**Greta's Story Retold**

by BareLin

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**Chapter 1: The Naked Candy Striper**

My name is Greta. My last name does not matter, for, as you will see as the story unfolds, I no longer have the right to the one given to me at birth. Greta is not the name on my birth certificate, either. The Naked in School program ended my old life and created this new identity for me.

I was a junior in high school when the Program came to our town. My father was a Pentecostal pastor in a large church in town. My mother was the daughter of missionaries and a seminary-educated Master of Christian Education Director of the church-run day school I had attended from pre-kindergarten through ninth grade.

The church’s school did not continue through high school; therefore, my choice was either home schooling or attendance at the large public high school that was within walking distance of the home the church provided for my parents and me.

As most of the children in the church attended the high school, my parents decided I should also attend there to show equality as only the elitist few chose home schooling and private tutors when their children reached the grade at which the church school ended.

Again, my parents decided that I should fully participate in all the high school programs. I was to try out for sports, do all the clubs that interested me, and try to be a normal teenage girl in many ways. My mother dressed me in calf-length skirts, long-sleeved white blouses, and either a sweater or a blazer with my father’s approval. My feet were shod with saddle shoes and I always wore knee socks. My hair, sort of a light brown, was always severely pulled back in a ponytail or parted in the middle and braided to the sides. I either looked like a refugee from the 1950s or the dorky princess from those science fiction movies.

I survived sophomore year, grade ten, only because of a medical problem that prevented me from taking gym and thus having to shower with the girls following gym class. When my father learned I would have to be nude with the other girls in a group shower and also dress and undress in a locker room with members of my gym class, he almost pulled me out of school. During my pre-school physical, our doctor discovered several growths on my skin. She excised one of them and had it biopsied. It turned out to be a benign but rapidly growing subcutaneous virus similar to shingles or warts requiring cauterization. As I was undergoing weekly treatments, I was always raw, scabbed, blistered, or bandaged, so I was given a full-year medical excuse from gym participation.

I did not get away scot-free, though, as every week I had to report to Nurse Kramer, the school nurse, during what would have been my gym period, strip naked, and let her examine me to verify the condition was persistent and ongoing. I was finally clear of lesions three weeks before the end of the school year. Nurse Kramer winked and signed me out of gym for those three weeks, saying if I’d missed that much time I would probably hurt myself trying to keep up with the girls who had been participating five days a week for the entire school year. She still required me to show up in her office and strip naked during gym class. She said it was to preserve our cover story, but looking back, I think she just enjoyed seeing me nude, and truth be told, I enjoyed the hour in her office being naked.

May twenty-sixth, the last day of school, came and there was an assembly. The Principal and Nurse Kramer spoke about some changes coming in the new school year in September. They spoke of something called the Program and that our parents would be getting information packets concerning the Program in the early portion of July. They were to read the literature and only if they had objections were they to return the forms enclosed in the package by July fifteenth.

My father had been called as a summer evangelist at a resort town along the Maryland coast for the entire summer. We packed up and moved our summer clothes, the dog, and ourselves to a small cottage a block from the ocean beaches. We would walk along the boardwalk and my parents would seethe over the bathing costumes of the men and women basking on the beaches. This girl in a thong bikini, that girl topless, that mother with her pregnancy obvious to everyone in the two-piece suit. I wore sundresses that were calf length and a large sunhat. I was never allowed on the beach to bathe in the ocean or tan in the sun. It was immoral. My father would rant and rail against that behavior in the pulpit every Sunday and at the mid-week prayer and hymn singing every Wednesday. He did this for the entire summer.

When we packed to come home on the last day of August, my father told the church committee that he was glad to be leaving this cesspool of sin, iniquity, and temptation with its exposed flesh and lewd behavior.

I look back at it now and I laugh. My parents had their mail held while we were away. We arrived home late on a Saturday and went to church, where my father preached his homecoming sermon Sunday morning. As we greeted the people leaving the service, many asked my father if I would get with ‘the Program.’ Having no idea what was being discussed, my father assured the members who asked that I would be able to do gym class and participate in everything else a good girl should at school this year. Those folks shook their heads and left as though the question they had asked had remained unanswered.

