when the crash occurred and instantly became bumbling co-parents with equally clueless Aunt Mindy. But somehow it had all worked out.  
  
"So you're not being forced to do this, right?" Hannah probed.  
  
"No, not really."  
  
"But you're afraid of losing Kate if you don't, aren't you? Is she really that shallow?"  
  
"No, Hannah, it's not like that. She's really good to me, and I love her. And I want to do this for her."  
  
"For her? Okay, Bets, if you're happy then I'm happy. You want me to tell the rest of the fam, or do you want to do it? The boys won't be able to keep it a secret for long you know."  
  
Betsy sighed again. "I guess the worst part was over anyway -- the boys. I'll tell everyone else, but I don't want anyone thinking Kate's making me do it."  
  
"Well, you put whatever spin on it you think best and if there are any details you told me that you don't tell the others, I promise to keep quiet about them, okay?"  
  
"Thanks, Hannah."  
  
The sisters went on to talk about other things and when they hung up, Betsy spent an hour crafting and re-crafting a supposedly casual two-sentence email to her siblings and Aunt Mindy, sending them the link and saying it was "just something I wanted to try for a little while."  
  
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The next day was Monday and Betsy had an appointment on campus. It was still two weeks before fall classes began, but Betsy had signed up for a student job during this brief period. She appreciated Kate's willingness to fully support her, but felt obligated to contribute financially if she could. Of course, when she'd made this commitment she was still assuming she'd be able to wear clothes.   
  
Instead, on Monday morning Betsy rode her bike through campus wearing only her sneakers and a ballcap turned backwards in the breeze. In the basket over the rear wheels she had her helmet and rollerblades in case she needed them for the job. Her work assignment was with the campus mail service and she had been told they used a combination of bicycling and rollerblading to get around campus. She was a little surprised that snail mail was still much of a big deal, but apparently the aging faculty members were slow to adopt digital forms of sharing their papers. The job recruiter had told her that these two weeks before classes started were the busiest as all the profs were gearing up for the new school year.   
  
Betsy found the campus mail center, took a deep breath and pushed through the door. A man in his 30s with a bushy beard and tiny round glasses looked up from his desk and and stared open-mouthed as she walked towards him. Sometimes Betsy felt almost comfortable going naked, but this kind of reaction always made her intensely aware of it again, self-conscious of the natural movement her breasts made as she walked. And of course he was seated, so now she had to stand there in front of his desk waiting for him to figure out where her face was. When he was slow to do so, she waved her fingers in front of her breasts to capture his attention.  
  
"Oh!," he finally said, looking up to her eyes. "I'm so sorry. I was staring, wasn't I? That was rude of me. I was just . . . surprised. Are you a nudist? I mean, officially, as in legally registered?"  
  
"Yes," Betsy said. "I'm a registered nudist."  
  
"Wow. So . . . so all the time . . . you never . . . ever?"  
  
"I always go naked," Betsy said, trying to sound like she actually believed it herself. "I don't own any clothing."  
  
"Wow," he said again. "I'm sorry, but I just . . . never met anyone who . . . I mean, I know it happens in some places of the province. The court ruling and all, but gosh I never . . I'm sorry, am I babbling?"  
  
"YES!" someone yelled. A girl with frizzy magenta hair rolled over to them on her blades. She wore tight shorts, a tube top and pads on her elbows and knees. "Reggie, you are such a 9th grader sometimes."  
  
Reggie was blushing. "Sorry," he said again.   
  
"It's okay," Betsy said, trying to be casual. "I don't really mind it."  
  
"I bet you don't," the magenta-haired girl said.   
  
"Now you're the one being rude, Mel," Reggie said.  
  
"I didn't mean anything by it. But she must like people looking at her if she goes naked all the time. My name is Melody, by the way. And you?"  
  
"Betsy," murmured Reggie and both girls looked at him. He held up a piece of paper. "I have your work order here."  
  
"What size are you?" he asked.  
  
"Pardon?"  
  
"Your shoe size. We have to issue you some skates."  
  
"Oh. I brought my own."  
  
"Can't. Gotta use our equipment."  
  
"Okay. Six and a half then."   
  
A few minutes later, two other student employees walked into the office -- a skinny black girl with huge hazel eyes and an ultra-handsome guy wearing a tight, sleeveless shirt that showed off his perfect body. They both stopped in their tracks when they saw Betsy wearing nothing but a sleek-looking pair of black rollerblades with matching knee pads, elbow pads and helmet.  
  
"Hey, you're the naked girl from the TV news!" the girl said in a voice that seemed to big for her. "I was just telling Dean about you and here you are!"  
  
Betsy rolled over to them, wanting to get the feel of the skates and making the effort -- as she always did nowadays -- to act like being the only naked person in the room was perfectly normal.  
  
"This is Betsy," Reggie called from his desk. "And Betsy, that's Dean and Shandra."  
  
Dean grinned at her with perfect white teeth. "Totally cool," he declared. "You are absolutely, totally cool."  
  
And he was absolutely handsome. Betsy considered herself 95 percent lesbian, but every once in a while she encountered a guy she found attractive and Dean was definitely one of them. "Thanks," she said shyly.   
  
"Yeah!" Shandra put in. "Welcome to the team. I saw you on the news last night and I thought, baby, that is one brave chick."  
  
"I don't care if she's cool or brave, and I don't care that she's naked," Melody yelled from the rear doorway. "I want to know if she can skate, because if she can't then it's just gonna be more work for us uncool scaredy-cats who like to keep our private parts private."  
  
Shandra snorted, "girl listen to you talkin' about private parts when those big titties of yours always bouncing around."  
  
"Bite me, Shandra," Melody said as she pushed her way out the door into the back parking log. The rest of them all followed.   
  
Reggie handed Betsy an empty soda can and said, "see that trash can at the far end? Skate over there an drop this in it and come back here."  
  
"Is this a speed test or just to see if I can skate?"  
  
"Speed is important. Show us what you've got. I mean, you know, show us how fast you can skate."  
  
Betsy was a pretty good skater and made the drop flawlessly. "How was that?"  
  
"It sucked," Melody answered. She picked up a rock and took off like a jet. She swing around the trash can and Betsy heard the cluck as the rock landed. Melody skidded to a stop in front of her. "That is what not-sucking looks like."  
  
"Show-off," Shandra muttered.  
  
Betsy picked up another rock. "Okay," she said, "let me try that again." Determined to impress her new co-workers, Betsy took off again, going as fast as she could towards the trash can. She skidded around it, dropping in the rock with perfect timing, and was about to push off again when one of her blades caught in a big crack in the asphalt at the edge of the lot. For a critical split second her foot was stuck in the crack and before she could yank it free her forward momentum carried her off balance and she began to fall -- backwards.  
  
Although it seemed to be happening in slow motion, Betsy could not turn her head in time to see where she was about to land and had no idea whether she would hit hard pavement or soft grass. Fortunately for Betsy, she was headed for a soft landing. Unfortunately, it was a giant mud puddle. And not just a water puddle, but truly mud. There was a bank of outdoor faucets nearby and some of them leaked, producing a patch of ground that was perpetually sodden. The grass had long since died and trucks backing out had spun their wheels in it, producing what was now a thick muck of yellow-brown, soupy mud some eight inches deep.  
  
This was where Betsy was headed, butt first, her feet now both off the ground and nearly as high as her head as she soared, still in slow motion from her perspective. As her butt touched the surface of the mud pool, time speeded up again and she came to earth in a dramatic splash.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 10.**

Betsy sat in the mud still trying to comprehend the extent of her misfortune. It had, of course, been embarrassing enough to have to show up for her first day on the job at the campus mail service entirely naked. She'd been going everywhere nude for a week, but was not at all used to it. She'd had to endure the blatant ogling of her boss, Dennis, and the taunting of Melody, the magenta-haired co-worker who seemed to dislike her from the start. And she had even been flustered by meeting the handsome Dean, that rare male whom she found unnervingly attractive.  
  
But now, having been egged on to skate recklessly fast in order to pass some stupid test she had fallen, butt-first, into a massive pool of mud that splashed all over her, leaving her sitting in it unable to get up because of the cumbersome skates, her body entirely coated in mud.  
  
Dennis, Melody, Dean and Shandra rushed across the parking lot to make sure she wasn't hurt, but as soon as she assured them she was unharmed they all fell into fits of laughter before they could bring themselves to help her to her feet.  
  
Shandra was the first to make the effort, but the skinny black girl had so little body weight she didn't have much leverage and when Betsy was almost to a standing position her muddy hands slipped out of Shandra's grip, and she fell backwards again making another splash and setting off another round of laughter.  
  
This time, she got mud in her eyes and had to keep them squeezed shut as Shandra and Dean helped her out, successfully this time.   
  
"There's a garden hose right over here," Shandra said. "We'll help you get washed off."  
  
Unable to see, Betsy allowed them to pull her by the hands as she rolled back across the parking lot. Then she felt the spray of cool water on her body and put her face and hands into it, clearing her eyes. Blinking blearily, Betsy could now see that it was Dean who was spraying her off while the others stood around watching. As she used her hands to wash off the mud under the spray of water, Betsy felt more embarrassed than she had at nearly any time since this whole stupid predicament began. She felt humiliated by her pratfall into the mud, and now she was taking a public shower in front of an incredibly handsome guy who made her feel a rare heterosexual arousal. He grinned at her with just the right balance of good humor, sympathy and unabashed appreciation for her nudity and Betsy could not help but feel a sensual reaction. The mud was in her crotch and she had no choice but to use her hands to wipe it out as she would when taking a normal shower. As her fingers grazed her clitoris, accidentally she told herself, Betsy hoped her shiver, if noticed, would be assumed to have been caused by the cold water instead.  
  
When she was clean, Betsy stood there dripping because there was no towel or anything to dry off with. Shandra and Dean said words of encouragement, but Melody had skated over to the bags of mail and selected a stack of about a dozen envelopes and handed them to her along with a small clipboard with a pen attached.  
  
"Okay, here's your first real assignment, rookie. That's the Administration building right next to us so you might as well do these first. The whole stack goes to the president's office and you can just leave them with his secretary, BUT this one here on top is registered so you need to get the signature of the recipient, which is President Gaines. The secretary will want to sign it for him, but it's supposed to be signed by him not her, got it?"  
  
Betsy opened her mouth to protest, but what could she say? That she couldn't go to the office of the college president naked? So she didn't argue. She just took the bundle and clipboard and skated off determinedly at top speed as Melody shouted "and TRY to be fast without killing yourself."  
  
In seconds she was at the entrance and pushed through the brass-plated oak door. Through the glass, she could see that the interior of the building was just what one would expect a college president's offices to look like -- dark paneled walls and polished marble floors. As she entered she was hit with a frigid blast of air conditioning -- much colder than normal air conditioning and more like walking into a freezer at the grocery story. At first she assumed it felt extra cold because she was still dripping wet, but then she saw that everyone working at the desks inside wore heavy sweaters.  
  
Betsy's skin erupted in goosebumps and her nipples became jutted out as she skated down the long hallway towards the president's office. Water still ran from her hair down her naked body and she half expected the drips to freeze into icicles hanging from her nipples. She skated through the double doors and stopped at a desk where a woman sat bundled up and typing while wearing gloves with the fingers cut off.  
  
The woman looked up and studied her dubiously, saying nothing as Betsy smiled and handed her the stack of mail -- all but the registered letter which she now held up. "Mail service," she said unnecessarily, "and I have this one that needs President Gaines' signature."  
  
"I'll sign for it," the woman said, reaching out for it.  
  
"Um, I really need him to do it," Betsy said in her most officious manner.  
  
The secretary shrugged and hit the intercom button. "Sir there's some mail that requires your signature."  
  
"Be out in a moment," a static male voice replied.  
  
For several seconds Betsy stood there on her skates feeling both conspicuous and nearly frozen. Finally she whispered, "is it always so cold in here?"  
  
The secretary frowned and gestured toward the president's door with a slight nod of her head. "He prefers it this way. You're Miss Andrews, I assume?"  
  
"Yes. How'd you know?"  
  
The woman smiled for the first time. "There's only one registered nudist enrolled in this school, so if you were someone else I'd have to call Security right about now."  
  
Betsy laughed nervously. "No, it's just me."  
  
"And why are you so wet?"  
  
