**What a Girl Will Do for Love**

by Molly

**Bonus Scene**

On Friday morning it is raining hard and steady and Betsy braids her hair up into a tight bun that fits under a ball cap. She wears nothing else at all, not even shoes or jewelry. Her purse, notebook and a few necessities fit into a small plastic bag and she walks casually out into the downpour. She feels oddly superior to the clothed people around her who dash through the rain or huddle under umbrellas. The rain is as warm as bathwater and it feels wonderfully sensual.  
  
Once inside, the other students are burdened with sopping wet clothing, but Betsy is free. If she chooses, she can dry off with a paper towel, but she doesn’t. She just finds a seat and lets her skin air dry during the class – except for her butt, of course, which remains slippery wet against the seat.   
  
It rains all day and as she goes from class to class Betsy is increasingly aroused. For a while, she sits on a bench and casually watches people go by and feeling the rain wash over her like a waterfall. When no one is within view she places her hand in her lap and lets her middle finger cup its way between her lips, plunging into wetness and sliding up onto her clitoris. She allows herself to do this twice . . . then a third time before she stands and walks in the downpour.  
  
As it happens, Kate has told her she’ll be late getting home so they won’t have their usual Friday dinner out. Go out with your school friends, Kate insisted. I’ll enjoy hearing about it when I get home. Betsy, of course, has already been invited to several social gatherings – everyone is eager to hang out with the beautiful Avery College nudist – and she decides to show up at one of the gatherings. It is just dinner and drinks at one of the popular bars. It is the kind of bar with giant open windows and people sitting close to the broad window sills feeling a few drops as the rain comes down inches away.  
  
Betsy saunters up and says hi to her surprised schoolmates from outside the window, who see her standing sensuously in the pouring rain. They eagerly greet her and encourage her to simply climb in the window instead of walking all the way around to the door and elbowing her way through the crowd. No doubt the crowd itself would have preferred that, but Betsy sees the logic in this and puts one long, shiny-wet, sun-browned leg over the window ledge and then the other until she is sitting on it and then drops down to her feet inside.   
  
Rainwater still runs from her body and she is aware that while climbing in the window she gave them an exceptional glimpse at her pussy spread open wide. Most of the time she would feel embarrassed beyond measure, but at this moment she does not mind much. She is, after all, a dedicated nudist in everyone’s mind but her own. Besides, she has to give Kate a story of some kind.  
  
The elated classmates are drinking pitchers of margaritas and smoking from a bong and they offer both of these to Betsy. She accepts a moderate amount of both, but does not want to have too much. I can’t stay, she explains. My girlfriend will be home soon. She hopes soon to be able to say “my fiancé” or even “my wife.”   
  
She has fun and almost forgets about her nudity – or at least she forgets the negative aspects of it. She feels comfortable with this group of people and she’d like to stay, but does not want to for long. After an hour she makes her goodbyes and exits the way she came in, giving them another little flash and then stepping out into the rain and letting it wash over her again.  
  
Betsy has only consumed a small amount of alcohol, but she had two turns at the bong and she’s feeling it. But she’s glad because when she’s high she loves being nude. She knows it is temporary and somewhat artificial, but it is such a relief from how nervous and self-conscious she is sometimes.   
  
Betsy is almost out of time and is heading home when she stops in her tracks. Across the street standing under an awning for protection from the rain stands Dean casually looking at his iPhone. He is wearing only white denim shorts and flip flops.   
  
Dean! At last she has found Dean!  
  
With abandon, Betsy runs through the pouring rain across the street and Dean notices her approach only at the last second when she is leaping into his arms. Fortunately, a stout awning post is right behind him and Dean falls back on it as 117 pounds of wet naked girl slams into him.  
  
Dean had been holding his new iPhone at waist level, so when Betsy landed on him, the phone and his hand were trapped under her body – at exactly the crotch level. A corner of the phone – along with Dean’s left thumb – slipped by happenstance into Betsy’s vagina as she locked her ankles tight around him.   
  
“Where’ve you been?” she demands exultantly, not quite noticing yet how everyone’s body parts have been repositioned. “I’ve been looking all over for you.”  
  
Dean grins. “Well most of today I was waiting in line at the Apple store to get my new phone, which is, um . . .”   
She is still dripping wet from the rain and he looks down past her shiny breasts to where their bodies are squeezed together – his left hand wedged between her legs.   
  
“Omigod, is your phone . . . down there?”  
  
“Fraid so.”  
  
“Uh oh. Is it waterproof? Because of the rain I mean?”  
  
“The, um, wetness won’t hurt it,” Dean said as seriously as he could under the circumstances, “but it it’s a brand new phone and I haven’t bought a case for it yet so it would be really unfortuante if I were to drop it it just now onto this cement sidewalk we’re standing on. So please . . . don’t get down just yet.”   
  
“Ooh, okay,” Betsy whispered agreeably with a shiver as something rubbed directly on her clitoris while something else poked partway inside her.  
  
“And there’s another thing I should mention,” Dean went on. “I think my thumb is in there too.”  
  
“Betsy involuntarily squeezed and wiggled her vagina against Dean’s body, just for a second, “I don’t think so. Wiggle it.”  
  
He does so and Betsy squeals in embarrassed surprise. “Omigod, I’ll get down. She starts to move her legs, but Dean stops her.  
  
“Just give me a second to get a better grip on this phone and then—“  
  
“Uh-oh,” Betsy whispers. “I think you have a phone call.”  
Dean can feel the vibrations too, and he guesses from her face that the phone must be right on her clit. “They’ll have to leave a message.”  
  
Betsy has felt three strong buzzes already. “How many times will it . . . um . . . do this . . . um . . . before it picks up?”  
  
“Dunno. I usually set it at four, but I haven’t set this one up yet.”  
  
Dean brought his free hand around to hold up her butt, but now he moves it closer to her crotch. “Sorry, but you’re going to feel my hand. Can’t be helped.”  
  
“It’s okay,” Betsy sighs. The seventh vibration had been the final one and the sequence had pushed her close to orgasm. Now she feels Dean’s fingers between her legs, burrowing their way between their bodies, rainwater lubricating the path. Betsy feel’s another vibration.  
  
“Hello, loverboy,” a woman’s voice says teasingly from inside Betsy’s pussy, “Too busy to answer the phone, are you? Bet I know why. I saw the video of you with that ultra-hot nudist chick, and I saw how you looked at her, Dean. You can’t fool me, little brother -- I can tell you’re in love. Now call me and tell me all about it when you’re so not busy between that girl’s legs.”  
  
The phone finally falls silent as Dean’s probing fingers find the bottom edge of his phone. “That was my sister,” he says unnecessarily. “She thinks she knows everything.”  
  
“She was pretty close about that last part,” Betsy giggles, elated at the situation. He moves his body slightly to allow the slippery phone to drop into his hand. She unlocks her ankles and drops reluctantly to her feet, but she still has her arms around his neck. “Was she right about anything else?”  
  
“Well . . . you are ultra-hot. As for that other thing, it would probably be a bad idea for me to let myself fall for you, wouldn't it? I mean, there's that thing about you being a lesbian, and that other thing about you living with someone right now. How is Kate, by the way?”  
  
Betsy sighs, coming back to her senses, her pot-fueled euphoria melting away. “Um, Kate’s fine I guess. Ohmygod, what time is it??? I guess . . . I should probably . . . go.”  
  
“Guess so," Dean sighs.  
  
Betsy turns away, angry at herself. It was still raining and she broke into a run, her long barefoot stride impressing everyone who watched her go by. She got home just as Kate was pulling into the garage.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 19**

“So, little sister,” Hannah’s voice said on the phone, “are you still going everywhere naked?”  
  
Betsy sighed. “Yes.”   
  
“And it’s been, what, three weeks now?”  
  
“Three and a half – more if you count before we moved to Huron. But back then I only had to go nude in Kate’s apartment. I wish it could have stayed that way, and not . . . turned into this.”  
  
“Well, you should have told Kate the truth – that you’re not actually a nudist.”  
  
“I know, Hannah. Don’t you think I know that? It just happened so fast. We only met two months ago and you know I had never ever slept with anyone on the first date, but somehow it happened, and then she just really seemed to want me to . . . stay naked in her apartment, so I did. And when we were, you know . . . being intimate . . . she wanted me to talk about how much I liked . . . being naked. God, Hannah, I’m so embarrassed telling this to my big sister.”  
  
“It’s okay, Bets, I’ve told you all kinds of stuff about my relationships, and you—“  
  
“—practically never had one before.”  
  
“Betsy, you’ve had relationships.”  
  
“Not like this, Hannah. Not anything so . . . intense. I swear I fell in love with her that first night. I wanted so much for it to become a real and lasting relationship and not just physical. I wanted her to fall in love with me. . . and she did, Hannah!”  
  
“I think that’s wonderful, Bets. I truly do. I’ve got nothing against Kate, and I hope to meet her soon. And she obviously loves you because she took that job in Huron for you.”  
  
“Yes, and stupid me didn’t make the connection that Huron is the only province in the commonwealth where people have the right to be full-time nudists. I didn’t know she had turned down better job offers so she could give me what she thought I wanted.”  
  
“But you kept telling her you wished you could go naked everywhere.”  
  
“I said that during SEX, Hannah! I thought it was just role-playing. Jeez, I’d never been with someone who wanted me to talk during sex before. I don’t know the freakin rules! Yes, I said it, and I liked saying it – as a GAME. It wasn’t until we actually moved here that I realized what she’d done – the sacrifice she made so she could bring me here to Huron – and then it was too late. And she was so . . . so happy about being able to . . . give this to me that I . . . I didn’t want to disappoint her so I let her get rid of every scrap of clothing I owned and I’ve been going naked ever since!”  
  