Monday came and off I went to another school year. Surprisingly, very few of my church friends were walking with me to the high school and the one who was, Brenda Adams, stopped me and asked, “Your folks, they didn’t object to the Program, and your participating in it?”

“What Program,” I asked her, not remembering the principal’s and Nurse Kramer’s little speech during the end-of-school assembly.

“Well, it was mentioned before school let out, remember,” Brenda told me. I nodded and I vaguely did remember. Brenda filled me in with, “The information packets came out in early July. It was a pile of non-consent forms and a brochure that was thirty pages of detailed information about the Naked-in-School Program.”

“THE WHAT?” I must have yelled loud enough to be heard two blocks away.

“You really don’t know, do you?” Brenda giggled. “We are required to participate in all non-contact sports in gym class nude; cheerleaders, marching band, and color guard will perform nude at all events and at least one week a month, every student must remain nude for all regularly scheduled classes and events. This includes your mandatory community service time. If you choose to remain naked all the time, your grade point average is given an automatic one-point boost on a four-point scale. I’m going to do the all nude all the time, myself, as I’m a solid C student and the extra point will make me a full B and maybe then a college will look at me for admission.”

“Brenda, we’ve been away all summer at that evangelist conference. My folks had all their mail held until we got back. I don’t think my father was even picking the mail up until tomorrow morning. What do you think I should do?” My poor brain was working overtime.

“Well, the brochure spelled out that on the first day of school, everyone would be nude for the entire day. Teachers, janitors, staff, and students will all be naked for Program orientation. Your parents would have had to sign the non-consent waiver opt-out forms by July fifteenth and then found a school nearby that would take you as a student. My guess is you are stuck with attending here and following the rules.”

I thought back to the summer and the people I saw having fun on the beach in their tiny swimsuits. I admit I had looked at them and had disagreed with my parents about the ‘sinfulness’ of their flesh. God made flesh before he made clothes, and Adam and Eve were content to be naked until the whole apple incident. My father reacted angrily when I tried that on him. He kept slamming his Bible on the kitchen table and yelling, “Modesty, modesty, modesty – that is the virtue and you shall be a virtuous girl.”

I also remembered all last year the time I spent in Nurse Kramer’s office naked while she examined my healing wounds. She had remarked several times how lovely I was and what a sin it was for my parents to insist I keep my body imprisoned under the layers of clothing I was forced to wear. I had silently agreed with her. I enjoyed the freedom of being in a natural state.

“So, basically, we get to the school, remove our clothes and go to class?” I asked for clarification.

Brenda responded, “Yes, if all you do is go to school. I’m on the color guard. So all my practices and my performances at games will be done nude, both home games and away games. If it is a school-sanctioned activity, it is to be done naked. I’m not sure, but I think it even spills over to school dances.”

“Oh, school-sanctioned activities include work-study and community service, don’t they?” The question was rhetorical, as I knew those were included. I also knew that my community service was a candy striper position at the local church home for the aged and infirm.

“Yes, of course,” Brenda said and added, “On the days you do your community service, your clothes stay locked up in the school locker and you travel back and forth to your community service nude. It is all in the Program brochure, which you haven’t read, have you?” Brenda giggled, and then she said, “My community service is playground pick up at Rockland Avenue Park. Now that is going to be interesting.”

My first clue that this really did affect everyone in the school was seeing the traffic guards, one male and one female, crossing kids to the school wearing their safety vests, hats, and shoes and not one other thing.

The teachers manning the doors, greeting the students as they arrived and giving them directions were similarly unattired. No, they were all stark naked. A stunning nude Nurse Kramer directed Brenda and me to report to the locker banks in the girl’s locker room of the gym, remove our clothing and then report to the auditorium for the School Year Opening Assembly. Nurse Kramer caught my arm and asked me, “Do you remember the poses I taught you during the days you spent in my office last year?”

I did and told her so, although I always thought she positioned me in those ways to better examine the scars and blistering left behind by my treatments. “Would you be willing to demonstrate those positions during assembly?” The touch of her hand on my arm felt reassuring. I said, “Of course, I would.” What the heck, four hundred of my closest friends, supporters, and enemies were going to see me as I would see them – naked – so being a bit more on display to help Nurse Kramer didn’t make a big difference to me.

