**What a Girl Will Do for Love**

by mcmann.molly

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 28**

“I haven’t been honest with you,” Betsy said, her voice quivering “I’m not . . . I’m not really a nudist.”

With those words finally uttered, the rest of Betsy’s tale poured out -- how the whole misunderstanding had all started with little things she said during sex, but that Kate had taken her seriously and made a career sacrifice in order to bring Betsy to Huron -- the only province where she could live as a full-time nudist. Betsy had been continuously naked ever since, but only because she was afraid Kate would break up with her if Betsy told her the truth.

When she ran out of words, Betsy whispered, “I hope you can forgive me for lying to you.”

“Don’t be silly. Of course I forgive you,” Michelle said, “and I’m sure Kate will too -- but you need to tell her.”

The two naked girls were gently swinging in Michelle’s hammock in her studio space in the Art Building.

“I know I should,” Betsy said. “It’s just that Kate can be . . . “

“Prickly? Quick to anger? That’s how you’ve described her and I have to say, Betsy, she seems kind of negative. Are you sure you two even belong together?”

“Yes,” Betsy insisted. “You’ve just gotten a bad impression of her because I confide in you about the bad things. She has lots of positive qualities too.”

“Okay, tell me about those.”

“Well . . . I love that she’s so strong and confident, and I feel safe and protected with her. She can be really funny when she’s in the mood -- she has a great laugh. We’re wonderful together physically, and most of the time she treats me like a princess -- like I’m the most beautiful girl on the planet.”

“That’s because you ARE the most beautiful girl on the planet.”

“I am NOT.”

“I think you are, and so does Kate so you’re out-voted. But I’m sure I’ll get to witness all of her positive qualities first-hand when I come over for dinner this Saturday.”

“Yes, but please don’t say anything about--”

“About how you’re supposedly not really a nudist even though you go everywhere naked and don’t own a stitch of clothing? Don’t worry -- your big secret is safe with me.”

“Um, not just that. I mean, well, she knows you and I are friends, of course, but . . . “

“Oh, you mean don’t mention our little friendship kisses.” Here Michelle gave Betsy several kisses on the cheek, migrating down her jawline and into her neck until Betsy giggled.

“Yes, don’t mention that -- and please don’t do that in front of her.”

“Does she know how we met?”

“Well . . . she knows I collided with you while rollerblading when I was delivering campus mail in the Art Building, but---”

“Not that our faces ended up in each other’s pussies?”

“That was an accident, but no I didn’t describe that part.”

“Does she know about the second time our faces were in each other’s pussies?”

“That was an accident too. Sort of.”

“I like our accidents. Maybe we should have another.” Michelle started rocking the hammock.

“Don’t do that!” Betsy squealed.

“Okay, but please tell me what Kate DOES know about me.”

“She knows that you’re my really, REALLY good friend -- my BEST friend -- and she knows you want to be a registered nudist too someday, and she knows we’re in a class together. Oops, and speaking of classes, I need to get to my next one. How do we get out of this thing without falling again?”

The naked girls managed to extricate themselves from the hammock without mishap this time, and walked together to the main exit of the Art Building. Michelle hugged her goodbye and gave her wet "friendship kisses" on both cheeks. As they embraced, their erect nipples brushed together, and Betsy could not have said whether Michelle made that happen or if she did so herself.

Betsy pushed out the main door into a crisp early Autumn day and shivered. She had gotten (almost) used to the morning chill as she walked to her first class, but most days it warmed up by afternoon. Not today. If anything, the temperature had dropped and Betsy shivered as she hurried to her next class.

There actually were some benefits to the colder weather. For one, it cooled down the burning eroticism that she’d found so difficult to control a few weeks earlier. Nowadays, Betsy nearly always made it through the day without having to find a place to masturbate. But the most important benefit was that sooner or later it would finally be cold enough (in Kate's opinion) to warrant the "protective clothing" vaguely alluded to in Huron's nudist rights statute. To the extent that Betsy still had any clear plan left at all, it was just to get a coat. With pockets -- she would have pockets again!

The next morning, Betsy was encouraged when she looked out the window to see frost on the grass. She watched with envy as Kate got dressed in a sweater and tweed jacket, hoping Kate would at least say something about the cold, but she didn’t. Betsy was determined not to be the first to bring the subject up so they kissed goodbye and Kate left for work.

Wearing only her red sneakers and matching ball cap, Betsy left the house and walked towards campus. She had learned Dean's morning habits and timed her own departure to pass his apartment as he came out. She slowed as she approached until she saw him coming out of his door wearing long pants and a zippered sweatshirt. She could tell he was looking for her too and they met as he came down the little path from his building to the main sidewalk.

"You amaze me," he said. "It's a frosty morning and yet here you are naked as always."

"I'm not naked," Betsy teased. "I'm wearing a hat and shoes."

"I stand corrected," he said as they began walking together.

"So Dean," she said, having practiced what she would say. "Kate and I are having a little dinner party this Saturday. Would you like to come?"

“Um, sure, okay,” Dean said tentatively. “So . . . does this mean I'm finally going to meet the famous Kate?"

"Of course," Betsy said, trying her best to be casual. "In fact, she suggested I invite you.”

“She knows I exist?”

“Of course she knows you exist. I’ve told her about you -- well, some things about you -- and she saw you herself on that news clip when we beat Melody."

"Interesting," Dean said. "So who else is going be there?"

"Oh I don't know for sure," Betsy fibbed. "Probably just a few of Kate’s co-workers, and one or two friends of mine."

"Anybody I might know?"

"I don’t think so. I think I’ve told you about Michelle, my art student friend?”

Dean slowed to a stop and Betsy did with him. "Wait,” he said suspiciously. “Is this a set-up?"

Betsy shrugged. "What if it is?"

"You want to set me up with . . . someone who isn’t you? What about our sparks?”

“I probably shouldn’t have admitted I had those,” Betsy said.

“But you do?”

They were standing near a park bench so Betsy gestured for them to sit. The wooden slats were very cold against her bare skin and the crisp breeze gave her goosebumps, but she felt relaxed and determined to do the right thing.

“You’ll like Michelle,” she said, “and she’s a nudist too! Not registered yet, but she’s planning to be and goes naked wherever she legally can, which I assume will include my house.”

“Good for her,” Dean said, “but I hope you don’t think I’m only attracted to you because you’re a nudist -- though that’s a plus to be sure -- but you didn’t answer my question. About sparks.”

“I’ve answered it before.”

“Is the answer still the same?”

“I’m committed to Kate,” Betsy heard herself say. “I admit I feel . . . sparks with you, but my situation isn’t going to change. I’m sorry if I gave you the wrong idea.”

Dean sighed. “Is she cute?”

“Kate? Well, she’s--”

“I meant Michelle.”

“Oh, absolutely. She’s adorable!”

“The second most adorable girl on campus?”

Betsy felt herself blushing and she imagined herself giving him a different answer, and they would kiss right here on this park bench. A gust of cold wind made her shiver, and the carillon bells rang out, reminding them of the time.

“You’re going to really like Michelle,” Betsy said, standing up.

On Saturday, Betsy was aflutter with preparations for the dinner party. She cleaned the house thoroughly and went to the grocery store with her list of ingredients for dinner. It was another chilly day, but she found she could tolerate it. People gawked at her as they always had -- but now with additional curiosity because of the cold. Betsy ignored the stares and kept her mind on her task, picking out everything she needed.

At six o’clock, Betsy was freshly showered and busy in the kitchen when the doorbell rang. Kate was still absorbed in her laptop at the kitchen table with a vodka tonic so Betsy scampered to the door and welcomed Kate’s boss, Alice Strunk, and her husband. Kate finally closed her laptop and joined their guests in the living room as Betsy excused herself to go back to the kitchen.

The doorbell rang again and this time Kate answered it as Betsy hurried in to greet the newcomers. It was another co-worker of Kate’s, Jason, and his wife, Emma. Although Betsy had been to several of Peabody and Strunk’s social gatherings, Jason was new to the firm -- having only recently moved to Huron himself -- and Kate had intentionally chosen him so he and his wife would be meeting Betsy for the first time. They were just taking off their coats when Betsy came running in from the kitchen, her breasts bouncing and a wooden spoon in her hand. After an introduction during which neither Jason nor Emma could manage more than fleeting eye contact, Betsy dashed back to the kitchen to bring them glasses of wine.

When Dean arrived, Betsy did her best to be breezily casual as she introduced him first to the guests and then to Kate.

"Your'e a good catch," Kate said, shaking his hand firmly.

"Pardon?"

"I saw you on the news catching Betsy after that little race of yours."

"Oh, right. Well, she did the hard part -- beating Melody. That was an amazing win."

"But I could see that Betsy was quite sweaty when she leaped into your arms,” Kate said. “She must have been rather slippery to hold onto."

“I . . . I suppose . . she probably was,” Dean stammered.

Betsy felt a wave of panic. Was this whole evening an elaborate plan to confront Betsy about her improper flirtations?

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“As I'm sure you know from personal experience,” Kate went on,” “Betsy is so dedicated to doing whatever she sets out to do. She’s just fearless, isn’t she? She could have been hurt so I’m glad you were there to keep her safe."

“What race are we talking about?” Emma asked, as Betsy's heart resumed beating. Dean seized the opportunity and launched into a lengthy description of the campus mail service and how Betsy had to put up with Melody, their overbearing and relentlessly competitive co-worker -- culminating in the big race on the final day of summer session.

Betsy had to get back to the kitchen before the story was over, but she heard Dean exclaim, “and all I had to do was catch her!” followed by laughter. She exhaled in relief when she heard Kate’s distinctive guffaw rise above the rest. The doorbell rang one again and Betsy knew it had to be Michelle. She hurried back to the door and Michelle was on the porch wearing a wrap-around sweater tied at the waist.

As Michelle stepped inside, the other guests in the living room stood up and looked over expectantly, but before leading her over to them Betsy said -- loud enough for all to hear -- “may I take your wrap?” Michelle opened her sweater, showing herself to be nude also. The sweater slid off her shoulders and Betsy hung it on a hook by the door as Michelle kicked off her sandals.

The distance from the front door to the living room was perhaps six or seven paces, but for all in the room time seemed to slow down as they watched the two naked, barefoot girls approach. They were of similar build, but with different coloring. Betsy was of Swedish ancestry and was a natural blonde, her skin golden brown from weeks of continuous nudity. Michelle was slightly taller and skinnier, her ribs showing and her belly button an outie. She was Irish, but not the redheaded kind. Some few strands of bright red were in there somewhere, but mostly her hair was a rich auburn brown. She’d had less freedom in the sun, but also did not tan as easily. Her shoulders and chest were slightly tanned and splattered with freckles. Neither girl had a wisp of public hair.

Michelle shook hands with each person in turn, and each time she did so her right breast bobbled up and down -- a pattern that each person in the group picked up on by the second or third introduction. And so with each of the remaining handshakes, everyone anticipated the bobble and made sure to observe it.

She was by nature more outgoing and talkative than Betsy, but tended to become a jittery chatterbox when nervous. And so each handshake took three or four enthusiastic pumps as Michelle effusively complimented outfits, shoes, hairstyles, nail color and any number of details about the guests. Naturally, they tried to compliment her appearance in return while trying not to use the word “naked.” The consensus was that she looked “lovely.”

When she got to Dean, Michelle held his hand in both of hers as she said, “oooh, you are just as hot as Betsy said you were.”

Last in line was Kate, who declared, “a handshake isn’t enough for my Betsy’s best school friend,” and grabbed Michelle into a hug. Surprised, but not at all put off, Michelle returned the hug, wrapping her naked body around Kate and kissing her on the cheek. If any ice needed to be broken, that did it, and from that moment everyone relaxed. Betsy felt relieved that Kate had finally met both Dean and Michelle and that the world had not ended. She knew she had handled things badly -- allowing herself to become much too flirtatious with both of them. Starting tonight, she vowed, things would be different.

During dinner, Betsy was at the opposite end of the table from Dean and Michelle, who were apparently finding plenty to talk and laugh about, though Betsy could not hear much of their conversation. Her end of the table was dominated by Kate, Alice and Jason talking about work. Betsy did her best to be attentive, but kept trying to eavesdrop on the other conversation. Michelle was excitedly telling Dean how she had barely missed out on a free trip to Italy -- a story Betsy had already heard. Michelle was first-runner up in an international painting competition, which was a big accomplishment even though she missed out on the trip. As she told the story, Michelle would excitedly bounce up and down in her chair -- and her breasts bounced along with her. Dean and Betsy were on the same side of the table with two people separating them so she could not see his face or even hear what he was saying in reply. Dean had always played it pretty cool around Betsy, maintaining eye contact most of the time -- more than she wanted him to do, actually. She wondered if he was having a better time looking at Michelle.

“Which is what makes Betsy so amazing,” she heard Kate say. Startled, Betsy tried to force her brain to recall whatever had just been talked about, but she was coming up blank. Everyone at the table was looking at her -- except Michelle and Dean, who were absorbed in each other.

“I must concur,” Alice said. “Betsy, I keep asking Kate if you’ve resorted to clothing yet due to the changing weather, but she says you have continued to carry on without a stitch. Don’t you get cold?”

Grateful to have this clarification, Betsy was prepared to respond. “Yes, actually, I do get cold, Alice -- especially in the mornings. But I’m pretty stubborn when it comes to my nudity.”

“But what will you do when winter comes?”

“Um . . . the law does permit nudists to wear protective clothing, but--”

“Is that what other nudists do?”

“Well, I guess I'm kind of in a unique situation. All the other registered nudists seem to live down south, so I'm the only one up north where we have winter, and I . . . I’m not sure what to do.” Fearing she’d said the wrong thing, Betsy hastily added, “I just want to stay naked as long as I can.”

“Isn’t she something?” Kate exclaimed, putting her arm around Betsy’s bare shoulder and pulling her close. “I’m probably going to have to force her to wear a coat pretty soon, but I know she doesn’t want to. Do you, sweetie?”

“No, I don’t!” Betsy insisted, trying to sound determined, “but . . . I know my judgment isn’t very good on this subject so I’m just going to let you decide that for me.”

As everyone at her end of the table emitted a collective “awww,” Betsy glanced to the side to see Michelle looking back at her, one eyebrow raised.

The rest of the dinner proceeded uneventfully and Betsy was in the kitchen making decaf and scooping dessert onto plates when Michelle came in. “Need any help, Miss ultra-dedicated nudist?” she asked.

“I couldn’t very well tell her in front of everyone,” Betsy whispered.

“Of course not,” Michelle replied. “I was just kidding around with you. Can I at least help carry those plates?”

“Yes, please. So, um, you and Dean seem to be getting along.”

“Ooooh, yeah!” Michelle said, bouncing on the balls of her feet and sending her boobs into a wobble. “He is SO hot. You don’t mind if I . . . pursue that, do you?”

“Of course not,” Betsy said, trying to sound convincing. “That’s why Kate-- why we invited you two at the same time.”

Alice, Jason and their spouses left shortly after dessert, but when Dean and Michelle moved to follow, Kate held them back. “Please stay a little longer,” she said. “I barely got a chance to get to know you two -- and I have a special something to share.”

Dean and Michelle took their seats again while Betsy’s heart fluttered nervously and Kate retrieved a slender bottle from her liquor cabinet. “You both walked over, right? This is pretty strong stuff so I didn’t want to serve it to the others because they were driving. Babe, get some of those small glasses.”

“That looks classy,” Dean said as Betsy hurried off to the kitchen. “I’m not used to classy alcohol.”

“It’s ‘Tsarskaya,’ from St. Petersburg,” Kate said. “A client gave it to me and I’ve been waiting for the right moment to open it.” She poured a small amount into each of the four glasses and then held hers up in toast. “Nostrovia!” she said, and threw back the shot.

“Nostrovia!” Dean repeated and took his own.

Michelle looked at Betsy and the two of them took theirs at the same time. “Nostrovia!”

“That wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be,” Michelle said.

“Good,” Kate said, “because you can’t stop at one.” She refilled the glasses again and this time all four of them shouted “Nostrovia!” together and threw back their shots simultaneously.

“So tell me how you all met,” Kate said.

“Well, I just met Michelle here tonight,” Dean said. “Does that count?”

“I meant how did you two meet my sweet, adorable Betsy?” Kate said, pulling Betsy onto her lap on the couch. Betsy wanted to relax and enjoy the moment, but feared someone would say the wrong thing. But if that happened, she knew it would be all her fault. Kate was being so nice, just wanting to get to know Betsy’s friends -- not knowing Betsy had betrayed her trust not just with one of them but both! She didn’t deserve Kate. Betsy was lying to her every single day about her nudity, and on top of that she’d been cheating on her. Maybe not physically, but emotionally.

Betsy was so busy chastising herself and fearing having her shameful secrets revealed that she was the only one not laughing as Dean told another funny story about their mail delivery work -- Betsy’s pratfall into the mud on her first day on the job -- and Michelle gave a PG-rated, but still-humorous version of their original meeting. Kate showed no sign of being suspicious. She just poured another round and told her own story of how she had spotted Betsy at a lesbian bar “and as soon as I laid eyes on her, I knew I had to have her.” As she spoke, Kate’s hand was gliding up and down Betsy’s side, from just below her breast to halfway down her outer thigh and back up again.

“Of course, this wasn’t in Huron so she was still wearing clothing,” Kate went on, moving her hand to Betsy’s inner thigh, caressing up and down, almost absently as she talked. She pushed Betsy’s legs farther apart and Betsy submitted, as she always did. “And so I had no idea yet that she was a nudist,” Kate went on, as her fingers glided down almost to Betsy’s knee and then back up all the way until the side of her hand touched Betsy’s pussy. Dean was steadfastly maintaining eye contact with Kate, but Michelle was watching the action, her nipples puckered into points.