“I know, Betsy, I’ve seen you on the national news twice now. Nudity may be legal in Huron, but it must not be very common. The way the TV news treats it, you seem to be the only one.”  
  
“That’s another thing I didn’t know about when this started. I thought at least there were OTHER nudists. And technically there are, but not in Kingsley. They all live in those beach towns of the Southern Peninsula where the lawsuit originated. The High Court ruling made public nudity legal in the whole province, but only for people who are SO committed to nudism that they never, EVER wear clothing. Up here in Kingsley we have WINTER, so who in their right mind would commit to year-round nudity?”  
  
“Well . . . you did.”  
  
Betsy sighed. “I did.”  
  
“Which would be fine if that’s what you truly wanted. I just . . . don’t understand why you still haven’t told Kate how you really feel. You think she’ll dump you if you’re not really a nudist? Surely she’s not that shallow, Betsy.“  
  
“She’s not shallow, Hannah, so please stop saying that! It’s not just whether I’m a nudist, but whether I’ve been honest with her – and I haven’t been, Hannah. I’ve been lying to her all this time, and she will never forgive me for that.”  
  
“You don’t know that. Why can’t you—“  
  
“I’m tired of talking about it,” Betsy interrupted. “Maybe I’m getting used to it. Maybe this is what I want now.”   
  
“Betsy . . “  
  
“It’s what I want,” Betsy whispered.   
  
“If you say so.”  
  
“I do. And I have to go now.   
  
“Okay, then. Well, I guess the whole family will see naked you at Solstice then.”  
  
“Maybe they will.”  
  
No they won’t, Betsy promised herself as she put her phone back in her purse and stepped off the curb to cross at the light in the middle of downtown Kingsley. She was naked except for jewelry, sunglasses and red, 4-inch heels. Her golden brown breasts bounced delicately as she strode past cars stopped at the light. Wherever she went, everyone nearby paused what they were doing and watched her go by.  
  
No, definitely before Solstice this would get resolved, Betsy was determined. Her brothers may have seen videos of her naked on the Internet, but there was no way she’d let them see her naked in person. Betsy’s brothers — twins four years older — were technically her step-first-cousins. When she was 10, Betsy’s mother, aunt and uncle were killed in a car crash, leaving Betsy and her 12-year-old sister, Hannah, to be raised in a blended family by Aunt Mindy, the younger daughter of Betsy’s mother. A tattooed former roadie/groupie for metal bands, Mindy had never intended to be a parent, but Fate had other plans.  
  
Betsy located her bright green VW convertible at a parking meter in a bustling shopping area. She’d left the top down and the leather seat was toasty hot from the sun as she slowly lowered her bare butt into it. She had been thinking of getting custom cloth slipcovers installed, but hadn’t ordered them yet because — she kept telling herself — surely she’d be wearing clothing again before they arrived.  
  
The other problem with leather seats on a hot day was the sweating. Betsy’s back, butt and thighs were slippery wet by the time she got back to Avery to the little blue house with a white picket fence a few blocks from the college. When she was finally indoors, Betsy flung herself on the bed and let the breeze from the ceiling fan blow her dry as she slid her right hand under her body so she could touch herself.  
  
Betsy did not understand how something that made her SO uncomfortable could also make her so very, very horny, but after being naked in front of so many people downtown, it had taken all of her will power not to masturbate in the car. She hadn’t entirely succeeded, allowing herself a few touches at red lights. Fortunately, Betsy’s car was a stick shift, so her hands had been kept occupied most of the time.  
  
Most days, she tried to hold off until Kate came home. Invariably, Kate would drop her briefcase as soon as she walked in the door and take Betsy in her arms. Kate’s hand would quickly be between Betsy’s legs and Betsy would have her first orgasm of the evening right there standing up in the kitchen. Some days, however, Betsy could not wait and took care of the first one herself. Kate would have to work a little harder to get the second one out.   
  
The only time Betsy really felt like a nudist was when she was close to having an orgasm. Then, the prospect of being constantly nude seemed like a wonderful idea. In those moments, everything was simple and her problem was solved. She would simply accept her situation and live as a nudist! She wanted to be a nudist. She wanted to stay naked all the time. All the time. All the time.  
  
Betsy’s legs went stiff and she buried her face in her pillow so the neighbors wouldn’t hear her scream. Afterwards, she rolled over to feel the breeze on her front. But now, without the distraction of sexual arousal, she was back to being timid, mousy Betsy — cringing in embarrassment at the thought that she had to go naked everywhere; that she did not even own clothing anymore.   
How had she gotten herself into this situation? What could she possibly do to get out of it — other than telling Kate the truth and risking what might follow?  
  
Kate might have accepted her not being a nudist if Betsy had confessed a long time ago, but would Kate forgive Betsy for lying to her all this time? Kate was a bit prickly at the best of times, quickly perturbed if the least detail of her preferred routine was out of order. Betsy was always apologizing for something, and Kate always forgave her and transformed back into the loving, protective woman Betsy had fallen in love with so quickly. Too quickly perhaps. If things had gone more slowly this stupid misunderstanding might never have happened.  
  
As Betsy fretted over these questions and doubts for the umpteenth time, she felt another unpleasant sensation -- a familiar dull cramp.   
  
“Crap,” she whispered to the bedroom ceiling as she counted back the days in her head. Yes, she was about to start her period. Somehow, she had convinced herself that she would surely find a way out of her predicament before her next period came, but that had not happened. And this meant the entirety of her outfit the first day of the school year would be shoes and a tampon.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 20**

It was bad enough Betsy had to start her senior year in college completely nude. Now she realized she would also be on her period. Although she was apparently the only full-time nudist in the Kingsley metro area, Betsy knew there were other nudists down south. What did THEY do about this, she wondered.   
  
Calling up the Huron Nudists Association website, she searched for “tampon string” but was dismayed to find only photos of women proudly showing how they had decorated their strings with ribbons, bangles and even jingle bells. Betsy searched again, this time for “HIDE tampon string” and found a video featuring a perky naked blonde named Libby sitting on a bed.  
  
“I love going everywhere naked,” Libby confided to the camera, “but that doesn’t mean I want the whole world to know when I’m on my period. So I hide my tampon string by cutting it super-short so it stays inside. I know what you’re thinking: if the string is that short how do I get a grip on it? Well, there’s a trick to that, and I’m going to show you right now.”  
  
Betsy watched amazed as Libby rolled onto her back, brought her knees up and over until they touched the bed and her torso was upside down, displaying herself as prominently as could be. The camera zoomed in to show a white string of normal length dangling from her upside-down pussy, which now entirely filled Betsy’s computer screen. With deft movements, Libby made a loop and tied a knot less than an inch from where the string disappeared into her shiny pink vagina.  
  
“Now be sure to use safety scissors for this part,” Libby sang out cheerily as the round-tipped scissors appeared in the close-up and she snipped the string just below the knot. “Ta-dah!” she cried, rolling off the bed acrobatically and hopping to her feet, where she stood with her legs apart so another close-up could establish that indeed no string was visible. “And when it’s time to take it out, just feel for the knot and pinch it with your fingernails,” she said as with a flourish she whipped out the still-pristine tampon and held it out by it’s tiny, knotted string  
  
Betsy put her open laptop on the mattress beside her and played the video again as she followed the instructions. It took several tries before she got the knot high enough, but it worked. She left the last one in as test and went about her weekend routine — which included mowing the grass.   
  
Betsy loved the little blue house with its pretty front lawn enclosed by the white picket fence — but having a lawn meant mowing it, and Kate had made it clear this would be Betsy’s task. Saturday morning, she came out the front door wearing a ball cap and tennis shoes but stopped short when she looked across the street.  
  
She didn’t think she would ever get used to living across the street from a cafe with outdoor seating — not as long as she was nudist — but at least during the summer there would only be 10 or 12 people scattered among the tables. Now that the semester was about to start, all the tables were filled with returning students — and their parents.   
  
The little blue house had come with a lawn mower — the old fashioned kind powered only by the person pushing it. Though the yard was not very large, Betsy was soon perspiring from the effort. She avoided looking across the street, but she felt all of those eyes on her and began worrying that the tampon string might be showing. She looked down at herself, but could not be sure from that angle so as she turned the mower at the far side of the fence, Betsy gave herself a quick touch and was relieved to feel no string sticking out. But as she pushed the mower towards her audience, she would start worrying again so each time she made the far turn she did a quick check.   
  
By the time she finished the lawn, Betsy was sweaty and wanted to go in and take a very private shower, but first she had to water her flowers. The picket fence was lined with flower beds of lavender petunias but they could only be reached from outside of the fence and the garden hose didn’t reach that far. So Betsy had to fill her watering can up by the house, walk out the gate to the sidewalk barely 10 feet from the cafe tables. And because the watering can was not very large she had to make the trip back and forth several times.  
  
The rest of the weekend Betsy practiced her knot-tying and got fairly good at it, but each time she pulled it out she was disappointed to see it was still clean. Betsy was blessed with a very light and brief period — a single, half-bloodied tampon would signal it had come and gone.   
  
By Monday morning it had still not come, so at 7:23 a.m. Betsy stepped out on the porch carrying a purse and wearing only sandals, jewelry and a tampon with a very short string. She stepped through the gate and kept her chin up as she walked down the sidewalk past the busy cafe and towards the college.  
  