"Well . . ." Betsy was trying to conjure up a reasonably concise answer to the question when the president's door swung open and the man himself appeared in the doorway. He was in his shirtsleeves and did not look the least bit cold. His ruddy face momentarily registered the shocked look Betsy was now so used to seeing, but he quickly recovered.  
  
"Ah, our nudist student, I presume."  
  
"Miss Andrews," the secretary said. "She brought the mail."  
  
"Did she now? And where do I sign?" Betsy handed him the clipboard and started to sign, but then stopped. "Say, Dotty, let's get a photo of this for the newsletter. First nudist student at Avery College and all."  
  
The secretary produced a small camera from her desk and the president struck a pose next to Betsy as if he were signing but not actually doing so. "Smile, Miss Andrews," the secretary said. "You look like a deer caught in the headlights."  
  
Betsy forced a smile and the flash went off. The president quickly scribbled his name, handed back the clipboard and disappeared again into his office. "Have a nice day, dear," the secretary said as Betsy turned and skated away. The cold was starting to make her shiver as she hurried down the hall and out the main doors. The summer heat was a blessing on her cold skin, still wet in places. She hugged herself and rubbed her arms.  
  
Melody was right outside straddling her bike while still wearing rollerblades. The bag of mail was strapped to a basket in back. She grinned at Betsy mischievously. "How's the weather in there?"  
  
"You did that on purpose," Betsy said.  
  
"I didn't do shit. The mail's the mail and we deliver it wherever it's addressed. I can't help it you want to go everywhere naked."  
  
Betsy couldn't respond to that, so she just said, "okay, what's next?"  
  
Melody gave her another stack. "This is all for Harrison Hall, which is right there. Each envelope goes to a room number so you go up and down the halls to each of the rooms. If the prof is there, you go in and hand him the mail. If the door's shut you leave it in the mail slot. I'll do the building next to it, which has twice as much mail and I'll still be done before you are."  
  
Betsy did her best to beat Melody, skating down the hallways as fast as she could manage while ducking and and out of doorways. Many of the professors were indeed in their offices, all of them looking up in surprise to see a naked girl bursting through their doors and disappearing just as quickly as she left letters and packages. In a way, it helped to be in such a hurry because this way Betsy couldn't afford to be tentative and indecisive and barely had time to look in anyone's face.  
  
When she emerged from the building, there was Melody already done with her own deliveries. "I can't help it I'm not as good as you," Betsy said as she caught up. "It's only my first day."  
  
"You won't be as good as me on your 100th day," Melody said. "But you don't totally suck. At least you're pushing yourself."  
  
Betsy was smitten by this glimmer of a compliment and was determined to win Melody's approval. Had Betsy been more vain she might have realized Melody was in fact jealous of her. Melody dressed as provocatively as a non-nudist could and was accustomed to being the girl being stared at. She was a little too plump for her tight shorts and a little too busty for her tube top and now she had to compete with a beautiful nudist who had clearly never had to struggle with her weight.  
  
For the next hour they hit every building on the way to the food court plaza where Melody announced, "Lunch break. Do whatever you want, but make sure you're on this spot in exactly 30 minutes." And with that, Melody dashed off towards one of the umbrella-shaded kiosks that sold hot dogs.  
  
Betsy hadn't realized she'd be so far away from the mail center at lunch time and had left her little wallet locked up with her bike. She had no money with her and would not dare ask to borrow from Melody. Betsy often skipped lunch anyway, though the exercise had left her hungry, so she skated over to a shady spot near the fountain where she took off her helmet, rollerblades and pads. She sat on the edge of the fountain, dangling her hot feet in the cool water, but it wasn't enough. The day was hot and Betsy had been sweating most of the morning. She edged her way along the stone ledge until she was largely out of sight of the crowd in the plaza and then slipped into the water, submerging luxuriously and then standing up again running her hands through her hair to comb out the tangles.  
  
When she opened her eyes Dean was sitting on the edge two feet away. She jumped and almost covered herself out of instinct, but caught herself in time.  
  
"Sorry," he said. "I waved to you just before you went under but I guess you didn't see me coming."  
  
"No, I didn't," Betsy said, "but that's okay. Um, where's Shandra?"  
  
"Over there somewhere. She's a slow eater -- mostly because she has a billion friends and always bumps into someone she has to talk to."  
  
Betsy appreciated the fact that Dean's eyes looked right into her own, never drifting down. She was sitting on the edge of the fountain in the sunshine, dripping wet and feeling her nipples pucker in the breeze. But Dean led her into an effortless conversation about the classes they were taking and where they lived and where they were from. Betsy found herself avoiding mentioning Kate or the fact that she was a lesbian, both of which she knew she should bring up.  
  
She noticed Dean was carrying a paper cup with a plastic spoon sticking out of it and he noticed her glancing at it so he held it out to her. "Couple strawberries left in here -- want 'em?" Betsy was famished from all the exercise and gladly took the cup. Inside were three strawberries and she ate each one slowly and deliberately, closing her eyes as she savored them.  
  
"So," Dean said, sneaking a look at her body as she closed her eyes, "you're probably tired of getting this question, but how long have you been a nudist?"  
  
She had indeed been asked that question several times, but somehow didn't mind that he asked. "Actually only about a week, full-time anyway. Before I moved to Huron I couldn't go nude in public like this." She looked down at her body and brushed a drip off of her breast as Dean watched.  
  
"So, you glad you're doing it?"  
  
Normally she would have insisted that of course she was glad, but she wanted to answer more honestly. "It's harder than I thought it would be," she said. "Going naked once in a while is one thing, but this is so far beyond that, not really having the choice anymore and having to go naked every minute everywhere you go. Sometimes I . . . well, sometimes I'm just uncomfortable around people."  
  
"Not me, I hope."  
  
Betsy smiled and met his eyes. "No, actually, not you."  
  
"Well good. Maybe we could go out sometime."  
  
Betsy bit her lip, wishing the little flirtation could have gone on longer. "I'm in a relationship," she said.  
  
"I was afraid of that," Dean said. "Someone as beautiful as you would never be single for long. Tell your boyfriend I said he's a lucky guy."  
  
"Um, girlfriend," Betsy corrected.   
  
"Ahhhhh. Wouldn't have guessed it, but that's cool."  
  
Betsy wanted to say something further, but there was really nothing to say. Even if she'd been single she didn't actually want to go out with Dean. She just liked it when certain guys were interested in her. She looked up at the tower clock and realized she only had two minutes before she was to meet Melody. Dean had to go too and they waved goodbye as Betsy put on her skates and pads.  
  
She dropped the empty cup in a trash can and made it to the meeting spot just as Melody arrived on her bike. "What's next, boss," Betsy asked cheerfully."  
  
Melody was finishing an ice cream cone and handed Betsy another stack of mail. "These go to those two buildings over there," she said, "and when you're done, you'll only have one more set of deliveries to make."  
  
"That's good," Betsy said, glad her work day would soon be over.  
  
Melody smiled. "Well," she said. "That last batch could take a while. Meet me at the entrance to Fraternity Row."

**What a girl will do for love, Part 11.**

It took an hour for Betsy to complete the next set of mail deliveries, going from room to room, surprising more professors with the unexpected sight of a beautiful girl popping into their offices completely naked except for rollerblades, knee and elbow pads and a helmet. When that was done, Betsy still had to skate halfway across campus in the heavy, humid afternoon to meet up with Melody as planned at Fraternity Row.  
  
As Betsy had expected, Melody was there first. Betsy could easily pick her out from afar because of her magenta hair. She was sitting on her bike and hitched up her tube top as Betsy approached filmed with sweat from the mid-afternoon heat.  
  
"About time, newby," Melody said. "I coulda done this myself and been done by now."  
  
Betsy was getting used to Melody's taunts. "Perhaps you should have," she said with a big smile.  
  
"Oh no. This is your assignment, girlie. I did it last year -- your turn. There's only the five frat houses, but you're delivering a registered letter to each so you need someone to sign for it -- and not just anyone who's home, but one of the four frat offers: the president, vice president, treasurer or secretary. The letters are basically an annual warning from the university president about what kind of behavior would get them kicked out and shit. That's why it's gotta be signed by a frat officer so if the frat gets in trouble they can't claim they didn't know the rules."  
  
"So I knock on each door, ask for an officer and get the signature to deliver the letter, right?"  
  
"Sounds easy, but it's not. Theoretically, the officers should be available because this is week they do all their chapter organization shit, and most of the regular members haven't arrived yet -- which is good for you because instead of 40 guys harassing you in each house there should be only a few right now. Bad news is the officers know this envelope has to get signed by one of them so you should expect a certain amount of teasing and deal-making to go on."  
  
"Uh, deal-making?"  
  
"Yeah, like last year when I did this delivery I had to chug a few beers and show my tits. Your tits and everything else you got are already on display so I dunno what they'll ask of you. But the easiest way to get the sig is to play along as much as you can."  
  
"Drinking on the job wouldn't get me in trouble?"  
  
"Long as you can still skate straight and do your job, Dennis doesn't care."  
  
"That reminds me," Betsy said. "Why do you guys all call him Dennis? He told me his name is Reggie."  
  
"You haven't seen him skate -- or try to," Melody laughed. "He's a menace on wheels. His job is just to supervise the students, but last time we were short-staffed he tried to fill in, but he kept running into things. His last name is Denison so we started calling him Dennis the Menace." Melody handed Betsy the clipboard and the five envelopes. "Try to be back in the office in an hour," she said, grinning. "If you can."  
  
Betsy had no intention of spending an hour appeasing frat boys, but she had to at least try to get the signatures. She crossed the street from campus to the short lane of houses known as Fraternity Row. Only four of the five houses were clearly visible. Two looked like typical frat houses with unmoved grass, beer cans lined up on the porch railings and odd bits of furniture in the yards. Two other houses looked reasonably well cared for. The fifth was at the end of the lane and up a long driveway hidden in the trees.   
  
At the first house, Betsy had to skate around trash to get to the front door. She knocked and the door opened and Betsy was greeted by a grinning frat boy and the wafting scent of stale beer and male body odor. Betsy quickly identified herself and her mission and the guy, still grinning and apparently stricken speechless, welcomed her inside. There were dirty plates on the floor and beer cans everywhere.   
  
"This is totally awesome!" the guy whispered to her earnestly. "I've watched that TV news clip from the auction a hundred times on the Internet and I kept hearing about people spotting you on campus and I've been waiting and hoping that someday I would see you and here you are delivering mail to my house! This is so great." He stood there gazing at her body up and down.  
  
"Um, thank you," Betsy said. "That was sort of sweet, but I'm in a hurry. Is one of the officers at home."  
  
"Yes, oh yes, right. You just stay right there." He backed away from her towards the stairway, not taking his eyes off of her. "Guys!" he shouted. "Get down her, right away."  
  
"What for, dick-brain?" came a voice.  
  
"Because, dear shithead, that nudist chick is standing in our living room."  
  
Footsteps tumbled down the stairway and three more guys shoved their way into the room. They all stood and stared.  
  
"Is one of you the chapter president?" Betsy asked.  
  
"That'd be me, baby," said the tubbiest of the four, regaining his composure and walking over to her. "And what can I do for you?" He clearly hadn't showered that day, and perhaps not the previous day."  
  
"Just sign here." Betsy thrust the clipboard at him.  
  
"Oh, the annual president's bullshit letter? And you have to get a signature or you can't deliver it, right?"  
  
Betsy sighed. "That's what they tell me."  
  
He stepped closer to her. "And what would you do to get that signature?"  
  
Shy as she normally was, Betsy had had tried to prepare herself for what might be demanded of her. "Nothing that involves touching you," she said firmly.   
  
This putdown elicited whoops from the other frat boys. The chapter president laughed along. "Okay, okay" he said, "I wasn't expecting you to perform sex acts or anything, but you hafta do something to earn the sig. And the way you can do that is . . . to play a game of air hockey with me!" He gestured behind him to what had looked like a battered blue table.  
  
This didn't seem too bad. "One game," Betsy said, "and then no matter who wins you sign, right?"  
  
"Oh there's no question who will win, sweetie, but yes I'll sign either way. My name's Jim, by the way, and these guys are just toads. You can ignore them."  
  
Betsy skated over the dirty carpet to the air hockey game. She remembered playing one at a party when she was maybe twelve.  
  
One of the other guys opened two cans of beer and set them on the edge of the table. "So here are the rules," Jim said. "We play to 21 points, but I spot you 10. If you score a point I chug this beer and if I score a point--"  
  
"-- I'm not going to drink a beer every time you make a point."  
  
