**Ali Goes to College**

**by Cheryl**

“Are you sure you have everything you need?” Jennifer Cawood asked her daughter.

“Yes, mom. Thanks.” Even when speaking with her own mother Alison’s voice was quiet and reserved, her eyes downcast.

“You remember to have fun this year, Ali.” She gently guided her daughter’s gaze to meet her own, cradling Ali’s chin in her fingers.

“I know, mom.”

“College isn’t all about grades and studying, okay?”

“I know, mom. I’m sure I’ll have fun.”

“Tracey sounds like just the person to get you involved.”

“I hope she’s cool.” Ali said hopefully, finally voicing one of her fears.

Tracey Halloran was Ali’s new roommate. They hadn’t met yet, but they had talked on the phone and exchanged emails and texts all summer long. The school had sent them room and board details in late June, providing the name, home address, email and phone number of the girls. Tracey had called almost immediately.

The girls had exchanged information and pictures over the summer, and everything about them seemed opposite. Ali was small and slight, standing only five foot two inches tall; she was pretty but plain, her sandy-blonde hair was normally pulled back in a pony tail and her cute face didn’t require a lot of makeup, which was good because she rarely wore any. She had the lean, sculpted body of a swimmer, but preferred to hide her figure under loose jeans and baggy t-shirts in an effort to blend into the background. She didn’t like to draw attention to herself, and was most comfortable alone or with one or two close friends.

Tracey was tall, curvy, and deeply tanned. Her short raven hair was styled in a carefree manner that bordered on messy, but still looked attractive. She wore short skirts and shorts almost as a uniform, frequented the beaches in the tiniest string bikinis, and strove to be the center of attention. Even her career desires made Ali uncomfortable; she was planning on majoring in Hotel Management with a minor in theater. She had taken a cruise with her family in high school and decided then and there that she wanted to work as a Cruise Director on a huge cruise ship sailing in the Caribbean or the Mediterranean or the South Pacific somewhere.

Ali was nothing like that. Standing up in front of a huge group of people and acting goofy, talking on a big stage and making jokes in front of an audience were all things that she looked to avoid. Tracey had been in all of her high school plays. She would stand on stage and sing and dance in front of the entire school. Ali had almost had a panic attack when she’d had to give a speech for her English class.

“I’m sure you two will get along just fine.” Jennifer assured her daughter. “Your aunt Carol and I didn’t meet until college, and we’ve been best friends ever since.”

“I know, mom. I’m just a little overwhelmed. I’ll be fine.”

She hugged her mom goodbye, assured her for the fifth time in as many minutes that she had everything she needed, and watched her drive away. As the car pulled to the stop sign at the far end of the street her mom gave a final wave out the window before turning the corner and driving out of sight. Sighing, Ali turned and walked back up to her dorm room.

It was her first year of college, and like many girls in the same position she was unsure of what she should focus on and in what discipline to major. Politics had long been a fascination for her, so she though perhaps Political Science. Psychology, too, had an appeal. In her mind the two were closely intertwined. Understanding group mentality and dynamics and the consciousness of the public surrounding an issue at hand could be a great benefit to a politician or a political advisor. Because of her introversion she always saw herself more as an advisor.

Ali quietly closed her dorm room door and sat on her bed. The door from the hallway opened in the exact center of the room, between the two small closets. Each half of the room was identical; a bed against the wall in the corner and a desk next to it, opposite the door and under the lone window in the room, and a small 3-drawer dresser against the wall between the foot of the bed and the closet. She hadn’t thought to ask Tracey which bed she wanted. Ali had unpacked on the right side.

Together they had coordinated their sheets and color pallets, and had decided who would bring what. Tracey had a nice all-in-one theater setup; a 32” flat panel TV and a player that could play DVDs and CDs and dock with their iPods. Ali felt weird that she’d have to use someone else’s stuff. She had never shared really well with her younger brother – he either broke her stuff or stole it. She only cared about his video games, so no matter where he was or what he was already doing, if she tried to play he’d come running, suddenly wanting to play himself. Ali had brought a small refrigerator for them to share. Ali sat on her bed with her notebook on her lap and her earbuds firmly in place, drowning out the sounds of the other students in the hallway outside her door.

Tracey, as it turned out, was every bit the social butterfly that Ali had guessed she would be. She was vivacious and vibrant and had a natural way of bringing people together. Before she had moved even half of her things up from her car she had met most of the people on their floor, and had a small crowd in their room helping her to get set up. Ali was smiling and trying to keep up her end of the conversation at first, but just like always she allowed herself to be pushed to the background, and contented herself to quietly unpack Tracey’s suitcases, neatly laying the clothes in the drawers or on the bed, listening to the laughter and easy banter occurring around her and thankful she wasn’t being required to participate.

In high school Ali had earned a reputation as a snob. Her introversion and shyness had been misinterpreted as standoffishness and haughtiness, and the guys who had asked her for dates had seen malice in her rebukes rather than the fear and bashfulness that were truly behind them. Her pretty face and easy smile made it difficult for people to see that she was withdrawn and reserved; most of the beautiful girls were outgoing. She’d had few friends, male or female, and was feeling nervous at all of the commotion surrounding her.

“You’re from San Diego? That seems so cool, the ocean and stuff.” A guy named Ben was saying as he cheerfully hooked up all of the wires and cables that were required to make the TV work. “I’m from Indiana. Cows and corn.”

“There’s another guy on the floor from San Diego.” Interjected Dan, who was helping to unpack a box of DVD’s. “Andrew Hardwick. You know him?”

“Yeah, I know everyone from San Diego.” Tracey laughed. “There’s only three million people there, so you end up just knowing everyone. How is Andy, anyway?”

“Wow, so this is me being stupid!” laughed Dan.

Tracey had an easy way about her, and Ali marveled at how quickly she was able to befriend total strangers, and at how charming she was able to be. She had just sarcastically insulted a guy she met ten minutes ago, and he was laughing at himself instead of getting even the slightest bit upset.

In almost no time all of her belongings were unloaded, and Tracey’s dad and the rented van were back on the road to California. As if sensing Ali’s growing discomfort with the crowd in their room, Tracey skillfully dismissed everyone. Ali was growing to like Tracey more and more as the day wore on, and they’d only met face to face an hour ago.

“You’re amazing, Tracey.” Ali told her roommate. “I got here yesterday and I only met two people. Dan and his roommate Sean. You’re here for an hour and you know everyone on the floor. You even remembered their names!”

“I am pretty amazing, aren’t I?” joked Tracey, standing with her chest thrust out, hands on her hips and her head turned slightly. “You’re cuter than your pictures.”

Ali blushed brightly, and Tracey laughed out loud. “You’re coming out with me tonight. None of this wallflower crap from MY roommate. I’m gonna take a shower. I’ve got funky rent-a-van stink on me. I’ve got a bottle of Jack in one of these boxes. We’ll do some shots and loosen your ass up, girl!”

“I’m not a big drinker.” Ali said quietly.

“Good. More for me. But I’m not drinking alone on my first night here!”

As she was speaking, Tracey pulled her t-shirt off, slipped out of her shorts and pulled her bra off, completely unconcerned. She stepped to her closet and dropped her recently discarded clothes on the floor, then pulled her panties down and kicked them onto the pile. She pulled a green terrycloth bathrobe off its hanger and slipped it on as she turned to Ali. “I’ll be ready to party in about half an hour. You want to order a pizza or something?”

Ali had been staring, struck by the boldness of her new friend. Ali hated changing for swimming at school, and now this girl she’d just met had stripped totally naked in front of her as though it was no big deal.

“Yeah. Pizza.” Ali said, blushing anew. “I’ll call while you’re showering. What do you like on it?”

Tracey placed her order and dropped $20 on the bed from her purse, then stepped into a pair of shower shoes – just rubber flip flops - and headed into the hallway carrying her shower basket with her. Ali heard catcalls and jeers from some of the guys, and heard Tracey’s muffled laughter as the door closed behind her.

By 6:00 Ali was drunk. The pizza was eaten mostly by the guys and the bottle of Jack Daniels was almost empty. They were doing shots, chasing them with Pepsi. Ali, Tracey, Monica, Stephanie, Ben and his roommate Chris, Dan, Sean and Andrew Hardwick were sitting on the floor talking, laughing, and drinking.

Andrew Hardwick, as it turned out, was a minor celebrity. He had graduated high school in only two years, and now at age seventeen was already poised to receive a bachelor’s degree in only three.

“…but everyone thinks I’m just this big nerd.”

“You don’t look like a nerd, Andy.” Tracey laughed.

She was right. Andrew was not what anyone would picture a child genius to look like. He was average height at almost six feet tall, had dark wavy hair, brown eyes and a cute, crooked smile. He was thin but not scrawny. He looked like an average guy.

“Andrew, please.” he replied. “And what’s a nerd supposed to look like, then?”

“Ohh! The politician challenging me to be politically incorrect!”

The mood was light and everyone was laughing easily as Tracey began, counting off traits on her fingers. “You’re supposed to wear glasses, for one thing. Big, thick glasses. And you should be shorter. A lot shorter. And either totally scrawny or really fat.”

“And you should wear, like, ‘jeans’ brand jeans.” Added Dan.

“Yeah!” Laughed Tracey. “Much worse fashion sense.”

“So, as the incredibly driven, motivated and intelligent person I am,” started Andrew, trying to act haughty but slurring slightly due to the alcohol, “I’m supposed to have bad hair, no fashion sense, an astigmatism, glandular issues or an eating disorder. Anything else? Should I have more pimples?”

“Oh, you should totally have pimples.” Tracey said in a serious voice. “And maybe a speech impediment of some sort. Not a lisp, but something.”

“Yeah, like a whiney voice!” said Sean.

They all laughed and the causal conversation continued. As the evening wore on Andrew and Ali began talking about Ali’s plans. The alcoholic lubrication and the fact that she was speaking about something she felt a passion for all led to a much more lively conversation than normally would have been possible when meeting someone new.

“It’s amazing that you feel that way.” Andrew was saying. “There are only a few people in the PoliSci program who are interested in Psychology at all. I’m the only one I know of with a dual major.”

“You’re in the same program I want to be in?” Ali asked.

“Yeah. I have aspirations.”

“Aren’t you supposed to be a doctor or a research scientist or something?”

“Yeah. I think that’s what everyone always expects. But I want to go into politics. I want to make the world better that way. I like people, and I like arguing.”

“You like to argue? That’s a weird thing to like.” Ali giggled drunkenly.

“No, like, debating. I wanted to be a lawyer. But being a lawyer is more about research and contracts and stuff. If you’re a good trial lawyer you could be in court for a few weeks, and then not see the inside of a courtroom for another six months. Then my dad asked me about politics.”

“So what are your aspirations?”

“I’d rather not talk about them. People tend to laugh at me.”

“Come on.” Ali prodded. “You’re obviously the smartest person I’ve ever met. So I’m guessing you want to be president or something. Why would you be in politics to be mayor of bumblefuck somewhere?”

Andrew laughed. “Fine. I have a plan. I want to be Governor of California before I’m 25, a United States Senator or Congressman before 35, and I want to run for President of the United States before I’m 45.”

“Wow.” Ali said, obviously impressed despite her preconception. “I didn’t expect something so specific.”

“Well,” he said, “I graduated high school in 2 years with a perfect 4.0 GPA, and I’m carrying a triple major in PoliSci, Psychology and Business Management. I should have an MBA and Masters in Political Science before I’m 21, and the next election after that for governor in California will be two weeks before my 25th birthday.”

“Does that make me weird? I only have a vague notion of what I want to do. I don’t even think about turning 30. Forget what I’m going to be doing when I’m 45.”

“No, I think that makes you normal.” Andrew sighed. “I’m the weird one. My psychology teacher says that most 17 year olds don’t think about that stuff. He says that my intellect has likely accelerated my emotional and mental maturity, so I probably think and feel like a much older guy.”

“That’s too deep for me.” said Tracey, barging gracefully into the conversation without seeming the least bit rude. “Your psych teacher would probably say that my emotional maturity has decelerated, and I’m probably more like a 12 year old boy!”

The group laughed at this as Tracey ranted on.

“But seriously,” said Andrew to Ali as the party was ending later in the evening, “you should talk to Dr. Dickson. He’s the head of the PoliSci department. Tell him you talked to me and you want to be in his program.”

“Thanks!” Ali said sincerely. “I’ll talk to him!”

The next morning was the first day of classes, and Ali’s first hangover. She awoke with a horrible headache that seemed to throb with each beat of her heart. Tracey was already gone, and Ali wondered how she had slept through her roommates alarm and activity as she dressed, gathered her things and left. The room was still a mess from the move, with several boxes left unpacked and small piles of clothes that had not yet found homes in the drawers or shelves or on hangers. They had neglected to pull closed the curtains on the windows making the room annoyingly bright, and Ali could open her eyes only halfway.

As she rolled to her side to look at the clock on her cell phone it seemed that her brain sloshed sideways, no longer firmly in place but now floating in a mixture of Jack Daniels and Pepsi. As it bumped off the inside of her skull a fresh wave of pain washed over her head and extended down into her neck.

“Ugh.” She moaned. “Never drinking again.”

Her cell phone informed her that it was just after 9:00 AM. “Great!” she thought to herself, sitting up quickly and regretting it immediately. “I’m missing my first class.”

Monday morning was introduction to web design. She wasn’t that interested, but had to take something like it as a prerequisite. Considering her headache, the fact that she was already late, and the fact that she didn’t know where the computer science building was she made the decision to skip it altogether. Nevertheless, she pulled the sheet back, dangled her legs off the bed and rubbed her eyes. A moment later she stood.

She turned the shower water to cool, and stood stock still, letting it pour over her head. It seemed she could feel each droplet hitting her scalp, but the pain was starting to diminish. The other girls were very loud in the morning, and the bathroom seemed to magnify their voices as they echoed. “If I’d managed to get into the better dorm building I’d have a shared bathroom with only four girls.” She thought to herself.

It was true. There were four dorm buildings on campus. Three of them were original, and virtually indistinguishable from one another except for the hue of hideous that had been chosen for the carpets. Her building had Grotesque Green, a shade stuck somewhere between lime and slime, with flecks of yellow and blue so that it looked like someone had vomited and blown their nose simultaneously.

A wave of nausea came over her, and although she was being doused with cool water she began to perspire.

Twenty minutes later she was back in her room. She had managed not to vomit, although she was not entirely convinced that this was a good thing, and had stopped sweating. Her hair mostly dry and in her requisite pony tail, she pulled on her jeans and a clean t-shirt and opened her notebook. Launching her college email account she logged in and composed an email to Dr. Dickson.

Dear Dr. Dickson,

My name is Alison Cawood, and I’m a new freshman here. I was speaking with Andrew Hardwick recently and he suggested I get in touch with you. I am interested in a major in Political Science and would very much like to speak with you about entering this program, of which I understand you are the chair.

I am a hard worker and have a passion for politics, the democratic process and for serving my community and country. I am very eager to speak with you about this at your convenience.

Sincerely,

Alison Cawood

Feeling somewhat better, Ali grabbed her class schedule and looked it over. Next class is from 1:00 to 2:00 in the mathematics building, which is just down the street. Monday’s and Friday’s are her light days, with only two classes on either day. Since she’d missed her first, she decided to head over to the computer science building and apologize to her teacher.

Tuesday was uneventful, and Wednesday started off that way until about 4:00. That’s when she checked her email and found a reply from Dr. Dickson.

Ms. Cawood,

I have reviewed your transcripts and regret to inform you that your academic achievements to date do not warrant a place in this institutions Political Science program. I recommend that you pursue a standard course of study towards a Bachelor’s degree in general studies. If at some point in the future your scholastic accomplishments warrant a review of my decision I will be happy to reconsider.

Dr. Mitchell Dickson

Ali was heartbroken, and per her usual methods retreated into herself. Tracey had only officially met her roommate four days prior, but could tell that something was wrong.

“What’s up, Ali?” she asked concernedly.

“Nothing. No biggie. Don’t worry about it. I just want to be alone.”

“Bullshit nothing. Don’t make me beat it out of you.”

Ali cracked a small smile, and slid her notebook across the bed. “The email from Dickson.”

Tracey quickly read it. “He’s a dick. Look at his name. His dad was a dick, too. That’s how they name people, you know. Son of Eric became Ericson. A blacksmith became Smith. And a dick became Dick. The son of a dick became Doctor Mitchell Dickson.”

Ali smiled, genuinely this time.

“But he’s a dick who won’t let me into his program, so I have no idea what my major is going to be.” Ali said, her smile fading.

“Don’t worry about him. Don’t worry about your major, either. Things work out for good people, and you’re definitely one of the good ones.”

Tracey leaned in and hugged her roommate. A few tears escaped Ali’s eyes as she hugged back.

Two hours later Andrew, Tracey and Ali had finished a nice long discussion about Dr. Dickson and Ali’s options. The first hour or so had been fun, full of profanity, insults and threats, and really just an effort to elevate Ali’s mood. But the ultimate plan had Ali feeling a mixture of nervous and optimistic, and much better about things than she had a few hours before.

The next morning, which was Friday, Ali arrived at Dr. Dickson’s office about ten minutes before his open office hours were scheduled to start. She paced nervously in the hallway waiting for his arrival. Ali worked all her life to avoid conflict and to blend in to the woodwork. She strove to be unobtrusive and to go all but unnoticed. Now, at the urging of her two new friends, she was seeking an argument. With a teacher – an authority figure. Her legs felt rubbery, her palms clammy, and her breathing shallow.

In times of extreme stress or agitation time has a way of moving at a different pace; normally whichever you would rather it didn’t. Ali had ten minutes to mentally prepare herself for this discussion, but as she stood nervously outside the door the clock’s hands accelerated. Dr. Dickson arrived a few minutes early, and it seemed to Ali that she’d arrived only seconds before she was being ushered into his office.

“Ms. Cawood. I believe that I made myself clear in my email note to you yesterday. You are not qualified to participate in my program, and I feel I would be doing you a disservice to make an exception. Based on your transcripts and on the coursework you completed in high school you will not have the background to keep up with the rest of the class.”

“Yes, sir.” Ali replied demurely, staring at the papers on the desk rather than her teachers face. “I understood that from your email. But this is really all I have ever seen myself doing. It’s all I want to do. I can’t see myself sitting behind a desk in a company somewhere being an accountant or a business woman. I see myself in politics, helping people, making a difference.”

“Be that as it may, Ms. Cawood, desire does not equate to qualification.”

“No, sir. But I thought that perhaps I could audit one of your classes. I could prove to you that I CAN do the work, or prove to myself that I can’t. Either way, we will both know.” Her nervousness was audible in her voice as she spoke.

Those words were Andrew’s. He had explained that the college allowed students to “audit” classes. It essentially meant that they sit in the class as a student, participate fully in the class, but earn no college credit toward graduation for the class. Auditing a class is about half the price of taking the class for credit, and many students do it in order to pass a test required for their major, or to prove understanding of a required subject that is not connected to their major. If she could talk him into allowing her to audit one of his classes, she would have a chance to impress him and change his mind.

“Interesting concept. Which class were you thinking of?”

“Media, Society and Politics” Ali replied, still looking at the desk.

Dr. Dickson laughed, forcing Ali to look at him for the first time since taking her seat. “That’s a pretty advanced course.” He said. “Upper classmen only in that class.”

“Yes, sir.” She replied, struggling to maintain eye contact now that she was looking up. Andrew had prepared her for this argument. “But I have reviewed your course schedule and my own, and it is the only class you teach during my free time. Monday and Wednesday at 7:00 AM. I assumed you would want me to take one of your own classes so that you could witness my work first hand.”

Dr. Dickson thoughtfully stroked the black goatee on his chin. “I have to be honest. I am impressed that you have done this much research. I’ll make you a deal; you can audit my class and I will waive the audit fee because you’ve shown a lot of tenacity and more persistence than I would have given you credit for. But I expect every paper you hand in to be top caliber, and every assignment completed well. I will give you a break for those things that are beyond your understanding, but with common sense, research and study I believe that anyone with the passion for this subject that you claim to have can do well. You drop below eighty-five percent and you’re out of the class. You finish the class and we’ll see about the program next semester. Do we have a deal?”

Ali broke into a genuine smile. “Thank you sir. Yes, sir.”

The two shook hands and Dr. Dickson smiled warmly. “Let’s hope you can impress me with your coursework as much as you’ve impressed me with your determination. I do so enjoy being proved wrong in situations like this. If you succeed, you will have truly earned it, and that, after all, is what being an educator is all about.”

“Then I hope to prove you very, very wrong, sir.” Ali smiled.

“Good day, Ms. Cawood.” Dr Dickson nodded toward the door, indicating their discussion was at an end. Ali left and ran across campus to share the good news with Tracey and Andrew. For one of the first times in her life Ali was seeking out the company of friends, rather than the quiet, comfortable solitude of her own mind.

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The following Monday Ali awoke early, too excited and anxious about her first day of Dr. Dickson’s class to sleep. Andrew had assured her that she had not missed anything significant in the first two days of class, and that he would do what he could to help her, as long as it did not affect his studying or grades. She showered, dressed, and sat nervously at her desk, mindlessly surfing the internet until 6:30. Unable to wait any longer, she shut her notebook, slipped it into her backpack, and headed across campus in the early morning sunlight.

Even at a slow, easy pace she found herself walking down the corridor toward the classroom with twenty minutes to spare. After confirming that the classroom stood empty and dark, she turned and retraced her steps to the front door of the building where she sat on the steps, her eyes closed as she faced the rising sun.

Early September in the Midwestern United States means shorter, cooler days. The sun rises later, sets earlier, and the leaves turn golden, copper, and auburn before falling, where they dry and become crisp underfoot. The temperature was in the upper sixties; not cold, but crisp and refreshing. Her lightweight hoodie was enough to keep her protected from the slight chill in the air. By noon she would not need even that fortification; today would be a lovely day. Perhaps, she thought to herself, it would be a good day to study outside.

“You’re here early.”

Andrew’s voice broke the spell of her daydream. “Couldn’t sleep. I’m just so nervous.”

“Don’t worry about it. You’ll do fine.” He handed her a cup of coffee.

“Thank you!” she said, taking it from him. He had one of his own in his right hand.

“No cream, three sugars, right?” he asked, smiling.

“Yeah, perfect!” she said.

“Tracey told me. I stopped by your room this morning. I was going to see if you wanted to walk to class with me.”

“This is really nice of you.” she replied, still not knowing what to say.

“No worries.” he replied, smiling. “You wanna go get a seat?”

The pair walked in silence, following the route Ali had taken ten minutes prior. The door was now open and the room lit, but still empty. The classrooms were all laid out nearly the same all over the campus. Large tables, each with three chairs in which the students would sit. The tables were arranged three wide with a small aisle between them, all facing an old wooden desk in the front of the room. From the ceiling hung a projector, and cables ran through the ceiling, down the wall and snaked across the carpet to the instructor’s desk, where a notebook could be plugged in.

Andrew took a seat in the front row on the left side of the room, farthest from the doors. Ali stood uncertainly in front of the first row. Sitting next to Andrew might seem presumptuous, but sitting elsewhere might seem rude.

As if sensing her indecision, Andrew said “We sit in teams. Most of the projects that we work on in class are group things. There’s a big project for this class, and we already chose teams for it. He’ll mix it up for the smaller projects.”

“Oh. So will I be in a group?”

“I guess he’ll put you with someone.”

“Can I be in your group?”

He hesitated, looking a bit uncomfortable. “This class is really important to me. I just…”

“I’m going to work really hard. I promise. I don’t know anyone else in class, and I get so nervous when I meet new people. I promise I won’t screw up the project!” she begged.

Andrew shifted nervously in his seat, then sighed. “I guess. I’ll ask him if we can take you in our group. But the project is already started. We’re working on the plan and everything.”

“What’s it about?” she asked, setting her backpack on the table next to his and sitting down.

“It’s about societal taboos and the political and sociological statements and forces surrounding and influencing the way a culture views and reacts to either the taboo itself, or the breaking of the taboo.”

Ali was already confused. Maybe Dr. Dickson had been right after all. That made no sense at all to her. As she tried to decide if she wanted to admit her stupidity by asking Andrew to explain it to her, the sound of voices and footfalls entered the room. A few moments later Dr. Dickson and several other students filed into the room. At 7:00 AM precisely Dr. Dickson closed the door and began his lecture.

Ali was able to follow most of what he was saying. She quietly typed notes on her notebook PC along with the rest of the class, and made special reminders to herself to look up certain topics that she didn’t quite understand. There was no text book for this class, so her resources would be the internet and the school library.

After class Andrew, true to his word, spoke privately with Dr. Dickson and confirmed that Ali could, indeed, join his team. He introduced her to Samuel Wilton, and AJ – short for Alexander Jeremiah – Brennan, the other two members of the team.

AJ was twenty years old and from Indiana. He had brown hair that reminded Ali of chocolate pudding, muddy brown eyes, and stood only five foot five inches tall. He was slightly overweight and his complexion was very pale. He had a good laugh and a genuine smile, however, and Ali found him a pleasant person.

While Andrew hated to be called Andy, Samuel Wilton much preferred Sam or Sammy. He was nineteen years old, from Kentucky, and spoke with a southern drawl that Ali found fascinating. His blonde hair was almost white and so fine and wispy that even the small amount of air movement caused by the buildings ventilation system caused a few of the hairs to sway lazily on top of his head. He had a large number of freckles on his cheeks and forehead, a bright, warm smile, and eyes that were a light blue color the likes of which Ali had never seen before. He stood virtually identical in height and stature to Andrew. Ali was certain that each could wear the others jeans without either having a problem with fit.

“Welcome aboard our team.” AJ said.

“Yes. Welcome.” Echoed Sam, taking his turn to shake her hand.

“We’re turning in our project proposal on Wednesday.” Andrew said. “I’ll get a copy over to you as soon as I’m done typing it up. We finished working on it already and I’m just putting the finishing touches.”

“He’s a better typist than either of us, and he volunteered.” Sam joked. “So who were we to stop him from doing all the work?”

“There’ll be more than enough work for everyone.” Andrew said, smiling. “Assuming the proposal is approved.”

“I’m sorry, guys. I have to run to the computer sciences building. I have a class in ten minutes.” Ali said, shaking their hands and making her exit.

“Talk to you later!” the guys called after her.

“We should talk about the proposal. I have some new ideas.” Andrew said to the guys. “You have time now?”

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Tuesday night at almost midnight there was a knock on the door. Tracey opened it wearing her standard sleepwear – a mid-thigh length t-shirt and a pair of cotton panties. Ali’s pajamas were cotton draw-string shorts and a long t-shirt, and still she wore her terrycloth robe until she was crawling into bed.

“Hey, guys.” said Andrew after Tracey pulled the door open. “Check your email, Ali, I just sent you the proposal. We have to turn it in tomorrow, so make sure that you let me know if you have any problems before class.”

“Sure. No problem.” Said Ali, pulling her robe a little tighter while marveling at the fact that Tracey stood unconcerned in front of the door wearing a t-shirt and panties. They’d had this discussion before.

“You can’t see my panties, though.” Tracey had argued. “And besides, they’re pretty much the same as a bikini bottom.”

“But they’re not a bikini. They’re underwear.” Ali had countered. “You’re not supposed to let people see your underwear.”

Neither had changed the others opinion, but Ali had decided to keep hers to herself. She liked Tracey, and didn’t want to alienate her closest friend at school.

“I’ll read it tonight and send you an email when I’m done.” Ali promised.

Ali sat on her bed and pulled her notebook off her desk. Tracey resumed sitting at her desk and put the finishing touches on her own homework.

“You want anything else?” Tracey asked, walking to the door. “I’m going to go get a snack.”

“How do you sleep eating that crap right before bed?” Ali asked.

“Like a baby.” Tracey replied coyly.

“I’m good. I still have some of the water you got me earlier.” Ali replied.

“Cool. See you in a few.”

Ali started to read the Word document Andrew had sent as Tracey closed the door. He really was a good writer, and his intelligence showed through in his words. It was a long document, and Ali realized she’d be up for a while. The first section appeared to be a dissertation about sociological taboos, discussing the social norms of Colonial America and how they were struck down by strong political leaders, technological advancements and new ideals. The paper then went on to discuss turn of the century society and cultural changes including prohibition, and the changing moral climate in the world with the introduction of radio and television.

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“HEY! Don’t you have class?”

Tracey’s voice woke Ali with a start. She felt like she’d been asleep for days. Her notebook was still open on the bed next to her. She was still sitting, still wearing her robe. The clock told her that she had only ten minutes to get to Dr. Dickson’s class.

“Crap!” Ali cried. She jumped out of bed and pulled a pair of jeans on over her pajama bottoms. She tore open her closet and pulled off her robe. Still modest despite the time pressure she pulled her shirt off and quickly put on her bra, all the while managing to keep her back to her roommate. She pulled on a clean t-shirt and her hoodie, stuffed her notebook into her backpack and dashed to the mirror. She had slept sitting up, so thankfully her hair was not hopeless. She pulled it into a pony tail, picked up her backpack and shouted her goodbye’s to Tracey as she sprinted out the door.

The mad dash across campus had her heart racing as she slowed for the final few steps leading to her classroom. She had a minute to spare, and others were still taking their seats.

“You didn’t email me anything. Should I assume you’re all good with the proposal?”

Andrew had gotten up to meet her, and was helping slide the backpack off her shoulder as he guided her to her seat. AJ and Sam were looking intently and nervously at the exchange.

“I read it.” Ali lied. She couldn’t admit the truth and let them down. It wouldn’t make a difference anyway. They had to turn it in today, so there was no real time to change it regardless. “It’s fine. I didn’t see anything that needed fixing.”

All three guys seemed to breathe a collective sigh of relief. “Great. I’ll send it to him now.” Andrew said. His own notebook was open at his seat, and he had already prepared the email with the attachment and all four of their names. He clicked on the send button and it was gone.

Ali’s adrenaline rush wore off about halfway through class, and she suddenly wished she’d had something for breakfast. As soon as class ended she made her excuses and dashed to the cafeteria for a granola bar and a large cup of coffee. Web design was somewhat of a joke, but she was thankful for the mindless time to recover from the stress of the morning.

As was the ritual of most of the class, the last ten minutes became more noisy as the students finished what they were doing on the lab PC’s and started checking their personal email accounts. Ali had an email from Dr. Dickson.

Please meet me in my office at 10:30AM today if possible. I would like to discuss your project proposal.

Had she not been so nervous she would have seen that Andrew, AJ and Sam were all copied as well, so the feeling of relief she felt upon seeing them standing outside of his office was overwhelming. “You guys know what’s up?” she asked.

“No idea. We all got the same email.” The guys looked a little nervous, too.

At precisely 10:30 the door opened and Dr. Dickson ushered them inside. He began without preamble.

“This is a very advanced and gutsy project plan you’ve handed in. Are you all up to the challenge?”

Each person mumbled their agreement.

“I’m very impressed with this project. I think it’s very well thought out, very well devised, and if you can pull it off I think you may even be able to publish your findings.” Dr. Dickson continued. “I’d like to make the offer to extend the test sample to include my other advanced PoliSci classes, if you’re all willing. I’ve checked them against your schedules and there should be no conflicts.”

Ali felt a swelling of excitement and pride. This was definitely a case of being in the right place at the right time. She was now even more curious about what the proposal was, but couldn’t let on that she hadn’t read it. Everyone in the group readily agreed to the additional classes.

The professor then went around the room a final time asking each team member if they knew how much work and exactly what this project would entail. Each replied in the affirmative, and reiterated that they were excited to be part of it and anxious to get started.

He dismissed the group, holding Ali back.

“I am impressed.” He said to her, closing the door as the last of her project team members exited the room. “When you and I spoke at the beginning of the year I didn’t think that you had what it took to be in my program. I am very pleased to say that I believe I may have been mistaken.”

“Thank you, sir.” Ali said, blushing slightly.

“I can tell you, if you follow through on this project as it’s laid out here I will not only approve you for my program, but I’ll give you full credit for this course you’re auditing.” He was smiling, and looked genuinely proud of her.

She beamed at him. This was the best thing she could hear. She practically floated back to her dorm room, and was lost in a haze through her afternoon class. In an uncharacteristic move she even stopped to enjoy the last of the nice weather before fall brought the colder temperatures and gray skies.

At dinner she told Tracey all about what the professor had said, and was jolted back to reality when Tracey asked “What’s the project?”

She still didn’t know. The flattery and promise of success had pushed it completely out of her mind. “I have no idea!” she laughed. “I fell asleep reading it last night, and just barely made it to class this morning! I still haven’t read the damned thing!”

After dinner Ali returned to her room, swallowed her desire to get drunk and celebrate, and forced herself to sit at her desk and read the proposal. The more she read the more anxious she became. She felt sick to her stomach. She stood several times, then forced herself to sit and continue reading. Finally, picking up her notebook she slowly walked down the hall in a daze. She opened the door to Monica and Steph’s room without knocking.

“Tracey, I need to talk to you!”

The three girls were watching American Idol, leaving Ali to study in peace.

“Can it wait for… twelve more minutes?” Tracey said, checking her watch.

“They want me to get naked.” Ali said, holding back tears.

“What? Who does? You don’t get naked in your own dorm room!” Tracey was still joking. She hadn’t figured out the seriousness of the situation yet.

“The proposal. The project. Andrew.”

All three girls looked at her in shock. Stephanie picked up the remote and turned off the TV.

“What?”

Ali entered the room, pacing nervously and explained. “The project? For the class? It’s about the social taboo of nudity and how the younger generation is less affected by the current societal conventions of propriety. The proposal says that today’s college students grew up with nudity as part of our lives with cable TV and the internet, and that people our age aren’t bothered or affected by it the way older generations are.”

She was agitated, but still fighting back tears.

“So the project says that for six weeks I’m going to attend class naked!”

“What?”

“I know, right?” Ali said. “But I can’t back out! Dr. Dickson is going to publish our paper! If I bail I won’t get in the PoliSci program! And I’d be ruining Andrew’s career, and hurting AJ and Sam, too.”

The girls talked. Tracey thought it was funny, but felt for her friend. Jen couldn’t believe that the professor would allow it. Steph was just utterly speechless about the whole thing, and wanted to read the proposal herself.

“Oh, listen to this crap.” she said heatedly. Then, reading aloud from Ali’s computer, “Different social phenomena’s in recent years including ‘shock radio’, Mardi Gras celebrations and the accompanying ritual of trading worthless plastic beads for flashes of skin, the increase in supposed ‘wardrobe malfunctions’, the marketing of celebrity sex tapes, the multi-million dollar ‘Girls Gone Wild’ industry and everything in between has created a new generation of Americans with completely different views on what behavior is acceptable, inappropriate or even shocking. These trends seem to focus on public displays of female nudity in our society, and the acceptance of this exposure within the culture of the current generation. For this reason the focus of this study shall be upon female nudity only.” She handed the computer to Monica in disgust.

“That is total crap!” replied Monica. “The guys don’t want to pull their junk out in class and have to let the girls see, but it’s fine for Ali to have to walk around naked.”

“The guys are all scared we’d see how small they are.” Tracey said viciously.

“You’re supposed to be different stereotypes of girl each week?” Monica cried, looking up from Ali’s computer.

“What?”

“Yeah, I didn’t even tell you guys that part yet!” Ali said, once again holding back tears. “AJ and Sam are both Psych majors and they’re in some other classes with Andrew. So they’re creating an online feedback form that everyone in class is going to have up on their notebooks during class, and they’re supposed to rate different things as they go. That way they can track different reactions to the different stereotypes, and different feelings toward my appearing naked in class, and how those feelings change over time!”

“How are you supposed to present different stereotypes?” asked Tracey. “I mean, you’re supposed to be naked, right!”

“I don’t know. It doesn’t really say specifically. I don’t understand how they can do this! I don’t understand how this is allowed!” The tears finally came. She didn’t sob, didn’t break down, but she was crying now.

Tracey now took Ali’s computer and read out loud. “Each week the female project participant, or test subject, will appear representing a different societal stereotype. As class meets twice weekly, this will give the class, or Experimental Group, ample opportunity to observe and formulate opinions which will be captured using the online tool previously described. These stereotypes will be portrayed through her actions, body art and body hair. Through the use of fake tattoos, theatrical makeup and piercings, and body hair maintenance the same female should be able to successfully portray the five stereotypes over the decades discussed, including that of 1960’s hippie, 1970’s go-go girl, 1980’s sports girl, 1990’s sorority girl, 2000’s celebrity debutant (or celebutant), and in the sixth and final week, of herself with no illusions, makeup or acting.”

“Well that makes it clear.” said Monica sarcastically.

“Didn’t you say that the professor wanted to include his other classes?” asked Tracey.

“Oh, my God! I forgot about that! Do you think that means he wants me to just show up naked at his other classes? I don’t even know those people!”

“What other classes?” asked Steph, shocked.

“He’s got another class that he teaches. It’s later in the day. God, I hope I have class then!” said Ali, wringing her hands nervously.

At some point Tracey retrieved a bottle of Jack Daniels from her room, and the four girls talked and commiserated until well past midnight. They had made some difficult decisions.

First, the project was legitimate, as embarrassing as it might be. Ali even agreed, reluctantly, that if it wasn’t her, she could more easily see that it was a valid and worthwhile social experiment. Once they had all agreed on that fact, the only thing that really remained was what Ali would do.

“I think it boils down to this.” Tracey finally said, interrupting the endless postulating. “You have two choices, each with consequences.” She grabbed a pen and a pad of paper off of Monica’s desk and made two columns. At the head of the first she wrote “do it”, and on the other, “don’t”.

“So what happens if you do it?” she asked.

“I’m totally humiliated, my life is destroyed and I die of embarrassment.” Ali snapped back.

“Okay, humiliated.” Tracey said, writing it down. “I don’t think your life is destroyed, and I think you’ll probably live.”

“Right, so my life won’t be destroyed. My reputation will be. Everyone will think I’m a whore. People will treat me like crap.”

“I don’t think so.” said Tracey. “I mean, it will be in class. The teacher will be there. Everyone will know why you’re doing it.”

“What difference does that make?” Ali snapped.

“Okay, so think about if you’re in acting class. Someone’s supposed to act like a dork and wear his pants pulled up to his nipples and trip and fall. It’s part of a scene you’re rehearsing.”

“Yeah, great.” Ali replied. She wouldn’t ever be in an acting class, either.

“So it’s funny, but you don’t think he’s a doofus or anything because you know he’s doing it for the scene. If he just walked into a molecular biology class or into a party like that, then people would think he’s a dork, but in class it’s okay.” She said.

“So! What does that have to do with anything?” Ali was not thinking clearly. The Alcohol and emotion of the evening were straining her faculties.

“So, if you are doing it for the project, and everyone in class knows you’re doing it for the project, then it’s okay. No one’s going to think you’re a whore or anything, because they know you’re doing it as part of the experiment. If you showed up in your chem class or the cafeteria naked, that would be different.” Monica finished the point for her.

Ali hemmed and hawed, but could not come up with a good counter argument. “But I’d have to be naked!” she finally said.

“We didn’t say it would be easy, we just said people won’t think you’re a whore.” countered Stephanie.

“Fine. I’ll be ‘that naked chick who’s obviously not a whore’, then.”

The others laughed, and Ali couldn’t help but see the humor in what she’d just said, and cracked a smile.

“So what else. You do it and you’re embarrassed.” Tracey said, looking at her list.

“And everyone sees me naked, and I have to go to class with them and see them around campus, and DOCTOR DICKSON WILL SEE ME NAKED!”

“Okay, big con there.” said Tracey, writing down the teacher’s name. “I don’t think it’s a big deal if people have seen you naked, though. I mean, I got hammered in high school and flashed a bunch of guys at a party, and I saw those guys at school and it was a little embarrassing, but not horrible.”

“I’m not you.” Ali said simply, looking down at the can of Pepsi in her hands.

“Show us your tits.” said Tracey.

“What?”

“I’ve lived with you for two weeks and you still crawl into your closet to change, or go into the bathroom. Show us your tits. You’ll see that it’s no big deal.”

“She doesn’t even change in front of you?” asked Monica, dumfounded.

“Nope.”

“I have to agree,” said Stephanie. “Let’s see ‘em.”

“I’m not showing you guys my boobs.” Ali replied, blushing deeply.

“Oh, come on!” said Tracey, lifting her shirt and bra, exposing her breasts. “We’re all girls. No one cares.”

“Yeah.” said Monica, also lifting her shirt and nodding at Stephanie, who quickly followed suit. “It’s no big deal. Just whip ‘em out.”

Ali blushed furiously and averted her eyes.

“Are you serious?” said Tracey. “You can’t even look at our boobs? I’ve caught you looking in our room. Why not now?”

Ali felt her face heat up, and Monica and Steph both laughed quietly.

“We look to. It’s no biggie.” assured Monica.

Ali looked back up at her friends. Tracey had pulled her shirt and bra completely off. Monica and Steph still had theirs pulled up. Tracey cupped her breasts in her hands, lightly pinching her nipples between her thumbs and forefingers. “They’re boobs. Just flesh. Tits. Funbags. Chesticles. Now get ‘em out!”

Ali again looked away. Tracey crossed the room in less than a second, and Monica and Steph were right behind. Together they pinned her to the bed, and in only a few seconds had stripped her of her shirt.

“Now take your bra off or we’ll do it for you.” Said the still topless Tracey, nodding to her friends to release Ali’s arms.

Ali sat up blushing furiously, her arms folded in front of her chest.

“Come on.” said Tracey. “You’ll see it’s no big deal. It’s just us girls.”

“Can’t we go back to the list?” Ali asked.

Steph and Monica looked at Tracey, who shrugged. “Fine, but we’re not letting you off the hook. You are going to take your bra off before we go back to our room, or I’m going to take it off of you and drag your ass kicking and screaming down the hall topless.” she threatened. Ali knew she was joking but flushed all the same.

She reached for her shirt, but Tracey quickly grabbed it and threw it onto the other bed. “You can stay in your bra until you’re ready to pull the tits out.” She said, sitting on both her and Ali’s shirt and picking up the list and pen once more.

“And you’re just going to sit there topless?” Ali asked.

“To prove that it’s no big deal.”

“Why don’t you go to my class for me.” she said snidely.

“Because of the number one thing on your ‘don’t’ list of consequences. You don’t do it and you won’t get into the PoliSci program.” Tracey replied, writing it down.

“And if you don’t you ruin the project for Andrew.” added Steph.

“And you won’t be published.” said Monica.

“And you said you would. You gave your word.” Tracey said, adding it to the list.

“So the way it stands, you’ll be embarrassed to do it and Dr. Dickson will see your boobs, but you’ll not get into your major if you don’t, ruin the project for Andrew, who probably WILL be president by the time he’s 45, lose your chance to be published, and you’ll be going back on your word. Anything else to add to the list?”

“But I can’t do it!” Ali said, pleading.

“Look at yourself.” said Tracey, pulling Ali to her feet and guiding her to the full length mirror on the back of the dorm room door. “You’re really cute. Look at your body.”

Ali was uncomfortable with Tracey’s bare chest that close to her. “Will you please put your shirt on?”

“You are such a prude.” Tracey said, laughing. “Look at yourself. You have a really cute face. You don’t wear makeup and your complexion is perfect. You have this incredibly ripped body from all that swimming you do.”

“Yeah.” said Steph, lifting her shirt to show her own stomach. I’m not fat but look at the difference.

Ali could see what they were talking about. Monica, too walked over and lifter her shirt. All four girls stomachs were bared, and Ali’s was the most defined and taught. Extending down from her rib cage on either side of her navel was a clear line separating the muscles. Disappearing into her jeans she could see the tendons and hip bones. Only Tracey had similar definition. Steph and Monica were both lean and attractive, but carried a small pudge just at the naval, hiding any definition of the muscles underneath.

“And you have bigger boobs than most girls as ripped as you.” added Monica. “What are you, a B?”

“Yeah.” Ali said quietly.

“Take your jeans off. Let’s see your legs.” said Tracey.

Ali looked pleadingly at her friend, but Tracey’s return glare was stern and unyielding. Slowly Ali unbuttoned her jeans and allowed them to slide to her feet. She was still wearing her pajama shorts from that morning, which caused the girls to all laugh, and forced Ali to explain how she had rushed to dress upon realizing how late she was.

Shorts or no, it was clear that Ali had shapely, muscular legs. With the jeans out of the way it was clear to see the definition in her lower abdomen and around her hips. The shorts were baggier, but it was still obvious that she had a muscular and tight butt. She felt very self conscious and naked standing there like that.

“Now take off your bra. We want to see your tits.” Tracey said.

Ali and Tracey locked eyes in the mirror for close to a minute. Ali’s gaze beseeching, Tracey’s resolute.