She had been going everywhere naked for three weeks, but on this sunny morning Betsy felt more exposed than ever before. It had been difficult enough being nude among the relatively sparse summer population, but now everywhere she looked she saw 10 times as many people as before. And they were all looking at her.  
  
Betsy fumbled in her purse for her sunglasses and hid behind them as the crowd enveloped her – everyone walking towards campus. Amid the hubbub of voices within earshot, she heard variations of “Look, it’s her. Betsy Andrews . . . Avery nudist -- the one in the videos . . . Goes everywhere naked . . . Doesn’t own any clothing . . .”   
  
Betsy’s first class was in an old lecture hall of a hundred wooden desks bolted to the floor and rising in tiers. She wanted to go to the back, but the top rows were already pretty full and she did not want to have to jostle her way through a crowd so she sat in the front row. The professor stumbled through his first-day lecture, unable to keep his mind on his notes.   
  
At least in that class no formal effort was made at introductions, but her second class was small and the prof insisted that everyone tell something about themselves. When her turn came, Betsy avoided saying anything about her nudity, but of course someone asked right away. Yes, she had to say, I am a full-time nudist . . . no, I no longer own any clothing . . . yes, I love being nude. Her big lie.   
  
Before her third class, Betsy ducked into a restroom stall to check her tampon and was disappointed to see it was spotless. Hurriedly, she inserted a fresh one, but realized after she’d cut the string that the knot wasn’t quite high enough and what remained of the string was longer than it should be. She tried to tie another knot higher up, but now the string was too short for her to work with. She only had one tampon left and didn’t want waste one so early in the day so she stuffed the slightly-too-long string inside and hoped for the best.  
  
This had also made her late, so she had to run, which made her even more self-conscious because now everyone was watching her breasts bounce. As she entered the classroom, Betsy heard someone calling her name. Lots of people called her by name, of course, so she assumed it was another stranger until she realized that the skinny girl in the tube top and low-cut denim shorts was Michelle.  
  
Michelle was an art student and life drawing model who routinely went nude in the Art Building where she spent most of her time, but she had to dress when elsewhere on campus. She was pointing to the open seat next to her so Betsy shuffled her way down the row, as people moved their knees or half stood to let her pass. They all got a close-up view of Betsy from behind while those in the row ahead looked over their shoulders to watch her hairless pussy passing only inches from their eyes.  
  
Michelle threw her arms around Betsy in a hug as if they’d known each other all their lives – though in fact they’d only met once before. It had, however, been an intimate meeting — a roller skating collision and tumble that put their faces in each other’s crotches before they knew each other’s name.  
  
“I was hoping we’d be in a class together,” Michelle squealed, jumping up and down in enthusiasm. Obeying the laws or physics, the tube top became dislodged from her bouncing breasts and fell to her waist. Michelle ignored it momentarily and then pulled it back up with no more concern than if her sandal had come off her foot.  
  
The lecture began, but Betsy could not concentrate — being preoccupied first by Michelle’s exposed white skin, and then with her own pussy when she noticed a bit of the string was sticking out. She could not resist poking it back in, but a few seconds later it slithered out again. Chances are, no one would have noticed the tiny bit of string, but those seated nearby could not help but notice she was periodically sticking her index finger a knuckle deep into her pussy.  
  
When class was over and other students began filing out, Michelle was laughing. “What have you been DOING down there?” she cried. Betsy hurriedly related her predicament and spread her legs a bit to show Michelle the string.  
  
“Heck, I can help you with that little problem,” Michelle declared, slipping off her chair and kneeling between Betsy’s legs, “Let’s take a look, shall we?”  
  
“Michelle!” Betsy squealed as Michelle used her thumbs to spread open Betsy’s outer labia.  
  
“This’ll just take a sec,” Michelle assured her. “I could do this with my tongue if you hadn’t already cut the string so short.”  
  
“Do what with your tongue?”  
  
“Tie a knot in your tampon string. Don’t you know that’s a thing? I came in second in a contest once. This way’s quicker though.”   
  
Betsy had been having a difficult enough time fending off sexual arousal just sitting next to the oh-so-nearly-naked Michelle. Now, she had to concentrate on simply not having orgasm.  
  
“It’s a slippery little sucker,” Michelle muttered, her face inches from Betsy’s pussy and the fingers of both her hands busy inside. At this moment, two other girls came into the room for the next class.  
  
“Woah,” one of them said. “Sorry to interrupt, ladies.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 21**

“Oh, it’s not what it looks like,” Michelle laughed. “Just helping my friend the nudist hide her tampon string.”  
  
“Oh wow, it’s Betsy Andrews!” one girl exclaimed, and both girls ran around to squat next to Michelle in order to be face-to-face with Betsy. “I’m SO glad to meet you. You’re my hero!”  
  
“Um, thank you?” Betsy replied awkwardly.   
  
“Got it!” Michelle announced triumphantly. “Now we just have to snip off the excess so it won’t slip out again.”  
  
“I have some little scissors in my purse,” Betsy said, reaching around in her purse for the little gold scissors.  
  
“I got this,” Michelle said, and as the other two girls watched wide-eyed, she leaned her face into Betsy’s vagina. Her lips went inside of Betsy’s lips and puckered as she sucked in the string and began sawing at it with her teeth. Betsy had by this time found her scissors, but said nothing and only held them secretly inside of her purse as she let Michelle continue.  
  
After a few seconds, Michelle leaned back, stuck out her tongue to show the tiny bit of string and then spit it across the room. The other girls cheered and applauded as Michelle grinned, her nose and chin shiny wet.  
  
Betsy reached in with her thumb and forefinger and felt the new knot in the now ultra-short string.“Oh thank you, Michelle!’ she gushed, throwing her arms around her new best friend. “This is such a relief.”   
  
Michelle buried her face in Betsy’s neck, wiping her chin and nose dry against Betsy’s skin. Lost in the moment, Betsy slid her hands up and down Michelle’s bare back, from her shoulder blades all the way down to the cleft of her half-exposed butt crack.   
  
The mood was broken as more students burst in for the next class, all of them noticing Betsy the nudist as she hurriedly gathered her things and the two of them made their way against traffic and out into the hallway. Betsy was in the lead, so she ended up brushing against the bodies of nearly everyone she passed — particularly certain boys who pretended to be making way for her only to step close at the last moment so they could brush their arms against her breasts.   
  
Out on the sidewalk, Betsy and Michelle each had classes in opposite directions so they hugged goodbye and Michelle kissed her sloppy wet on the cheek. Betsy watched as Michelle ran off, her shorts riding lower and lower on her back, exposing most her her butt crack until just before they nearly fell off she pulled them up again, glancing over her shoulder at Betsy as she did so.   
  
Though she compulsively wanted to check the tampon between every class, Betsy only had one left and forced herself to wait until 4:00 when she was on her way to her final class of the day. She ducked into a ladies’ room stall and felt for the knot. The tampon slipped out easily and she was overjoyed to see it was bloodied just the right amount to assure her that her period was over.  
  
“Yess!” Betsy shouted, her voice echoing in the empty bathroom. After flushing the tampon down the toilet, she washed her hands and splashed herself between the legs to be sure she was all clean. That last bit of cleansing soon turned out to have been unnecessary because outside she discovered it was pouring rain. Betsy’s last class of the day was on the far side of campus, and now she was late so she began to run. Elated at the burden just lifted from her, Betsy laughed as she splashed past people huddled under umbrellas who called out her name.   
  
Ever since childhood, Betsy had always enjoyed getting rained on and at least one benefit of her new lifestyle was that she could do so without being burdened by wet clothing. She got to her classroom a few minutes late and burst in dripping. It was another small class, with 10 or 12 other students sitting in folding chairs in a circle. The prof, a slightly hunched woman in her 70s with short white hair and reading glasses perched at the end of her nose, was telling the students she wanted them each to stand in the middle of the circle and tell something interesting about themselves. “And let’s begin with you,” the prof said to Betsy, gesturing for her to step into the room.  
  
Rainwater still ran in rivulets down her body as Betsy stepped into the middle of the circle. She would have hated this a few hours ago, but now she felt so relaxed. “Hi I’m Betsy Andrews,” she sang out,” and I’m the nudist you may have heard about.” Again, her classmates were full of questions and this time Betsy didn’t mind giving the answers. When she said, “I love being nude,” she almost meant it.   
  
By the time class was over, the rain had become a downpour. While those around her struggled through the rain with their umbrellas and sodden clothing, Betsy strolled as she would in the sunshine, mentally replaying every second of her encounter with Michelle – in particular that electrifying moment when Michelle had stuck out her tongue to show the bit of tampon string, her chin and cheeks wet from Betsy’s pussy. Betsy had been assuming Michelle was straight – she had a boyfriend after all – but surely she was at least bi to have done that so casually. Stop it, stop it, Betsy lectured herself. Michelle’s sexual orientation was irrelevant because Betsy was in a committed relationship with Kate. Michelle was a friend and nothing more.  
  
“Tell me all about your day,” Kate said that evening as she massaged Betsy’s clitoris in the kitchen. She had barely put down her briefcase and and umbrella, and was kissing Betsy’s neck and back. “Don’t leave out . . . a single . . . detail.” Betsy did elect to leave out a few details, mentioning Michelle only in passing, though it was Michelle that she thought of as the orgasm came upon her. It was Michelle, not Betsy, who was a real nudist. It was Michelle who should be naked all the time. All the time. Naked all the time.  
  