It was funny; Brenda had so few garments to remove, a t-shirt, a bra, Bermuda shorts and bikini underpants. In contrast, I had a cotton summer sweater, starched white oxford blouse, camisole, bra, long skirt, half slip, granny panties because my father believed that modesty extended to a woman’s undergarments as well, knee socks, and saddle shoes. Yet, I was out of my clothes before she had skinned her panties off and into the locker. I guess my inner freedom fighter was finally rebelling against the restrictive life I had been forced to live up to this very moment. So restrictive that I was not allowed to put a razor to my skin. I had hair on my legs and under my arms that had wispy ash blond coloration, and the patch over my pussy was just a half shade darker and not very full.

I scampered out of the locker room and met Nurse Kramer at the auditorium door, she asked me to please join her and the principal up on the stage. She again told me how lovely I looked and assured me I would only be on display for a few moments while she taught the positioning poses to the rest of the school.

The principal gave the ‘welcome back from your summer’ speech that rarely varies from school year to school year in his full nude glory. He then turned the assembly over to Nurse Kramer.

“Young ladies and young gentlemen,” a huge swell of giggling went up in the student seats, “you have all read the Program brochure and none of your parents have filed a non-consent form; this means you shall all be fully participating in the Program. Full participation includes posing in display positions for those who may wish to examine you. If the request is reasonable and you will not be made late to a class, you will be expected to stop in the hallway or any other public place and display. These are the proper display poses.” Nurse Kramer motioned me forward and whispered, “On my command.” I nodded. I understood.

“Position one.” Nurse Kramer called. I immediately spread my legs forty-five degrees, clasped my hands behind my head and pulled myself up straight. “As you can see, position one allows the observer to see every fold and every nuance of the subject’s body. One can touch anywhere on the body,” as she said the words, she was running hands up and down my legs, then up my buttocks and back to my neck and around to the front where she caressed my breasts and finally moved down past my navel to wind up with a finger in my vagina and a thumb massaging my clitoris.

She stopped just short of my fulfillment and ordered Position Two. This was basically the same as position one, except I was on my knees with my ass resting back on my heels rather than standing up. She described to the assembly how this pose was easier to hold over the long term and then called position three, which was me still on my knees back straight but now with the palms of my hands resting upon my knees.

Position Four was position three standing up. Feet forty-five degrees spread, hands on knees, head down, and back straight. This time when Nurse Kramer demonstrated how easily every area could be touched, she rolled my nipples between her fingers and did not stop playing with my vagina and clit until I visibly shuddered in an orgasm on stage. She thanked me for my participation in the assembly. I got a round of applause from the audience and I was allowed to return to my seat.

“Wow,” Brenda reacted as I sat beside her, now off-stage but in the very front row of seats. “Did I just see the Ice Princess get off on stage?” She stifled a giggle unsuccessfully, then twitched her nose a little, “Wow again, if I couldn’t believe my eyes, I sure can trust my nose. That smells like girl juice.”

“I did, and it is,” I replied, and then I added, “Just because I’m still a virgin doesn’t mean my body doesn’t react to stimuli.”

The rest of the day went much as the assembly had. This year I had US history, geology/earth science, calculus, lunch, gym, English, and German – in that order. I walked into my US history class and Mr. Potts stopped me from finding a seat. “As you were the official demonstrator for the assembly today, I would like you to repeat your demonstration of the four positions.” It was a reasonable request and I did not argue. I simply stood and waited for the rest of the class to find seats; then as Mr. Potts requested, I went through each of the four poses again. Mr. Potts’ hands on my body felt a bit rougher and less lingering than Nurse Kramer’s hands. Yet, by the time I was displayed in Position Four, he had me cumming against his thumb. He thanked me for the demonstration and I finally found a seat and waited for the baby buzz in my body to abate.

The class changed and two senior boys asked me to display as I walked between classes. They both wanted Position One and they felt every nook of my body, one working front and the other back and switching sides. I barely made it to geology before the late bell and Ms. Shea looked at me with really interested eyes. “Class, for the remainder of the school year, the last student into the classroom shall be expected to spend the first five minutes of class in front of the class demonstrating the four posing positions.” Ms. Shea pointed to me, I put my book bag down and she called out the positions she had wanted to see. She had me hold Position Four for a very long time and invited each class member to caress and fondle me while I was in it. Most took advantage of the playtime, and I certainly didn’t mind the simulation.