Ali slowly reached up behind her, eyes still locked with Tracey’s, and unhooked the clasp on her bra. Bringing her arms around front she pulled the straps down off her shoulders, pressing the cups tightly to her chest. There she froze until Tracey nodded slightly, raising her eyebrows and glancing down at Ali’s chest.

Their stare finally broken, Ali closed her eyes and pulled her bra from her chest, fighting her natural instinct to keep her bare skin covered with her hands. Her breasts were round and full with higher set nipples at least two shades darker than the surrounding skin. The areola were no larger than nickels, and the nipples themselves were pinker than the surrounding skin. Her blush returned and covered her chest and face.

“You have nothing to be ashamed of. You have really cute boobs.” complimented Tracey.

“You really do.” agreed the other two girls.

“Can I get dressed now?” begged Ali.

“Not yet. Do you have panties on under your shorts?” asked Tracey.

“Yes.”

“You sleep in panties and shorts? Wow.” said Tracey. “Since you’re wearing panties you won’t object to dropping your shorts.”

“Please?” begged Ali, hoping to just end this embarrassing ordeal.

“The faster you get them off the sooner I let you have your bra back.” Tracey replied simply.

Ali looked to the other girls for help, but her three friends were united. Sighing, Ali tugged on the drawstring and allowed the shorts to fall to the floor.

“There. You’ve seen my panties. Can I get dressed now?”

“Kick them off.” said Tracey simply.

“Why do I have to kick them off? What’s the difference?”

“No real difference, so there’s no reason to leave them on. Or I could just take your bra, t-shirt and jeans and head back to our room.” She faked a yawn and stretched, thrusting her still bare chest out as she did. “I’m getting kind of tired.”

Ali did not reply, so Tracey quickly picked up all of the clothes from the floor, and then gathered her own from the bed.

“You’re not going to walk back topless!” Ali cried. It was part question, part hopeful statement.

“I don’t care.” Tracey replied. “Everyone’s probably in bed. Plus, I can cover up,” she raised her arms in front of her, pulling the pile of clothing upward and covering her chest with it. “so I’m fine.”

Ali, a slight look of panic on her face, stepped out of her shorts, kicking them toward Stephanie, who scooped them up and tossed them into Tracey’s arms.

“All that’s left for you to do is to take off those panties.” Stephanie said.

“What?! No!” said Ali forcefully.

“Have it your way, then.” replied a smiling Monica, reaching for the doorknob.

“You wouldn’t!” shouted Ali a little too loudly, covering her chest and dropping to the floor, using her legs and arms to cover as much of herself as possible.

“Not if you were naked. There’s no way I would open the door. Even if the building was on fire I’d leave the door shut tight until you had clothes on to cover you up. But if you’re in your panties it’s no big deal, and if you’re not even going to see how it feels to stand naked in front of us, then I think we’re done talking about what you’re going to do about the project.” Monica said condescendingly, looking at Steph and passing some unspoken signals.

“I agree.” replied Steph. If you’re not going to work at it, then I think we should all get to bed. Goodnight.’ And she made a move toward the door.

“Don’t!” cried Ali. “Why do I have to take my panties off?”

“I think we all know that you have to do this. There’s no way out of the project – there’s just too much at stake. The only downside to doing it is embarrassment and the creepy thing from Dickey-Dickson seeing you naked. But there’s too much riding on it to let a little embarrassment stop you, and you know it.” said Tracey.

“So stop being such a drama queen. Just drop the panties and let’s see the goods. We’ll help you get used to being naked.” finished Monica.

Ali stayed curled on the floor, thinking, for almost a minute.

“I do have to do the project, don’t I?” she said finally.

“I’m sorry. I don’t see any other way.” said Tracey sympathetically. “I know it sucks.”

“Can I practice tomorrow?” Ali begged, looking up.

“Just take off your panties, stand up and count to ten, and we’ll let you get dressed.” said Monica, much kinder now.

Ali looked to Monica, Stephanie and Tracey, but found no sympathetic eyes. Slowly she stood, keeping her arms crossed and hiding her breasts. In the mirror she made eye contact with each girl again, and then slowly lowered her arms. She hooked her thumbs into the waistband of her white cotton panties and pulled them slowly down, hesitating just before her pubic hair came into view. Then, closing her eyes, she pushed them quickly to her thighs, allowing gravity to pull them to the floor.

She demurely stepped out of them after they had fallen to her ankles. Her arms were clamped firmly to her sides, her body rigid and hunched slightly forward. Her eyes were shut tight, her face scrunched and clearly showing her internal struggle. She counted aloud through clenched teeth, barely moving her lips, but at a moderate pace.

“… nine… ten.” A full second pause, then she opened her eyes. “Can I please get dressed?” There was a tear about to fall. Tracey tossed Ali’s Jeans toward her. She quickly stepped into her panties and pulled them up, then pulled on her jeans. Tracey was standing ready with her t-shirt, which she gratefully accepted and pulled on. She normally would never go braless, but covering her bare chest seemed so much more important.

“I’m proud of you.” Tracey said dropping the rest of the clothes in her arms onto the bed and pulling her friend into a hug. Ali cried and hugged back for a moment, then broke the tension.

“I’m hugging a topless girl. That’s new.”

All four girls laughed as Ali and Tracey broke their embrace and Ali dried her eyes. “I’m sorry. I’m such a freak!” Ali said.

“You’re just shy. No crime there.” replied Tracey, pulling her own t-shirt on. “We’ll help you, won’t we?”

“As much as we can.” replied Monica and Stephanie together.

“Thanks, you guys!” Ali said. “Maybe I should drop out and go to that auto mechanic school I always see on TV.”

“Hey, Mav. You got the name of that truck driving school?” said Tracey, laughing.

“What?” asked Stephanie, confused.

“It’s from Top Gun. I thought that’s what Ali was doing.”

The four girls laughed, hugged, said their goodnights, and Tracey and Ali walked the empty, quiet hallway back to their own room together.

“You’re going to have to get used to showing a little more skin.” Tracey said. “You’ve got to appear naked in a classroom in four weeks.”

“Oh, God.” Ali moaned. “Don’t remind me.”

“Okay, so we’ll do little baby-steps. Before we go pee and brush our teeth tonight, we’ll both strip down and we’ll wear just our robes and our shower shoes to the bathrooms.”

“I… I don’t know. I guess I could do that. It’s just so weird.”

“I do it a lot. When I go to the shower I usually strip in the room. No different.”

“But that’s you.” Ali replied.

“And it’s going to be you in less than a month. Come on. First time’s the hardest.”

Tracey quickly pulled off her clothes and stood with her arms spread wide as if to say “here I am, take a good look!”

Ali walked toward her closet. “Not any more. You’re not hiding in your closet when you change any more. You don’t have to stand here like me, but you can’t hide, either.” Tracey admonished. “I just saw you naked, so no big deal, right?”

“I… I guess.” Ali stammered. “Will you put your robe on? I feel a little weird with you… like… like that.”

“Does the nudity make you uncomfortable, or what?”

“I feel like a dyke.” Ali whispered. “I can’t stop staring.” She blushed furiously.

Tracey laughed out loud, and grabbed her robe.

“Alright, lesbo.” Tracey joked. “Let’s get a look at that body again. Everything off.”

Ali steeled herself, then slowly undressed. She pulled her jeans down, kicking them off her feet and toward her closet, which was still closed. Then she pulled her panties off and kicked them onto her jeans, leaving her standing in only a t-shirt. Taking a deep breath she quickly pulled the t-shirt up and off, turning it inside out in the process. She clamped it tight to her body for a moment, then tossed it onto the pile of recently discarded clothes. Once again her posture was rigid and hunched.

“You need to be more comfortable. You look so scared right now. It’s just me!” Tracey said kindly. “Relax. Stand up straight and push your shoulders back.”

Ali took another deep breath and exhaled slowly, trying to calm her nerves. After a few seconds she was able to stand straight. Another few seconds and she was able to allow her arms to fall more naturally to her sides. “Can I please put on my robe?”

“That’s good enough for now.” Tracey smiled.

Ali took the three steps to her closet, threw open the door and quickly wrapped herself in her robe. The girls slipped their bare feet into their shower shoes and together walked to the bathroom.

“This feels so weird.” Ali whispered.

“Weird good, or weird bad?”

“Weird… weird. I don’t know. Like I’m doing something really wrong. Like the same feeling you get when you’re sneaking the pint of ice cream up to your room and you don’t want your mom to see. Like you’re going to get caught at any second.”

Tracey laughed. “You’ll learn to love that adrenaline rush, girlfriend.”

Back in the room after their trip to the bathroom Tracey made a suggestion. “Why don’t you try sleeping in just a t-shirt tonight? You’ll be under the covers, and it will get you used to the feeling of having less on.”

After some quiet deliberation, Ali agreed. She had been afraid that Tracey would ask her to sleep naked, so secretly she was thankful for the shirt.

“Now turn around, lesbo. I’m going to take my robe off and I don’t want you getting any ideas!” Tracey joked.

“Oh, like you’re my type anyway. Dream on.” Ali joked back. She was full of energy and feeling a bit amped after the adrenaline rush of the past half hour.

“Oh, you’d kill for this.” Tracey said, pulling her robe open and letting it fall from her shoulders to the floor. “You’re just too shy to admit it.”

“Cover that up before I decide to open the door again.” Ali joked.

Tracey pulled on a t-shirt and crawled under the covers of her bed, then turned to watch Ali.

“Come on, let’s see it. Toss me your t-shirt and I’ll let you have it after you’ve hung your robe all neatly.”

“Your robe is in a lump on the floor!” Ali laughed.

“Yeah, but you’re neater than me.” Tracey replied. “Now get that robe off and clean up this room!”

Knowing that Tracey was trying to help did make it easier. Ali shyly pulled the robe off and walked to the closet. She fumbled nervously with the hanger, knowing that Tracey was staring at her bare butt as she did so. Finally she finished hanging the robe and she turned to Tracey.

“I said you were supposed to give me your shirt, first. Now toss it to me.”

“I hung up my robe!” Ali pleaded, not making a move to pick up the shirt.

“Toss it to me or we’ll never get to sleep.” Tracey countered. “I have a 9 O’clock tomorrow and I’m gonna be fighting to stay awake as it is.”

Ali tossed the t-shirt she had been wearing to Tracey, and stood uncertainly.

“Now put away your jeans and the clothes on your bed and I’ll give this to you.”

“You said I had to hang up my robe!” Ali argued.

“And I said you had to give me your shirt first. Now you have to put away your clothes.”

Ali stood uncertainly for a moment, but the desire for cover overcame her desire to argue, and she quickly folder her jeans and put her dirty clothes in her laundry basket. Turning back to Tracey, she was about to speak when her t-shirt hit her in the face.

“Now get some clothes on and get to sleep. Lesbian nudist.”

“I used to like you. Can’t quite figure out why, now that I think about it.” Ali replied snidely, pulling her t-shirt on and crawling between the sheets. The warmth and relative cover was refreshing.

The lightness of Tracey’s mood and the jocularity with which she had treated things over the last half hour seemed to ease Ali’s burden quite a bit, and to the surprise of both girls Ali slept soundly.

= O =

The following day was Thursday, which was one of Ali’s busier days as far as classes went. Nonetheless by 4:00 she was walking back to her dorm with nothing more to look forward to than homework and the coming weekend. Tracey was waiting for her in the room, which was unusual. Tracey’s natural extroversion normally had her out socializing if she wasn’t required to be in class. She enjoyed the company of other people as much as Ali enjoyed solitude, so Ali immediately knew something was up when she found Tracey sitting alone.

“Hey. What’s up? Why aren’t you out somewhere?” Ali asked, closing the door and slinging her backpack over her desk chair.

“Mon and Steph are worried about you.” she replied simply. “And so am I. We want to help you.”

“Help me with what?”

“You’re doing the project, right?”

Ali swallowed hard, and felt her nervousness return. “I hadn’t thought about that for the last ten minutes. Thanks for reminding me.”

“Seriously. You’re doing it, right?”

“Yeah. I have to. I can’t think of a way out. I didn’t pay attention in half of my classes today trying to think of a way out. I guess I could drop out of school. But short of that I think I’m pretty much screwed.”

“We think so too. And it would totally suck for any of us to have to do it, but it’s going to be so much harder for you. You’re so – I don’t know what you are. It’s beyond shy. You’re so ashamed of your body. You’re so embarrassed. I’m afraid if you just show up in class a month from now without being prepared you’ll run away screaming, or faint, or something.”

Ali laughed nervously. She stood for a moment, then felt self conscious and began tidying her desk. “I don’t see any other way.”

“We didn’t either. So we want to help you.”

“How? Are you going to take turns being the naked girl in my class for me?” Ali asked hopefully.

“That wouldn’t really work. Dr. Dickhead expects you to do it. So do Andrew and the guys. You’d have to tell them you’ve chickened out or something.”

“But if I found replacements…”

“… who aren’t in your class and who aren’t part of that program. It wouldn’t work even if we wanted to.”

“I know. But I’ve been thinking all day. There has to be a way out.”

“If you think of anything I’ll be right there with you, but until you do I think we need to prepare you for the first class.”

“What do you mean ‘prepare’ me?” Ali asked nervously, sitting on her bed while absently holding a pad of paper she’d moved four times already.

“Well, we all talked about it and we think you need to get a little more comfortable with your body. So starting tonight you’re going to spend an hour naked in the room…”

“No, I’m not.” Ali said forcefully, standing up and cutting her roommate off mid sentence.

“You are too. You need to get used to it. If you’re going to go into a classroom full of people and strip, you have to be comfortable with it.”

Ali knew she was right, but continued to fight. She couldn’t admit it to herself.

“Think about it.” Tracey said. “One hour, before bedtime. Just me.”

Ali nodded, but did not reply. She set the notepad on the desk, then slowly aligned the corners with the edges of the desk. Finally she sat on the bed.

“I’m going to go out for a while. I’ll come back and get you for dinner. You wanna eat with us?”

“I guess.” Ali mumbled.

“I’m sorry this is all happening to you.” Tracey said kindly. “I’m not trying to be mean. I just think you need help, and it’s the only way I know how.”

Ali was staring at her own feet when she heard the door close. She knew Tracey had left the room even before she looked up to confirm it. She kicked off her flip flops and laid down on her bed.

She knew Tracey was right, and she knew she was only trying to help. After half an hour of internal debate she resolved to try. She would spend one hour before bed naked tonight. She planned on getting to bed early. 11:00 or midnight at the latest. She had an early class tomorrow. Midnight. She’d go to bed at midnight.

All through Dinner Ali’s mind was noticeably elsewhere. She missed jokes, often didn’t notice when she was being spoken to, and only picked at her food. Steph, Monica and Tracey all knew exactly what was on her mind, and allowed her to retreat inwardly.

As was the Thursday ritual, the girls were going to watch Survivor. Ali pulled Tracey aside to speak privately. “I’ll try it. From 11 to 12 tonight.” She couldn’t bring herself to say ‘I’ll get naked’, so she trusted that her friend knew.

“Good choice. I was going to bring the entire football team in here to hold you down and strip you if you had turned me down. I think it’s better this way.”

Tracey’s natural sense of humor and open, honest attitude did more to calm Ali’s nerves than anything else. She, of course, knew that Tracey was joking. The way she’d said it, Ali pictured herself fighting off a dozen football players, tossing them across the room as easily as she would a tennis ball. Tracey really was a good friend.

Ali was only partially present most of the evening. She caught bits and pieces of the shows, but could only vaguely remember what they had even watched. At 10:30 she found that Tracey was making their excuses and escorting Monica and Stephanie out of the room. She was so grateful that what was to happen shortly had remained a secret, and that Tracey, true to her word, was keeping it just the two of them.

“Okay,” Tracey said. “Let’s not make this a big production. We’ll just hang out and play a game tonight. What do you want to play?”

Ali thought for a moment. Playing a game would probably be good. It would keep her mind off of things. “You wanna just play cards or something?”

Tracey got the cards from her desk. Ali stood nervously for a moment, then slowly started to undress. She pulled her t-shirt up and off of her head and tossed it to her laundry basket. She kicked off her flip flops and then pulled her jeans down, stepping out of them and folding them before placing them on the floor in front of her closet. She grabbed her robe and placed it on her bed, then turned to face Tracey. She already felt self conscious standing in her panties and bra.

“I feel so stupid doing this.” she confessed.

“I’m not exactly running around broadcasting it.” Tracey replied. “But it’s the only way I can think of to help you, and as weird as it seems we have to get you more confident so you don’t end up pissing yourself your first day of class.”

Ali giggled slightly at the visual. Tracey marveled at how Ali’s abs popped when she laughed like that, and at just how in shape her friend was.

“So strip on down and let’s play some cards!” Tracey said.

“I know I said I would. It just feels weird.” Ali said.

“Are you going to make me call the football team?” Tracey flashed her mischievous smile. “Now just rip off the Band-Aid.”

Ali closed her eyes and quickly pulled off her bra, then tore her panties down and stepped out of them. Her face blushed brightly as she stood naked in front of her roommate.

Ali’s round, firm breasts were slightly flushed with her embarrassment and her nipples stood erect. They were longer than Tracey’s, and seemed to pull the already taught skin of her breasts tighter. Her flat stomach looked somehow more feminine with the breasts above bared. Her waist narrowed from the ribcage to her naval, and her abdominal muscles followed that contour, creating two natural lines that seemed to point at an angle downward toward a convergence. The tendons in her hips were also directed inward and down so that it seemed there were three bright arrows all guiding the eye directly to the dark blonde tuft of hair that was no more hiding the cleft of her vagina than would a sheer drape hid the sunlight streaming in on a summer day. Somehow Ali looked more feminine and attractive than she had the night before. Tracey found herself staring.

“You seem more comfortable than you did last night.” She commented finally.

“I’m not.” Ali countered.

“Well, you look it, and that’s something, anyway. Sit down. Let’s play cards.” Tracey sat on the carpet in the middle of the room, crossing her legs.

Ali looked uncertainly at the floor. “Can’t we sit on the bed or something?”

“Sure, I guess.” Tracey said brightly. Standing back up, she walked over to her own bed, pulled the covers tight and sat at the head, leaning her back against the pillows and the headboard. Once again she sat crosslegged.

Ali turned to her own bed and grabbed her pillows. She set them against the footboard of Tracey’s bed and sat demurely against them, her legs drawn under her and her knees tightly held together.

“Rummy?”

“I don’t care.”

Tracey shuffled and dealt.

The two girls talked and played cards for the next hour. Ali found that, while she didn’t get used to her nudity, she did feel a bit less self conscious about it by the end of the evening.

All along Ali had realized that this was a weird situation to be in. She knew that Tracey preferred being with a group of people, but was sacrificing her evening to help Ali out, and she knew that the situation had to be less than comfortable for Tracey, too. Granted, not as uncomfortable as for Ali, but still a sacrifice.

“Thanks.” Ali said. “I know this has been weird for you. But I think it helped me. I don’t feel as stupid as I did earlier. So thanks.”

“What are friends for?” Tracey said, joking. “It’s midnight. Go put your robe on and we’ll go brush our teeth.”

Ali again felt a slight rush, as though she was doing something wrong. Her bare skin under the robe seemed to feel more alive, her senses heightened as she walked down the hall to the bathroom. It seemed heightened tonight because her roommate was walking at her side wearing jeans and a t-shirt, highlighting Ali’s nakedness and vulnerability.

Back in the room Tracey asked “do you want to sleep in just a shirt again tonight?”

“You’re giving me a choice?”

“Sure. You can also sleep naked.”

“I’ll wear the shirt, thank you.”

Tracey walked to Ali’s closet and selected a t-shirt. “This will be your night shirt until Sunday.”

“That’s my smallest shirt! It only comes to my belly button!” Ali complained.

“Or you can sleep naked.” Tracey said simply.

“And if I refuse both?”

“You asked me to help you, and that’s what I’m doing. You need to trust me. I’m not going to make you do anything you’re not ready for. Think about tonight. You already said that you felt better after we did it. I know what I’m doing. Now just trust me, okay?”

Ali thought for a moment, then nodded slowly.

“Good. Now hang up your robe and I’ll give you your nightshirt.”

Ali turned and walked to her closet. There she pulled the robe off and kicked her shower shoes off her feet, and turned to face her roommate. Tracey was already sitting in bed, the covers pulled up to cover her lap. Her jeans were on the floor next to her bed and she was pulling her bra off under her shirt. This movement highlighted to Ali just how naked she was, and she felt her face flush once more.

Once Tracey had discarded her bra onto the floor, she pulled Ali’s t-shirt from behind her. “Come over here and put this on. I want to see how it looks on you.

Ali walked toward her roommate, feeling even more self conscious in doing so, until she stood next to the bed. Tracey handed her the shirt, which she immediately pulled on. The bottom hem ended about an inch below Ali’s naval. It was probably the most revealing top that she owned, since she normally did not like to wear such clothes. She had bought it to wear to swim practice in the summers, over her team uniform. With the dark blue one-piece racing suit under her shorts and t-shirt she felt more covered, and the cute, tight t-shirt made her feel more like one of the girls.

Now, standing in front of her roommate with the thin cotton material stretched across her otherwise bare breasts, her hard nipples pushing outward and clearly visible, and her bare pussy and butt now more prominent than before due to the coverage above she felt utterly humiliated.

“You look really cute.” Tracey said simply. “The guys would definitely say you look hot.”

And with that Tracey pulled the covers up and slid down in the bed, turning onto her side. “Goodnight.”

Ali walked to her own bed and climbed in, then turned off the light and lay awake long after hearing Tracey’s breathing rhythms change, indicating her roommate was asleep. She had said Ali looked ‘hot’. That was something Ali had never been called in her life. At least not that she knew of. Ali knew that she was cute, and knew that she had an okay body, but had never thought of herself as “hot”. Now Tracey had said that she was. She was trying to figure out if Tracey had meant it.

Ali awoke as the door shut. Tracey had just returned from the bathroom. She was wearing her robe, and Ali could see her t-shirt peeking out.

“Good morning.” Tracey said brightly. “You slept well again.”

“Not really. I couldn’t fall asleep for like an hour last night.”

“How come?”

“I don’t know. I was just thinking about stuff.”

“What kind of stuff… or do I even need to ask.”

“No need to ask.”

“Well get up and come with us to breakfast. We don’t have class until 9, so we’ve got an hour. I’m meeting Andrew and the girls at the cafeteria.”

“I don’t know.” Ali said tentatively.

“Bullshit. I do know. Get up.” Tracey was across the room in a flash, and had pulled the covers off her roommate and thrown them all on the floor at the foot of the bed. “Nice pussy.”

Ali screamed, then laughed. “That was just mean!”

“Yeah, I’m a real bitch. Now give me your night shirt and go brush your teeth!”

“What?”

“I’m holding on to your night shirt every day. You have to take it off when you get up. If I’m not here you put it on my bed. Then you can put on your robe and go pee and stuff. Then you can get dressed. Every morning from now on.”

“And if I refuse?”

“Then you’re a bitch. We talked about it. You told me I could help you. You said you’d listen. Are we really going to have this argument every time I tell you to do something?”

“Doesn’t it seem weird?” Ali asked.

“No weirder than last night, and we’re both still alive.” Tracey replied. “It’s going to get harder before it gets easier. Baby steps. Last night was an hour. This morning will be a few minutes. Next week it will get harder. But nothing you can’t handle. I promise.”

Ali pulled her t-shirt off and tossed it to her friend.

“Put it on my bed.” Tracey said, tossing it back and returning her attention to the mirror and her makeup.

Ali sighed and crossed the room. She folded the shirt and put it on the center of Tracey’s bed, then turned and walked to her closet. She retrieved her robe, stepped into her shower shoes, and then headed to the bathroom. A few minutes later she was back in the room finding Tracey now fully dressed for the day. At her roommates instruction she had hung her robe, pulled her hair into her ubiquitous pony tail, and had made her bed.

“Can I get dressed NOW?” she asked, frustrated.

“Just bra and panties.” Tracey replied. “You can put your jeans on after Steph and Monica show up.”

“What?” she asked, incredulous.

“We’re going to have to ask them for their help. You have to get used to being naked with more and more people if you’re going to do it in a classroom with 40 pairs of eyes on you.” she replied, somewhat exasperated. “So you’re going to start slow. When they get here I’ll let them in. You can be by your closet so no one in the hall can see. We’ll tell them that you’re doing the project and that I’m helping you get used to being naked, and we’ll ask them for help. Then you can put on your jeans and your shirt and we can go.”

“I don’t know.” Ali said quietly, staring at the ground again.

“And we need to have a long talk this afternoon about this. I’m not going to talk you into everything. It’ll drive me crazy. I promise not to make you do anything you’re not ready to do. But you need to trust me.”

“I trust you. I really do.” Ali replied earnestly. “But it’s really hard for me.”

“I know, but I’ll make it easier. I promise.”

“Okay.” Ali said. “Thank you.”

She selected a pair of black cotton panties. They were the only style she owned, and she’d never really thought about it before now. She had two black bras, neither of which was cute. She wondered why she cared about a cute bra for the girls.

As she stood in indecision there came a knock on the door. She started and stared at Tracey, who motioned for her to hurry. She slammed her drawer shut and dashed to her closet, pulling her bra on as quickly as she could while Tracey opened the door.

“Come in for a minute. We’re not quite ready.” Tracey said.

Monica and Stephanie walked into the room. Both saw Ali at the same time, and stared in a bit of shock.

“Before you say anything, let me explain.” Offered Tracey. “She’s doing the project.”

“Wow.” Said Monica.

“Ballsy.” Agreed Steph.

“So I’m helping her overcome her shyness. She spent an hour naked last night while we watched TV and played cards. She’s going slow, and we’re hoping you two can help her get used to more people.”

Monica and Stephanie both laughed. “So you guys are just hanging out naked at night now?”

“Just Ali.” corrected Tracey.

“And what do you need us for again?” asked Monica.

“She just needs to get used to being naked in front of people. I think she’s starting to get comfortable with me, so we need to bring you guys in.”

“Sure, we’ll help!” both said, almost together.

“Perfect!” said Tracey cheerfully. “Isn’t that nice of them, Ali?”

“Yes. Thank you.” Ali replied quietly.

Monica and Stephanie laughed as Ali pulled on her jeans and t-shirt. She put her notebook into her backpack, pulled on her hoodie as Tracey pulled a sweatshirt over her head, and the four girls headed off to the cafeteria, Tracey, Monica and Stephanie all laughing together while Ali walked a pace behind with a nervous, embarrassed feeling in the pit of her stomach.

She was quiet throughout breakfast, and mumbled a halfhearted “goodbye” as she headed off to class fifteen minutes earlier than was required. The day seemed to fly past, and once again Tracey was waiting alone in their room when Ali returned from her last class of the day.

“So you think more about what we talked about this morning?” asked Tracey after the girls greeted one another and Ali had hung up her backpack and hoodie.

“About what?”

“About how I don’t want to have to debate every time I ask you to do something. If you want my help you have to trust me.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I’m just… I don’t know. I’m just not comfortable with it. I don’t even hang out naked at home when I’m alone. I get out of the shower and I get dressed in the bathroom.”

“You don’t even wear a robe into your room at home? Jesus! I just wrap a towel around my boobs, make sure it’s covering most of my ass, and run to my bedroom!” Tracey replied.

“See, I’m just not like you at all.”

“Well, we’re trying to fix that. You have to be more like me than I am in order to get your good grade in this class. You have to be able to act like you’re comfortable, even if you’re not. And the only way to do that is to practice. It’s going to get really old for both of us if I constantly have to remind you of that.”

“I know. I’m sorry. I can try.”

“Would it make it easier if I told you ahead of time what I wanted you to do? Then you could come to grips with it and be ready when the time comes.”

“I don’t know. Maybe that would be easier. But then I’d dread what was coming.”

“Either way you know it’s coming. This way you know exactly, rather than kind of.”

“I guess.”

“Okay, we’ll try it. Tonight we’re all going to want to go to a party. You should really come with us. In fact I’m telling you that you have to. It’ll be good for you to get out with people.”

Ali didn’t reply, but nodded slightly, so Tracey continued.

“We’re going to hang out here before we go, and have some shots. You can wear your jeans and a nice sweater to the party, but you have to be naked while we’re in the room doing shots. We’ll all sit on the floor and play dice for shots. You’ll just be naked. Then we’ll all get ready to go and you can get dressed and we’ll go. It’s what we’re doing, so get used to the idea. I’ll tell Steph and Monica after dinner and they’ll be cool with it.”

Ali was too embarrassed and nervous to reply, so she just nodded. She spent the rest of the afternoon preparing herself for what was to come.

After dinner Steph and Monica followed the girls back to their room.

“So, what? Does she just, you know, strip now?” asked Monica.

“That’s about it.” replied Tracey. “What else would she do?”

“I don’t know. Isn’t she supposed to be all hippie… something… when she strips in class?” Stephanie asked, dancing around and waiving her arms.

“I don’t think we’re there yet.” replied Tracey. “But you’re right. Before class she has to figure out how she’s going to strip. And we need to go to that second hand clothing store and pick up a hippie dress or something for her.”

“I have the perfect pair of sandals she can wear.” offered Monica. “They’re Birkenstocks. My mom bought them for me for school, but I’m not a lesbian so I’d rather not wear them.”

Even Ali laughed.

“Okay, so you go get your drinks and stuff and get ready and then meet us back here in half an hour.” Tracey said.

Stephanie and Monica left the room and Ali sat on her bed, still silent.

“You’ll be fine. It sucked the first time you undressed in front of me, and you lived. You’ve just got to push yourself.”

Ali nodded.

“So do you want to strip once they get back, or already be naked?”

Ali looked up. “I guess it would be easier if I was already… you know.”

“Say it.” Tracey teased.

“Naked.” Ali retorted sarcastically.

“Much better. Maybe I’ll get you to call ‘em ‘tits’ by the end of this, too.”

Both girls laughed as Ali started undressing. She left her jeans and panties, which were a clean pair she’d put on after her shower after class, on the bed. She found a nice sweater and a clean bra that she laid out with them, and decided on a pair of Diesel jean shoes with brown socks.

She realized that she still had twenty minutes to wait for the others to come back, but knew that if she tried to dress until then Tracey would likely get exasperated. She also reasoned that her feelings of unease were what she was trying to get over, and staying naked in front of Tracey now would make it easier when the others showed up.

“How do you play dice for drinks?” Ali asked.

“It’s called Chase, and it’s pretty easy. Everyone sits in a circle on the floor. Come here.”

She sat on the floor, and Ali quickly realized that the only comfortable way for her to sit for the next hour while drinking would be cross legged. “Tracey. I can’t sit on the floor naked. I can’t keep my legs together.”

“Sounds like a problem I had back in junior year of high school!” Tracey laughed.

“No, I’m serious.”

“Sit down and get over yourself.” Tracey admonished.

Blushing, Ali sat and crossed her legs, keeping her hands in front of her now spread pussy. Tracey laughed at her friend’s modesty. “You’re going to need to move your hands to play, so just get used to it.”

“Okay, so you and I both get a die. Assume Mon is on your left and Steph is on your right. So you and I both roll as fast as we can. If you roll a six you have to take a shot. If you roll a 5 the person on your right, or Steph, drinks. If you roll a 4 Mon drinks. You roll a 3 or a 2 and nothing happens. If you roll a 1 you pass the die to your left. I’m doing the same thing. The game keeps going until one person gets stuck with both dice.”

“What happens then?” Ali asked.

“Well, in high school you’d have to take something off. We used to play strip. Let’s just say you have to do two shots.”

“You really used to play strip games?”

“Hell, yeah!” Tracey replied. “All the time. There’s a whole group of us who were all naked all the time.”

“That’s insane. I didn’t know people really did that!”

“I don’t know about people, but me and my friends did a lot. Started before high school. Pretty tame back then, but then when we found alcohol we started getting wilder.”

“So you’ve seen guys… and everything?”

‘Oh my God. You are. I thought you were, but then I thought there’s no way. You’re a virgin, aren’t you?”

Ali blushed but didn’t reply.

“I’m sorry. That was mean. I’m just surprised. I’m sorry. I’m a bitch, aren’t I? I’m sorry.”

“Stop apologizing.” Ali finally said. “Just don’t tell anyone.”

“I promise. I’m sorry.”

“You apologize once more and I’m going to make you play naked shotglass dice with me.” Ali said, grinning.

“Oh, you’d have a lot of trouble getting me naked!” Tracey retorted.

“Sounds like all I’d really need to do is bet you something.” Ali replied back.

“Ohh… now who’s all bitchy!”

Just then there was a soft knock on the door. Ali jumped up and ran to her closet as Tracey asked “Who’s there?”

“It’s us.” replied Monica’s voice.

“Just you two?”

“Just us.”

Tracey opened the door and allowed their friends inside. Ali was blushing anew, covering her body with her arms.

“Wow. She’s really doing this, isn’t she?” Asked Steph.

“She is. So let’s play dice!” said Tracey, kindly sparing Ali from awkward questions.

The girls took their places on the floor and Tracey walked through the rules again in more detail, throwing a couple of practice rounds. Monica and Steph had brought a bottle of Southern Comfort to share, and Tracey and Ali were, yet again, drinking Jack Daniels. Tracey had retrieved four Pepsi’s from the fridge.

As the game went on the girls occasionally made remarks about Ali’s state of undress, especially when a die found its way between her legs, or when she spilled Jack Daniels down her chin and onto her breast, but for the most part left her alone to just get used to being naked. For her part, Ali did grow slightly more comfortable over the hour that they played, but never to the point of no longer feeling self conscious. At 10:00 Ali announced the time.

“Okay, you’ve been naked long enough. You can go ahead and get dressed. When we get back from the party same deal. We’ll all sit up and talk for a while before bed. You’re naked while we do it.” Tracey announced.

Ali was about to argue when she recalled their deal, so she simply nodded slightly. She stood and dressed in awkward silence as the other three girls watched.

“You guys wanna go?” asked Ali as she finished tying her shoes.

“I want to pee first.” said Tracey. “I hate going in the frat houses when I don’t have to.”

The four girls went to the bathroom and then were off to the party. It was Ali’s first experience at a frat house. She’d had beer before, but never from a plastic cup, and never in the quantity that it was flowing there. She had been tipsy when they left the dorm, but at 3:00 when they arrived back she was positively drunk.

“We gotta get you naked!” Steph was shouting as they climbed the stairs.

“Shh…hhh!” Ali admonished, giggling uncontrollably. “Don’t tell no one.”

“Tell anyone that you have to do your naked practice?!” yelled Monica.

“NAKED PRACTICE!!!” yelled Tracey, laughing out loud and sitting on the top stair, unable to continue both walking and laughing so hard.

“Shut up you guys!” Said Ali loudly, still laughing. Then, getting into the spirit herself, she continued at the same volume, “I don’t want anyone to know that Ali Cawood is going to be stripping off all of her clothes and practicing being naked naked NAKED!”

Tracey was now laughing so hard that she fell down two more stairs. Stephanie had slumped against the wall, and Monica was holding onto the railing to keep herself upright. They were all unable to speak through their gales of hilarity.

“What the hell are you guys doing?”

Andrew had just opened the door to the stairwell. He was barefoot and dressed in basketball shorts and a t-shirt, and his hair was pointing every which way. It was obvious he had been woken by the girls, who all found this sight hilarious and redoubled their laughter.

Andrew, attempting to take charge of the situation, grabbed Ali by the arm. She had been closest to the door, and was therefore the easiest to take. “Come on, let’s go to your room.” He said.

“Don’t forget to make her do her naked practice!” shouted Monica, forcing the three girls into a new fit of hysterical laughter.

Ali nearly fell upon hearing this. She laughed out loud at first, then lost her balance and toppled into Andrew, who was barely able to hold her up.

Tracey scrambled to her feet. “I think that’s an excellent idea. Naked practice.” She was still laughing and bounced off Monica and then the wall before finding her way through the doorway.

Ali was only partially paying attention to what was being said, and the laughter was quite contagious. Monica and Stephanie found their feet and the group of five staggered their way down the hall. As they passed Monica and Stephanie’s room, Andrew said “You two are home now. I’ll take Ali and Tracey the rest of the way.”

“No way I’m missing naked practice.” chortled Stephanie, causing Monica to laugh unexpectedly and almost fall.

Tracey passed Ali and Andrew and opened their dorm room door.

“Tell Andrew about naked practice.” Tracey said to Ali.

Monica and Stephanie were absolutely giddy with anticipation.

The adrenaline of the evening and the alcohol had temporarily subdued Ali’s shyness, and she turned to Andrew.

“Your perverted little project is to making me get naked in class.” She slurred drunkenly. “And so I’m not a naked person, normally. I mean I am always dressed. In clothes.”

Andrew was staring blankly at her, wondering what she was trying to say. Tracey, Monica and Stephanie were laying on Tracey’s bed locked in silent fits of giggles.

“So you, mister smarty guy with your project” Ali continued, poking him in the chest with her finger and swaying dangerously on her feet, “are making me get my clothes off. And so I have to practice because I don’t take my clothes off.”

“You have to practice taking your clothes off?”

Andrew was a very smart man. He was just so taken aback by the entire situation that his mind had not yet caught up with what was happening around him.

“I know how to take my clothes off.” she said, staggering slightly. “But I don’t do it with other people. So now I have to practice with other people so I don’t pee in class.”

Tracey fell off the bed laughing upon hearing this. Andrew’s attention was temporarily diverted, but he finally understood. Ali was nervous about being naked in class for the project, and the girls were helping her get over her discomfort by allowing her to spend time being naked with them.

“What do you mean ‘pee in class’?”

Tracey tried to reply, but couldn’t get the words out.

“Tracey says that I’ll get scared and pee.” Ali said matter of factly. It was a lot like talking to a three year old.

New gales of laughter from the girls were met with an outright laugh from Andrew now. He understood her meaning – that Tracey had likely said “you’ll be so scared you’ll piss yourself.” He could hear Tracey saying exactly that in his mind, but he was suddenly realizing just how funny this entire situation was.

“So it’s time for naked practice, Ali!” Tracey called, trying to catch her breath.

Without a word Ali pulled her sweater off and tossed it on the floor. She quickly unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them down, along with her panties, straight to her ankles. This caused her to topple over, because she had not removed her shoes.

Andrew was in shock, but the girls were all laughing hysterically once more. Ali was kicking in vain at her pants in an effort to get them off past her shoes, which was next to impossible. Andrew, meanwhile, was staring directly at her naked pussy as she twisted and kicked her feet, causing her legs to spread and close. It seemed to him the most erotic thing he’d ever seen.

After a moment he came to his senses. “Hold still.” He grabbed a foot and pulled the shoe off. Then the other. Ali was so relieved as she was now able to extricate herself from the tangled, inside out mess that was her pants and panties. She reached behind her and pulled her bra off, tossing it directly at Andrew, and then pulled herself to her feet.

“Naked practice!” she said triumphantly. It had all come out as a single word with the emphasis on “NA”, and a silent “d” in the middle.

“Nice socks!” called Tracey, still laughing.

Ali looked down. “Oops!”

She lifted her foot as she bent forward and once again landed on her butt on the floor. She had grabbed the sock by the toe end on the way down, and was now pulling as hard as she could. Andrew silently watched the sexy young girl tugging at her sock. All of her muscles were working, and he could see each one as it strained. Her breasts were gently bouncing in time with her movements, and the position of her legs as she strained futilely against her socks opened her pussy for him to see quite clearly.

After almost a full minute she had succeeded in removing the first sock. She was out of breath and panting, but went to straight to work on the second. This one she removed from the top down, turning it inside out in the process.

“That’s a lot of work!” she said simply, and she flopped onto her back to rest, giggling anew.

“So how long have you been doing naked practice?” Andrew asked, staring down at his naked and very sexy looking friend.

“Yesterday.” replied Ali drunkenly.

“Since yesterday?”

“Mmmm.”

“And how is it going?”

“I don’t like to be naked.” she replied.

“But you’re naked now.”

“Mmmm”

“Does it bother you that I’m here?”

“You’re the project.”

“I’m what?”

“It’s your pervert. The project is the per… you made me do the naked. I…”

“I’m the one who came up with the project and is making you do the naked practice?”

“Mmmm.”

“I’m sorry.”

“So what. I don’t care. I’m still naked. All you have to be is sorry. I have to let people see my naked.”

“Your naked?”

“Me naked. Shut up.”

Andrew noticed that the laughter had stopped. Monica and Stephanie were sound asleep on the bed, and Tracey was sleeping on the floor where she’d landed. He looked back to Ali. “Do you want me to help you into bed?”

“Mmmm.”

“Ali?”

“Mmmm.”

“You gonna be okay?”

She whined slightly. “I’m gonna pee.”

“In class? It’s going to scare the piss out of you?”

“No!” she laughed, waiving her arm drunkenly. “I’m going to puddle the floor.” Then, propping herself slightly on her elbows, whispered. “I drank a lot tonight. I have a full bladder.” and started giggling, falling onto her back again.

Andrew looked around the room. Seeing nothing immediately handy he opened her closet door. There he saw her robe hanging and he pulled it down. “Let’s put you in your robe.” He said.

She allowed him to pull her arms into the robe, and then pull her to standing with almost no resistance and only slightly more balance. He pulled the robe around her and tied the belt. “Wait right here.” He said to her.

He turned and gently shook Tracey’s arm. He shook harder. Tracey was out cold. He tried Monica, and then Stephanie. He could rouse none of them sufficiently; all three were completely unconscious. Ali had wandered to the door and was trying to pull it open, and swaying dangerously as she did. Andrew feared that if he left her alone too long she would fall, and didn’t want her to be alone, so he gently took her arm and led her out the door. Using one of her shoes he propped the door open so he didn’t need to find a key, and he walked her down the hall to the bathroom, supporting her with his hands on her arm.

“We’re here. At the bathroom. You should go inside and pee. I’ll wait for you and take you back.” He said kindly.

“Okay!” she said brightly. She stumbled through the doors, and he heard some bumbling as she staggered into a wall. Then he heard the door of a stall bang. Then silence.

One minute passed, and then another, and Andrew knocked on the door. “Are you okay?”

Hearing no reply he pushed the door open slightly. “Ali? Are you okay?”

He heard soft giggling and knew it was Ali’s voice. “Tracey! C’mere Tracey. I need your help.”

He looked wearily around, but at 3:30 in the morning the halls were empty. He pushed the door open and stepped into the girls bathrooms. They were laid out very similar to the boys, but reversed. The sinks were to the right, stalls to the left, and beyond were the individual showers.

“Ali?” he called softly.

“Tracey. C’mere.”

“It’s not Tracey. It’s Andrew. Tracey is asleep.” he called nervously.

“C’mere.”

Tentatively he walked toward the sound of her voice. He found her sitting in the second stall, hunched over and giggling madly. She had untied her bathrobe but not pulled it up. When she sat, she sat right on the back of her robe, and had peed all over it.

“I peed!” she giggled. “On my robe!”

“I see that.” Andrew replied, unsure of what to do.

“I couldn’t stop peeing.” She informed him.

“Okay…”

“Will you get me my robe?” Ali asked.

“You’re wearing your robe.” Andrew replied.

“It gots pee on it.”

“Yes.”

Ali stood quickly, falling against the wall of the stall and steadying herself by grabbing the toilet. The robe was wet and heavy, and Andrew could now see that her legs and feet were all wet, too. “I peed on my robe!” Ali laughed, pulling the robe off and dropping it half in the toilet, half on the floor. “I gotta take a shower. Get me my robe.” Ali staggered past Andrew and toward the showers.

Andrew gingerly picked the robe out of the toilet and dropped it in one of the sinks. He heard a shower turn on in the back of the room and hoped Ali would be okay. He quickly left the bathroom and sprinted back to the girls’ dorm. All three girls were still unconscious, and try as he might the only reaction he was able to get was for Tracey to groan her displeasure at being roused, and to have her completely and soundly back asleep mere seconds later. He found Tracey’s robe in her closet, and picked it up. Then, thinking quickly, he opened Ali’s closet and found a towel. He also saw her shower basket and decided she’d need soap.

He dashed quickly back to the bathroom and knocked gingerly on the door. When no reply came, he poked his head in. He could hear Ali calling for Tracey from the shower. She sounded like she was in trouble. He made his way quickly back, following the sounds of her voice to find her sitting on the floor with cold water pouring on half of her body. “It’s cold!” she said, whining, reaching futilely toward the faucet.

Andrew reached in and adjusted the water temperature, then deciding her need was greater than his, reached in and helped her to her feet. He was drenched by the time she was standing.

He handed her a tube of body wash and instructed her to wash herself. The night had been a combination of erotic and scary, but as he leaned back to dry himself he couldn’t help but watch her as she began caressing her skin with the soapy water and he realized just how incredibly sexy she was. This had turned out to be the single most erotic night of his life.

“I have to pee!” shouted Ali giddily. She squatted slightly and fell against the back wall of the shower, and suddenly he was watching her pee.

“I need toilet paper.” She said stupidly, looking around.