The following day, Betsy had to go through all the introductions again with a different set of classes. As before, she found this excruciatingly embarrassing the first class of the day, but by late afternoon she was feeling sufficiently aroused to at least take the edge off. She supposed she should be grateful for that. With so many people around, Betsy kept expecting to encounter disapproval or rejection, but everyone seemed to adore her.  
  
Amid all of the faces looking back at her, Betsy was searching for one face in particular — Dean’s. They had worked together for a couple of weeks, delivering campus mail on roller skates. Betsy, of course, had done so wearing only elbow and knee pads, a helmet and her skates. But Dean himself had not worn much more than that. He’d been shirtless every day and usually wore threadbare white denim shorts. Betsy was pretty sure he went commando because she could often see the shape of his slumbering-but-easily-woken penis down one tight pant leg or the other. Yet he seemed to be magician-deft at adjusting himself when the need, ahem, arose. She would look down and suddenly now it would be standing at attention behind his zipper. She didn’t have much experience with penises, but did not see how it could have executed that maneuver on its own.  
  
Although she had stolen occasional peeks at that region of his body, Betsy spent more time looking at his bare chest and sun-freckled muscular shoulders. He had an unruly shock of reddish-brown hair, and stubble of the same color along his strong jaw line. Mostly, she liked to look at his eyes. They were big and ultra light blue, with delicate reddish eye lashes. More than once during those two weeks, Dean’s eyes and Betsy’s eyes had locked together so intently that Betsy thought they might kiss, but they didn’t. And shouldn’t, she had to remind herself afterwards. They were just friends. It was reasonable to want to see your friend, she told herself as she peered through the crowd in vain.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 22**

By the third day of classes, Betsy was feeling marginally less uncomfortable because at least the introductions were over and she wouldn’t have to give her why-I-am-a-nudist speech. She was also looking forward to seeing Michelle.  
  
Again, the tall, pale-skinned brunette was wearing something oh-so-skimpy – a light green t-shirt that she had cut so short it showed the bottoms of her breasts even when her arms were down. If she raised either hand over her head a nipple would pop out under her shirt. Down below, she wore what appeared from a distance to be matching bikini bottoms. Up close, however, Betsy could see otherwise.   
  
She laughed. “Michelle, are those panties?”  
  
“Maybe,” Michelle winked. “Anyway what’s the difference? They cover the same territory.” It was true that the panties were approximately the same size and shape as bikini bottoms, but unlike a bathing suit they were just thin cotton with no backing. In the humid August afternoon, the thin, damp cloth clung like a second skin along the clefts of her butt and pussy.   
  
“If I was as brave as you, I wouldn’t have to wear these at all,” Michelle said sheepishly. “I really want to register as a nudist, Betsy, but it’s such a commitment. Not even owning clothing! That’s so extreme, but it’s what I WANT I think. I’m so confused.”  
  
Betsy longed to tell her the truth — that she didn’t want to do this at all, but she could not make the words come out of her mouth. She felt like she’d be letting Michelle down, and besides it was risky to tell anyone because somehow it might get back to Kate. If nothing else, Betsy did not want her lie to be Michelle’s inspiration.  
  
“You’re right to be cautious,” she said. “Take your time thinking it over.”  
  
Michelle grabbed her hand. “How did you know it was the right thing for you?”  
  
“Well, I . . . with me it was . . . I can’t explain it, but if you don’t feel sure of it, maybe that means this lifestyle isn’t for you. You still get to go naked a lot, right?”   
  
“Just in the Art Building and my dorm, and they’re close together so I’ve been going naked walking back in forth — but I’m not technically supposed to do that because I’m not a REAL nudist.”  
  
“You are so a real nudist,” Betsy insisted, tears welling in her eyes as the two girls hugged in class while the prof tapped his microphone and the room began to quiet. Betsy wanted to say more, but there was no time and the lecture began. Michelle didn’t let go of her hand.  
  
On Friday morning it was raining again and was forecast to remain steady all day. Betsy thought of wearing tennis shoes or flip flops, but decided that going barefoot would be better in the mucky wet. Her hair was just going to get wet anyway so she tied it in a single braid down her back. The elastic band that held it, along with a few rings made up the entirety of her ensemble. To carry her phone and other necessities, Betsy had a little, waterproof back pack sized for a first-grader (it had a picture of Ariel the Mermaid on it) but a good substitute for a purse.  
  
As she had earlier in the week, Betsy found the warm rain irresistibly arousing. At the lecture hall, everyone else was burdened with sopping clothing and umbrellas, but Betsy felt free of all that. She considered stopping at to the restroom to dry off with paper towels, but decided not to. In the theater-styled lecture hall, all the aisle seats were taken so Betsy had to excuse herself and shuffle sideways down a row, stepping among the long legs and big tennis shoes of a dozen guys. Being civilized college students, they knew better than to touch her inappropriately, but of course were free to take full advantage of the visual opportunity.   
  
She found a seat in the middle of a row and very soon the seats next to hers were occupied by grinning, nervous boys and the lecture began. Betsy sat up straight with her knees together and tried to listen while her skin slowly air dried (except her butt and back which would remain slippery wet throughout the class). Both guys made humorous comments about the prof and a few of their bon mots made her giggle.   
  
When class was over and everyone stood, Betsy felt the remaining water on her back and butt trickle down her legs. It didn’t matter because the rain was still coming down in sheets. Her little bag tossed over her shoulder by one strap, Betsy walked directly out into the storm. The quickest way to her next class was across a grassy courtyard. Low-lying, it was almost entirely submerged and Betsy had to wade through it.   
  
At her next class the cycle repeated, and by late morning Betsy was more aroused than she had ever been in public. It was as if some pagan god of the rain were making love to her every step of the way between classes. When lunchtime came, she did not want to go indoors so she bought a cup of fruit from an outdoor kiosk and sat alone among the tables that on a nicer day would have been crowded. The rain had slackened to a light sprinkle, but lightning flickered behind dark clouds hanging low in the sky.   
  
Everyone else was indoors, crammed into cafeteria booths whose windows looked out at the tables where Betsy sat in the sprinkling rain eating her cup of fruit. She knew they were all looking at her, but it took a moment before she realized they could also see under the table where she had allowed her legs to splay apart. Betsy sat up straighter and crossed her legs, but as she did so a strawberry slipped from her spoon and landed between her thighs, just as she crossed them. She had caught it but squished it so when she uncrossed her legs she had to use her fingers to gather up the pieces and put them in her mouth. She still had strawberry sauce smeared on her so Betsy scooped it up with her wetted fingers and sucked her fingers as she did so.   
  
During those few seconds, Betsy had forgotten she was being watched and when she looked up and saw all the faces again she felt a wave of arousal that she could no longer ignore. It was barely 1 p.m. and she knew she could not possibly get through the afternoon without having an orgasm. It was going to happen one way or the other so she decided to take charge of it . She considered going to a restroom, but the least little moan would echo and Betsy could not trust herself to be quiet. She had noticed a park bench at the top of a grassy hill overlooking the cafeteria. People inside would still be able to see her, but she’d be too far away for them to realize what she was doing. She hoped no one had binoculars.   
  
Betsy climbed the hill, and as she reached the bench the rain started coming down harder again. She sat and crossed her legs, draping her left arm casually over the back of the bench and resting her right hand in her lap. Except it was not resting. She tried to keep her elbow from moving as she looked casually down at the faces in the windows below. She did pretty well until the very end when she faced the sky and moaned along with the thunder.   
  
The downside to having an orgasm in the middle of the day was that without the arousal to distract her she felt only intense embarrassment when she went to her next class. It did not help that the air conditioning was set too cold, making Betsy’s nipples pucker into points that no one in the class could resist looking at.  
  
After that class, Betsy was glad to get back out into the sensuous warmth of the rain. A busy afternoon later, the last class of the day was her favorite. It was a philosophy discussion class and the prof was good at getting Betsy and her classmates into freewheeling debates. Everyone got to know each other, and Betsy enjoyed the conversations so much she almost forgot about her nudity and was disappointed when the prof said they were out of time.   
  
The group of six or seven students, one of them nude, went out the side exit together still debating, but now the subject was which bar to go to.  
  
“Let’s go to JP’s, suggested Aaron, a tubby, overly hairy technology major.  
  
“That place is a dive,” sniffed Taylor, a plump girl with long blue hair on the left side of her head and a smooth shave on the other. “What’s that new place where the Hooked & Cooked fish place used to be — next to ReaderMan’s Bookstore?   
  
“That’s McClavel’s,” said Lu Chen, “Cool place, and I hear it’s M&M night.”  
  
During this conversation, everyone else had stopped under the small overhang putting up umbrellas as Betsy kept walking a few steps out into the downpour. She turned back and stood waiting for them, hands on her hips.  
  
“You mean M&Ms like the candy?” she asked.  
  
“No, silly,” Lu Chen laughed. “Margaritas and marijuana.” She stepped out into the rain under her umbrella as the other students cheered in acclamation at the choice of McClavel’s  
  
“You’re coming too, aren’t you, Betsy?” Taylor asked.   
  
“Oh, I really can’t,” Betsy said, honestly disappointed. “My girlfriend will be home any minute and we always go out to dinner on Friday nights.”  
  
“Invite her along!”  
  
Betsy pondered the possibility, unsure if she wanted to mix the two worlds. “Well, I need to go home first at least. I’ll ask and maybe we’ll show up.”  
  
“Don’t for get — McClavel’s!” Aaron called after her as she parted from the group, but then she heard one of the girls say to Aaron, “she’s not going to come, stupid. She’s too cool for us.”  
  