Somehow we returned to Devonian fossils and bedding planes after that and the class went quietly. Then the bell rang and two senior girls who demanded I pose for them trapped me in the hallway. Reasonable request and I did so, barely making it into the cafeteria lunch line before it was closed off.

I found Brenda and sat with her and two other girls. We ate and compared notes in the morning. I was the only one posed in class, but as Brenda noted, I was the assembly demonstrator, so the teachers probably felt comfortable using me as a model. I nodded and told them I expected this for the rest of the day. By tomorrow everyone will know what is to be done when posing is requested, so I should be free of that burden, anyway.

Lunch over, we headed to gym class. The partitions between the boys’ and girls’ locker rooms had been torn down over the summer and the two shower rooms were made equally accessible to both boys and girls. Wow, if my father was upset with my showering nude with girls last year, he would be livid when he found out the boys shared all accommodations with us girls now. Even the toilets in the gym locker rooms had been made unisex. The girls loved the idea as boys usually only had to pee and did that standing up, so we had our stalls (no doors, they had all been removed) in the former girls’ room and the stalls in the boys’ room for those days when we all had to pee at one time. As it turned out, many boys liked to watch girls pee. Most of them got excited while doing so, which made their need to pee difficult to complete.

Since today none of us had anything to remove and place in our locker; we all peed before class. Several boys stood in the line-up, ‘happy to see us.’ After that, Coach Kersch and Ms. Cohen, the two gym teachers in the school who were both nude, reviewed the program’s ‘release and relief’ policy. If any student or faculty member felt at the start of class that they needed release, the code word for masturbation, or relief, the code word for sex with a partner, they could request it. Further, any male student or faculty member who is seen to be in a persistent state of arousal would be permitted release and any female student or faculty member needing release could satisfy themselves. This had to take place openly in the classroom or on school grounds. “For instance,” Ms. Cohen told us, “today we are going to play flag football on the outdoor practice field. If any of you need release or relief, feel free to do so out on the field. Our supplies of towels to mop the gym floor hasn’t arrived yet, so we ask you not to do it in here just yet.” The class broke out in nervous laughter until she blew her whistle and we quieted down. She continued, “The locker rooms and the rest rooms are OFF limits. The shower rooms are open for both relief and release activities.”

Another toot of the whistle and we were all outside, choosing sides and starting our pick-up football games. Running around naked outside of the school felt exciting and I was as happy as a girl could be with the freedom of spirit to match the freedom of nudity. Another set of whistles signaled shower time and two boys asked me for relief. I had no idea what to do for them. Brenda came to my rescue, embarrassing me in the process, “She’s a virgin, guys. She has no idea what you are asking for. Mind if I demonstrate for her?” With that, she was on her knees before one boy, and yuck, she stuck his thing in her mouth. The other boy had his thing wrapped up in her fist and she was moving rapidly up and down with her hand on it. She stopped rubbing the second boy, as the first seemed to fill her mouth with what, pee? Then she took her mouth off the first boy and quickly gobbled up the second while now rubbing the first boy’s penis with her free hand. In minutes the second boy unloaded his stuff into Brenda’s mouth. She came over to me and kissed me on the lips giving me my very first taste of boy cum. “That, my darling, is giving relief.” She then went under the spray of the showerheads to finish her shower.

In English, Mr. Falcone asked for a two-paragraph report on the emotions we’d experienced thus far while being program participants. Tomorrow we would exchange papers and read them to the class, but Mr. Falcone warned that any attempts at humor or ridicule at another’s expense would be subject to punishment.

I finished my two paragraphs and handed them in, third to finish behind Brenda and a boy named Alan. Mr. Falcone was dismissing us as we finished, so I got a head start on my last-period German class.

Ms. Schiller, and my heavens, who knew that behind that bun and stiff tweed teacher suit she used to wear to class in my sophomore year there lay such an exquisitely sculpted woman, who had us recite the proper and slang German words for the various parts of the body. Oh, and who was the lucky display model? Wow, you got it right the first time, ME.