“You’re in the shower.” Andrew reminded her.

“Ohhhhhh yeahhhhhh!” she said, and started giggling again, rubbing her pussy vigorously with water from the shower.

After she had most of the soap washed off of her body Andrew reached over and turned off the shower. He handed her the towel, which she immediately dropped on the wet floor.

“Oops!”

Andrew retrieved the towel and dried her body, trying to remain respectful of his friend, but not denying himself his first-ever feel of a woman’s breast, either. For her part she willingly offered herself to his ministrations, being as cooperative as poor equilibrium and the seemingly excessive amount of gravity in the room would allow.

He then wrapped her in Tracey’s robe, gathered up her things and wrapped her urine soaked robe in the now wet towel.

She was now very sleepy, and Andrew had to all but carry her back to her room, holding her shower basket, towel and wet robe in one hand.

“You’re my best friend, Tracey.” Ali mumbled pulling him into a hug that almost toppled the pair onto the floor.

“I know.” Andrew replied.

He walked her back to her room, helped her inside and laid her down in her bed. He turned off the light, kicked the shoe from the door, and went to his own room. There he relived the events of the last 45 minutes in his mind, and masturbated twice.

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Stephanie was the first to awake. She was slumped against the wall with her head at an odd angle and her feet dangling off the bed, and she finally realized how uncomfortable she was. She discovered where she was after a few moments of confusion, and reached over to shake Monica awake. The two decided to try to move Tracey into her bed before leaving, and then returned to their own room to go back to sleep.

Tracey woke again just after ten with an urgent need to use the ladies room. She had put away 2 glasses of beer since the last time she’d peed, and that was over seven hours ago. The noise she made leaving the room woke Ali.

“Thanks.” Ali said to her as she came back into the room.

“Thanks for what?”

“For last night. I don’t remember all of it, but you helped me. Thanks.”

“Helped you what? I don’t remember helping you.”

“You took me to the bathroom. I peed on my bathrobe. You helped me shower, I think. You gave me your robe.”

“Wow. I don’t remember any of that. You peed on your bathrobe?”

“I sat down on it without lifting it up.”

Tracey started to laugh then grabbed her head. “I don’t remember anything. We left the party and walked back here. And then I woke up.”

“I remember leaving the party. We were all laughing in the stairwell. Then I peed on my robe.” Ali was struggling to remember.

“Oh, yeah. The stairwell. We were giving you crap about naked practice. And Andrew came in all pissed off that we woke him up.”

Ali sat bolt upright in bed. “ANDREW!” she screamed.

“What?” Tracey said, holding her head.

“Andrew walked me to the bathroom. I peed on my robe and he helped me shower. I… oh, God! I thought it was you!”

“What?”

“I think I thought it was you, but it was Andrew!” she repeated, panic in her voice.

“What was Andrew?” asked Tracey, still a bit foggy and confused.

Ali explained as much as she could remember. Tracey tried not to laugh, but wasn’t entirely successful.

“We have to go talk to Andrew. Find out for sure.”

“Kill me instead.” Ali replied. “I can’t go talk to him.”

“We have to. He’s going to see you naked anyway. He’s in your class. He’s on your project team. So now he saw you sooner.”

“He saw me piss all over myself.” Ali replied, holding her head in her hands.

“So what. Everybody pees. He pees. He poops, too. Big deal.”

“Yeah. You invite him into the bathroom with you.”

“Next time I’m so drunk that I think he’s you, I’ll pee on my bathrobe.”

“I’m just going to die, I think.” Ali said.

“Let’s go talk to him.”

Ali got up and took off Tracey’s robe. She saw the tangle of clothes on the floor, including her panties tied up in the legs of her inside-out jeans. “What the hell was I doing last night? Did Andrew undress me?”

“I don’t remember anything after the stairs.” Tracey reminded her.

Ali pulled out a clean pair of panties and a pair of sweat pants, pulled on a sweatshirt and the two girls left the room. Andrew was not home.

“Let’s go have breakfast, then.” suggested Tracey.

“What if he’s down there? I have to talk to him in private.”

“Oh, for…”

Tracey cut herself short. Andrew came out of the stairwell carrying his laundry basket. Neatly folded on top were Ali’s robe and one of her towels. He invited them inside, and when he discovered that Ali could remember only bits of the night before, was reluctant to provide details.

Ali begged. “I need to know. I’m already humiliated, but it’s so much more humiliating thinking of what might have happened. Did we…”

“God no!” Andrew said. With a bit more prompting he recounted the entire story for the girls. He left out certain details, trying to save Ali’s dignity somewhat. Most of what he told them Ali remembered upon hearing.

“Well, I guess you’re going to be invited to naked practice sooner than we had planned.” Tracey said once the story was finished. “I think it’s safe to say that Ali has no secrets from you now.”

Ali blushed furiously but said nothing.

“Tell me about this ‘naked practice,’ now that you’re coherent.” Andrew requested.

Ali and Tracey told him some of the story. They left out the part where Ali had fallen asleep reading the proposal and then agreed to do something when she didn’t know what it was. They made it sound as though the agonizing over if she could do it took place before she agreed to the project.

“I’m just so shy normally, and it’s just not like me to do something like this.” Ali concluded.

“It’s not like anyone to do this, but that’s part of the project. There’s a whole psychology aspect to this, along with the political and social. There’s the psychology of the people witnessing it, and how their views are going to change over the six weeks that you’re naked in class, and there’s the psychology of how they’re going to view the different stereotypes that you portray, and the psychology of how you’re going to deal with the whole thing, and how your views and opinions will change over the six weeks.”

“The stereotypes. That reminds me.” Ali said quickly. “What the hell is all that about? How am I going to act out all of the different stereotypes?”

“We just had the basics.” Andrew replied. “We were hoping you could help us come up with the specifics.”

“I guess I can help you with that.” Tracey offered. Ali gratefully accepted, unsure of how she would get through this without her new friends.

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“And Andrew is going to be joining us for your naked practice?” Monica was still in disbelief, even though Ali and Tracey had filled them in on the events of the night before.

“Yeah. Because you guys can’t hold your liquor and pass out, I end up making a total ass of myself in front of Andrew. Naked.”

“Hey. At least we had the sense to pass out. But you’re the one who wanted to go to the bathroom.” Tracey replied.

“Shut up.” said Ali. The girls laughed.

“So we going out again tonight?” asked Tracey.

“Not so much. We’re staying in. Maybe have a few, but nothing major.” replied Monica.

“I talked to Andrew. He’s going to hook us up.” said Tracey.

“What?”

“He’s got a couple of friends. Over 21. He’s hooking us up. You can pay me back some other time.”

Andrew arrived at Ali and Tracey’s room after dinner. He had three 6-packs of Mike’s Hard Lemonade and bottles of Southern Comfort and Jack Daniels. For himself he had a six pack of beer. He helped put it all in the refrigerator and then left, promising he’d be back in a while.

“Do I really have to do this in front of Andrew?” Ali asked.

“Are you really doing this again? You agreed that you wouldn’t make me explain every time. Besides, he’s already seen everything. He’s helped you shower. He’s washed pee out of your robe. You can consider yourselves friends now. In some countries you’d be married.”

Ali blushed but didn’t argue. By 9:00 Monica and Stephanie had arrived, and Andrew was back. The first thing that everyone noticed was that Ali was wearing a pair of men’s boxer shorts and a short t-shirt. Tracey had insisted that she should start dressing differently, at least around the room, to help her overcome her body issues and shyness. She had loaned Ali a pair of boxers that she sometimes wore when lounging, and had given her the t-shirt that she’d been wearing as a night shirt.

Tracey nodded, and Ali cleared her throat.

“Tracey wants me to try to get more confident, so I have to explain everything tonight, too.” she said. She was speaking quietly, but loud enough for everyone to hear in the room. Nonetheless, Tracey asked her to speak up.

“So tonight I’m going to have to be naked until midnight. Tracey thinks I need to go longer than one hour from now on to push myself. So we’re going to hang out here and drink and play games and stuff, and I have to get undressed. If I have to go to the bathroom I can put on these shorts and this t-shirt and my flip flops. Nothing else. The minute I get back to the room I have to undress again before I can pick up my drink or play games or anything.”

Everyone was smiling by the time she’d finished. Tracey nodded again, and Ali closed her eyes, took a deep, fortifying breath, and pulled her t-shirt off. She then pushed her shorts down and stepped out of them, leaving her naked once again in front of her friends.

“And now I’m supposed to explain how I’m going to do the sixties hippie thing.” Ali said, blushing furiously. “Tracey says that I shouldn’t shave any body hair for the next month, until the first class of the project. I’ll look like a total hippie from the sixties with hairy legs and armpits.”

“Your bush will be out of control!” laughed Monica.

“They all were back then.” replied Tracey sensibly. “We’re going for realism.”

“I don’t think I could do it.” said Stephanie. “Not shaving for a month and then letting a whole bunch of people see?”

“Well, I don’t think you have to do either.” said Ali coldly.

“I’m sorry. That was mean.” said Monica.

There was awkward silence for a moment until Tracey called the group to action. They all sat on the floor and played the dice game for a while. Stephanie was the first to need to use the bathroom, and Monica decided to join her. Ali hid behind the door while they left.

Half an hour later Ali had to pee, and after they all made jokes with her about not peeing on her clothes, she left. She had that same feeling, as though she should not be seen in clothes like these, as she walked nervously to the bathroom. She encountered a couple of people, none of whom seemed to even give her a second glance. Most of the girls around the dorm wore similar clothes; shorts and t-shirts were almost the leisure time uniform of the entire student body. She assumed that as winter drew closer and the temperatures fell that the shorts and t-shirts would be replaced with flannel pants, sweat pants, and sweat shirts.

When she returned to the room all eyes were on her, and all conversation stopped. They were all waiting to watch her strip once again. Blushing, she pulled her t-shirt off, kicked off her shoes and pulled her pants down, finally stepping out of them.

“You guys suck, you know that?” she asked.

“We’re just trying to help.” Said Tracey.

“Yeah, but you’re getting some sick, twisted pleasure from it, too.” Ali replied.

“Maybe, but that just makes it a bonus all around.”

Ali took her place on the floor and they continued playing dice.

“So what is Ali going to wear to get to class?” Monica asked a while later.

“We have to go get something for her.” said Andrew. All the guys on the project said we should go in on whatever she needs to buy. Twenty-five percent each. It’s only fair.”

“Only fair that I have to pay for some of the stuff for this project AND be the only one on the project team who has to get naked?” Ali said indignantly.

“Hey. You get to keep the stuff after the class is done. I think it’s fair.” Andrew replied.

Ali, not a big fan of confrontation, said nothing.

At midnight Tracey allowed her to put the shorts and t-shirt on, and by 1:00 the small party had broken up. There were still four Mike’s remaining, two beers, and the bottles of whiskey remained unopened.

After the group had left Tracey made Ali remove her shorts before helping to tidy the room before bed. She shed the shirt once again, wearing only the robe to the bathroom to brush her teeth and pee before bed.

“You can sleep naked tonight.” Tracey said. “You were only supposed to keep the shirt until tomorrow, anyway, and you wore it on and off all night, so it’s time it got in the wash.”

Ali wanted to argue but by now knew that she would lose anyway. She hung her robe in the closet and crawled into bed.

The next day was Sunday, and the girls slept late. They woke in time for lunch, and then decided to go into town to look for hippie clothes at a second hand store. Andrew had a car on campus, so he offered to drive them. They found a great floor-length white sun dress with spaghetti straps. It was a heavier cotton, and wrinkled. It wasn’t quite Ali’s size, but Tracey said she could have one of her friends in the theater department alter it for her. With Monica’s Birkenstocks it would work fine.

Monica also found a miniskirt that was Ali’s size, and a cute cropped halter top. Ali wanted nothing to do with them, but Andrew pointed out that they would work well for either the sorority girl or the celeb-utant.

“Celebutard is more like it. Why not just call that one ‘whore’.” Ali said, sulking. The mini skirt was short, and the cropped halter was tight and revealing. “This thing is more like a sports bra than a shirt you were in public.” She complained.

“It’s fine.” Tracey said. “Looks good on you.”

They bought the clothes and headed back to the dorm. “I think you should model the outfits for us” Tracey said cheerfully while they were driving back.

“I tried them on in the store.” Ali complained.

“But I think we’d like to see them in the dorm. Andrew, what do you think?”

“I’d like to see them again.” he replied.

“Fine.” Ali pouted.

They got back to the dorm and all went to Andrew’s room. “Time for your fashion show!” Tracey sang.

“Fine. Give me the bag.”

“Why? I’ll give you the first outfit when you’re ready.” Tracey replied, grinning. “Now get ready!”

Blushing, Ali began to strip. To think that only a week before she never even wore shorts except on the hottest days, and even then only at home, and now she was undressing in front of people on an almost daily basis.

Tracey handed her the mini skirt first, and once she’d slipped it on had her model it. Then she handed her the halter. Once they had seen that outfit she removed it and handed it to Tracey, and was handed the white dress. It was wrinkled even more after having been in the bag, but Tracey claimed that made it look more “hippie-ish”. In the store she’d tried it on over her t-shirt, but now, without a shirt or bra on underneath it was obvious just how much the dress didn’t fit her. The shoulder straps were too long, and the bust too large, so almost every movement caused one or the other breast to pop out.

“This is never going to fit!” Ali complained, trying in vain to keep herself covered, much to the amusement of Tracey and Andrew.

“I’ll get one of my friends who works with wardrobe for the plays to fix it. It’ll be fine.” Tracey assured her.

By the following weekend Ali’s extreme embarrassment had grown beyond humiliation. Not only was she still mortified to be undressing in front of her four friends on a daily basis, but her body hair was causing her further distress. Her legs looked scraggly, and although she had never maintained her pubic hair to the standards of a porn star or stripper, she at least had trimmed herself. She now had sparse, short blonde hairs surrounding the entire area. Her leg hair was most thick on her calves and shins, and seemed to naturally thin the higher it grew on her thighs. The hair was fine and lighter blonde on her legs, so from a distance it appeared that she had shaved legs and an unkempt pubic area.

“I absolutely can’t do it this way!” Ali was complaining to Tracey before bed one night. It was now standard that Ali was nude any time she and Tracey were alone, or any time they were with just the small group. “I look like Bigfoot’s sister!”

“I think that’s part of the experiment. To prove that regardless of the social attitude toward a nude girl in class, that hygiene and grooming play a part in the acceptance.”

“Doesn’t make it easier.” Ali pouted.

“My friend from wardrobe can finally work with you tomorrow on the dress. You can also look through some of the costumes and maybe borrow one if you need to for some of the other stereotypes. And you can look at the costume jewelry and now they can make it look like you have pierced nipples or whatever. That could maybe be a good touch for one of them.” Tracey said this as though it should be a welcome bit of good news to serve as a distraction from her problems.

“Thanks.” Ali replied halfheartedly.

“You’re welcome.” Tracey said, still cheerfully. “We’ll go Friday night. A couple of my Theater friends are working on the play and like to hang out and drink back stage. It’s a cool place.”

“You didn’t tell your friends about my project, did you?” Ali asked apprehensively.

“Of course I did. They needed to know why they’re helping you.” Tracey replied.

Ali blushed, but did not reply.

Tracey mentioned their plans to Andrew who insisted on tagging along. He wanted to be sure that everything would be set for the first class of the project, which was now two weeks away. They arrived at the theater and entered through a plain metal door in the back of the building that Ali didn’t know existed. They walked along a short, darkened corridor toward the sound of music and voices, and found themselves in a storage room behind the main stage. The term ‘storage room’ was probably inaccurate, because this was more like a storage warehouse. The ceiling was as tall as that of the main theater, probably three stories. Entire sets from the current production were all there, supported from the ceiling on cables and pulley’s. Somehow the large sets could be moved on and off the stage using these pulleys and wheeled dollies and carts that seemed to be everywhere. There was a large area that seemed to be dedicated to building and maintaining the different sets. There was a long workbench containing dozens of tools, only a few of which Ali recognized. To one side of the room was a partitioned area containing row after row of clothing racks, all labeled, wrapped in plastic, and catalogued.

Ali had later learned that there was a computer database that contained all of the information about the costumes. A previous class had photographed each costume and catalogued each by the production, style, period, color, size and gender, as well as certain key-words. A search could be run for any of the fields or all of them, and would return a row number and section to find that garment.

“Hey, Tracey!” called a voice from nearby.

“Hey, Darren!” Tracey called back.

Two guys were sitting on a long couch drinking beer. Ali wondered how she had failed to notice them.

“These are my friends that I was telling you about.” Tracey said, walking over to them. “Ali, Andrew, this is Darren, Tim and Jer.”

Darren was a bit frumpy, wearing baggy cargo pants and a sweatshirt. He had long, curly and messy light-brown hair and wire rimmed glasses. Tracey explained that he was a fantastic makeup artists, and told how he’d made her look like she was 90 years old, adding wrinkles and using clay to reshape her nose and ears, and how he’d been able to blend it all together to match her skin tones.

“I saw pictures of that.” Ali confirmed. “It looked amazing!”

“It’s fun when it’s something like that. Just doing makeup can get boring, but it’s part of the job.” Darren shrugged.

Tim’s blonde hair was neatly combed, and his face looked very young. He stood a few inches taller than Ali, lean and unassuming. His father was a tailor, and he planned on taking over the family business. He was majoring in business management to get a good feel for that side of the business, and had joined the theater department as a place to exercise his skills in fashion design, which was his minor.

Jeremy preferred to be called Jer. He was very tall, almost six foot five, with jet black hair and dark skin. He looked a little like Tiger Woods, but with a darker complexion and without the Asian influence. He was muscular, although a little pudgy, and in his chinos and button down short-sleeved shirt looked a little dorkier than his stature would indicate. He was one of the set designers in the theater department, and was majoring in architecture.

“I like to design the sets because it helps me understand function in my designs.” he explained. “Sometimes you have to create a concept drawing of a building or a room, and doing the lighting and the decorating in theater helps me understand colors and stuff for those drawings.”

Ali pulled Tracey aside as Andrew accepted a beer from Jer. “You didn’t tell me they were guys. And why is Jer here?”

“I didn’t think it mattered. They’re friends of mine who can help you out. And Jer is a really good artist. I think he can help.” Tracey replied, opening two of the Mike’s Hard Lemonade bottles they had brought with them.

“Is there going to be anyone on campus who doesn’t know about this stupid project?” Ali asked dejectedly, taking a sip from her drink.

“Did you really think that the girl showing up naked to class was going to be a big secret after the first day?”

Ali had known this all along, of course, but hearing it vocalized for the first time was jarring nonetheless.

“Where’s this dress you need me to alter?” Tim asked.

Tracey pulled the white dress out of the bag she was carrying.

“I see what you’re talking about.” Tim said. “I think I can sew some beads on here to make it look a little more 60’s, too.”

“That would be great.” Andrew said. “I want her whole look to feel very flower-child.”

“We can do that.” said Darren. “No problem.”

“Let’s start with the dress, I guess.” Said Tim. “You can go over by the wardrobe room and put it on. I’ll get it all measured up and ready to alter. Did you bring the shoes you’re going to wear with it?”

“No.” Said Ali. “I didn’t think to.”

“Oh. Well how high are they?”

“You mean heel? There’s no heel. They’re sandals. Basically flip flops. Leather.”

“Okay, that’s good. Just come out barefoot so I can make sure it’s the right length.”

Ali and Tracey walked back to the wardrobe area together. There Ali kicked off her shoes and socks and pulled off her jeans. She still hated the sight of her pubic hair sticking out of the leg of her panties. She pulled off her shirt and reached for the dress, but Tracey pulled it away. “You’re not wearing it with a bra.”

“Just for the fitting.” she pleaded.

“The straps will look stupid.”

“But my boobs fall out of this dress. I can’t go out there without a bra underneath.”

“They’re going to see your boobs eventually. Why not now?”

“Why do they have to see my boobs?” Ali said, shocked.

“Because they’re helping you. Because they’re going to help you with your dress and your fake tattoos and your fake piercings. Please don’t argue with me again.”

Ali dropped her gaze to the floor, and reached behind her. She put her bra on the pile of clothes on the floor, and Tracey handed her the dress. She was silently thankful that she was allowing her to keep her panties on. She reached up to her shoulders and pulled the spaghetti straps up, raising the dress a few inches off the floor and tightening it around her now securely covered breasts. She had her upper arms pressed firmly against her chest, ensuring that the newly grown hair in her armpits was not visible, and followed Tracey back out.

Tim rose to greet them. He had placed a small wooden platform a few feet in front of the couch that he motioned for Ali to stand upon. It would raise her off of the floor and make it easier for him to work.

“Okay, let the dress hang naturally and put your arms down at your sides.” he instructed.

Ali looked pleadingly to Tracey.

“She’s nervous because it doesn’t fit her right and her boobs pop out of the dress.” Tracey said.

“Oh.” said Tim a little nervously, unsure of what to do with that information.

“But I told her that you guys were all helping her, and that you were eventually going to be doing her fake tattoos and piercings, so she shouldn’t be so upset about you seeing her boobs.” Tracey continued.

All four guys smiled, and Andrew nodded.

“So let’s get that awkward moment over with.” Tracey continued. She stepped behind Ali and took hold of the straps, instructing her friend to lower her arms. After a few moments she complied, and a moment after that allowed her arms to hang more loose and natural. Tracey then released the straps and pulled them down Ali’s arms to her elbows, allowing the dress to drop to her naval. “See. They’re just boobs. Now you’ve all seen them and Ali can get on with the fitting.”

Andrew was smiling, but the other three guys were dumbstruck at the sight. Tracey held the dress there for a few moments, then pulled the straps back up and hung then on Ali’s shoulders. The thin material of the spaghetti straps was all that was covering either nipple as Tracey walked around to take her seat on the couch with the three guys, allowing Tim to work.

Tim stepped forward. “I think the first thing we need to do is adjust the straps.” He opened a small box and pulled out two clips. He walked behind her and pulled one of the straps back, then clipped it, doubled over itself, to the back of the dress. Then he did the same with the second strap and second clip, and returned to the front to look. He made some small adjustments and seemed satisfied. The dress between the straps was flat and straight across, although large and obviously designed for a woman with much bigger breasts. The new length of the straps put the fabric of the dress about an inch above her nipples. The scoop on the side and looseness of the fabric still meant that her breasts were not at all contained, however.

“Raise your arms straight out to your sides.” Tim instructed, mimicking the motion himself.

Ali blushed but did as told.

The three guys seemed a bit stunned by the hair in her armpits, and she closed her eyes to the embarrassment.

“She’s not allowed to shave until after the first week of the project. “Andrew explained. He then went on to explain much of the project detail, including the different stereotypes she would be required to portray.

Meanwhile Tim was tugging on either side of the garment to understand how much extra fabric was present. This caused one breast or the other to keep popping out the side of the dress.

“So many questions.” said Jer, interrupting Andrew. “So she has to be all these different things. I thought she was going to be naked?”

“Yeah, well she’s going to show up in class dressed in some costume or something that will help portray the stereotype before she strips.” Andrew said.

“And then, her attitude, her hairstyle, her pubic hair style, and the fake piercings and tattoos that you guys are going to help her with will all have to give the right image.” Tracey added.

“She’s got to strip in class?”

“Yeah…” said Tracey.

“Wow.”

“Wow.” agreed Tim, who was now kneeling in front of Ali and checking out the length of the dress.

“So how do you decide you’re going to do some crazy crap like this?” asked Jer.

“It was kind of decided for me.” Ali replied, looking down. “I got kind of talked into it and then it was too late to back out.”

“She’s really shy, so we’re helping her.” interrupted Tracey. Andrew and two other girls from the dorm and me are all letting her spend time getting used to being naked in front of people. Hopefully she’ll be more comfortable in two weeks when the first class is. Otherwise she’s going to freak out completely.”

“So you just hang out, and she runs around naked?”

“Yeah. We play drinking games or do homework or whatever. Usual stuff. She just tries to get used to being naked.”

“What room you in again? I can be over every night.” joked Tim, now walking slowly around Ali to ensure that he’d taken all of the correct measurements.

“No, thanks. We’re good.” said Ali quickly.

“Actually it’s not a bad idea. There are almost 60 people in your class. We do need to expand our group if you’re going to get comfortable.” Interrupted Tracey.

“I’m really fine.” Ali said.

“If you were really fine you wouldn’t care.” Tracey argued. “You claim you’re comfortable with 60 people seeing you naked in class, but you’re not fine with these 3 guys seeing you naked here. If you were really fine with the 60 you wouldn’t care about these 3.”

Ali opened her mouth a few times, but could not find words to argue. “It’s different.” She said finally.

“I don’t see that it’s different, and you put me in charge of your training.” Tracey replied. “We might just take you up on that, Tim.”

“Then count me in, too!” said Jer.

“Yeah. I’m game.” added Darren.

“You’re all done.” Tim said suddenly, closing his case with a snap. “I need the dress for a few days. I can alter it in about fifteen minutes. It’s going to be really easy. But I think I can embroider some flowers and stuff onto it to make it look more sixties. I need to look up some styles on the internet. The fit will be really easy, though, and I think it’s a good basic dress.”

“Awesome.” said Tracey, jumping up and walking around Ali. “Does she need to be really careful taking it off, with all the chalk marks and the pins and clips and stuff?”

“I need all of those to alter it, so she should be careful, yes.” Tim replied.

“Let’s get it off of you now then, so we’re sure we don’t ruin it.” Tracey said.

The two girls locked eyes; Ali’s were urgently pleading, and Tracey’ quietly insistent. After a few moments Ali dropped her gaze, and Tracey lips curled up slightly in an almost imperceptible smile. This was getting almost too easy, and Tracey found she was enjoying herself more than she’d originally thought she would.

“Arms up!” Tracey said cheerfully, walking around behind her friend.

Ali slowly raised her arms, embarrassed to show her hairy pits, and humiliated that she was about to be stripped to her light blue cotton panties, her pubic hair growing out the sides.

Tracey slowly and carefully lifted the dress up and off of Ali, revealing her inch by inch to the hungry eyes of the watching guys. Ali finally dropped her arms to her sides as the dress slid off her head.

“Whoa, she’s growing hair everywhere.” Jer laughed.

Ali blushed, but Tracey laughed. “She hates it. She’s so looking forward to the next few weeks when she can finally trim it up.”

“Can I go put my clothes on?” asked Ali.

“I think the guys offered to help you with your naked practice.” Tracey replied condescendingly. “Why don’t you take your panties off and go get your drink.”

Ali stalled for a moment, then gave in to the inevitable. She pulled her panties down and off, then stepped off the platform and picked up her drink. Tracey and Tim had taken the last two seats on the couch, leaving Ali to stand, unsure where to go or what to do.

“So how is she going to be undressing in class?” asked Darren, not taking his eyes off the naked girl in front of him.

“We haven’t practiced that yet.” Tracey confessed. “I figure that’s my job. I’m the actress, so I have to teach her how to act like the different things she needs to be. I was going to start that tomorrow.”

“What did you have in mind for the hippie?” asked Andrew, genuinely curious.

Tracey got up and danced around slowly, waiving her arms in the air as though they were branches on a tree caught in a gentle breeze. She moved fluidly around, turning slowly and seeming to glide around the small area.

“You think you can do that, Ali?” she asked after a few moments.

The next half hour was like Ali’s personal version of hell. She was naked, in front of three guys she’d just met, Andrew and Tracey, and was trying to learn to move like Tracey did; which did not come natural for her. By the end of that half hour they all claimed to have seen a drastic improvement.

“Let me sew up this dress really quickly and see how it looks that way.” Tim offered, jumping to his feet and picking up the dress. There was a sewing machine off to the side on a table, and true to his word, just under fifteen minutes later he handed the finished dress to Ali. She gratefully pulled it over her head and into place. It fit perfectly. It was still a little loose, but now safely and completely covered her breasts. The body hung straight and plain, barely dragging the floor, just as it should.

“It’s perfect!” said Andrew.

“It really looks great!” agreed Tracey.

Ali then repeated her moves, flowing and swaying as Tracey had taught her. “It looks really good with the dress!”

“Definitely.” Everyone agreed that she was finally doing it well.

“Now why don’t you practice that? Go over into the wardrobe room and come out, like you’re entering the classroom. Act all hippie-like, and move around and when you get over here take the dress off, but keep moving.”

Ali couldn’t have been more embarrassed. Being forced to be naked in front of all of these guys was hard. Being forced to practice what amounted to dancing, while naked, in front of them was worse. Now she was being asked to strip while dancing in front of them, just after she’d finally gotten her clothes back.

Blushing fiercely and feeling a cold sweat starting, she walked over to the wardrobe area and stared longingly at her discarded clothes, laid neatly in a pile on the floor where she had removed them earlier.

She began to sway as she had been practicing, and taking the slow spinning, gliding steps she had practiced, she flowed out into the room. She made her way to the area where the platform had been and reached down to her waist, gathered the dress in her hands, and pulled it up and off.

“Try it again, but keep spinning.”

“Now try it while you’re on your way over here.”

“No, closer, but still on your way.”

“What if you just lift the dress up so your boobs are still covered and spin around a few times, then take it off?”

Again and again they had her try different things. After Tracey had suggested a few alternatives Andrew found the courage to request something. Then the other guys got into it. Some of it was helpful, others were not, but all five of them insisted that Ali try anything that was suggested. Sometimes she would return to the wardrobe area and dance out, removing her dress. Other times she would just restart the dancing while standing in place. Other times they would change the way she danced, the direction of her spin, the sway of her hips or the movement of her arms; sometimes with the dress on, sometimes with the dress off. Ali felt awkward and exposed the whole night, but pushed herself to do the things asked of her. She knew that Tracey would be upset if she refused, and knew that she would lose any argument she posed, even when the suggestions from the guys were obviously designed to make her show off her body in some new way, rather than to add anything to the dancing or stripping that was necessary for the project.

The group had now officially expanded. Her nightly naked practice now took place either in the dorm room or at the theater. Tracey was there always; Ali insisted that she never be alone and naked with a guy, and Tracey was very understanding and never questioned this. Some nights Andrew would stop by the dorm room for an hour or two. Some nights he would be at the theater, other nights he would not. Jer, Tim and Darren were always at the theater. Some nights they would come to the dorm room. Monica and Stephanie were often in the dorm, occasionally at the theater.

At 5:30 AM the day of the first class of the project the activity level in Ali and Tracey’s dorm room was more like a party than a Monday morning. Jer, Darren and Tim had all agreed to come by and help out. Andrew was preparing her for what she was supposed to do. Tracey was giving her last minute reminders about how to move, and how to pull the dress off.

Jer was drawing a peace symbol on her flat, tight stomach with bright red lipstick, his hands coming dangerously close to both her breasts and her pubic hair, which was now an untamed mess of medium blonde hair extending over halfway up to her naval. Darren was applying a heart to one cheek and a piece symbol to the other with intricate detail; otherwise she wore no makeup. Tracey had helped her flat iron her hair to make it appear longer and straighter, and Tim had created a flowered headband that they were carefully putting in place.

“Stand up.” said Tracey when they had all finished their respective administrations.

Ali stood, and they compared her to a picture Andrew had found on the internet. It was of a young girl at the Woodstock concert. She was dirty and a bit more disheveled due to rain, but looked very much like Ali. She was wearing a dress very much like the one Ali had, but the top was pulled down around her waist, leaving her breasts bare. She had a piece symbol drawn on her stomach. The photograph was black and white so it was difficult to see what color it was, but it was easy to imagine it being the same shade of red as Ali’s. On her left cheek she had a much smaller symbol, and on the other cheek was a heart with the word “love” written in script. The girl in the picture had her arms outstretched and her face leaned slightly back, allowing the rain to fall on her face. Ali adopted a similar pose, and the group congratulated themselves on the near perfect reproduction they had created.

Ali donned her dress and accepted a cup of coffee from Monica, who arrived just about the time that Ali had to leave for class. The group wished her luck, and she and Andrew set off, Ali feeling extremely nervous, as though she may vomit at any second.

“You practiced this. You’re perfect.” Andrew kept saying. “The dress is perfect, your moves are perfect, the makeup and hair is perfect. Everything is perfect. You look perfect. You’ve done a great job preparing for this. Better than I would have thought. I can’t believe how hard you have worked on this project. You’re really doing good. I was afraid that something would go wrong, but it’s just so…”

“Perfect?” finished Ali.

“Perfect.” confirmed Andrew.

They arrived at class and a few students were already there. Dr. Dickson was unpacking his bag at the teacher’s desk. Andrew gave Ali a brief hug, then took her bag and entered the classroom. He took his normal seat in the front row, then took Ali’s computer from her bag and set it up in the seat next to him.

As usual, at exactly 7 AM Dr. Dickson called the class to order. “This week we’re going to talk about 1960’s culture and political influence on social change.” He started.

Ali swallowed hard and began swaying and dancing in the hallway. Gracefully she entered the room. The students were temporarily stunned, and most did not recognize Ali at all. Dr. Dickson stepped back against the wall, leaning and watching with a slight grin on his face. AJ and Sam were leaning forward in their seats in anticipation of what they knew was to come. They had heard a little bit from Andrew about “naked practice”, but had not been invited, nor seen yet. Ali swayed and danced to the center of the room, then gathered up the dress while continuing to allow her body to sway, and her feet to keep her slowly turning and gliding in a small area of the floor. She lifted the dress slowly, revealing her unshaven legs, and then her pale, creamy thighs. She slipped out of her leather sandals. The dress continued its journey upward, and the class was further stunned.

“Did I just see… is that her…”

As she continued spinning the unasked questions were answered. That’s definitely her bare butt. She isn’t even wearing a thong. So that was a giant bush we just saw.

By the time she’d finished the next turn the dress was above her naval. Everyone could see what they had originally questioned as they glanced. Within another thirty seconds the dress was over her head and off, now discarded in a pile on the floor. AJ, Andrew and Sam stood and walked to the front of the classroom taking places on either side of her as she continued dancing and swaying in place.

They explained their project and displayed their web based form, detailing how it should be filled out. The way that they worded the project explanation it was quite ambiguous how frequently Ali would be appearing naked in class. As they spoke, the class began to realize that this nude girl was their classmate Ali, the quiet girl with the pony tail, baggy jeans and hoodie. This was the shy girl who rarely spoke in class, rarely made conversation with anyone after class, and was almost never seen at campus parties.

“Isn’t she a freshman?” “Is she on the project team?” “I heard she was auditing this class.” “Is she doing this for extra credit?”

Dr. Dickson stepped forward scowling, which silenced the murmured questions immediately.

Ali’s blush was covering her full body at this point. She was nervously sweating, and while there were tears in her eyes, they did not find their way down her cheeks. She was almost disconnected from herself, aware only on some unconscious level of the feeling of the cold tile floor on her feet and of the stares and judgments of her classmates.

After the explanation was finished the guys asked for questions from the class. After clarifying what they could and avoiding the question of how often Ali would appear nude in class, the four took their seats. Ali placed her dress on the chair and sat on it, and Dr. Dickson went on with his lecture as though nothing was different or unusual about class. Ali was thankful that she was sitting in the front row, but felt eyes burning into her skin from behind. The tears finally rolled down her cheeks, and she quickly wiped them away with the back of her hand.

As soon as class was over there was a rush of people to the front of the room to speak with Ali and her project team. Andrew put his hand on Ali’s to keep her from standing and running away, and they answered what questions they could.

“I have to get to my next class. I wanted to wash my face off.” Ali complained. “I wanted to change.”

The vast majority of the class was still gathered around her, and she had to stand and pull the dress on with a close-up and vocal audience. She had only minutes to get to her next class, and was forced to run there without changing her clothes. This, of course, raised questions in her next class.

“It’s for a project in a different class.” was all Ali would reply, and she buried herself in her work.

She couldn’t wash her face or remove her headband because she had another class to attend that afternoon. She had to do this again in a few hours. Another lone tear made its way down her face.

She dashed back to her dorm as soon as she was able, and immediately threw on her robe and curled up in bed. She couldn’t stop shaking.

“Are you okay?” Tracey was asking. It was nearly noon, and Ali had slept for over an hour.

“It was horrible.” Ali said.

“Andrew said it went great. He said you were perfect. You did everything you were supposed to do and the class was really impressed. He said that the results on the survey thing are already better than he expected. Everyone in class filled it out and took it really seriously. He even said that Dr. Dickhead complimented you.”

“But it was awful” Ali countered. I couldn’t concentrate in class, and I just felt naked the whole time.”

“You were naked.”

“Shut up. You know what I mean. I just felt so weird. It was so much worse than when we practice, and that’s horrible.”

“Still? After all this time?”

“I know you’re trying to help. And it did help. I couldn’t have done it at all. But it’s just… I don’t know.” Ali said.

Tracey sat and hugged her roommate tightly. Ali hugged her back, grateful for the warmth and comfort.

Ali changed into jeans, a t-shirt and her hoodie before heading to lunch with Tracey, where she ate almost nothing. She had folded her dress and put it in her bag.

After her 1:00 class she headed to the PoliSci building, where she found Sam, Andrew and AJ waiting for her.

“You did so awesome this morning!” they all complimented her.

“I didn’t know you were that hot.” said Sam, blushing as soon as the words had left his mouth.

Ali remained virtually silent, murmuring or nodding as questions were asked or in acknowledgement of compliments. After a few minutes she excused herself to the bathroom to change. She had not worn panties or a bra, so she quickly stripped her hoodie and t-shirt off, then pulled the dress on over her jeans, which she removed last. Returning those clothes to her bag she returned to her team members, handed them her bag, and left them to enter the class.

Less than ten minutes later Dr. Dickson started his class. Ali again made her entrance, and once again did her twirling dance. Her fear was enhanced because she knew no one in the classroom. Each time she turned she looked for Andrew, AJ or Sam, but they were not in their usual seats. This stood to reason; this was the same classroom, but a different class. There would be different people in those seats.

Her three team members were standing in the back of the classroom. There were no open seats.

Once again, as soon as she’d finished stripping she was joined at the front of the room, explanations were given, instructions gone over, and questions answered. Dr. Dickson then pointed to three stools at the front of the room where the four could sit for the remainder of class. This put Ali on full display, unable to cover herself with the desk, or hide at the front of the room, her bare back the only part of her visible to the eyes of her fellow students. She once again found herself unable to concentrate on the class being taught, and at the end almost ran from the room carrying her dress behind her. In the bathroom she slipped it back on, hiding in a stall from the other girls who had come in, all talking about her.

“Can you believe the guts to do that?” “I wonder if she always wears her bush like that. I couldn’t do that for money!”

Most of the comments were positive. Even the ones about her body. This bolstered her spirit, but only slightly. After the bathroom had cleared Ali cautiously peeked out of the stall, and then into the hallway. It was deserted. She walked back to Dr. Dickson’s classroom, but it was empty and dark, the door locked. The corridor was completely deserted.

Barefoot and clad in only the light weight cotton dress, Ali walked across campus, self conscious of her attire and scared that someone from one of the two classes would come talk to her. No one did. It was as though the campus was deserted; only fleeting signs of life. A car driving past, movement far off seen only from the corner of her eye.

Her luck changed as she exited the stairwell back in her dorm.

“What are you wearing?” Only twenty feet from the safety and solitude of her room Dan stopped her. She had not really spent any time with Dan or any of the other guys on their floor since that first night, drinking in the dorm room with Tracey and the others. It seemed a lifetime ago, but was really a short six weeks prior. Tracey, Stephanie and Monica had continued to socialize with Dan and his roommate Sean, as well as Ben and Chris from down the hall, but Ali had seen them only in passing, or if they joined the others at a table in the cafeteria.

“Nothing. I’m just going to my room.”

“Did you hear about the naked girl?”

Ali panicked. “I have to go.”

“Wait.” Dan said, reaching out to grab her bare arm. “It’s you! You’ve got peace and love on your face. You’re wearing that hippie dress. Seriously? It’s you?”

“I have to go.” Ali said, twisting free and moving quickly toward her room.

“Tell me what it’s about!” Dan was smiling, thinking this was all a great joke. He didn’t sense Ali’s fear or her abject embarrassment.

“It’s nothing. I’ll tell you all about it some other time. I just want to go to my room. I’m freezing.”

“Do you really have a huge bush? Is it real?” he asked, laughing.

Ali pushed past him, unlocked her door and let herself into her room. Tracey and Andrew were sitting on Tracey’s bed talking, and Ali had never been so happy to see another person in her life. Ali’s bag was on her desk.

“Where did you go!” Andrew asked, standing suddenly and looking worried. “You ran off right after class. You didn’t even put your dress back on. You left your bag and your shoes! I was so worried!”

“I blew off class when I found out!” Tracey said. “He came to ask me if you’d come back here. Where have you been!”

“You were in the class with her?” Dan asked. “And it’s for real?”

“I was hiding in the bathroom.” Ali replied to Tracey and Andrew, ignoring Dan for the time being. “By the time it all cleared out everyone was gone. I didn’t know where my stuff was. I had to walk back here in just this stupid thing.”

“You’re freezing!” Tracey said, hugging her roommate. She quickly crossed the room and wrapped Ali in her robe.

“Does someone want to tell me what the hell is going on?” asked Dan.

“It’s for a class. She’s doing a project for PoliSci.” replied Andrew shortly.

“And she was really naked in class?”

“Yes.”

“And you saw?”

“I’m the leader of the project team.” said Andrew, as though this should be common knowledge.

“Is she as hot as everyone’s saying she is?”

“See, honey. Everyone thinks you’re hot. You don’t need to be ashamed.” Tracey said soothingly.

“I can’t do this for another six weeks.” Ali said.

“Six more weeks?” asked Dan. “Wow.”

Andrew took Dan aside and explained the project, the naked practice, and the tough time that Ali was having. Dan became much more sympathetic and understanding after he understood that Ali was not as comfortable with this as he had assumed she was.

“I’m sorry, Ali. I figured if you were doing it that you had to be cool with it. I was really impressed. I didn’t know you were upset about it. I feel like crap. You have to think I’m a total dick!” he said kindly after Ali had calmed down a bit.

“No. I’m sorry. You didn’t know.” Ali replied. “I’d have been the same way if I found out you were naked in class.”

“Yeah. That wouldn’t happen for two reasons. First, I’d never do it. Second, I’d get paid a lot of money to keep my clothes on if I ever threatened to do what you did!” he joked.

Ali broke a weak smile as the others chuckled at his joke.

“So don’t do it any more.” Dan said.

“She can’t.” Tracey replied. “It’s complicated. I’ll explain it all some time. But she pretty much has to do this.”

“Wow. That totally sucks.” said Dan.

Ten minutes later Ali excused herself. She slipped into her shower shoes, picked up her shower basket and walked to the shower, still wearing her robe and the dress. She took a very long shower, letting the hot water warm her thoroughly. When she returned to the room only Tracey was there. Ali was silently relieved.

“That had to have been hard.” Tracey said.

“It totally sucked.” Ali confirmed.

“I couldn’t have done it.”

“You would have had an easier time than me.”

“No. You have this strength. You keep forcing yourself to do stuff. I don’t know if I could be like that.”

“You just keep making me do stuff.” Ali shrugged.

“I’m just trying to help.”

“I appreciate it. I hate it, but I appreciate it.”

“I’m sorry I’m such a bitch.” Tracey said. “I know you hate it. But I think it helped. Did it help?”

“I think so. It’s hard to say. I mean, it’s still so hard to do in class, but I think it helped.”

“I’m glad. I feel so bad making you do stuff like that, but I really did think it would help you. I like hearing that you think so, too. Makes me feel like a little bit less of a bitch. I really do think it makes it easier for you.”

“You get a sick pleasure from it, too.” Ali smiled. “I can tell.”

“Who, me?” Tracey replied, trying to act innocent.

“And you called me a dyke.”

Both girls laughed. Ali slipped into a pair of sweat pants, a warm fuzzy sweatshirt, and a thick pair of socks. Tracey noticed that she had not bothered with panties or a bra, but said nothing.

True to his word, Dan left Ali alone about her class project, and although he did confide in his roommate he insisted that Sean, too, not bring it up. Both guys were much nicer and friendly toward Ali in the next few days than they had been.

The rest of the campus was not so kind. It seemed that everyone had heard about the naked girl in class, and quite a few had figured out who she was. Ali had become a minor celebrity around the school. There were even those asking for her autograph. There were a surprisingly small number of off color comments and remarks, but those were the few that stung Ali the most.

Wednesday morning saw a similar flurry of activity as Jer, Tim, Darren and Tracey all helped prepare Ali for class, and as Andrew made sure, for the fortieth time, that she was okay.