Stung and perplexed by that last comment, Betsy jogged home, splashing through pools of water, her bag flopping wetly against her back. When she was indoors, she dumped her possessions out of the bag to make sure they were still dry. Her phone showed an unread message and it was Kate. “Sorry, babe, I have to go to a work thing so we can’t have our usual Friday dinner. But don’t you dare sit home alone. I order you to go out and party naked somewhere. It’s Friday night; there must be something going on. You can tell me all the sexy details when I get home at 8.”

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 23**

As she stood dripping in the kitchen, Betsy told herself she really should do what Kate had expressly told her to do. Kate would be expecting her to go out and would be annoyed if Betsy didn’t obey. That’s what Betsy told herself as she stepped in front of the full-length mirror and saw her reflection smiling back at her. Should she put on different jewelry? Try to do something with her wet hair? No, she decided. She would wear absolutely nothing. She took off her rings and looked at herself again as if that made much difference — yet somehow it had. Now she was wearing only the elastic band that held her braid in place. so that had to go. She pulled it out but decided not to try doing anything else with her hair. It could just unravel on its own.  
  
Now she was perfectly, absolutely nude, but there was still the question of the purse. She’d been lugging it around all day, and wanted to be free of all burdens. But leaving her purse at home would mean going out with nothing at all — no money, no phone . . . and no key! Feeling a sudden rush of certainty that THIS was what she must do, Betsy stepped out onto the front porch and slowly closed the door. Her free hand drifted to her crotch and pressed firmly as she slowly and deliberately pulled the front door until she felt the latch click. Wiggling the doorknob with one hand and her clitoris with the other, Betsy knew she was committed. Forcing both hands to her sides, she turned, stepped off the porch and walked out into the rain.   
  
Betsy decided to head for McClavel’s to see her classmates, but first she was going to look for Michelle . . . or maybe even Dean. She hadn’t spotted him all week, and she had no idea where to look for him — but Michelle might be at the Art Building. Betsy made her way there, imagining she would find Michelle naked inside. Maybe they would embrace in a slippery “friendship” hug.   
  
When she got there, the doors of the Art Building were locked and Betsy did not know the keypad code. She walked around the building glancing in windows, but saw no one. She knew Michelle’s dorm was nearby, but which one? Betsy stood in the rain imagining the wet embrace happening in Michelle’s dorm room . . . next to her bed. That would be . . . a really bad idea. She turned and splashed her way through the sodden grass towards the edge of campus where Avery’s little downtown began with a ragtag assemblage of quirky bars.  
  
Betsy could see the distinctive “Inspector McClavel" sign — the two “c”s in the name painted to look like handcuffs — but she went the other direction to loop around the long way. It wasn’t much of a plan, but she was hoping against hope to somehow randomly bump into Dean. After all, she told herself, it was a Friday night and he might be here somewhere. Betsy didn’t want to jostle her way into the crowded bars, but she took a good look as she passed the open windows and canopy-covered patios. Betsy had the street mostly to herself because of the continuing downpour. She heard people call her name and always looked in case it was Dean, but it never was.   
  
McClavel’s had oversized windows that rolled up in sections like garage doors, and Betsy walked along the windows looking inside. Dean was not there either, but she did spot her friends from class. They were sitting near one of the big windows and cheered as they spotted Betsy approaching.  
  
“Hi guys!,” she said cheerily, putting her elbows on the broad window sill and leaning partway in. She knew in this position her breasts, shiny wet and dripping, were very much on display. Meanwhile, the rainwater running off the roof was pouring onto her back and running down her legs.  
  
“Join us!” Aaron implored her, pulling an empty chair over to the table. Aaron was tubby and overly hairy, but always had clever and funny things to say in their classroom discussions.  
  
“Okay, where’s the door?” Betsy asked, looking around.  
  
“Just climb in the window,” said Lu Chen. “That’s what I did.”  
  
Betsy put one long, shiny-wet, sun-browned leg over the window ledge and pulled herself up, briefly straddling the window sill before swinging her other leg around until she was sitting on the sill facing in. She knew as she was doing so that she was giving her classmates an exceptional glimpse of her spread-open pussy, but in her current frame of mind that felt wonderful. She sat there on the sill a few seconds, letting everyone get a good look, and then she hopped down as they all watched her breasts bounce as she landed.  
  
Someone poured her a margarita from a pitcher and someone else pushed the bong over to her. Soon they were all laughing and doing impressions of their professor. Aaron was particularly good at imitating her Northeastern accent.  
  
Betsy made sure to tell everyone that she only had an hour before Kate was likely to be home. Naturally, the conversation turned to how she and Kate had met and what brought them to Huron.  
  
“We came so I could go naked all the time,” Betsy said truthfully, and she was feeling so aroused that it almost seemed like it had been her idea. With some prodding, she told the story of how she gave away most of her clothes before the move and was down to a single dress as they made the drive, and how she had taken that off just before they crossed the border and let Kate throw it out the window.  
  
“You littered in our province?” Taylor asked in mock umbrage.  
  
“We littered just BEFORE we came into your province,” Betsy corrected.  
  
After an hour Betsy said her goodbyes and climbed back out the way she’d come, pausing midway to ask what the reading assignment was for Monday’s class. She already knew the answer, but just wanted an excuse to linger on the window sill with one leg partway out to one side in a seemingly natural but very exposed position. She pretended not to notice, of course, reminding herself that as a nudist she could act oblivious to whether she was on display.   
  
“So just Chapter Three?” she asked to drag it out. “I thought there was an article or something also.”  
  
“Not this week,” Aaron explained to her pussy as Betsy gazed out across the crowded bar, thrilled to see that all eyes were on her.  
  
“Okay, well see ya!” she finally said and swung her other leg around so that she was sitting on the sill facing outwards. This still gave everyone a nice view of her butt and Betsy paused another few seconds before hopping off the sill, landing on her bare feet in the squishy, sodden grass as the rain made her gloriously wet again.  
  
She had only consumed one margarita but had two hits from the bong and was feeling its euphoric effects. That on top of the accumulated eroticism of the afternoon and evening had put her in desperate need of an orgasm. She skipped and jogged past the other bars and people on the street with their umbrellas and rain ponchos who waved at her and called out her name.  
  
When she turned off the main drag to a side street where no one was close by, Betsy gave her clitoris a quick burst of attention but forced herself to stop before she got to the corner. She was only a few blocks from home and if Kate was not yet there Betsy decided she would take care of things herself. She just needed to get indoors first.  
  
That was the only thing on her mind as Betsy turned a corner and saw Dean. He was across the street under the shelter of an awning wearing only those skimpy white shorts and flip flops. He was looking down at his phone and didn’t notice as Betsy began to run towards him. Only at the last moment did he look up when she was nearly upon him. Fortunately for him, a stout awning post was at his back as 110 pounds of wet, naked girl slammed into him.  
  
“Where have you BEEN?” Betsy demanded, her legs squeezing his waist, ankles locked together, and her arms wrapped around his neck so that their faces were mere inches apart.  
  
Dean smiled that crooked smile of his. “It’s nice to see you too,” he said. “Actually, I spent the last couple of hours waiting in line at the Apple store to get my new phone which is, um . . .” He looked down and Betsy followed his gaze to where his left arm was trapped against her body. Only then did she pay attention to the feeling of something hard pressed against her pussy.  
  
“Omigod, is your phone . . . down there?”  
  
“Yep.”  
  
“Is it waterproof? Because of the rain I mean?”  
  
“The, um, wetness won’t hurt it,” Dean said, “but—“  
  
“Sorry, I’ll get down,” Betsy said, and unclasped her ankles.  
  
“Wait. Don’t move yet,” Dean said, holding her against him with his other hand now on her butt. “I haven’t bought a case for it yet, so it would be really unfortunate if it dropped onto the sidewalk.”  
  
Betsy tried to resume her position, but felt the phone sliding against her crotch. Trying to keep it from falling, she pressed herself against him, locking her ankles again. The phone stopped its downward descent, but in doing so it slipped partly into her vagina, the edge of the phone firmly pressing against her clitoris. And then Betsy felt something else.  
  
“Oh-oh!” she gasped. “I think you’re . . . getting a phone call.”

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 24**

The phone buzzed audibly as it vibrated against Betsy’s clitoris. Three times, then a fourth. “How many times will it . . . um . . . do this . . . um . . . before it picks up?”  
  
“Gee, I’m not sure,” Dean said, taking his time. “I usually make it four, but I haven’t set this one up yet, so . . .” As he spoke, the phone continued to buzz a fifth, sixth and finally a seventh time, but Dean made no effort to extract it. Betsy was content to ride it out as well, and used the time to gaze into his eyes.  
  
The buzzing finally stopped — about two rings short of an orgasm — but before Betsy could catch her breath a woman’s voice came from her pussy, saying “Hello loverboy.” Dean’s already large eyes widened and he reached his right hand under her butt while moving his trapped left hand and the phone slipped out of her. “Too busy to answer, are you?” the voice went on as Dean almost dropped the slippery phone and had to catch it against Betsy’s left butt cheek.  
  
“Bet I know what’s keeping you busy,” the voice continued, as Dean fumbled with it to find the mute button. “I saw the video of you with that ultra-hot nudist chick, and I saw how you looked at her. You can’t fool me, little brother -- you are in love! Now call me and tell me all about it when you’re so not busy between that girl’s legs.”  
  
The phone finally went silent and Dean shoved it in his pocket. “That was my sister,” he says unnecessarily. “She thinks she knows everything.”  
  