“It was only later when we were making love for the first time that Betsy told me how much she loved being naked, and that was the moment I fell in love with her.”

“Oh, that’s so sweet!” Michelle exclaimed. “And sexy.”

Kate’s hand came to a stop against Betsy’s pussy, her fingers resting innocuously against Betsy's inner thigh while the heel of her hand at the wrist pressed firmly between her open labia directly on her clit.

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Betsy held her breath, wondering if Kate intended make her come right there in front of her friends. The idea of that happening terrified her, but also touched off a wave of eroticism that rushed through her entire body and made her shiver. She shifted her pelvis involuntarily, rubbing herself minutely against Kate’s hand. No one else (she hoped) would have noticed, but she was certain Kate did. She had not meant it as a signal inviting more but she half-feared and half-hoped Kate would take it that way.

Kate’s hand began to move, sliding wetly upwards along Betsy’s pussy until the fingernail of her pinky cupped Betsy's clit -- and released it as Kate lifted her hand away to reach for the vodka bottle.

“One more round?” she asked.

“I may need to sleep on your couch if I drink much more of this,” Michelle said. “I don’t have to drive, but I may not be able to walk either.”

“We’ll make this the last one,” Kate said, and then everyone raised their glasses again and shouted triumphantly together, “Nostrovia!!”

“We should probably go while we can still feel our legs,” Dean suggested.

Everyone started to get up, but Kate said, “oh, I meant to take a picture of you all.” She held up her phone. “Michelle, do I have permission to take a picture of you while you’re naked?”

“Heck yeah,” Michelle declared, standing up uncertainly and leaning off-balance into Dean, who was still seated. Her butt cheek smooshed against his face as he instinctively put his arm around her body to keep her from falling.

“Hold that pose,” Kate said, snapping a few photos. “Okay, Betsy, stand up with Michelle. I absolutely must have a photo of the two nudists of Avery.”

“One of them still unofficial,” Michelle pointed out.

Betsy and Michelle stood side-by-side as Kate gave directions as she took photos. “Put your arms around each other. . . that’s good . . . now how about a kiss?” Betsy froze, but Michelle grabbed her by the chin and turned her head, and their lips came together.

Though alcohol had been flowing all evening, Betsy had been so fixated on making sure the dinner went well that she’d only had one glass of wine before the vodka came out. She was feeling a buzz, but was not drunk. Kate drank more heavily than Betsy, and liked to claim it had little effect on her, but Betsy knew better. Kate was smashed.

“Betsy, don’t be so stiff,” Kate ordered, her voice slurred. “Show us some hot lesbian kissing!”

Worried about defending herself in the morning, Betsy tried not to seem overly willing, but Michelle had no such reservations. Her tongue was making an inventory of Betsy’s teeth and her hand was squeezing Betsy’s breast.

“Beautiful,” Kate declared. “I might need to get the garden hose and spray you two down. “Dean, you better get in between them.”

Betsy gingerly pushed Michelle away until their lips parted, making room for Dean in the middle.

“Okay ladies, give him a kiss on the cheek.” Betsy obeyed, hoping Kate would soon stop. She had often imagined kissing Dean, but her fantasies had never included Kate as an observer. Yet here she was with her lips on his cheek and her nose drinking in his scent. His arm was around her waist, his strong hand resting on her bare hip. She had her hand on his back and wished he was still shirtless as he had been in the summer. Realizing that neither Kate nor the camera would see, Betsy slipped her hand under his shirt and slid her fingertips up his muscular back. She kept her other hand at her side, wanting to be sure Kate would not later decide she had been too eager.

Michelle had no such reason to moderate her behavior and so both of her hands went up Dean’s shirt -- one in front and one in back. The one in back discovered Betsy’s hand and gripped it as the one in front made a show of groping Dean’s pecs. Kate laughed and egged her on. In her enthusiasm and unsteady on her feet, Michelle began to fall sideways onto the love seat and Dean fell with her. Betsy remained standing, now alone, as Dean and Michelle sprawled on the love seat entwined together.

After drawing out the moment some while, Michelle extricated herself and declared, “Kate needs to be in some pictures too!” She snatched Kate’s phone from her hands in a manner Betsy herself would not have dared. Yet Kate only laughed and jumped to her feet to embrace Betsy for the camera.

“Show us some lesbian love!” Michelle declared, snapping pictures. Kate complied, wrapping Betsy into a kiss and putting her hand between Betsy’s legs as she so often did when they were alone. This was not just a pose for the camera. Kate's fingers meant business, vigorously rubbing Betsy's clit. Betsy surrendered herself to Kate’s will and in that moment having an orgasm in front of Dean and Michelle felt like the most perfect thing she could possibly do.

But then Kate’s hand was gone and everyone was laughing. Michelle gave the phone back to Kate, who flipped through the images, showing them to Betsy. And then everyone was hugging goodbye and the front door was open.

“Don’t forget this,” Kate called after them when Dean and Michelle were on the porch. She was holding Michelle’s wrap-around sweater.

“Oh crap, I still need this, don’t I?” Michelle pouted. “Someday I will be as brave as you, Betsy Andrews, Famous Avery Nudist.” Dean gallantly held out the sweater and Michelle slipped her arms into it but made no effort to tie it closed. They staggered together, arm in arm, down the steps from the porch and out into the night.

The next morning, Kate and Betsy each dealt with their hangovers their own way. Betsy slept late, took aspirin and and drank strong coffee. Kate rose early and went for a long bike ride. She had uploaded her photos from the previous night to the shared cloud storage space the girls shared, so Betsy spent much of the morning flipping through the images.

For a long while she stared at the photos of herself and Michelle kissing, amazed that Kate had encouraged it, and hoping Kate would not see anything negative in them after the fact. Then there were the photos of Dean with a naked girl on each arm. She remembered what it felt like kissing his cheek, and secretly sliding her hand up the back of his shirt. The next few photos showed Michelle falling to one side and pulling Dean with her and away from Betsy. She had remained standing, left alone as Dean and Michelle sprawled, limbs entwined, on the love seat. It felt symbolic in some way.

The last images were of her and Kate together, and this seemed right. Kate was grinning drunkenly -- looking more relaxed than Betsy had ever seen her. They did make a good-looking couple in an opposites sort of way. Kate was tall, dark-haired and clothed while Betsy was petite, blonde and so very naked. So naked, so always naked. Betsy had been mentally fighting it all this time, struggling to escape from a situation she had put herself into. She began to imagine that perhaps her inappropriate flirtations with both Dean and Michelle had been part of that struggle. Maybe it was time to give up and accept her life as a nudist? To let go of Dean and Michelle. They were still her friends, of course. She wanted to keep them in her life in that way, but she knew she had to stop herself from indulging in romantic fantasies with them. It was unfair to them -- especially Dean -- to encourage that. He deserved to be with a girl like Michelle, and Betsy was lucky to have a girl like Kate.

Betsy closed her computer feeling that something had been resolved. She still didn't want to give up on ever wearing clothing again, but she did feel more certain of her relationship with Kate. That’s what mattered, and Betsy needed to control her feelings and stay focused on that. As for her nudity predicament, maybe the changing seasons would help her with that. She would, at minimum, get to wear a coat pretty soon. And perhaps when it was really cold she could tell Kate it was too much -- that she had really wanted to be a full-time nudist but that Kingsley winters were just too much. She could say that after much soul-searching she had decided to withdraw her registration and go back to being a home nudist.

The advantage of that strategy, Betsy realized, was that she would not have to admit that she had been lying all this time. She would just be changing her mind after having given full-time nudity a dedicated attempt for several months -- until the brutal reality of winter forced her to change her plans. Kate probably still wouldn’t like it, but surely she would have to respect Betsy’s decision under those circumstances. It would be a test of Kate’s love for Betsy. If Kate actually broke up with her in that situation, well then maybe they didn’t belong together after all.

Betsy took strength from having made that decision. She had been going naked for a couple of months already, and she could do it for another month or two -- despite the cold -- in order to reach her goal. She felt at peace with whatever might happen after that.

And so on Monday morning, Betsy was again stepping outside on a frosty morning wearing nothing but tennis shoes and a ball cap. She was a little late so she was hurrying in order to be passing Dean’s apartment when he usually came out. She was still a block away when she saw him come out of his door. She started to trot to catch up with him, but then stopped short when she saw someone else come out the door behind him. It was Michelle. Betsy stepped behind a tree, not wanting them to see her if they looked back, but they didn't. They just walked away from her, together.

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Already? Dean and Michelle were sleeping together already? It had only been two days since they'd met at Kate and Betsy's party. It had been an intentional pairing, of course, and Betsy supposed she should be glad it had worked out so well. But this fast?

Michelle probably initiated it, Betsy reasoned. She was vivacious, outgoing and uninhibited -- all qualities Betsy lacked -- so Dean would have had his hands full fending her off, if he tried. Dean had never made a move on Betsy, nor had he even ogled her particularly. But . . . he said he had sparks for HER. For Betsy. And he was already having sex with Michelle, her best friend??

Stop it, Betsy told herself. So what if it happened fast. This was right, Betsy told herself. She was solid with Kate, after all -- and had escaped the potentially serious consequences of her own foolishness -- and now her best friends Dean and Michelle were together. That was good. The four of them got along great. They could go on double dates together.

Best of all, Betsy finally had a real plan to get herself out of this insane nudism thing without having to admit she'd never really wanted to do it in the first place.

Later that day when she saw Michelle in class, Betsy tried to be nonchalant as she asked, “so what did you think of Dean? Did you two hit it off?”

“We did!” Michelle exclaimed, bouncing up and down in her seat. “We spent most of yesterday together and, well, last night too.”

“Did you?” Betsy exclaimed, trying her best to sound both surprised and happy.

Michelle yawned. “We spent most of the night on the roof of the Science Building waiting for that stupid lunar eclipse everyone’s been talking about. It was kind of cool, I guess, but not really worth staying up til 4 a.m. to see.”

“I’m sure you found something ELSE to do up there with Dean,” Betsy said teasingly.

“I might have except there were, like, 20 other people up there with us.”

“Oh. So you two didn’t . . .”

“Sleep together? No-- well, yes, technically. We went back to his place afterwards and passed out on his couch for a couple hours before his freaking alarm went off.”

“Ohhh!” Betsy exhaled, relieved but trying not to seem that way.

“But I plan on getting into those tight pants of his REAL soon.”

The next morning marked the beginning of October and as if on cue the temperature dropped sharply and it stayed frosty cold all week, but Betsy was surprised that it really wasn’t that bad. She usually only had to walk 15 or 20 minutes at a time to get from one warm building to the next -- though twice a week her first class was on the opposite side of campus and was more than a 30 minute walk. If she allowed herself enough time, Betsy could cut through some campus buildings along the way. That worked pretty well if it was a classroom building, but when she tried to cut through a boys’ dorm, it really slowed her down because so many guys wanted to flirt with her.

Even when she walked the whole way outside, Betsy found she could endure the cold weather pretty well, though of course it was only October and would get much worse before long. That’s what Betsy was counting on -- subzero temperatures and maybe a nice blizzard. That ought to be enough to at least get a long coat. After that, she would tell Kate she simply had to go back to wearing clothing. She would do that by Solstice, Betsy vowed to herself, so she would not have to be naked when she visited her family. Going naked around her sister Hannah or Aunt Mindy wouldn’t be so bad, but not around the boys. Their blended family had come together when Betsy (the youngest) was 10 and the boys (the oldest) were 14, so they were like brothers to her. She did NOT want them seeing her naked -- not in person anyway. She knew they’d seen her on the Internet. Though they did not live in the Kingsley TV broadcasting region, all they had to do was search for “Avery nudist” to find both amateur video and local TV reports.

Starting with the charity art auction when they first moved to Huron, Betsy had been on the news multiple times. The video of her winning the rollerblading contest had become the most watched footage in Channel 5 history, and all three local TV stations had experienced a ratings bump whenever they could come up with an excuse to put her on the air.

Publicists for Kate’s employer, Peabody & Strunk, were also aware of Betsy’s star power. After the attention she brought to the Art Auction, the company’s PR department made sure Kate and Betsy were invited to every public event P&S sponsored. They also made sure to mention to the press that Betsy would be attending. Twice since the school year started, Betsy had “dressed up” in her white heels and pearl necklace, her hair pinned up to show off the dangly matching earrings, and dutifully attended some gala fundraiser or another where everyone else was in tuxedos and gowns. All three Kingsley TV stations would be out front as a string of expensive cars pulled up for valet parking. When it was their turn, Kate would walk around to open her door and Betsy would step out amid flashing lights like the celebrity she had become.

At some point in the evening, thankfully after she’d consumed a few glasses of wine, Betsy would be put in front of the cameras again to answer whatever silly questions the reporters could think to as an excuse to put her on the air. Now that it was October, the questions on everyone’s lips were “aren’t’ you cold?” and “are you going to stay naked all winter?”

Betsy was prepared with a strategic answer. “Of course I’m cold,” she said, “but I’m trying to stay naked as long as possible. Of course, the law allows nudists to wear protective clothing, and living this far north, I suppose I’ll eventually have to wear a coat or something.” Here she made a fetching pouty look that she’d practiced in the mirror. “But I just don't want to think about that yet!”

Although the other two stations generally left her alone in between these events, Channel 5 would take any excuse to “check in on the Avery Nudist,” and at least once a week Betsy would spot a Channel 5 van cruising around campus. She avoided them when she could, but usually she had to say a few words about how very happy she was to be naked.

In addition to the news organization sites, Betsy knew there were several websites focused entirely on photos and videos of her. She tried not to look at them, but sometimes could not resist. She was astonished at how many photos and videos there were -- most of which she had no idea were being taken. In an odd way she was touched by the attention because the sites were universally laudatory -- as if she were a movie star people felt lucky to have seen in person.

One morning late in October, Betsy looked out the window to see that it had snowed. Four or five inches had collected on the ground and more was coming down. She turned on the TV where the Channel 5 weatherman was predicting a “wintry mix” all day.” After making coffee for Kate, Betsy announced that she was going out to shovel the sidewalk. She was trying to draw attention to the fast-approaching need for protective winter clothing, but Kate paid little attention and seemed preoccupied with reading something on her phone.

Wearing only shoes, Betsy went out on the porch and began shoveling snow off the porch and then the little brick path leading out to the picket fence. Ironically, this was a task Betsy had once looked forward to doing. She’d always dreamed of having a little house like this and she would imagine doing all the little chores associated with homeownership -- including shoveling snow. She just hadn’t expected to be doing it naked.

After clearing the little path inside the fence, Betsy opened the gate to shovel the sidewalk out front. She wanted to go inside shivering, but it wasn't actually very cold. The snow was coming down in big wet flakes that collected in her hair as she worked. She was about a third of the way done when she she noticed the Channel 5 van. Crap. It was too late to evade them by going back inside, and she couldn’t just leave the sidewalk half finished so she ignored them and continued with her task. The cameraman quickly positioned himself on the neighbor’s still-unshoveled sidewalk so he could film her as she approached.

“Don’t mind us, Betsy,” the reporter called to her as she fiddled with her microphone. “Just pretend we’re not here for a bit.”

It was not easy to pretend the burly cameraman was not right there in front of her. Betsy knew he was getting a good shot of her boobs jiggling with her movement, but there was no way to shovel any differently. Now she had only ten feet or so left to go and the reporter had positioned herself next to the cameraman and began speaking into her microphone. “Okay, Betsy, we’re going live in a few seconds. We just want to ask you a question or two about how you’re doing with this weather, but keep shoveling at first, okay?”

Betsy, nodded, hoping Kate hadn’t turned off the TV. She no longer fretted over how many people in the Kingsley Metro Area would see her naked. Betsy had an audience of one, and that’s what mattered. Next to the van, a producer counted down the seconds with his fingers and pointed to the reporter.

“This is Maddie McGuire live from Avery where our Channel 5 Action Cam came to see how the Avery Nudist was handling the season’s first snowfall, and we found her shoveling snow!” Betsy presumed the camera was now on her, but she kept shoveling. “Sorry to interrupt your work, Betsy.”

Putting on her game face, Betsy looked up at the camera with a big smile. “No problem, Maddie. I’m almost done here.” She scooped up a couple more piles of snow and then straightened up, leaning on her shovel as more snow fell all around her. She had conflicting desires -- wanting to build her case for eventual clothing, but also aching to just make Kate happy.

“Betsy, I’m sure our viewers are all wondering how you manage to go completely naked in weather like this. How do you do it?”

Betsy looked through the camera lens into Kate's eyes. “I love being naked in the snow,” she said for Kate, and then tried to remember what she'd meant to say. “Of course, um, today it’s only barely cold enough to snow and there’s no wind, so it’s not bad yet,” Betsy said. She realized she did not feel cold in the least; quite the opposite. “I guess all this shoveling really warmed me up because I’m really hot!”

Indeed, although the snow was coming down hard as she spoke, the fat flakes collected in her hair but melted wetly on her skin. She didn’t feel uncomfortable at all and the thought of Kate watching her naked on TV made her aroused.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 32**

“Are you going to stay naked all winter?”

“I’m gonna try! Bye now.” She waved and sauntered back to the porch, showing the camera her shiny-wet, perfectly formed bottom, still sun-browned despite the season. Despite her outward confidence, Betsy was conflicted. She’d meant to stay on message -- emphasizing again that by mid-winter she’d probably be wearing a coat -- but all she could think of was Kate watching her. She burst in the house, hoping Kate had not missed it, and indeed Kate was in front of the TV using the remote with a delighted look on her face.

“That was SO sexy,” Kate said, still pushing buttons. “I missed the first few seconds, but recorded the rest.” Playing the recording on a loop, Kate embraced her and immediately put a hand between her legs.