Class seemed to go about the same. Ali entered the classroom, stripped in much the same manner as she had on Monday, and then continued to dance around while her teammates reminded everyone about the survey. She was again surrounded after class, and again had to run across campus to her 9:00 class. Wednesday was a busier day than Monday, with two more classes occurring between the two PoliSci classes, so she had less time to dwell on what had happened and what was yet to come. The afternoon class went very much like the morning class, except that once again she took her seat on the stool in the front of the classroom, where all eyes were on her. After class she quickly pulled on her dress and stepped into her shoes before exiting.

Andrew caught up with her ouside. “Hey. You did a really good job today. I feel really bad for getting you into this. I guess I didn’t think about how hard this would be for you.”

“Thanks.” Ali replied.

“I just wanted to remind you. You can shave your legs now. And you need to start tanning. We’ll pay for it.”

“Thanks. I remember.” Ali said.

The entire conversation was awkward. Ali was always a little nervous and embarrassed around Andrew now. He had seen her naked, and he would see her naked dozens and dozens of times in the future, and they both knew it. She felt the same way around the other guys. It seemed as though they had an unfair social advantage, and that she had somehow been reduced. She was still an intellectual equal. She had proven to Andrew that she could even hold her own against him. They did not question her abilities or her brains. But something about the relationship they now shared seemed different. They knew her intimately, but she knew them only in passing. They knew her fears, her secrets, and everything about her body. She knew very little about them. It made her feel somehow powerless to them.

For his part, Andrew was very comfortable talking to her about most things, but even though he had seen her naked time and time again, he always felt very self conscious talking about her body with her.

They walked together in awkward silence all the way back to the dorm, and up the stairs to their rooms. Andrew said goodbye as he let himself into his room. Ali immediately stripped off the dress, grabbed her shower kit and her robe, and headed to wash up and shave.

Ali learned that after you’ve allowed your body hair to grow for six weeks you really need to trim it before you shave. She finished washing herself and then returned to her room. After Tracey returned she asked for advice.

“I’ve never shaved hair this long before.” Ali complained. “I don’t know what to do.”

Tracey borrowed Andrew’s electric razor from him. It included a beard trimmer that cropped the air close to her skin and would allow her to shave comfortably. Ali found it extremely embarrassing, but trimmed herself and returned to the shower.

After dinner Andrew drove her into town where he waited for her to complete her first tanning session. He purchased a package of unlimited tanning for 2 months for her, which was the most economical.

Back in the dorm Stephanie and Monica were in Tracey’s room, and Ali happily joined them in some shots. Andrew abstained as he normally did on week nights.

“Why is Ali dressed?” asked Stephanie. “It almost feels weird.”

“You did admit that the naked practice helped.” Tracey said. “Now get the clothes off and let’s see the shaved legs and pits!”

Blushing, Ali complied.

“Oh.” Said Andrew, looking at her body. “Um…”

“What?” asked Ali, suddenly fearful that she had a piece of toilet paper stuck to her butt or some equally embarrassing issue.

“I, um…” he stammered. “I thought you were going to shave a little bit… um… more.”

Ali blushed, covering her pubic hair with her hands. “You guys said just my legs. I thought I was supposed to leave my bush natural.” she whined.

“Yeah,” He said, “but the part where it goes down your legs… and stuff.”

“I think he’s saying that you can trim your bikini area.” Tracey said.

Much to Ali’s dismay Tracey had Andrew retrieve his electric razor, and Ali trimmed her bikini area while the others all watched, ensuring it looked just right. “You can shave there tomorrow with your bic.” offered Tracey.

“Thanks.”

As Ali was pouring another round of shots, there came a knock on the door. Ali quickly dashed to the closet, while Tracey called “Who’s there?”

“Dan and Sean” came the reply.

Tracey thought for a moment with her hand on the door, then pulled it open as Ali shouted out, her eyes wide.

“They know about it, and you said it was helping to have naked practice.” Tracey replied.

“She’s naked now?” Dan asked, holding Sean back. “I don’t want to embarrass her.”

“She needs the practice. She needs to get comfortable.” Tracey replied simply, pulling both guys into the room.

Everyone stood awkwardly for a moment. Ali was crouched near the floor using her arms and legs to cover herself as best she could. Steph, Monica and Tracey were casually drinking their Pepsi’s, and Andrew was looking a little uncomfortable. Sean and Dan had initially stared at Ali, then realized they were being rude, were now intentionally looking away.

“Oh, for Christ’s sake.” said Tracey. “Stand up and don’t be like that. I hate this argument.”

Ali and Tracey locked eyes, and slowly Ali stood, dropping her hands nervously to her sides.

“You guys want a shot?” asked Tracey conversationally, as though having a nude girl in the room was perfectly natural.

“Um, yeah. Sure.” replied Dan.

“Fine.” agreed Sean.

They had looked at Ali when she stood, but were now attempting to look away.

“You’re supposed to look. She is supposed to get used to people seeing her naked, not people pretending they don’t notice her.” said Tracey. Then to Ali she said “Tell them to look.”

“You can look at me.” Ali said shyly.

Both guys turned their heads back to face her. She stood awkwardly, her arms at her sides.

“Turn around.” Tracey said.

Slowly Ali turned in place, allowing everyone to get a good, long look at her from all angles.

“See. Now they’ve seen you, and now you’ve seen her. No one should be uncomfortable.” Tracey said. “Now get them each a shot.”

Blushing, Ali walked past them and poured two shots, retrieved two fresh Pepsi’s from the refrigerator, and handed each guy his drink. “Did you guys tell Ben and Chris?”

“I told them earlier. They might stop by.” Said Tracey.

“What?” Said Ali, stunned.

“You need help. They’re your friends.”

“They’re your friends.”

“They’re your friends, too. They’ll help you.”

“So this is weird.” said Dan.

“Okay, let’s play a drinking game. Andrew, you can just drink Pepsi.” Tracey said.

Ali tried to bring up Ben and Chris again, but Tracey ignored her. She knew better than to push it.

They all sat in a large circle on the floor and Ali got the dice. They played for a while, and Andrew explained the whole project to Dan and Sean, including the six weeks of class and the different stereotypes. Ali sat demurely, with her knees together and legs off to one side, but couldn’t help but to flash everyone when she stood, which was fairly often. Tracey insisted that Ali retrieve everyone fresh drinks from the refrigerator, and when anyone needed anything, it was Ali she sent to get it.

When Ali went to the bathroom she was allowed her robe and shower shoes only, and had to remove them as soon as she was in the door. She stood naked as she bade each of her friends goodnight as the evening ended.

“Tomorrow we need to start working on what you’re going to wear and how you’re going to strip for Monday.” Andrew said as he was leaving.

“Thanks for reminding me.” Ali said.

The next night after she had gone tanning Dan, Sean, Stephanie, Monica, Andrew, Tracey and Ali met up with Jer, Tim and Darren backstage at the theater. The sets were almost completely done, and the group toured the stage up front in the dark theater before getting to work.

True to his word, Tim had made Ali a go-go dancer costume for the upcoming week. It was a very short floral-print mini-dress that was tight to the waist and contoured around the breasts with long bell sleeves that flared out starting at the elbow. The stomach of the dress had a large cutout of a flower, with each petal allowing her skin to show through. There was a matching head scarf that would hold her hair back and allow them to style it like the girl in the picture Tim had printed from the internet.

“I’m not sure what to do about the shoes.” Tim said. “The pictures all show these boots on the girls. I know she’s supposed to be, um… barefoot at the end, so I don’t know.”

“She doesn’t have to be barefoot.” said Andrew thoughtfully. “Do you have a pair of the boots that would work?”

“You’re a size five?” he asked her.

She nodded. He had put aside a couple of pairs of boots that were in the wardrobe department. They were all white patent leather, and different heights. Ankle high, knee high, and mid calf. They all had the same three-inch heel.

Ali went back to the wardrobe area and changed. The dress fit her perfectly, although it came only a few inches below her pussy. The mid-calf boots fit her best, and zipped up the inside to ensure they stayed snug to the leg.

She walked out and was met with immediate cheers from her friends. “That’s an awesome outfit!” “That looks great on you!”

Tracey then showed Ali how to go-go dance. After a few minutes Ali seemed to have it mastered, and she practiced her entrance several times. Then came the moment she dreaded, and they had her practice stripping. Dan and Sean were still new, but the others were more comfortable calling out suggestions. Again, most of the suggestions were helpful, but some were designed more to expose her. It was decided that she could easily enough unzip the boots and remove them, so they decided she should strip completely. They had her try the boots first and the dress second, but decided on the dress first, boots last.

After almost an hour of Ali practicing go-go dancing and stripping, they allowed her to take a break. She remained naked and sat with them talking about the project, and what outfit Tim was making for the 80’s sports girl.

“What are you kids doing in here?”

It was Professor Michelson, the head of the drama department at school.

“We’re helping Ali.” said Tracey nervously, getting to her feet. She didn’t want her friends to get in trouble.

“Helping who? Why is that girl naked?”

“This is Ali Cawood, sir.” Tracey replied. “She’s doing a project for Political Science with Andrew, here and…”

“Oh, I heard about you. And how are you all helping?” he asked, suspiciously, looking around at the large number of people assembled.

“Well, I’m teaching her how to act like the different things she needs to be. Like this week she was a hippie, and I taught her how to act. And now she’s going to be a go-go dancer, and I…”

“You’re Tracey Halloran, aren’t you? You’re in my advanced stage acting class. And you tried out for our production of ‘My Fair Lady’, didn’t you?”

“Yes, sir.”

“So how are you teaching her these things?”

“I googled them. I found videos of girls go-go dancing from old TV shows, and of hippies from Woodstock and stuff, and I just watched them and then taught Ali.”

“I’m impressed. What about the rest of you, then?”

Ali had silently gotten up and pulled the dress on to cover herself, and now stood stock still, nervous that she was going to be the cause of all of her friends getting in trouble. She was still barefoot.

“I’m Tim Christian.” Said Tim. “I’m in the theater program as a costume designer. I’m helping to make her costumes.”

“Did you make this dress?”

“Yes, sir. I used the department sewing machine, but I bought the fabric in town. I hope it’s okay, sir.”

“That’s a very impressive dress. Where did you find the pattern?”

“I made it off the Internet. I found a picture of a go-go dancer and I just sketched out her dress, then made a pattern from my sketches.” Tim replied, handing the professor a color picture of a dancer in a similarly cut dress.

“And where did you get the idea for the cutout flower?”

“Just an inspiration. There was different material at the store, and one pattern had these huge flowers. I thought it would be cool to make a dress out of that and cut out the flower, which gave me the idea.”

“Very impressive. You?” He pointed to Jer.

“Jeremy Wood. I’m a set designer. I helped draw a piece symbol on her and I’m designing tattoos that she has to wear later.”

“You?”

“Darren Wells. I’m in stage makeup. I am going to do all of her makeup for her.”

“You?”

“Stephanie, and this is my roommate Monica. We’re just friends of Ali and we have been helping her.”

“And you gentlemen?”

“Dan and Sean. We live across the hall from Ali. Just friends.”

“And you help her out, too?”

“Yes, sir.”

“So let’s see some of it, then.” He said, turning to Ali. “Show me how a hippie moves.”

Ali looked nervously at Tracey, then started to slowly sway and twirl. She was practiced and fluid, and glided effortless back and forth in the small area in front of her friends. As she began to lift her short dress, Professor Michelson stopped her suddenly. “Please keep your clothes on, young lady. I don’t wish to lose my tenure and my position.”

Ali blushed furiously. She knew he had already seen her naked, but she had just exposed her pussy to him as she lifted the short dress, and had basically been scolded for it. She felt absolutely humiliated, while at the same time a bit relieved that she should not have to strip in front of this teacher.

After an awkward moment, Ali recovered slightly and continued moving and swaying as Tracey had taught her until Professor Michelson once again interrupted. “And how does a go-go dancer move?”

Ali took another deep breath and paused to collect herself, then began to dance as Tracey had shown her. After a few moments she found her rhythm and danced very well.

“Impressive. You look quite authentic. Keep practicing.” he said “You kids want to be careful. The building is not locked and anyone could walk in on you as I have done tonight. I realize that this project has you undressing in front a classroom full of people, but you should not be totally carefree about your nudity, Ms. Cawood.”

Then, turning to Tracey, he continued. “Ms. Halloran, I will provide you with keys to the theater. You may use the stage area, which can be locked off to provide you and your group with some privacy. I trust that no mischief will occur if I am to place my confidence in you and your friends?”

“No, sir.” replied almost all of the assembled students.

“I dare say the theater will be much more comfortable. No need to sit on upturned buckets, tool boxes or other such nonsense.” He continued. “Proper seats and a proper place to rehearse. I’ve always said that setting can be as inspirational as costume, script or score. Ms. Cawood, I applaud your bravery and spirit. All that I have heard from Dr. Dickson about you and your project, and seeing you here tonight, and the dedication and research that you put into your work, not to mention the incredible amount of support and respect you have earned from your friends confirms for me that you are a rare young lady with exceptional fortitude and a world of opportunities before you. I wish you well, and should you decide you would like to attempt acting, I would be pleased to personally interview and audition you.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Now any of you who do not have purpose here for the upcoming production, I must ask that you leave. Ms. Halloran, please stop by my office tomorrow and I will have the keys for you. Good evening.”

Ali quickly ran to the wardrobe area and pulled her jeans on, leaving the dress as a top, and slipped her feet into her shoes. She picked up her socks, panties, bra and shirt and followed her friends out.

“Wow. We could have totally gotten busted!” Jer said once they were out of earshot.

“Thank God we weren’t drinking tonight.” added Tim.

They parted ways and headed back to their respective dorms. Steph, Mon, Tracey, Andrew, Dan and Sean all stayed together, and Ali finished her naked practice in her own dorm room.

The next day was Friday, and true to his word Professor Michelson presented Tracey with keys to the theater, along with the confidential news that she had secured the part of Eliza Doolittle. The theater would be available at odd hours until rehearsals got into full swing in the next three weeks, and there would likely be backstage activity increasing as the sets and costumes went into full production, but as long as Tracey respected the hours and locked the doors, she and her friends should have privacy.

“I’m not really all that happy about this.” Ali confessed as they were walking to the theater that evening. Ben and Chris were along, and she was nervous. “Plus I’m going to have to be up on stage?”

“You’ll be fine. Don’t worry so much about it. You really need to trust me.” Tracey replied.

It was anything but fine. The stage was two levels, with a rounded platform ten feet wide and four feet deep spanning the orchestra pit in front of the first row. This lower platform was only raised a few feet above the main floor of the theater, and brought her only a few feet away from the first row.

Andrew arrived with AJ and Sam in tow, so the group now consisted of Ali and thirteen audience members; 10 guys and 3 girls. Tracey accompanied Ali onto the stage and they went through the go-go dancing once again as practice. Ali then moved over behind a set to change into her go-go dress and boots while Tracey moved down to sit with the others.

The guys were all seated in the first two rows directly in front of the lower stage. The theater lights were all on, and it was bright. Ali felt her face flush and the nervousness in the pit of her stomach as Tracey gave the command to begin.

Ali began dancing as she had practiced. It was more difficult without music, but of course there would be no music in the classroom. She shuffled across the stage as she danced until she took her place in the center, lifting each leg slightly forward as she whipped her head around, her hair tossing gently and her arms pumping in alternating rhythm to the motion of her legs.

After half a minute she stopped her legs and arms and shimmied, her shoulders moving side to side. She tugged the dress upward, fully revealing her hair-covered pussy to her friends. The dress slipped momentarily, but she caught it and pulled it the rest of the way up and off. She dropped it on the floor and restarted her movements, now wearing just the white patent leather boots. Again she came to the shimmy. Now she bent and unzipped both boots, one with each hand. The upper parts of the boots fell away to either side. The zippers ran down to the arches in her feet, so when she stood once again she simply stepped out of each boot with no resistance.

“Okay,” started Tracey, “a few things. I need to see more of … this… kind of thing on the shimmy.” She stood and moved her body as she hoped Ali would do. Ali, blushing and feeling very self conscious, practiced it a few times until Tracey moved on. “And you need to come up with something different to take the dress off. Any ideas?”

Ali slipped the dress back over her head and tried all of the suggestions the guys shouted out to her. Again, she was aware that half of these suggestions were designed to give them a thrill, but she knew that she would lose any argument she put forth. She faced away from them and pulled the dress off. She pulled the dress up, exposing just her vagina for half a minute before pulling it the rest of the way off. She pulled her shoulders out, allowing the dress to fall down instead of pulling it up. Tim discussed installing a zipper in the back that she could pull down, allowing the dress to fall away from her.

All the while she remained on stage pulling her dress on and off as quickly as the guys requested it. She moved the way they wanted, faced the direction they wanted, and bent her body the way they wanted. Once they had agreed, she pulled the boots on once more, replaced the dress, and began her dance from the beginning. Tracey insisted she go through the whole routing a few times before announcing herself satisfied.

“Should we practice our part, since we’re all here?” AJ asked.

“That’s a really good idea. So let’s start over again.” Tracey said.

Ali was getting very frustrated. She knew that she had to be naked to practice being naked in front of a group, so their requests to see her naked were not unreasonable, but she also knew that they were enjoying themselves at her expense, which made her feel used. While she wrestled with those feelings AJ, Sam and Andrew joined her on stage. On their word she began her dance again, coming from one corner to the center of the stage. She danced and shimmied and then pulled the dress off over her head. She danced and shimmied and bent to remove the boots. Once they were off the guys let her dance for another twenty or thirty seconds before walking forward. They each said their parts about the project, giving the reminder about the survey, and then walked back toward the corner where Ali had started.

Then they ran through it again.

“Okay, it’s been about an hour. I think we’re done for now.” Tracey said climbing on to the stage. “Unless anyone else has any ideas for her?”

“Let me go see something.” Tim said. He picked up Tracey’s keys and ran back stage. They heard him open the door to the backstage area where they had been when Professor Michelson had found them the night before. Ali stood awkwardly, understanding that she couldn’t get dressed yet, but wishing she could.

It was almost five minutes later when they heard Tim coming back. He was carrying two dresses from the wardrobe area in his arms.

“They’re not really right, but they should work to test my idea.” He said. “They were the first two I could find. I didn’t want to take forever. They’re not catalogued by ‘zipper’ or ‘no zipper’.” He seemed to be apologizing.

The first dress had a zip on the side. It was a more formal, longer gown that came just below Ali’s knees. The upper body was similar enough to the go-go dress he’d made for Ali in the shoulders, although it was a lot tighter around the waist and bust.

“I was thinking I could put a zip on either the side or the back that you could pull down. Let the dress fall off of you instead of pulling it up like a shirt.” He explained.

Tracey had everyone take their seats and Ali danced for a few moments, then reached up and pulled the zip down. It was awkward reaching up to get it, and the dress snagged a few times. She pulled her arms forward and allowed the dress to fall to her feet.

“Try it again. See if you can get the zipper to work better.” Tracey called from her seat.

Ali tried it three times before they asked to see the second dress with the zip in the back. Tim brought it up on stage, again seemingly apologetic. “This one really isn’t a dress. I’m sorry, but I figured it wouldn’t matter for what we’re doing. I mean, we’re going to see her anyway.” He stammered, still seeming apologetic.

He handed her the garment. It was the top half of a two-piece dress. “We sometimes make them two pieces so we can get the fit better and it gives a different look.” He explained. “There would be a skirt and a top, and they hook together and then there’s a sash and it looks like a nice dress, but it’s not.”

Ali was blushing furiously. The top was almost identical to the dress she’d just had on; tighter in the stomach and bust with shoulders very much like the go-go dress, and a zip down the back. But it ended just above her naval, leaving her butt and pussy completely bare.

She had been naked already. They had seen both her butt and her pussy. This just somehow drew attention to it; made it the focus. She felt more uncomfortable, but could not explain why.

She danced as she was supposed to, feeling very self conscious that the clothed, covered part of her dance was now somehow more exposing, and then reached behind her. She could not grasp the zip, which was too high on her back.

Tim ran on stage and solved the problem almost instantly. He pulled a piece of string from a tattered cloth on the stage and tied it to the zipper pull so that it hung almost to her butt. She resumed her dance, reached behind her and pulled the zip. It worked perfectly, and the garment fell from her body instantly.

“That’s perfect!” Tracey shouted. “Do it again!”

Ali repeated it three times, becoming more smooth each time. Tim gathered up the go-go dress he had made and began looking at it to determine how he would install the zipper.

Ali was finally allowed to dress and Tracey locked up the theater. By Saturday afternoon Tim had texted Ali to let her know the dress was done. Andrew called AJ and Sam, and Dan, Sean and Ben decided to come along. They all met in Tim’s dorm room, where Ali tried on the dress and practiced her routine for the seven guys and Tracey. Tim had attached an eight inch silk ribbon to the zipper pull, and it worked perfectly. She was able to reach behind herself at waist height and immediately grab the ribbon and tug it down. The dress, with only a slight shrug, would fall from her shoulders and land at her feet.

Saturday night the larger group of friends met up at Tracey and Ali’s room prior to going to a party. The fourteen of them were a tight squeeze in the small dorm room, which only made Ali all that much more uncomfortable when Tracey reminded her that she needed her hour of naked practice before they could leave. Chris, Darren and Jer had heard about the zipper on the dress, so they all stood and sat out of the way giving Ali some floor space and allowed her to practice her routine a few times, all impressed with how easily the dress came off now.

Time has a way of dragging during short periods of stress and discomfort, just as it tends to accelerate when fun and excitement are plentiful. That evening’s naked practice in the crowded dorm room felt like only minutes to the group, while Ali, it seemed, had endured three or four times the hour that had actually passed.

“It’s nine o’clock. Can we go to the party now?” Ali asked when the 60th minute had finally ticked by.

“If you’re asking to go to a party, there’s something wrong!” Tracey joked.

“Can I just get dressed?”

“Everyone ready to go to the party?” asked Tracey.

The girls were ready, but the guys were not. “It was always the plan to go to the party at nine.” Ali whined.

“But if you’re still so upset after an hour of being naked you’re clearly not making the kind of progress we hoped you would be.” Tracey replied. “Is it okay if some of us stay here?”

“It’s fine.” Replied Steph. “I’m going to go meet up with this guy, Eric, I met the other day.” She seemed very excited to leave.

“I’m going with her.” said Monica.

“Anyone else want to leave, or care?”

“We’ll all stay and help Ali.” said Jer, looking around at the other guys. “There’s booze here, and good music, and most of my friends.”

“And a naked girl.” added Ben.

“And a naked girl. That’s very cool.” replied Jer.

“Great. So I’m just the entertainment for the night?” asked Ali, pouting.

“We’ve talked about it.” replied Tracey. “We’re all really trying to help you, and you have already admitted to me that it does help. When you get to class and you’re naked in front of everyone it sucks, but it’s not as hard as it would be if you weren’t doing this with us all the time.”

“I know, but…”

“But nothing. Tracey interrupted. “It’s helping. The guys like to see you naked because you’re cute and you have a good body. But it’s helping. That’s what it’s all about. If you didn’t need to be doing this for your class we wouldn’t be hanging out with you while you’re naked every night but we’d still be hanging out with you. You’re naked because of the class. We’re here because we want to help. That’s it.”

“I know. I’m sorry.” Ali said, bowing her head. “I just feel weird. I’m the only one of us who is ever naked. And the guys all get to see me. And I have to do it whenever you guys want.”

“All for the class.” Tracey replied.

“I know.”

“We’ll see you guys tomorrow!” Steph said, taking advantage of the momentary silence. “Don’t wait up!”

Monica and Steph quickly opened the door and left, and Ali looked around. She was now in a room with ten guys and Tracey, and stark naked.

“Enough of the bullshit.” announced Tracey. “No more whining. We all like to see you naked and we’re not going to pretend we don’t care. You’re hot. We all prefer you naked at all times. Get used to it.”

The guys all looked a little stunned, as though their favorite toy was going to be taken from them now that the secret was out.

“But it’s to help you. So here’s the deal. You are supposed to be getting more comfortable, not watching the clock. So tonight there’s no clock. You’re naked until after your shower tomorrow. You can put on your robe if you have to pee, but that’s it.”

“What?!” asked Ali, stunned. A wash of nerves and humiliation washed over her.

“You need to get more comfortable. This will help you at least pretend to be. It will help you be a better actress. Does everyone agree?”

“But it’s only nine o’clock!” Ali whined.

“There’s no clock tonight, remember?”

“But even if everyone leaves at midnight, that will be four hours!”

“It would be if there was a clock.” Tracey corrected. “But there’s no clock.”

Ali stammered and stuttered, but could not argue her way out of it.

At Tracey’s request Ali got three of the guys fresh drinks. Some were drinking beer, some were drinking Mike’s Hard Lemonade with Ali and Tracey, and some were drinking vodka and Red Bull.

Tracey turned the stereo up and insisted that people dance. Each guy in turn invited Ali to the middle of the room, and Tracey insisted she accept. Some were slow dances, some were faster. The iPod was on shuffle, so the music was truly random. It took over an hour to work her way through the ten guys, and her body was glistening with a thin layer of sweat when she finally took a break.

True to her word, Tracey did not allow Ali to remain covered any longer than necessary. She wore her robe to the bathroom, and the second she was back inside the door it was back off of her, hung in the closet. Ali was truly naked, in every sense of the word. She danced, sat, walked, drank and talked to the guys completely uncovered. There were so many guys in the room that she was seen from every angle.

At 1:30 there was a knock on the door. Monica and Stephanie had returned from the frat party. “We heard the music. You guys still up?”

“Come on in.” Tracey invited.

“Oh, my God! She’s still naked?!”

Ali blushed and everyone cheered.

“How was your date?”

“Eric is awesome.” Stephanie replied. “He’s so cute!”

“He is pretty cute.” Monica confirmed.

“You want to dance?” Jer asked, tapping Ali on the shoulder.

“Of course she does!” said Tracey a little drunkenly. Then she turned to Steph, “tell me about Eric!”

By three o’clock the party was finally breaking up. Stephanie, Monica and a few of the other guys had left, and Andrew had fallen asleep on Tracey’s bed. Soon only Ali and Tracey remained.

“Would you look at that?” Tracey said as though seeing something surprising and shocking.

“What?” inquired Ali.

“You’re still alive after being naked all night.”

“And you’re still a bitch!” Ali joked.

Tracey laughed as she tossed Ali her robe. “Let’s go get ready for bed. I’m falling asleep standing up.”

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Monday’s classes went largely as the prior Wednesday’s had gone. The zipper on the dress worked perfectly, and although Ali remained embarrassed and humiliated, she found she was better able to concentrate on the lecture and coursework. She had remembered to bring jeans and a t-shirt in her backpack, but hadn’t thought at all about shoes, leaving her to explain the white patent leather go-go boots to everyone in her web design class. They already knew that she was the naked girl, so the questions were not about why she was wearing those shoes, but what her costume was this week, and if they could get a show of their own.

Several times during each class Dr. Dickson had to interrupt his lecture to shoo away students who were peeking in through the windows on the classroom door. Ali’s course schedule was now a highly coveted commodity, traded on scraps of paper, through email, and by Thursday of that week, posted on a blog.

Ali was no where near equipped to handle her sudden celebrity status, and found herself seeking the company of her friends more and more. They were acting as body guards, fending off the crude comments, sexual advances and requests for dates that were shouted at her almost everywhere she walked. Without even realizing it, Ali had become so dependant on her friends that she rarely, if ever, wanted to leave her room alone.

On Wednesday after class Andrew walked her back to her dorm, where she found Dan and Sean waiting, looking nervous.

“We didn’t want you to find it, or hear about it.” Dan said as they approached from the stairwell.

“What?” asked Ali, genuinely confused.

“Come inside.” Sean replied, looking nervous. “We’ll explain.”

They walked into Sean and Dan’s room, and all stood silently for a moment.

“What’s the deal?” asked Ali. “I just want to go take a shower.”

“I guess we should just show you.” Dan replied. “Sit down.” He guided Ali to his desk chair in front of his notebook. Andrew stood behind her to one side. Dan reached over her opposite shoulder and clicked on his screen.

A video started almost immediately. Someone in the second class had hooked a webcam to their PC, and captured Ali’s entrance, dance, and disrobing. She clicked the pause button and stood up abruptly, saying nothing. She paced a few times, then slammed herself back into the chair. She looked at the progress bar on the media player. It looked like they had captured about ten minutes of class. She clicked to fast forward through. It was the second class of the day, and she was seated on the stool at the front of the classroom.

She stood once again. “Where did you get this?”

Dan and Sean looked at each other.

“Email.”

“From who?”

Dan pulled up his browser window. There were dozens of names in the “to” field. The email had been sent by someone called “naked girl watcher”, with no email address visible. Ali tried to click on reply. The return address was not valid.

Hi everyone!

You’ve all heard about the naked girl in the polisci class! Here she is! She’s got to be the hottest girl on campus, totally naked in class four times a week!

Ail read the email three times over, looking for a clue to who may have sent it.

“I think I can tell from the position of the camera where the video was taken.” Andrew suggested. “But this is actually really good data. Look at the email text. It doesn’t say anything about how shocking it is, only about how good looking you are. It’s less about the incident than it is about the attractiveness of the girl.”

“I’m really happy that you’re excited about this.” Ali said snidely. “I’m on the god damned internet butt-ass naked, bouncing around in a classroom full of people, but you’re getting good data. This is just the best thing that could have happened. Hooray!”

“I’m sorry.” Andrew said. “You’re right. I wasn’t thinking.”

Ali was too upset to cry. She just kept pacing, then sitting, then pacing again.

“Who was it sent to?” she finally asked.

“Bunch of guys.” Dan replied.

Andrew suddenly looked at the screen. “It was sent fifteen minutes ago.”

He grabbed his cell phone and dialed quickly. “Marty, it’s Andrew. Yeah, whatever. Need a favor. An email is going around the school with an attachment. I need you to kill it on the server.”

Ali suddenly had an anxious knot in her stomach, and the room grew silent, waiting for Andrew to confirm that he was able to do it.

“I don’t care. You have to do this for me.” Another pause. “Tell him I did it. I’m a genius, remember? I hacked in under your passwords.”

Andrew was finally successful. Ali leapt at him when he confirmed that it was done, knocking him back onto Dan’s bed as she hugged him, squealing with delight.

“A few people might have seen it.” Andrew cautioned her friend. “It’s been out there for fifteen minutes. He killed it on the server, but if someone already downloaded it, I don’t know.”

“It’s gone!” Dan said.

Andrew separated himself from Ali and ran to look. Dan’s inbox no longer contained the video.

“The original still exists.” Andrew reminded her, but she was too relieved to care just then.

Andrew excused himself and almost ran out of the room. Ali thanked Dan and Sean for looking out for her and returned to her own room. Five minutes later she knocked on her friends’ door again.

“Can I come hang out in here with you guys?” she asked. “People keep knocking on my door and Tracey’s not home. She’s better at blowing them off.”

Dan stepped back and held the door for Ali to enter the room. “This has to totally suck for you.”

“It’s not as bad as being naked in class, but it does suck.”

The three sat and talked. Try as they all might to change the subject, the foremost thing on all of their minds was Ali’s project, and the recent video. There were many awkward silences and pauses as they all tried to think of other subjects to occupy their conversation.

“I just hate being the center of attention,” Ali said finally, succumbing to the inevitable and inviting conversation about her nudity. “and because of this stupid project everyone knows me, is following me around, wants to talk to me, and I’m suddenly this super-popular girl that everyone wants to hang out with.”

“I think it would totally rock if every girl in the school wanted to hang out with me.” said Dan.

“That’s because you’re a slut.” Ali gibed.

“You kinda are, you know.” Sean confirmed, smiling.

“Guilty!” Dan agreed.

“But I’m not a slut. I’m not like that at all.” Ali said. “I don’t even own a bikini.”

“I thought you were a swimmer!” Sean said.

“And when’s the last time you saw a two-piece racing suit on a swim team?”

Sean and Dan looked at each other. “Playboy Channel!” they replied in unison.

“You guys are total pigs.”

“I think it’s true, what the project assumptions are.” Dan said.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, think about bikinis.”

“I don’t own one.” Ali reminded him.

“I know. But think about how guys love tiny little bikinis and a lot of girls wear thongs and stuff. And girls HATE when guys wear Speedo’s, and the only guy who would wear a thong is a gay stripper.”

“Yeah. So?”

“So the project is all about female nudity. It’s all about a girl being naked in class. Girls don’t care about a guy in the nude.”

“We care.” Ali argued.

“Really? If I just stripped naked right now and started dancing you’d be cool with that?” Sean asked.

Ali blushed even at the thought. “It would be funny.” she said quietly.

“But would it be sexy?”

“I don’t know. You’re my friend. I don’t think of you like that.”

“You’re my friend, but that’s the difference. I sometimes do think of you like that. Not all the time, but when you’re naked, or when you’re wearing shorts and I see your legs or something. Or when you’re swimming.”

“Oh, my God!” Ali said. “Dan, do you think of me that way, too?”

“I think all guys do. We can’t help it, it’s just how we’re wired.”

“Wired like perverts.”

“No. It’s just, I don’t know. It’s just that you’re sexy. I guess if you were really fat and ugly or something maybe I wouldn’t think of you like that.”

“No, you’d just think of me as the fat and ugly girl you WOULDN’T want to screw.” Ali pouted.

“I’m sorry.” Dan said after a short, uncomfortable silence. “I shouldn’t have said anything.”

“I’m sorry, too.” agreed Sean. “I just mean that you’re really cute. And really sexy. I know we’re just friends. I’ll never do anything, but I look at you and I see a cute, sexy girl who has a great sense of humor and stuff, and I just think you’re… sexy.”

Ali blushed and stared at her hands, which were folded in her lap. “I guess I understand. It’s just hard for me. I mean, I’m going to be taking off my clothes tonight in front of you guys again, for like the hundredth time, and I’ve still got four weeks of this crap left. I just didn’t need to know that you’re staring at me and wanting to screw me.”

“But you’re my friend, and I wouldn’t do anything.” Dan said kindly.

“And if you want, you can stare at me and want to screw me and I promise I won’t be mad.” Sean said.

“How about I get all of Tracey’s girlfriends to come over to our room tonight and you can come in and strip naked and dance for all of us for a few hours.” Ali offered, now smiling.

“Ooh, and you guys all promise to want to fuck me?”

“You’re a pig.”

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After dinner Andrew took Ali off campus to the tanning salon, where it had been decided that she would now tan topless.

“Where did you go this afternoon?” Ali asked.

“I went to the computer lab with Marty, the guy I called. I wrote a quick algorithm and I kind of talked him into putting it on the server. It looks at the file size and meta data of the video file that they made of you and quarantines any email that’s trying to send that file on our server. Kind of like a virus definition. My friend Marty will look at anything that gets quarantined and delete it if it’s the video of you.”

“That’s awesome!” Ali said emphatically. “How do you know how to do that?”

“I’m a genius, remember?” Andrew joked.

“You’re a PoliSci and Psych major.”

“So I like computers. They’re really easy for me. I took a bunch of college classes in engineering and programming when I was in high school. It was fun, but I decided I wanted to be in politics instead.”

“You’re really amazing, you know that?”

“You’re the amazing one. I can’t stop thinking about how hard this all is for you. I feel like a total dick for coming up with this project. I just can’t believe that you agreed to it.”

“I really wanted to be in the PoliSci program, and I figured if I refused to do the project you’d want me out of your group and Dr. Dickhead would throw me out of the class.”

“So he’s still Dr. Dickhead.” Andrew said. “What am I? Andy Limpdick?”

“Limpdick. That’s funny. Nope, you’re just Andrew Hardwick. Andy is cute, but it’s not you.”

“I can’t imagine President Andy.”

“Wouldn’t it be President Hardwick?”

“I guess, but I still can’t imagine Andy in there anywhere.”

= O =

“Hey, aren’t you the naked girl?”

“Yes.” Ali blushed. Andrew had dropped her off and was now a few stores down killing time, and Ali was feeling alone and vulnerable.

“Wow. That takes real guts.” replied Tami. She was a sophomore with a part time job at White Lines Tanning Salon. “Everyone’s talking about you.”

“I know.”

“Some of my friends thought you were weird, but a few of the guys we know are in your class. They said you’re incredible for doing this project. They’re all talking about how you’re going to be the first freshman ever published.”

“Yeah.” Ali was staring at the counter, not making eye contact.

“I think you’re really brave. I could never do that, even if it was for something really important.”

“Thanks. Can I get a booth?” Ali replied, handing Tami her prepaid pass.

“Yeah. Sorry.”

Tami walked Ali back to one of the booths, providing a towel and protective eyewear. “You need to tan for the project?”

“Yeah.” Ali replied. She was really feeling uncomfortable.

“What’s your next thing? It’s the eighties, right?”

“Yeah. Sports thing.”

“Cool. I’m sorry I keep bothering you. I’ll leave you alone now.”

“Thanks.”

“You’re just as cute as they all said you were.” Tami said, pausing for a moment before closing the door.

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Andrew was inside waiting for Ali to come out, saving Ali from having to fumble through another conversation with Tami.

“See you, Alison!” Tami called brightly as they left.

“Thanks. See you.” Ali called back without turning her head.

“Who’s that?” Andrew asked as they approached his car.

“Girl who works there. Some of her friends are in our class.”

“Oh. Another fan?”

“I guess.”

“I’m sorry.” Andrew said.

“For what?”

“For making you do this stupid project.”

“Stop apologizing or you don’t get to come to naked practice any more.” Ali said, trying to elevate her own mood more than anything.

“Fine. I’m not at all sorry and I look forward to the next time you strip for us all.”

“You’re kind of an ass, Mister Andy Limpdick.”

“And you’ve got a hell of an ass, miss naked hotchick.

The conversation on the drive home was a lot more lively and fun, although

= O =

After all of the stresses of the day, Tracey didn’t have the heart to make Ali do her naked practice that night. Ali sat in her room and drank a few shots with her friends and completely ignored her homework.

Lying in bed later that night, completely undressed as was now the custom, sleep eluded her. Thoughts of the video, of Andrew’s help in keeping the video from going viral, and of how many other videos would likely surface in the next few weeks kept her mind active at first, but those thoughts were eventually replaced with the voices of her friends. Dan and Sean had both said she was cute and sexy. She’d never known that anyone thought of her as sexy. Andrew had told her she had a nice butt. Even Tami, the airhead from the tanning salon said she was cute.

And there was the video. Maybe it was just because there was a naked girl in school, but maybe it was because she was cute, too. Tracey had told her she was cute. So had Steph and Monica. They made her show her body to them that first night, and they had all complimented her.

It was strange for Ali to think of herself as sexy. For so long she had been just a plain girl, fading into the background and going all but unnoticed by most people. Now she was a celebrity. Paparazzi were taking pictures of her in class, and fans were stalking her around campus and even following her to her dorm room. Maybe it wasn’t all because she was just the naked girl. Maybe the guys really did think she was cute.

With a small grin on her lips, Ali finally rolled onto her side and drifted off into a sleep filled with dreams of shirtless knights upon muscled, sinewy steeds battling for her favor. Their long rapiers flashed in the brilliant sunlight as they fought, their muscles flexing and glistening with perspiration. Ali knew on some level that she was naked, but she was not embarrassed as she stood out of harms way, witnessing the struggle to win her affections.

She sat enraptured with the beauty of the battling young men, the way their strong arms flexed and bulged as they wielded their weapons, blocking each thrust, deflecting every blow from the equally mesmerizing opponent. There was no victor, and neither was a man defeated in this struggle; as though choreographed as a display of strength and stamina. In due time she found that they were no longer on horseback, and were instead battling with daggers, locked in close combat that was equal parts swordplay and wrestling on the grassy field. She found herself standing, moving toward them. One turned toward her, and the other followed suit. She stopped, and now they were walking toward her, their perfect skin and muscled chests glistening in the bright sun as dew seems to shimmer and shine on the petals of a rose in the early dawn. Both men lowered their daggers, which at once became their penises, which were large and turgid, standing erect and proud as they walked, naked, slowly toward her.

She awoke with a start. It was early morning, judging by the quality of the feeble sunlight leaking into the room around the curtain. She was holding her pillow as she would a lover, and had been gently and lightly caressing her bare sex against the folded corner.

“I was just humping my pillow!” she thought to herself. “And dreaming about naked guys!”

This was not at all like her, and she was confused, though admittedly aroused. She tried to sleep, wishing to return to her dream, but her minds eye was locked on the image of the two naked men, their hands grasping their firm cocks as they walked toward her. She was humping her pillow again, almost imperceptibly at first. She realized what she was doing as her body was approaching orgasm. She heard herself moaning softly, and pushed her face into her covers to muffle the sound. She snaked her right arm down under the pillow, pushing it harder against her swollen pussy as her hips continued to thrust and writhe in perfect rhythm with her desire. Her eyes were shut tight, the vision of the two men, slowly walking toward her holding their erections. Now they were slowly stroking, masturbating themselves for her to watch.

Ali’s body went rigid, her legs thrust out and together, squeezing the pillow against her wet, hungry pussy. Her right arm was pushing hard, applying more pressure to her swollen clit as she grunted, signaling her orgasm. She came hard, panting and issuing guttural sounds from her throat, sounding more animal than human.

When the waves of pleasure had receded, she relaxed her body. Her left hand was pressed hard against her breast, the pillow still squeezed tightly between her legs, and her face was still pressed hard against the mattress.

Ali extricated herself from the tangle of sheets and duvet. Her pillow was damp in one corner and smelled of raw sex. The sheet was pulled from the mattress and in total disarray. She had drooled a small puddle on the sheets where she had pressed her face to muffle the sounds of her orgasm. She looked anxiously toward Tracey’s bed; she had not stirred, and still slept soundly.

Ali quietly rose and slipped into her robe. She straightened the sheets and pillow before slipping into her shower shoes and quietly leaving the room. In the bathroom she washed herself, inwardly marveling at the pleasure she had felt.

Ali had never masturbated. Ali had been on a few dates in high school, but had allowed no more than a kiss. Her neighbor, Kevin, had taken her to prom. He was one of her closest friends at home, and they had gone together platonically, not as a couple.

The dancing, the fancy dress and the atmosphere made the night seem almost magical; more romantic than she thought it would be. She kissed him when they got in the car. She allowed his tongue to slide into her mouth, and she pushed her own back into his. It had felt wonderful and sexy to her, until he reached for her breast, breaking the spell. The night did not end there, but they did not kiss again.

To date, that had been the highlight of her sexual awakening.

In the privacy of the shower, with the hot water caressing her naked skin, she closed her eyes to reimagine her naked knights, and she touched herself. As the second orgasm of her life washed over her body, she nearly lost her footing, falling against the back wall of the shower.

“You’re up early.” Tracey said groggily as Ali entered the room.

“Woke up after a… bad dream. Couldn’t sleep.” Ali replied.

“Bad dream?”

“Yeah. No biggie.”

“Try to be more quiet next time you have a bad dream.” Tracey replied, still half asleep, and then rolled back over and shut her eyes.

Panic welled up inside Ali. Had Tracey heard her? Or was Tracey talking about the fact that she’d opened the door too loudly upon her return and woken her roommate? She wanted to ask, but couldn’t think of a way to do so without admitting what she’d done.

Ali’s cell phone told her that it was now only 7 AM, so she still had a few hours before her first class. The only people who would be up at this hour would have an early class. She thought of staying in the safety of her room, waiting for Tracey to awaken, but decided instead to take her notebook to the cafeteria, where she could sit alone in a far corner and finish her homework and sip some coffee. Maybe a bowl of cereal, too.

The cafeteria was mostly empty, but she was recognized by the student workers who manned the buffet line, and received a few waves from the random students who, like her, were up early with nowhere to be immediately. She was thankful that she was left mostly to herself in her corner of the room. She sat with her back to the wall so that she could see anyone approaching, but kept her head down and only furtively glanced around the room on occasion.

She completed her homework within the hour, and stood, stretching and realizing for the first time just how tired she was. She walked back to the coffee cart and refilled her cup, pouring in an extra sugar packet for good measure.

“Ali!”

She turned toward the sound of the voice. Grayson Matthews was waving and walking toward her with a plate of food. He was in the Business Accounting course that would be her first class of the day, and had sat near her a few times.

“Hey, Grayson.”

“What are you doing up so early?” he asked her.

“Bad dream. Couldn’t fall back asleep.”

“Sucks.” he said. “I hate bad dreams.”

“Yeah.” She agreed. “Why are you up?”

“Thought today was Wednesday. I have a 7:30 on Wednesday’s and I set my alarm. I was already up and halfway to class before I figured out that I’m an idiot.”

“Did you miss your classes yesterday?” Ali joked.

“You’re funny. Mind if I sit with you?”

“I’m over here.” Ali replied, resigned. She really didn’t want to answer questions about her nudity in the classroom just now, but Grayson had always been very nice to her, and gave her no reason to rebuke him. Besides, he was kind of cute.