"Don't get ahead of me. As I said, if YOU score I will chug a beer, but when I score -- which I will do frequently -- you merely have to take a SIP, just a sip, of you're beer. Deal?"  
  
Betsy just wanted to get it over with so she agreed. The game began and the other frat boys had by this time whipped out their phones to record her every move. The game surface was low -- being originally intended for children -- and Betsy was taller than usual because of her skates, which meant she had to lean over the table to play. In this posture there was nothing Betsy could do to prevent her breasts from bouncing and jiggling as she played the fast-paced game. And all the while the two camera phones were zoomed in on her from a few feet away.  
  
Despite her preoccupation with whether her jiggling breasts would soon be the stars of another Internet video, Betsy somehow scored a quick point. "Ooooh!" she exclaimed, happy with this unexpected achievement.   
  
"I was just thirsty," Jim said and quickly downed his first beer. The next several points went rapidly to him and Betsy took tiny sips of the beer. She managed to score two more points so Jim tossed back two more beers, but he continued to score easily and soon won the game. Betsy had taken 21 sips of beer but her can was still half full and, true to his word, Jim signed the form.  
  
"Pleasure doing business with you," he said putting out his hand. She reluctantly shook it as he said, "see, you touched me after all."  
  
Betsy just smiled and said goodbye and thanks as she made her escape out the front door and down the steps. One house down; four to go, she thought as she skated down the sidewalk and around to the next house. This house was much better tended than the last one and when Betsy rang the doorbell she was greeted by a cleaner-looking frat boy and a less-smelly living room.  
  
He was, of course, just as awestruck as his neighbors at the unexpected turn of good fortune that brought a naked girl into his house. He introduced himself as "Josh" and told her that the only officer home at the time was the chapter treasurer, but that he was in the shower.  
  
"He'll do just fine," Betsy said. "I can wait for him."  
  
This made Josh even more pleased, but he was very polite and made an effort not to ogle. "Can I get you something to drink or anything?"  
  
"Water would be nice," Betsy said and followed him into the kitchen. He offered her a seat at the little kitchen table and she gladly took it, both to get off of her feet and to hide the lower part of her body. The table was even clean.  
  
Josh put the glass of ice water on the table and as Betsy drank he went to the counter and brought over a plate covered by tin foil. "Would you like a brownie?" he asked, pulling back the foil. "My mother made them."  
  
Betsy had eaten nothing all day except for three exceptional strawberries and she was famished. "They look wonderful," she said, "thank you." She selected a big brownie and tried unsuccessfully to eat it slowly.  
  
"They're good," aren't they?” Josh said. “Mom sure is a good cook. Have another while I get Todd."  
  
Josh ran up the stairs and Betsy consumed another brownie and a half by the time the two boys scrambled back downstairs. Todd was just as pleasant as Josh and signed the form without fuss or gamesmanship.   
  
"Thank you so much," she said appreciatively as she got up to leave. "And thanks for the wonderful brownies."  
  
"My mother made them," Todd said.  
  
"I thought your mother made them," Betsy said to Josh.  
  
Josh and Todd looked at each other and Todd said, "we're . . . brothers."  
  
"Yeah," Josh said. "So we have, like, the same mom and all."  
  
"Different dads, though," Todd put in. "My dad was the handsome one. His dad had an unfortunate genetic condition that we don't like to talk about."  
  
Betsy laughed, enjoying having a conversation that didn't focus on her nakedness.  
  
The third house was even more decrepit than the first had been. The yard hadn't been mowed all summer and there was trash everywhere. A naked female mannequin stood on the front porch and Betsy gave her a sisterly wave as she passed.   
  
The door stood ajar and creaked farther open as Betsy knocked on it. "Anyone home?" she called. "Mail service." The thought crossed her mind that if she called "naked mail service" she would be more likely to elicit a response, but she could not bring herself to say it. "Hello!" she called again, stepping just inside the now-open door so she could see around the corner into the living room. Two guys lay sprawled lifelessly on the floor and another was slumped over in a sitting position on the couch.  
  
For a fleeting moment Betsy's mind registered it as a murder scene, but she knew it was more likely they were just passed out from drunkenness. An empty tequila bottle on the coffee table supported this theory. She walked on her skates across the littered carpet and squatted down next to the closest guy on the floor. She put her hand on his neck and he was warm and still breathing. Had he opened his eyes at that moment he would have been rewarded by the view of a naked girl squatting over him, her crotch inches from his face. Alas, he slept through the opportunity.  
  
Still feeling like a detective at a crime scene, Betsy looked at some papers scattered on the coffee table. One was an agenda for a fraternity organization meeting and it gave the names of the new officers. The new president's name was "Bryan" and she guessed it was the guy on the couch because he held in his hand a croquet mallet with the handle sawed off short and three Greek letters painted on it. She guessed this served as the frat's ceremonial gavel which would have been passed along to the new president. "Bryan!" she shouted, leaning over next to him and patting his cheek. "Bryan, you need to sign this."  
  
He started to stir but only to reposition himself before drifting off again. Betsy took the mallet out of his right hand and put her pen in its place, holding the clip board under it. "Bryan, sign for your name for the … beer keg delivery."  
  
Bryan stirred again in response to his news and opened his eyes in a squint, the sunlight too much for his hammered hangover.  
  
"Just sign your name here," Betsy said again, holding his hand right over the form. He did as he was told and the signature was fairly legible. As Betsy turned to leave, Bryan's eyes finally came into focus and he saw her for the first time. Betsy paused a moment in the doorway looking back at him as he struggled to a standing position and reached out at her as he tried to step forward. But the coffee table was in the way and he crashed over it as Betsy skated out the door and down the path to the sidewalk.  
  
Betsy found herself laughing as she skated in the glorious sunshine. The trees and grass around her were stunningly green and alive with movement in the breeze which caressed her skin and reminded her afresh of her nudity. But as she looked down at herself she didn't feel at all embarrassed, but full of joy at the circumstances that had led her to this perfect moment. Being naked now seemed the greatest idea in the universe, and being naked all the time was mind-boggling. “I don’t own any clothing,” she whispered out loud. “Not a thing, not a stitch. I go naked all the time!”  
  
Somewhere amid her epiphany, Betsy knew that what she was feeling was not entirely natural. She was definitely under the influence of something. It wasn't the half of a beer she'd consumed, and although she wouldn't put it past those guys to have spiked her drink with something stronger she'd seen the can opened so it couldn't have been tampered with. Besides, this lovely feeling wasn't anything like being drunk. She was high. The brownies! Oh, those sneaky boys. "My mother made them," both of them had said. Betsy laughed again, having figured it out, but she was glad -- overjoyed. She twirled on her rollerblades, put out her arms and turned her face up to the sun absorbing the sunshine like a gift on her skin.  
  
She almost dropped her clipboard and the last two letters, having forgotten them. She was delivering mail. That’s what she was doing. Betsy was naked and delivering mail to boys in frat houses. What a great thing to do! And here she stood on her skates in front of the fourth house and she could see the backs of four heads through the picture window. She skated up the path and stepped smoothly onto the porch and came to a perfect stop in front to the door, watching her own reflection in the glass. She pressed the doorbell and watched happily through the window as four heads turned toward her.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 12.**

Betsy stood on the front porch of the Gamma Delta frat house wearing her rollerblades, helmet, knee and elbow pads -- and nothing else. She'd been going naked in public for a week, but had never felt truly comfortable doing so, until now. At this moment she didn't merely feel comfortable, but truly overjoyed at her condition.  
  
She had, of course, belatedly figured out that the brownies she'd eaten at the second of five frat houses on her route had contained a special ingredient -- marijuana. She knew she was high and she remembered how embarrassed she'd felt going nude before. Logic indicated that her current feelings were a temporary effect of the drug, but instead she felt that her eyes had finally been opened to the beauty of her situation. She was a true nudist, not a reluctant pretender who only went naked because a misunderstanding.   
  
That is what was going through Betsy's mind at rapid velocity as a boy wearing a plaid shirt and glasses opened the door and and looked at her with the same awe-struck joy she had seen in so many faces. Now she gleefully basked in his appreciation as she announced her mission to deliver the registered letter.   
  
In the living room six more boys looked at her just the same way. They were sitting in front of a big screen TV, on which another boy was saying, "Avery House, are you hearing me?"  
  
"We need a brief adjournment," said one of the guys in the room. "I so move."  
  
"Second!" another shouted.  
  
"All in favor - AYE!"  
  
"What's so important, Avery House?" asked the boy on the screen. "We were in the middle of my budget presentation."  
  
"This is what's so important," said a boy pointing a video camera at Betsy.  
  
"Holy shit," declared the television.  
  
"I'm sorry to interrupt," Betsy asked sweetly. "If one of the officers could just sign for this letter I'll be out of your way."  
  
"No, no! It's fine, no problem!" all the boys insisted in overlapping declarations.  
  
"Holy shit," whispered the television.  
  
"Oooh, cake," Betsy said. Noticing a half-eaten sheet cake with white icing and the remains of Greek letters printed in blue.  
  
"Would you like some?" a guy asked excitedly, quickly cutting a piece and scooting it onto a paper plate which he held out to her as an offering.  
  
Though what she really needed was a bit of solid food, Betsy loved cake -- especially the kind from the bakery because the icing was so light and fluffy, not like the heavy sugary icing of home-made cakes. She tucked the clipboard and two remaining letters under her arm and held the paper plate in her left hand leaving her right hand free.  
  
"Are there forks?" she asked, prompting the three boys nearest her to simultaneously lunge for table, each one wanting more than anything to provide a plastic fork for the naked girl. But in their chivalrous ardor, two of the boys began wrestling over the container of forks and as they did so one of them bumped backwards into Betsy, pushing the cake against her left breast. The boys gasped and apologized as Betsy pulled what remained of the cake away from her body. Nearly all of the icing had been transferred from the cake to Betsy's breast.   
  
One of the boys offered her a wad of paper napkins, but Betsy declined. "Can't waste this icing," she said. "It's the best part." As the boys watched in amazement, Betsy used her finger to scoop up a glob of icing from her breast and put it in her mouth. Back and forth her finger went as Betsy became entirely focused on the delicious task at hand. It took several minutes and as the icing gradually disappeared it was replaced by a shiny film of saliva as Betsy licked her finger and sent it back to rub another dab of white or blue from her skin. She had to pay particular attention to her nipple, which had become more difficult to clean now that it was puckered and erect. When she finally finished, Betsy looked up to see that the face on the TV was gone and had been replaced by a zoomed-in view of her saliva-shiny left breast.  
  
"Hey, why is my boob on TV?" she asked, "and could one of you sign this thing?" Like most girls, Betsy tended to be self-critical about her appearance, but her breasts were so perfect it had been hard for even her to find fault with them. And now, seeing her breasts on the big screen Betsy felt a rush of joy at the realization that these were hers. On the excuse of wiping the wetness from her skin, she ran her hand over her breast, watching herself do so on the screen. She lifted it and let it slide out of her grasp. She adored seeing the little bounce it made and feeling it at the same time. She had breasts, what fun, and she was so wonderfully naked in front of these adorable boys.  
  
"I guess I can sign it for you," one of the guys said as he took the clipboard. "You've earned it. Oh and the reason you're on the TV screen is that we were in the middle of a web conference with our other chapters."  
  
"Other chapters?"  
  
"Yeah, this is our national meeting. We have more than 500 houses across the commonwealth and at every one of those 500 houses there are some very happy brothers watching what's on that screen."   
  
"Holy shit," Betsy whispered as she took back the clipboard and began rolling herself backwards toward the door.  
  
When she was back outside again Betsy was again awestruck by the sky and the trees and the entire natural world and how her own naked reality belonged in it. She skated faster and faster down the lane and whirled around a lamp post on the sidewalk. The fifth and final frat house was way up on a hill overlooking the campus. It was a mansion once owned by one of the founders of the college and he bequeathed it to his own fraternity.   
  
Betsy felt like an Olympic athlete as she skated up the steep, winding driveway. By the time she reached the top she was covered in sweat but barely winded, like a race horse. She rang the doorbell.  
  
The door was opened by a butler, though a very young one. At the Omega Epsilon Omega fraternity, first-year boys worked as house servants and took their roles seriously. Charles, the student who opened the door to find a sweaty naked girl on the porch, was 19 and had served as a butler for his entire freshman year and the summer following it. Now, he was nearing the end of his year of servitude and when the new crop of freshmen arrived and were initiated into the fraternity he and the other sophomore members would be considered full-fledged Omega Men, though they would still not have as many perks and privileges of the upperclassmen.  
  