“She was pretty close about . . . being between my legs,” Betsy giggled as she reluctantly brought her feet to the ground but kept her arms around his neck. “Was she right about anything else?”  
  
“Well . . . you are ultra-hot.”  
  
“I meant . . . that other thing.”  
  
Dean put his hands on her wrists and gently pulled her arms away from his neck. “Am I in love with you? No, I’m not — but only because I work pretty hard at not letting that happen. It takes a lot of mental energy, but I have a policy against falling in love with girls who are already involved with someone else. How is Kate, by the way?”  
  
At the mention of Kate’s name, Betsy came back to reality. The eroticism of the rain, not to mention the alcohol and marijuana in her system, had clouded her mind and allowed her fantasies to seem real. Stupid, stupid, stupid, Betsy admonished herself as she took a step backwards away from the embrace.  
  
“Um, Kate’s fine,” she said, ashamed of herself, but now she remembered the time. “Oh crap, she’s probably getting home right about now, so . . . I guess I should . . . go.”  
  
Dean sighed. “I guess you should.”  
  
Betsy turned away, angry at herself and broke into a run, afraid that Kate would be mad if she came home to an empty house. Betsy made it there first, but then remembered she had left her house key inside. Despite the conflicting emotions rolling around in her head, Betsy felt a jolt of arousal at the reminder that she was locked out naked.  
  
But now she saw Kate’s car approaching and in a moment they were both in the kitchen.   
  
“Hey, my beautiful wet nudist,” Kate said putting her hands on Betsy’s hips and kissing her. Betsy wanted them to embrace, but didn’t know if it was okay to get Kate’s work clothes all wet. She let Kate push her backwards onto the kitchen table. Betsy leaned back and slid wetly on the surface of the table as Kate put her in the desired position. Sitting down, Kate lifted Betsy’s legs until the backs of Betsy’s thighs rested on her own shoulders.   
  
“Tell me about your day,” Kate said as she began kissing Betsy’s pussy. “Tell me everything about your day.”

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 25**

Kate had just left for work and Betsy sat at the kitchen table with a pen and paper. “Dearest Kate,” she wrote. “I love you so much, but I hope you can still love me after reading this letter.”  
  
“It’s hard to believe we only met 10 weeks ago. Things happened so fast — maybe too fast. I don’t regret that, but I do regret the mistakes I made — one big mistake in particular; something I haven’t been honest with you about.” Betsy glanced at the kitchen clock. She still had time before her first class.  
  
“That first weekend in your apartment, you made me feel like the most beautiful girl in the world. You wanted me to go naked, and I did. You wanted me to talk while you made love to me, and I did. You asked me if I loved being naked, and I said yes, that I wished I could be nude every moment of every day.  
  
“And you made it happen for me! You took a job that you didn’t want so we could move here to Huron where I could legally have what I kept telling you I wanted — the freedom to go naked everywhere and never own clothing again.”  
  
“But . . . it wasn’t true, Kate. I know you will hate me when you read this, but I’m not really a nudist and have only been pretending because I was afraid to tell you. Please forgive me, Kate. But if you cant, I understand. I probably don’t deserve you.”  
  
Betsy sobbed as she signed her name. She looked up at the clock and carried the letter into the bathroom where she read it again while she adjusted her hair and makeup. She folded the letter neatly . . . and then tore it up over the toilet bowl, flushing twice to make sure nothing came back up. Out of time, Betsy slipped on her sandals. slung her denim handbag over one shoulder and left the house.   
  
Mornings were the hardest. That’s when she felt the most starkly naked, and the least aroused by that fact. Her walk to campus took her past shop windows where she compulsively watched her reflection, her breasts bouncing slightly with her stride.   
  
Beyond the shops was a squat row of studio apartments where students lived. A shirtless guy was exiting one of the doors and locking it with his key, and Betsy instantly knew it was Dean. She would recognize those muscular shoulders anywhere, and that wild crop of reddish brown hair that never seemed to stay combed.  
  
After their last encounter, Betsy wasn’t sure what to do, but she kept walking down the sidewalk. He would be going the same way, towards campus and might not notice her. Should she walk quietly a half-block behind him or call out his name? That decision became moot as Dean stepped out on the sidewalk and looked back to see her coming. He grinned and made a show of putting his phone safely in his pocket and bracing his feet for impact.  
  
“I’m not going to jump on you,” Betsy said as she approached.  
  
“I’m disappointed. I was hoping that was going to be your standard greeting from now on.”   
  
“I was inebriated that time,” Betsy said primly with her chin high as she sauntered past him. He fell into step beside her.  
  
“Is . . . your phone okay?” she asked.  
  
“It is. I wrote Apple to tell them it’s vagina-proof, and they want to use that in their next TV commercial. So expect a call.”  
  
Betsy looked at him askance. “Okay, I know you’re kidding but . . . please tell me you’re kidding.”  
  
“I’m kidding,” he said. “Now can I ask you something?”  
  
“As long as it’s not about the last time we saw each other.”  
  
“Okay, then it’s about every other time.”  
  
Betsy slowed and turned to face him. They were in the middle of a busy campus plaza with dozens of people around them going in all directions — all of them glancing at her as they went by.  
  
“Every time I see you,” Dean began, “it’s like being on a really great drug. And it’s not just because you’re so—“  
  
“Naked?”  
  
“I was going to say ‘beautiful’ first and THEN ‘naked,’ I keep telling myself of COURSE she drives you crazy. She’s beautiful and naked! Every guy and half the girls on campus must feel this way.”  
  
“I drive you crazy?”  
  
“But it’s not just that. Your best parts are above the neck — though the parts below the neck are off-the-charts amazing as well. And right off the bat you told me you were in a relationship — with another girl — so I thought, well that’s that. If it was just that you were in a relationship, I could deal with that because things might change, but if you were also a lesbian there would be no chance ever in my lifetime so I told myself, deal with it. She’s forever out of reach, stop thinking about her all the time.”  
  
“You think about me all the time?”  
  
“But you never actually used the word ‘lesbian,’ and whenever we were together, even just skating or when we went to that bar—“  
  
“Or when I jumped on you.”  
  
“You told me not to mention that one, but yes especially then. Every time I felt there was something happening between us. Sparks. There were definitely sparks coming out of ME, I know that. Maybe they were ALL coming from me and just ricocheting everywhere and fooling me into thinking that maybe possibly a few of them were coming from you too. So . . . that’s what I wanted to ask you about.”  
  
“No,” Betsy said.   
  
“No . . . you don’t feel anything?”  
  
“No, they’re not all yours. The sparks. But I AM in a relationship and . . . I . . . have to get to class.” Betsy abruptly turned and walked away. She counted 25 paces before she allowed herself to glance back over her shoulder.   
  
Dean was still standing in the same place, watching her, his arms crossed and one hand stroking his square, subbly chin. When he saw her look back he called, “so we established that you have sparks for me, right?”  
  
Betsy didn’t answer and hurried on. She was now late so she had to jog. She used to enjoy running, before she was a nudist. She had the grace of a dancer and the smooth stride of a natural athlete, but for a naked girl any kind of running results in boob bouncing. Although everyone around her always noticed Betsy, they were usually able to keep doing whatever they were doing as they glanced at her. But when she ran everyone stopped whatever they were doing and just watched. She literally stopped traffic.   
  
Normally, Betsy was mortified in these situations, but this time she was too distracted. What is WRONG with you, she berated herself. You should be focused on saving your relationship with Kate and not flirting with some guy! Though she might admit (to herself) that she was somewhere on the bisexuality scale, Betsy had officially considered herself lesbian since her freshman year in college. She had dated a few boys in high school, but was not attracted to them and did not let them go any further than briefly touching her breast through her bra. In college, she had several romantic and sexual partners, but all had been female.   
  
It was flattering that he seemed to like her so much. He said she drove him crazy, and that he thought about her all the time. Betsy pictured herself being in a relationship with Dean and felt a tingle between her legs. In her flash of fantasy they were on a date at some bar — and she was naked. But wait, she would not need to be naked if she was with Dean. She would, of course, have to admit she’d been lying to him too all this time. Maybe he would be just as disappointed as Kate. Maybe he only liked her because she was naked anyway. Yes, that was probably it. Why else would he like her?  
  
Betsy’s self-recriminations were interrupted by a group of guys who desperately wanted to take her picture — or, more accurately, to take a picture of themselves with her. She’d accepted this as something that could not be avoided and graciously complied as in turn each boy had his turn posing with her. Then they all waved goodbye, the encounter having taken only a minute or two.  
  
As she entered the lecture hall, Betsy saw Michelle jumping up and down waving to her. It wasn’t really necessary since she was at their now-usual spot, but Michelle did everything with exuberance.   
  
Though not yet an officially registered nudist like Betsy, Michelle aspired to become one and went as next-to-naked as the law allowed. On this day, she was barefoot and wearing thong panties of a material so sheer it did little to hide the hairless cleft of her pussy. On top, she wore the remains of a tie-dye T-shirt that she kept cutting smaller every time she wore it.   
  
“I see you took more off,” Betsy observed as the two girls embraced. “How is it even staying on anymore?”  
  
“Actually, that is a problem,” Michelle admitted. “I might have gone too far for physics.” Indeed what was left of the shirt barely covered her breasts, and those little swatches tended to become displaced by the slightest breeze or jiggle so Michelle kept adjusting them. She didn’t care that her nipples kept popping out as long as she could pretend she was making an effort to keep them under wraps.  
  