Grayson stood almost six foot two and had short blonde hair. He favored a messy style, but more of a structured mess than the “I just got out of bed and don’t care” mess. His eyes were a slate blue that looked gray, making his name that much more apropos. He was strong and fit, and carried himself confidently, although he had a reputation as being fairly withdrawn. Ali had noticed him since the first day of class, when he arrived with only a pad of paper and nothing to write with. She had been using her notebook PC, and therefore gave him her pen.

The two sat, and while Grayson ate his breakfast and Ali drank her coffee they talked about classes, home, friends and parents. They talked for over an hour, and never once did the conversation come around to her PoliSci class or her nudity.

“Oh, crap!” he said suddenly, glancing at his cell phone. “We’re going to be late!”

They had sat and talked for so long, and with such ease, that they had both lost track of time. Ali tucked her notebook into her bag as Grayson quickly picked up his dishes and ran to the bus station.

“I have to get my books!” he called. “I’ll see you there!”

“I’ll come with you!” she said, unsure of why, and jogged along in his wake.

Together they ran to his room, which was one floor below hers on the same side of the building. Amazing, she thought, that they had never met on the stairs before.

His room was neat and tidy, with only a few things out of place. He had a blue messenger bag slung over his desk chair, and it was already packed. His roommate was sound asleep in his bed, and did not stir as Grayson ran into the room, grabbed his back and dashed back out.

Ali and Grayson dashed across campus, laughing together as they stumbled, slightly sweaty and out of breath, into the classroom just before the professor was ready to shut the door. They took seats together near the back of the room, and Ali couldn’t stop glancing in his direction the entire hour.

“What do you have after this?” Grayson asked.

“Web design.” Ali replied. “Blow off class.”

“I’m headed to the science building. Biology for me.” he replied. “You want to meet up for lunch or dinner?”

“Dinner sounds great. Thursday’s are crazy and I usually eat lunch on the run.” She replied, feeling that she had to explain why she didn’t want to have lunch with him.

“You know where I live. Why don’t you come get me at 7:00?” he suggested.

“I’ll be there at seven.” she replied. They both stood for a moment. Their parting seemed somehow incomplete.

“See you.” she said awkwardly.

“Seven o’clock!” he replied.

The rest of her classes seemed to drag past in slow motion that day. When she finally headed back to her room at 4:00 that afternoon she felt as if it had been a week since she’d had breakfast with Grayson. Tracey returned to the room around half an hour later, with Monica and Stephanie in tow, to find half of Ali’s closet scattered on her bed or the floor.

“Moving out?” Tracey asked nonchalantly.

“I have horrible taste in clothes.” Ali replied.

“Someone met a guy.” Tracey said. It wasn’t a question.

Ali blushed and buried herself in her closet, looking intently at a pair of black dress pants.

“So we need to help you.” Tracey continued. “Monica, go get your Seven jeans and that cute red sweater.”

Ali turned to look at her friends. Monica was already halfway out the door. “Don’t talk about him ‘till I get back!” she called.

Ali was still blushing, and Tracey and Stephanie just smiled at her, making her feel even more self conscious.

“You little slut.” Tracey laughed.

Ali smiled and blushed deeper.

Monica was back in less than two minutes with two pairs of jeans and three of her sweaters. They all fit Ali fairly well, but were much tighter than what she normally wore, and were made with spandex in the denim so they would stretch. The sweaters were lower cut and showed her cleavage, but were very cute.

“I guess after running around naked for the last few weeks I should feel fine, but this is so not me.” Ali said, looking at herself in the mirror.

“When is your date?” Tracey asked, checking her roommate out and ignoring her concerns.

“Seven.”

“Good. We have time. Put your own clothes back on and let’s go.”

“Go where?” Ali asked.

“Just get dressed. I’ll be back in a minute.”

Tracey left the room without another word or backward glance, leaving Ali, Stephanie and Monica to shrug questioningly at each other. Ali changed back into her jeans, t-shirt and hoodie and was just tying her shoes when Tracey returned with Andrew’s car keys.

“We’re going shopping. We’ll have you back in plenty of time.” she announced, dangling the keys. “Let’s get going.”

“What’s wrong with the clothes Monica lent me?” Ali asked as they drove to the mall.

“Nothing, but you can’t wear those granny panties you wear with tight jeans. You had panty lines. Very unsightly.”

Ali blushed, and remained silent.

At the mall they parked and headed straight to Victoria’s Secret. There they bought Ali two thongs and matching bras, and then went to Hot Topic. Ali tried on at least six different styles of jeans before making her selection. Tracey insisted on helping to pay and she left with three new pairs of jeans, a sweater similar to the one Monica was going to lend her, and two very cool pullovers.

“We have to hurry back.” Ali complained. “I don’t want to be late.”

She had told them all about Grayson, and about their conversation at breakfast. “Best of all, he didn’t ask me at all about me being the naked girl.”

Tracey warned her friend to be careful, the three girls helped her with her hair and makeup, and Ali pulled on her first thong.

“Oh, my God. It feels like it’s up my ass. This is so uncomfortable!” Ali complained.

All tags removed and the new outfit in place, Ali left her dorm room feeling like she had recently been the recipient of a wedgie, and walked down one floor to knock on Grayson’s door.

“Hey.” he said as he pulled open the door. “Wow. You look amazing.”

Ali blushed furiously, and mumbled something that sounded a bit like “thanks” as she dropped her gaze.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to embarrass you.” he said. “I’ve just never seen you dressed up like this before.”

“Thanks.” she said, a little louder this time.

“You want to get out of here? We can go into town for dinner if you want.”

“Um, I guess.” Ali said, feeling a little more nervous now.

Together they walked to his car. He opened the passenger door for her, allowing her to be seated before he closed the door and ran around to the drivers’ side.

“I absolutely love the pizza at this place in town. Is pizza okay?”

“It’s fine.” Ali replied. “Where are we going?”

“It’s called ‘Slice of Life’. They deliver to campus but it’s so much better there.”

“I haven’t tried their pizza yet.”

“Oh, it’s awesome. You’ll love it.”

The drive lasted about fifteen minutes, but to Ali it seemed like only two. She and Grayson were able to talk so freely and easily, and the time seemed to rocket past. They continued their easy banter as the entered the storefront and took a seat by the window.

Slice of Life was a small restaurant in a strip mall on the other side of town, near the mall. There were six booths with high-backed wooden benches set along the front windows, all dimly lit by small pendant lights hanging from the ceiling. The seclusion created by the height of the seats coupled with the low lighting created a very private, intimate atmosphere.

There were 15 small square tables, each with four chrome and leather chairs set around. All of the tables were laid with plastic red and white checkered table cloths and paper napkins.

The restaurant was mostly empty on a Thursday evening, but Ali guessed that on a Friday or Saturday it would be difficult to find a seat.

A young man who Ali recognized from her dorm building walked over to the table. His nametag identified him as “Chip”. He was tall and thin with red hair and freckles, and his dark blue eyes looked almost black in the dim light of the restaurant table.

“Can I take your… Hey, you’re that girl from the video!” he said, stopping short and no longer interested in taking their order.

“What video?” asked Grayson, genuinely confused.

“Let’s go. Can we leave?” asked Ali.

“What’s the matter?”

“It is you! Wow.”

“I just want to leave.” repeated Ali, starting to perspire now.

“Can you get us two waters and give us a minute?” Grayson said to the waiter.

Chip was reluctant to leave, but after only a moment’s hesitation he turned and went into the kitchen.

“I just want to go.” Ali was close to tears.

Grayson quickly moved around so that he was sitting next to her in the booth. “If you want to go we can go. I don’t know what’s going on and you don’t have to tell me, but I wish you would.”

Ali took a deep breath and held back the tears. “I’m sorry. I should have told you. I just hate talking about it.”

“Then don’t talk about it. I don’t want to upset you.”

“But he knows and he’s not going to leave us alone.” Ali replied.

“Who knows? The waiter?”

At that moment Chip returned with two waters. “I just can’t believe I’m meeting you.” He said.

“Leave us alone. She doesn’t want to be bothered.” Grayson replied.

Chip took an attitude. “You can’t sit here unless you order something.”

Grayson reached into his pocked and pulled out some cash, then slapped a five dollar bill on the table. “Five bucks for water. Now leave us alone while we talk.”

Chip regarded the cash for a moment, then walked away without picking it up.

“If you want to go, let’s go.” Grayson said kindly.

“Have you heard about the girl in the PoliSci class who shows up to class naked every week?” Ali asked quietly, looking somewhere between the table and her hands, which were clasped in her lap.

“What? Yeah. I mean, I heard about it.”

“It’s me.” she said, and a tear leaked out of her eye.

Grayson was silent for a moment. “Are you afraid I’m going to think you’re easy?”

“What?” Now it was Ali’s turn to be confused. “No. I don’t know. I hadn’t thought about it. I don’t know.”

“I don’t know why you’re so upset.” Grayson replied.

“I just hate that I have to do that.” she said, looking up and locking eyes with him. “And you and I didn’t talk about it and I didn’t know if you knew or not but you were nice to me without talking about me being naked.”

“I didn’t know. If you don’t want to talk about your class, we won’t talk about your class.” he replied simply.

“How can you be like that? Everyone thinks stuff about me or teases me or stuff about it. Why are you like this?”

“Look.” He said kindly but firmly. “I asked you out because I like you. I sat near you in our first accounting class and you just seemed really nice. You loaned me your pen. Plus you’re cute and stuff.”

“I didn’t know you remembered that.” Ali replied.

“Of course I remembered. But I could never talk to you. You always just have your head down, buried in a book or your computer, and you just take off after class and never talk to anyone. So when I saw you in the cafeteria this morning, I just wanted to talk. I had no idea you were so smart and so funny.”

Ali blushed at the compliments. She was not used to guys talking to her like this, and didn’t know how to respond.

“And so I find out you’re the girl everyone’s talking about. I don’t care. I still want to get to know you. I’m still glad I asked you out.”

“I’m glad you asked me out, too.” Ali said finally, wiping a tear from her cheek.

“So can we stay and have dinner?”

“I’d like that.” She favored him with a genuine smile. “I’m going to go to the ladies room and clean the mascara off my chin. Can you order for us? I really don’t want to talk to Chip.”

“You look perfect, but you go ahead. I’ll make sure he leaves us alone.” Grayson said kindly, smiling back at her, then standing to let her out.

When she returned to the table Grayson was back in his original seat. Ali was a little disappointed; she had enjoyed the closeness.

“I already ordered. You’re really going to like this pizza.”

True to his word, Grayson ignored the subject of Ali’s class and her nudity the whole night. Chip also kept his distance from them, apparently at Grayson’s request. Even with Ali’s mind preoccupied with her class and what Grayson’s real thoughts might be, their conversation was smooth and easy, laced with humor and mutual respect.

As they got into the car, Ali started to feel nervous again. “I need to tell you.” she said.

“Tell me what?”

“About… it.”

“Only if you want to. You don’t owe me anything.”

“I know. That’s why I have to tell you. I think I can trust you.”

“I know you can trust me, but you’re the only one who can decide how much.”

“See, it’s stuff like that. You know exactly what to say.”

Grayson remained silent, waiting for Ali to speak or not.

“I don’t like it.”

“Don’t like what?” he asked.

“Being naked. In front of everyone.”

Again Grayson remained silent, and finally Ali just blurted it all out. She told him about how she was shy and how everyone at her high school thought her a snob. About how she really wanted to be in the PoliSci program, and about her meeting with Dr. Dickson. She told him about how Andrew had suggested auditing the class, and how she ended up on his project team. She confessed to him that she had fallen asleep while reading the proposal, which was a fact that no one knew except Monica, Stephanie and Tracey.

She told him about how scared she was, and how nervous she got, and then she told him about naked practice. She was most scared to tell him that.

“Are you done?” he asked after almost a half minute of silence. “I don’t want to interrupt you.”

“Are you disgusted with me?”

“Disgusted with you? No! Why?”

“Because of naked practice.”

“It’s like homework. It’s rehearsing.” He reasoned.

“For me it is, I guess. The guys just get off on it.”

“So, then you know your friends aren’t weird.”

Ali blushed. She was thankful that it was dark in the car. She looked out at the road and didn’t recognize where she was.

“Where are we?”

“I didn’t want to interrupt you, and I didn’t want to just park, so I’ve been driving around.” He turned onto a side street and Ali recognized the main drive up to the college buildings.

“Thank you.” she said.

“So what about all of this?” he asked.

“I just wanted you to know. I felt wrong not telling you.”

“So I know. What do you want now?”

“I’m not sure. I just want to know that you’re okay with it.”

“How about if I take you out this weekend on another date. Will that help you know that I’m okay with it?”

“It will be a good start.”

“You’re really amazing, you know that, Ali?”

She blushed. “I’m not that amazing.”

“You’re this incredibly driven, focused girl. You’re smart, funny, sexy as hell, and you have this inner strength and peace that I’ve never seen before.”

“What strength?”

“You hate this. You don’t want to be naked for this class, you fell asleep reading the proposal. You could have told them to go to hell and no one would have thought badly of you, regardless of what you think. But you gave your word, so you just did it. You did something that probably only one percent of the people at this school would do. Maybe less than that. Every day you force yourself to go through with something that most of us would run away from.”

“You make it sound so great. It’s not.”

“I’m just telling it like it is. It’s the truth. You hate it, right?”

“Yeah.”

“You wish you could stop, right?”

“Well, yeah.”

“Wish you could go back in time and somehow get out of ever being put in the situation?”

“Yeah.”

“But every day you do it. You push yourself.”

“Yeah.”

“And every day it sucks.”

“Yeah.”

“You’re right. You’re not strong. You’re weak and untrustworthy and always take the easy way out.”

Ali sat uncomfortably while Grayson parked the car. He opened her door for her and took her hand in his as he walked her back to the dorm. “Can I walk you home?”

Ali laughed. “I live right above you.”

“Is that a yes?”

“Yes.”

At the door she stood uncomfortably. “You promise you don’t think bad about me for naked practice?”

“Do you trust your friends?”

“Yeah.”

“Then I trust them, and I already trust you. There’s nothing to think bad about.”

She stood silently for a few moments, staring at him. “Are you going to kiss me?”

He leaned in, gently stroking her cheek with his thumb as his palm gently cradled her jaw, tilting her head back. His lips were soft and warm, and his tongue gently probed at her mouth until she opened it, allowing their tongues to intertwine. He was a really good kisser.

“Good night, Ali.”

“Good night, Gray.”

He started to walk away and Ali grabbed his hand. He turned, and she kissed him again.

“Good night.” she said, breathlessly.

“It sure will be.” He smiled. He kissed her again, just a peck, and walked away.

Ali opened her door and went inside. Tracey, Dan, Sean and Andrew were inside playing cards.

“You’re home late, young lady.” Tracey admonished jokingly.

“And you don’t bring your young man in to meet us?” asked Andrew.

“I told him.” Ali said. “About everything. Naked practice.”

“Speaking of which…” Tracey said, smiling.

“Not tonight? Please?” Ali begged.

“It’s only ten o’clock, and you didn’t do it last night.” Tracey said impatiently. “And the guys all want to see your new underwear!”

Ali blushed, but began removing her new clothes, folding them neatly to put them away as she went as her friends all moved quickly to sit on the beds, making her feel even more like she was performing for an audience. Once she was down to her new bra and panties, Tracey stopped her.

“Show everyone your new undies!” she chided.

Ali stood uncertainly and turned in place, feeling the heat rise in her face. She also felt something different and strange. She felt the beginnings of sexual excitement building in her.

“You should always wear thongs!” Dan said.

“Unless you’re wearing nothing.” corrected Sean.

“That’s really hot.” agreed Andrew.

“Really Hot. You look incredible.” Tracey concurred. “Now take ‘em off.”

Ali started at the suddenness and harshness of her friends command, but after only a few moments pause, complied, kicking her new panties off toward her laundry basket, and hanging her bra on the small hook inside her closet door, next to her robe.

“You haven’t shaved?” Tracey admonished. “You need to look all 1980’s. That’s totally 70’s.”

Ali blushed anew as her hands instinctively sought to cover herself. After a moment she relaxed her arms and allowed them to fall again to her side.

“So what does 80’s pubic hair look like?” she asked, the heat absolutely radiating from her bright red face.

Tracey opened her notebook and in a few moments had a variety of pictures pulled up from the internet. The guys all looked at them, then looked back at Ali, and discussed.

“I think the racing stripe.”

“Racing stripe?! It’s a landing strip!”

“Whatever. I think something like this picture.”

“What’s the next week?” asked Tracey.

“Huh?”

“Well, the week after this is 90’s, so she’ll need to do something different then.”

“It’s 90’s sorority girl.” Ali reminded her.

“So what is she doing for that?”

“Why does that matter?”

“If we shave too much off for the 80’s, or in the wrong shape, we might not be able to do the 90’s!” Tracey said.

Another internet search later and they were browsing more pictures of naked girls.

“Oh, this is awesome!” Dan cried, stopping them on one specific picture. It was a young girl with bright red hair wearing the tiniest blue plaid schoolgirl skirt and white cotton blouse. She was holding the skirt up in front to reveal a mostly shaved crotch, with just a small heart-shaped tuft of bright red hair above her vagina.

Ali argued against, but the guys all loved it, and she was defeated.

“It’s settled, then.” Tracey interrupted. “So we need to be sure to leave enough hair for that.”

One text message and fifteen minutes later brought Darren, the stage makeup artist, and Tim, the costume designer to their door. Tracey explained their needs, showing the guys the picture on the internet.

“Is she going to dye her hair?” Darren asked.

“I don’t want to dye it if I can’t wash it out!” begged Ali.

“I think I can do something.” replied Darren.

“Then I think it would be cool.” Andrew said thoughtfully. I’ll talk to Sam and AJ tomorrow.

Ali was blushing furiously, but stood quietly as they discussed her pubic hair. Finally, Darren had her lie back on the bed, and using her mascara brush and eyeliner pencil, he traced in a perfect heart.

Ali was absolutely mortified at this. No one had ever touched her there, and now, in front of four guy friends and Tracey, a guy she’d only met a few weeks ago was drawing a heart, pulling and positioning her pubic hair with his face only inches away from her spread legs.

Once everyone was satisfied that it would look the same as the heart on the girl in the picture, Andrew ran back to his room to retrieve his electric razor. To Ali’s horror, she was made to shave herself there in front of everyone.

Ali had always trimmed her pubic hair to disappear under her swimwear, but had always allowed it to grow pretty naturally where it would be covered. It was therefore quite a bit more embarrassing for her to shave her outer lips and the area below, exposing her nakedness more than it ever had been since she was eleven years old.

To add to her humiliation, at Tracey’s request, Darren took the razor from her in order to trim the landing strip around the drawn-in heart so that she would not accidentally shave off too much.

After he announced himself finished, Ali was sent to the bathroom to wash off the mascara from her pubic hair so they could properly see the new landing strip.

Once everyone had viewed her much closer, more intently and much longer than ever before, Tracey dismissed the rest of the group, ensuring them that naked practice would resume the following day, and finally Ali and Tracey were alone.

“That was probably the most humiliating thing ever.” She said, a deep blush evident on her skin despite her now deep tan.

“That was a little more than I originally intended, but I still think you handled it okay.” Tracey replied. “I told you I’m not going to give you anything you can’t handle, and now the worst of it is over.”

“Who says I handled that?” Ali asked.

“Shut up. You handled it fine. You blushed a bit, but you didn’t run away screaming!”

“Is running away an option? I didn’t know. I’ll do that from now on.”

“I’ll have to set up video cameras. You running naked across campus is going to get me about a million hits on youtube!”

“You really can be a bitch, you know that?”

“And you can be such a drama queen. They’ve all seen everything before, this was just a little closer up.”

“A little?!”

“Okay, a lot. But it’s nothing they haven’t all seen before.”

“But now there’s not even hair covering me. My pussy is just out there!”

“Baby steps. Next week, a little less hair. Nothing you can’t handle.”

“I’m going to bed.” Ali announced, frustrated with Tracey’s apparent nonchalance about her abject embarrassment. She grabbed her robe, stepped into her shower shoes and headed off to the bathroom with her toothbrush.

= O =

Tracey assured herself that Ali was gone, then picked up her cell phone. “I think it’s working.” she said, after hitting a speed dial. “She’s embarrassed and everything, but it’s getting easier. If we had tried to shave her five weeks ago she’d have fought us off with a whip and chair. No way she would have allowed it. She didn’t even cry.”

Tracey paused as she listened. “I’ll keep pushing her slow. I’ll get the theater set up for tomorrow.”

Another pause. “Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. She was humping the crap out of her pillow the morning… yeah… no, for a while. No way I could have slept through that. Between the bed squeaking and her moaning and grunting I’m surprised half the floor wasn’t knocking on the door to see what was up! She’s a real loud one!”

Tracey laughed at something said. “No, I pretended to be asleep. She was gone in the shower a long time. Wouldn’t be surprised if she did it again there… Yeah, I’ll let you know. Cool.”

= O =

Ali returned as Tracey was wrapping herself in her robe and heading out the door. By the time Tracey had returned Ali was in bed, her light turned off.

“Goodnight, Ali.” Tracey said quietly.

“Goodnight. I’m sorry.” Ali replied. “I know you’re just trying to help me.”

“I’m sorry, too.” Tracey replied. “I know it sucks for you.”

“Thanks. It means a lot that you say that every once in a while. Sometimes it seems like I’m more of your toy than your friend.”

“Can’t you be both?”

“Oh, you’re hilarious. I’m going to talk to your acting teacher about having Eliza Doolittle appear nude for the second act.”

“Why, you going to be my understudy?”

Ali laughed. She couldn’t quite win with Tracey, but somehow it was always still fun.

“Goodnight.”

“Night.”

That night Ali found herself naked and trapped in a burning building. She didn’t recognize her surroundings at all. A fireman broke down the door with a single swing of his axe, and rushed to her side. He gently covered her with his heavy coat, leaving him bare-chested, wearing only his pants, boots, suspenders and his hat, which was obscuring his face. He easily lifted Ali in his strong arms, her bare skin touching his with the coat draped over her like a blanket. He carried her through the flames to the street where he laid her on a pure white hospital gurney. He removed his hat, revealing Grayson’s face, and he bent forward to kiss her. She felt the softness of his lips on hers, and the moisture of his tongue as it caressed and entangled with her own. When her eyes opened the fire was gone. The gurney had become a bed, and he was naked. He sat next to her, and she realized that there were no covers on the bed, his coat had disappeared along with the rest of his clothes, and she was completely exposed. This did not cause her any distress, and she reached out to him, enfolding his naked body with hers in an embrace, their lips finding one another again. She could feel his hardness as it pressed against her, and she thrust her pelvis against his.

Not a word was spoken, and there were no ambient sounds. Her entire world was the feeling of his body against hers. Their bodies moved in rhythm with each other, and she felt an orgasm approach. Her tongue was urgently probing his mouth, her hands wandering from his bare ass to his back to his shoulders and finally his strong chest.

His hands, too, were gently groping her butt, her thighs and her breasts as she ground her pussy against his swollen cock. There was no penetration, but the feeling was incredible.

Ali awoke suddenly as the orgasm hit her. Later she would wonder if the sound of her cry woke her, or if it was the feeling of the orgasm itself. Her pillow was folded in half, crushed between her legs. The bedclothes had been kicked off, leaving her completely bare. She was on her stomach, both arms tucked under her, pushing the pillow upward even has her body pressed down onto it. Her bare skin was covered in a light film of perspiration, and she was whimpering uncontrollably as the orgasm continued to wash through her body, wave after wave, unceasing, unrelenting.

The orgasm lasted for close to a full minute, during which Ali was completely unaware of her surroundings. As the intensity of her climax began to decline, she became conscious of where she was, and how loud she was. Surely Tracey had awoken.

Ali slowly rose to a sitting position. The room was very dark indicating that it was well before dawn. She listened for her roommate, and heard Tracey stirring.

“You awake?” Ali whispered.

“You done over there?” Tracey asked, the grin on her face obvious in her voice.

Ali was abjectly embarrassed, knowing now that she’d been caught. She did not reply, but busied herself pulling the covers back onto the bed and straightening them out.

“Must have been some dream.” Tracey laughed.

Ali remained silent, so Tracey continued. “Don’t be embarrassed. I watched you get your pussy shaved. I think we’re friends now.”

“Okay, so that made me feel better.”

“Was it Grayson? In your dream?”

“He was a fireman and pulled me out of a burning building.”

“And then you put out his fire?”

Ali laughed, still embarrassed. “Something like that.”

“You really like him, don’t you?”

“He’s so great. I’ve only been out with him once, and we had breakfast, so maybe it’s twice, but he’s just so great.”

“I’m happy for you.” Tracey replied kindly.

“I’m happy, too.”

“Does he know about the naked stuff?”

“I told him about it on our date.” Ali replied.

The two girls sat in the dark, and Ali told Tracey all about the date; about the waiter, Chip, about Grayson’s understanding, how she’d told him about everything, even about falling asleep reading the proposal, and about how he thought she was brave.

“He sounds great.” Tracey agreed. “Just be careful. Some guys seem great but aren’t.”

“I know. But I really hope Grayson’s not one of those.”

“I hope so, too.”

Ali felt a lot better. She was still embarrassed at being caught, but Tracey’s understanding and her attitude about it went a long way to reassuring Ali that it was okay.

“I’m sorry I woke you.”

“I think you may have woken half the building.” Tracey joked.

“Was I really that loud?”

“No, not really. But you were loud.”

“I’ve never really done that before.” Ali said softly. “Last night I had a dream. That was the first time.”

“First time in a dream or first time… first time ever?”

“First time. Ever. Anything like that.”

“You really have to get out more.” Tracey said, awed.

“Have you had sex?”

“A few different guys. Yeah.”

“Is that what it’s like?”

“Not always, but sometimes. Most of the time. With the right guy.” Tracey replied.

“I think I could enjoy sex.” Ali said, her blush obvious in her voice.

“That’s really the point.” Tracey laughed in reply. “Unless you want to get knocked up and use that as an excuse to drop out of college and stop doing the project.”

“I hadn’t thought of that one. But it would be a few months before anyone could even tell I was pregnant, and the project will be over in three weeks.”

“Yeah. And you’d probably have to take care of the kid for eighteen years, so it might be a little bit overkill to get you out of doing your homework.”

“A little bit.” Ali agreed, laughing.

“Don’t rush into it, though.” Tracey said.

“Do I seem like the kind of girl who’d just get naked with a boy and let him touch me like that?” Ali asked, obvious sarcasm and mirth in her voice.

“No.” agreed Tracey seriously. “More like the kind of girl who’d get naked in front of a dozen guys and let them shave your cunt.”

“Yeah, that does kind of seem like something I’d do.” Ali agreed.

“You going to be okay?”

“Fine. I’m going to go back to sleep and see if Grayson wants to see my new hairstyle.” Ali replied.

It took Tracey a moment. “Hairstyle. Nice. That’s funny.”

“Night.”

Ali laid hard on her pillow; it smelled musty and strongly of sex. “I have to wash my sheets tomorrow” she thought to herself, flipping it over and carefully sniffing the other side. In only a few minutes she was soundly back asleep. Grayson made no repeat appearances in her dreams.

“Breakfast?” That was the entirety of the text message that woke Ali the next morning at eight o’clock. It was from Grayson.

Ali scrambled out of bed and dashed to the mirror. She quickly reapplied her mascara and dragged a brush through her hair. She pulled on one of her new thong panties with its matching bra and a different pair of her new, tight jeans, along with her new sweater. She grabbed her phone and wrote “brushing teeth. 5 mins.”, then tucked it into her pocket and grabbed her toothbrush, slipping her bare feet into her flip flops.

She pulled the door open to find Grayson standing in the hallway. “I can wait five minutes.” He said, glancing up from his phone.

Ali smiled and flushed. “I just…” she said lamely, holding up her toothbrush in one hand, toothpaste in the other.

“I’ll be right here.” He assured her, and she smiled broadly at him, then dashed down the hall to the bathroom. She checked and rechecked her hair and face in the mirror as she brushed, then collected herself and tried to appear calm as she walked back to her room. Grayson was still standing outside.

“I love your new clothes.” He told her.

“Thanks.” Ali smiled. “This is a new look for me.”

“It’s perfect for you.” he said.

Ali let herself into her room, dropped her toothbrush onto her desk to be put away later, and quickly stepped into some more sensible shoes for autumn in the Midwest.

Once again their conversation was free and easy during breakfast, and Ali felt more comfortable with him than anyone, with the possible exception of Tracey.

“When’s your first class again?” she asked him finally.

“Not until ten.” He replied.

“Me, too. Can we go somewhere and talk?”

“Haven’t we been talking?” he asked her jokingly.

“Talk privately?”

“Sure. I’m sorry. Where do you want to go?”

“Is your roommate still there?”

“He’s got a nine on Friday’s. He should be gone. He was awake when I left.”

“Can we go to your room?”

Together they walked in comfortable silence back to the dorm, and up to his room. Ali grew more nervous, but more certain the closer they got.

“What’s up?” he asked, sitting on his bed and offering Ali the desk chair.

She sat next to him on his bed. “I need to tell you about naked practice last night.”

“That really sounds weird.” he said. “Naked practice.”

“Yeah. So Tracey was waiting for me when I got back last night, and there were some guys over.”

“You don’t need to tell me if you don’t want to.”

“You’re not jealous?”

“Well, sure I am. But we’ve only been on one date.”

“Three if you count breakfasts.”

“We’ve only really gotten to know each other in the last two days.” he corrected himself. “I’m not officially allowed to be jealous.”

“So you are, but you’re not going to say anything because we only have been hanging out for two days?”

“That’s about right.”

“Well, I think that’s stupid.” she replied, frustrated.

“Do you want me to be jealous?”

“No. But I still feel bad. I know we’ve only known each other for two days, but I really like you, and I feel weird. Like I’m cheating on you or something.”

“I’m sorry you feel that way.” he said slowly. “I’m not sure what I’m supposed to do.”

“I need to know,” she said, not looking at him, “exactly why you’re jealous.”

“I don’t know what you mean. Why I’m jealous?”

“Are you jealous that I’m doing this project? Or is it that I’m practicing in front of my friends? Or what?”

Grayson thought for what seemed to Ali to be a very long moment. “And we’re being totally honest?”

“Totally.” she agreed.

“I guess it’s because I feel a little left out.” he started nervously. Despite Ali’s insistence on total honesty, it was still frightening to be completely truthful with someone. “I don’t know exactly what happens, and I probably never will, and I just feel this – I don’t know – exclusion.”

Ali was silent for a moment, steeling herself. “That’s what Tracey thought you’d be thinking.” she finally said. She paused for another moment, then continued, “I really like you. I’m afraid of this project breaking us up before we have a chance.”

“I won’t let it get to that.” he interrupted, looking up at her and taking her hand in his.

A tear ran down her cheek, but she pressed on. “You can’t promise that. You can’t say that this won’t bother you even ten years from now. You could be talking about that bitch you dated in college who was always hanging around naked with a ton of guys.”

“I could never think of you as a bitch.” he assured her. “At least not because of anything I know about you yet.”

Ali laughed. “You’re honest, and you’re funny. I like that. But I don’t want this to be a problem for us. I have to do the project. I have to finish.”

“I know, Ali.”

“And the practice? It sucks. I hate every second of it.”

“Then stop doing it!”

“But it helps. That’s the worst part. It really does help. I couldn’t go to class unprepared. I couldn’t do the things I have to do for this stupid project if I didn’t practice.”

Grayson was silent. There was pain in his eyes as he struggled to find a way to help Ali.

Ali took a breath, shuddering slightly from nervous tension, and continued. “And it really does help that there are a lot of people at practice. If it was just me and Tracey it would be different. It helps.”

Grayson squeezed her hand, silently reassuring her that he was there for her, that he understood. He somehow knew that she needed to keep talking, that it would be so much harder for her to say what she needed to if he interrupted her now.

“I feel horrible that you get upset. I don’t want this to come between us. I don’t want to lose a great guy because of this project. If this could go somewhere, if we could become something, I want to give us that chance.”

“I’d like that, too.” Grayson said softly.

“I want you to start coming to practice.” Ali whispered.

Grayson was silent for a few moments, processing what he’d heard.

“Why?” It was not what he’d intended to say, but there were so many things going on in his head, and it’s what came out.

“If you see, if you’re there, you won’t be left out.”

“Are you sure you want this?”

“It might have been harder to have this conversation that it was to take off my clothes in class that first day.” Ali said. “But I did it because I can’t let this be the reason that you and I don’t have a chance.”

“Thank you.” Grayson said after a pause. “But the fact that you invited me. I’m not jealous any more. I don’t need to come.”

Ali started to cry now, and for a few moments Grayson held her close, and they did not speak.

Ali quickly gained control of her emotions, and broke Grayson’s embrace. “Gray? You’re saying that to save me. To protect me. But I’m scared it will come between us. I’m afraid it will always be there in the back of your head, and I don’t want that. Please come? For me? Please?”

Grayson looked into her watery blue eyes, and gently caressed her cheek. “If I wasn’t living this moment, I wouldn’t believe it.” Grayson said softly.

“What?” Ali asked, confused.

“Yes. I’ll do it for you. I’ll come with you and watch you take all of your clothes off.”

“Oh.” Ali said quietly. After a moment she laughed. “I guess this is one of the weirdest conversations in the history of forever, huh?”

“Kind of, yes.”

“So you will come? You’ll come with me tonight and watch me take all of my clothes off, and then afterwards maybe take me on our second date?”

He laughed. “I will. For you, I’ll come look at your bare breasts. Maybe afterwards we can get to know each other!”

They fell into a fit of giggles, each reveling in the absurdity of the situation, finding it funnier and funnier, until they feel into a deep, passionate kiss.

“Thank you.” Ali finally said as they lay with each other, her head cradled on his chest with his arms wrapped tightly around her.

“For what?”

“I told you that was one of the hardest things I’ve ever done. Probably the hardest conversation I’ve ever had. Thank you for making it easy for me.”

He kissed her on the top of her head. “Thank you for trusting me.”

At 11:30 they woke, still laying on the bed together, her head still on his chest. They had missed their first class, and quickly decided to skip the rest. Grayson had two more, Ali only one. They spent the day talking, laughing enjoying one another’s company, and successfully avoiding the topic of the project or of naked practice, until Ali brought it up again before dinner.

“Will you drive me to the tanning salon?” she asked.

“Sure. How come?”

“I have to tan for the project. I’m supposed to have tan lines.”

“You should do the spray-on tan. Tanning is bad for you.” He was only half joking.

“I know. There’s no spray-on place in town that I know of.”

“I’ll drive you, but I’m going to feel really bad if you get skin cancer.”

“As long as you’ll feel bad, that’s all that matters.”

Grayson drove Ali to the tanning salon, and walked inside with her despite her insistence that he could wander the nearby stores, and did not need to wait for her.

“Naked girl!” exclaimed Tami as the jingling bell of the door drew the girl’s attention toward the couple entering the salon. Ali was thankful that the waiting area was deserted.

“Hey, Tami.” Ali said flatly.

“My boss is totally psyched that you’re tanning here!” Tami said excitedly. “I told him the other day and he was all pissed that he wasn’t here! Hang on!”

Without waiting for a reply Tami bounced down the hallway, past all of the tanning rooms to a door labeled “Manager”, and went inside. Less than a minute later she bounded back out, followed by a slightly overweight middle-aged man, deeply tanned with salt and pepper hair and a few too many gold rings on his fingers. He had a broad smile on his clean shaven face with obviously whitened teeth shining through his dark lips. His brown eyes sparkled, and he was obviously an attractive man.

His voice was kind and warm as he spoke. “I’m Paulie Antonucci, but everyone calls me Uncle Paulie. I own this place. Tami tells me that you’re the girl who’s going to class naked up there at the college.”

“Yes, sir.” answered Ali demurely. Grayson could sense her discomfort, even though Tami and Uncle Paulie seemed oblivious.

“I really wanted to meet you.” he said cheerfully. “I want to talk to you about marketing my store.”

“What do you mean?” asked Ali, a little apprehension in her voice.

“You’re a celebrity around this town. Everyone’s heard about you. I want to offer you free tanning as long as you’re at school here if you pose for a couple pictures, let me make some posters.”

“No, thank you.” Ali replied. “I’m not sure I’m comfortable with that.”

“It’d be legit.” Uncle Paulie said, assuming her apprehension was around the kind of pictures he’d request. “My nephew’s a professional photographer. Does all the weddings in town. He’d set the whole thing up. They’d be posters around the school and town. You’d be covered. Can’t plaster up pictures of a nude girl around town! I’d get arrested!”

“It’s just that I don’t tan that often, other than this project.” Ali said demurely. “I wouldn’t really use it. A little in the summer, but otherwise, no.”

“And we prefer the spray-on tanning, anyway.” Grayson interrupted, standing close to Ali’s side. She felt more confident with him there supporting her.

“Tell you what.” Uncle Paulie replied. “I’m planning to install one of those spray booths next summer. You can have access to that once it’s in. Meantime, you give me the names of a couple of your friends and I’ll give them free tanning, too.”

Ali thought about it. Tracey and Stephanie had both complained that their tans were fading, and both laid out a lot at home. They’d complained that they couldn’t afford to tan with Ali, and would really enjoy free tanning sessions. They had been so helpful and so kind to her that she decided to do it for the free tanning for them.

“Can I have a couple of my friends at the photo session?” she asked. She was uncomfortable with strangers, and would feel better with Tracey, and probably Gray, there to help her through it.

“Sure!” Uncle Paulie answered jovially. “I’ll write up a quick agreement on my computer while you’re tanning and then we’ll schedule my nephew!”

Grayson squeezed her hand, and then Tami led her down the corridor to one of the tanning rooms. Grayson sat himself in one of the chairs as Uncle Paulie returned to his office.

Half an hour later Ali, Uncle Paulie and Grayson were seated in Uncle Paulie’s office reviewing the one page agreement he had written up. Ali was nervous about signing a document like this, but she and Gray had both read it a few times, and could find nothing wrong with it. It was very simple, stating only that the five people listed at the bottom of the page, along with Ali, would receive free unlimited use of all the facilities offered by White Lines Tanning Salon as long as they were enrolled as students in the college, in return for Ali posing for pictures to be used for marketing for the salon.

Grayson insisted that the pictures could not be used for anything else, and that they all be clean; no nudity. Uncle Paulie quickly added it to the document, and printed a new copy for them to read.

Satisfied, Ali added Tracey, Stephanie and Monica’s names, asked if she could fill in the other two later, then signed the paper and handed it back. Uncle Paulie made a copy and gave it to Ali.

“I’ll set up your friends in the computer so when they come in they won’t have any trouble.” he assured her.

“Thank you.”

“I’ll call you when I know when my nephew can take the pictures.” he said.

“Okay.”

Back at the dorm, Ali kissed Gray goodbye, promising to call him after her shower, and walked into her room. Tracey, Andrew, Monica and Stephanie were there. Ali quickly recapped her day, leaving out the fact that she’d invited Grayson to naked practice. She told the girls about their free tanning and showed Andrew the agreement when he asked about it.

The three girls were thrilled about their free tanning, and each hugged Ali. Andrew confirmed that he would not be interested, leaving Ali with two still-unused spaces on the document. To her embarrassment, she undressed in the midst of her friends as they all continued their conversation, and then excused herself wearing just her robe and shower shoes, carrying her basket.

In the shower she used her razor to clean up the shaving job she’d done with the electric shaver the night before, shaved her legs even though they did not really need it, and shampooed her hair twice.

Back in her room Dan and Sean had joined the party, and they were now all drinking. Tracey, Monica and Stephanie had Mike’s Hard Lemonade, and the guys all had beer. Again, to Ali’s discomfort, she was not allowed privacy while she readied herself, and was forced to surrender her robe and shower shoes immediately upon entering the room to the cheers of the guys. Listening to music, drinking and casually chatting everyone sat on beds or chairs while watching Ali put on body lotion, dry her hair and apply her makeup, all while totally nude.

Tracey had laid out her outfit for the evening; they would be going to the theater at nine o’clock. The rehearsals for the play were taking place most evenings, but this night none of Tracey’s scenes were required, and rehearsal would end by 8:30.

“So we’ll just hang out here, and you can get dressed right before we go over.” Tracey announced.

“I haven’t had dinner.” Ali argued. “I was going to meet Grayson.”

“We’re having pizza. We already ordered, and it’s coming to Ben and Chris’ room. Chris is going to come over once it’s there.”

Ali looked at the clothes that were on the corner of her desk. They included her old, baggy jeans and her hoodie. “Where’s the rest of my clothes?”

“Just takes up time.” Tracey replied, not even glancing her direction. “Zip up your hoodie and no one will know you’re not wearing anything under it.”

“What about shoes?”

“Shit, that’s right!” Tracey said. She opened her closet door and pulled out a bag that Ali recognized from the second hand store. “Andrew and I went with Tim and got these for you today when you were ignoring your phone.” She smiled knowingly, and Ali blushed.

In the bag were a pair of white Reebok gym shoes that looked ancient in style, but relatively new in cleanliness. They were Ali’s size. Andrew explained that they’re actually from the early 1990’s, but they look close enough to the gym shoes from the 80’s.

Tracey pulled a pair of white ankle socks from Ali’s drawer and placed them on top of her jeans.

“Thanks. I need to call Gray and tell him that we’re not going to dinner.”

Tracey looked apologetically at her friend. She knew that Ali enjoyed spending time with Grayson. “Do you want to just meet us at nine?”

“Can I?”

Tracey looked around the room. The guys, while enjoying every moment of Ali’s nudity they could get, agreed to let her go.

Ali considered her good fortune and didn’t argue her attire. She pulled on her jeans and zipped herself into her hoodie, then sat on the bed to put on her socks and shoes. “Nine o’clock at the theater.” she promised as she ran out the door, smiling gratefully at her friends.

“I’m sorry I didn’t call.” Ali said as she and Grayson walked to his car. “Tracey ambushed me in the room.”

Ali explained about having to undress after arriving home, and having to prepare for the night after the shower with a room full of her friends.

“I get why you’re doing it,” Grayson said thoughtfully, “but it just seems weird to me.”

Ali explained during the car ride that no one was under any false illusions; “I’m just a naked girl that the guys all get to ogle and look at. But if I didn’t do these practices, I would never be able to do the classes.”

“So the guys don’t even pretend that they’re helping you?”

“Oh, everyone knows it helps me.” she replied. “I guess it’s just that no one pretends that they aren’t enjoying the show.”

Grayson was silent for a while. As Ali sat nervously, trying to read his face. “I think I’m more jealous than I thought.”

“Jealous bad?”

“No. I can handle it. I just pictured something different.”

“Are you still going to come?” she sounded nervous.

After a pause, he replied slowly. “Well, I guess now that I know I’m allowed to enjoy myself, maybe I will.”

Ali blushed furiously.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to embarrass you. I was kidding. I was trying to make a joke! I’m sorry!”

“No, it’s fine. That just surprised me. I’m so scared that I’m going to ruin whatever we might have.”

“I’ll make you a deal.” Grayson replied. “I promise that I’ll let you know if anything is bothering me about this project. You promise me that you’ll be honest with me about it, and that it’s just looking.”

“I promise.” Ali said. She wondered if she should tell him that Darren had shaved her. She decided against it.

Once again their conversation was easy and effortless over dinner, and too soon it was approaching nine o’clock. “We have to get to the theater.” Ali said, feeling the familiar nervousness in her stomach once again.

They had already paid their bill, and were talking while sharing the last of the brownie sundae they had ordered for desert. They stood and walked silently toward his car.

“You’re sure you’re okay with me coming?”

“No. But I’m not sure about any of the guys. I see these guys in class, at parties, in the hallway of my dorm. They’re my friends, and Tracey’s friends. And almost every night for the past six weeks they’ve seen me naked, and every time I sit down to have lunch with them, or talk about homework with them I know it. They don’t really act too different, but they know that they never have to get naked in front of me, and that they can tell me to spread my legs farther, or to lean back, or to dance different, and I have to do it. For a couple of hours every night I’m their nude toy to play with.”

Grayson was silent; unsure of what to take from this.

“But they’re all nice to me, and they don’t make fun of me. And it’s really hard, and it sucks, but it’s not as hard as I thought it would be, and it doesn’t suck as much as I thought it would. And I like you more than I like them, and if I can still party with them and I can still have lunch with them, then why shouldn’t you come?”

“You’re a really weird girl, Alison Cawood.”

“Weird good?”

“Weird good. Really good. Now let’s go see your boobs.”

Ali unzipped her jacket and held it open. “They said that wearing a shirt would just slow everything down.”

Grayson stared, his mouth gaping slightly, as Ali blushed in the dark car, but continued to hold her jacket open, displaying her breasts to him.

“Wow.” he said, finally. “You hear about a thing, and you know what’s coming, but somehow seeing it… you’re just not prepared.”

“I’m sorry.” Ali said, pulling her jacket closed.