"Good afternoon, miss," Charles said, managing not to let his surprise show beyond a momentary widening of his eyes. "May I be of service to you?"  
  
Betsy politely identified herself and the young butler bowed and said "do come in please." She stepped across the threshold and glided a few feet across the shiny white and black checkered floor. The mansion was beautiful inside, but did not appear to be air conditioned.  
  
When Betsy explained that she needed the signature of one of the fraternity officers, Charles said "I'm afraid they are all away on errands at the moment, Miss Andrews, but I am quite certain they would regret having missed your visit. If you would not mind waiting I will attempt to contact one of them by telephone."  
  
"Thank you so much," Betsy said, bending her knees slightly in her best attempt to curtsy while naked and on roller-skates.  
  
Charles bowed and left the room, but returned quickly. He was carrying a large silver basin which he placed on a nearby table. It was filled with water. "I must apologize," he said. "I would have invited you to freshen up in our lavatory, but I'm afraid I do not personally have sufficient authority to invite a non-member of the fraternity to that portion of the house." He placed a white washcloth and a hand towel on the table next to the water-filled basin. "This is a poor substitute, I realize, but I thought perhaps you would like to freshen up while I attempt to reach one of the masters of the house."  
  
He left the room and Betsy found herself drawn to the cool-looking water. She took off her helmet, dipped her hands in the water and splashed a little water on her face. It felt wonderful. She unfolded the pristine white washcloth, wetted it and washed the sweat from her neck and then her chest. It felt so perfect that she continued, submerging the cloth in the cool water and then washing her arms and breasts and stomach. She unlaced her rollerblades and took them off and also her knee and elbow pads. Now completely naked, she continued giving herself a bath with the wet washrag until all of her body had been cleaned and refreshed. The water ran down her skin and pooled a little on the polished tile floor. Not wanting to dry off, she dropped the little hand towel to the floor, pushed it around with her feet and stood on it as she continued to wash.  
  
Charles returned. "I've reached our president and vice president, who are both returning to the house at once to meet you Miss Andrews. May I . . . may I bring you another towel perhaps?  
  
"That won't be necessary," Betsy said, "but Charles would you be a dear and do my back?" Dutifully, Charles took the rag and gently rubbed it on Betsy's back, watching the trickles of water roll across her perfect butt and down legs to the floor. As he did so, Betsy heard the sound of a car screeching to a halt and footsteps hurrying up the front steps. The door swung open and two young men posed in the sunny doorway wearing suits and smoking cigarettes.  
  
"Ah, very good," Charles said, still holding the dripping rag. "If I may make the introductions, Miss Andrews, this is our chapter president, Reginald DuPont, and our vice president, Trevor Kennedy."

**What a girl will do for love, Part 13.**

"Charles, you are the finest butler ever minted," declared Reginald DuPont. "Now be a good fellow and bring us some cocktails."  
  
The boys sauntered over as if they were auditioning for the latest Oceans 11 movie -- or perhaps the original with Frank and Dino because their haircuts and suits were so deliberately retro. Still dripping with water, Betsy started to explain her mission, but the boys already knew from Charles. "Yes, yes, of course we'll sign for the letter," DuPont said, "won't we, Trevor."  
  
"Absolutely, Reginald, but we must at least share a brief cocktail before we allow Miss Andrews to depart from our sight."  
  
Trevor gestured toward an arched doorway where Charles was mixing martinis near a cluster of three leather wingback chairs and among them a full-length mirror that stood in its own brass stand like the one in Alice in Wonderland. Betsy was drawn to it and watched herself walk towards it, the marble floor cool under her bare feet. She stood in front of the mirror for a scant moment, wanting to make eye contact with herself and to check herself out, and then she accepted the seat Charles offered and sank down in the rich leather chair. Her skin was still a streaked with drips of water so her butt slid wetly on the leather.  
  
Reginald and Trevor sat opposite her, each in his own wingback. From a tray, Charles placed extra large martini glasses on little tables next to each chair. The boys raised their glasses in toast to her and Betsy acknowledged with a little sip of her own drink. It was too strong for her taste and made her lips tingle.  
  
"Miss Andrews," Reginald began, "may I call you Betsy?" She nodded and he went on. "Betsy, you are probably tired of being told this, but you have the most extraordinary breasts I have ever seen."  
  
"Absolutely, Reg," Trevor put in. "Perfectly formed, and an ideal size."  
  
"With such a lovely upward tilt!"   
  
"And the nipples of a Greek goddess."  
  
"Indeed, Trevor, Aphrodite would jealous."  
  
"Oh now stop, you two," Betsy declared, not really wanting them to and truly enjoying her embarassment.  
  
"We're actually quite serious," Trevor said. "Our lives have been forever blessed by your decision to register as a full-time nudest and enroll here at Avery. The school should name a building for you."  
  
"And by the way," Reginald said. "We were so preoccupied with your breasts that I forgot to mention that you have a perfectly formed bottom."  
  
"I noticed that also," Trevor said. "A firm little butt, yet so nicely rounded."  
  
This additional compliment gave Betsy the excuse to jump up and look at herself backwards in the mirror. "Do you think so," she asked as if modeling a dress she might buy. "I never really get to see it."  
  
"And if you would forgive my boldness for saying so," Trevor said with hands clasped in sincerity, "your smooth, hairless vagina is of unparalleled beauty."  
  
"Such voluptuous, pouty lips," Reginald added in the whisper of one describing a priceless work of art. Betsy stood regarding herself in the mirror. Like most women she had a tendency to be self-critical, but now she felt utter contentment with her body and joy at its perpetual exposure.   
  
"Quite so, Reginald," Trevor said, "and just behind those lovely, pouty lips lies proof that the female body has evolved to a more perfect form than the male."  
  
"Ah Trevor, you're referring to the clitoris, of course. Yes, the female has the only body part exclusively devoted to sexual pleasure. What does it feel like, Betsy? Are you able to describe the sensation created when you touch your clitoris?"  
  
Without questioning whether she should do so in front of boys she barely knew, Betsy slipped her right index and middle fingers through the slit of her vagina and slid them wetly upwards. "It's hard to describe," she said with a shiver. "It's almost electrical." She rubbed herself steadily, looking at herself in the mirror with the boys in the background. "I feel it everywhere inside of me, down to my toes." She rubbed some more and felt an orgasm nearing and it was only at this moment that Betsy recalled that she did not normally masturbate in front of people. She also remembered seeing her cake-covered breast on television.   
  
Reluctantly pulling her hand away, Betsy turned facing the boys. "Please tell me you're not recording this," she said.  
  
"Certainly not," Reginald said. "We would not do that to you, Betsy. Though we each have camera phones in our pockets they remain there because the men of Omega are above all honorable in the treatment of women. I can promise you, Betsy, not only that we will not record this moment -- but also that none of the three of us shall ever mention it to others or in any way disclose what we have been blessed to witness. We swear."  
  
"WE SWEAR!" declared Trevor and Charles in unison as Reginald went on.  
  
"We three Omega men will forever keep this secret, we swear."  
  
"WE SWEAR!"  
  
Betsy felt a wave of affection and gratitude for each of the boys. "Thank you," she said as her hand came back to her clitoris and she began to rub it again, watching the boys watch her. She turned back to watch herself in the mirror, with the boys behind her. "Thank you," she repeated in a whisper.   
  
"We thank you, Betsy," Reginald said. "Are you enjoying being a full-time nudist?"  
  
"Oh yes," Betsy breathed. "I so love being a nudist. I'm going to stay naked all the time, all the time. I'm going to go naked all the time." Betsy nearly shouted the last sentence as the orgasm broke through her. Still rubbing herself, Betsy staggered backwards as Charles rushed to push her wingback chair behind her and she fell into it.  
  
In the mansion's great hall the grandfather clock ticked as the three men of Omega quietly waited for Betsy to open her eyes. And when she did they began to applaud.  
  
Sprawled back on the chair, her legs spread, Betsy suddenly became aware of her situation. She closed her legs and sat up straight. "Oh god," she said in a whisper. "I can't believe I did that in front of you." She was still high, but the feeling of eroticism had left her and in its place she felt embarrassment. "Please don't tell anyone."  
  
"WE SWEAR!" all three boys chanted.  
  
Betsy got to her feet, knowing she should get out of there. Her martini sat on the little table nearby, barely touched. She picked it up and drank it down in two gulps. Holding the glass to her lips she could smell her fingers and she felt sticky between her legs.  
  
Betsy put down the empty glass and looked for her skates and pads still lying in a heap on the floor next to the table that held the silver bowl in which she had washed. Instantly she knew what she wanted to do. It was the perfect thing. She walked over to the table and carefully moved the silver bowl to the floor. Then she squatted down and sat in it. The water level went up to the rim, but only a little splashed out. She put her fingers in the water to wash them off and under the water she caressed her vagina, cleaning it well. She allowed her finger to slide briefly all the way into her vagina and then she gently washed her tender clitoris.  
  
Although she had still been high when she sat down in the bowl of water, now at this specific moment the effects of drug left her. She was herself -- just shy Betsy again, sitting naked in a silver bowl of water on the floor of a mansion as three well-dressed boys watched her, two of them sipping martinis.  
  
Still sitting in the bowl she grabbed her elbow pads and slipped them on, then her knee pads and her skates. But with her skates on she couldn't get out of the bowl in her own. Seeing her struggling to do so, Charles rushed over and assisted her and as she rose to her feet Betsy felt the cool water running from her crotch down her legs.  
  
"I really should go," she said as she put on her helmet.  
  
"Of course," Reginald said with a bow and handed her the signed form. "We are honored to have met you and hope you will visit us again sometime."  
  
"And you won't tell--"  
  
"WE SWEAR!"  
  
In a moment Betsy was outside again, skating down the long driveway and then down Fraternity Lane to the busier street that ran along the edge of campus. With the back of her hand she felt her butt, still wet and cool. Dozens of people were nearby, watching her skate by and a car full of guys honked its horn as it passed.  
  
Though only a few moments ago she had felt exultant in her nudity, absolutely convinced that it was the perfect thing to do, now Betsy felt as she usually did -- embarrassed. She was naked and had to go naked every day. How had she let herself get into this situation? How long would she have to do it? For Kate. She was doing this for Kate. Betsy tried to ignore the people watching her as she imagined telling Kate about her adventurous day. Kate would love hearing all of the details -- well, most of them anyway. Betsy would leave the last frat house out of her story. There were some things Kate didn't need to know.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 14.**