The final bell rang for class that day. Brenda did not take German; her last class was music appreciation. I saw her head out to the practice field for her color guard practice and we smiled and waved at each other. I was waiting in the parking lot for the school’s van that Ms. Cohen, the gym teacher, would take the six of us assigned to the nursing home for our community service assignments.

Five days a week, for the last year and now this one, while school was in session, I wheeled a little cart from room to room at the home, offering magazines, newspapers, and books to the residents and stopping to chat with them. I have to admit I felt a little awkward doing this naked today. There were five others in the facility, also as bare as I was, so I wasn’t alone. I was separated from the group going through the resident’s rooms, though.

Some of the others were serving snacks or doing recreation activities with the more able residents. I had those who had been in the therapy pool or physical therapy earlier and were now resting in their rooms. I was awkward and nervous until I entered the first room where two women in their late seventies slept. “Gladys, wake up dear, it is that nice girl who brings us the papers and she’s naked.” Martha, the woman who had the bed closest to the door, called to her roommate.

“I wasn’t asleep,” Gladys replied, “just resting my eyes and, GIRL, I am so glad I did!” She put her glasses back on, looked me up and down, and asked that I turn around for them and come out from behind the cart. I did and they beamed. “We are so delighted to finally see you and not all those awful clothes your parents forced on you, dear. You are lovely.” This from Martha. Gladys echoed, “Wait until the boys down the hall catch a glimpse of you, honey. Those limp dishrags will be looking for a little action before you leave tonight, I’m sure of it. Oh, don’t look so shocked. We may not get it often at our age, but that doesn’t mean we don’t still want some.” She grinned and added, “Go on, girl, get that cute behind down the hall and stir up some fire in those men, so Martha and I can haul some ashes later.”

Horny septuagenarians, who knew? I laughed as I entered Steve and Bill’s room just across the hall. “Hi guys, anything I can get you this afternoon? Today’s papers, this month’s magazines, and a couple of good mystery books on the cart today.”

Bill looked up and muttered, “I’ve died and this is heaven – no, wait – it is hell. I’m still trapped in this old body and there is a naked girl in front of me asking, ‘Can I get you anything?’” Steve laughed and had not yet looked up from the book he was reading, “Yeah, right, tell her to stand around until I finish this last chapter and maybe I’ll look at the books she has on her cart,” pause turn page, must have been the end, look up, “Oh my lord, Bill there’s a naked girl in our room.”

All three of us had a good laugh and I explained the Program to them and how any school-related activity such as my community service project had to be done in the nude. They tried to hide it, but I could see that Martha and Gladys would be getting a little action later from the stirrings under their sheets. Steve did pick out a new book and left the old one on the cart and I left Bill with the latest ‘who’s hot and who’s not in a bikini’ edition of People magazine.

So it went down my corridor, alternating the female and male rooms with the reactions being positive down to Henrietta in the fifth and final female room. She took one look at me and yelped, “Young lady, does your father know you are prancing about in the altogether?”

“He did not sign me out of the Program, ma’am.” I honestly replied (omitting some key facts).

“Well, I cannot believe it of him or you, now scat, and don’t come back in here until you are decent.” I didn’t know it then, but within the next two minutes, my old life ended.

I finished my shift. The rest of my people were cheerful and excited at the novelty of having a nude teenager catering to their needs, so I thought, ‘Ten positive and one negative reactions; I guess this can be fun for everyone.’

Ms. Cohen was waiting for us with the school van when our hours were completed and she drove us back to the school parking lot. One of the boys in the van looked out and yelled back to me, “Hey, Pastor is out in the parking lot swinging a leather strap and he looks angry.”

Ms. Cohen, still as nude as any of us, told us all to wait in the van and that she would speak to my father first. Through the closed doors of the van, I heard my father shout, “Shameless hussy,” in Ms. Cohen’s face and he then proceeded to lay into her with the strap.

I jumped out of the van and yelled, “Daddy, stop!”