“No!” Grayson replied. “Don’t be sorry! You’re amazing!”

Ali blushed as she zipped her jacket back up, and Grayson pulled out of the parking lot. “Do you know that’s the first time I ever did that by my own choice?”

“Did what?”

“When I opened my jacket. Tracey always has to make me do it.”

“Well, I don’t know if I could make you do it.” Grayson replied. “Seems mean.”

“I can’t do it unless she makes me. If someone makes me, then I can.”

“I think I get it. So why did you do it now?”

“I wanted to.”

“I’m glad you wanted to. If you ever want to again, just call me.”

Ali playfully slapped, him, but unzipped her jacket and flashed him, covered by nothing but the seat belt.

He grinned at her, and after he had parked the car, leaned over and kissed her.

Tracey was already inside with almost the entire group. Monica and Stephanie were noticeably absent, leaving Ali with Tracey and eleven guys. “Everyone, this is Grayson Matthews. Gray, these are the guys; my friends.”

At that moment it struck Ali; these were her friends. She’d never had more than one or two people in her life at any given time who she considered “friend”, and now here she was introducing Grayson to a room full of people, all of whom deserved that label.

Tracey called her over. “You invited your boyfriend?”

“He’s not my boyfriend yet. And yes.”

Ali explained their earlier conversation, and the jealousy. “I just don’t want to risk losing him over this.”

“Your call. Too late to back out now, I suppose. And you’re just going to go on your normal dates with him and not let him feel you up or screw you, but you’ll hang out naked during practice?”

“He knows the rules.” Ali said quietly.

“Okay. Just be sure you do. I worry about you.”

“You’re not my mom.”

“No, but I’m your friend and I care about you.”

Ali was silent. “I’m sorry. I know. Thank you. I’m fine, and Grayson’s fine.”

“Okay!” Tracey said loudly, walking away from Ali. “Then it’s time.”

She nodded toward Tim, who stood with a bag in his hand. “So next week is a 1980’s sports theme. You’re already wearing the shoes, although I’d rather you didn’t wear them outside. The white is hard to maintain and is very important to the look. My mom actually has some workout videos on VHS at home, and I asked her to mail me a couple for a project at school. I watched them and then made you a workout outfit that I think it pretty authentic.”

He first showed a color drawing he had made of a woman wearing red tights with a neon blue scoop-necked sleeveless leotard and matching blue leg warmers that came just to the knee. She had her hair styled in tight curls and pulled back with a blue sweatband. Her only other clothing consisted of blue sweatbands on her wrists.

Everyone immediately recognized the image as a classic 1980’s look. From the bag he produced a nearly identical outfit. The tights were made of a shiny spandex and were a light pink. The leotard was a medium blue, a little darker than the sky with a purple hue and not as bright or neon as his drawing. The leg warmers were dark blue, again leaning toward purple, and perfectly matched the wrist and head bands.

“I couldn’t find the right blue, and when I tried to get the spandex and the cotton to match, it looked horrible, so I just ended up going with complimentary colors.” He explained.

Ali walked onto the stage and nervously kicked off her shoes. Changing her clothes was probably worse than being naked. When she was naked the guys were seeing her naked. When she was changing, they were seeing her reveal herself to them, and they were watching her do something that most guys never saw a friend do. Somehow it seemed more intimate, because it wasn’t staged and wasn’t rehearsed. It was just her being herself.

All of the guys were standing in the front row, leaning against the stage. Only Grayson was seated, a little off to the side. He looked like he wasn’t sure he should watch, but couldn’t tear his eyes away.

Ali smiled at him, and shrugged in an attempt to say “well, I told you it was weird.” She kept her eyes on him as she unzipped her jacket and pulled it off, dropping it to the floor. He broke eye contact almost immediately, and she saw the quick shift in his gaze as her breasts were bared. Just as quickly he locked his eyes to hers again, and she saw his face flush slightly.

He was embarrassed. He’d been caught looking at her boobs, and was embarrassed.

Ali smiled warmly at him and intentionally dropped her gaze to his crotch for a long moment, in an effort to further embarrass him, and to let him know that it was okay. “Why can’t guys wear tight jeans?” she lamented inside her own head.

Still looking at Grayson, she unbuttoned her jeans and dropped them to the floor, then stepped out of them, and laughed as Grayson’s eyes grew wider, and his blush grew deeper.

Ali looked away and picked up the tights. Tim explained the front and back, and she stepped into them; they were a perfect fit, if a little long. Next came the leotard, which was a little snug in the chest, but otherwise the right size. She then sat and laced on her new Reebok’s and slipped her feet into the leg warmers, which she carefully arranged around her knees. Last came the sweatbands. Tim and Darren had to help her put on the headband, and Darren promised to help her style her hair so that it looked more authentic.

Now dressed, Ali modeled the outfit for the guys, and finally looked over at Grayson again. His blush was gone, and he was obviously checking out her body, and didn’t notice at first that she was looking his way. He blushed again as she smiled at him.

Tracey joined her on stage and began teaching her a workout routine she’d seen on Tim’s video. It was about five minutes long, and focused on stretching and flexibility; a kind of Yoga. It was slow, deliberate movements with a little dancing. Bend over and touch your toes, then bounce each knee in beat left, right left left right. Stand slowly and turn to your side. Bring your arms up over your head and reach, arching your back and bouncing on each knee. Right, left, right right left.

After two or three times through Ali was getting more fluid. She still needed Tracey by her side, leading the routine and reminding her what was next, but she had the actual posture and movement nearly perfect.

“Now we need to find a way to strip you during this.” Tracey announced.

Ali went through several postures. The first move in the routine was the toe touch. Ali did that move, then stood, grasped the shoulder straps of the leotard, and worked it slowly down until she’d pulled it to her toes. After two practices she’d gotten it down perfectly.

Now, as she lightly flexed each knee in beat, she gently lifted each foot, sliding the leotard completely off.

She now stood in only the tights and leg warmers. Arms up over her head, back arched, and stretch. She couldn’t believe she was doing this topless.

Arms to her sides, slow twists, side to side, knees bouncing.

Now alternating toe touches. Right hand, left foot. This left her left arm straight up in the air. Stand, repeat to the other side.

Ali tried to pull off the leg warmers several times, but there was no graceful way to do it. She fell once, almost lost her balance and stumbled off the stage another.

“What if she leaves them on?” suggested Sam.

“Can’t get the tights off with those on.” Replied AJ.

Ali used this short break to look over at Grayson. He was now sitting closer to the group; he had moved at some point in the last fifteen minutes. He was much more relaxed, and seemed to be enjoying the show. Ali smiled at him, and rather than blushing, he smiled back.

“What if you sew the tights into the leotard, and she takes the whole thing off at the same time?” he suggested.

Everyone turned to stare at him, surprised that the new guy was already making suggestions.

“I could do that, but when she pulled everything down it would all turn inside out and the tights would be up to her knees. And there’s still the problem of the leg warmers.” Tim replied.

“What if you make the tights into shorts, though?”

Tim thought for a moment. He grabbed his drawing and flipped it over, making a quick sketch. “I think that could work.” He said.

To simulate this, Ali removed the tights and legwarmers while Tim ran into the costume department, returning with a pair of spandex shorts. “Put these on over the leotard and we’ll see what it’s like if they’re all one piece.

Ali put on the leotard and shorts, and then put the leg warmers back on. She started the routine over, bending at the waist and slowly bouncing each knee. She stood, and once again pulled the leotard down and off, this time dragging the shorts with. Once they had cleared her knee, they came down rather easily, and it was little effort for her to pass everything over the leg warmers without pulling them down, too. It was a bit more difficult to get them over her shoes, but she managed alright.

She practiced this two more times until she was nearly as flawless as she had been with just the leotard.

Ali had been so caught up in the embarrassment of the dancing and the concern for the routine that she hadn’t yet realized that this meant that she was now virtually naked only a minute into the five minute dance routine.

“Can’t I take the leg warmers off first?” she asked.

Ali dressed and undressed to her routine at least half a dozen times. She removed the leg warmers first, and then the shoes, followed by the leotard and the tights. She removed the leotard, then the shoes, the leg warmers, and finally the tights. She removed the leotard, leg warmers, tights and shoes.

“I almost think the leg warmers should stay on.” suggested AJ. “I think it’s a good look, and I think it keeps the 80’s theme.

“Artistically, it does balance her out.” agreed Jer.

“What?”

Well, she’s got the blue cotton headband, blue cotton wrist bands, and the blue cotton leg warmers. It’s symmetrical. Without the leg warmers she a little off balance. It’s no big deal…”

Naked, she stood first with the leg warmers, then without.

“Now that you say it, you’re right.”

Everyone agreed, and they decided.

“Keep the shoes?”

No. It was surprising how much different the look was when her shoes were off.

Once again Ali dressed. This time in the leotard, shorts, leg warmers and shoes with no socks. She began the routine, bending at the waist and bouncing in slow time. Left, right, left left right.

She slowly stood, grabbed her leotard and worked it slowly down her body, over her leg warmers. Right, left, right right left. The leotard and shorts were off.

She stood and slowly brought her hands up, reaching high into the air, stretching her naked body, arching her back and thrusting her pelvis forward as a consequence. Left, right, left left right.

Now side spins, her arms straight out to either side, her body bare. Turn, left then right. Again.

Now alternating toe touches. Left arm down to the right foot. Untie the shoe. Right arm down to the left foot. Untie the other shoe. Left hand to right foot, slip off the shoe. Right hand to left foot, slip off the other.

Back to standing. Turn to the side, arms straight up. Slow, deliberate lunges. Right leg out, left knee touches the floor. Stand, turn to the other side, left leg out, right knee touches the floor. Four more.

Back to standing, arms straight out. Forward lunges.

Side bends. Hands on hips, bend to the right, back to center, bend to the left.

“I think it looks great!” Tracey announced.

“Do I have to be naked the whole time?”

“You didn’t take your shoes off until the fourth thing!” Tracey joked.

“You’re hilarious.”

“We could try to reorder the moves, but I think it’s great this way. Vote, guys?”

Ali knew how the vote would turn out before Tracey finished asking the question.

“What if we turn her around for part of it?” asked Sean.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, like if she turns after each exercise or something. So we can see her from all angles.”

Ali flushed red, but Tracey thought it was an excellent suggestion. “Stop complaining. You need to practice again anyway. Try it that way.”

Ali pulled on her clothes and shoes, and repeated the routine, turning half a turn to her right after each move. First she was facing forward, next she was facing where her right had been. Then she was facing away from the audience, then facing left, and finally facing forward again.

“That didn’t quite work.” Darren said. Try doing the first few facing us. Then do the side spins while facing your right, then turn your back to us after you finish those. Then do the side lunges that way, since you turn side to side anyway. Then you’ll finish on one side, and you can do a quarter turn and face us again to finish out.

Ali was confused, so Darren came on stage while she dressed. He quickly ran through the first few.

“Bend, up, Bend, clothes off.” he said, rapidly mimicking the movements. “Stretch up, done. Turn to the right, side spins.”

He completed the routine in less than a minute in that fashion, and then jumped off the stage and took his seat.

Ali started the routine again, with Darren reminding her. “Right, keep facing us for the next one. Okay, perfect. Now the side spins, turn to your right.”

Ali realized that she would have her back to the audience when she removed her shoes. This meant bending at the waist with her legs spread, touching one hand to the opposite foot and bouncing on her knees left, right left left right.

When she finished the routine, she tried to complain. “So I’m facing you guys for everything that shows off my boobs, and then I have my back to you so I can bend over and show you my pussy from behind?”

The guys were nervous, looking around. Grayson was smiling slightly, remaining silent.

“I think it was perfect. You want our help, we’re giving it to you.” said Tracey sternly.

Ali stood still, staring at Tracey for a moment, then dropped her gaze.

She practiced her routine two more times, turning the proper direction each time, until she could do it without Tracey’s lead or Darren’s reminder of which direction to face.

Tim collected the clothes and promised to have the shorts sewn into the leotard by the next afternoon. Ali dressed in her jeans and hoodie, and they all filed out of the theater.

“That was very educational.” Said Grayson on the way to his car.

“At one point I almost felt sorry for you.” Ali told him.

“Sorry for me?”

“You looked scared, like you were afraid I’d get mad at you for looking.”

“It was weird at first. Everyone seems so used to it.”

“They’ve been doing this for a few weeks. They used to act like you, but it’s cuter when you do.”

“Oh, I’m not cute at all. I’m manly and stuff.”

“And stuff. Yeah.” Ali replied. She unzipped her jacket and Grayson nearly tripped. “You’re really manly and stuff. Can’t even walk straight when a girls boobs are bared near you.”

“Alison Cawood!” Tracey yelled, running toward them. “Did you just bare your breasts in public?”

Ali blushed, and Grayson looked away. Neither replied.

Tracey was laughing when she stopped next to them. “So much for the shy girl!”

Ali looked down at her feet, embarrassed that she’d been caught, and confused. Tracey was right – this was nothing like her. She was shy and still embarrassed with the nudity, but somehow it was sexy and funny with Grayson.

“I couldn’t believe what I saw!” Tracey continued. “I sent everyone else on ahead. Now you guys have to drive me back to the dorm because I’m not walking across campus alone this late!”

Grayson, now with something to do, opened his car and allowed the girls inside. Ali sat in front, and Tracey immediately behind her. The drive back to the dorm took only a minute, and Tracey did all of the talking, mostly about how good the costume that Tim had made looked, and how quickly Ali had picked up the routine.

“You want to hang out?” asked Grayson as they paused on the second floor landing, both wishing that Tracey would continue up alone.

“Sure. I don’t feel ready for bed yet.” Ali replied.

“Good. Come back to our room then. I want to get to know your new boyfriend.” Tracey interrupted, taking Grayson’s arm and leading him up the stairs.

Ali sighed and followed as Gray looked back over his shoulder helplessly.

Ali offered Grayson a drink, opening a beer for him, and a Mike’s for herself and Tracey. Tracey sat on her bed, looking the couple up and down.

“So what did you think of our little Ali’s show tonight?”

“It was… different. Than I thought it would be, I mean.”

Ali was looking nervously at the two of them. She had wanted to know this, but wanted to discuss it in private.

“How do you mean?” Tracey pressed.

“Well, I knew that she was going to be naked, but knowing it and then seeing it are, like, completely different. It was just so… I don’t know… so REAL.”

“It is like that, isn’t it?”

“It was kind of weird at first, but then you kind of get over the initial shock of it, and it’s…” he trailed off, and looked guiltily at Ali.

“Just really fun to see her naked?” Tracey finished his sentence for him.

Slowly he nodded, not breaking eye contact with Ali.

“Yeah, we all talk about that. I mean, it does help Ali in the project, but no one should lie about it and say that we don’t really like seeing her naked. She’s really cute, isn’t she?” Tracey was almost giddy as she spoke, seeming to feed off of how uncomfortable she was making Grayson and Ali.

“She’s very cute.” Grayson agreed, then quickly added “But I thought that even before I saw her naked.”

“So is he going to come to all of your naked practices now?” Tracey asked, addressing Ali for the first time.

Ali’s face was bright red, and she had been staring, first at Grayson, then at Tracey, as they spoke about her. She was confused at first, not expecting to be so abruptly brought into the conversation. It took her a moment to process what had been asked, and another moment to reply, but finally she nodded.

“Good.” Tracey said. “Then you can put your clothes away now. You know the rule: Naked before bed.”

Ali looked helplessly at Tracey, but seeing her friends resolve, she simply unzipped her hoodie and pulled it off, then hung it on the back of her chair. She kicked off her shoes, pulled her socks off, and then, taking a breath, pushed her jeans down and off. She folded them and walked to her closet, where she put them on the pile with her other jeans.

Grayson was openly staring. “This is going to take some getting used to.”

“Eventually it will get easier for you.” Tracey said. “Ali will help you through it by being naked as much as you want her to.”

“Ali glared at her friend, but quickly followed the other two in laughing, realizing that Tracey was joking.

“Drinking Dice?” suggested Tracey, retrieving them from her drawer.

Grayson was fixated as they sat on the floor. Ali knew that Tracey preferred her to site normally, making no adjustments in her posture or position just because she was naked, and she preferred not to argue – and likely lose – in front of Grayson. Therefore she had seated herself cross legged, which provided even more exposure of her pussy than in the past due to her freshly shaved state. With nothing but a three inch long, two inch wide patch of hair resting above her bare vagina and her legs crossed, very little was left to Grayson’s imagination for the next hour as they played dice, drank, and talked.

In her dream that night, Ali was on stage. Grayson was sitting alone in the theater, mostly obscured in the dark. The only light was a single spotlight, shining directly on her.

She was wearing a sexy, shiny black dress, but no shoes. Music started to play, and Ali started to dance, slowly at first, but keeping her movements in time with the increasing tempo of the music. Grayson was now sitting closer, watching her move.

The music changed, and the quality of the light from the spot changed with it; now softer. She continued to dance, and turned to find Grayson sitting on a chair on the stage, only a few feet away. She did not go to him, but kept the small distance between them, staying just out of his reach. He nodded to someone unseen, and she felt a slight tug, and the dress fell away into rags at her feet. She was naked underneath, and it made her smile. She danced seductively, spreading her legs, bending and twisting her body in time to the music, but remaining out of his reach.

She danced a step closer, disappointed that he had not stood, had not come for her. She now saw that he was tied to the chair, restrained. He was her captive. She smiled, and danced more seductively, showing more of herself, touching herself. She moved closer, inches away from his hands as they strained against their bindings, trying to touch her skin.

She straddled him, pressing her breasts into his face, grinding her pussy against the coarseness of his jeans. She brought herself down his body, feeling the hardness of him press against her as she did. She pressed her face against his turgid erection through his pants, feeling the outline of him with her hands.

She kissed up his chest, which was now bare. She pressed her lips to his and felt the familiar softness of his tongue entering her mouth. She ground herself against him to find his jeans gone. She pushed herself against him harder, and he entered her fully and completely.

As she reveled in the feeling of him inside of her, she heard applause and looked out into the theater, where the faces of all of her friends smiled back at her, cheering and clapping.

She woke as the orgasm was crashing over her body. She was on her back, both hands pressed hard against her soaking pussy as she thrust her hips upward against their pressure. The bed clothes were kicked aside, the pillow halfway across the room, and Tracey was standing over her, looking down.

She came again.

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“Alison, it’s Uncle Paulie.”

The phone call had woken her early. It was only 7:30 on a Saturday morning. “Hey.” Ali responded groggily.

“I talked to my nephew, and he can do it tomorrow. He has a wedding tonight.”

“Your nephew?”

“The photo shoot.”

“Right. Sure.”

“Meet at my shop at 9. We don’t open until noon.”

“Nine tomorrow.”

“See you then.”

Ali disconnected the call.

“Who was that?” Tracey asked sleepily.

“Uncle Paulie.” Ali replied. “I’m supposed to do the photo thing tomorrow.” Ali suddenly remembered the night before.

“Nine o’clock?”

“Yeah.”

“I have rehearsal. I can’t go with you.”

“That’s okay.” Ali was still embarrassed about having been caught so blatantly masturbating. Tracey had been very cool; she made a few jokes, but was understanding, and didn’t push her friend, but Ali was still humiliated by the whole thing.

Both girls were able to fall back to sleep, and awoke around 10. Grayson drove them to the tanning salon with Monica and Stephanie, where they were greeted by a too-cheerful Tami.

“Uncle Paulie gave me this for you.” she said to Ali, holding out an envelope. It contained a refund for the tanning package that she’d prepaid; $50.

Without much further discussion, Tami showed the four girls to four separate rooms, and Grayson wandered off to browse the nearby stores for half an hour. He had agreed to drive Ali to the photo shoot the following morning, and Ali had decided not to mention it to anyone else.

After showering back at the dorm, Ali spent the day with Grayson. Embarrassed, she confided in him about her dream, leaving out some of the details, and omitting the second orgasm from the telling.

“So I wake up and I’m just going at myself, and Tracey’s standing there in her robe!”

“Oh, my God!” Grayson said. He was laughing but could easily see how embarrassing it would be.

“And she’s wearing her robe!” Ali repeated.

“You said that.”

“But that means she had enough time to be woken up, get out of bed, grab her robe, put it on and walk over! And she didn’t even try to wake me up!”

“Oh, God! I didn’t think of that!”

They laughed, and Ali was surprised how accepting he was of her, and how comfortable she was talking to him.

That night’s naked practice was very much like the night before. Tim had completed the modifications to the leotard by cutting off the legs of the tights, sewing them into the seam of the leotard, and then cutting and hemming them so they ended mid-thigh. They were a little tighter than the shorts from the night before, but being sewed right in made it easier to drag them down her legs, so she still was able to perform her routine with ease. Even though she had it memorized and was able to perform it smoothly, the guys had nowhere to be until ten o’clock, and so she repeated it over and over. The last three times she didn’t bother dressing at all, just practicing the exercise and dance moves nude.

She and Grayson left the frat party early, and he walked her home. Drunk guys kept shouting after the naked girl, but left her alone otherwise. Ali invited him inside her room, where they kissed passionately on her bed.

Neither awoke when Tracey came home a few hours later. She gently pulled a blanket over them, even though they slept in their clothes. Ali’s alarm woke them at eight.

During her shower Ali happily recalled the feeling of waking up in Grayson’s arms, and thanked God that she hadn’t masturbated in her sleep again.

Ten minutes early they pulled into the nearly empty parking lot in front of White Lines Tanning Salon. A blue Nissan Xterra was parked in front, and a red Honda Civic and a black Lincoln Town Car were parked near the rear of the parking lot. The Town Car’s plates said “Deep Tan”, and Ali knew instantly that it was Uncle Paulie’s car.

Inside Ali and Grayson found Uncle Paulie and his nephew setting up lights in one of the tanning rooms, and a banner stretched across the wall with the name of the store. There were beach balls and other things littered around the front of the store. The Civic, apparently, belonged to Tami, who was blowing up balloons with a small bag of shiny green and silver things next to her.

“Hi, Ali!” said Tami brightly.

“Hey, Tami.”

“I’m glad I know your name now. It was weird calling you naked girl.”

“Yeah, you never get used to that.”

Uncle Paulie’s nephew appeared to be in his early twenties, and introduced himself as Joey. He was taller than Uncle Paulie, but there was a striking resemblance otherwise. He was not nearly as tan, but had the same dark, wavy hair, similar facial features, and a remarkably similar voice.

“Why don’t you get undressed and we’ll get started?” Joey asked.

“Undressed?”

“Undressed.” Joey confirmed.

“I didn’t know I’d be undressed.” Ali said nervously, looking to Grayson.

“You’re the naked girl, so you need to be naked!” Uncle Paulie said, as though it was the simplest thing in the world.

“Give us a minute?” asked Grayson, steering Ali from the room and walking her briskly to the parking lot. He was finished dialing his phone before the door had closed fully behind them.

“Andrew, Gray. Need your help.”

Grayson briefly explained things over the phone, and fifteen minutes later Andrew’s car came speeding into the parking lot. Andrew got out, along with another guys Ali had not met. Andrew quickly introduced him as Kevin, a friend in pre-law.

“I showed him the agreement you signed, and I told him what’s going on.” Andrew quickly said.

“I think you’re bound, legally.” Kevin told her. “The agreement says that you agreed to the photo shoot, and you even added language specific to what they can do with the pictures, so you have no legal grounds to back out of the contract. Now, they owner of the shop has given you cash back on your tanning sessions and has granted your friends free tanning, which they’ve already taken advantage of, so that constitutes acceptance of payment for a service. You’re kind of stuck.”

Ali looked absolutely horrified. Grayson had been stalling Uncle Paulie and Joey with the lie that Ali wanted more of her friends here, for support, and so far they had allowed her to take her time. Now they were looking out the window and could see that more had arrived, and appeared anxious to get started.

“But I don’t want them taking picture of me naked!” Ali argued.

“I can talk to them.” Kevin offered. “Your agreement is with the salon, not with the photographer. I can at least get you legal protection.”

Ali was grateful for whatever could be done, and the group turned and headed back inside. Kevin had a brief discussion with Uncle Paulie and Joey, and then walked back to the office with Ali.

Ten minutes later they had drafted and signed a new document. This document protected Ali from any photographs of her appearing anywhere except for the purposes of advertising the shop, and guaranteed that those used for advertising would cover those parts of her body that would not be seen if she was wearing a bikini. If any pictures of her leaked to the internet or anywhere else without her consent, this document guaranteed her a payment of one hundred thousand dollars.

Ali was grateful. She would still have to pose nude for pictures, but at least now she was confident that the nude pictures would not leak out like the video had.

As Ali undressed in front of the five men she couldn’t help but think that Joey wasn’t this kind of photographer. He did all of the town weddings, and here she was about to pose nude for him. Kevin had made no move to leave, and Ali didn’t have the heart to ask him, and Uncle Paulie would likely not be able to be dragged away by a team of horses. ‘Perhaps a team of cheerleaders, though,’ Ali smiled to herself.

Ali was nervous and blushing as she stood in her new light blue bra and matching thong, hoping for a reprieve that would not come. The last room on the right side of the hallway was larger than the others, and was the one in which Joey had set up his camera equipment. There were lights, reflective screens and two cameras on tripods. A third camera hung around the photographers neck. The tanning bed was off, and the room smelled of new paint; Uncle Paulie had put a fresh coat on the two walls that would be captured on film the night before.

Ali handed her clothes to Grayson, and stood nervously waiting for instructions.

Joey picked up on her body language and began to explain his plans. It was obvious that he was nervous, and much more comfortable photographing old folks dancing to the hokey pokey than he was working with a girl only a few years his junior who would soon be completely disrobed. “Um, so I, um, use some software? And stuff. And on my computer, I can put stuff on pictures and make them different.” He said lamely. When he was nervous every sentence came out sounding like a question. “So, um, I thought I would take some pictures? Of you? And, um, I can put the name of the Uncle Paulie’s salon over it? So it covers… um… you?”

Ali blushed and nodded. Joey’s nervousness only seemed to emphasize just how unique this situation was for everyone. This was not a professional photographer who had worked with dozens of nude models, had studied portrait and glamour photography in college and taken figure drawing classes to give him an understanding of form, function and light and the human body. This was Joey Antonucci, Uncle Paulie’s nephew, who owned a couple of cameras and some lighting equipment, and who took amateurish pictures of brides and grooms, bridesmaids and their escorts, and grandma’s and grandpa’s who had flown in from Arizona and Florida to dance the Chicken Dance and take advantage of the open bar.

And the other people in the room were not professional photography assistants who were worrying themselves with the warmth and depth of the lighting, the angle of shadow or the contrast of the background to the subject. It was Uncle Paulie, the gold chain, pinky ring wearing owner of a tanning salon, Andrew, the seventeen year old genius politician from California, Grayson, her new boyfriend, Kevin, the pre law student and friend of Andrew; whose last name Ali didn’t even know, and Tami, the bubbly, overly tanned sophomore with a part time job at Uncle Paulie’s tanning salon. These were people no different from herself, no more qualified or accustomed to a nude photography session than she was.

“So, um, I thought that you, um, could kind of lean against the tanning bed?”

Ali nodded once more, and backed up toward the bed. She knew that she would soon be naked, but for some reason needed to hide her butt, bared completely save for the tiny string of the thong bisecting the perfect, pale globes. She was stiff and looked nervous as she leaned an arm up, attempting a casual pose.

“I… I need your… um…” Joey stammered.

“You’ve got to be naked for the naked pictures.” Uncle Paulie said loudly, talking over his nephew.

Ali blushed but nodded resolutely. She reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. She allowed it to fall from her breasts before she lost her nerve, and then just as quickly pulled her panties down and off, handing the last vestiges of her modesty to Grayson.

Tanning salons are kept cool because the heat generated by the beds’ lights’ alone cause discomfort. If the ambient air temperature were too high, the patrons would become too uncomfortable, and business would decline. Ali’s nipples erected almost immediately when they met with the chilly air of the room, and her skin broke out in goose pimples. She shivered slightly, but noticed that Uncle Paulie and Joey were both perspiring slightly as all eyes in the room drank in her bared flesh.

Ali resumed her pose, made some slight changes as instructed by Joey, and he snapped a few quick pictures.

Once the initial shock of her nudity was over, Joey seemed to gain a little more confidence and ease. Uncle Paulie was definitely in charge, and had specific ideas of poses and shots.

Ali posed for several naked pictures, standing at a variety of angles to the camera so that virtually no part of her was not captured by the film. Uncle Paulie then had Tami retrieve some of the props from the front of the store; She posed with a beach ball barely covering her. She posed wearing nothing but a glistening metallic grass skirt, the shiny green and silver things in the bag she’d seen earlier. The “grass” was actually thin strips of ribbon, so they highlighted her bare pussy and light pubic hair more than hid it. The light shimmering off of the flowing, fluttery garment automatically drew the eye, and as she moved, the individual blades of faux grass separated, exposing her nakedness beneath.

Ali then laid in the tanning bed. First on her back, then on her side, with her legs in several positions, looking casual, looking seductive, but hiding nothing. All the while, Joey took picture after picture, moving from one camera to the next to ensure that he had captured the image from every angle available to him.

Finally they all moved to the front of the store, where Ali held the balloons, which were imprinted with the White Lines Tanning Salon logo and name, to her breasts. Tami laid on the floor between her legs and held the third balloon up, covering her pussy, while Joey took a few pictures close up, to keep Tami’s hand out of the shot.

Uncle Paulie then produced a roll of tape, and the secured each balloon to Tami so that she could stand with her legs spread and arms extended for more pictures while still covered by the balloons. Finally, Uncle Paulie and Tami posed for a picture with Ali, each with their arm around her, and her with her arms around them, leaning against the front counter with the salon’s logo and name on the wall behind them.

It had been almost two full hours, and Ali was physically exhausted. She’d heard that modeling was hard work, but had no idea how two hours posing and smiling in front of a camera could be so physically draining.

She walked back to the room in which she’d spent the large part of the last couple hours, and Grayson followed behind, carrying her clothes. As she was dressing the others wandered in to congratulate her again, and repeat just how cute she’d looked. She found it upsetting that no one felt that she deserved privacy while dressing, but reasoned that she’d stood naked in front of all of them for the past few hours, and they likely did not understand her desire for modesty any longer.

Ali slept most of the afternoon away. Tracey woke her roommate in time for dinner. She showered quickly, pulled her hair back and slipped into her new jeans and a t-shirt. Tracey insisted, once again, that she leave the bra and panties at home to save time and effort. The theater would be empty after dinner, and the group planned to meet there for a few hours so Ali could practice one last time before class the following morning.

Darren spent almost half an hour on Ali’s hair, but without cutting it he had managed to style it in a very close likeness to an 80’s fashion. With the headband holding the longer hair back, she looked very much like the girl in the picture he had used as a model.

Practice, while embarrassing for Ali, went well. Andrew had brought along Kevin the pre-law student who had helped her earlier in the day at the photo shoot, and Ali did not complain out loud. She was starting to wonder at the vast number of people who were seeing her naked on a regular basis.

“I was nervous about doing this stupid project for class,” Ali said to Grayson and Tracey as the three walked back to their dorm together. “and it turns out I’m naked more in a week with you guys than I am in class!”

She was right, of course. The total amount of nudity required for class was six hours a week; two ninety minute classes on Monday and then again on Wednesday. To practice she had been spending two or three hours a day, almost seven days a week, with part or all of her group of friends, stripping or naked. Even taking an average of only an hour and a half per day, six days a week, she was still naked nine hours a week outside of class.

“You agreed it’s helping.” Tracey argued.

“I know.” Ali conceded. “I just thought about it, and it seems weird.”

“I think you just like to complain.”

Tracey excused herself to hang out with Monica and Stephanie in order to give Ali some time alone with Grayson, for which Ali was grateful.

“Can I tell you something?” Ali asked, blushing even as she brought it up.

“Sure! Anything!” Grayson replied, sensing her nervousness. He wanted to make her feel as comfortable as possible.

Ali felt her face heat up, and she struggled to maintain eye contact with him. She stammered and stuttered for a moment before finally getting it out. “I think I’m starting to get turned on by all of this stuff.”

Grayson was silent for a moment, considering. “I don’t think that’s really weird.” he said finally.

“But why would I get turned on?”

“Well, it’s kind of sexual, you know?”

“NO!”

“I mean, you’re sexy. You’re hot, actually. And you’re naked, and the sexual tension in the room is insane. I don’t know how you couldn’t get turned on a little by all of that.”

“Would you get turned on?”

“I don’t know.” He replied. “Maybe, I guess. I mean, it’s just a bunch of guys and you, mostly. I suppose if it was a bunch of girls all checking me out, and if I knew they thought I was sexy, then yeah, I probably would.”

Ali thought for a moment. “It would probably be harder for you to hide.”

“Harder. That’s funny.”

She playfully slapped his arm. “Shut up. You know what I mean.”

“If I was turned on and naked, it would be very hard.”

“You’re a jerk!” she squealed, pushing him onto his back and sitting on him as she started to tickle him.

He reached up to push her off, and as he grabbed her around the waist she twisted, and his hand solidly grasped her firm breast, clad only in the thin t-shirt. The laughter stopped immediately, and they both froze, Grayson with his hand hovering in the air, an apologetic look on his face. Ali looked down and saw her nipples pressing out against her shirt, and then glanced at Grayson’s face.

She pulled her shirt off, tossed it on the floor behind her, and took Grayson’s hand, placing it firmly on her breast before leaning down to kiss him deeply. “Ooh!” she said softly. “It is hard!”

Grayson blushed as she pushed against him, feeling her skin and knowing that she could feel his cock pressing back against her. She rode him like this, kissing him, then sitting up and guiding his hands all over her bare breasts, then leaning forward again and pushing her tongue roughly inter her mouth. Her pelvis never ceased its circular motion as she ground against his manhood, jeans against jeans, feeling him nonetheless. Her breathing became more ragged as she writhed and thrust against him, now moving up and down. She was hovering over him, her arms locked and palms flat on the mattress on either side of his head. He was staring up at her, their eyes locked. Her bare, tan chest was inches from him, and for the first time she wanted to be topless, wanted him to look. She wanted to be naked.

Her arms collapsed as the orgasm hit her. Instinctually she continued to hump against him. She moved, so that her face was buried in his neck. She kissed and sucked, tasting him. He was musky and salty and delicious, and added to her pleasure as she rode out her orgasm.

Exhausted, she rolled off of him, onto her side. She felt no need to cover herself. She laid with him in silence for a few moments, simply breathing and reveling. She looked up at him, and he looked back nervously.

“What’s the matter?” she asked, suddenly worried.

“Nothing.”

“What? It’s something. Please tell me!” She was concerned now. Had she gone too far? Did he think that she was a slut? Was it too soon? Had she done it wrong?”

“I’m just embarrassed.”

“Embarrassed? Why?”

He flushed slightly. “I came in my pants.” he whispered.

She crawled up so she was facing him, eye to eye, then whispered back to him “Me too.”

They laughed, and they kissed deeply. She rolled off of him, tossed him a box of Kleenex off of her desk, and then pulled her pants down, stepping out of them, facing away from him to give him privacy to clean up.

“These need to go in the wash!” She laughed, walking to her closet and dropping her jeans into the laundry basket. She pulled out her robe and wrapped herself in it. “You okay?”

“Fine.” Came Grayson’s reply. She turned, and he was sitting on the bed. His hair was messed, and his face was flushed. He was holding a wad of Kleenex in his left hand, and looked sheepish.

“Don’t be embarrassed.” she said kindly. “You don’t have to be around me.”

“I’m going to go.” he said, standing. “I’m sorry. I just feel stupid holding these.” He indicated the Kleenex.

He kissed her and walked out the door. Ali sighed and slipped into her shower shoes, grabbed her tooth brush and prepared for bed.

= O =

The following morning was a bustle of activity again as Darren styled her hair, Andrew, Sam and AJ reviewed their notes, Tracey and Tim looked over her costume and Ali sat naked in her desk chair.

To class she wore her custom made workout leotard, leg warmers, shoes and sweat bands, with a pair of Andrew’s cotton sweatpants over everything. They were much larger than hers, and would fit over the shoes and leg warmers much easier, and the drawstring waist allowed her to tie them tight enough to keep them from falling. She packed a pair of her new jeans in her bag along with a bra and t-shirt, and pulled on her hoodie. Andrew put a pair of her shoes into his bag because hers was too full, and together they walked to class, sipping their coffee.

This was Ali’s best class so far. She moved flawlessly, and felt more comfortable stripping in front of the group. Although she still prayed nightly for the college to suddenly realize what was happening and demand that the project be ended, she had to admit to herself that she felt a lot different about it than she had the first week. She also found that she was able to concentrate on the majority of the lecture.

Andrew had spoken to Dr. Dickson about the video that had appeared in the college email system, and had addressed it at the beginning of class.

“Last week a video of Ali was emailed around the campus. It was removed from the server and marked as a virus in the campus database so it can no longer be shared, but we must insist that this not occur again. Campus security will be patrolling the hallway outside of the classroom, and will be monitoring the internet. If any videos or pictures of Ali are found, the school is prepared to prosecute the person responsible.”

Ali and her team took their seats, and class began. Ali found that, while there were far fewer students peering in through the windows of the classroom door, it seemed that every member of the campus security staff was taking turns monitoring the hallway, and she was peered at by at least a dozen men in security uniforms.

When class ended, she was once again approached by half of the class, but this time they made no pretense of wanting to speak with her. It was obvious that they only wanted to look at her. Two or three of the security guards walked into the room, too.

Ali simply stepped into her Reebok’s, told everyone she was going to be late for her next class, and casually walked to the bathroom with her backpack.

For the first time since this project had started, Ali had to wipe herself dry before she could dress. As she searched through her bag, she realized that she had forgotten to pack a pair of panties, and had to pull her jeans on without. As she was putting on her bra the door opened and two girls walked in. Ali could see past them into the hallway, where a few boys were standing, trying to peek in. The girls said a pleasant “hello” to Ali, but did not linger to talk, nor, Ali noticed, did they snicker, grin, or exchange looks about the naked girl. Ali pulled on her t-shirt carefully, being sure not to mess her hair, put her leg warmers and wrist bands into the backpack with her Reebok’s, and left the bathroom barefoot. Andrew was waiting just outside the classroom with her shoes, socks and hoodie.

In web design she explained loudly, so she would have to do it only once, that she was an 80’s aerobics instructor for this week’s class, and that no, they could not see her routine.

The afternoon class went much like the morning’s, except that from her perch in the front of the classroom she was more easily able to see the door and the security guards peering inside, which was somewhat of a distraction.

Again, after class she walked to the bathroom, dried herself, and dressed. Andrew was waiting with her shoes and jacket as before, and together they walked back to their dorm.

Wednesday the security team stopped pretending, and openly stared at her. She noticed that they worked in shifts, and that the two guys that patrolled the hallways at the beginning of class were not the same two who were out there at the end. She slipped off the leg warmers and wrist bands in the classroom and stuffed them in her bag before taking her shoes and coat from Andrew and walking to the bathroom.

That night Tracey reminded her that she needed to shave the heart into her pubic hair, which caused her to flush tomato red.

“I never told Grayson about the guys shaving me.” she whispered to her friend.

“Don’t worry. I’ll figure out a way so he doesn’t know.”

Half an hour later Grayson, Andrew, Dan, Sean, Darren, Tim and Jer were gathered in their room with the two girls. Ali was, as usual, naked. Tracey had texted each guy, and everyone knew that Grayson couldn’t know about the shaving that had been done the week before. Tracey had the picture of the girl with bright red hair pulled up on her computer.

“I don’t know about the bright red.” Grayson said. “How many of the sorority girls around here do you see with died red hair?”

They scrolled through the online pictures and agreed that the red hair, while a great contrast, didn’t quite fit their agenda. They ultimately decided on platinum blonde, and Darren insisted he could easily die Ali’s hair with washable hair color.

“But what about the heart?” asked Tracey, bringing up the picture once again.

“I still like that.” replied Andrew.

“Me too.”

They all agreed. Even Grayson thought it was cute.

“Do you think you can shave that into your hair?” asked Andrew, trying to delicately ask the question.

“I don’t know.” Ali admitted, blushing a bit.

Ali took a piece of paper from her note pad and tore it very small, then folded it by holding it against her body so that it was the size of her pubic hair.

“Wow!” she said, holding it up. “It looks a lot smaller this way!”

The paper measured one and a quarter inches (3.2 cm) wide by two and a half inches (6.4 cm) tall, tapering slightly from the widest point at the top to just under an inch wide at the bottom. Using this as a guide, Darren carefully traced a heart, which Tracey then cut out. If the original piece of paper had been small, this was positively tiny.

The heart was wide, so that from a distance it could be seen, and shorter, but elongated at the bottom. It used almost the full inch and a quarter width, but measured only an inch and a half high at most. Because of the width of the heart, Ali had to place it at the top of her landing strip, which meant that more skin above her shaved pussy would be bared, leaving the patch of hair an island surrounded by a sea of smooth skin.

Ali placed the heart over her hair, and the guys all looked to ensure it was straight. She then traced it with her eyeliner so that it was clearly visible. When she tried to shave, though, she was nervous, and unable to see properly.

“You want one of the guys to do it?” Tracey asked.

“Can you do it?”

“Too weird, shaving another chick’s bush.” replied Tracey simply. “Sorry.”

Ali blushed. She couldn’t shave it herself and be confident that she would not mess up. The electric razor was large and clumsy, and when she held it in her right hand she could no longer see her hair.

After a long pause, she handed the razor to Grayson and shut her eyes, blushing furiously. She could not choose another guy with Grayson in the room, but was absolutely mortified to have her new boyfriend that close to her, touching her that intimately in front of everyone else.

That thought gave her pause. In front of everyone else. When Darren had shaved her she was horrified to be touched that way, to have someone that close to her. Now, with Grayson, she was more upset that everyone else was here while he touched her, while he was down there. ‘What does that mean?’ she wondered to herself.

“How’s it look?” Grayson was asking.

Ali opened her eyes and looked down. She had been lying back on the bed, the towel under her butt daydreaming. Grayson had shaved her and she’d been so engrossed in her own thoughts, she hadn’t even noticed.

The affect was immediately apparent. There was now two full inches of skin between the top of her pussy and the bottom point of the heart. He had trimmed the hair shorter, too, so that the edges of the heart were neater and more defined. The guys and Tracey were all very pleased, but all Ali could think about was how naked her pussy looked, and how nothing at all was hidden. She was unable to move as the guys pressed closer to see Grayson’s handiwork, and suddenly noticed what she had missed before. She had been so fixated on the hair and the skin below that she had failed to see that her pussy was open, glistening with the moisture of her arousal. Her clit was slightly swollen, straining against the hood but not yet peeking out, and she could suddenly smell her juices, unaware if it was in her mind, or truly that pungent.

She quickly closed her legs and stood, almost pulling the towel with her hair off the bed and spilling it on the floor. Grayson’s fast reactions caught the towel before it could fall.

“I have to go to the bathroom.” Ali said, dashing to the closet and grabbing her robe. She left without stepping into her shower shoes, and almost sprinted down the hall, holding her robe closed as she ran.

Inside the bathroom, Ali paced nervously. They had to have seen her, they had to know. Why was she getting turned on now? She hated this, didn’t she? The forced nudity. She’d been wet after class all week, too. And now this?

She opened her robe and looked at herself in the mirror. She was no longer open, her arousal no longer apparent. She could feel the wetness, but could not see it. She lifted one leg, spreading herself. There it was; she could see it glistening in the bright light of the bathroom. She walked to a stall and dried herself. She returned to the mirror. Much more normal, now. She spread herself with her fingers and looked closer, and found that, with enough searching, her arousal was always visible.

Back in the dorm room, Grayson tried to speak with her alone, but when there’s a naked girl in a small dorm room with seven college guys, privacy is a scarce commodity. Instead, Ali was required to tell the group about her week, how well the classes went, and even to go through her dance routine naked, pretending to remove her clothes. With the guys sitting on the beds and chairs all around the room, she felt very exposed as she was viewed from every angle during each dance move.

When the night finally came to a close Ali hugged each of her friends goodbye before ducking out of sight so they could file out the door. Only Grayson remained behind as Tracey followed the rest out, saying she needed to use the bathroom.

“I’m sorry.” Grayson whispered.

“Sorry for what?”

“I felt so bad for you. You had to be laying there, all spread open, and then I must have touched you wrong. You got all wet.”

“It was noticeable, wasn’t it?”

“Well, kind of, yeah.”

“Kind of, bullshit. It was really noticeable.”

“Yeah. I’m sorry.”

“It’s not your fault. Or maybe it is. Ever since you and I started seeing each other I keep getting horny when I’m naked.”

“I make you horny?”

Ali blushed, realizing that was, indeed, what she’d just said.

“I guess.”

Grayson pulled her into a hug. “I’m hard as a rock most of the time I’m with you.” he whispered.