“I’m really hot!,” Betsy heard herself say on TV, only now catching the unintended double meaning. She would have been embarrassed had Kate not been sucking her nipple and rubbing her clitoris. She was quickly on the verge an orgasm but caught sight of the clock on the TV and remembered why she couldn’t be late to class. “Wait,” she panted, pushing herself away. “I have a test . . . in ten minutes.”

Stumbling backwards, Betsy grabbed her backpack and hurried to the door, as she again heard herself saying “I’m really hot!”

Betsy ran all the way to class, arriving just in time as the professor was handing out the tests. Trickles of sweat ran down her body as she gradually caught her breath and tried to concentrate on 16th Century Provincial Poetry. The class was in one of the older buildings with steam heat and the room temperature was always at one extreme or the other. On this day it was too hot and students around her were pulling off their sweaters. Wearing nothing at all, Betsy should have been the most comfortable, but after Kate’s unfinished lovemaking and her sprint from home, she was unable to cool down. The wooden seat was slippery under her bottom, and she knew the cause was not entirely perspiration.

When the class was over, Betsy hurried outdoors to cool off. In a little brick plaza she spotted a park bench covered with four inches of wet snow. Betsy sat down on it, grateful for the shock of cold against her pussy. She leaned back, draping her arms on the snowy back of the bench and turning her face into the sky as the still-falling snow melted on her face. She still had her eyes closed when she heard the unmistakable click of a camera. Looking up, she saw a girl with a very professional looking camera with a long lens. “Just ignore me, Betsy,” the girl said as she continued clicking. “I’m with the yearbook staff. Oooh, hold that pose.” Betsy complied, even smiling for the camera.

Throughout that day, Betsy found herself struggling with a problem she had not had for weeks -- a steadily building and nearly uncontrollable erotic arousal. Her jammed class schedule left her little time to relieve herself and some of her locations of choice were no longer available .The stairway to the clock tower was blocked for repairs, and her favorite secluded park bench was hard to get to because of the snow. She resolved to hold out until she was safely home, but fidgeted through the long day trying not to touch herself.

After her final class, Betsy walked toward home feeling utterly exhilarated. It was as if the pent-up sensual energy that nearly made her masturbate in class has diffused throughout her body, evenly dispersed and radiating out of her through every pore, strand of hair and bodily orifice. It was like the time she'd accidentally eaten two marijuana brownies,but this time it was all natural. She felt confident and BEAUTIFUL and overflowing with joy.

“And I'm NAKED!” she exclaimed, throwing her arms in the air and twirling in a circle to the delight of all who saw her. Snow was still coming down in giant wet flakes that melted on her hot skin, and in that moment she never wanted to wear clothing again. When she passed a group of students making a snowman she joined in to help them. Her hands got red and cold, but the rest of her was steaming like a horse as she cradled a basketball-sized snowball against her chest and lifted it to balance on top of the emerging snowman’s torso.

That's when she saw the Channel 4 TV news truck cruising through campus. Their competitor, Channel 5, had gotten her for the morning news and probably showed it again at noon, and now Channel 4 wanted their own Betsy Boost in ratings. Most days she would have avoided them, but at this moment she felt flattered to know she was so popular -- that so many people enjoyed seeing her naked. She initiated a snowball fight so she could be squealing photogenically in play as the van drove up. As the cameraman approached she fell to the ground to make snow angel, her golden brown skin glowing red and wet with melting snow. It was a glorious excuse to spread her legs for the camera and she had the urge to masturbate for the viewers too, but even in her present state she knew that would be inappropriate for broadcast TV. The silly TV reporter wanted to ask her about the cold again. Couldn’t they think of anything else. Ignoring the questions, she jumped up and ran, giggling, towards home, the van following her with the cameraman leaning out the window. When she came to huge evergreen tree whose boughs were laden with heavy snow, she stood under the lowest branch and gave it a shake, sending globs of wet snow raining down on her. Then she was off again across the street and now off campus, the van following her down the little brick streets of her neighborhood to her beloved blue house with the white picket fence. She blew the cameraman a kiss and bounded up the steps to the porch and burst in the front door. Kicking off her tennis shoes and tossing her little backpack on the table, Betsy threw herself on the bed and spent the next half hour having three epic orgasms.

Exhausted, she fell asleep and woke an hour later transformed back to her old self. She now regretted how she’d behaved, but she knew Kate would want to see it, so she made sure to have the TV on Channel 4 as she got dinner started. However, her phone buzzed with a text message from Kate saying she’d be late. It was almost time for the news so Betsy set it to record so Kate could watch it later. As always, they saved the bit on her for the end of the broadcast and teased it at every station break. I should get paid for this, Betsy grumbled as she turned the burners on low to keep dinner warm.

When her segment came on, Betsy sat and watched it, wondering who that crazy-happy girl was who looked so much like her. Having drained from her body every ounce of erotic feeling, Betsy just felt ridiculous, and embarrassed knowing that people all around the Kingsley area were watching her cavort naked on TV. At least they’d edited the video not to show her spread-eagled pose while making that stupid snow angel. How could she humiliate herself like this day after day? Had she no shame? And yet even when she felt at her lowest, Betsy knew that the words “humiliation” and “shame” weren’t quite right. She was deeply embarrassed, but not humiliated because that word assumed that those who saw her were offended or disapproving, but amazingly no one was. There was no actual “shame” in it somehow. People loved her this way. She wondered what her life would be like a few months from now when she was not a public nudist anymore. Would people still like her? She hoped they would, but she didn’t need to be so popular. People watched her all the time; she just wanted to blend in with the crowd. But that girl on the tape . . . she was so happy being naked. Betsy tried to remember the feeling, but there was only a shadow of it left. Did she want it back?

Kate came home late and irritated. She watched the video while she ate dinner, laughing a little, but afterwards she opened her laptop again and they did not make love that night. In the early weeks of their relationship not a single day had gone by when they did not make love. Kate was not always in the mood to have an orgasm of her own, but she loved giving them to Betsy, and because Betsy had them so easily she usually had several. Now, sometimes two or three nights in a row would go by in which Kate was preoccupied with work and barely seemed to notice Betsy.

This lack of evening orgasms left Betsy prone to arousal in the middle of the day. She half-hoped to have that experience again, but even when she was fidgety she remained aware of the absurdity of her situation. She was the only person naked. She was naked all the time. It was winter. This was insane. No, she didn’t want that crazy feeling back -- not if it meant staying naked. She wanted to wear clothes and she was determined to be doing so by Solstice. She was going to be a normal person again.

As the days went on, Betsy stoically maintained her resolutions: She said nothing to Kate about the cold, and she kept her distance from Dean and Michelle to let them have whatever relationship they were going to have. She socialized instead with Lu Chen, Taylor and Aaron, all friends from one of her classes. Sometimes she went to coffeehouses or bars with them after their final class of the day. She was trying to be normal, or as normal as a naked girl can be.

On the first day of November, it was raining. Betsy had, of course, walked through the rain before, but on this day it was freezing rain. The morning radio warned of accidents on the roads and showed pictures of icicles hanging from street signs. Betsy hoped Kate would say something about it finally being cold enough, but she didn't and Betsy ignored it also as they both got ready for the day. As she so often was these days, Kate seemed preoccupied with work and in a rush as she kissed Betsy goodbye, grabbing the green umbrella from the hook by the door on her way out to the garage.

The green umbrella had originally been Betsy's, but Kate had left her own at work and did not bother to ask if Betsy wanted hers. Throughout the late summer and early fall there had been several rainy days during which Betsy had left her umbrella at home, choosing instead to let her body get wet.

That made sense for a warm summer rain, but now it was a freezing November rain. Kate was driving and parked in a garage. She would barely have need for an umbrella but had left Betsy with no option but to walk through the rain without one. Knowing what she would have to endure this day, Betsy packed up her necessary things in her plastic Ariel backpack and stuffed up her hair under one of her ball caps. She put on her tennis shoes, slung the backpack over one shoulder and stepped outside.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 33**

The rain was coming down hard and Betsy could feel the spray even under the roof of the porch as she locked the front door. She took a deep breath, adjusted her ball cap and stepped off the porch into the freezing rain.

It was tough, but Betsy was resolved as she kept her head down and concentrated on putting one foot in front of the other as freezing rain pelted her naked body. She made it to her first class early and had time to go to the ladies' room to dry off with paper towels, shivering uncontrollably as she did so. Fortunately, this was one of the buildings where the steam heat was always too strong and so she warmed up quickly during the class. But then she had to plunge into the freezing rain again to go to her next class. It was farther away, which meant more exposure, and she didn't arrive in time to go to the bathroom so she had to air dry in class in a building that was not well-heated. She shivered throughout the class as cold trickles ran down her body.

Betsy’s classmates had already been amazed for weeks at her ability to withstand the cold, and now they could only shake their heads in wonder. “Are you sure this is healthy,” Lu Chen asked with concern as they were leaving the classroom. “What if you catch pneumonia?”

“I’m okay, Lu Chen,” Betsy insisted, doing her best to laugh it off. “It’s not even that cold or else it would be snowing instead of raining.”

“But i’s FREEZING rain,” Lu Chen emphasized. “You’re going to have icicles hanging from your nipples!”

“My nipples and I will be fine,” Betsy said, waving goodbye and pushing through the exit and back out into the rain. She nearly fell because the sidewalk was covered with a sheet of ice. Icicles were hanging from street signs and tree branches. Betsy began to wonder if Lu Chen was right and kept glancing down at her reddened, pointy nipples half expecting them to have icicles hanging from them.

The rain did not let up all day, but as she headed home she took strength from the thought that perhaps today would be the day that Kate suggested it was time for a coat. Betsy imagined herself putting up a little argument -- she didn’t want to seem too quick to agree. When she was finally home, Betsy decided she had just enough time for a steamy hot shower before starting dinner. She unloaded the contents of her Ariel backpack to make sure everything was still dry and noticed she had a message on her phone from Kate.

“Don’t make dinner, babe,” Kate’s voice said over a bad cellphone connection. “We’re going out to celebrate! Meet us at O’\_\_\_\_\_’s on Fourth Street. We’re headed there now.” Betsy listened to the message four times, but could not make out the name. It sounded like “O’David,” but she could find nothing on her phone by that name. She tried calling Kate back but only got her voicemail.

Fourth Street was Avery’s main drag and had along it all manner of restaurants and bars. Betsy remembered a prominent sign for “O Henry’s” near campus, though she’d never been to it. That must be where Kate was, Betsy reasoned. The message had been sent half an hour earlier and Kate had said “we’re headed there now,” so she was probably already there and couldn’t hear her phone. No time for that hot shower, Betsy lamented and got herself ready to go back out in the rain. O’Henry’s was only a few blocks away and Betsy had been trudging through the rain all day, so she figured she could do a little more -- and this would show Kate what Betsy was enduring without a coat. What were they celebrating, she wondered.

Betsy didn’t want to lug her backpack to the restaurant, and she really wouldn’t need the things she normally carried to class -- her tablet, phone and keys. It would be easier to leave all of these behind because she really wouldn’t need them. Betsy stepped out the front door, still wearing only her sodden shoes and ball cap, and closed the door until it latched. She was locked out naked and would have to make her way through the icy rain to find Kate.

Fourth Street was only three blocks away and she made it there quickly, but then wasn’t sure whether to go left or right. She peered in both directions until she spotted the “O’Henry’s” sign several blocks away. The wind had kicked up and icy raindrops stung her bare skin as Betsy tilted her head down and plunged through the storm, her feet sliding on the icy sidewalk. When she finally reached “O Henry’s”, it was closed. The hours posted on the glass door said it served breakfast and lunch, closing every day by 2:30 p.m.

Crap, Betsy thought. Now she wished she’d carried her backpack so she’d have her phone to search for other restaurants with an “O” name. She felt sure she had gone in the right direction. Nearly all of the bars and restaurants were on this end of the street. She only needed to keep going until she found another one starting with “O.”

Betsy plunged out into the rain and wind again. Although the street was jammed with cars, their windshield wipers slapping fast against the rain, Betsy had the sidewalk nearly to herself. A few pedestrians fought to keep their umbrellas from turning inside-out, and if they noticed her at all they stared in amazement as Betsy pushed her way through the storm with nothing at all to protect her.

After a few blocks of this, Betsy was becoming numb -- not just her body, but her mind. She felt as if her consciousness was floating separately beside her struggling body, and she seemed to know dispassionately that her body could not endure this indefinitely. She imagined herself laying down on the sidewalk and going to sleep until the storm passed. Now she was at a busy intersection and had to stop and wait for the light as cars streamed past her, and across the street she saw the sign -- “Eau de Vie.” That was it! “O’David” was “Eau de Vie”!

When the light finally changed, Betsy strode across the street with new resolve. As she approached the restaurant, she saw Kate and Alice through a window, and more importantly they saw her. With what little energy she possessed, Betsy pushed her way inside as Kate, Alice and several other women from P&S rushed to greet her.

“Goodness, Betsy, you are positively blue!” Alice exclaimed, leading her back to their table. “We must get you dried and warmed up! You’ll catch your death in this weather!”

Betsy only had eyes for Kate and rejected the cloth napkins offered to her. “I’m f-f-fine,” she insisted. “I p-p-prefer to let m-m-myself air-d-d-dry.”

“But you must be freezing,” declared one of the other women. Betsy had met her before, but had forgotten her name. Erin. Yes, her name was Erin.”

“I’m f-f-fine, Erin,” Betsy said, still shivering involuntarily. Kate had a vodka tonic in front of her and Betsy took a substantial gulp of it.

“This is going too far,” Erin said to Kate. “You can’t expect her to--”

“Erin is right,” another woman said to Kate. “This is absurd. The poor girl is going to end up with pneumonia.” Betsy could see Kate’s expression hardening as all of her co-workers chastised her for allowing Betsy to take such risks. They were interrupted by the waiter, coming to take their dinner orders. Betsy ordered soup to warm her up, and Kate clenched her teeth and ordered a rare steak. Betsy knew she needed to say something as soon as possible.

“I don’t know why you’re c-complaining to K-Kate,” she said as soon as the waiter left their table. “It’s my d-decision to live n-naked, and p-poor Kate has just been p-putting up with me. She was t-talking about getting me a coat weeks ago. I said I didn’t want one, but . . . I have to admit that today has been . . . difficult.”

Kate quickly recovered her composure as Betsy made her little speech, and then said, “Sweetheart, I really think it’s time you gave in. We discussed this, and you agreed that you wouldn’t be able to make through the entire winter completely naked. Will you let me buy you a coat tonight, Betsy?”

This was perfect -- exactly what Betsy had been hoping for, and in front of witnesses. She frowned to keep from smiling, looking down in what she hoped was an expression of disappointment. “I guess you’re right,” she whispered as a real tear (of joy and relief) trickled down her cheek.

The other women offered a chorus of support -- praising Betsy for her amazing achievement while urging her to listen to Kate’s wise advice for the sake of her health. Betsy was too choked up to reply. She was only pretending to be sad, yet somehow she actually felt disappointment in having given up.

Trying to shake it off, managed to ask, “so what are we celebrating?”

“Your Kate is quite the rising star at P&S,” Alice said. “We could tell right away that the position we hired her into was an insufficient challenge, and so today it was announced that she has been elevated a higher position -- and with that a substantial raise in salary I might add.”

“Which is why I’m picking up the tab tonight,” Kate crowed, lifting her nearly empty glass.

“That’s wonderful!” Betsy exclaimed.

Kate launched into a long and somewhat tedious description of her new role. Betsy was not entirely following it, but began to relax. Her skin was drying, except under her bottom and various trickles that still worked their way down her body as the remaining ice in her hair melted. By the time the food came, Betsy felt comfortable again and the hot soup she had ordered made her toasty warm inside -- too warm. She leaned back in her chair and ran her fingers through her wet hair, undoing her tangled braid and shaking more water down on her skin. This took some time, during which her breasts were on their best display for all eyes in the restaurant.

Betsy was starting to feel very good about her situation. Finally she was making progress towards being able to wear clothing again, and the knowledge of that allowed her to enjoy the sensuousness of being naked in front of Kate's friends. She imagined a future in which she was no longer a registered nudist, but would go naked at home in front of Kate’s friends from work. She would be glad to do that much, and in fact she realized she didn’t want to entirely go back to her old life. She could be like Michelle, wearing clothing in public and then slipping it off like a coat when socializing with Kate’s work friends at their homes. That was something she could never have imagined herself enjoying a few months ago, but it was nothing compared to what she had been doing.

What about among her own friends from school? Perhaps she would with them too, Betsy pondered. After all, everyone had seen her naked for all of this time. Betsy’s reverie was interrupted when she heard Erin, speaking to Kate, say “when you go to New Westbrook.”

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 34**

“New Westbrook?” Betsy asked, her hands still in her wet hair, but no longer moving.

“Just a quick business trip,” Kate said. “I need to fly out to the West Coast for a few weeks to get things reorganized out there.”

“Weeks??”

“Yes, babe,” Kate said, patting Betsy on the hand. “I won’t be gone long. I’d take you with me, but you have your classes and, well, you wouldn’t be able to go naked out there, so I would never ask you to make that sacrifice.”

The conversation went on, mostly about work, and Betsy remained quiet. Kate’s promotion was good news, but the idea of her going to New Westbrook for ‘weeks’ was unsettling. When the waiter brought the check, Kate snatched it and paid for everyone. “Now,” Kate said, “the next order of business is buying you a coat!”