It was about 7:45 on a sunny morning in West Kingsley near Avery College as a dozen people sat drinking coffee and having breakfast at the little open-air diner across the street from Betsy and Kate's little blue house with the white picket fence.  
"There she is," one of the men said quietly to those nearest him, and they all glanced up discretely to watch as Betsy rolled her bicycle out of the garage. She was wearing sneakers and her bicycle helmet, but nothing else.  
It had been more than a week since Betsy stopped wearing clothing -- or even owning any – but she still cringed every time she had to step outside. She longed to go back to wearing clothing, but feared losing Kate if she admitted the truth about herself.   
As Betsy pedaled her bicycle past the people at the diner and toward campus, her mind again churned over the events that had brought her to this predicament – a misunderstanding that she realized had been her own stupid fault. It was the summer after Betsy’s junior year in college when she met Kate, who was 25 and just finishing her MBA. Their romance began the day they met, as did their sexual relationship (which was quite unlike Betsy). They got to know each other talking in bed (between bouts of beautiful sex) about all the ordinary things she would normally have talked about on a second or third date over dinner.   
But Betsy had fallen fast for Kate. She was thrilled to be with someone so confident and decisive with whom she could place her trust and open her heart. Kate was, unquestionably, the dominant partner in their relationship and one of the ways she asserted her dominance was in keeping Betsy naked – under the pretext that this was what Betsy “wanted.” By their second full day together, Betsy was already trained to disrobe as soon as she entered Kate’s apartment and not get dressed again until she left. Kate also liked playful talk during sex, which Betsy was uncomfortable doing at first but she was eager to go along with whatever Kate wanted. It was an arousing, play-acting game in which Kate would say that the girl of her dreams would have to be a nudist girl, and then Betsy would ardently declare that she was that nudist girl of Kate’s dreams. They would almost sing the lines to each other as they began to make love.   
And this was, Betsy now realized, when the fateful misunderstanding began. Each time she was having an orgasm -- which was every few hours that first weekend -- Betsy would profess her passionate desire to go naked all the time. She even meant it – but as an erotic fantasy, not something she would actually do in real life. So she was shocked when Kate later suggested Betsy go naked in front of two of Kate’s friends, who were on their way over. Betsy thought Kate was kidding and started to remind her that the nudity thing was just a game, but she stopped short when she saw Kate’s reaction. Though they’d been together only briefly, Betsy had already witnessed Kate’s flashes of anger and was always on guard against them. Panicked and thinking of nothing but the present crisis, Betsy quickly backtracked, reiterating that she personally was a nudist, of course, but had just been making a theoretical point about other people. And so, in this way, Betsy found herself sipping wine naked in front of two women she’d never before met while doing her best to pretend she felt perfectly comfortable.  
After that evening, Betsy knew she needed to talk to Kate honestly, but procrastinated and then the whole thing was knocked out of her head when Kate surprised her with the announcement that she’d been offered a job in Kingsley, and wanted Betsy to come with her. For Betsy this was a dream come true – almost a marriage proposal, which she hoped would come next -- and she enthusiastically agreed, her other problem momentarily forgotten.  
It was only after Kate accepted the job and they were committed to moving that Kate told Betsy she had received more lucrative job offers but turned them all down to accept this lesser job in Kingsley – and that she had done so as a gift to Betsy (for which she assumed Betsy was sufficiently grateful). Huron, she assumed Betsy knew, was the most nudist-friendly province in the country.   
Betsy imagined living with Kate in a little yellow house, but that sometimes on weekends they’d go to a nude beach or a nudist resort where everyone around them was nude also – Kate included. Betsy decided she could adapt to that since it was important to Kate.   
Had she been a real nudist, Betsy might have been following the news about a year earlier when the Provincial High Court of Huron ruled that public indecency laws could not be applied to citizens who were committed a life of full-time nudity. Betsy did not, in fact, come to appreciate the enormity of this misunderstanding until the day they arrived in Huron and Kate happily discarded the last of Betsy’s clothing. At last realizing she was expected (not just by Kate but by the province of Huron) to go completely naked every moment of every day and in every public place imaginable, Betsy again tried desperately to explain. But she could not make the confession come out of her mouth because she knew it would be the end of their relationship. Had she faced up to it earlier there may have been a resolution, but Betsy had been deceiving Kate for weeks and now her lies had caught up with her. Kate would never forgive this. It would be the end.  
That first day in Huron Betsy was an emotional wreck and just tried to stay in doors. In the morning Kate left for her first day at the new job leaving Betsy naked in a house with no food and a list of errands she was supposed to run. Still paralyzed with indecision, Betsy saw a chance to delay the inevitable, but it came at a high cost. She forced herself to go to the grocery store naked. It was the most difficult thing she had ever done, and it was even more difficult when she realized there were apparently no other full-time nudists in Kingsley (most of them tending to make their homes in the warmer southern regions).   
Not that Betsy had any intention of pretending to be a nudist for more than a day or two. It was just until she could figure out what to do, or at least to have one more day in Kate’s life before her dream died. Each night in bed after Kate was asleep, Betsy would vow to herself that she must tell Kate tomorrow. Yet each morning she decided she could put it off one more day by forcing herself to go somewhere naked, one more time – and in this way more than a week had gone by.  
Betsy’s most recent humiliation was having to show up naked for a one-week student job assignment with the campus mail service. When she’d volunteered for it she had no idea she’d be doing it nude, but somehow she had done so two days in a row and was about to start her third. She dismounted her bike and rolled it through the door of the mail center where her three co-workers were already strapping on their skates and their elbow and knee pads. Other than the matching equipment they had no official uniform and none of them wore much because of the August heat. The handsome and perfectly-built Dean (not that she was interested) often went shirtless, and the two other girls wore tiny shorts and halters or tube tops. But for Betsy the rollerblading gear was her only attire.   
The two other girls were opposites in appearance and personality: Shandra was a skinny black girl with a gigantic smile and an infectious giggle, and Melody a magenta-haired white girl always in a bad mood and a little too plump to dress the way she did. Each day, Betsy, Dean, Shandra and Melody were divided into two-person teams and given heavy packs of mail that consisted largely of academic papers and journals that the professors were still too old-fashioned to receive electronically. The delivery routes took them all over the campus and the surrounding residential area where most of the faculty lived.   
It was difficult enough to have to do this naked, but apparently there was a tradition in which the two teams competed each day for the best time – and Melody took the daily races very seriously. Betsy did her best to compete, not really caring who won. But because she had to push herself to go a top speed throughout the day, Betsy she was always dripping with sweat as she careened madly down the hallways, sometimes nearly colliding with the occasional professor or student who was there early. As she tossed the packages onto a professor's desk she sometimes also left a few accidental drops of sweat on his paperwork. Always apologizing for this, Betsy did not realize that as she twirled to exit she would spray each professor again as her wet ponytail swung behind her on the turn.  
Some buildings were virtually empty and she could skate as fast as she wished and drop the mail into mailboxes instead of going into the offices. The Art Dept. building was one such empty building, or so it seemed. Betsy had only two items to drop off and then all she needed to do was barrel down the long empty hallway to the exit.  
However, as she came flying around one of the turns Betsy discovered that she was not entirely alone on the floor. There, in the middle of one of the arched doorways -- directly in her path -- a girl stood on one foot upon a wooden stool with her other foot stretched over to a window ledge as she reached for something above the top of the archway. And she was naked.  
Betsy had never seen any other naked person since she came to Huron, and she was so surprised that it delayed her attempt to stop -- and then she realized it was too late. She could not see the girl's face, which was above the doorway frame -- and the girl could not possibly have seen Betsy coming. Betsy tried dragging her toe brake and skidding sideways, but her momentum was just too much. The naked girl was about three feet off the ground, her crotch at Betsy's eye level. In the second before the collision, Betsy noticed that, like herself, the girl was completely hairless between her legs, the poofy slit of her vagina slightly open because her legs were spread with one bare foot on the rickety stool and the other stretched three feet away, her toes gripping the marble window ledge.  
Betsy barely had time to register this image before her face plowed into the hairless vagina as the girl was knocked off of her precarious footing. Temporarily blinded but hoping to keep the girl from injury, Betsy wrapped her arms around the long white legs and squeezed tight. At the same time, she threw her heels together to go into a spin in order to dissipate the remaining momentum. As she did this, Betsy became aware that her nose had somehow slipped between the lips of the girl's vagina. It did not stay there for long, however, because the girl's body began to slowly slip through Betsy's grasp. Betsy's own body was coated with sweat so it was hard for her to keep a grip on the naked body, which slowly slid downwards.   
Betsy's nose slid out of the girl's pussy, slid wetly across her clitoris, and then traced a path up her belly, under and then over one breast, at which point the girl's nipple caught briefly on Betsy's lower lip. Then, for a disconcerting moment they were face to face, the girl's blue eyes wide with shock. Betsy wanted to apologize, but the face disappeared again, continuing to slide down Betsy's sweaty body, across her own breasts and stomach. When they at last came to a full stop, the naked girl's legs were sprawled on the floor, her arms still wrapped tightly around Betsy's legs, and her face buried deep between Betsy's legs. Two full seconds passed as they held that position and then the girl withdrew her now-shiny face from Betsy's pussy, looked up to reassure herself the movement had actually stopped, and then she let go, falling backwards onto the floor.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 15.**

"I'm so SO sorry!" Betsy was repeating over and over as she reached out to help the girl to her feet. Large patches of the girl's skin were smeared with Betsy's sweat, and Betsy had an intense urge to meticulously wipe it off with her hands. The girl had dark hair, large blue eyes, full lips and pale white skin with freckles on her chest and shoulders. Her expression by now had changed from shock and fear to surprise and delight as she exclaimed, "it's you!"  
  
Betsy was used to hearing those two words, mostly from guys.   
  
"I've been hoping to meet you," the girl went on. "You're, like, my role model! You're doing exactly what I wish I could do -- being a full-time, registered nudist."  
  
"Oh … you're not one too?" Betsy asked, realizing she was disappointed.  
  
The girl shook her head. "No, I just go nude where I legally can, like at the house where I live and here in the studios. I work as a model for the art classes and hang out here a lot. My name is Michelle by the way."  
  
She put out her hand and Betsy shook it, both of them instantly giggling at the formality of the gesture after the accidental intimacy of their meeting, the scent of which was still in their nostrils. "So what exactly were you doing up there?" Betsy asked, looking up at the doorway.  
  
"Just putting new batteries in the smoke alarm. It was beeping."  
  
Betsy was vaguely aware she was in an open space of scattered work tables and large, unfinished pieces of art, and from somewhere across the studio came the sound of music and the scent of pot. She did not want to look away from Michelle, who was excitedly bouncing on the balls of her feet as she yelled, "Seth, come quick. It’s Betsy Andrews, the nudist!"  
  
A guy came across the room with a big smile and a can of paint he was still stirring. "Cool to meet you, Betsy," he said. "My girlfriend is totally infatuated with you, if she hasn't told you that yet."  
  
"Seth!" Michelle admonished.  
  
"You know you are."  
  
Michelle was blushing now, and because her skin was so white the redness spread unhindered down her neck and across her chest. "I can tell you were in a big hurry, Betsy," she said, putting out her hand again. "I don't want to keep you, but I'm glad I met you."  
  
Reminded that she'd lost valuable time in the stupid race, Betsy grabbed Michelle's hand in both of hers. "I'm so glad I met you, too! I haven't met any other nudists since I've been here.”  
  
"I’m not a real nudist like you, but I hope to be.”  
  
“No, I’m not . . . I mean, I don’t think you should . . . just don’t rush it,” Betsy said, suddenly conflicted. “Being a full-time nudist is an incredibly big commitment that no one should feel pressured into making. As far as I’m concerned, you can be ‘real’ nudist however you’re comfortable doing it.”  
  
Michelle’s eyes filled with grateful tears and she could only nod as Betsy waved goodbye and skated away down the hallway, how hopelessly late. Melody was Betsy's racing partner that day and she was livid about the delay, which ultimately caused them to lose the day's competition against Dean and Shandra. Betsy didn't care and ignored Melody's abuse, grinning as she casually finished the route with the worst time of the group.  
  
“You suck at this,” Melody growled as she threw her skates into the bin.   
  
But Betsy was in too good of a mood to care. “Oh Mel!” she exclaimed with false affection. “You’re so much fun. Let’s be on the same team every day!”  
  
That night, Betsy gingerly mentioned to Kate that she'd encountered another naked girl. Kate had always been eager to hear about Betsy's erotic adventures – when she was the only one naked and the observers were male. How she would feel about having another naked woman in the equation was a big unknown, so Betsy was cautious and left out a few key details.  
  
“Did meeting her turn you on?" Kate asked.  
  
Betsy had already decided how to answer. “Not really. I mean, the situation itself was exciting, but I wasn't attracted to her specifically."  
  
"Why not? Isn't she pretty?"  
  
"Oh, she's pretty in a certain way," Betsy said carefully, "but not my type. Actually,YOU would probably like her now that I think of it. She's a bit like me, I guess, but I'm not attracted to girls like me. I'm attracted to girls like YOU."  
  
"How am I different?" Kate asked, caressing Betsy’s thigh. Alarms went off in Betsy's head. This was a minefield. She knew how her answer had to begin "You're more physically attractive for one thing." There, she'd gotten that in right away. Then: "And you turn me on more because you're so confident and strong, not just physically but strong in every way. You're both pretty and powerful. That's the kind of person I'm attracted to."   
  
Betsy's eloquence was not entirely spontaneous, but the result of much practice, trial and error. Kate liked everything to be a certain way, including what her lover said about her. She could turn prickly on a dime when Betsy did not say things quite right. Betsy believed everything she said -- except the part about whether she was attracted to Michelle. In truth, Betsy remembered every nanosecond of the encounter, as if her mind had recorded it frame by frame as in a movie.   
  