“Because I’m naked all the damned time.”

“Doesn’t hurt,” he admitted, “but not just then.”

“What do you mean?”

“You’re so funny and cute, and I just sometimes daydream while we’re together and just watch you talking to other people, or doing your homework, or whatever, and the way you move, the way you smile, the way your nose crinkles up when you’re concentrating really hard. I just can’t look away, and sometimes I’ll get hard.” He was blushing as he spoke.

“Did you know that I’m starting to fall in love with you, Grayson Matthews?”

“Did you know that I’m already in love with you, Alison Cawood?”

They kissed deeply. Ali started laughing, and they broke apart.

“Do you realize that our story about the first time we ever said ‘I love you’ is that I was naked in my dorm room the night that you had shaved my pussy in front of a bunch of our friends?”

Grayson laughed, too. “Let’s not tell it that way when you meet my parents, okay?”

= O =

“Oh, my God! I know! I wish someone other than Grayson had shaved her, though. But you said she was wet in class? She’s definitely a different Ali!” Tracey said. “She didn’t seem upset that she was naked, just that her legs were spread and we could all see her clit.”

“It really is working. I can’t believe how well!”

“What do you mean? This was your freakin’ idea!” Tracey replied.

“I was surprised we got her to get naked in the first place, let alone in a God damned classroom. But she’s actually changing, isn’t she?”

“Well, I am the greatest actress ever.” Tracey replied with over emphasized smugness. “I’m starting to think I could convince anyone to do anything!”

“I couldn’t have done this without you, you know, Tracey.”

“What are best friends for? But I do feel guilty. I didn’t expect to like her so much. It’s harder to do this to her now that we’re really friends.”

“Don’t you back out of this…” he warned.

“Oh, keep it in your pants. I’m not going to do anything. But admit it, you like her, too.”

“Yeah. I do. It was so much easier when we just knew her on paper and from a few text messages.”

“Freakin’ kismet that I got someone like her for a roommate.”

“Certainly made the search easier!” he replied.

“I should run. I told her I was peeing, so I should get back.”

“Just a few more weeks. You guys can be friends afterwards. Now she’s our project.”

“She’s your project. I’m just your lab assistant.”

“Just a few more weeks.” He reminded her as she walked into the hallway. “Don’t wreck this.”

“You think I’m new? Come on, it’s me!”

= O =

‘What did that mean?’ Grayson wondered to himself. ‘Just a few more weeks? Don’t wreck this?’

As he was entering the stairwell, Tracey had come out of the dorm room. He’d paused, meaning to say goodnight, when he’d heard the brief exchange.

‘I wonder if they’re talking about Ali?’ he thought to himself, hiding around the corner.

He resolved to do a little digging.

= O =

Grayson and Ali were sitting on a large blanket in a field of wildflowers. Their blanket was in an area of short, pristine lawn that smelled of fresh cut grass. Ali always loved the smell, and used to sit outside sipping iced tea on warm summer days when her father was mowing. She always made a pitcher, and always had a glass for him. The smell made her feel safe and content. The sun was warm, and the flowers added their own, sweet scent to the air, and seemed to go on for miles in every direction. They sat in a small oasis, an island in a sea of purple, green and yellow.

The picnic basket held fresh fruit. Strawberries, pineapple, watermelon and sliced peaches, which were all her favorites. Grayson was sipping on a glass of champagne, and Ali had one in her own hand.

She fed him a small cube of watermelon and the juice trickled down his chin. She licked it from him, then kissed him. His lips were cool, and she could taste the watermelon as her tongue entered his mouth.

While they kissed she felt something cold and wet touch her bare breast. She pulled back, startled. He leaned toward her and licked the sticky, sweet peach juice from her skin, chasing it as it ran down her stomach. She leaned back, watching his tongue follow the nectar as it dripped down her body. He was only teasing her, stopping short of her waiting, wanting pussy.

He kissed her lips, and now she tasted the peach. In her hand she held a piece of pineapple, and she pressed it against his chest, sliding it down until she felt his hardness. He gasped slightly and she nibbled his neck, then began licking the tart, cool nectar from his skin. She took her time, slowly licking down a few inches, then back up toward his chest, repeating the agonizingly slow descent toward his throbbing manhood. She watched it as it pulsed in time with his heart, her hand, still slick and wet with the juice from the pineapple, lazily teased the sides, the head, and his sensitive balls.

She grasped him and gently kissed him, then opened her mouth to take him inside.

The dream was broken, and Ali awoke, moaning loudly and rapidly approaching orgasm. She was tangled in her sheets, lying on her side with her hand pressed firmly against her sex. One finger had snaked inside, and felt incredible as it moved in time with the thrusting of her hips. The other hand was squeezing and kneading her breast. She was aware of Tracey, awake and stirring as the first wave crashed over her.

Daylight was steaming into the room, finding its way around the edges and through any small imperfections in the fabric of the curtains. It was early, but well after sunrise.

“I’m going to do it.” Ali announced, untangling herself from her covers. She was embarrassed once again at being caught, and needed to fill the awkward silence. “I’m going to make love with Grayson.”

“Have you guys talked about it?” Tracey asked, looking down and seeing the obvious wet spot on the bed sheets where they had been squeezed between Ali’s legs.

“No. Not really.” Ali admitted.

“Well, it might save you time doing laundry.”

Ali followed Tracey’s gaze and blushed scarlet, seeing the evidence of her arousal so blatantly displayed, and knowing that her roommate had seen it also. She quickly moved the sheets to hide it, anyway.

“Just don’t rush into anything. I don’t want to see you get hurt.”

“I don’t think I’m rushing.” Ali replied, then after a pause added “Well, maybe a little.”

= O =

Thursday night’s naked practice was a somewhat intimate affair. Stephanie was on a date with Eric, so Monica, Tracey and Ali were the lone girls, and only the guys from the dorm were partying with them. Sean, Dan, Chris, Ben, Andrew and Grayson had arrived after dinner, and the nine of them were playing dice for shots.

Ali had tried to sit as demurely as a naked girl can, but Tracey admonished her friend and demanded that she sit as agreed, cross legged and exposed. Ali could feel the moisture forming inside her, and every time she looked down was dismayed at the slightly dewy appearance of her pussy. The outer lips were a little puffy and a deeper shade of pink than normal, and were spread slightly due to her arousal. The inner folds of her womanhood were clearly visible, and looked as though they’d been sprayed by a very fine mist, and were glistening slightly in the bright light of the dorm room.

Ali wrapped herself in her robe and walked to the bathroom too often, desperately wiping the moisture from her exposed sex. As the night wore on, she noticed that she was becoming more and more excited, and therefore wetter. Long before the night was over she all but surrendered to the fact that they would all see her moisture, and she cut her bathroom trips to one an hour.

For their part, none of the guys said anything about her obvious arousal, but as is always the case with teenaged guys, they were quite a good deal less than subtle in their interest in this new exposure and the accompanying moisture. Ali was used to the guys staring at her body, but most of the time she could count on them making eye contact when they were speaking with her. Now it was as though her entire being was focused on a piece of her anatomy three inches high and an inch wide.

And the more they stared, the more embarrassed Ali became. And it seemed that the more embarrassed Ali became, the more freely her juices flowed. Ali was so consumed in this new phenomena that she missed parts of the conversation, was slow to throw the dice, and found herself losing a lot more frequently than normal. Truly, by the end of the night she had done nearly twice the shots of any of her friends.

Ali hugged each of her friends as they left for the night and after brushing her teeth and peeing before bed, Tracey approached her looking a little uncomfortable.

“I don’t know quite how to say this, so I’m just going to come out with it.” Tracey said as Ali was standing naked and putting her robe away.

“It’s so embarrassing.” Ali replied in a rush, assuming that Tracey was going to comment on her obvious arousal. “I don’t know why I was so wet all night!”

“You were wet. By the end of the night you could almost see it leaking out.” Tracey replied. “Even I couldn’t look away!”

“After my last shot, before we started playing again, I looked around. Everyone, including you, was staring at my pussy.” Ali said in dismay.

Tracey nodded. “And I guess that’s kind of what I wanted to say.”

Ali waited, blushing. She was still standing by her closet.

“I’m kind of, um… I don’t want you to take this wrong. I understand. But…”

Ali was blushing beet red, waiting for what her roommate would say. If she was having this much trouble getting it out, it would surely not be easy to hear.

“I’d really rather not get woken up by your moans tonight.” Tracey said in a rush.

Ali looked away from her friend, feeling absolute humiliation coursing through her. She felt her nipples erect for the umpteenth time that night.

“I’m sorry.” Ali nearly whispered, looking at the floor on the far side of her bed.

“I understand, and I wouldn’t care, but it’s been like every night this week.” Tracey said apologetically.

“I don’t want to do it!” Ali said only a little louder than her previous sentence. “I just… I don’t know. I just do it. While I’m sleeping.”

“I know. But I was thinking that maybe if you did it before you went to sleep you wouldn’t wake both of us up.” Tracey said, nervousness obvious in her voice.

Ali turned quickly toward her roommate, opened her mouth to speak, but made only a squeaking sound. She felt a wave of warmth as her arousal increased.

“I just want a good nights sleep.” Tracey apologized.

After much stunted, embarrassed debate, Ali agreed to try. Tracey had, after all, watched her roommate masturbate several times already, and would likely see her do it again in her sleep if she didn’t. And Ali could not hide her obvious arousal as her body betrayed her words as she tried to argue.

Resignedly, Ali laid down on her bed. Tracey sat expectantly on her own, watching her roommate with unbelieving eyes.

Ali was tentative at first, but Tracey softly spoke to her. “Picture yourself alone with Grayson. You’re in the room here, laying on your bed, and he’s kissing you. He’s touching your skin with his fingers and probing your mouth with his tongue. Now you’re kissing his neck. You can taste him. His hands are pulling your shirt up slightly, and you feel his fingers on your bare stomach, slowly reaching up and inside your shirt.”

Ali’s eyes were closed now, and she was finding a rhythm. She was embarrassed, but her roommates voice was soothing and erotic. The words were painting a visual picture for her, but more than that, the fact that she was talking reminded Ali that she was being watched, and that seemed to be turning her on.

“Now you feel his hands on your tits, over your bra. He’s gently kneading, and it feels wonderful. He’s kissing your neck, and you can feel his breath in your ear. He unhooks your bra and you lean back and let him take your shirt off.”

Ali was kneading her breast with one hand, caressing her spread pussy with the other. Her hips were bucking off the bed in time with her fingers, stroking her swollen and sensitive clit.

“You take his shirt off, too, and you kiss his chest, down to his pants. You can tell how hard he is already.”

Tracey’s voice was closer now. Ali had not heard her rise, nor had she heard footsteps as her roommate walked closer. Now she felt Tracey sit on the bed at her feet, and the orgasm hit her. Ali opened her eyes to see Tracey leaning in, watching Ali’s fingers as they stroked her clit, and she was thrown into a second wave of orgasm. She grunted and moaned rapidly, loudly. Tracey was once again reminded of animal noises.

After a few minutes Ali lay still, panting and glistening lightly with sweat. Her pussy, her hand, and the small heart-shaped patch of pubic hair above were all soaked with her sticky, thick juices, and she embarrassedly pulled her legs up, closing herself from Tracey’s view.

Tracey stood, went to Ali’s closet and tossed her friend a wash cloth from her stack of towels. Without a word or a glance, Ali dried herself and then donned her robe and left alone for the bathroom, where she washed herself properly.

When she returned, Tracey was in bed, her light turned off. Ali did not speak, but went straight to her own bed, draping her robe over the corner at the foot.

“Good night, Ali.” Tracey said quietly.

“Night.” Ali replied. The embarrassment and humiliation was evident in her voice.

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed about.” Tracey said kindly. “I’ve seen you do it before, and I do it a lot myself.”

“I’ve never done that awake before.” Ali said after a long pause. “I’ve never done it before this week, even asleep.”

“You needed to.” Tracey said. “And now you have. Keep doing it whenever you want to. It’s good for you.”

Ali did not respond for a long time. “It’s still embarrassing.” she finally said.

“It shouldn’t be. I’ll help you with that, too.”

Ali rolled onto her side. She knew that she would have a difficult struggle talking Tracey out of “helping” her. She didn’t want to put on live masturbation shows for her roommate every night, but Tracey would insist. Somehow she was always able to talk her into things. And how would she argue that she didn’t like it? She’d had two orgasms in less than two minutes tonight. Tracey would insist that it was good for her, that she needed this release. Tracey would argue that, if she really and truly hated it she would not have been able to come, let alone twice, as quickly as she had. Ali could think of no argument.

As she laid thinking about it, unable to sleep, she came slowly and surreptitiously to the realization that it was the embarrassment and the humiliation of the night, of her exposure, that caused her arousal in the first place. That further humiliated her, which increased her arousal. Being forced to masturbate in front of her friend was a whole new humiliation, and that, more than anything, had been the catalyst for the intensity of her orgasm.

Ali was shocked by her self awareness and the realization that it brought, and dismayed as she found that she really didn’t want to talk Tracey out of “helping” her with nightly masturbation shows. Two distinctly different sides of her were now struggling; one side was screaming out to end the torture, to allow her to wear baggy clothes and fade once again into relative anonymity. The other side was reveling in the new clothes, the nudity, and the new found sexual awareness. This side popped a horrible thought into her head. ‘Wouldn’t it be fun to show Grayson how I masturbate?’ Ali shuddered at the absurdity, at the utter ridiculousness of that thought. It was disgusting that she’d even thought of it. She realized that she was smiling, and pulled the sheet to cover her face as she drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

Friday night Ali and Grayson went on a date to Slice of Life, where, as Ali had predicted on her first trip there, every table was full, and the wait was long. Chip, the irritating waiter from their previous visit, recognized them immediately.

“Anything you can do to get us a table faster than 45 minutes?” asked Ali quietly.

Chip smiled and winked awkwardly. “I’ll hook you up.”

Five minutes later they were being escorted to a booth by the window. Chip even offered to sneak a couple of beers to their table, they politely declined. Grayson was nervous about drinking and driving, and Ali just didn’t like the taste of beer.

Chip was friendly and attentive, if not overly so, and actually tuned out to be a pretty nice guy.

“Why don’t we stay out all night together, Gray?” Ali said after he had declined her offer to pay half the bill.

“Where do you want to go?” he asked.

“I don’t care.” Ali replied. “Anywhere but the stupid theater.”

“Oh, so you don’t care about spending time with me.” Grayson pouted. “You just don’t want to do your naked practice tonight.”

“It’s both. But I wouldn’t be asking anyone else to stay out all night together. I’d be asking everyone else to pretend that I was sick. Or I’d run around this restaurant and lick everyone else’s silverware and really get sick.”

“You actually are sick. The fact that you would even think of licking everyone’s silverware is disgusting!”

“But if you take me away and hide with me I won’t have to do it.” Ali offered.

“But then I wouldn’t get to see you naked. It’s really the highlight of my day, you know.”

“What if I promise to let you see me naked?”

“Hmm. An interesting proposal.” He offered.

“You can see me naked any time you want.” she offered, sweetening the pot.

“Oh, that’s not good.” he replied cryptically.

“Not good?” she pouted.

“I’d never want to go anywhere or do anything. I’d just want you naked and all to myself. We’d never leave my room and we’d starve to death in less than a month. I’d be this wasted away corpse with a smile on my face and really dry eyes.”

“Dry eyes?”

“I wouldn’t want to blink. If I shut my eyes to blink I couldn’t see you for that fraction of a second. That would suck.”

“So you’re not going to take me away for the night?”

“If you really want me to I’ll take you anywhere.”

“But I can’t, can I?”

“I don’t think so.”

“But you’d really refuse to blink and die of hunger?”

“If the fifteen day hard-on didn’t kill me first.”

“I’d help you take care of that.” she said, blushing.

“Why Alison Cawood, you little slut.” he joked. “You have just exceeded the definition of the perfect woman. You’re now beyond perfect.”

“What’s the perfect woman, then?” she prodded.

Now it was Grayson’s turn to blush.

“Come on, is it just any woman who gets naked?” she joked.

“Any woman who looks like you, who’s as smart as you, as funny as you, and as genuinely nice as you. The naked part is just a bonus.”

“And I exceeded that?”

“Dirty talk is always a big plus.” he said matter-of-factly.

= O =

At 9:00 they entered the theater together. Everyone from their group was present, and Ali noticed a new face, sitting close with Stephanie.

“This is Eric, Stephanie’s new boyfriend.” Tracey announced. “Stephanie invited him to come along tonight after he found out about it.”

Ali wondered why it was acceptable for random strangers to be invited to see her naked, but also knew that it would be an argument that she wouldn’t win. She thought it over, and decided it would be less humiliating to accept it than it would to fight it and end up allowing him to stay anyway.

“This coming week is the ninety’s sorority girl.” Tracey said, leading Ali onto the lower stage. The rest of the stage was now crowded with the set of a Victorian era sitting room, the main location for My Fair Lady. She picked up a bag and gave Ali a pink and blue plaid mini skirt, blue spike-heeled shoes, and a pink silky camisole that ended a few inches above Ali’s belly button.

“Apparently I’m a slutty sorority girl.” Ali complained, looking at the outfit once it was on.

“Sexy.” Tracey corrected, looking at her friend appraisingly. “You can’t be frumpy or anything if you’re going to be stripping.”

“But my ass doesn’t have to hang out of my skirt before I take it off.” Ali countered.

“Maybe we should take a vote?” Tracey said.

“Never mind.” Ali replied dejectedly. She knew that the guys would never vote to have her more covered.

“Now take my flip phone.” Tracey said. “It’s my mom’s old one. She mailed it to me; I told her it was a prop for something in one of my acting classes. We’ll have you come into the classroom like you’re on the phone, and you’ll strip like you’re alone in your room at the sorority house.”

Tracey had written out a script for Ali, and it was quite long. She needed to be up at the front of the classroom for five minutes, and that would require a lot of phone time. Ali read through it aloud once, getting laughs from the guys in all the right places, and then a second time while Tracey timed her on a stop watch.

“Four nineteen.” Tracey said when she’d finished. “So now just go through the acting part of it for four minutes nineteen seconds.”

Tracey showed Ali how to walk, how to carry herself, and mimicked the motions of pulling her clothes off.

“So about a minute in there I have you say “hold on a sec.” Tracey reminded her. “That’s so you can take your shirt off.”

“Gosh, thanks.” Ali replied.

Ali practiced the walk, held the phone up to her ear and repeating what she could remember of the script. After about a minute Tracey looked at her stop watch and pointed to Ali, who said “Hold on a sec,” and she removed her shirt, then went right back to talking.

They had her practice several more times, finally agreeing as a group to having Ali remove her skirt first, then her shoes, and finally say “hold on a sec.” and remove her shirt.

“Don’t any of the people I’m pretending to be ever wear underwear?” Ali asked, frustrated that once again she’d be stripping quickly and walking around naked for the majority of her “strip” routine.

“It’s part of the project.” AJ replied. It’s all in the proposal.

Ali stood dejectedly as Tracey corrected her posture, and reminded her that she needed to remove the skirt and shoes faster, because the last time she’d been five seconds late to say “Hold on a sec” based on the original time.

After another few times through to practice, Ali was able to strip completely in the first minute, and had also memorized the first two minutes of the phone speech. She then stood naked on the stage and practiced the rest of the script a couple of times, and then tried to do the whole thing, including the stripping. She stumbled on her words a few times, but overall it went very well. She could feel that she was aroused, but did not look down for fear of drawing attention to it, and because she knew that if she was as visibly aroused as she had been the night before, she would not have the guts to continue. Mercifully, by 10:30 they were all ready to leave for a party.

Grayson joined Ali on the stage as she dressed. “You’re amazing, you know that?” he asked her.

“You’re just saying that because I’m naked.” she replied.

“No, I’d say it even if you had a tiny little g-string on.” he quipped.

“Wow. You really do care about me!” she joked, stepping into her thong. “But do you still think I’m all that? This isn’t a tiny little g-string.”

In reply he grabbed her, pulled her close and kissed her. The feeling of his hands on her bare flesh sent a charge of electricity through her body, which seemed to focus its tingling charge on her clit. She felt her nipples immediately erect, and knew that he would see.

She kissed him back, hard, and felt her panties getting wet. “You want to blow off the party and go back to your room?”

“I could be talked into it.” He replied coyly.

“I’ll wear just a little less than I’m wearing now.” she whispered into his ear.

“That’s my favorite outfit!”

= O =

There were many firsts for Ali in Grayson’s dorm room that night. The first time she’d been alone and naked (and fully conscious) with a guy. The first time she’d ever seen a guy naked and not in a movie, website or magazine. The first time she’d ever allowed a guy to touch her breast, butt, and pussy. The first time she’d ever touched a penis; and tasted one.

But not the first time she ever had sex.

She was nervous, and Grayson could tell, so he backed off. She was sure, or thought she was, but couldn’t convince herself, let alone him. Naked, they lay together in Grayson’s bed, feeling the warmth of each others bodies against one another. Ali was grateful that he was so patient and understanding, and eventually they fell into a silly game. Ali kept trying to peek at Grayson’s dick, and he kept trying to hide it. This turned into a wrestling match for the covers, and Ali found herself on the losing side. When Grayson could immobilize her, his reward was to fondle any bit of exposed flesh before releasing her and starting their game over.

So far he’d had fairly constant access to her breasts, and had spent half a minute caressing and lightly spanking her bare butt. He’d just flipped her over and wrapped his legs around her arms, pinning them to her sides. Her back was pressed against the hardness of his cock with only a thin sheet between them as he sat, looking down at her helpless and exposed body. He teased her by lightly brushing his fingers against the sides of her breasts, or quickly and lightly pinching her nipples.

It was in this position that Grayson’s roommate found them when he stumbled in the door.

Cole Sullivan had known that Grayson was seeing someone, but found his roommate irritatingly mute on the subject. Her name was Ali, no last name shared, and she was in his accounting class. They were friendly, but rarely hung out together, but still it bothered Cole that his roommate would not talk about his girlfriend.

He first saw the naked girl, breasts bared and beautiful. Then he saw the heart-shaped tuft of pubic hair and the spread, wet pussy glistening below. Grayson and the girl had both frozen, as though instead of entering the room Cole had instead walked into a time warp. After a few seconds the girl screamed, and began struggling to get under the covers.

When people are in highly stressful situations, adrenaline heightens the senses and sharpens the wits. This is a defense mechanism inherent to humans, and likely other animals, to help them avoid danger. It causes people to remember details about accidents as though they occurred in slow motion.

But danger is not the only cause of stress. Cole’s mind, although clouded by alcohol, seemed hyper aware, and he saw everything occur as though running at quarter time. The way her flesh moved, her breasts bouncing slightly as she lifted her body. As she flipped over to pull the covers up and slip underneath, he clearly saw her pussy once again, this time from behind. And the cute, gorgeous ass.

Ali screamed at him to get out. Grayson asked nicely for five minutes. Ali needed only two, carrying her shoes and socks, with Grayson following her.

“I’m sorry.” Grayson said for probably the thirtieth time.

“I know. I’m sorry I freaked out. I was just surprised. I shouldn’t even care any more.” Ali said.

“I should have known he’d come back. I’m sorry.”

“Stop apologizing, please.” Ali said. “You’re going to make me feel bad.”

“Okay. I’m…”

“Don’t say you’re sorry!” she warned.

“I guess I really can’t help myself!” he grinned.

“I love you. I’ll see you tomorrow.” she said, leaning up on her bare toes and kissing him.

“I love you. And I can’t wait for tomorrow. Breakfast?”

“Breakfast.” she agreed happily, and she let herself into her room. Tracey was readying herself for bed, and Ali told her all about the nights events.

= O =

Ali and Grayson were on a large bed with silk sheets. Both were naked, and Grayson now looked as he did in real life, rather than the dream version. They were wrestling, the victor winning the opportunity to ogle and fondle the loser. Grayson lost as often as Ali, and she enjoyed the sight, smell and feel of hi penis.

“I want to make love.” she told him.

“I do, too.” he replied, taking her into his arms. She felt him slip inside of her; there was no pain, just pleasure. Somehow she could see him thrusting into her. She had left her body and was watching herself with him, as though they were a movie. She could see his cock and her own pussy as he plunged in, sliding halfway out only to thrust himself back in.

In her dream there were two Ali’s. The watched, who was making love with Grayson, and the watcher, who was seeing it all. The watcher began to masturbate. She could feel the feelings of both Ali’s, and she now heard herself moan. It was both Ali’s that were moaning; grunting from one Ali, a squeak from the other.

Her noises must have alerted the love-making couple to her presence. They turned, and now she knew that they were watching her masturbate. They continued to make love, watching her as she watched them. She looked into Gray’s eyes and saw pure lust and desire.

She awoke to her stifled scream as the orgasm rocked her body. The lights in the room were all on, and she was half off the bed, wildly humping the edge of the mattress. The sheets were once again a tangle, tonight acting as a sling supporting her leg as it hung off the side of the bed, allowing her to grind her crotch against the harder corner of the mattress. Her pillow was on the floor, and her other leg and most of her body was uncovered.

The orgasm was intense as she tried to clear the image in her head. Grayson had locked his gaze with hers, and still she could see his deep, gray, intelligent and kind eyes, full of wanting and desire. She turned her head; Tracey was standing over her once again, and this time had not dressed. Looking up she saw her roommates manicured pubic hair and bared breasts, and the nudity excited her. She whimpered, grunted deeply in her throat, and came again as she continued thrusting her hips wildly against the mattress. Tracey did not move or attempt to cover up, but instead watched her roommate with an intense curiosity, so Ali’s second orgasm rolled across her body into the third.

She was covered in sweat and out of breath when she was finally able to move. As she shifted her body, the weight that had been holding the sling in which her knee and leg had been supported disappeared, and she fell from the bed to the floor. Tracey jumped backward, and immediately began laughing.

After a few moments Ali saw the humor, and both girls were now giggling uncontrollably, naked on the floor in their dorm room.

“If we’re ever going to sleep again, you need to start releasing that pressure valve you call a pussy before bed!” Tracey said.

Ali had been through this the night before, and knew that she would lose. She argued anyway, but less convincingly than she wished. The conversation was over before it began, and Ali reluctantly agreed.

= O =

“I can’t believe it.” Tracey said into her phone.

Ali was in the shower, and Tracey had placed the call almost immediately after she left.

“It was like she wanted to do it. It took me all of about 30 seconds to talk her into it.” Pause. “No, I’m not bullshitting.”

“I have to keep her from screwing Grayson, though. She starts having sex and she won’t need the added release. I won’t be able to keep her frigging herself every night if she’s out boning Gray.”

She paused to listen to the person on the other end of the line speak. “I’ll figure out a way. You’ll get to see.” she promised.

= O =

Grayson arrived at the dorm room to meet Ali for their breakfast date, but paused before knocking. He heard Tracey’s voice coming through the door, and pressed his ear to listen.

“I think she had three last night. No kidding, three!” she said.

She paused again. “I know. Only three more weeks. Don’t worry about my end… I know, but the really hard part is that I like her!”

Tracey must be on the phone; Grayson was hearing only one end of the conversation. “You like her too, and you know it.”

“Grayson?” Ali was walking down the hall.

“Hey, good morning!” he said, trying to act as though he hadn’t just been caught. “I couldn’t wait for you.”

She smiled warmly at him, and kissed him softly. “Come on in while I get ready.” she invited. Then she opened the door a crack. “You descent?”

Tracey was wearing her robe, but was obviously naked underneath. “I’ll be out of here in a second.” She said, quickly ending a call on her phone and picking up her shower basket.

Grayson and Tracey exchanged brief smiles as they passed each other in the doorway, and Grayson watched her walk down the hall, heading straight to the bathrooms. When he closed the door and turned around, he found Ali naked with a slight pout on her face.

“You’d rather watch Tracey walk away than me take my robe off?”

“I curse the fact that I missed it.” he said, taking her in his arms and kissing her. “I was kind of jealous of this project at first, but I’ve got this really hot girlfriend who spends most of her time with me totally naked, so I’m really having trouble finding something to complain about.”

“I woke Tracey up again last night.” Ali confessed, holding Grayson close so he would not see her blush.

“Jerking off in your sleep again?” Grayson asked.

“Guys jerk off.” Ali corrected him, smiling. “I don’t have anything to jerk, in case you haven’t noticed.”

“I never look anywhere but your eyes.” he lied.

“Then take my word for it. Nothing down there that I could grab onto and JERK.” she had snaked her hand into his pants and as she emphasized the last word, she grasped his hard dick and gave it a gentle, playful tug.

“Careful!” he said, even though her touch felt wonderful and not at all too hard. “You’re going to tear it off!”

“Then I could keep it under my pillow.”

“Dangerous, the way you sleep!” he joked.

Ali blushed crimson and turned away.

“I’m sorry. Trying to be funny.”

“No, it was funny.” Ali replied. “I’m just embarrassed. Tracey’s making me do it at night before bed so I stop waking her up.”

“She’s what?”

“Yeah.”

“Wow. So, I don’t want to get you upset, but… that’s really hot.”

“Who are you, Paris Hilton?”

“Shut up, you know what I mean.”

“Yeah.”

“Wow. So what does she do?”

“She just sits there and watches me.” Ali confessed, burning bright red and feeling the heat in her face.

“That’s just about the… I don’t know… weird isn’t the right word. Amazing. Wild, maybe. That’s the wildest thing I’ve ever heard of.”

“You were watching me.” Ali said, still not looking at him.

“Huh?”

“Last night. You were watching me. In my dream.” She then told him about her dream, about how she somehow split into two Ali’s, and how he and the Ali he was making love to were watching the other Ali masturbate, and how exciting it was.

“That’s an incredible dream.” he admitted, shifting slightly to adjust his erection.

“Yeah. It was pretty amazing.”

“What do your Psych classes say about that dream?”

“That I’m really horny,” she answered, smiling, “and that it’s all your fault.”

“My fault? I guess I can handle taking the blame for that.”

“Well, it never happened to me before I met you.” she blushed. It was hard to admit this to him, but she felt better telling him; sharing herself.

“Why are you so honest with me?” he asked, as though reading her mind.

“It feels right.” she replied simply, as though this should be obvious. “I don’t feel like I have to lie to you.”

“I’m glad you feel that way.” he said. “It makes me feel special.”

“I love you. I didn’t have to take my robe off. I could have asked you to wait in the hallway so I could get dressed. I wanted to do this.”

“I’m really glad that you wanted to do this.” he smiled. “I love your body.”

“And you don’t judge me?”

“Judge you? How?”

“Could I tell you anything and have you still love me?”

“Unless you tell me that you hate me. No, that would just hurt me, but I’d still love you. I can’t think of anything. Maybe if you said you had sex with a couple of guys after I left you last night. Maybe…”

“It’s really hard. I am trying to be honest…” she said.

“I promise you, I will do my best to understand. I really do love you. I can’t believe how close I feel to you after this short a time, but I’ve never clicked like this with anyone. We can talk for hours about nothing, and I still walk away feeling like I had a great time. You have a laugh that’s musical, and a great sense of humor. I love making you laugh, but I love even more that you can make me laugh. And I haven’t even started talking about how incredible you look. Your eyes are amazing; when you laugh, when you smile, they get brighter somehow. Every expression your face makes shines through your eyes. I’ve never seen anything like it.”

Ali was near tears. She felt such an overwhelming sense of emotion. Grayson was saying the right things, telling her not only that he loved her, but unconsciously telling her why. And most importantly, he had not yet mentioned her body; her nudity. She was standing naked in her dorm room, completely exposed to him, and he was prattling on about her eyes, her laugh, her smile.

She leapt at him, planting a wet kiss half on his lips, half off. She realigned her aim and caught him square on her second try, pushing him backwards onto her bed. She did not know that the tears had overflowed in her eyes until she tasted the salt and felt the moisture. Embarrassed at her emotions, she wiped her cheek dry with the back of her hand, now attempting to hide her face.

“What is it?” Grayson asked, misinterpreting her tears.

“I’m scared.” she whispered, sitting up fully now. Somehow it didn’t seem strange at all that she was naked with him.

“Scared of what?”

“I want to ask you something. But I’m scared.”

He was silent for a long moment. “You can ask me anything, but I’m not going to push you. Why don’t you get dressed and we’ll go to breakfast. You can decide later.”

“I want you to watch me.” she blurted out loudly and quickly. It sounded like a single, long word.

It took a moment for Grayson to process the noises into separate words. He fought his instinct to ask her to repeat herself; he knew it had been difficult.

“Watch you?” he asked finally. “I didn’t understand at first. You said you want me to watch you, right?”

Ali was blushing crimson, now suddenly ashamed of her nudity. She stood and pulled on a pair of panties from her drawer. She wished she had bought more than three thongs; they were all dirty, and she was pulling on her old, large panties from Target. They seemed very unsexy and frumpy, deepening her embarrassment. She had no cute bras clean, and stood uncertainly, unable to look at Grayson, wishing to cover her nudity, but not wishing to embarrass herself. She pulled out a blue bra that didn’t match the panties she had chosen, and hesitated.

She walked quickly to her closet and quickly grabbed a pair of warm-up pants. She pulled them on, pulled on a t-shirt, followed it with a sweat-shirt, and finally her hoodie. She dropped her bra in her hamper, too embarrassed to return it to the drawer.

When she turned, Grayson was standing. He pulled her into a hug, and kissed her forehead. She had tears on her cheeks again, and gently he used his thumbs to wipe them away, then softly kissed her eyes.

“I promised you that I would try to understand.” he said softly. “And I think I do. I think I know what you want, but I can’t figure out why.”

Ali buried her face in his strong shoulder, cradling her eyes in the crook of his neck. “It feels really weird, with just Tracey.” she whispered.

Grayson now understood. He hugged her strongly. “You don’t have to say any more. I’ll do it. And I won’t judge you.”

Now that she’d said it, or almost said it; now that Grayson understood, Ali felt a flood of relief wash over her. It had been a very hard conversation, but he had made it so much easier. On this side of the discussion she had difficulty remembering why it had been so hard to talk about.

She wiped her eyes and laughed at herself.

“I don’t know why that was so hard.” she said. “I’m such a freak.”

Grayson held her by the shoulders very firmly, and looked into her eyes. His expression was stern and serious. “Don’t you ever talk about the woman I love that way, or I swear to God, I’ll mess you up.”

Ali laughed out loud. “You’ll mess me up?”

“Big time.” he replied, smiling now. “I don’t allow no one to talk no shit about my Ali.”

“You sound so tough. I like a rough, hard man.”

“I’m hard almost all the time I’m around you,” he replied, “and if I don’t shave for a few days my beard is kind of rough and scratchy.”

She kissed him, allowing her hands to scratch lightly down his back, and she firmly grabbed his butt.

“Just so I can forget about this all,” she said, “can you tell me what we just talked about, so I know you know?”

“You don’t think I speak Ali?” he asked challengingly. “I can read you like a book.”

“Humor me.”

“You want me to be there with you when you jerk off. You’re scared to have sex with me, even though you think you want to. You know that you can’t talk Tracey out of making you do it at night before bed, and you know that you’ll keep waking her up if you don’t do it, anyway. And you feel weird about doing it in front of a girl. Kind of gay. I’m the best choice of guys because I’m your boyfriend.”

Ali was stunned. She figured that he had understood that she wanted him to watch her masturbate, but she had no idea that he would have been smart enough to figure out that she was still afraid of sex.

“Girls don’t jerk off.” She replied. “No dick, remember?”

“I keep forgetting that part.” he replied. “Maybe one of these days I’ll take a look when you’re naked.”

“Yeah, maybe if you’re ever down there shaving me again you can peek. I know it offends your sensibilities, but for purely scientific purposes.”

“If it’s for science, then I think I could do it.” he said, reaching his hand up the back of her shirt to feel her bare skin and kissing her lightly on the tip of her nose.

“Call it masturbating.” she said.

“Sounds so clinical.” he argued. “What about tossing the taco salad?”

Ali fought back her grin. “Too long. Flipping the switch?”

“Not bad. Gives a good visual, I think.”

“I forgot that you like a good visual.” Ali teased.

“How about digging for clams?”

“That’s just gross.” Ali said, unable to suppress her laugh. “Digging the ditch is one thing…”

“So anything referring to fish…”

“Would get you banned from naked practice.” Ali interrupted.

“Got it. So we’ll stick with flipping the switch, tossing the taco salad, and digging the ditch.”

“Humping the hand is another possibility.” Ali said thoughtfully.

“Nice. That would work for guys, too.”

“Any of those. Just don’t call it jerking off. That’s what you do when I’m not around.”

“Right. And humping the hand is what you do when I am around.”

“You really are cool with this, aren’t you?”

“I’m cool with you. Anything you could throw at me is perfect.”

“Three way with another guy?”

“Do I get to pick the guy?”

“I didn’t know you had a thing for guys.”

“I don’t, but I’d pick someone with a really small dick and a hair trigger. I’d seem like a total stud next to him.”

“You’ve given this a lot of thought, haven’t you?”

“None before today.” he admitted. “Been thinking about three ways with two girls since I was six.”

“Six?”

“I got an early start. Back then I was more thinking about playing baseball with a real bat and ball, rather than in the figurative sense.”

“And with me?”

“I’d have a hair trigger. You have to promise me that if I cum in my pants the first time you’ll give me a few minutes to recover and try it again. You’re just so perfect I’ll probably blow it the second you say you want me.”

“God, I want you inside me, Grayson.” Ali whispered seductively into his ear.

Hugging her tightly he jerked, twitched, and grunted. “Crap, I just blew it in my pants. See what you do to me?”

“Too bad. This was going to be the time. I guess we’ll have to wait.” Ali joked.

“I’m fine with that. You just keep whispering in my ear like that and I don’t need sex. I’ll need another couple dozen pairs of underwear…”

“You’re a pig.”

“Good thing you love bacon so much.”

“I’m going to call you bacon from now on. That’s your new nickname.”

“Then I get to call you taco salad.”

“I suppose it’s better than tuna salad.”

“Oh, I like that.”

“Don’t even think about it!”

= O =

By Sunday evening Ali had fully memorized her phone speech, and had perfected her strip so the timing was flawless. As she lay with Grayson on his bed after dinner, she marveled at how far she’d come since the beginning of the school year.

“Did you know that junior year in high school I had to give a speech on how to make a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, and I almost threw up?”

“Bad sandwich?”

“No!” she said, playfully slapping him without moving her head from his chest. “I was so nervous having to stand up in front of the class and give a speech.”

“So the sandwich was good?”

“I didn’t eat the sandwich. I was just commenting on how tomorrow I’m going to be pretending to talk on a cell phone in front of a classroom full of people while I’m taking off all my clothes. I think that would have killed me.”

It’s a huge change.” He admitted. “I did mine on how to juggle.”

“What?”

“Your sandwich speech. It was a demonstration speech, right? You had to pick something and teach the class how to do it?”

“Yeah…”

“I had to do the same thing at my school. I did it on how to juggle.”

“Get out! I didn’t know you could juggle!”

He stroked her hair lightly. “Sure. It’s easy.”

He had wadded up three pieces of paper to use as juggling balls when Ali got a text. Jer and Tim were upstairs waiting.

“I hate this part.”

“I’ll come with you.”

“Thank you.”

Jer had spray-on hair color with him. Ali changed into her oldest one-piece bathing suit with her sloppiest t-shirt over it and went with him into the guys’ bathroom. They logically assumed that few guys would complain about her presence there, but most girls would complain about Jer’s intrusion to their space.

Most guys left them alone after curious glances. Ali was sitting on the floor in one of the showers while Jer stood behind her, carefully spraying her hair in layers, allowing a minute for each to dry before flipping the next layer down.

It took nearly half an hour, but when he was done she looked like a perfect platinum blonde. “And you’re sure it washes out?” she asked for the tenth time.

“Positivie. You might need to shampoo twice, but your hair is light already, so probably once will do.”

Ali was too uncomfortable in the guys bathroom, and went next door to the girls’ to wash her face and hands, and then met everyone back in the dorm.

“Any naked guys in there?” Tracey asked.

“Just one. Big guy from the football team. Must’ve been six five. Total washboard abs. Huge dick.” Ali lied.

“You wish.” Tracey replied.

“They were all very nice to us.” Jer corrected. “And very few of them showed Ali their dicks.”

They laughed. “So am I doing her heart?” Jer asked.

“I can do that.” Ali offered.

Jer looked to Tracey, disappointed, but Tracey agreed with Ali. “Get your suit off and hose your bush down, then.”

Ali blushed at the crassness of her roommates command, but complied nonetheless. Taking some last moment instruction from Jer, and using her already-stained t-shirt as a backdrop, Ali sprayed her pubic hair, running her fingers through it to ensure that it was died to the roots. After it had dried she wrapped herself in her robe and headed to the bathroom to clean up the skin around it and her hands.

The affect was immediately visible. She’d been tanning nude now, and was deeply bronzed all over. The almost white of the pubic hair stood out starkly against her dark skin, making the heart shape clearly visible from across the room. The lightness of the hair on her head, too, made the tan on her face seem deeper, and with the right stance and attitude, she looked completely vacant and shallow; exactly what they were going for.

She practiced her strip once more, while rehearsing her speech, and naked practice was mercifully called short, a sort of reward for her excellent work.

The truth was, it was all getting easier for her. She was no longer as nervous, nor as reluctant, to take her clothes off during naked practice. Class was still difficult for her, but with all of the rehearsal and practice, she had confidence that she’d never felt before, and could use the strength of that self-assuredness to get her through what she knew had to be done.

“I’m going to go to bed early.” she told her roommate after the room had emptied, leaving only her, Tracey and Grayson.

“Okay, so say goodnight to Grayson and we’ll get ready for bed.” Tracey offered.

“Um… Grayson’s going to stay for my other practice.” Ali blushed.

Tracey looked uncertainly at her roommate. Did that mean what she thought it meant?

Still naked, Ali moved to her bed and sat down. Grayson took a place at the foot of the bed, gently caressing Ali’s bare leg, just above the knee.

Tracey stood near the center of the room, unbelieving. Was shy little Ali actually volunteering to let a boy watch her play with her pussy?

With no prompting, Ali reached down and, smiling nervously at Grayson, used two fingers to slightly spread herself, dipping a third lightly into the soft folds of skin, moistening the tip. She was both surprised and dismayed to discover how wet she was, but resisted the urge to lift her head. It was more thrilling, more erotic somehow, to add the tension of not knowing just how lewd her display was. She shuddered slightly, dragging her moistened finger just to the side of her clit, as she imagined Grayson’s view from his position between her legs. She could still feel his hand, lightly caressing her skin only inches below her bare sex, and she kept her eyes fixed on his face, refusing to look down, preferring instead to imagine the degree and extent of her exposure.

She found that watching Grayson watching her was equal parts erotic and frustrating. Grayson was nervous, and was trying to maintain eye contact with Ali, wishing to give her a feeling of ease. He was, however, a guy, and one who had never before watched a woman masturbate, especially not less than a foot away from him. He stole furtive glances toward her fingers as they lightly caressed her swollen, wet pussy.

When she would catch him glancing downward, it was heaven. She wanted him to watch. She knew that now, more certainly than she had before. She needed him to look; to see her. She wanted to be open to him, to be a dirty, sexual thing after which he lusted.

He attempted to hold eye contact with her. He was trying to be respectful. Frustration was building; she did not want respect from him, she wanted to see him hunger for her. He could love her later, when she was clothed. When she was in class, or on a car ride. But now she needed to be desired, to be wanted. To be watched in her private moment, and to feel the intimacy created by being so open, so base.

She closed her eyes. She wanted to watch him, to know he was looking at her, seeing her pussy. Her cunt. Now it was her cunt, open, wet and wanting. She wanted to see him, to look at his face and see his beautiful gray eyes staring at her hand as it fucked her cunt.

She opened her eyes, needing to see the lust on his face. His gaze was fixed between her legs, his mouth open slightly, eyes wide and staring. After a moment that passed too quickly, he locked eyes with her again. He did not look away, and appeared embarrassed that he’d been caught looking elsewhere.

A whine escaped her lips. She felt a rush of sexual energy as she summoned the courage to open her mouth. She moaned slightly, thrusting her hips up to meet her hand. “Watch me.” she whispered.

Confusion flashed through his eyes, followed by understanding. He smiled at her, a wicked, knowing smile, and her hips involuntarily drove upward again, accompanied by a guttural sound emanating more from her throat than her mouth as his focus shifted from her face to her crotch.

He knew now, and he was suddenly comfortable. She wanted him to see, and he wanted to watch. This was not practice, not “medicinal” masturbation, and not something about which either of them should feel ashamed. This was a raw, uninhibited sex show, and they each had their parts to play. Her role was to show herself, to be on display for him. His role was to see, to thrill at the erotic presentation in front of him, and to let her see his desires and his lust shining through his eyes. She needed him to know her intimately, to hide nothing.