“I probably shouldn’t have cut the back collar off, “Michelle said, turning to display her bare back. The only portion of the T-shirt visible from this angle were two shoulder straps that were the remains of the sleeves. “They keep slipping off,” Michelle explained, “and there’s nothing left to hold the front in place. See?” Here she twisted her body back and forth, sending her breasts jiggling free as everyone in the crowded lecture hall watched.  
  
“See?”

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 26**

“Maybe if the cloth was damp it would cling better, ” Betsy suggested. “Like when you’re all sweaty.”  
  
“I like you’re thinking,” Michelle said, and squirted herself in the chest with her water bottle. When the ragged triangles of fabric were sopping wet she smoothed them against her breasts, squeezing out droplets that ran down her flat belly to wet her tiny thong and make it even more translucent. The technique worked and so throughout the lecture. Michelle periodically squirted herself with her water bottle and patted the fabric against her breasts with her hands.  
  
Usually, Betsy and Michelle had to part ways after this class, but on this particular day they both had an hour free and Michelle had invited Betsy to see her studio in the Art Building. The sprawling Art Building and Michelle’s dorm nearby were the main places where she could go entirely nude, even without being registered. Although she wasn’t technically supposed to be nude outdoors, she found she could get away with it in the area between her dorm and the Art Building. Two days a week she had only art classes so on those days she tried to remain naked for 24 hours straight.  
  
As they neared the building, Michelle pulled off the damp remains of her T-shirt and peeled off her thong. Stuffing both into her book bag, she resumed walking now entirely nude.  
  
Although the Art Building had traditional rooms for the faculty, students shared an open space the size of a gymnasium. Using padded cubicle walls cast off in office building remodels, the art students each claimed a bit of space as their studios. Most were no bigger than 8 feet by 8 feet — enough for work space and a futon or ratty couch where they could grab naps or sleep all night if they wanted.  
  
In Michelle’s space, she had a big canvas on an easel that was her current art project — an unnervingly realistic full-body portrait of herself — nude of course. For furniture, she had a few big pillows and a cloth hammock, which she invited Betsy to try out. As Betsy climbed in on one side, Michelle climbed in on the other, and when their feet left the ground the hammock swallowed them up, smooshing their bare bodies together like like breasts in a pushup bra. They were nose to nose, and as the hammock swung gently back and forth Michelle shifted her head slightly and their lips came together. Betsy felt Michelle’s tongue in her mouth and her brain slowly began to suggest that perhaps this was not a good idea. Meanwhile, however, the rest of Betsy’s body was more decisive. Without thinking, she hungrily returned the kiss, but after a few seconds broke it off.  
  
“Wait. We can’t do this, Michelle,” Betsy pleaded, catching her breath. “You know I’m in a relationship with Kate. And don’t you have a boyfriend?”  
  
“Ancient history. Besides, monogamy is boring.” Michelle kissed her again, but Betsy resisted. “Aww,” Michelle pouted, “I just want to give you a little friendship kiss.”  
  
Betsy laughed. “That was NOT a friendship kiss.”  
  
“No? Well then you’d better show me what a friendship kiss is.” Michelle puckered her lips dramatically, but Betsy only gave her a peck on the cheek.  
  
“Like that,” Betsy whispered. “Now you try it.”   
  
Betsy offered her cheek and Michelle planted a comically wet kiss on it. Betsy giggled and turned her head to invite another. Michelle kissed that cheek too, not just once but a dozen times in rapid succession, tracing the line of Betsy’s jaw and tickling past her ear to her cheekbones.  
  
“So cheek kisses are okay?” Michelle asked.  
  
“Well, maybe not quite so many at one time, but yes, cheek kisses are fine.”  
  
“So I can kiss your butt cheeks too?”  
  
Betsy snorted a laugh and then could not stop laughing as the naked girls put their faces in each other’s necks and rocked in the hammock. Betsy was struggling to catch her breath to say “no, you may not kiss my butt cheeks,” but when the words finally came it was nearly in a shout and her voice carried in the open building followed by the laughter of other art students in their cubicles.   
  
“I have to go to my next class,” Betsy whispered and hurriedly struggled to get out of the hammock.  
  
“No, wait,” Michelle said. “The way you do it is—“ Michelle did not have the opportunity to continue because both girls flipped out of the hammock and landed in a heap on the carpeted floor below. Michelle was on top, her belly pressed against Betsy’s face.   
  
Still laughing, Michelle got up on her hands and knees, and crawled a step or two until her knees were next to Betsy’s ears.  
  
“Why did you stop moving?” Betsy asked.   
  
“I kind of like it right here. Do you?”  
  
“It’s lovely, but I have to go to class.” When Michelle still did not move, Betsy slapped her smartly on the bottom — to which she had easy access in that position.  
  
“Oh, I get it,” Michelle said. “Face cheeks get kisses and butt cheeks get spanks!”  
  
“Michelle, I have to go to class,” Betsy repeated weakly, her resolve undermined by the view. She was on her back with Michelle kneeling over her so Michelle’s closely shaven pussy was so close Betsy could smell it. But Michelle’s belly was also close at hand so Betsy started tickling it. Michelle squealed and scrambled out of reach, but before Betsy could get up Michelle was back over her, having shifted her own body 180 degrees so that their faces were now upside down from each other. She put her hands on Betsy’s shoulders and leaned her weight on them to keep Betsy pinned on her back.   
  
“Let me up,” Betsy demanded unconvincingly. “I’m going to be late.”  
  
Michelle moved her hands from Betsy’s shoulders to her biceps, pinning her arms to the floor. “I just want to give you one more little friendship kiss, but not on your cheek . . . or even on your mouth.” Her eyes looked up, which from Betsy’s vantage point was down her body.  
  
“Michelle, no,” Betsy warned. She tried to raise her arms, but could only move them below the elbow.   
  
“And no, not your boobs,” Michelle went on. “I DO want to kiss them, but at this moment I have someplace else in mind.”  
  
“Not there, Michelle!” Betsy pleaded.  
  
“Your belly button,” Michelle whispered, and plunged her face into Betsy’s stomach, exhaling to make a farting sound.   
  
Betsy squealed uncontrollably and tried to wiggle out of Michelle’s grasp, but by this point Michelle had wrapped her arms tightly around Betsy’s body. They were armpit to armpit upside down, their faces in each other’s bellies, as their bodies rolled across the carpet — picking up speed because they’d rolled out onto the main ramp leading down to the entrance.   
  
Michelle was still trying to make farting noises on Betsy’s body, and she was migrating to fresh skin each time. Now she was blowing against the inside of Betsy’s thigh, and next she was blowing against the other, her nose grazing Betsy’s labia in the pass.  
  
This position put Betsy’s face in similarly close proximity to Michelle’s pussy as their bodies rolled down the carpeted ramp. Betsy would later tell herself what she did next was only to protect her head in the tumble. Squeezing Michelle tight around her upside-down skinny waist, Betsy pressed her face into Michelle’s pussy as they rolled the rest of the way down the ramp. At the bottom, Michelle let go and their bodies came apart, sprawling separately in the front lobby.  
  
“And this is the Art Building,” Betsy heard an official-sounding voice saying. She looked up, her legs still splayed open to see a student beginning to push open the entrance. He was looking over his shoulder and did not see Betsy scamper back up the ramp to Michelle’s cubicle.  
  
Michelle had by this time gotten to her feet, but just stood waiting as the group of new students filed inside.   
  
“And here’s Michelle waiting for us,” the tour guide exclaimed. “Michelle is kind of a nudist, as you may have noticed.”  
  
“Only kind of,” Michelle said. “Actually, I almost forgot we were doing this tour today, but that’s cool. Hi everyone,” she called out to the group. “Welcome to the Art Building!” Michelle glanced up the ramp where Betsy had retrieved her purse and was scanning for another exit. Michelle knew there was none. “Oh, here comes a real nudist now,” she called as if surprised. “Hi Betsy!” Michelle was leading the tour up the ramp so Betsy had to excuse herself against the flow, politely saying hi to everyone.  
  
She smiled at Michelle as they passed, grateful to have another naked girl sharing the spotlight for a change. Michelle leaned in for a hug and whispered in her ear, “you got a little something on your chin, girlfriend.” Betsy still had Michelle’s scent in her nostrils and knew her face was wet. She wondered if it was shiny, but made no move to wipe it off as she made her way through the crowd and pushed through the door out into the sun.  
  
Betsy barely got home before Kate, but threw herself into the shower, brushed her teeth and used mouthwash She even managed to get dinner started and have a stiff vodka tonic ready for Kate (with exactly the right amount of vodka and two slices of lime). Betsy drank half of it down herself and had just replenished it when Kate came in the door from the garage.   
  
“There’s my beautiful nudist,” she said, dropping her computer bag on the kitchen chair. Tall and olive skinned, Kate had an athlete’s body under her tailored suits. Ignoring the drink, Kate took Betsy into her arms and kissed her deeply, putting one hand firmly on Betsy’s back and the other just as firmly between her legs.  
  
“Tell me all about your day,” Kate said as she began to massage Betsy’s clitoris. Kate always asked the same question, and Betsy had learned to be prepared for it. She knew she needed to at least mention Dean and Michelle, just in case some random photo or video popped up online, but she wanted to minimize them. She focused instead on the guys who’d wanted so badly to get their pictures taken with her. The whole encounter had lasted maybe five minutes, but Betsy drew all the details from it to make it seem like the biggest event of her day. “Oh, and I bumped into that Dean guy from the mail services, and Michelle showed me the art studio space, but then I had to run between classes through the plaza past everyone sitting at the tables and I knew they were all watching my breasts bounce, and someone yelled “run, Betsy, run!” and I waved at them and they looked so happy to see me, and I felt so glad to be letting them see me naked to make them happy. I make people happy by going naked all the time. Naked all the time. All the TIME!”  
  