Of course, Betsy had no intention of acting on her feelings of attraction. She loved Kate and was absolutely devoted to her, regardless of what involuntary attractions she may sometimes have – and besides, Michelle was clearly straight. That night in bed, as Kate made love to her, Betsy again let her mind replay that moment. She remembered having her arms wrapped tightly around Michelle’s thighs, her nose somehow slipping right into Michelle’s warm, wet pussy. It was almost as if they’d performed a circus stunt, and here Betsy imagined that she and Michelle were acrobats and this was the act they had practiced day after day, again and again until they’d gotten it perfect. Now they were performing before a huge crowd, which stood as one applauding as in the finale Betsy is spinning on her skates holding Michelle aloft, her nose expertly planted in Michelle’s vagina, exactly as they practiced it. The crowd roared, and outside of her fantasy Betsy let out a scream as Kate’s tongue continued to dance upon Betsy’s clitoris.  
  
The next day, Friday, was to be her last day delivering mail and Betsy was glad when she was partnered with Dean. She liked how he treated her – not exactly ignoring her nudity, but not focusing on it either. He flirted with her the same way he probably would have had she been clothed, and he was pretty good about not ogling.   
  
As she sorted out her share of the day's mail, Betsy saw that she did not have anything for the Art Dept. building. That was for the best, she told herself. She wasn’t really worried that she and Michelle would become physically or romantically involved. She would never let that happen, and she doubted Michelle had any such interest anyway. The real worry, Betsy knew, was that Michelle might be inspired by Betsy to register as a full-time nudist. Betsy had fantasized about that last night too, picturing them hanging out together naked on campus. But in the light of morning Betsy remembered that she had no intention of remaining a registered nudist for long. She was only doing this for a little while until she worked out a solution – that’s all. It would be wrong to encourage Michelle, even accidentally, to make such a commitment if Betsy was just going to quit doing it herself as soon as she found an opportunity. So staying away from Michelle was the smart thing to do.   
  
As a reward for her resolve, Betsy allowed herself to fantasize that Michelle was skating with them as she and Dean crisscrossed campus and the surrounding neighborhoods. It was another hot and humid day, so Michelle would be sweating as much as Betsy, and in her fantasy they were such good friends that they frequently hugged, their bodies sliding wetly against each other.   
  
At lunchtime Betsy and Dean found a wooden bench in the shade. Dean straddled the bench facing sideways. Betsy considered sitting sideways in a more ladylike fashion, but since Dean thought she was a real nudist, Betsy decided to straddle the bench also and they sat facing each other with their food spread out in between them.  
  
Dean wore only those thin, tight white denim cutoffs of his, and no shirt. He had broad, muscular shoulders and just the right sprinkling of sandy curls on his broad chest. It was obvious he had an erection, and Betsy was also aroused from her morning of fantasies. She decided to give him a treat on their last day working together, so she pretended to become fascinated by the shape of a cloud, looking up and focusing her eyes intently on it as she described it to him. It was not actually a remarkable cloud, but Betsy wanted to let sweet, handsome Dean have a nice, long look between her legs as she leaned back with her elbows on the bench and talked dreamily about the sky.   
  
In the afternoon their routes took them together down the same street as Betsy delivered to the buildings on the right and Dean to those on the left. They made their own little competition out of it, but unlike with Melody the race itself wasn’t important, so playing it was fun. As they finished the street, Dean pointed across campus to another cluster of buildings where Mel and Shandra were working. “You know,” he said, “they have about as much left to do as we do. Feel like kicking Melody's ass on your last day?"  
  
Betsy liked that idea a lot and quickened her pace as her path diverged from Dean’s and they went down separate streets. She was making good time when she came in sight of the Art Dept. building and felt the impulse to just skate through and say a quick hi. She knew she shouldn't. There was no need to go into the building at all, and the delay might cost them the race chance to put Melody in her place. Yet like an alcoholic pouring a drink while telling himself not to, Betsy skated up to the door and went in.  
  
"Stupid idea," she muttered out loud as she skated down the empty hallway towards the art studios. Promising herself she would simply skate by and wave, Betsy rounded the curve and slowed as she passed through the doorway into the studio. No one was there, and all the lights were out. "Stupid," Betsy repeated and hurried through the doorway to the exit.  
  
As she emerged into the humid afternoon she caught a glimpse of magenta as Melody zoomed between two nearby buildings. Betsy pushed herself to go faster, but Melody soon noticed her and raised her own game in response.  
  
They both had two more buildings to get through and did so at breakneck speed. By the time they both had made their last deliveries Melody was still ahead, but not by much. Now they just had to make it a few hundred meters back to the office, the unofficial finish line for each day’s competition.  
  
Melody was fast, but Betsy’s skills had improved considerably that week and now she was both confident in her abilities and determined to beat Melody. As Betsy rocketed down a smooth sidewalk picking up speed she became aware of a vehicle pacing her on the road. She took a quick glance, expecting it to be some leering guys in a car but it was a Channel 5 van with the side door open, a big video camera pointed at her.  
  
Crap, Betsy thought. She could tell it was the same TV crew that had been at the auction. Why couldn’t they just leave her alone? She tried to ignore the van, but its presence made Betsy more determined than ever. If, once again, she had to be seen on TV naked, it was NOT going to be in the process of losing to Melody. Betsy shot into the lead, surprising Melody, who noticed the TV van for the first time. The news crew stayed with them as Betsy widened her lead, her athletic, naked body glistening with sweat as her long legs pumped a perfect skater’s stride.   
  
When she was about 50 meters from the goal, the TV news truck suddenly sped up and left her behind. Betsy did not have time to decide whether to be insulted by this before she saw the van park along the road up ahead. The cameraman tumbled out like a Marine taking a hill and was quickly set up and pointing his camera at her to capture the dramatic finish as if it were an Olympic event.  
  
As she approached, the finish line Betsy could see her reflection in the building’s darkly-tinted windows, and Melody was now far behind her. Betsy could have coasted to an easy stop, but she barreled on, wanting her margin of victory to be as devastating as possible. Eat that, Mel.  
  
Dean and Shandra were waiting for them, both cheering her on from the cool shade of the trees that surrounded the building’s main entrance. Betsy went into a skid as she crossed the finish line and aimed for Dean’s perfect, bare chest. He grinned with the easy confidence she had come to adore in him, setting his feet as he held out his arms to catch her.   
  
At this moment Betsy remembered that Kate might soon be watching this on the evening news, but there was really no time to factor this into what was about to transpire. Her skates had already left the pavement and the cameraman expertly followed the arc of Betsy’s glistening, suntanned body as she leaped into Dean’s awaiting arms.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 16.**

Although Betsy had slowed down considerably just before she crossed the finish line, she still had more speed than she anticipated when she leaped into Dean’s arms. He was strong and had no trouble catching the 115-pound Betsy, but it quickly became apparent to both of them that her sweaty naked body would be hard to hold onto. Betsy felt him squeezing her tighter against his own bare chest, but she still kept slipping a little at a time as he swung her in a circle to absorb the momentum. She clamped her wrists behind his neck and they managed to hold onto each other until Betsy came to a stop.  
  
Conscious of the burly cameraman only four feet away, Betsy politely disentangled her limbs from Dean’s and gave him a sisterly teammate’s peck on the cheek. Her emotions were in a jumble. The erotic events of the day and her exhilaration over defeating Melody were giving her a superficial feeling of confidence, while underneath she felt a rising panic. She was about to be seen naked on television again, having to keep pretending that this was her choice – but in so doing trapping herself still further into a life of constant nudity. Each day she had told herself it would soon be over, that she would find an escape, but where was that escape? She could end the charade right now by revealing the truth on camera and renouncing her vow of nudity. But she would lose Kate for sure that way – as well as reveal her duplicity to new friends like Dean, who even now was giving her a big grin and a thumbs up as she was about to face the camera. Looking in his eyes and at his expression, Betsy felt a resurgence of the sensual pleasures she had enveloped her all day, and out in the plaza she saw Melody finally approaching the finish line. No, Betsy would not confess her secret; not today.  
  
The TV reporter stepped in front of the camera and in a loud, practiced voice declared, “I’m here with Betsy Andrews, the Avery nudist. Betsy, you’ve just won some kind of race. What was this event we just witnessed?”  
  
Betsy was leaning over with her hands on her knees catching her breath and dripping sweat from her chin and nose as like an NBA star being interviewed after a big win. “That was just . . . a friendly little race we have every day while we … deliver mail,” Betsy panted. “Oh look, there’s Melody. Good try, Mel! You’re getting better, girl. Don’t give up on your dreams.”  
  
The cameraman reluctantly left her for a few seconds to catch Melody huffing in, her magenta hair plastered to her skull, and her face nearly the same color. Shandra, having technically been on Melody’s side, tried to offer a consoling word and a pat on the butt, but Melody brushed past her with a snarl that the cameraman caught in a closeup just before panning swiftly back to Betsy.  
  
“Betsy,” the interviewer was shouting, “our viewers last saw you one week ago at the Peabody & Strunk Charity Auction. Have you been naked the entire time since then?  
  
“Of course,” Betsy said. “Every moment.”  
  
“Well us all what you’ve been up to -- naked.”  
  
Betsy tried to talk about fixing up her house, getting ready for the start of school and working for the delivery service, but the interviewer kept bringing the conversation back to Betsy’s nudity, until Betsy finally gave the answer she knew the reporter wanted. “Yes, I've been enjoying going naked all the time. I choose to live in the nude, and in Huron I am able to do that." She looked into the camera, now speaking directly to Kate. “And I’m so grateful to the most important person in my life because she sacrificed an opportunity to--” Betsy stopped in mid-sentence, remembering just in time that Kate probably wouldn’t want her to reveal that the Peabody & Strunk job had not been her first choice.  
  
“Sacrificed what kind of opportunity?” the reporter prodded, shoving the microphone back in Betsy’s face.  
  
“Well, to . . . be … with a more normal person than I am,” Betsy said, her eyes getting wet. “So I’m just grateful that she … accepts my … um, my overwhelming desire to be … naked all the time.”  
  
“Oh that’s so sweet,” the interviewer gushed. “And do you find, Betsy, that your nudity is an advantage in a job like this that apparently involves so much … perspiring?” Before Betsy could decide how to reply the reporter exclaimed to the cameraman, “can the folks at home see how sweaty Betsy is?”   
  
The cameraman zoomed in to record the progress of a trickle of perspiration sparkling in the sun as it rolled along the underside of Betsy’s right breast and continued down her belly to her crotch. Betsy found herself chattering on about how her body cools itself not just by excreting sweat, but by the process of sweat drying on her bare skin. But every time she said the words “naked” or “sweaty” or “my bare skin” her sexual excitement grew. She had already made herself aroused much of the day dreaming of Michelle and flirting with Dean. Her victory over Melody had been a pleasure rush of a different sort, but it got her adrenaline surging in a way that somehow merged with her sensual feelings, especially when she ended the race in Dean’s strong arms, her sweaty body slippery against his dry skin. And now, here she was on TV again talking about her love of nudity in front of thousands of people.  
  
Suddenly remembering that fact – that she was not just talking to Kate through the camera, but to Kate and the entire Kingsley metro area – Betsy tried to conclude the interview, but the reporter said she had just one more question. "Betsy, we received quite a lot of mail after our last interview with you, and many of our viewers are curious about how you keep your pubic area so smooth and hairless. Do you shave or wax?"  
  
This was something Betsy had been asked many times already, typically by men she had just met, and usually she ignored the question to make it clear that she considered it overly personal. But it was harder to do that with the microphone at her lips and the cameraman down on one knee to get a steady close-up of her crotch.   
  
"Actually," Betsy said, as perkily as she could, "I had laser hair removal treatment there and on my legs and underarms as well, so I never have to shave anymore." This news prompted even more fascination on the part of the interviewer and more probing looks by the camera to show the audience that Betsy indeed had no hint of stubble. She held up her arms to display her underarms and breasts, but the camera was tempted away from her pussy only briefly before it drifted back down her body.  
  
As this was going on, Betsy realized she could see the camera's monitor reflected in the cameraman’s mirrored glasses and she realized that her pussy would soon be filling TV screens in homes and bars across the city. She felt the heat of embarrassment burning on her cheeks, and the panic center of her brain tried to sound its alarm, but her embarrassment was overwhelmed by a new wave of sexual arousal that made her gasp in surprise as if an invisible person had just touched her clitoris.   
  