He placed his other hand on her thigh, sliding both now lightly and gently upwards, toward her pussy. He pulled the skin slightly, spreading her more to his gaze. She was watching him, her eyes fixed on his face. She could see that he was mesmerized, and it drove her closer to her orgasm.

The sight was beyond erotic. Nothing Grayson had seen on the internet, in the emails his friends had forwarded him, could have prepared him for what he was now watching. This was genuine, unbridled lust being teased, tortured and nursed as it moved rapidly toward a climax of release. There was no acting here; no pretense. The emotions were real, the movements were involuntary, and the sounds were not primitive, instinctual. Ali’s fingers caressed her swollen, protruding clit, gliding lightly along the side, pulling the hood back and exposing all of her to him before flipping around the top and gliding back down the other side, dipping lightly into her open, glistening hole and repeating the journey. Her hips ground, humping the air furiously, and he could see the muscles and tendons in her hips and thighs straining as she moved. Her legs were spread wide, and her thin, lithe body was laid out for him. The bronzed skin contrasted against the impossible white of the tiny, dyed heart-shaped tuft perched uselessly above her gaping pussy. The hair was decoration, providing neither cover nor protection for her vagina. The flat of her belly flexed and writhed as she panted, moaned, squirmed and thrusted, displaying for him each tendon, muscle and bone. Above were her breasts, round and firm, as deeply tanned as the rest of her nude body. Her left hand gently kneaded the right tit, gently pinching her erect nipple between the thumb and forefinger as she continued to ride the waves of pleasure toward the impending climax.

Her eyes were still locked on his, watching him watch her. He smiled again, the lust apparent in his eyes, and then his gaze traced slowly her body back down, squeezing his hands tighter against her upper thighs, pulling her pussy wider, and leaning closer.

“Look at how wet you are.” he said quietly. Ali shuddered in reply.

Tracey appeared over his shoulder. Ali had all but forgotten she was there. Her gaze was fixed between Ali’s legs, and she made no pretense of otherwise. The look on her face was one of amazement, and Ali could take no more.

Her body locked, rigid and straight with her butt inches off the bed, her fingers pressed tightly against her clit and her hand squeezed her boob, almost painfully. The orgasm started, and Grayson could see her pussy contract tightly, almost snapping closed. A couple of seconds later Ali’s body collapsed, and her pussy began to spasm, opening and closing, pulsing as she continued to furiously frig her swollen clit and her other hand resumed it’s firm kneading and squeezing of her breast.

As the waves of pleasure were beginning to recede, Grayson stroked her lips with his thumbs, reminding her that he was there, of where his eyes were fixed, and that his hands were close. A second climax locked her body, sending new tremors through her. From her mouth came animal noises; grunts, squeals, cries and panting.

Ali lay, spent, on the bed. Her hand was still resting on her pussy, her other now draped across her belly. Grayson and Tracey were speechless, still taking in the beauty of their nude friend, lying naked and exposed on the bed, and the wonder of what they had seen.

Grayson gently moved her hand, uncovering her pussy. He bent forward and lightly kissed her on the wet skin between her hypersensitive pussy and the small, decorative tuft of hair. She shuddered slightly at the intimate contact, but made no move to stop him.

Breathing hard, she pushed herself onto her elbows. Grayson moved to sit next to her, and gently brushed her slightly damp hair from her face, wiping away the thin film of perspiration. He kissed her softly, and she tasted herself on his lips.

“Wow.” said Tracey, walking slowly back toward her own bed, looking more at her roommate than where she was going.

Ali blushed slightly. Now that the heat of the moment had died down, she felt dirty, slutty for the show she had put on.

“You’re an amazing girl, and I’m lucky to know you.” Grayson whispered in her ear so that only she could hear.

She hugged him tightly, then laughed embarrassedly. “I got your shirt wet!” she giggled, looking at her still-wet hand.

In answer, Grayson kissed her again, more deeply. She could still taste herself, and was excited by it.

Ali wrapped herself in her robe and walked to the bathroom with Tracey and Grayson. He promised to wait for her before returning to his room.

Ali quickly washed her hands and scrubbed her pussy. Some of the hairspray washed off, leaving her with a two toned heart. She didn’t care. She peed quickly, rewashed her hands, and dashed back to the hallway and into Grayson’s arms.

“I want to talk about that.” she whispered.

“Tomorrow.” he assured her.

“You don’t think bad about me?”

“I think very, very good about you.”

“I think good about you, too.” She smiled, pulling him into another hug.

“You wouldn’t if you knew what I was about to go do.”

“I’m jealous that I don’t get to come along and watch.” she replied, blushing at the thought.

“I’m not quite as brave as you. Maybe someday.” he said, also blushing slightly.

“Let’s break up the love fest and get to bed. Monday’s suck with everyone coming over at the butt crack of dawn to help you get ready.” Tracey said, coming out of the bathroom.

She walked alone down the hallway to their room as Ali and Grayson kissed goodnight, hugged again (and again), and finally parted.

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The next morning Jer, Tim and Darren woke the girls knocking on their door early. Ali had received three separate text messages, but had somehow slept through all of them.

Tracey opened the door, quickly pulling her robe on over her t-shirt and panties. Ali was groggily rising, sitting slightly and rubbing her eyes. It was somehow more embarrassing to be naked in bed, just waking up with no chance to mentally prepare. It seemed stranger now; the guys were still wearing their coats, and Ali was under the covers completely naked. She was trying to force herself to climb out of bed when her phone chimed, alerting her of a text from Andrew. He, Sam and AJ would be there in a minute.

“What happened to the color on your heart?” Darren asked, referring to the washed out pubic hair, a casualty of the masturbation session the night before.

“I’ll fix it in the bathroom.” Ali said, pulling the sheet back over herself, extremely embarrassed to know for certain that the guys were looking at her pussy even before she’d kicked her covers completely off.

“But how did it get like that?” he pushed, dismayed. “It’s only supposed to wash off. One night of sleep shouldn’t…”

“I had to clean up last night.” Ali interrupted, shooting Tracey, who was laughing quietly to herself, a fierce look to keep her from explaining in any detail.

The two girls quickly stopped the boys’ inquiries and insisted that they needed a few minutes. Ali wrapped herself in her robe and opened the door to find Andrew, Sam and AJ about to knock. The girls excused themselves, then went to the bathroom.

Tracey broke into a wide grin as they walked down the hallway together, and both girls were laughing by the time they’d reached the bathroom. “You don’t say a word.” Ali warned.

“Who, me?” came Tracey’s innocent reply.

“I swear. Not a word.”

Tracey simply laughed in reply, and locked herself into a stall and started peeing. Ali relieved herself, and then headed to the showers with her spray-on hair color and began to touch up the small heart shaped tuft of hair.

“I don’t even know why I have this stupid heart.” Ali called to Tracey, who was standing at the sinks.

“It’s all about presentation, isn’t it?” Tracey called back. “Costuming.”

“Nice costume.” Ali shot back snidely.

Tracey just laughed in reply as Ali walked up to join her at the sinks. She took a wash cloth and wiped the excess spray off, embarrassed further as Tracey stopped brushing her hair and stood back to watch in the mirror.

Ali quickly brushed her teeth and the girls headed back to the dorm room together. There, Tracey pulled the robe undone and slid it easily off of her shoulders leaving Ali naked in a room with six guys.

“You can’t keep doing that. I only bought one can of the spray, and we won’t be able to do your hair for Wednesday if you keep needing touch ups.” Darren scolded, looking at her pussy instead of her face as he talked.

“Then we won’t spray it Tuesday night.” Ali said coldly. “I like to shower in the morning and this is a pain in the ass.”

“Well maybe we don’t like coming over at six in the morning.” Darren shot back.

“Then I apologize for waking you up. I’ll just get dressed now, and you can go back to living your comfortable life that includes sleeping late in the morning and a complete lack of naked girls.”

“Someone talking about naked girls? I like naked girls.” said Grayson, cautiously entering the room with two cups of coffee. “You might want to keep the shouting to a lower volume, and maybe make sure the door is closed.”

Grayson’s mere presence in the room had a calming effect on Ali, and she quickly rushed to his arms, kissing him deeply. Although her friends were perfectly content to view her nude body from any conceivable angle regardless of her embarrassment, they turned respectfully away as the couple embraced. Ali stifled a small giggle, and Grayson, noticing the same thing, grinned back at her and resumed kissing.

The argument forgotten, Darren ushered Ali to her desk chair where he used a flat iron and a curling iron on her hair, styling it perfectly - parted on the right side and swept back into full, flirty curls. Tim ensured that her outfit was perfect, and with ten minutes to spare she was ready to head to class. She pulled Andrew’s warm-up pants over her skirt, feeling foolish in her heels, pulled on her own hoodie, and grabbed her bag. Grayson kissed her warmly before running off to his own class, leaving Ali, Sam, Andrew and AJ to walk together to the PoliSci building.

Special care was taken not to offend; there were guys in fraternities and girls in sororities in all of the classes, and they did not want to insinuate that all sorority girls were vacuous, slutty and self absorbed, so as Ali continued to talk quietly into the phone, completely naked now, her team mates explained in detail how stereotypes, sometimes exaggerated, comical ones, were being used in the project.

No one seemed to care in the least.

Ali took her seat, and by the end of class was embarrassed to find a small wet spot on her chair. She fumbled with her hoodie, intentionally allowing it to fall onto the chair, where she used the sleeve to surreptitiously wipe up the evidence of her arousal before pulling on her jeans, slipping into her t-shirt, and finally pulling on her hoodie. She sat once again in her chair to pull on her socks and lace up her shoes before bidding farewell to her fans and dashing across campus to her next class.

The remainder of the week was a blur of similar activity. Evenings were spent at the tanning salon, driven by Grayson or Andrew. Tami now felt comfortable chatting openly with Ali, as though they were close friends. She would complain about how boring it could get later in the evening.

“The busy times are after class. It’s almost all other students, you know?” she said casually, leaning against the open door to Ali’s room, watching the counter and Ali at the same time. “There’s a few townies, but they come in the mornings. Around now it’s so boring ‘cause there’s never anyone here. Wow. You have a little heart this week!”

Ali had just pulled her panties off, and Tami had immediately noticed the newly sculpted tuft of pubic hair.

“What’s next week?”

“Shaving it all off.” Ali replied, trying to sound more bored than nervous.

“Ugh. I have to have my landing strip.” Tami said as though they’d been friends forever. “Makes me think of a little kid with no hair. But I guess that’s the new style. You look at Playboy and stuff and all the girls are shaved.”

“You read Playboy?” Ali mentally kicked herself for getting drawn into the conversation.

“Uncle Paulie gets it. It’s always in his office. Sometimes it’s really boring here and I read it. Kills the time.”

“Cool.” Ali replied dully. I’m going to tan, then.”

Tami was not big on hints, and simply averted her eyes from the bright light of the tanning bed, leaving the door open and continuing to talk to Ali. She left at one point to show another customer to her room, but then returned, reopening Ali’s door, to continue their conversation.

Naked practice continued nightly, but had become less formal. Ali practiced her speech alone, practiced her stripping once or twice, but mostly just sat naked, doing her homework, watching TV, playing dice, cards or just hanging out as her friends came and went during the evenings. Grayson and Ali had become virtually inseparable, and met for breakfast, lunch and dinner daily. Grayson did his homework in the evenings with Ali, and they had reluctantly allowed his roommate, Cole Sullivan to join on occasion. He had already walked in on them, had seen Ali naked, and had finally been told that she was the infamous Naked Girl. When he found out that there were a dozen guys “helping” her with naked practice and confronted Ali and Grayson late Monday afternoon, it became next to impossible to turn him down.

Each night Grayson would stay after everyone left. He and Tracey would sit, sometimes side by side at her feet, sometimes next to her, or with her head resting on his lap, and Ali would pleasure herself. Grayson’s easy smile, deep, penetrating eyes and his seemingly complete understanding of Ali made it easy for her to speak to him; to tell him things that would normally embarrass or humiliate her.

“I’m afraid to have sex.” she told him over a private lunch one afternoon. “But I get so insanely hot when you watch me.”

“I want to reach out sometimes. To touch you myself.” he confessed.

“Don’t.” she asked him, looking slightly abashed. “It’s so much more intense when you just watch.”

“I won’t touch you until you ask me to.” he promised, lightly pulling her hand to his lips, gently kissing each finger. Ali wondered if he meant anything deeper by it; her first thought was that those were the fingers she used on herself each night, and it gave her a slight thrill.

“Why are you so easy to talk to?”

“Because I love you unconditionally.” he replied simply. “Nothing you could ever say can change the fact that I love you.”

“Then how did I get so lucky?” she amended.

“Not luck at all. In our previous lives we were totally ripped off. I was a mosquito who flew into a bug zapper and never even got to bite anyone. You were a swan. The most beautiful swan on the lake. You were trying to protect your family and were eaten by a wolf.”

“Eaten by a wolf?”

“Better than flying into a bug zapper. You were noble. I was just an idiot.”

“In your defense, your brain wouldn’t have been very big.” she said, remaining serious.

“It was a very, very pretty light.” he replied thoughtfully, as though suddenly recalling.

“I’m sure it was. But a wolf?”

“A wolf.” he confirmed.

“I didn’t know you were psychic.”

“Internet.” he replied casually. “There’s a site. Reads your past life aura from a whole bunch of personal information. Credit cards, social security number, drivers’ license number. Stuff that can’t belong to anyone else. You just type it all in and it tells you what you were in a past life. I did you, too. Borrowed your purse. Hope you don’t mind.”

“Nice,” she replied, raising one eyebrow. “and this site told you that I was a swan who got turned into wolf poop?”

“I have a picture of the poop if you want to see it.”

“No, thanks. Bad memories.”

“So our crappy past lives are being made up for now. Karma.”

“No fear of identity theft, then?”

“Karma wouldn’t allow that. If it did we’d have to come back next time even better. There’s nothing better than you, so it can’t happen.”

“I’m going to hang a bug zapper in my room to lure you there every night.” Ali said, leaning in and kissing him softly.

“No matter how pretty that light was,” he replied, “it looks like a burned out bulb next to you.”

“I’m glad I got eaten by a wolf.” Ali said, pulling him into a tight embrace. “I’d get torn apart by fifty wolves to be with you.”

“And that was a cool light.” he added.

Ali was so comfortable with Gray. She had started a deep conversation about her sexuality, and he had quickly understood, assured her, and then deftly changed the subject to some nonsensical thing to put her back at ease.

After class on Wednesday Ali and Andrew, as was now their custom, walked back together. Grayson would be in class for another hour, so Ali had time to shower.

“Come to my room with me.” Ali said. “Let me give you your stuff out of my bag.”

Andrew’s warm-up pants were folded at the bottom of Ali’s bag. He, AJ and Sam had, as usual, collected her clothes as they walked to the stools at the front of the class, and put them away for her as she stayed in character.

“I’ll get them.” Andrew offered, sliding Ali’s backpack from her shoulder and unzipping it. He’d been putting things into or taking things out of her bag for so long that neither of them considered it rude that he didn’t ask first.

Andrew pulled out the sorority girl outfit, placing everything neatly on Ali’s desk. The shoes he dropped lightly to the floor. At the very bottom were his warm-up pants, which he pulled out, finally turning to Ali.

“So do you…” he stopped mid sentence, shocked to find Ali naked, stepping into her shower shoes.

“Do I what?” asked Ali, pushing her arms into her robe and pulling the belt closed around her.

“Sorry. I wasn’t expecting you to change before I left.” he said. “I wanted to know if you were going to shower right away. Stupid question now.”

Ali looked down at herself. “I didn’t even think about it!” she admitted, blushing slightly. She’d just walked into her room, thinking of Andrew no differently than she would Tracey, and changed. She was so used to being naked around her guy friends that she had, for a brief moment, forgotten herself.

“No problem.” Andrew said nervously.

Each stood awkwardly for a moment. Ali then bent to retrieve her shower basket and a towel, and broke the silence. “So, I’m gonna go shower…”

“Yeah.” Andrew said stupidly, suddenly realizing he’d been staring and jumping toward the door.

“So I guess I’ll see you later.” She replied.

Together they left the room, and walked silently down the hall. Andrew stopped at his room and Ali continued toward the bathroom.

“Wait.” she called to him.

“What?”

“Um. Can I… um… use your shaver?” she asked shyly.

“Oh, yeah. The heart has to come off.” He replied, unthinking. He held the door open for her.

“Can I just bring it back?” she asked.

“Um… it’s not supposed to get wet.” He answered.

Ali sighed and decided it was too difficult to argue. There was so little hair anyway, it would take only a moment. She took the razor as he handed it to her, straddled his trash can and squatted low, pulling her robe open slightly. In three passes with the razor the heart was mostly gone, and she could now use her blade in the shower to remove the remaining hair. She looked up to see Andrew staring.

“Thanks.” she said, handing the razor back to him.

“Uh huh.”

She quickly left the room, feeling her face burning, and nearly ran to the girls bathroom. In the shower she finished the job she’d started, leaving herself completely bald for the first time since she was eleven. On her skin was a small, heart shaped white spot, untouched by the light from the tanning bed.

She shampooed her hair three times, just to be sure that the platinum blonde spray was completely washed out, then conditioned it heavily. Half an hour later she finally exited the shower feeling nervous energy.

This always happened before she was going to see Grayson. It was especially strong today; she had the small, white heart on her skin – the only part of her that was not tan – and she was anxious for him to see. She was both nervous and excited at the prospect.

She styled her hair and put on her makeup in the bathroom, something that she almost never did. She still wore little makeup, but had begun using a flat iron on her hair, and was wearing it less frequently pulled into her trademark ponytail.

When she had completely run out of tasks to keep her occupied, she gathered up her things and walked slowly back to her room. She still had fifteen minutes before Grayson would arrive after class, and she knew that sitting alone would drive her stir crazy.

Her room was still empty. Play rehearsals were in full schedule, and Tracey, as the lead, seemed always to be at the theater. Ali kicked off her shower shoes and walked around her room nervously. There was something about being barefoot in the middle of the afternoon in late fall that felt, somehow, fun. She’d been barefoot in this room more than not in the past few months, but being alone made it a bit of a thrill. When she was alone she was always fully dressed.

She seemed to contemplate something, and suddenly make a decision. Ali walked purposefully to the window and twisted the mini blinds, angling them upward. Light still came into the room, but the view from outside was all but completely blocked. Ali then walked to her closet and shrugged out of her robe, baring herself.

She was alone, and naked. This was another first for her, and she suddenly shivered with excitement. Ali was never truly comfortable being naked, and her alone time was always the time when she would slip comfortably into a pair of her baggy jeans and a sweat shirt, and pull on a pair of thick socks. But this Wednesday afternoon, with her newly denuded sex, she was reveling in the feeling of her nudity.

She paced the room, checking her hair and makeup in the mirror several times. She stopped to admire herself in the full length mirror on the back of the door, posing at several different angles.

Finally, too full of energy to sit still, she grabbed her iPod, holding it in her hand as she danced wildly, watching herself in the mirror as her nude body twisted and swayed seductively. She flipped her hair, spinning and writhing as she allowed the music to guide her movements. She nearly lost her balance once. She recovered and, continuing to dance wildly, flipped her hair seductively and lost an ear bud.

Laughing at herself she continued to move to the music, now more silly and untamed than seductive. She was amazed at how, for the first time, she saw herself as sexy. With no hair on her body and just a small, heart shaped tan line on her otherwise bronze skin she looked so… womanly.

The heart had looked stupid; cliché and prop-like. The landing strip before that had been very similar to what Ali had always worn, so it looked normal. The large, overgrown bush before that had just been unkempt, almost appearing unhygienic.

But now, just as those had appeared contrived and staged, almost fashion statements, she now saw herself looking raw and uninhibited. There was nothing to hide her most intimate parts from any eyes that might see, and that translated somehow in her mind to confidence; confidence she’d never felt before. She could suddenly see herself clearly. Not that the small heart had hidden anything, but it had somehow diminished her pussy; sharing the spotlight. Now there was nothing but her nude, raw sex, visible to the world. As she moved she saw her muscles, her tendons pushing against her tan, tight skin, and for the first time in her life she saw what others saw; a nubile, fit, woman. She realized in that moment that she wasn’t a girl. She was no longer the gangly, uncoordinated skinny thirteen year old she had seen in the mirror every day for the past five years. She was an eighteen year old woman, with a woman’s body.

She turned, peering eagerly over her shoulder, first to one side and then the other, looking at the reflected image of her butt. It was an athletic ass, high and firm, tight, small, round and tan. Her back was strong, widening as it approached her shoulders, round and muscled from years in the pool. Her arms were more slight, with taut skin and lightly defined biceps and triceps. She turned back to stare at herself. Even her face looked more womanly. She pouted her lips seductively; the effect was almost comical.

She couldn’t have everything.

She kept watching herself, enthralled with how grown up she’d become, marveling at how she could have missed it, at how the simple removal of a small patch of hair could awaken her to the beauty that she truly possessed. She continued to move slowly and seductively to the music, swinging the cord connecting her ears to her hand as she danced, allowing it to play across her breasts, gently caressing her firm nipples as they stretched out toward her reflection.

Her phone chimed, alerting her of a new text. Two quick steps and she leapt, covering the final few feet to the bed in the air, landing softly and bouncing on the mattress, her phone already in her hand.

“on my way”

It was from Grayson. She put her iPod on her night stand, leaping excitedly out of bed. She ran to her desk and quickly ran a brush through her hair, taming some of the wildness she’d created with her raucous dancing.

She posed, checking her reflection in the mirror. She stood sideways, then to the other side, one hand on her hip, hands casually at her side, straight on to the door, legs together, slightly spread.

Suddenly she leapt to the door, pulling it open a crack. Grayson would be the first to arrive, she knew, but the sudden thrill of standing naked in the room with the door open so that anyone could walk in excited her.

She continued posing, looking for the one that displayed her best. She reclined toward her desk, one leg outstretched, supporting her weight, the other bent, resting on bare toes with the heel raised and pressed against the cool metal of the desk drawer. Her arms were behind her, slightly to the sides, supporting the rest of her weight as she leaned on the desk. Her shoulders looked strong, her abs were stretched tight, and her breasts pushed out.

She smiled slightly, and spread her legs just a little farther.

Grayson knocked lightly, and the door swung a few inches into the room.

Ali was giddy with anticipation, but didn’t speak. She could scarcely breathe.

“Ali?”

He pushed the door open, stopping short and staring, transfixed.

She stood for a moment, allowing him to see her, to look at her body, but her emotions quickly overcame her and she leapt into his arms. He staggered back slightly into the hallway before catching his balance, and carrying her swiftly into the room, his hands holding her butt and thighs as she kissed his face and neck, any place she could reach.

Grayson tossed her lightly on the bed, quickly stripped off his coat, and dove next to her, allowing his hands to touch her hot skin; her smooth thighs, tight belly, and strong, sexy arms. She purred quietly with pleasure, allowing his lips to caress the skin of her neck, and her throat. She gently guided one of his hands to her breast, pressing her tongue into his mouth.

After a few moments Grayson pulled gently away. “What’s gotten into you?”

“I’m hoping that will be you.” she whispered hoarsely.

“Really?” he asked teasingly. “I thought you weren’t ready.”

“Did you know that I’m not thirteen any more?” she asked.

“I would hope not! I wouldn’t last a week in prison!”

“I mean I’m not the same girl I was. I always saw myself in the mirror. I was still thirteen. I never saw myself age.”

“And now?”

“Something’s changed.” she said throatily. “I’m suddenly all woman. Look at me!”

She pushed him away and sprang to her feet, holding her arms out to her sides and twirling for him.

“I finally see what you see.” she told him. “I’m a woman, not a little girl. I have tits and a pussy, not boobies and a vagina. I’m grown up!”

“I love your tits, and I love your pussy. You forgot your ass, but I’ll forgive that. But what changed your mind?”

She sat on his lap, peppering his face and neck with light, teasing kisses, pulling his shirt off as she explained. “I shaved. My pussy. And I wanted to surprise you. I was going to be naked when you got here.”

“You were naked when I got here.” he grinned. “I noticed that almost right away.”

“Almost?” she grinned.

“Yeah. Almost immediately.” he smiled mischievously back.

She kissed him softly, then began to untie his shoes. “I hoped you would. And I was waiting for you, and I took my robe off, and I just felt… I don’t know. I felt different. I was alone, and I was naked, and I’m never naked when I don’t have to be. But it didn’t feel weird. It felt good. Kinda cool. So I looked at myself in the mirror and you know what? I’m a woman! I love having a bald pussy! I love that you can see my… what should we call it? Lips is so clinical.”

“Gash?” he suggested as he allowed her to pull off his socks, tossing them on top of his discarded shoes.

“GASH!” She laughed out loud, and the sound was musical. “I love that you can just see my gash. When I stand there, I can’t hide it. I used to hide it with my hair. Now I can’t hide it, and it’s just a sexy gash that boys like to see. I want you to see my gash.”

He stopped her now, as she was trying to tug his pants and boxers down at the same time. “Are you sure this is what you want?”

“You have a rubber with you?”

“Um, no.”

“In your room?”

“Well, you kind of said that you didn’t want to, so I gave mine to my roommate – to Cole – last week.” He replied sheepishly.

Ali pouted briefly, then pulled his pants off quickly, before he could protest.

Gray’s erection stood proud. He was reclined, propped slightly on his elbows. His cock pointed up toward his chin, curving ever so slightly so that it drew slowly away from his body, then gradually bowed back so that the head was hovering just over his belly button. To Ali it looked huge. She reached to touch it, wrapping her small hand around the center, her fingers and thumb barely touched as they met on the other side. She could feel his pulse.

She could not tear her eyes away, studying every detail. They had been naked together before, but she’d been shy, ashamed to really look, but now she wasn’t a little girl any more, and the woman in her was curious, excited and unafraid.

He had medium blonde hair that, on closer inspection, was made up of both light and dark hairs, growing together and intertwining, becoming sparse until they were just a stripe, extending upward and ending at his naval. His balls were firm and high, the skin pulled tight, indicative of his arousal. She lightly caressed him, watching the skin move, relishing the texture and firmness in her hand, and feeling the heat.

His breath was coming in shorter bursts, his shock and surprise giving way quickly to the wonderful and pleasurable sensations she was giving. Slowly she bent forward, taking him gently into her mouth. She was tentative at first, but soon developed a rhythm. As she pleasured him, her own arousal increased. She used her hands and her mouth at the same time, driving him closer to climax.

He tensed, and she closed her eyes, prepared to take his load into her mouth. He spasmed slightly, and then it came. She had been ready, but was still surprised. There was so much. It tasted salty, slimy. She swallowed as another jet shot into her mouth. She fought not to gag, afraid of offending him, she swallowed again, slower, as more and more spasms from his cock poured more and more of his seed into her mouth.

The taste was not unpleasant, just different than anything she’d known before. Eventually he seemed done, and she allowed him to fall from her mouth. She giggled at the combination of drool and cum on his dick, balls and his pubic hair. He slowly lifted his head, blushing as she laughed.

“I made quite a mess!” she laughed. “I need to get better at that!”

Grayson felt more at ease at her light tone, and pulled her up to him.

“My turn!” she whispered, pushing him aside, and beginning to touch herself. Grayson sat, watching at first, then slowly moved down her body, kissing her breasts and stomach, until he found her fingers, dancing their familiar pattern over her drenched sex.

He quickly pinned her hands, replacing her fingers with his tongue. She bucked against him, moaning with pleasure. Soon his hands were there, pulling her open, caressing her skin, gently venturing inside as his tongue kept its slow, soft, steady rhythm gently licking, flicking and stroking her clit. She could feel his hot breath on her.

The blowjob had been quick, but this was faster. In almost no time Ali was crying out in orgasm, her legs locked firmly around his head, pulling him against her as she thrust her hips upward, grinding her dripping sex into his face.

When she released him he rose slowly from between her legs. She laughed as she saw his face, wet from nose to chin, shining with her juices. She was not ashamed; there was no embarrassment.

He brought his hand to wipe his face, but she quickly caught his wrist, pulling him toward her.

“I want to taste.” she said quietly, tentatively licking his lips. For an instant she considered the flavor, then smiled, and pulled him to her, locking him in a deep kiss.

“Pussy tastes pretty good!” she purred, laughing as she held him.

“You should look at your gash now.” he laughed.

Like a child on Christmas morning she was out of bed, dashing to the door. “Holy crap!” she cried, moving her legs and admiring her pussy in the mirror. “My gash got bigger!”

“I love your gash. Your little pussy.”

“Cunny!” she cried, rushing back to the bed and jumping on him again. “It’s dirty like a cunt and still cute like pussy!”

“It’s all pink inside.” he chuckled, lightly caressing her as she sat open to him.

“Are you trying to take advantage of my cunny?”

The rest of the afternoon they laughed, lounged and loved. Ali played with her new toy, the one that Gray kept between his legs. She kissed, caressed and fondled until it was back to its full size. Then she kept playing, and this time she watched him cum, giggling quietly, fascinated. It was about sex, but there was so much more, too. It was love, lust, playfulness, closeness, and discovery. There was no embarrassment, no tentativeness, and no shyness in the way they explored each other’s bodies.

Four times Grayson made her cum. It could have extended to five or more, so insatiable was her appetite, but she nearly wet the bed during the last one, and they reluctantly agreed to go pee, clean up and head to dinner.

Ali took another shower. Disappointed that she had no time to make herself pretty, she threw her damp hair into a pony tail, but looking in the mirror was surprised to see a woman, not the little girl she expected, staring back at her. Her new grown up image of herself was there to stay, and not reliant on her hairdo. She smiled as she slipped her new jeans on over her tiny red thong. She decided that she really didn’t need a bra, and left it on her bed as she pulled on her sweater. It was slightly itchy, but made her hyperaware of her braless state.

“Dinner first, or tan first?” he asked.

“Tan.”

The evening was crisp and cool, and Ali could feel the dry, brittle leaves crumble under her shoes as they walked silently together toward his car. Just being with Grayson, even for something as mundane as a trip to the tanning salon, brought her senses to life, exposing the world around her in sharp relief. Ali was raised in a young neighborhood, where the trees were still relative babies, shedding their foliage, fronds and nettles by the dozens as autumn came, rather than by the tens of thousands. The campus was old and the trees even more so; most had been adults already and were witnesses as their comrade’s were felled, making room for the college’s buildings to be erected a hundred years ago. These ancient sentries still stood close and vigilant watch, and with the encroachment of fall and the approach of winter, they coated the ground with crisp, colorful remnants of the green canopy that had provided welcoming shade all summer long.

“Hey, Ali!” called Tami cheerfully from behind the counter.

“Hey!” Ali’s voice was cheerful. For the first time she felt a warmth for Tami. She really was a nice girl, after all, and had no way of knowing that Ali had been embarrassed. “Quick twenty minutes and we’re out.”

“Hi, Grayson.” Tami demurred. Ali smiled, flattered that Tami obviously found him attractive. She felt no jealousy in the obvious, if not clumsy flirting.

Tami grabbed a towel and eye covers and led Ali back to her usual room. “You can come if you want.” Ali offered, directing her comment to Grayson.

The three entered the room, and Ali quickly began undressing, pulling her sweater off first, baring her breasts to them even before untying her shoes. Tami chatted about work, leaning in her usual spot against the door jamb so she could watch the counter and hold the door open simultaneously. Grayson stood uncertainly against the wall just inside the door until Ali giggled “If you hold my clothes you can have the chair.” She tossed her jeans at him as she spoke.

“You guys are so cute.” Tami sighed.

“You should see him naked!” Ali replied, stepping out of her thong and turning to face Tami.

“You want to tan?” Tami asked him coyly. “I could give you a free one in the next room.”

“Um…” Grayson started.

“If it was that easy to get him out of his pants he’d have skin cancer by now!” Ali laughed. “What do you think?” She held her arms out, clearly displaying her naked body to Tami.

“You’re a lot more cheerful tonight.” Tami commented. “Oh! You shaved!”

“I think it looks awesome!”

“It does look good. Better than I thought it would. That heart should fade in a couple of sessions.” Tami commented.

“I hope so.”

“I love it.” Grayson said, pulling her toward him and kissing the tiny patch of pale skin.

“So cute.” said Tami, pouting slightly. “I want one.”

“If I figure out how to clone him I might lend you one.”

“I’d take it!” Tami cried, laughing. “But don’t tell him I’m that easy!” she whispered, giggling.

A customer entered the shop, and Tami left to go attend to her. The door swung shut automatically, but neither Grayson nor Ali moved to lock it. Ali set the tanning bed, then climbed in, and she and Grayson discussed their dinner plans, and the afternoon. Tami came and went a couple of times, but eventually left them alone to talk.

Dinner was at Slice of Life, and Chip was once again their waiter.

Ali was uncharacteristically friendly, and apologized for her previous behavior. “I was really nervous when this whole thing started,” she explained, “and I was having a whole bunch of bad days in a row. Sorry I was such a bitch.”

“You were never a bitch.” Chip laughed. He was kind of cute, in a geeky sort of way.

Dinner was pleasant, and Chip proved to be smart and funny, now that Ali wasn’t disturbed by his presence. Even Grayson noticed a huge change, and kept complimenting her on her new found joy of life, and openness with people.

“Can we invite Chip to practice?” Ali whispered giddily to Grayson.

Beyond the shadow of any doubt, he knew; Ali was a different woman now. He felt a stirring in his pants as he thought of a future with her. He’d read stories, seen videos on the internet. Girls who lost bets and flashed, or girls who were dared to go topless at parties. A relationship with Ali would be one filled with skinny dipping, wild bets and dares, strip games and nudity for no reason at all. He would have to be there for her, to keep her out of trouble, to keep her safe. He would have to support her, to understand, to listen, and to help her be the person she was. This would require that he stem any jealousy. Was there really any? He thought of Chip, and he gently stroked her face, smiling at her.

“We can invite anyone you want.” he whispered back.

Grayson wasn’t jealous at all. Ali wanted to be seen, but not touched, not screwed. She wanted to show off, to be naked and free, but she wanted to be with him. He could definitely live with that.

“You’re an amazing girl, Ali.” he said, kissing her lightly.

“You’re the most incredible guy I know, Gray.” she replied. “Thank you.”

= O =

The weekend passed too quickly for Ali. Tami had predicted that the white heart would be gone in two days, and she was right. By Friday it was a slight discoloration. By Sunday night there was no trace. Naked practice continued in much the same way as the week before, with friends coming and going as they pleased, Ali spending her time naked, but otherwise acting as natural as any of the others. She was nude whenever she was in her room now, and always seemed to have visitors.

Tami and Chip both found time to stop by, and were both thrilled to find Ali so free and careless about her nudity. Just as Ali had assumed would happen, Chip asked Tami out, and she accepted.

“I told you he was cute, in a geeky, dorky kind of way.” Ali whispered.

“He’s really funny.” admitted Tami, and the two girls giggled and gossiped about him until Grayson cleared the room.

“I need to talk to you about something.” Grayson said to Ali when they were alone.

“About sex?” Ali asked hopefully.

“About your roommate.” Gray replied seriously.

He explained about the conversations he’d overheard, and what he thought it all meant.

“And she was talking to Andrew?” Ali asked skeptically.

“They went to school together, did you know that?”

Ali looked incredulous. “You’re sure?”

Grayson opened his notebook and showed her what he’d found. It was a yearbook, archived online, highlighting Andrew Hardwick, child genius, graduating at age fourteen after only two years of school. He clicked and loaded another page from the same yearbook, showing the sophomore class. Tracey Halloran was in her second year at the same school, meaning they’d spent two years together at the same high school.

“She said she didn’t know him.” Grayson reminded her. Ali just stared, dumfounded, at the page.

“I read an article about him.” Grayson continued. “He lived in Winchester Arms, the same apartment building as Tracey and her dad.”

Grayson was trying to be calm, worried about his girlfriend’s response. He would be there for her, he would be strong, and would help her through this.

However he may have imagined Ali would react, her laughter took him by surprise. “This is funny!” she said. “Don’t say anything. Just act natural. I want to play detective.”

Grayson shared all of his research with her, and she seemed absolutely giddy in anticipation, and Grayson could tell that a plan was forming. He couldn’t help but wonder what it might be.

= O =

The following week was Ali’s celebutard week. She arrived in class clad in a black dress that she borrowed from Tracey. The chest was too large, and the skirt was too short, thanks to a temporary hem put in place by Tim. As she moved casually her nipples came into view frequently, and she could barely take a step without flashing her pussy. She acted slightly drunk as she pretended to fend off the paparazzi, stripping off her dress as she staggered around the room, and throwing it at an imaginary photographer.

On Wednesday, as Andrew walked her home from class, she casually confronted him.

“I read this really interesting article on the net about this girl who streaked a high school football game wearing nothing but running shoes and a ski mask. I guess there were rumors around the school that a bunch of people were all supposed to do it, but I guess everyone else chickened out. Can you imagine?”

Andrew looked slightly nervous. “Wow.”

“Yeah,” Ali continued lightly. “They never caught her. The streaker. Good thing – she probably would have gotten kicked out of school. And then, there was this other article I found, and it was about this girl who ran butt-ass naked through the cafeteria and then out into the parking lot. I guess she jumped into a pickup truck and the guy drove away.”

“Really?”

Ali smiled as a thin line of perspiration formed on Andrew’s brow, despite the fifty degree weather.

“Yeah. I guess her boyfriend was driving the truck.” Ali continued casually. “They both got arrested. Tried to blame some fourteen year old kids back at the school, but no one believed them. I mean, how could a fourteen year old talk two seventeen year olds into doing something like that?”

“Weird.” Andrew said, realizing that he was supposed to talk now, but unsure of what to say.

“Yeah. You know who they tried to blame?”

Andrew looked nervously at Ali, but did not reply.

“They tried to blame you and Tracey.” Ali continued, calmly. “I found a bunch of news stories about strange sightings of naked high school girls, all from your old school... They all stopped at the beginning of this school year. Nothing this whole year, after four years in a row. Isn’t that weird?”

“Bizarre.” said Andrew, gaining back some of his confidence. “But purely coincidental. I’m not sure what you’re trying to insinuate.”

“Yeah.” Ali agreed. “Could be a huge coincidence. But you know what? Tracey’s my friend. She feels really bad. She told me the truth. She told me that it was always just a lot of fun. She told me about you guys. But she says that this one was a lot harder because she feels bad for me. She said it wasn’t fun any more.”

Andrew looked positively pained. They were silent for a good while, walking along together across the campus. Ali did her best to look angry, and kept her eyes straight ahead.

“I’m sorry.” Andrew finally said, stopping dead and grabbing Ali’s arm to turn her toward him. “It’s all just been fun. I never meant to hurt anyone. I just always liked that I could talk people into things. I felt this power trip. It’s stupid. I’m sorry.”

= O =

“Andrew confessed the whole thing.” Ali said to Tracey later that night as she tried to deny everything. “The girl who streaked the football game. The naked girl in the cafeteria. All the other ones you did in high school. How he helped you, told you what to say. How you guys would bet that you could make those girls do it.”

Tracey broke down, crying apologetically. Ali really had become a true, dear friend, and she felt utter remorse. She sobbed uncontrollably, unable to speak, holding Ali tightly.

= O =

“You know I like it now.” Ali said.

“She does. Can’t get enough.” Grayson agreed.

“But I still feel awful.” Tracey said. She was done crying now, but her eyes were raw and puffy.

“Me, too.” agreed Andrew, looking truly repentant.

“I’m glad you feel bad. But only a little.” Ali smiled warmly, and they could tell that, truly, they were forgiven. “I’m sad that this is all coming to an end.” She drew upon her new found strength and confidence, taking a deep breath. “I want to keep doing it. Maybe not in class, but...”

Andrew and Tracey listened with rapt attention as Ali and Grayson laid out their plan. They were understandably nervous, but agreed.

= O =

“My Fair Lady, the wonderful play about an overly intellectual man who is able to, on a bet, transform a woman’s personality to make her over completely from a commoner into a sophisticated, charming socialite lady, was a smashing success, due in no small part to the amazing acting and singing of Tracey Halloran, the star of the show.” The school paper had a rave review posted online before the theater was half emptied.

A large group of students were back inside only three hours after the show had ended on opening night. Stephanie, Monica, Tami, and a couple of Ali’s girlfriends from PoliSci were in the front row. Filling in the rest of the seats in front of that lower stage areas were Chip, Dan, Sean, AJ, Sam, Ben, Chris, Jer, Tim, Darren, Kevin the pre law student, and most of the other guys who had all seen Ali’s shows.

“Do you know why they invited us all here?” Tami asked a girl who she recognized from one of her computer classes.

“Not really. Just something to do with stripping.” replied the girl.

The house lights dimmed, and backlighting appeared. As a 60’s song began to play over the sound system, her silhouette danced out of the wings wearing the hippie costume. The light shone through the thin, white material showing her figure in graphic relief. In less than a minute she danced her way to the lower stage, and once there she stripped off the dress, revealing her naked body and cleanly shaved pussy as a spotlight shone brightly on her. Her friends in the audience cheered loudly.

She continued to dance naked to the raucous screams of the crowd, and as the first song ended, a second 60’s song started, and a spotlight suddenly illuminated the left side of the stage. Andrew Hardwick clumsily and nervously danced across the stage, followed by the light, until he joined his naked friend Tracey on the lower stage where she continued to dance. He could see the blush on her face. He tried not to stare, but this was the first time he’d ever seen his long-time friend naked. She looked amazing.

“Take it off!” Ali screamed, walking, fully clothed, onto the stage now and seating herself in a chair on the main stage, set in a place of honor just above her friends. This elicited cheers and echoed chants from the other girls in the front row. A naked guy! This was getting good!

Andrew sheepishly stripped off his t-shirt, then after a few uncertain moments, dropped his shorts to the floor, blushing furiously. Ali had made both he and Tracey shave, in retaliation for the way they had orchestrated the project to make her appear nude in front of over 100 people wearing six different pubic hair styles. Both were devoid of hair everywhere on their bodies except their heads.

And Ali’s scheme had been successful. By making Tracey strip first, by allowing Andrew to watch his longtime friend dance naked, he was completely erect when he dropped his shorts. Which was Ali’s hope all along. The cheers from the girls upon seeing his boner swaying provocatively were nearly deafening.

The audience of their friends applauded, screamed, encouraged and ogled as the second 60’s song ended and the first 70’s song started. Through the 70’s, 80’s, 90’s and a pair of songs from this year and last, the naked pair on stage continue to dance, displaying their nudity from every possible angle for nearly an hour as Ali and her friends cheered them on from their seats. They’d even brought popcorn. Ali had her revenge, and it tasted sweet.

**+++ EPILOGUE +++**

Naked practice continued for the remainder of the school year, and Ali flourished in her newfound popularity. Occasionally Tracey joined her roommate, but Ali usually preferred to be the center of attention.

Tracey Halloran spent the summer filming a Hollywood movie. She played the leading role of a yellow and brown striped teenage girl from space who, after breaking up with her boyfriend in a horrible fight, crash landed on earth and is discovered and nursed back to health by a young high school boy who falls in love with her. Her costume for almost the entire movie was nothing more than six square inches of latex and half a gallon of body paint. Tracey became an overnight star, both for her acting and her body. Upon her return to school, she moved into an off campus apartment with her best friend Ali and Ali’s boyfriend, Grayson. The parties were awesome, and rumors abounded that the girls were often naked, although the paparazzi could never actually catch them. Much to Tracey’s frustration, it took her almost two more years to get Ali into bed. She contends to this day that it was more than worth the wait. Tracey graduated with a degree in communications and theater. She has gone on to star in many Hollywood blockbuster movies as an A list actress, and continues to surprise critics and thrill audiences with her willingness to accept roles with nudity.

Andrew Hardwick became Governor of California, thanks in no small part to his campaign staff’s hard work and his many endorsements from Hollywood stars, including his long-time friend Tracey Halloran. His popularity across the nation was so high that he leapfrogged his congressional bid and became the youngest President in history at age 36.

Grayson Matthews switched majors and joined his future bride, Alison Cawood, on the campaign trail for Andrew Hardwick, where the pair were instrumental in his elections. He proposed to Ali while playing a copy of the video of her, dancing naked in the classroom all those years ago, on a 60 inch high def TV at campaign headquarters. She said “yes” without hesitation to the applause of her coworkers and Andrew himself.

Alison Cawood, after gaining public notoriety as a girl who attended several college courses completely naked, as a published author of a study on societal change, and as the youngest Campaign Manager to win a Presidential election, accepted a position as the head of the FCC under President Hardwick, and has announced plans for sweeping reform of the TV and Movie ratings system, citing the “current generations views on the social conventions of propriety.” She and her husband Grayson are happily married and spend as much time as they can with their closest friends. They still enjoy their little games, wagers and contests. Ali continues to live by her credo, “skin to win.”