Betsy’s mind was churning with worry. New Westbrook was where Kate wanted to be -- she’d said so in the heat of anger. “I could have been in New Westbrook by now,” she remembered Kate telling her bitterly during one of their arguments, “but I came to second-rate Kingsley for YOU.” And now Kate was going to New Westbrook for weeks, and leaving Betsy behind. And was it a coincidence that only NOW was Kate suddenly willing to let her have a coat? Maybe Kate didn’t care anymore what Betsy wore because Kate was leaving her behind and starting a new life without her in New Westbrook!

These dark thoughts consumed her as they left the restaurant. She barely noticed that the rain had stopped as they walked to Kate’s car. She tried to listen as Kate recounted the story of how she was told about her promotion. Betsy heard herself say, “it’s wonderful,” and “you deserved it,” but she was not thinking those things, and watched numbly as Kate drove them to the mall and parked in front of McAlister's department store. Somehow they were inside the store and Kate was leading her through the women’s coat department. A saleswoman approached and spoke to Betsy by name.

“Miss Andrews!” she exclaimed. “We were hoping the Avery Nudist would turn to McAlister’s when it was time to buy a coat. How exciting!”

Betsy was in a daze as the saleswoman -- whose nametag said “Mirriam” -- began showing them rack after rack of coats more fabulous than Betsy had dared dream for . . . until this moment. Now that it was finally happening, something was wrong. It was a trap! She was being tricked! When Mirriam pulled a long fur coat off its hanger and held it out for Betsy to slip on, Betsy recoiled.

“No!” she cried. “It’s too much!”

“Price is no object,” Kate declared. “Whatever you want is yours.”

“I mean it’s too much . . . clothing,” Betsy panted. “I can’t . . . I can’t put that on.” A few hours ago, she would have been thrilled with this coat, but now it seemed sinister.

“Maybe something lighter at first,” Kate suggested. “How about starting with this little jacket?” She held out a waist-length suede jacket that would not even cover her butt, but Betsy refused to try it on -- convinced that somehow doing so would trigger the end of their relationship.

“No, no,” she insisted, backing away. “I don’t want any of them.”

Mirriam looked alarmed and faded into the background as Kate took Betsy aside and held her in her arms. “Betsy, sweetheart,” Kate said. “We need to get you something to keep you warm.”

Betsy pulled herself away and ran a few steps to a display of winter scarves and hats. “I just want these,” she insisted, “but not a coat. I can’t wear a coat.”

Kate sighed. “I don’t want to upset you, Betsy, and I can see you’re not ready for this. Okay, let’s buy some of these for starters.” The display included rainbow-striped scarves, hats, mittens and leg warmers.

“We have some lovely boots,” Mirriam timidly interjected, indicating a neighboring display. Betsy consented to try on knee-high boots, and soon the purchase was made, though Betsy refused to put on the entire ensemble and only wore the boots as they exited the store.

That night in bed after they made love, they talked more about the trip and Betsy felt a little more secure, and too embarrassed to admit to Kate what she had feared. “You’ll be back by the start of Solstice Season, won’t you?” she managed to ask.

“Of course,” Kate said, “and I’m looking forward to finally meeting your family. You can wear your new outfit. Now, we’d better get some sleep. I can’t very well show up late the day after my big promotion, can I?”

Kate was soon asleep while Betsy stared at the ceiling trying to remember her plan to be wearing clothes by the time they visited her family. She knew she had overreacted and should have accepted the coat. Kate was just going on a business trip and then she would be home. One was not an omen of the outcome of the other. She could still continue her plan and go coat-shopping on her own, maybe before Kate left on her trip. That was the first step, and she could easily take it on her own now because Kate had tried to buy her a coat already. She didn’t know why she’d gotten all tangled up inside. It was stupid, and silly. She would just go get a coat before Kate left, and then before Solstice she would tell Kate she wanted to wear clothing again. That part might be harder with Kate out of town, though. Or maybe not . . . maybe each day when they talked on the phone Betsy could mention how cold it was. Maybe she could pretend she was coming down with the flu. She could even claim to be running a temperature and Kate wouldn’t be able to tell from a distance. That would be another lie, of course . . .

Betsy slept fitfully and woke with the same thoughts in her head. It was a grey and cold morning and Betsy considered wearing her new “outfit” to school, but could not bring herself to put any of it on. Instead, she wore her usual tennis shoes and ball cap. She was eager to talk to Michelle about what had happened and get her advice, but Michelle was not in class. Instead, Betsy received a text from Michelle asking her to come to the Art Building as soon as possible. She left class early (wishing she had the ability to do so inconspicuously), and ran to the Art Building where she found Michelle and Dean hurriedly packing suitcases into the back of a taxi.

“Oh Betsy!” Michelle exclaimed. “I’m so glad you got here in time. The most wonderful thing has happened. I’m going to Italy after all! One of the top winners of that contest had to drop out and I was the first alternate so I get to go! And Dean is going with me!”

“But . . . what about . . . your final exams?” Betsy stammered, though in her mind she was saying “what about me?”

“That’s all taken care of. I get to take my exams remotely, and Dean doesn’t have any because he’s just working on his thesis and can do that anywhere.”

Dean shrugged as if in apology. “Free trip to Italy,” he said.

“And I’ll earn my Winter Session credits over there,” Michelle went on. “So--”

“You’ll be gone all Winter Session?”

“I’m sorry, Betsy,” Michelle said, tears in her eyes. “That’s the only bad thing about this. I’m going to miss you. I wish you could come with us.”

It all happened so fast. After a flurry of tearful friendship kisses from Michelle and an awkward hug with Dean, the taxi was pulling away, leaving Betsy alone in the Art Building plaza as the carillon bells signalled the time for transition.

Two days later, Betsy was driving Kate to the airport. Though she had intended to buy a coat before Kate left, Betsy had not been able to bring herself to do so. She wanted one more than anything, but could not shake the feeling that this was some kind cosmic test, and that any retreat from nudity would somehow cost her Kate. It made no logical sense, she knew, and yet she could not make herself go into a store and try on coats. When she walked past shop windows showing coats in the window she quickened her pace as if passing a cemetery on spooky night.

And so the days had gone by, and now she was naked except for shoes as she pulled up at a parking meter in the short-term parking lanes next to the airport terminal. Kate had been absorbed in her phone for most of the drive, exchanging emails with Alice about the trip. Kate was wearing a business suit and a long coat because the temperature was well below freezing. Betsy shivered in the wind as Kate pulled her big suitcase from the back seat of the car and began pulling it on its wheels. With her free hand she put her arm around Betsy’s bare waist as they whooshed through the automated doors into the airport.

Betsy was too numb to notice the stares of travelers unaccustomed to seeing the Avery Nudist in the flesh. When they reached the security station, Kate kissed her and promised they would talk every evening and that the time would go by quickly. Betsy watched, powerless, as Kate went through security and then disappeared around the corner with a quick wave and a glance over her shoulder.

As she made her way back through the crowded terminal Betsy briefly found herself surrounded by a gaggle of squealing teenage girls wanting her autograph. Momentarily buoyed by their praise, Betsy manage to smile for a couple of group photos and then the girls scurried on to catch their own flight. When she reached the exit leading to the short-term parking area, Betsy pushed out the revolving door into the cold. People around her wore winter coats, their breath visible in white puffs. Betsy was oblivious to the cold as she walked naked and alone into the night.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 35**

Betsy came home from the airport to an empty house and cried herself to sleep. When she woke in the morning, she cried some more. Walking to class, she had to pass Dean’s apartment, but he was gone -- off on a romantic adventure in Italy with Michelle. In Betsy’s imagination, Dean popped out of his door and caught up with her, explaining that he’d come home early . . . because he missed her. But that only happened in her imagination. Later that day when she had a break in classes, Betsy’s feet took her to the Art Building and to Michelle’s little bit of studio space. She curled up in Michelle’s hammock and wept silently so the other art students in their own cubicles would not hear.

That first day, Betsy sent three emails and 10 texts to Kate, but Kate’s replies were few and brief. She was really busy, of course, Betsy told herself. Don’t pester her. That night they talked on the phone -- or rather Kate talked and Betsy cried. The second day, Betsy felt a little better, but had conflicting feelings about an email she received from Michelle. It was filled with happy stories about all the fun she and Dean were having in Rome. Betsy was glad for them, but felt desolate and left out. She replied with false cheer and did not mention that Kate was gone now too.

That evening, Betsy watched bad TV for three hours and ate popcorn for dinner, counting the minutes until Kate would call. She tried to be more cheerful on the phone, prepared with a semi-sexy story about having to give a presentation in one of her classes and how the boys who normally sat in the back row crowded together in the first row of seats.

“You know,” Kate said, “normally I’d be touching you while you told this story and you’d come before your story was finished. I miss that.”

“I miss it too,” Betsy said.

“Well maybe we need to make . . some adjustments.”

“Like, um, what?”

“Like YOU play with yourself while you tell me about your day, and I get to hear you come.”

“Phone sex?”

“Or you could videotape yourself doing it and send that to me.”

Betsy laughed. “I’m not doing THAT.”

“Then do the other thing, and no one will ever know you did it except little old me.”

“But I already told you my story, and I don’t have another one.”

“You could tell it again. I’ll bet it would sound like a whole different story that way.”

Betsy was pretty far from being in the mood to have an orgasm by any means, and especially not this way. “Can we save that for another night?”

“Let’s try it tomorrow night.”

The next day Betsy was eager to find some little experience she could use that night to make Kate happy. It shouldn’t be hard for a naked girl to find a sexy experience to talk about, but after all this time most of her day-to-day experiences were variations of things that had happened before. There was always some guy leering at her or giving her a stupid pick-up line. It helped when she felt more sexy herself, so she started giving herself strategic little touches throughout the day. She couldn’t be too obvious about it because someone was always staring at her, but a naked girl can graze her nipple whenever she wants, and fold her hands in her lap with her hidden pinkie in just the right spot. Betsy was already well practiced at these maneuvers, and by noon had managed to get herself quite worked up.

In the afternoon, she intentionally cut through the Student Center recreation room where lots of guys were playing pool, ping-pong and video games. Everyone noticed the Avery nudist and everyone pleaded with her to join them. She pretended to be oh-so dreadfully busy, but perhaps to be polite she could play just one game. She chose ping-pong because it would be more bouncy. The guys adored her and took lots of pictures which she knew would go online immediately. After one game, she said she really truly had to leave but then let herself get talked into a quick game of foosball. This involved more bouncing, especially because Betsy jumped up and down with excitement every time her team scored a point. She was play-acting, at least at first, but ended up having a very good time and hugged all of the boys as she said goodbye.

That evening Kate was calling early because she was going out on a business dinner, so Betsy hurried home and was propped up in bed when her phone rang at 7 p.m. “Tell me about your day,” Kate said, and Betsy did. It was a very sexy story with lots of exquisite little details. Betsy got herself to the very precipice of an orgasm, but could not quite get comfortable doing this on the telephone, so . . . she faked it. Some of her moans were real, but the big ones at the end were embellished. “That was nice,” Kate said afterwards, “but it didn’t sound as good as the ones I give you.”

“I like it better when you do it,” Betsy said.

“We’ll have lots of catching up to do when I get home, but right now I’ve got to run. Love you.”

“I love you too,” Betsy said, her voice catching in her throat. She started to add “very much,” but the line was already dead.

It was only 7:30 and Betsy did not want to spend another evening watching TV. She had to busy herself with something, and masturbation didn’t count. Through the bedroom door, Betsy’s gaze fell on the far wall of the living room -- where the six paint swatches had been taped to the wall for weeks. She and Kate had talked and talked about painting the living room, but couldn’t agree on a color -- though all of the swatches were some slight variation of light blue.

A rebellious thought came to Betsy. She could decide this herself without Kate's approval. It would be all done by the time Kate came home and if she didn't like it, well . . . maybe she should have stayed home. That's not what Betsy would say of course. She’d apologize like she always did, even when she knew she wasn’t wrong, and then it would all be forgotten. She took her paint swatch -- it was called “Rapture Blue” -- back to the hardware store, where all the men working in the paint department offered to help her at once. She bought two gallons, along with brushes and drop cloths, plus she rented a fancy roller that pumped paint directly from the can to the roller. The salesmen showed her how to use it and talked her into practicing holding it over her head to reach the ceiling. Betsy knew what they were doing, but after her unfinished masturbation session she was in the mood to give them a little show.

Back home again, Betsy put on her favorite music (that Kate disdained) threw drop cloths over all the furniture and got to work. The job went pretty quickly because of the roller-pump contraption, but she couldn’t get the hose connected tight enough and it leaked all over her hands. When she decided she really needed a glass of wine, Betsy wiped her hand on her hip and butt cheek so she wouldn’t get paint on the refrigerator door. In addition to dealing with the leaking hose, Betsy had trouble regulating how much paint was sent to the roller and so she splattered herself quite a bit more than what would have happened with a normal roller. This was especially a problem when she did the ceiling, and it probably didn’t help that by that point she had consumed half a bottle of chardonnay and was dancing as she worked. Once, when she leaned over to adjust the pump, she lost her balance and put her butt against the wet paint on the wall. This made her laugh until she had to pee, and when she went to pee she left Rapture Blue paint on the toilet seat and had to clean it up before it could dry, which made her laugh more.

By 1 a.m., Betsy had finished the job and used up nearly all of her paint. After she cleaned up her brushes and the roller she felt exhausted and flopped down on the dropcloth-covered couch just to rest a little moment. That’s where she woke the next morning -- ten minutes before her first class. She didn’t have time to shower or even brush her teeth, but just grabbed her Ariel backpack and ran barefoot out the door.

She got to class just in time, realizing only as she grabbed the door handle that her hand was blue, as was much of her arm. She looked down at herself as she entered into the classroom. Her chest, shoulders and stomach were speckled with countless Rapture Blue dots while smears of Rapture Blue decorated her thighs and hips where she’d wiped her fingers in between sips of wine. Quite a bit of Rapture Blue had managed to get itself between her thighs and along the sides of her pussy. Betsy’s classmates and professor had a great laugh at her appearance and she laughed with them as she explained what had happened, concluding her story with a plea for some chewing gum since she hadn’t brushed her teeth. Everyone who had gum eagerly contributed to the cause and Betsy stuffed the extras into her backpack to use later.

It was her busiest day of the week -- she did not even have a lunch break -- and so Betsy had no choice but to go from class to class looking as she did, managing to pop into the ladies’ room long enough to see that her face and hair were even more speckled than her chest. By the middle of the afternoon, she was feeling impossibly grungy from not having showered and had gone through a dozen pieces of gum but still wished she could brush her teeth. Though she only had 10 minutes between classes, she decided to cut through one of the dorms to grab a lightning-quick shower. The hallway was empty as was the restroom, but as she got into one of the shower stalls, Betsy noticed the row of urinals on the opposite wall. Uh-oh, she thought, but she would be quick. There was a liquid soap dispenser in the stall and Betsy hurriedly washed herself. Had she more time and a washcloth she might have gotten the paint off, but she was grateful just to feel clean again.

After a quick rinse, Betsy hurried out of the stall, thinking only about getting to her next class, and nearly collided with two naked boys.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 36**

“Oops, sorry,” Betsy said as she squeezed the water out of her hair. This little task put her elbows up and her breasts out, but Betsy thought little of her own nudity and was just trying not to look at theirs. “I was just passing through and wanted to grab a quick shower before my next class. I didn't realize this was a boys’ dorm. Sorry.” Betsy said all of this with her eyes averted as she edged her way to the door.

“Omigod, you're the nudist chick!” one of the boys exclaimed.

“Um, yeah that's me. Well--”

“We've seen you on campus, but never . . . so close,” the other boy said. “Is that blue stuff body paint?”

“No, just regular paint,” Betsy said. “Like from painting walls. I thought more of it would come off in the shower, but--”

Though she had been steadfastly not looking down, some small movement had caught her peripheral vision and Betsy involuntary glanced down to see that both boys now had full erections. Their eyes followed hers and they seemed to become aware only in that instant of their own nudity and the alert state of their penises. Both gasped and covered themselves as Betsy fled from the room.

She ran outside into the sunny but crisp November afternoon, still wet from her shower. Now late, she ran the rest of the way to her class, where she was unable to stay focused on the lecture. Betsy had extremely minimal past experiences with penises, especially erect ones. She often saw their bulging presences beneath the pants of nearly every male she met -- most memorably Dean’s -- but seeing one in the flesh, so to speak, was rather new to her. As Betsy made her way to her final class she was feeling quite aroused, though not in that uncontrollable, need-to-masturbate-right-now kind of way. It was juuuuust right. She could feel the sun on her skin though the air was cool; she was freshly showered (though still covered in paint dots); she had just seen two very erect penises, and now she was headed to her favorite class.

It was her favorite not because of the official topic, but because she liked the prof and the other students, who included her friends Lu Chen, Taylor and Aaron. Though they could not fill the void in her heart left by Michelle and Dean, they were fun to be with. Taylor had blue hair on one side of her head and shaved the other side, Aaron was a tubby and overly hairy computer major who reminded her of a big teddy bear, and Lu Chen had surprisingly large breasts for an otherwise petite Asian girl. Betsy liked how these friends dealt with her nudity -- mostly ignoring it, but giving her just enough teasing to make her feel sexy and special. She wouldn't have admitted it, but Betsy didn't actually like it when people never-ever acknowledged that she was naked. They meant well, she knew, probably thinking she wanted to be treated exactly as if she were clothed, but she was secretly disappointed when that happened.

It was a small discussion-style class of about a dozen people seated in a circle on wooden stools. Although it was possible to sit on such a stool in a ladylike manner with legs crossed, this was not easy to maintain for an hour, and Betsy had become so comfortable with this group that she no longer attempted to do so. And because the class was so late in the day, by the time she got to it Betsy was usually feeling more than a little aroused.