Remembering a similar conversation the first time she’d gone nude in front of Kate’s friends at the old apartment, Betsy said, "Well, it was easy for me because I really didn't have much pubic hair to begin with." She ran her finger across her skin just above her pussy. "Just a little here, but it was fairly sparse, and nothing at all down in this area." Here she spread her stance more and thrust her pelvis forward as with her finger she traced the path on either side of her vagina. “Of course, some women are happy with their natural pubic hair, and I think that’s absolutely fine, really -- for them -- but for me personally I like to be completely smooth down here, and as a nudist I like that people can see my … my vagina because I think it’s so beautiful. I don’t mean that mine is prettier than someone else’s -- not necessarily -- but just that vaginas in general are beautiful.”  
  
Feeling that perhaps she had exhausted this topic, Betsy stopped talking and nonchalantly raised her hand out of the picture, allowing her fingers to lightly caress herself, her pinky slipping through the slit just enough to glide lightly across her clitoris.  
  
When at last the now-satiated TV crew climbed back into their van and drove away, Betsy glided inside to change out of her campus-issued gear and turn it in for the last time. Melody was long gone, but Shandra had waited for a goodbye hug. Betsy hugged Dean too, allowing her breasts to touch his bare chest again. After Shandra was gone Dean suggested perhaps they should get a drink together to celebrate the end of the job and glory in their win over Melody.   
  
“I’m not sure if I have time,” Betsy said, glancing up at the office clock. “Kate and I go out to dinner on Fridays.” She stripped off her helmet, pads and skates, dropping into the bin. Although these items had not covered any intimate part of her, having them gone somehow made her feel newly naked. She pushed her bicycle outside and Dean followed, stopping to sit on a bench to re-strap his sandals. Mounting her bike barefoot (her sneakers stowed in the basket), Betsy inched closer to where Dean sat, knowing he was now eye level with her bicycle seat. She made a show of digging through her purse to find her cellphone to check the time. She wanted to let him look at her again as she pretended to be absorbed in her phone.   
  
Betsy actually did think that her vagina was more attractive that others she'd seen. She was glad she did not have those untidy flaps of labia dangling out like some girls. Kate’s was a little like that, plus she had too much hair, which Betsy had begun tending for her because Kate would barely get her legs shaved more than once a week if Betsy had not started doing these things for her.  
  
But Betsy’s pussy was an ideal model for the advantages of complete pubic hair removal because it was such a perfect, poofy slit. Of course, when she was this aroused, Betsy knew it tended to open up a little, and she wondered if Dean was seeing glimpse of shiny pink. She dropped her phone back into her purse and looked at him, catching his eyes lost between her legs, his sandals forgotten. He was normally so self-disciplined she wondered if he would be embarrassed at being caught.  
  
But he just raised his eyes slowly and without apology up Betsy’s body until he finally reached her eyes. "So,” he said. “How about that drink?"

**What a girl will do for love, Part 17.**

"Okay, but just one drink," Betsy said. Kate wouldn’t be home for more than an hour, and Betsy didn't need to cook because they always went out to dinner on Friday nights -- a tradition that began back when Betsy still wore clothing to restaurants. Since they moved to Huron – and Betsy began her life as a full-time nudist – she preferred eating at home with no one staring at her. Except Kate, of course.   
  
Most days Betsy felt acutely uncomfortable going nude in public and had to force herself to do it, but today had been an exception. Certain things tended to make her relax about being naked, and sometimes even enjoy it. Alcohol and marijuana certainly loosened her anxiety, but she hadn’t had either. She knew it was the feelings of arousal that sometimes came upon her and pushed her embarrassment aside for a while. Today had been a very arousing day, even before the interview with the TV crew -- which left Betsy feeling extremely sexy. In her state, the thought of having handsome Dean flirting with her for another half hour was appealing. Not that she was actually attracted to him in any real way. This was just a little flirtation, and even though she was a lesbian she could appreciate his physical attributes – the broad shoulders and full chest, so often exposed.   
  
Betsy let Dean ride in front and as she followed him she positioned herself on her bicycle seat so that her clitoris was getting a good vibration, and then she made a point of hitting all of the bumps and rough pavement she could find along the way. She thought about Michelle, whom she had only met once the day before. Michelle actually wanted to be a full-time nudist like Betsy -- or like what she thought Betsy was. If she were not already so aroused, Betsy would have felt conflicted over Michelle’s admiration of her, but after the long, sexy day and now with her clitoris feeling every bump in the sidewalk, Betsy was felling pretty good about being naked. Sometimes when she reached this point she felt euphoric, because it always seemed so clear to her. She could simply accept being a nudist. That would solve all of her problems, and at this moment she was certain she wanted it. She wanted to go naked all the time. All the time (bump) all the time (bump) all the time.  
  
When they reached the bar she was exquisitely close to having an orgasm while riding a bicycle and she laughed out loud wondering if she could have done so without wrecking. As she coasted up to the bike rack Dean had found next to a fountain, Betsy wished she could simply masturbate to orgasm openly right then and there and get it over with, but even in her semi-crazed state she knew that would be both inappropriate and even illegal. Huron’s legal protections of nudity did not extend to public displays of sexual behavior.  
  
After they parked their bikes she motioned for Dean to wait as she stepped into the ankle-deep water and put her body in the path of the spraying water. Her intention was to cool down her arousal under the guise of washing off the perspiration of the long day, but it wasn’t working. The water was so warm from the sun it was like taking a shower in the open -- as Dean and half a dozen passersby paused everything they were doing to watch.   
  
She stepped out of the fountain and stood in front of him, knowing if she stayed there another second he would kiss her. She wanted him to, but no, she told herself -- that would be very bad. Before he could react, she turned and made wet footprints on the sidewalk, stepping up to the doorway and pushing in the door to the bar.  
  
Inside, the air conditioning blasted her as if she had entered a walk-in freezer. Her wet skin erupted in goose bumps and her nipples hardened into points. But that was good, she decided, because this would finally cool the fire between her legs and allow her to start thinking rationally again. She would only have one drink. She would not kiss him. She would not let him kiss her. She would not masturbate (not yet anyway).  
  
They sat facing each other in what would have been a booth had the original table been retained. In its place was a little, wooden coffee table. Betsy normally ordered white wine, but had gotten into the habit of taking sips of Kate's vodka tonics, so she'd ordered one as she sat in a slowly growing puddle made from her own dripping body. She shivered involuntarily.  
  
"You cold?" Dean asked.   
  
"Yes, very. But I like that sometimes."  
  
Dean shook his head, smiling. “You are really something else. I’m going to miss being around you every day.”  
  
“Because of my sparkling personality?”  
  
“Partly.”  
  
“Only partly?” Betsy asked as with both hands she ran her fingers through her still-sopping hair, raining more cold droplets down on shoulders and breasts.  
  
“Well, let’s see, there’s also those blue eyes of yours, and that great smile – but something else too.” He studied her body from top to bottom. “I know what it is: You have cute toes.”  
  
Betsy laughed. “You are so smooth. I’ll bet you have a dozen girlfriends.”  
  
“Actually, none at the moment. I’m very selective.”  
  
“Waiting for the perfect girl?”  
  
“Well, I would say there’s no such thing as a perfect girl, but you’ve disproven that theory.”  
  
“Oh you!” She reached over with one bare foot and gave his knee a reprimanding nudge. She told herself it was a platonic gesture, like a friendly punch on the shoulder, but she just wanted to touch him. Then, she didn’t put her foot back down on the floor, but instead rested her calf on the little table as she leaned back, nonchalantly hooking her elbows over back rail of the bench.  
  
They chatted about other things, including their class schedules for the coming semester, and then the waitress was back because their glasses were empty. Betsy looked at the clock and decided she still had a little time so she ordered another. Her skin had mostly dried, except her butt which was still in a puddle while a few rivulets still trickled across her body, fed by slow drips from her hair. The goosebumps were long gone, but her skin felt tight, cold and hard as if she had turned into a porcelain statue, her nipples frozen forever at attention. She glanced down past her breasts to the vertical line of her vagina, now snugly closed against the cold. She knew that behind that little doorway it was so very warm inside her body, and she imagined a tiny puff of steam might emerge if she were to widen her legs just a little.   
  
“What are you smiling at?” Dean asked, snapping her out of the fantasy.  
  
She took a sip of her fresh drink, feeling the tingle of vodka on her lips. “A woman never answers that question.” Then, on an impulse she could not control Betsy poked one of her breasts and declared with mock concern, “I think they may have frozen solid.”  
  
Dean nearly had to spit out a mouthful of his drink, but was too cool to do so. “Is there anything I can do to help you with that? I wouldn’t mind – really. It’s no trouble at all.”  
  
“So kind of you to offer,” Betsy said primly, “but I have Kate to help me with things like that.”  
  
Dean nodded sadly. “Yes, I know, I know -- you’re a lesbian and you’re in a committed relationship. That makes me very sad, you know.”  
  
“Does that mean I’m not perfect after all?”  
  
He took another long look at her and shrugged. “Somehow you’re still perfect. I don’t know how you do that. Maybe it’s these toes.” He gently squeezed her littlest toe between his thumb and forefinger and gave it a little wiggle. “Or maybe it’s because you’re so amazingly naked all the time.”  
  
“Finally,” she said in pretend huffiness.  
  
“What?”  
  
“No, I’m just kidding. It’s just that we’ve known each other all this time—“  
  
“Five days.”  
  
“—and you never ask me about … you know, my nudity. That’s all everybody else wants to talk about. Like those TV people.”  
  
“So I figured you were tired of being asked about it. But I’m happy to have been wrong.”  
  
“I was really only kidding.”  
  
“Are you sure? Because it sounded like you wanted to talk about your nudity. Should we talk about your nudity?”  
  
Betsy felt the heat wave of a blush spreading across her face and chest and she knew that despite her suntan it was showing. She knew he was just kidding her back and that she could just change the subject, but instead she whispered, “you start.”   
  
Dean smiled and continued to manipulate her toes as he looked at her body. “Well, first off I think it’s a beautiful thing you’re doing, and I count it among my blessings that I get to witness it. And not only is it unbelievably cool that you can so casually go naked a hundred percent of the time, but you also happen to have a perfect body. Okay, your turn.”  
  
“My turn?”  
  
“To talk about your nudity. It’s your turn.”  
  
She giggled and covered her mouth. “I think I already covered that subject in front of the whole city of Kingsley.”  
  
“You did a good job of that,” Dean agreed, “but I notice you’re sitting in a puddle. People who wear clothes usually don’t sit in puddles.”  
  
Betsy lifted her butt a few centimeters off the bench as if she were going to stand, but then plopped herself back down, making a little splash and sending her breasts wobbling. “Well, that’s ONE good thing about it.”  
  
“Only one thing?”  
  
Betsy was feeling a little drunk and wanted to tell Dean everything. “On days like today it’s fun to be naked, but most days it’s not.”  
  
Dean looked puzzled. “Oh? Then … why do you do it?”  
  
“It’s complicated,” Betsy sighed, looking up at the clock, “and now I’m totally out of time. Plus I have to pee.”  
  
Dean paid for the drinks while Betsy went off to find the restrooms. When she stood up out of the puddle, water ran from her shiny, wet butt down the backs of her legs, and the breeze from the air conditioning felt icy cold on her bottom. When she found the ladies room there was a wait and she had to stand in front of a big air conditioner fan. Her teeth were chattering by the time it was finally her turn, and the bathroom was just as cold. When she finally stepped out of the bar into the sunny, afternoon the heat felt wonderful. There was good old Dean waiting for her, shirtless in the sun. She hugged him again to say goodbye, pressing her cold porcelain breasts against his sun-warmed skin.  
  
She broke away from the embrace and immediately took a step backwards to lessen the chances of being swept up in a kiss. They said a platonic goodbye and Betsy mounted her bike and pedaled off barefoot. Having done the right thing with Dean, Betsy rewarded herself by again positioning her clitoris in just the right spot and hitting all the bumps on the ride home. When she reached the little blue house, Betsy just wanted to get inside and masturbate, but now it was too close to the time Kate would be home. Not that Betsy didn’t have enough time -- she knew she could climax in 20 seconds of purposeful effort -- but she decided to wait and share the experience with Kate.   
  
They would be going to eat, but first Betsy would tell Kate all about her interview with the TV news team and they would watch the Channel 5 news together and Betsy would have her glorious orgasm. She took a fast shower, dried her hair and was putting on her makeup when she heard Kate's car pull into the driveway. She was waiting by the door wearing her dressy sandals and her pearls when Kate came in.  
  
They kissed while Kate caressed her bottom. "You ready to go, babe?"  
  