Because it was her first orgasm of the day, Betsy came in about 20 seconds, causing no interruption in her dinner preparations. She slumped, damp against the cool kitchen counter catching her breath as Kate turned her attention to her drink and launched into a long story about work. Briefly content with her life, Betsy languidly reached for the wooden spoon, tasted the spaghetti sauce and decided to add more oregano.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 27**

Evenings with Kate were Betsy’s favorite time of day. She had come to love being naked at home with Kate groping her all evening. Eventually, they would end up in bed where Kate might or might not want to have an orgasm of her own, but Betsy would accumulate four or five along the way. At least one of Betsy’s orgasms usually took place on the kitchen table after the dinner dishes had been cleared, and frequently this coincided with dessert.  
  
The fourth or fifth orgasms were usually in the bedroom and took longer to achieve, a challenge for which Kate employed various toys she kept in her top dresser drawer. Among her favorites was a strap-on dildo for making love missionary style. Betsy enjoyed that one too, but now she found herself unable to resist fantasizing about doing this with Dean.  
  
As always, Betsy drifted off to sleep feeling secure in Kate’s arms and confident that everything would be okay. When morning came she would remember she would be going naked in public.  
  
And so the cycle continued for another day, and then another week, and then two weeks. Each morning, Betsy vowed to herself she would talk to Kate about it, and each evening she let the opportunity go by. People in the neighborhood, her classmates, and everyone she encountered in her daily routine seemed to have fully accepted Betsy’s constant nudity. No one questioned it except Betsy herself, and she did so only to herself.   
  
So too, Betsy’s daily pattern repeated itself. Each morning she felt as exposed as ever, and by late afternoon she would be feeling almost comfortable in her exposed skin, and sometimes by the end of her school day she would be in desperate need of an orgasm. Usually she made it home in time to take care of that little task, but there was always a risk that it would escalate more rapidly. Something little might happen — someone’s expression or comment or an unexpected touch of skin against skin. In that moment, Betsy would feel as if she had only just realized she was nude. Because of Betsy’s golden brown tan, those around her did not always realize when she was blushing. But Betsy felt it, starting somewhere deep inside her and then it would rapidly spread through her body, enveloping her with heat. Perspiration appeared on her forehead and lips, and her nipples would go from relaxed to fully erect in seconds. The intensity of the experience would gradually subside, but its effects would be longer lasting. When she had such an episode, it set in motion a countdown to an inevitable orgasm — quite likely within the hour. Betsy knew she could not stop it, so she had to manage it — keeping always in mind where she might go for a few seconds of privacy.   
  
Privacy was something Betsy had precious little of these days because while those around her considered themselves her fans and supporters, they were also constantly watching her. She could not get away with stealing a touch for fear of not only being seen, but photographed and videotaped and having that video shared and discussed online.  
  
She’d had close calls when she almost could not avoid touching herself in class. One time she felt a sudden panic that if she didn’t get out of the room she would masturbate in front of everyone. She kept her head enough to gather her things and leave the class early.   
  
The entire class watched her leave (they watched everything she did), and people whispered to each other, “gosh, I hope she’s okay.” They had noticed Betsy was flushed and overheated. One well-meaning girl followed her out and across the hall to the ladies room. She just wanted to see if she could help, and when she entered the restroom Betsy was already in one of the stalls, moaning. “Are you okay, Betsy?” the girl asked, and through her gritted teeth Betsy assured her she was fine.  
  
“I’m just having a . . . bad headache. I’ll be fine in a bit.”  
  
And so word spread on campus: Poor Betsy suffered from migraines.   
  
The park bench on the grassy hill had worked for her once, but was much less of an option on sunny days when more people were outdoors. On nice days, she discovered in desperation one day, the carillon clock tower would do in a pinch. Steps inside it led up about four stories, ending at an overlook wall right under the bells. No one could see her from the waist down, and as the carillon bells began to ring out the hour, Betsy quickly brought herself to climax. Those watching from down below were touched by her rapturous expression, and a few heard hear cry out amid the pealing of the bells. Word spread that Betsy was religious.  
  
By now it was September and the weather was getting a little cooler. Dean had begun wearing shirts and even Michelle had started wearing more — but only above her belly button. The only tops she owned were either designed to be midriff-exposing or she had cut them short herself. On this particular morning she was wearing an only slightly mutilated tshirt and an ultra-small gray hoodie, both ending at her rib cage. On her feet, she wore sneakers and red socks, and in between she wore red thong panties.  
  
“Nice outfit,” Betsy said as they kissed each other’s cheek.  
  
“Yours is always nicer,” Michelle said with a pouty expression. “So I’ve been meaning to ask because you’re, like, my nudism mentor, but what are you going to do when it gets really cold? We have winter here, you know.”  
  
“I know,” Betsy sighed. “And I don’t know — what I’m going to do.” She hadn’t seriously thought about the answer to that question because she had been so certain she would be wearing clothing by now.  
  
Then Betsy remembered a phrase from the Huron Nudists Q&A — “protective clothing.” Even if she had to stay a nudist, she’d get to wear “protective clothing”! That meant coats and sweatshirts and maybe sweatpants too in the middle of winter. That’s what protective clothing meant, wasn’t it. Surely they didn’t just mean while welding or cooking bacon?  
  
Her mind was awhirl about what this might mean. She’d still go nude indoors at home, of course, and mostly indoors at school — but even there she’d presumably have the same option regular people had to keep their “protective clothing” on if it was cold indoors, as many of the classrooms were. Surely it would be like that.  
  
Betsy scoured the Huron Nudists Association website for references to cold weather. She found a few passing references to someone wearing a sweatshirt or tshirt on a cold night. She was hoping to find photos, but no one seemed to have posted any.  
  
Betsy even emailed a few of the women who had left contact info. They had all heard of Betsy and wrote back enthusiastically supporting her courageous decision to be free and nude even though she lived way up north. Although each of them assured her she should make her own decision about protective clothing, none of them volunteered personal experiences and Betsy was too shy to ask the question more directly.  
  
One evening when she and Kate were out to dinner, Betsy pointed to a girl wearing a zippered sweatshirt and tried to say casually that she was thinking she might get one of those. Kate only laughed, so Betsy said, well, it’s starting to get cool in the mornings and pretty soon—“  
  
“Oh Betsy, you know you can’t do that,” Kate said dismissively. “I sympathize, but you knew it was the price you had to pay. I admire you for what you’re doing, Betsy. You really are amazing, but you can’t go soft on that as soon as the weather gets a little chilly.”  
  
“But they make an exception for protective clothing—“  
  
“Betsy, I know a lot more about contract law than you do and believe me when they use the word ‘protective’ they do so with intention. That means it has to be dangerously cold. Not merely uncomfortably cold. That’s clearly the legal distinction they’re making.”  
  
“Actually, I exchanged email with some nudist women down south,” Betsy said, “and they said it should be up to me to decide when—“  
  
“It’s not up to YOU, Betsy. That’s not how laws work. God, you’re such a blonde sometimes. And don’t confide to strangers like that. You are putting your rights at risk. You want to get your registration revoked on you? After we went to all this effort to get you here — doing what you kept saying you dreamed of doing. I provided that to you on a silver platter, Betsy, and believe me it was not without cost. I could have been in New Westbrook by now, but I’m in second-rate Kingsley because of the sacrifice I made for YOU.”  
  
By this point Betsy was crying silently in the crowded restaurant, tears running down her cheeks and dripping onto her bare breasts and then splashing onto her thighs. Kate took Betsy’s hands in her own and her voice became softer again.  
  
“I’m sorry you’re upset, Betsy, I truly am. I love you and I know that you are a strong woman dedicated to her ideals. I promise you that when winter comes and you truly need protective clothing I will buy you a nice warm coat. But for now, babycakes, you need to be a big girl and do what you signed up to do. You’ve got this whole city rooting for you, so don’t let everyone down.”  
  
“But Kate,” Betsy said, wiping her eyes with her napkin as other diners glanced at her with concerned looks. “I need to tell you that I . . . that I—“  
  
“Oh, here’s an idea to cheer you up,” Kate interrupted, ignoring her. “You’ve mentioned your friends Michelle and Dean several times, but they don’t seem to know each other, right?”  
  
“What? No!” Betsy blurted, alarmed. “I mean, as far as I would know they probably don’t know each other. I don’t know either of them all that well even though we—“  
  
“And neither is dating anyone, right?”  
  
“Um. I . . . I don’t know. Not that . . . they mentioned.”  
  
“Let’s invite them over for an evening and match them up! I’ve been wanting to meet some of your friends and it will be fun to see if there’s any, you know, electricity between these two.”  
  
“Sparks,” Betsy whispered.”  
  
“Right, sparks,” Kate repeated, now preoccupied with her phone. “I know. Let’s invite them this Saturday when we’re having Alice and her husband over anyway, and then it won’t look quite so much like a set-up.”  
  
“We’re having Alice over Saturday?”  
  
“I told you about it,” Kate stated sternly.  
  
“Right, of course, I know you did, but I . . . I don’t think Dean and Michelle would—“  
  
“Maybe they’ll hit it off; maybe they won’t. Just invite them. Oh here’s our waiter. I’m going to have a nice big steak.”