When she walked into the room, everyone noticed her painted-splattered skin and the teasing began.

“Nice outfit,” Taylor said.

“It must take forever to do your makeup in the mornings,” Lu Chen added.

“You're going to start a fashion trend,” someone else put in.

Betsy had told the story a half-dozen times already but launched into it again, now enjoying every detail. She even demonstrated how she had tried to use the leaky paint roller and how she’d accidentally put her butt against the wet wall. Everyone howled with laughter and Betsy felt comfortable and appreciated. As class was ending, Aaron called out, “party at my place,” which he often did. Although Betsy had sometimes gone with them after class to a nearby coffeehouse, she could never stay long because she always had to get home to make dinner for Kate. For that reason, she had also never gone to one of their parties though they always invited her.

“Hey Betsy,” Taylor called. “You just told us your sweetie is out of town, so ya gonna come this time or go home and splatter more paint on yourself?”

“I'm all done painting,” Betsy said, “so . . . yeah . . . I guess I could come. But I think I'll run home first so I can finally brush my teeth.”

“No need to do that,” Aaron said. “My roomies and I keep a supply of new toothbrushes on hand just in case one of us has a lady spending the night.”

“And I'll bet you’ve never needed them,” Taylor said, prompting a chorus of laughter.

“Sadly, not I personally,” Aaron admitted, “but one of my roommates has had a conquest or two.”

“Women aren't conquests, Aaron,” Lu Chen admonished.

“I meant my roommate has been fortunate in meeting one or two strong women who chose to express their femininity by having sex with him.”

“That's better.”

Betsy contentedly walked along with five of her classmates to an apartment over a garage that Aaron shared with his two roommates, Zach and Evan. They were both home and were expecting the group, but they weren’t expecting Betsy. Naturally they knew Aaron was in a class with the sexy Avery nudist and they'd been hoping for weeks that she'd come over with Aaron’s other classmates, but she never had -- until now. Stunned by their newfound good fortune, both were reduced to that stupid-grin, deer-in-headlights look Betsy had seen on hundreds of other guys’ faces. Sometimes it made her want to hide, sometimes it just annoyed her and sometimes it made her feel good -- as was the case just now.

“You're probably wondering why I have these blue dots all over me,” she said, knowing she was giving them permission to scrutinize her body. “You see, I was painting my living room last night and . . .” Betsy told Zach and Evan the story she'd been telling all day, but for them she pointed to different parts of her body saying things like, “and here's where I must have scratched an itch or something.”

As this was going on, Aaron was putting frozen pizzas in the oven and handing out beers. The others settled in on two mismatched couches and dragged in additional chairs from the kitchen. Betsy sat on one of these as Aaron fired up a bong and passed it around. Having consumed half a bottle of wine the night before, Betsy declined the beer but had two hits from the bong by the time the pizza was ready. It was the best frozen pizza she had ever eaten. When she was done, she whispered to Aaron, “so, about that toothbrush . . .” He laughed and led her to the bathroom where he showed her a drawer containing a dozen unopened toothbrush boxes. Betsy selected one and was soon making near-orgasmic moans of satisfaction while brushing her teeth. As she did so, she looked at herself in the mirror and was happy with the girl looking back at her. She giggled, knowing she had gone to all of her classes with paint speckled all over her naked body, and then a tingle vibrated through her at the reminder of her constant state of undress. “We’re naked,” her reflection seemed to reveal to her, as if she had been unaware of it. “We go naked all the time, in front of everyone!” Rinsing her mouth, she smiled back at her reflection and put her toothbrush back into its little box. “Can we put my name on this,” she asked sweetly, “in case I ever need it again?”

The prospect that the Avery nudist might have an ongoing need to brush her teeth in their bathroom animated Zach and Evan, who nearly spilled their beers and sent their pizza plates flying as both leaped up to assist her. They crowded into the tiny bathroom with her, wrestling for control of a Sharpie marker. Zach won that contest and carefully wrote “B-E-T-S-Y” on the box. “Could I also use your shower?” Betsy asked as she picked at one of the paint blobs on her left breast. “Maybe I can get more of this off.”

“Absolutely!” Zach gushed, sliding open the shower curtain. Betsy immediately had second thoughts when she saw how dirty the shower stall was. Fortunately, Evan had an alternative suggestion.

“I’m in the theatre program,” he said, pulling a jar of cold cream off a shelf. “We use this to take off latex stage makeup so it should work on latex house paint too. You just rub it on your skin for a bit until you see the paint loosen up and then wipe it off with a tissue.”

Betsy accepted the jar and squeezed her way out of bathroom, resuming her seat just as the bong was passed to her again. She took one more hit, promising herself she was done. Kate would be calling in a couple of hours and she wanted to be clear-headed by then. Curious how well the cold cream would work, Betsy opened the jar, scooped out a little with her finger and rubbed it on her forearm, working it slowly into her skin until she began to see the blue paint dissolve. She grabbed a tissue and wiped her arm, delighted to see how cleanly the paint had come off.

The bong came around again and Betsy accepted it without thinking and then went back to work on her arm. Music, laughter and conversation swirled around her like wisps of smoke as Betsy became utterly concentrated on her task. Discarded blue-stained tissues collected in a pile next to her chair as Betsy cleaned her arm and then her shoulder and then began work on her chest. She found the process intently fascinating and was aware of little else around her as she painstakingly removed every blue dot from her left breast. All the paint came off easily except from her nipple, which had become so hard and puckered she was unable to get all the paint out, and the more she determinedly worked at it the more puckered her nipple became.

Somewhere in the back of her brain, Betsy was aware that all conversation had ceased, and even the music had stopped. In the silence she heard Lu Chen’s voice saying, “Earth to Betsy,” followed by shushing sounds from the guys.

Betsy looked up, her fingers still busy at her nipple. “What?” Everyone laughed and Betsy realized she had been putting on a show. She felt her face get hot with a blush, but it was the kind of blush that felt fun and sexy and she reveled in it. “I'm so sorry, was I disturbing anyone? I could do this later.”

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The men in the room hurriedly encouraged her to carry on, and Betsy did, moving on to her right breast. Now, however, she was no longer oblivious to her audience. She made sure to clean her breast very thoroughly, though again her nipple required extra attention. “Could we have more music,” she asked, now rubbing cold cream on her belly. The party went on, and Betsy casually participated in the conversation, even as she spread her knees to clean all around her pussy.

“How'd you get so much paint down there?” Taylor asked teasingly.

“Gosh, I just cant imagine,” Betsy said, rubbing cold cream along her inner thighs and delicately along both sides of her labia. “For some strange reason I must have touched myself here a lot.” She looked up at all the eyes focused between her legs — she wanted to see their faces as they watched her — and when she looked down at herself again her open pussy was glistening wet. Grabbing several tissues, she wiped her thighs, folded the tissues to the clean side and wiped again, this time up along her pussy itself to dry it off. Pretending to have found a remaining bit of paint, she made a show of scrubbing it with the wad of tissues while with one finger she pressed through the tissues on her clit.

Betsy knew she could not maintain this ruse more than a few seconds without losing control and openly masturbating, so she forced herself to stop. Acting as if she'd done nothing more unusual than tie her shoes, Betsy casually stood and inspected her work. Most of the paint on her front was gone, but she had not yet done her face. She stepped among the crowd of bodies to a full length mirror on the back of the bathroom door and began cleaning her face and neck. In the mirror, she could see everyone still watching her, their eyes now on her butt.

Betsy’s eyes were drawn to her own reflection. Only the girl in the mirror knew her secret feelings and they grinned at each other conspiratorially -- both of them knowing there was more work to be done. As she more-or-less finished her face and neck, Betsy turned and looked over her shoulder to inspect her still-blue bottom in the mirror. She began applying cold cream to it.

“Looks like you could use some help,” Evan noted.

“Not from you,” Betsy replied, wagging a finger at him.

“I could do it!” Lu Chen blurted, and then quickly added, “um, if you need me to.”

Betsy held out the nearly empty jar. Amid hoots and cheers from everyone else, a blushing Lu Chen scooted her chair close and took the cold cream. Betsy leaned against the door and stuck out her butt. “You really have to rub it in,” she said.

In the absence of Michelle, Lu Chen was Betsy’s closest friend, though they did not have the same physical closeness because Lu Chen was straight and engaged to a boy who attended a different college. Betsy was secretly attracted to the elegant Asian girl and her heart raced as Lu Chen began rubbing cold cream on her butt.

“I've been meaning to ask,” Evan said. “How did your entire ass get covered in paint?”

“Oh, I guess I didn't tell you guys that part,” Betsy said, and with relish she re-told how she smooshed her butt against the wet wall.

“You need to bend over some more,” Lu Chen instructed. Betsy gladly did so, putting her hands on her knees and jutting out her bottom. “Jesus,” Lu Chen said, you've got some way in there.”

“Is this getting too personal for you, Lu-Lu?” Betsy asked.

“I can take over if you need a break,” Zach offered.

“No you can't,” Betsy said. “That's girls-only territory.”

“Need my help?” Taylor asked.

“Well, I could use an assist with that blue spot right there,” Lu Chen said, spreading Betsy's cheeks as Taylor knelt beside her.

“I'm on it, boss,” Taylor said, sticking two fingers in the jar and rubbing them on Betsy's perineum. “I'm pretty sure you didn't get paint all the way in here leaning against a wall, Betsy. Care to revise your story?”

“It probably . . . just , . . dripped there,” Betsy whispered, swooning at the touch.

“Sure it did, Taylor muttered as she swirled the cream with her finger and dabbed at it with a tissue. “Okay, we're done here,” she said, “but I think I just turned into a lesbian.”

“Me too!” Lu Chen said. “I'm gonna have to break up with my boyfriend.”

Betsy reluctantly resumed her seat and the party went on awhile longer. The sun was going down and she needed to get home. Saying her goodbyes, she hugged everyone in the room. Outside, the temperature had dropped so Betsy jogged to keep warm, waving along the way to people who called out her name.

Evan had let her keep the remains of the cold cream, and when she got home she worked it into her hair to loosen the globs of blue paint. She let it set a few minutes while she tidied up the living room, then she washed her hair in the kitchen sink and wrapped a towel around her head. It was almost time for Kate to call so Betsy poured herself a glass of wine and propped herself up in bed. The phone rang promptly at 9:00.

“Hi, Kate!” she sang out.

“Hi, babe. How are you?”

“I'm great, Kate. Today, I--”

“Glad to hear,” Kate interrupted. “I'm up to my ears rescuing people from their own incompetence. It's no wonder they haven't been hitting their goals. You won't believe what I found in the financials today.” With that, Kate launched into a five-minute speech about workplace minutiae that Betsy no longer tried to follow. When Kate reached the end of her rant, Betsy said what she always said. “Well, I guess that's why they need you.”

Betsy's wine glass was nearly empty when Kate finally said, “tell me about your day.”

“Well . . . “ Betsy said. It's kind of a sexy story. I don't know if I can tell it to you without . . . you know.”

“Ooooh, then by all means tell it to me that way.”

“Okay, well it started last night after we talked last. I decided to finally paint the living room, so--”

“I thought we were still deciding on a color.”

“I picked one, and--”

“Which one?”

“Kate, you don't care what color it is. You just like to decide everything, but you weren't here so I decided.” The words came out unplanned, and Betsy bit her tongue and winced, waiting for Kate to yell at her.

There was a silence and then Kate said, “okay, so tell me all about painting the living room.”

Betsy exhaled and told her story as she slowly began to caress herself. By the halfway point she was rubbing her clit vigorously, and the orgasm came as she was describing how she had to spread her legs in front of everyone to remove the paint from her inner thighs. She didn't mention the attention her butt received from Lu Chen and Taylor.

“That's my girl,” Kate laughed afterwards.

When Betsy woke the next morning she lay in bed looking at the ceiling remembering all that had happened, especially Lu Chen and Taylor spreading her butt cheeks to clean the paint off, and the guys leaning forward in their chairs to watch. What must she have looked like? Betsy popped out of bed and ran to the full length mirror. Bending over and looking over her shoulder, Betsy used both hands to spread her cheeks. Jesus, she'd even put her anus on display, which was somehow more embarrassing than showing her pussy.

Betsy had never thought of her anus -- or anyone else’s -- in a sexual way, certainly not in terms of inserting anything into it. But seeing one was such an intimate thing, or should be. She vividly remembered seeing Michelle’s up close when they fell out of the hammock together and began tickling and wrestling with each other and somehow ended up in the 69 position rolling down the carpeted ramp in the Art Building. It seemed to happen by accident but Betsy knew Michelle contrived it. Still, no one forced Betsy to put her face in Michelle's pussy. It only lasted a couple of seconds, but during that moment Michelle’s anus was right there in front of Betsy’ eyes.

As she took her shower, Betsy wondered if Kate would want to try having sex in that position. Probably not. Aside from the height difference, Kate was very particular about sex. She would make love to Betsy in different ways but circumstances had to be exactly right for her to have an orgasm of her own.

As she left the house wearing her usual tennis shoes and ball cap, Betsy felt optimistic that she wouldn't be going to school naked very much longer. The conversation with Kate about the paint color seemed like a watershed moment in their relationship. It was such a small thing, but Betsy had been deferring to Kate on every little thing for their entire relationship. It wasn't healthy. Betsy needed to assert herself within their relationship and demand to be treated as an equal -- and in doing so she could regain her clothing.

She had a plan. She was going to buy a coat — which Kate had already encouraged her to do — but then she would start telling Kate how even with the coat she was having trouble dealing with the cold weather, and that she was getting sick from it SO she had decided she needed to give up on full-time nudism. She did not have to convince Kate to LET her wear clothes again. It was Betsy’s decision whether to be a full-time nudist, not Kate’s. Just as she had with the living room paint color, Betsy needed to TELL Kate that SHE had made a decision.

As she gave herself this pep talk, Betsy was passing a coffeehouse where she sometimes bought a morning latte. She had time so she stopped in and got in line. The coffeehouse was brightly lit with skylights and as she glanced down at herself Betsy noticed she still had some blue paint on her nipple. She reacted instinctively, licking her finger and trying to rub it off. When that didn’t work, she began picking at it with her thumbnail. She was absorbed in doing this when she heard a “can I help you?” and looked up to see that the line had moved ahead and it was her turn.

Her latte in hand, Betsy was making her way among the crowded tables toward the exit when she heard someone call her name. Everyone on campus knew her name, of course, but the voice did sound familiar and as she looked towards the sound she saw magenta hair. It was Melody.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 38**

Though Betsy had caught a glimpse of Melody now and then on campus the past couple of months, the two had not spoken since the end of summer on their last day working together for the campus mail service. They had not exactly been friends but now Melody was smiling at her and waving her over.

“Hi Mel,” Betsy said, stopping at the table. “It’s really nice to see you!” Her heart raced because she had always tried to be friends with Melody, but had gotten rejected over and over, but maybe things were different now.

“Nice to see you too, Betsy,” Melody said with a big smile. “I was just telling my parents how we used to work together.” Only now did Betsy look at the other faces at the table -- a middle-aged couple, a high-school-age girl and a toddler in a child seat. “Mom, Dad, this is my friend Betsy the Avery Nudist,” Melody said. “Betsy, this is my mom and dad, my sister, Caitlin, and our little brother Timmy. They're all here for Parent Day.”

“She’s NAYkid!” Timmy announced loudly as Betsy nervously looked around, realizing for the first time that the restaurant was filled with families instead the usual student crowd. “That lady is NAYYY-kid!”

“Shush, Timmy,” Melody’s mother said, and then to Betsy she said, “we are very pleased to meet you,” but her expression did not say that. With narrow eyes and tight lips, she might as well have been saying, “well, aren’t you a slut!”

“Yeah, we’re very glad to make your acquaintance,” Melody’s father said, standing up and holding out his hand. Betsy had to lean across the table to accept his handshake, putting her boobs in front of his scowling wife’s face. She found herself trapped in that position for an oddly long time as Melody’s father kept a tight grip on her hand as he told her boobs how very much he respected her lifestyle decision.

“NAY-kid!” Timmy shouted.

“Well, I should get to class,” Betsy said when she finally pulled her hand free.

“Might I ask you a personal question?” Caitlin said primly. Betsy only blinked mutely at the 15-year-old with braces and pigtails, who took her silence for acquiescence and went on. “I read online that you had laser body hair removal. How old were you when you first did that?”

“Um, 16. Why?”

“See, Mom?” Caitlin said triumphantly. “LOTS of girls do it at my age.”

Caitlin’s mother glared at Betsy and said through clenched teeth, “SOME girls may do so, but your father and I believe 18 is the appropriate age for a young lady to decide whether to permanently remove all of her pubic hair. You MIGHT later regret having that . . . that unnaturally exposed look.”

“But it sure does look fine on you, Betsy,” the father said, his eyes now intently focused on Betsy's crotch.

“Wait!” Betsy squeaked, her face burning. “I meant I had my legs and underarms done at 16. I didn't have my . . . I didn't do the rest until recently.”

Now both Caitlin and her mother were scowling, as Caitlin's father repeated, “mighty fine.”

“Did your parents come for Parent Day?” Melody asked, and as they made eye contact again Betsy realized Mel hadn't called her over to be nice. Betsy's embarrassment metastasized into rage. “NO, Melody,” she growled. “MY parents aren't here because they're DEAD, and if you were REALLY my friend you would have KNOWN that!”

As Melody’s expression transformed from smugness to horror, Betsy turned on her heel and stalked from the coffee house. Her fury carried her almost all the way to her first class, and then she began to laugh. Poor Melody. No wonder she was messed up with parents like that. Her dad was totally creepy and her mom must be really uncomfortable with that board up her butt.