"Let's wait ‘til after the news," Betsy said coyly. "There may be something you want to see."  
  
Kate chuckled. "So Channel 5 caught up with you this afternoon?"  
  
"Hey! How did you know? That was supposed to be a surprise."  
  
"I knew because they called Peabody and Strunk asking about you. They knew the connection from the auction and apparently weren't sharp enough journalists to find a naked girl on their own. You can tell me all about it in the car; we have to get going."  
  
"But why can't we just go out to eat later?" Betsy pleaded. "After the news and . . . whatever we might be doing during the news." Here she grabbed Kate's right hand and put it between her legs.  
  
Kate immediately put her middle finger through Betsy's wet slit, sliding it up to massage her clitoris as she said between kisses, "I already told you … that we were going … to Alice's for dinner… She knows you might … be on the evening news … and we'll watch it there…. So let's go." With that, the kisses stopped and Kate’s finger was gone. When Betsy opened her eyes Kate was stepping out the door and motioning for her to follow.

**What a girl will do for love, Part 18.**

Betsy had no choice but to follow Kate out the kitchen door, so she grabbed a paper towel on the way so she could at least dry herself between the legs in the car. She was absolutely certain Kate had NOT told her about this, but no good would come of saying so. It would just cause an argument.   
  
And now, here she was going off yet again to some business dinner at which she would be an object on display – Kate’s novelty nudist girlfriend – and she would have to pretend yet again that it was her choice to be naked all the time. She remembered how good she’d felt an hour ago, almost convincing herself that this was something she might actually do long-term, but how could she really do that? She had to tell Kate eventually.  
  
“So,” Kate said, caressing Betsy’s thigh as she drove, “tell me what’s going to be on the news.”  
  
“I – I don’t know,” Betsy said. But now she was worried. Was there going to be something in that news clip that would annoy Kate? Betsy had anticipated watching it alone with Kate, but now they might see it with Alice and whoever else was coming to dinner. Oh god, she’d be sitting there with people she didn’t know wearing their business suits and on TV they’d use the part where she talked about why she had no hair between her legs. Kate wouldn’t be bothered by that part, Betsy was sure, but watching it with other people would be uncomfortable for Betsy. Uh-oh -- Dean. That was the only part Kate might object to.  
“They filmed us having a race,” Betsy said, wanting to get it out while they were alone together in the car. “And that Dean guy I told you about was on my team and we won. I beat MELody really bad.”  
  
“Good for you, babe.”  
  
“But I wasn’t sure how close she was behind me, so I went as fast as I could until I crossed the finish line and then I couldn’t stop and Dean had to catch me.” There, the worst was out.  
  
Kate only laughed and said, “I’m sure that was a treat for him.” Betsy exhaled in relief. “What else did they film you doing?” Kate asked, bringing her hand up between Betsy’s legs.  
  
Betsy giggled convincingly the way Kate liked and grabbed Kate’s hand. “Don’t do that,” she admonished teasingly. “I’m about to have dinner with your boss and I don’t want to be all horny.”  
  
“Then tell me all about what happened.”  
  
Betsy held Kate’s hand and described what had transpired after Dean was out of the picture. She was glad to have all the details known before they had to see it in front of other people. “But I don’t know if any of that will actually be on the news.”  
  
“We’ll find out soon. Here we are,” Kate said, pulling into a curved driveway in front of a gigantic house. Betsy could see dozens of people through the windows and standing outside in clusters.  
  
"It's a party?" she asked, but Kate gave her an "I told you about this" look and Betsy reflexively babbled, "I mean I know it's a party, but I was picturing a smaller group. They have really big house, don't they?”  
  
“Since you seem to have forgotten everything I told you about this,” Kate said, a little sharply, “I’ll remind you that the reason for this celebration is that Peabody & Strunk won a major national award.”  
  
“Oh, right,” Betsy pretended to half-remember. “What was it for again?”  
  
“Accounting and Finance. I’m sure you think that’s boring, but it’s a very prestigious award so please don’t embarrass me inside by acting like I never told you about it.”  
  
Betsy felt like she’d been slapped in the face, but she refused to let tears come into her eyes. The car had come to a stop in front of the house and someone opened her door from the outside. It was a valet, wearing a red silk vest. Other than his wide eyes he managed to suppress his reaction at finding a naked girl among the guests. He held out a white-gloved hand and Betsy took it, stepping out of the car onto the brick driveway. She was acutely aware of the fact that she was wearing only her pearl necklace and earrings and her white dress sandals with the three-inch heels.   
  
Kate emerged on her side and the valet drove off, leaving a gap the size of a car between them. Another young man in a red vest opened the heavy oak door to the mansion and Kate escorted Betsy inside, neither of them speaking. Inside, they were suddenly amid what looked like hundreds of people milling around a vast, high-ceilinged room with marble floors as more boys in red vests carried trays of bubbling champagne flutes. An entire wall of the room was made of mirrors and Betsy caught sight of her reflection -- a naked girl in a crowd of suits and long dresses.   
  
Had she still been sexually aroused or at least little drunk, Betsy might have been able to suppress the feeling of panic that now began washing through her. This was insane. How could she possibly be naked in this situation? Betsy felt certain that at any moment people would point at her in shock and disgust and police officers would throw a blanket over her and carry her off to jail.   
  
But this did not happen and instead Betsy saw faces turn her way and smile. One of the red-vested waiters hurried up to them, and as Betsy accepted a long-stemmed glass she heard someone call her name. It was Kate's boss, Dr. Alice Strunk, at the head of a contingent of Kate's co-workers. Some of them she remembered meeting before and she tried to remember their names, in part to distract her mind. She remembered one guy was named Scott, and the other went by his initials – was it J.D. or J.B.?  
  
"I hear we mustn't miss the seven o'clock news," Dr. Strunk declared, breaking Betsy out of her self-imposed mental exercises.   
  
Betsy had forgotten all about the news footage.  
  
“No! Really, you don’t need to see it,” she blurted and then gulped down half of the glass of champagne. “This night should be about … the award. It’s very prestigious. You should be very proud of … this achievement.”  
  
"Oh, thank you, dear,” Dr. Strunk said as Kate smiled and gave Betsy a wink, “but I’m sure we can properly appreciate both the award and your beauty on the same evening.”  
  
“But … you don’t want to leave your party just to go watch the news,” Betsy said nervously. “And they might not even use that clip. Those news teams probably shoot lots of extra footage every day that they don’t use.”  
  
“I doubt they'd forgo the opportunity to use footage of you, dear," Dr. Strunk said. Then to a young man with an expensive suit and two days' growth of beard she said, "Glenn, don’t forget you’re in charge of technology."  
  
"Yes, ma'am," Glenn said with a mock salute, his hand holding a TV remote. He pointed it at what looked like a large framed painting and the painting disappeared, replaced by a giant television screen. It was on a commercial for Double X shaving cream with the sound muted, but then screen filled with a blazing logo for “HBZR-TV Channel 5: The No. 1 Source of News for Greater Kingsley.” Glenn left it muted, but held the remote ready like a weapon. The newscaster was running through the list of stories to be covered and suddenly there was Betsy from the rib cage up, all sweaty. Glenn was quick with the mute button and Betsy's voice echoed in the cavernous room: "Oh yes, I'm enjoying going naked everywhere." And then it was on to the next promo and Glenn muted the sound again as scattered applause broke out in the room.  
  
"Oh god," Betsy whispered involuntarily. She had tried to prepare herself mentally for thousands of people to see her naked on television again, but she hadn’t expected to be in the same room with them when it happened. Already all eyes in the room were on her, but as she looked around at them glasses were raised and people waved and called her name. Her champagne was somehow gone and a waiter appeared magically to take the empty glass and provide another as Kate took her arm and began walking her through the crowd.   
  
They mingled a few minutes with everyone, chatting for a moment in clusters of six or seven people before moving on, and in every group they adored her and Kate said such sweet things about her in introduction so she started to relax. Periodically the sound of the TV would again come on as Glenn hit the mute button in time for everyone to hear some variation of Betsy talking about being so very glad she was so naked and so sweaty. By the third promo they were teasing the audience about "what we learned about Betsy's oh-so smooth look -- down there!"  
  
Betsy was on her third glass of champagne and decided she needed some food in her stomach. She found the buffet line and took a plate, selecting a little bit of this and a little of that. She sat at one of the round tables with white linen tablecloths, real silver and elegant cloth napkins folded into a fan. It was empty when she sat down, but soon people claimed the seats around her, except those directly on either side of her.  
  
Kate was across the room, engaged in an animated debate of some kind which Betsy was sure she was winning. Betsy nibbled at some rice and bread, not really hungry but wanting something to soak up the alcohol in her stomach. On the white tablecloth, scattered among the dishes and crystal glasses, were a dozen or so fake pencils promoting the very prestigious accounting award. They were about twice the size as normal pencils and cartoonishly exaggerated, each with a bulbous pink eraser at the end. She absently picked one of them up to read its slogan, which she assumed would be funny if she were an accountant.   
  
The sound came back on the TV and Betsy knew this was not just another promo, but the beginning of the segment. Her table-mates smiled good-naturedly at her and then directed their attention to the giant TV on which a very sweaty Betsy Andrews, the famous Avery College nudist, was rollerblading at top speed across the campus plaza, a plump magenta-haired girl in the distance behind her. Betsy had to smile at this part and hoped Melody was watching. Next, on-screen Betsy flew into the waiting arms of handsome, muscular, shirtless Dean, who twirled her around.   
  
Naturally, they edited out the part where Betsy tried to avoid talking about her nudity, skipping ahead to the third or fourth time the reporter asked if she was enjoying her life of nudity. Up on the big TV, Betsy began extolling at length about the joy she felt going nude every minute of every day. Meanwhile, the Betsy who sat at the table was beginning to fidget, becoming more aroused as she watched others watching her on the big screen. Every time TV-Betsy said the word "naked," real-time Betsy became more excited. She still had in her hand the oversized novelty pencil with its soft, pink eraser. As she continued to hold her fork properly in her right hand, absently pushing bits of food around on her plate, Betsy's left hand slipped below the tablecloth with the giant plastic pencil. She held the pointy end and pressed the eraser end firmly against her clitoris. After glancing down at her lap to confirm that the long tablecloth obscured what she was doing, Betsy began wiggling the eraser against herself as up on the screen she was explaining to viewers how very convenient it was to be naked since she was sweating so much rollerblading around campus. And then the TV interviewer asked her question about Betsy's oh-so-smooth pubic area, and as the camera zoomed in on Betsy's pussy until it filled the giant TV screen.   
  
At this moment, real-time Betsy began to experience a kind of orgasm that she had only rarely had before. Because she knew she could not allow herself to make a sound, nor even to close her eyes, Betsy was unable to submit herself to her normal kind of orgasm, in which she generally moaned and screamed without having to worry about witnesses. But because of this restraint, her orgasm did not release itself in a sudden rush, but flowed through her slowly and lasted a very long time. She kept the big plastic pencil moving while her eyes remained fixed on herself on the giant TV, where she was giving viewers a guided tour of all of the places around her pussy where she had did not have hair.  
  
When the newscasters reluctantly ended the segment and went to the weather Glenn turned off the TV, and everyone in the room began to applaud. First one and then another stood up as they continued to applaud until all were on their feet. As the ovation finally died down, Dr. Strunk pulled Kate by the elbow to the front of the room and speaking through hand-held microphone she said, "Betsy, dear, please come down and join us."  
  
As if caught by her teacher, Betsy let the pencil fall to the floor beneath the table and surreptitiously wiped herself with the embroidered linen napkin. She stood and tentatively began making her way through the crowded tables. She saw herself in the mirror, naked in front of the well-dressed crowd, arm in arm with a beaming Kate as Dr. Strunk gave a speech about how very lucky Peabody & Strunk had been to recruit Kate and how wonderful it was that Kate came with the bonus of the adorable, incomparable Betsy, brave pioneer of nudist rights.  
  
The buzz from the alcohol had worn off and the shield provided by sensual arousal was absolutely and totally absent. Betsy felt only fresh and unmuted embarrassment as if she had suddenly become aware of her situation for the first time. She was utterly exposed, not just in this room, but also to TV viewers across the Kingsley metropolitan area, and she was more trapped than ever. Even if she could somehow tell Kate the truth, now she had all of these other people believing she was something she was not. Tears ran down both of Betsy's cheeks but everyone else in the room, including Kate, mistook them for tears of happiness.