Betsy felt slightly guilty about what she'd said. It was true that her parents were both dead, but her biological father had only been an anonymous sperm donor — whose status as “deceased” had only been mentioned because it meant the available samples could not be replenished from the same source.

Betsy's mother, Annie Andrews, had been a free spirit who always did what she wanted to do. She dated various men but didn't want any of them for keeps, so when she decided to have babies she used a sperm bank. Annie knew she wanted two children, timed two years apart and she wanted them to have the same biological father. She also knew exactly what she wanted in terms of the donor’s physical characteristics and intellectual accomplishments -- which led to the late Mr. X, whose only flaw was his inability to continue providing sperm (being already dead). But it all worked out. First came Hannah, then Elizabeth aka “Betsy.” Meanwhile, Annie’s older sister Rachel had a husband but was unable to get pregnant so they had adopted twin boys.

Everything went exactly as Annie and Rachel had planned — until they were both killed in a car accident that also took the life of Rachel’s husband. That’s when their youngest sister, Mindy, did a lot of growing up. She was then in her late 20s and had been so certain she never wanted kids that she’d had her tubes tied so she wouldn’t have to worry about birth control. She had tattoos, traveled with metal bands, had sex with metal bands (especially drummers) and did more than her share of drugs. That life came to an abrupt end when her two sisters died, and it fell to her to finish raising four children. But Mindy never looked back. She gave up nearly all of her bad habits except for cussing and the occasional secretive joint behind the garage.

Aunt Mindy would certainly have come to Parent Day had Betsy invited her, though she lived pretty far away, and Betsy now wished she had paid enough attention to know Parent Day was even happening. She smiled, imagining how Mindy would have handled Melody’s parents. THAT would have been fun to watch.

If Betsy’s only family had been Hannah and Aunt Mindy, she wouldn’t be worried about Solstice. She had talked to both of them on the phone a dozen times since moving to Huron and both had been supremely supportive of whatever Betsy decided she wanted to do about nudism. Roy and David were another matter. Though they were technically her adoptive cousins, she thought of them as brothers and could not imagine going naked in front of them.

Despite her detour through the coffee shop, Betsy was early for her first class. Some students were already in the lecture hall while others were hanging out in the building’s lobby -- one wall of which was a gigantic mirror. Betsy sauntered over to the mirror on the excuse of examining her hair. The streaks looked even greener in this light. She put down her coffee, shrugged off her backpack and stood close to the mirror with her hands in her hair feeling for any remaining blobs of paint. She was not actually concerned about her hair, but was only using it as an excuse to stand close to the big mirror and look at herself. What DO you want, she asked her reflection, which only smiled coyly back at her.

“Hey Betsy,” Ben called as Betsy watched him and Tony approach in the mirror. “Cool highlights.” Ben and Tony were in her class and often sat next to her, doing their best to chat up the Avery nudist.

“Thanks,” she said, “but it was kind of accidental.” Because Betsy’s classes alternated days, Ben and Tony had not yet heard her painting story. She related it in brief to explain how the green got in her hair, but added, “and I’ve still got little bits of blue on my skin, like here on my nipples. See?” Here, she displayed her chest, picking with her fingernail at one of the blue spots still embedded in her aureola. Her nipples had gone hard again so the paint was trapped in the little crevasses.

“Wow,” Tony said, taking this excuse to lean his head down close to examine Betsy’s nipple. “I dunno how you’re gonna get that off. Maybe someone could, you know, suck it off? Cause that would get the paint wet and the person doing it could maybe use their teeth really gently to scrape off the paint. That’d be my advice.”

“That’s a great idea,” Betsy said, playing along. “But my girlfriend is out of town. Who could I get to do that for me?”

Before Tony or Ben could collect their wits to respond, a fourth person joined their little group. It was Tiffany, a glamorous bleached blonde who always had perfect makeup and stylish outfits. “What’s up?” she asked.

Betsy innocently summarized the conversation up to that point, adding “but that would be a very personal thing to do, so I think I’d be most comfortable with a girl.”

“Totally,” Tiffany said, snapping her gum. Her lips were purple, matching her eye shadow. “But that would probably take awhile to do -- you know, softening it up and sucking it off without it being painful to you.”

“You’ve got a point,” Betsy said thoughtfully, grabbing one nipple with the fingers of both hands to turn it upwards for examination.

“I got the three o’clock hour open on my sked,” Tiffany said, looking at her phone as the guys nearly chewed their fingers off taking it all in. “We could meet at my room so we’d be comfortable on the bed while we do it.”

“It’s a date,” Betsy sang out. The carillon bells were ringing, signalling the start of classes. Ben and Tony reluctantly backed away as Betsy and Tiffany both tried not to laugh.

“You knew I was kidding, right?” Tiffany whispered.

“Darn it,” Betsy teased. “I was looking forward to that,”

“God it’s warm in here,” Tiffany said. “We’d better get to our seats.”

That night, Betsy had another new story to tell Kate, and she gave herself an amazing orgasm with Kate unable to do anything but listen. In the morning, Betsy woke with a vague memory of a sexy dream about purple lipstick. She could not quite remember it, but began playing with herself again -- thinking about her encounter with Tiffany but imagining that the scene had played out differently. In this version, Tiffany actually did suck on her nipple -- right there in the lobby with Ben and Tony and others who crowded around watching. Tiffany worked hard at it, shifting from one nipple to the other as Ben and Tony inspected her progress. Betsy looked down at her breast to see a purple lipstick kiss surrounding her wet nipple and decided she would leave it there all day so everyone would see it. Just as the orgasm was cresting, the scene in Betsy's mind changed again and now it was Michelle instead of Tiffany. She was naked except for purple lipstick . . . and Dean was there watching. Alone in the house with the windows all closed up tight for winter, Betsy let herself cry out Michelle’s name.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 39**

Twenty minutes later, Betsy stepped out on her porch naked. For mid-November it was surprisingly warm, though still cold enough that normal people were wearing coats and jackets. As she walked towards campus, Betsy regretted having indulged in her bout of morning masturbation. Drained of all erotic feeling, she was left with no shielding from the competing feeling of stark embarrassment at being so, so, SO naked.

Whenever this happened it seemed to take her by surprise because she’d been going naked for so long. Most days she could keep this feeling in check, and lots of days (especially lately) she actually felt very good about being naked. She most definitely intended to STOP going naked, but had come to be able to tolerate it — sometimes even enjoy it — except immediately after an orgasm. Then it was like the classic nightmare in which one is suddenly and inexplicably naked at school or work. She would feel convinced there had been a cosmic misunderstanding and any moment she would be ridiculed or hauled off to jail. And she would fret about all the photos of her that were now on the Internet. Those would NEVER go away. Even if she could somehow stop this insanity NOW she would be haunted by this foolish decision for the rest of her LIFE!

These were emotions she had experienced many times, and always before she had tried to minimize her exposure until the feeling subsided. But on this day, she decided to be different. She was no longer going to allow her insecurities to control her. She could not go back in time and change her past choices. She could not make all those pictures disappear. All she could do was take control of her life going forward. She decided to just accept that feeling for what it was — and own it. She took a detour, making herself walk the long way around campus along the busy street where morning commuters honked at her as she waited at crosswalks.

Betsy felt . . . empowered. She was not sexually aroused -- not yet anyway -- so her primary feeling at this moment continued to be pure, unsexy embarrassment. But this time Betsy embraced it. She let that feeling envelope her without trying to stop it, but also not allowing it to control her. It was just an emotion -- and actually an interesting one -- so very intense. She almost . . . liked it.

By the time she got to her first class, Betsy was feeling that little tingle deep inside that she knew would soon flower into sensual arousal. It was still tiny compared to the nonsexual embarrassment that still burned in her, and she decided she liked this moment and intentionally paused in front of the big mirrored wall pretending to fuss with her hair as she watched others watching her. Lifting her hand to her head, she brushed her wrist against her nipple and watched as it hardened in the mirror. This was the moment she loved most, when arousal blossomed and overwhelmed her fears.

“Betsy!” some guys from her class called as they clustered around her. “How's everyone’s favorite nudist doing today?”

She turned to face them, her hands now clasped behind her back so that nothing was hidden from them. “I'm doing good, thank you,” she replied politely. “Really good actually.”

This was Betsy's first Friday since Kate left on her trip, which meant her first weekend on her own. She felt guilty about being excited about it, but the truth was she was eager to take part in the socializing she'd heard her friends talk about on Monday mornings. Tonight they were going bowling!

Betsy went home after her last class of the day and did some housework before taking another shower. She didn't want to carry her purse or backpack so she tucked a 10-dollar bill in her shoe and hid a spare house key under a flower pot on the porch. Kate wasn't calling until 10 pm so she had several hours. The day had been fairly warm for the time of year so Betsy didn't bother with a hat.

At the bowling alley, Betsy quickly found Lu Chen, Aaron and Taylor, plus Aaron's roommates, Evan and Zach. They all went up to the shoe rental station and everyone teased Betsy about having to strip off her entire outfit in order to change shoes.

“You don't technically hafta wear our shoes,” the girl at the counter said. “You just can't wear those tennis shoes.”

“I can bowl barefoot?” Betsy asked.

“Just don't drop a ball on your foot, but yeah.”

Betsy loved that idea because she could be “entirely” nude. It was silly given how naked she already was wearing shoes, but for some reason she found it tantalizing. She took off her tennis shoes, making sure not to lose her $10 bill, and tucked them under her seat. They each took two practice rolls and Betsy luxuriated in the feel of the polished wood beneath her feet and of the attention she was getting from the players on the adjacent lanes. Betsy was not a very experienced bowler, but she had physical grace and natural (if largely unpracticed) athleticism. They had broken up into two teams and by halfway through the first game it was clear that Betsy was the best player on her team, which included Lu Chen and Aaron (both of whom were terrible). On the other team, Taylor, Evan and Zach were similarly mixed with Zach being the best. So the two teams ended up being well matched, and Betsy and Zach were the indisputable leaders of the two teams. This made it quite competitive with plenty of good natured trash-talking and brazen attempts at distraction. Betsy really got into it and was determined to win for her team. Every time she rolled a strike or picked up a spare she would jump up and down excitedly, which made her boobs seemed equally enthusiastic.

Along the way, beers and pizza were purchased and Betsy contributed her $10 to the cause, not wanting any change to have to carry back home in her shoe. The beer made her have to pee, and so three times she had to make her way across the length of the building to get to the ladies room. The place was packed with people, less than half of them Avery students, and so most of those present were getting their first chance to interact with the nudist college girl they'd seen mostly on TV. Older men whistled at her and asked her to pause for photos. Betsy cheerfully complied, though more than once she felt a coarse hand on her butt cheek. She decided she could tolerate that much so long as the hands did not become any more adventurous than that. None did.

Betsy was having so much fun, she didn’t realize it was already 9:30, and because she’d left her phone at home she needed to leave very soon to be there for Kate's call. The old Betsy would have frantically dashed off in the middle of the game to be sure she was home when Kate called. The new Betsy was not so uptight. She was eager to talk to Kate, but if she was a little late she would just call Kate back. No big deal. As it turned out, the final game deciding the “championship” between the two teams lasted until 10:05. Betsy scored the most points, helping her team win by a scant two points but besting Zach by five. She took personal pleasure in the latter and gloated shamelessly.

By 10:15, Betsy had put on her shoes and was saying her goodbyes -- dispensing hugs liberally to anyone who wanted one. Outside in the chill air, she ran all the way home, feeling exuberant and wanting to be sure she returned Kate's call no later than 10:30. When she got home, she retrieved the key she'd left under the flower pot and burst in the door panting. She grabbed her phone, expecting to find several escalatingly annoyed voice messages from Kate . . . but there were none at all.

That was odd. She tried calling Kate but just got her voicemail. Then she tried texting, and a few minutes later she tried calling again. Betsy was starting to worry. What if something had happened to her? They weren't married (not yet anyway), and Betsy didn't even know if Kate had listed her as the emergency contact. Should she start calling hospitals in New Westbrook? No, it had only been 20 minutes; she was probably just busy or forgot about the time.

At 10:30, Betsy's phone rang. “Hi, Babe,” Kate's voice said.

“Oh Kate, I'm SO glad you're okay. When you didn't call at 10, I started worrying that--”

“We agreed to talk at 10:30,” Kate said. “I was having drinks with a client and kept seeing those texts from you.”

“Wait -- you were reading my texts as I was sending them? Why didn't you reply?”

“Because it would have been rude, and this was an important client. It was bad enough I had to keep looking at my phone every time it vibrated just in case it was something important.”

“Something important?” Betsy repeated. “No, it was only me.”

“Honey, I didn't mean to imply you aren't important also, but you should have waited. I told you I'd call at 10:30.”

“Actually, you said 10:00,” Betsy said. “But it's fine. I guess I overreacted because you're so far away and--”

“I SAID 10:30, Betsy. You're always getting things like that wrong. It happens all the time.”

The thing that actually happened all the time was Betsy apologizing, even when she wasn’t wrong. That wasn’t happening this time. “Kate, it’s right there in your text from this morning,” she said calmly. “Just scroll up and you'll see it.”

Kate’s voice hardened. “I don't know why you want to spend our evening call re-litigating who said what when,” she said angrily. “That's just petty, Betsy, and I won't play along. Now, do you want to talk about something else or not.”

Betsy sighed. “You're right, Kate,” she said. “You're always right. So . . . tell me about that client you were just meeting with.”

“Oh, he was SUCH a jerk,” Kate snorted, her voice casual again. “He deals in annuities, and the thing most people don't understand about annuities is that . . . “

Betsy put the phone on speaker a placed it on the coffee table. Then she went into the kitchen to pour herself a glass of wine. She was on her way back to the living room when she heard Kate say “. . . and that decision alone will improve our bottom line by 10 percent!” In the silence that followed, Betsy made a face and inaudibly mouthed the words, “Oh Kate you're so smart! They're lucky to have you!”

“Betsy, are you there? Can you hear me?”

Betsy reached for her phone and pressed the red disconnect button. Picking up the TV remote instead, she was channel-surfing when her phone rang. She reached for it and pressed the decline button, then turned off the ringer.

“Gosh, Kate,” she said out loud as she clicked through the channels. “We sure have been having trouble with cell phone reception lately.”

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 40**

In the morning, Betsy woke to the patter of raindrops on her bedroom window. She had been planning to use her Saturday to do some late autumn yard work and wasn’t going to let a little rain deter her. She loved having a cute little house with a yard and a picket fence, and she was happy to do whatever work was required to maintain it. The largest tree in the little yard was an oak that had stubbornly held onto its leaves through most of November but had recently shed them. And so, after eating a bowl of cereal with blueberries and making a small amount of coffee (not as strong as how Kate preferred it), Betsy prepared to get to work.

Barefoot, she stepped outside onto the porch still sipping her coffee, and was pleased to find it was not very cold. The rain had slowed to a drizzling mist, and the sun was peeking in and and out among the ragged clouds. She decided not to put on shoes, but stuffed her hair up under her ball cap to keep the rain out of her eyes. Soon Betsy was busily at work raking leaves, stuffing them in compost bags and dragging the bags out to the curb for recycling pickup. The bags were heavy because the leaves were so wet, and it was hard work. She was sweating, but the sprinkling rain washed it from her body and kept her feeling refreshed.

Passersby invariably slowed their pace to watch the now-famous Avery College Nudist at work in her yard. These were mostly people from the neighborhood or the college who had seen her many times, yet a glance of her always brought them joy. A natural blonde beauty of Scandinavian descent, Betsy Andrews would have turned heads fully clothed. Her little waist, round bottom and perky breasts were eye-catching even when shrouded by fabric. Completely naked, she was quite literally breathtaking -- perhaps especially at this very moment when a break in the clouds allowed the full sun to illuminate her body even as the rain continued to fall. On the horizon, a rainbow appeared, but it could not compete with her and lost its confidence. Glistening-wet in the sun, her golden brown skin displayed every youthful muscle movement with such delicate precision Michelangelo would have gone mad trying to capture it.

Sometimes these passersby would call out a greeting, and Betsy would wave or even trot over to chat. She had, over the past three months, become acquainted with most people in the neighborhood, and was unfailingly friendly to all. It was an incongruous sight -- the visitor in a raincoat and boots huddling under an umbrella on one side of the fence, while on the other, a naked girl who seemed as comfortable in a chilly November rain as she might have been on sunny summer day.

And she was -- mentally. For perhaps the first time in her life, Betsy was feeling confident in herself. All her life she had deferred to decisions made by others, and where had that gotten her? She’d been going naked for three months -- not because she wanted to, but because she feared losing Kate if she admitted the truth. Maybe she still wasn’t brave enough for that, but at least now she had a plan. The approaching winter provided her with a logical escape. Kate had already acknowledged that Betsy needed a coat -- which was clearly permitted under the “protective clothing” clause in the nudist rights court ruling. But that was only step one. Betsy would start with the coat and then, as winter settled in, she would gradually tell Kate the cold was just too much to endure and that she had to “give up” full-time nudism. Surely Kate would accept that, and Betsy would not have to confess that she’d been lying about it all this time.

Ironically, the cold itself didn’t actually bother her much. That first snowy day had been so invigorating it had turned into a sexual high. And while she would not have said she “enjoyed” walking naked through that ice storm, she had felt a triumphant sense of accomplishment afterwards -- which she would have appreciated a bit more had not it also been the night Kate announced she was leaving on her trip.

The separation had been good for them, Betsy had come to realize. They were going to have a much stronger and more equitable relationship when Kate came home. Kate was just going to have to accept some changes -- including Betsy deciding for herself whether to maintain or withdraw her nudity registration. Betsy’s growing self-confidence gave her the courage to risk Kate’s reaction to her decision. If Kate would actually break up with her over something so superficial, well, that was something Betsy probably needed to know before investing more of her life in this relationship. She had elaborate fantasies about their wedding day, but she also had doubts about Kate’s commitment to her. Maybe it was time to test that.

And then, of course, there were her brothers. Seeing Roy and David at Solstice is what really put a deadline on getting out of the nudity requirement. Because they were now spread all over the commonwealth, Betsy’s sister, brothers and aunt had for the past several years been meeting for Solstice at a picturesque ski lodge in the mountains. It was nowhere near Kingsley, but was within the province of Huron so if Betsy remained a nudist she’d have to go there naked. Though she knew the boys had likely seen videos of her on the Internet, she was determined not to let them see her naked in person. And it wasn’t just a matter of them seeing her. Betsy’s family had always been boisterously physical — lots of hugging and wrestling and butt-slapping. Every time she saw them after a long separation, Betsy’s brothers would pick her up and carry her around and toss her back and forth as she squirmed and tried to escape, and eventually one of them would hold her arms while the other mercilessly tickled her until she squealed and nearly peed. She loved that, but how could she possibly do it naked?

Had Solstice not been a factor, Betsy would have more time to play out this too-cold-to-go-naked game. After all, she been putting her body on display for three months so it was kind of arbitrary exactly when she stopped, and it would have been tantalizing to find out how far into the winter she could really go. She knew, of course, that there was a limit to what she could endure, but she hadn’t gotten to it yet. She still had a few weeks, as November turned to December. The weather forecast was calling for unseasonably mild temperatures for several more days, but then a cold front was expected to bring sub-freezing temperatures and perhaps a blizzard. THAT, she mused, should be sufficient to satisfy both her strategy and her desire.

The rain had picked up as Betsy raked, and by the time she was done it was coming down steadily. She put her rake away and decided to go across the street for a hot chocolate. The cafe was more of a summer institution but remained open all year. Most of its seating was outdoors, however, and the inside portion was very small. Betsy went through her gate, crossed the street and made her way among the empty wet tables to the entrance. It was nearly noon so the lunch crowd had already arrived. Every table was filled and because of the small space, the tables were crammed close together. Betsy had to excuse her way among the tables, pausing several times because people always wanted to chat with her and she did not want to be rude.

She made her way to the counter and stood at the carry-out sign to order her hot chocolate. The bar stools were all occupied except one, and although she hadn’t intended to stay, Betsy succumbed to the effusive invitations from those seated on either side of the empty seat. The vinyl bar stool was slippery against her wet bottom and she looked at her reflection in the mirror behind the counter as people on both sides wanted to pass the time with her. Everyone seemed to like her so much, but would they if she were wearing clothes? Perhaps she needed to find out.

After drinking most of her hot chocolate, Betsy was finding the crowded indoor space hot and stifling. She finished up, said her goodbyes and was out again in the rain. It felt good and she walked around the block before going back in through her gate, up to the porch and inside. On her phone was a nice text from Kate, saying “sorry we had that misunderstanding last night. Chat tonight at eight?” Betsy noticed, of course, that it was not a true apology or admission of having been wrong. Kate only said she was sorry they had a “misunderstanding” without saying which of them misunderstood. But it was a start, and Kate was clearly trying. Betsy texted back “talk to you at eight!!” followed by several cheery emojis.

Eight o’clock was perfect because Betsy was going out again -- to dance! Tiffany and Lashona from one of her classes always went dancing on Saturday nights, and had repeatedly invited her. Betsy loved to dance, but always spent her Saturdays doing whatever Kate wanted to do. Often it was some work-related thing where Betsy was only expected to look pretty and listen to boring shop talk about financial institutions. Sometimes dancing was involved, but not the kind of dancing Betsy was itching to do. She did love slow dancing with Kate at those fancy parties, wearing her high heels, antique pearls, dangly earrings and long white gloves. That was nice, but she was in the mood for the kind of frenzied, crazy dancing for which it would be unwise to wear high heels or delicate jewelry.

When Kate called precisely at eight, Betsy was in the bathtub. They didn't talk about Kate’s job, and they didn't bicker. Kate had missed hearing about the bowling alley and wanted Betsy to describe it in detail while doing to herself what Kate would be doing if she were present. Betsy obliged, putting the phone on speaker and placing it safely on the edge of the tub as she sank down low in the water and recounted the events of the previous evening until she had a most delightful and rather loud orgasm.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 41**

Betsy was still in the tub when the call ended, but she wasn’t finished. She wanted another orgasm, and she wanted to have it alone. She let her mind go wherever it wanted -- to Michelle and Dean, and then to Tiffany and Lu Chen. Lu Lu was bowling naked with purple lipstick kisses all over her body as Betsy took a deep breath and slid her head underwater. The surface of the water became still for a moment and then Betsy resurfaced, gasping for breath and still rubbing herself ferociously as water splashed out of the tub.

Panting, Betsy immediately stood in and stepped out of the tub. Without drying off, she walked straight through the house and out the front door, pulling it shut until she felt the lock snap shut. Having already hidden her house key under a clay pot, Betsy stepped off the porch and walked into the night.

The rain had stopped hours earlier, the pavement dry except for puddles, but Betsy was dripping wet from her bath, shivering a little in the chilly night air. She had decided she liked to shiver -- it made her feel so alive -- and she loved being so absolutely and completely naked. She wore no shoes, no jewelry, no makeup, no perfume -- not even a hair tie. She looked behind herself to see the wet footprints she'd left on the sidewalk, and then she began to run.

Within two minutes, Betsy was trotting barefoot down Fourth Street, the busy main strip of Avery’s restaurant and bar district. People were everywhere, all of them in coats, all of them watching the girl who was always naked, her boobs bouncing with her stride and her bare feet splashing in every puddle she could find along the way. When she was still a few blocks from her destination, she slowed to a walk amid the thickening crowd.

Having just had two massive orgasms, Betsy was was again feeling starkly naked in that uncomfortable, unsexy way that she used to dread. She had done it on purpose this time -- itching to experience that kind of intense embarrassment again -- in front of a lot of people. She wanted to feel vulnerable, and exposed and a even little afraid. She wanted to feel it ALL, plus the cold as well. Her skin had partially dried in the crisp night air, her nipples hard as pebbles, but her hair was still sopping wet and sending rivulets of transported bathwater down her body.

She knew that her sensual feelings would return eventually to rescue her, and she was glad of that, but first she wanted to push herself a little more. She bounded up the steps of “Zoot’s,” the dance club where she was to meet Tiffany, Lashona and several other girls she knew from class.

Inside, the club was decorated like a movie set from the 1940’s, and it had a full brass orchestra playing jazz. On the main dance floor, couples were jitterbugging, many of them wearing period attire -- guys in suits twirling girls with long skirts, lifting them off the ground like acrobats. They all looked so sophisticated and grown-up despite being college kids. People were starting to notice Betsy and she felt extremely uncomfortable. This had been a mistake. She half-turned, thinking she might leave, when she was surprised to see herself in a mirrored wall — the crowd behind her, faces looking in her direction. Why hadn’t she at least done her hair and put on makeup? Her hair was plastered wetly to her skull and being barefoot made her feel like a child. Over the music, came a loud wolf whistle and now everyone in the club was staring at her.

“Bet-SEEEE!” Bet-SEEEE!” Multiple voices called her name, but the sound seemed to come from everywhere. Across the room, Tiffany waved at her from within a crowd of guys. Betsy hesitated, but reminded herself that this was what she wanted.

“Betsy, you're dripping wet,” Tiffany said. “Is it raining again?”

“Um, no, it’s not raining,” Betsy said nervously, now feeling additionally embarrassed by what she would have to admit.

“Then how come you're all wet?”

“I just . . . I just got out of the bathtub and ran over.”

“Without drying off.”

“Well . . . I was in a hurry and--”

“God, I'm SO jealous of you,” Tiffany laughed. “I spend an hour on my hair and makeup and you don't even TRY and you still look like--”

“Like a goddess!” A guy’s voice called out from somewhere within the group around them. The voice sounded familiar and she was looking around to see who spoke.

“And not just any goddess, Reginald,” another familiar voice said, “but a water nymph.”

“Right you are, Trevor.”

Betsy’s eyes found the speakers and she recognized them instantly. She'd met Trevor and Reginald on her campus mail job when she had to get signatures from officers at all the fraternities. Each frat house had presented a challenge for the naked girl on rollerblades who was just trying to deliver the mail. At one house she'd had to play air hockey, and at another they tricked her into eating marijuana brownies, and then at the Omega House . . . oh god. Betsy suddenly remembered what she'd done in front of Trevor and Reginald. High on brownies and manipulated by the two smooth-talking boys, she had stood in front of a big mirror and . . . and masturbated! Of all the humiliating things she'd done the past three months, this was the one she most regretted. She had never done it since, and had nearly put the incident out of her mind. But now, as she looked at the faces of all the smirking boys around her, she was convinced that they all knew. It might even have been secretly recorded! Maybe they'd all watched it on video over and over!

“That is quite an intriguing postulation,” Reginald was still going on. “We presumed our naked visitor was a mere mortal, yet now she is revealed to be a water nymph.”

“What the Ancient Greeks termed the Naiad, I believe.”

“Which would not only explain why she is always so wet, but also her otherworldly beauty.”

“That girl DOES like to be wet,” Tiffany said, playing along with the double meaning but not knowing the background. “Betsy, why are you always so wet?”

Betsy felt her face burning and looked down at herself to see her chest redden, but deep inside, she felt something else burning too. She looked up and made deliberate eye contact with each grinning boy in turn, imagining they were all watching her masturbate right now. That did it. Erotic energy jolted through her and she felt invincible again -- like a superhero regaining her lost powers just in time to save the day.

“Gosh, I DO get wet a lot, don’t I?” she said in her best impression of Marilyn Monroe. “I guess I get WET so much because I so LOVE being wet.” Giggling fetchingly, she lifted her arms to run her fingers through her wet hair -- putting her breasts and underarms on display and sending fresh drops of bathwater raining down her chest. “Ooooh, now I’m even wetter!”

Betsy grinned at Trevor and Reginald, challenging them to come up with an erudite bon mot in response, but their sophisticated personas had completely fallen away and they only stared back at her wide-eyed like the boys that they were. Betsy laughed at them. With her hands now on her hips and her chest proudly out, she said in her normal voice, “now if we’ve sufficiently covered the topic of my wetness, could we please dance?”

Lashona recovered first. “We’re still one short for the group,” she said, still laughing at Betsy’s performance. “Oh, there he is. Charlie! Over here!”

Betsy turned to see another familiar face -- the underclassman who had been serving as butler the day Betsy had arrived at the mansion-like Omega House.

“Charles!” she cried and ran to greet him. She made a show of throwing her arms around him and said into his ear, “does everyone know?”

“Know what?”

“What I did in front of the mirror that day. Did you tell them?”

“Of course not, Betsy. We swore not to. All we told the guys was you delivered that letter and drank a martini with us.” Betsy was so relieved she kissed him on the mouth as everyone cheered.

Zoot’s had two dance floors. One was occupied by the couples Betsy had passed on the way in. The second was for a group dance that was like a cross between swing dancing and square dancing. The girls and guys formed separate lines facing each other and began the dance with one set of partners and traded down the line on cue. Betsy got to twirl into and out of the arms of boy after boy, all of their hands briefly on her bare waist -- sometimes on her hip, sometimes her butt. So many hands on her! She loved it, but her bare feet got stepped on a few times and there were too many people lined up to take part in the dance so they had to take turns. That wasn’t enough dancing for Betsy and her toes still hurt from the last time they got stepped on. After a while, she began making her goodbyes, making sure to hug Reginald, Trevor and especially Charles.

Tiffany and Lashona followed along with Betsy (as did several others who concluded that the best party must whichever one Betsy was at). They went across the street to “Woody’s Wild Side,” which had a DJ playing hip-hop and techno dance tunes. That’s exactly what Betsy wanted right now. As delicious as it had been to swing dance with a dozen guys at once -- all of their hands on her -- Betsy needed to burn off some energy, and the best way she could do that was dancing solo. She went straight to the dance floor and within seconds, one fact was crystal clear to everyone in the club -- The Avery nudist could dance. At Zoot’s, she’d been limited by the structure of the group dance, but here she was free to move however she wanted -- and she had moves.

Cellphones came out to record the moment for posterity, but Betsy was oblivious to this. Though she had sometimes been nervous and self-conscious in front of an audience, even Old Betsy would get lost in the music when she was dancing. New Betsy was even less inhibited -- not that her dancing was intentionally sexually explicit. She was just dancing, and the fact that she was naked made it a sexual experience for those fortunate enough to be in attendance that evening. Even for the millions of people who eventually would see the videos on the Internet this was a moment to cherish, while those who saw it in person would brag about it for years afterwards.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 42**

Hours later, a very sweaty Betsy was in front of the club cooling off. Tiffany, Lashona and a dozen others had come out with her, all of them crowded under the canvas awning because the rain had resumed. It was not coming down very hard, but runoff from the awning cascaded down in a sheet a few feet from where they stood. Betsy stepped out into it, turning her face up into the flow of water and rubbing her hot body with her hands as if she were taking a shower at home. The group of mostly girls and a few guys began walking together in the general direction of their various homes. Umbrellas popped open and jacket hoods were put up as the rain began to come down harder. Betsy needed none of that. Her only concern was that the bottoms of her feet had gotten dirty so she was splashing through puddles and then scuffing her feet through the grass.

By ones and twos, people split off from the group until it was just Betsy, Tiffany and Lashona standing on a street corner where their paths diverged. Betsy hugged them both and walked on alone. She passed a shop that sold women’s coats and stopped to look at the warmly dressed but headless mannequins in the shop windows. She could see her own shadowy reflection in the glass superimposed on each mannequin as she stood in front of each fashionable jacket and coat in turn. She took note of the shop’s hours posted on the door and went on her way home.

That night she lay in bed too hyped up to sleep. She felt victorious. She had conquered her own fears and weaknesses, and really wasn't bothered by going naked anymore. Even when she tried to make herself uncomfortable, it didn't last long -- and most of the time she actually enjoyed it. So why not just stay a nudist? It was a tantalizing thought, and she wished it was that simple. Seeing her brothers at Solstice was the most pressing reason she needed to stop this, but not the only one. She wanted to feel like a normal person again instead of being an artificial “celebrity” famous only for being naked. Any reasonably fit and attractive young woman who decided to go naked in public would be getting just as much adulation as Betsy was getting, so what kind of accomplishment was that? Most importantly, there was Kate. Betsy used to fear Kate would leave her if she stopped going naked. Now she feared Kate only loved her because she was naked. If that was true, Betsy needed to know.

For the next week, the weather remained unseasonably warm for November. Betsy could not yet activate her plan, so she decided to make the most of her final weeks as a nudist. She was just going to enjoy herself to the fullest and not think about what would soon need to happen. Most days she wore her tennis shoes, but occasionally she went barefoot just for the fun of it. She loved leaving the house with nothing whatsoever, leaving her key under the pot, but she could not do that when going to class because she needed her tablet, phone and other items that she carried in her Ariel backpack. She could squeeze her shoes in there too, and often did in the afternoons if it was sunny and she wanted to feel the cool sidewalk beneath her feet. Most evenings she socialized — going to bars, coffeehouses and the homes of friends. Sometimes she would meet new people who were flustered and did not know where to put their eyes. She always tried to put them at ease. “It’s okay to look,” she would say. “I know I’m naked, and it doesn’t bother me when people look.” She liked saying that because it broke the ice and people wanted to talk about it. Betsy would always say, “I really do love being naked all the time, but I suppose I may have to stop when it gets really cold.”

Every evening she and Kate talked on the phone, and Betsy felt things were changing for the better. Kate seemed to have accepted that Betsy would no longer meekly accept whatever she said. Kate would still tell boring stories about work, but sometimes Betsy would tell her they were boring, and Kate would laugh and agree. During most calls, Betsy would eventually give herself an orgasm while telling Kate about some recent encounter. Sometimes she was not in the mood to do this, and Kate never pressed her on it.

When the weather finally turned cold again, it did so abruptly. The TV news had been predicting it for days, and one morning it suddenly arrived -- a sharp drop in temperature and a blizzard said to be on its way. Now was the time for Betsy’s plan to move forward. She would buy a coat that afternoon, and if the coming blizzard was as bad as predicted, no one would question her decision to go back to wearing clothing.

That was her plan, but first she had to get to class. According to the TV news, the temperature was 10 degrees Fahrenheit -- a good ten degrees colder than anything she'd experienced so far. She could feel the difference as soon as she stepped out on the porch wearing her usual outfit of tennis shoes and a ball cap. It was bitingly cold and her breath came out in steamy puffs as she walked briskly past people who were layered and bundled. They looked so uncomfortable.

She was shivering and grateful when she reached her first class, but feeling victorious. She made it from class to class the same way, sometimes jogging to keep her metabolism high. She felt elated each time she made it to her next objective. After her last class of the day she was walking home, and not even briskly. The temperature had risen to the mid-20s and there was no wind so it really didn’t feel bad. Her fingers were the only part of her body that bothered her, so tomorrow she would wear her mittens. But wait . . . wasn't she planning to be wearing a coat tomorrow? Her way home again brought her to the shop with the headless mannequins, and this time the shop was open. Betsy stood in the icy cold looking in the windows, which caught the attention of the sales clerk, who poked her head out the door.

“Why don't you come inside and try one on?”

“No thanks,” Betsy said. “I'm just browsing.”

“Want to browse inside where it's warm?”

Betsy shook her head. “Maybe tomorrow.”

She walked home in the frigid cold, and climbed in bed under the covers to warm up. She knew why she was so reluctant to buy a coat -- or even try one on. It would be the end of her streak -- her streaking streak. Regardless of exactly why she started doing it, Betsy had by this point gone naked for 95 straight days. Even slipping on a coat to try it on would bring that personal record to an end. She definitely wanted to go back to wearing clothing soon, but she wished she had just a little more time to really test herself against the elements. No doubt she did have her limit, but it would be so thrilling to find out what that limit really was. Perhaps at least she could shoot for Day 100?

In the morning, Betsy woke to a full-fledged blizzard. On the TV news, the weatherman was warning of treacherous conditions -- bitter cold, high winds and drifting snow. She looked outside where heavily bundled pedestrians plodded through the snow, their heads down and shoulders hunched as the wind whipped at their coats. Okay, Betsy thought, this is what you wanted. Let's see how tough you really are.

Twenty minutes later, she was out on her porch locking the door. She had decided to wear the knee-high boots Kate had bought her the night of the ice storm, along with the rainbow-striped stocking hat and matching mittens. She had considered also wearing the leg-warmers and long scarf which completed the ensemble, but decided they would not do much to keep her warm — and if she was going to walk through a blizzard naked, she wanted to do it as naked as possible. She felt guilty enough wearing the mittens.

Betsy could already feel the stinging spray of snow before she left the porch, and by the time she reached the sidewalk she was having serious thoughts of retreat. She did not have to do this, she reminded herself. She could just wear one of Kate's coat for now and get her own later. If ever the “protective clothing” clause applied, it was today. And yet Betsy did not turn back but bent her head down against the wind and powered through the drifting snow.

Betsy told herself she only had to make it three blocks to campus and could then cut through the Humanities Building to get warm. She kept her mind focused on that goal as wind and snow pummeled her like a sandblaster. When she reached the main road separating the neighborhood and campus, she had to wait at the intersection for the light to change. Motorists and pedestrians, many of whom had seen the Avery nudist walking to school before, gaped at her with fresh amazement.

When she finally pushed through the revolving door into the Humanities Building, Betsy felt her skin tingling in the relative warmth of the drafty hallway, and she knew she was going to be okay. She could hop-scotch her way through campus. She smiled at a gaggle of students staring at her slack-jawed. “Nice day!” she called cheerily as she strode purposefully towards the opposite door.

Betsy took two more detours through other buildings before reaching the one where she had her first class. Before going inside she paused at the top of the stone steps and yelled through the howling wind to the gray clouds overhead, “is THAT all you got?”

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She was a few minutes late for class, but the prof did not complain — though he paused in mid-sentence as everyone watched Betsy pull off a mitten with her teeth. “Sorry,” she stage-whispered, settling in a chair and fishing her tablet out of her backpack. No one asked if she was okay because the answer was obvious. Though her skin was bright red, she was radiantly grinning from ear to ear and bouncing in her seat as if to music no one else could hear.

The storm did not let up all day, but Betsy strode through it with pluck and growing confidence. She was on her way to her last class -- running late because of her detours - when she saw Lu Chen, Taylor and Aaron coming back outside.

“The college just closed for the rest of the day,” Lu Chen yelled in the wind. “Wanna go drink?”

“Absolutely. Where?”

“Dizzy’s. Zach and Evan are meeting us there. That's like four blocks, so do you want to duck into a classroom for a few minutes to warm up first?”

“Nah, I can do another four blocks.”

Actually it was five blocks, which makes a difference when you're naked in a blizzard, but Betsy endured it. When they got to the bar, Zach and Evan already had one of the circular booths, so they all scooted in. It was a retro diner booth with red vinyl upholstery, but instead of a full-sized table, it had only a short round coffee table in the middle. This put Betsy's full body on display, her reddened skin still covered in goose bumps and her nipples hard and pointy. The booth was also next to a window, outside of which the blizzard continued to rage.

“I can't imagine how you walked through this naked,” Evan said. “Do you have super powers? Did they send you here when the planet Krypton exploded?”

“Stubbornness is my super power,” Betsy said, “but my mortal skin is getting chapped and I didn't bring any lotion. Anybody got some?”

“Fresh out,” Evan said, patting his pockets.

“It was a girl question,” Lu Chen said, pulling a plastic bottle from her purse, “and yes, Supergirl, I've got some.”

Betsy squeezed some lotion onto her hand began rubbing it on her body as everyone in the bar watched. Throughout, she talked enthusiastically about her contest with Mother Nature, occasionally interjecting a bit of commentary on whatever body part she was moisturizing at the moment. “My nipples are really tender,” she noted in an off-hand manner as with the index fingers of both hands she circled round and round her areola, rubbing in the lotion. Later, as she spread her legs and began meticulously applying lotion along her labia, she commented “and my pussy is so chapped. I need to bring my own lotion tomorrow so I can do this during classes as a preventative. Can someone do my back?”

“Dibs!” Lu Chen shouted and began rubbing lotion on Betsy’s back. “God, I’m so gay now!”

If mostly-straight Lu Chen was finding this an erotic experience, mostly-gay Betsy definitely was. She was aroused — very, very aroused. She wished Lu Chen was putting lotion on her breasts instead of her back — in front of everyone. And though she had pretended to be oblivious to what she was saying earlier, Betsy knew she was putting on a show when she said “my nipples” and “my pussy.” She liked saying those words, in part because it was an invitation to look. She wondered if perhaps she could work the words “my pussy” into every conversation.

Despite her distracting horniness, Betsy started thinking she should say something to her friends about what she planned to do over Solstice. “So I might stop going naked soon,” she blurted.

“You're finally going to buy a coat now that you've kicked Mother Nature’s ass?” Taylor asked.

“No, I'm thinking of going back to wearing clothes.” There, she'd said it.

Everyone laughed at first but Lu Chen looked at her questioningly and said, “Betsy are you serious?”

“Yes, I am,” Betsy began, having given some thought to what she would tell her friends. “Being a full-time nudist was something I decided to try when we moved here to Huron, but that doesn't mean I'm going to do it forever.”

“But you seem to really love being naked all the time,” Taylor said.

“I do,” Betsy said truthfully. “But I feel like I need to be a normal person again. I get so much attention being like this, but I don't know if people like me for who I am or just because I'm naked.”

“I hope you know that WE love you for who you are,” Lu Chen said patting her arm.

“Absolutely!,” Evan said emphatically. “I mean, from a guy perspective naturally we love that you go naked, but the best part of your body is above your neck. Am I right, gentlemen?”

“Totally,” Aaron said. “So you have to promise that your face will stay naked.”

“Especially the eyes and the smile,” Zach put in. “Those are the best parts.”

“Awww,” Betsy said. “That's nice to hear, and I'm just sure you couldn't be bullshitting me.” As she said this, Betsy spread her knees wide until all three guys were stricken speechless and staring at her crotch. “Yep. Just as I thought,” she said, now crossing her legs and sitting up primly.

“That was so not fair,” Aaron said.

“But feel free to be so-not-fair again whenever you like,” Zach added.

“I think I proved my point,” Betsy said.

“All you proved was that we ALSO appreciate your pink parts,” Evan argued, “and it makes me sad to think I might never see them again.”

“Oh, you'll still get to see my pink parts when I visit your apartment,” Betsy said. “I love being naked too much to give it up altogether. I just wouldn't be nude in public anymore.”

“That's still hard to picture,” Lu Chen said. I've never seen you any other way but naked. How'm I supposed to turn into a lesbian if you're not naked all the time.”

“We could do this,” Betsy said, grabbing Lu Chen by the ears and kissing her on the mouth. This produced much cheering, not just at their table but the rest of the bar. Lu Chen and Betsy both blushed.

“I'm surprised you still blush,” Taylor said to Betsy.

“I love blushing,” Betsy said. “Sorry if I made you uncomfortable, Lu Lu.”

“Oh my poor boyfriend,” Lu Chen sighed.

By this point they'd each had several drinks and began preparing to go back out into the blizzard. For the others, this involved zipping themselves into heavy coats and tying on their hoods. Betsy put on her rainbow colored hat and mittens, and slung her backpack over one shoulder. Outside, the wind was fierce, limiting conversation. At first, the others tried to block the wind for Betsy, but she did not cooperate -- forging to the lead to duel directly with Mother Nature. Their paths soon took them in separate directions and Betsy was slogging her way alone through drifts of snow nearly to her knees. She slowed a bit as she passed the shop with the warmly dressed mannequins in the window. The same clerk was working and Betsy waved at her but kept walking. She had just passed Mr. T’s Martial Arts Studio, where she normally turned left towards her neighborhood, when she saw the Channel 5 van pulling up. She knew the crew by name now.

“Hi, Maddie,” she said, having to yell to be heard in the howling wind. “I hope you're not just here to ask me if I'm cold again. I keep telling you guys, YES, I'm freakin’ cold.”

“Well, we were definitely curious how you were managing on a day like this, Betsy,” Maddie said as Todd, the burly cameraman, quickly got set up.

“I'm doing fine, but I can't stay out in this for very long, so whatever you want to do needs to be quick.”

“Gotcha. I promise we'll be quick, and we can give you a ride home afterwards. We do have an idea for something different. Could we talk you into doing a stand-up?”

“A what?”

“You be the weather correspondent on the scene telling viewers about what you see around you.”

“Live?”

“No, just tape, so if you make a flub, just keep going and we'll edit out the mistakes for the six o’clock.”

Betsy might have resisted under other circumstances, but had just consumed three drinks, displayed her pink parts and kissed Lu-Lu on the lips so she was in the mood to be adventurous.

Maddie gave her the microphone, positioned her next to a huge snowdrift with the college across the street as the backdrop.

“Just start whenever you want”, Maddie yelled over the wind. “Don't worry about mistakes. We can do several takes and stitch them together.”

Betsy grinned. The snow was coming down almost sideways, stinging her skin and blowing her long stocking cap like a flag, but she felt fine. More than fine.

“This is Betsy Andrews with the Channel 5 Action Cam,” she emoted in imitation of TV news announcers. “I'm here in front of Avery College, which has closed down for the day due to the continuing blizzard that you can see all around me.” She wasn't sure what else to say, but Maddie was signaling for her to continue. “The forecast is for more of the same tomorrow, so stay tuned to Channel 5 for school closing and other updates. If you don't have to go out in this, stay home because this kind of weather can be dangerous. I think my pussy may have frozen shut. Just kidding, please edit that out. You probably can't say pussy on TV anyway. If you NEED to go out, be prepared and dress warmly. For example, I'm wearing these boots” (here, she held one leg out sideways), “and these nice warm mittens” (with her free hand she waved to the camera), “and don't forget to wear a hat to help retain body heat! That's all for now. This is Betsy Andrews with Channel 5, Metro Kingsley’s coolest TV news station!”

She struck a pose grinning at the camera until Maddie cried “cut. That was wonderful,” and ran over to embrace her, but as they hugged, a gust of icy wind took Betsy's hat off and she chased after it knee-deep in snow, falling face first into a snowbank as she grabbed the hat.

**What a Girl Will Do for Love, Part 44**

Betsy was shivering uncontrollably as Maddie and Todd helped her into the van and gave her a ride home.

“Don't forget to watch the 6:00 news,” Maddie said as they pulled up.

“You c-can c-cut the p-pussy p-part, right?”

“For the broadcast, definitely,” Maddie replied, “but I can't promise it won't show up on a late-night blooper reel. They do that a lot.”

When she was finally inside again, Betsy took a long, hot bath and didn't get out until her toes were wrinkled. When the six o’clock news came on, she was in front of the TV with popcorn. For the first time, she was utterly delighted without reservation to see herself naked on TV.

As always, they teased her segment relentlessly, saving it for the end -- which she now found flattering. When it finally ran, she was relieved to see that they had indeed edited out her little joke, but she squealed when she saw herself hold one leg out to the side to showcase her boots. The camera zoomed in -- supposedly to show the boots, but her open pussy was visible at the top of the frame. Definitely not frozen shut. At the end of the program they used Betsy again, showing her chasing after her hat and falling into the snow as the credits rolled. When the program was over, Betsy replayed the recording, squealing again at the same moment. She checked the station’s website repeatedly, and as soon as the video was posted she sent the link to Kate. They weren’t scheduled to talk until nine, but Kate called a few minutes later.

“That was fantastic, Babe,” she said, “but are you sure you’re okay being out in that kind of weather? I thought you were going to buy a coat. I’m afraid you’re going to catch pneumonia.”

Betsy had to laugh to herself. Kate was saying exactly what she wanted -- yet Betsy was undermining her own strategy. “I was, you know, just pretending that the cold didn’t bother me,” she lied, “but actually I was freezing.” Betsy regretted having to say it this way, because she was actually proud of how well she endured the cold.

“Get a coat, Betsy. Please tell me you’ll get a coat tomorrow.”

“I’ll . . . look at coats,” Betsy said. “Actually, Kate, I have to tell you something. It’s not just the coat. I’ve been thinking that I might . . . stop being a nudist.”

“What?? Betsy did something happen to you? Are you okay?”

“Yes, I’m fine, and nothing happened to me. It’s just that . . . I miss being a normal person. I don’t like being the center of attention.”

“But you love being naked. How could you give that up?”

“I . . . I do love it, Kate, I truly do, but I have . . . conflicting feelings.”

“This is such a shock, Betsy And after all the trouble we went through making this possible for you. But I suppose it’s your decision.”

“Kate, this is MY decis-- oh, um, thank you for being understanding about it, Kate. Part of it is that we’re going to be seeing my family soon and I feel really weird being naked in front of my brothers.”

“Yes, well about that, things here are really at a critical moment and I’m afraid I’m going to have to stay a little longer.”

“You’re going to miss Solstice?”

“I didn’t say that, Betsy. It’s just going to be extremely tight. I know it’s important to you that I meet your family, but--”

“I thought it would be important to you too.”

“Don’t put one of your guilt trips on me, Betsy. You have no idea the pressure I’m under. The things I do for you, like this nudity thing that you’re apparently just going to piss away like it was a whim that you’ve lost interest in. And now I have to bust my ass to make it to your precious little Solstice-in-the-mountains experience. People celebrate Solstice in the city too, you know, but I apparently that’s not good enough.”

Betsy was silent. After a pause, Kate’s voice had softened again and she said, “Betsy, don’t cry.”

“I’m not crying.”

“But, I know I’ve upset you.”

“I’m not upset. I was just thinking that you’re right. The logistics just aren’t working out so let’s just decide right now that you’re not coming this year. There’ll be another opportunity . . . perhaps . . . for you to meet my family.”

“Betsy, I can probably--”

“No, no, I don’t want you to do that. If you come you’ll just be worried about work so don’t come.”

“Well . . . that would simplify things, but--”

“So it’s decided. Oh, I need to go. There’s a movie on TV that I want to watch. Bye.”

Before Kate could react, Betsy disconnected. She had no idea what was on TV.

In the morning, Avery was closed again, but provincial offices were open. Betsy had done some research online, but couldn’t find what she needed so she’d made an appointment. Outside, the snow had subsided for the moment, but it was still bitter cold with high winds. Betsy put on her tennis shoes and ball cap and went out to her car. She hadn’t driven it in a week and had trouble just getting the door open. She let out a squeal as she sat her bare bottom on the cold leather seat, but it was a sensation that she enjoyed. She turned the ignition and nothing happened except a faint groan. Crap. She had let the car sit too long, and now it wouldn’t start in the bitter cold.

Still sitting in the freezing car, Betsy looked up the address of her destination on her phone to see how close it was to the elevated train stops. Five or six blocks it appeared. She could do that. Betsy got out of her car and began walking to the Avery train station a few blocks away. Without her boots, she had to be careful where she stepped so she wouldn’t get snow on her bare ankles. Halfway to the train station the wind whipped her ball cap off and it flew so far she didn’t try to chase it. She trudged on, indifferent to the sting of the wind on her bare skin, her hair swirling like a flag. The glass-walled shelter at the train stop was unheated, but at least she was out of the wind.

She had to wait 10 minutes for the train, and being rush hour it was crowded with commuters, who did their best to pretend they weren't looking at Betsy. Some of them had no doubt seen her on the news and knew she was going naked in this weather. Like the seen-it-all cosmopolitan sophisticates that they were, however, her fellow travelers left her alone and tried very hard to focus on their newspapers and celllphones as if this happened to them every day.

Betsy studied her phone to be sure she was getting off at the closest stop. When it came, she popped out the doors and strode purposefully out into the worsening blizzard in the center of downtown Kingsley. The distance turned out to be six blocks and the wind was worse, whipping among the high-rise buildings downtown. When she finally pushed her way through the revolving door into the Huron provincial office building, Betsy put her purse and shoes on the security conveyor belt and stepped through the full-body scanner entirely nude -- still half-expecting she would somehow set off the alarm.

Retrieving her purse and shoes, she walked barefoot to elevators among a crowd of much better dressed government workers. She got off on the fifth floor and found the office labeled “Department of Diversity” and went in. A guy her age sitting at the reception desk looked up at her in surprise. “It’s you!” he exclaimed.

“I think so, yes,” Betsy answered. “I have an appointment with a Ms. Randall.”

“You do? Oh, right -- here it is in her calendar.” He picked up the phone and sang out, “Miss Betsy Andrews is here!”

A door behind him opened and a middle aged woman emerged. “Betsy, how nice to finally meet you. Please do come in.”

Betsy made her way back into the office and accepted the seat facing Ms. Randall’s desk. Only then did she start putting on her shoes.

“I was absolutely thrilled to get your email,” Ms. Randall said, seating herself behind her desk. “You’re our only nudist in the northern district.”

“Yeah, I’ve noticed,” Betsy said. “I’m sorry to have to take up your time, but I couldn’t find the answer to my question on your website.”

“Oh? I’m sorry to hear that. What can I do for you.”

“I want to withdraw my nudist registration.”