He wheeled to face me and yelled in return, “Daddy? I’m not the Daddy to any slut who would exhibit herself so shamelessly and in a nursing home of all places! Yes, Henrietta called me and asked me when I approved the Program. I had no idea what she was talking about until your mother called saying she had picked up the mail and there was something in it I should see right away. I left the church office, came home, read the filth material concerning this program, and shot right over here to wait for you. Had you been clothed, I would have forgiven you. As I found your clothing, the clothing I bought for you, in your locker, I have that in my car. You have never purchased anything of your own in your life. Every stitch you wear and I provided every other thing you needed. No more, what you have now is what you leave with, your life, your body, and your shame; I have taken action to have your name stricken from the family records. I gave that to you and I now take it back. Good-bye, little whore and don’t come crying to my wife. She is in perfect agreement with me on this matter.”

There I stood in nothing, with nothing, and with nowhere to go. Ms. Cohen asked if there were any other adults she could contact who might put me up for a night or two until this blew over with my folks. Considering that she had huge welts on her body from the whipping she had received at the hand of the man who used to call himself my father, she was optimistic to think the matter would blow over. It never did and I have not seen nor heard from my birth parents since that day.

Nurse Kramer saved the day or evening when she came out of the school building and saw the disaster that had transpired. “She’ll feel better after a hot bath, a cup of tea, and a good night’s sleep. Helen, she’ll come home with me tonight.”

Helen Cohen didn’t argue, although I learned she was seconds away from offering me a bed for the night herself. Mr. Cohen was the vice-principal at the town middle school, the one the kids not in the church’s school attended. They had two boys, seven and nine, and a Labrador retriever named Max. I didn’t know how well a nude eighteen-year-old girl would fit into the Cohen household.

Nurse Kramer, Samantha (she asked me to call her Sam or Sammie), lived alone following a childless marriage to an abusive man and an acrimonious divorce. She had two bedrooms in her condo and could handle my presence less stressfully than Ms. Cohen.

She was right. I soaked in the condo association hot tub, took a nice bubble bath, wrapped up in one of Sam’s terry cloth robes, and was sound asleep in her spare bedroom by nine o’clock that night. Sam offered me sweatpants and a t-shirt to wear to school the next morning and I declined. I officially entered myself in the raise-my-grade-point-average, I’ll stay-naked-all-year part of the Program. My male parent and his spouse who stood behind him could go to wherever his soul could be damned.

The next day was a blur of social workers, counselors, and the principal and vice-principal sorting out what to do with me. I had no money, no job, no clothes, and no family. I couldn’t be put into the foster care system because foster kids had to be less than eighteen.

“Forget all that nonsense,” Nurse Kramer told the whole bunch of them, “She’ll come live with me. I need someone to make a hot meal, keep the place clean and keep me company before I turn into a cat lady.” Everyone in the room laughed at that, for looking at Sam, even now in her white nurse uniform (the faculty was clothed again but had rolling teach-in-the-nude days scheduled for the rest of the year), everyone knew she would never lack companionship.

But, that was how it went for my junior and senior years of high school. I lived with Sam, went to school naked, and at every function and every dance and every sporting event, rain or shine, I was there in the buff. My skin bronzed to a rich dark luster as I spent a lot of the time naked and outdoors. Just as did old Mrs. Wilcox, I had discovered the joy of gardening nude. I earned pocket money (wait, I didn’t have pockets), so I earned money doing part-time landscaping first for the high school as a work-study project. Later, the Board of education hired me to do landscape gardening at the two elementary schools and one middle school. Sam had me put every cent into the bank toward college and literally covered all of my expenses for school. She had become a mother and best friend to me and we hung out together in our free time. I loved her but never made love to her and she felt the same about me. We did occasionally take the time for mutual release. She loved being watched when she masturbated and I loved watching her. It was she who renamed me, Greta.

During the March of my senior year, I was visited in school by the national vice-president of Sigma Kappa Gamma sorority, who interviewed me for a possible scholarship to a school called Philadelphia Fashion Institute of Technical Design (referred to as P-FIT by alumni and students). Sam Kramer was an SKG sister and had worked behind the scenes to arrange this opportunity. Sam also told me that she was my home, and any time I needed to come home to cry on her shoulder or just spend some time, her door opened with my key.

Oh, how I loved that woman. Let me rest a while and perhaps, if you are really good, I’ll share my college years with you later.

**Chapter 2: Junior Year**

I woke up under a light blanket (warm but very lightweight) and stark naked. I looked around, shocked that it wasn’t my old room, nor was it my old life. I remembered then; this was Sam Kramer’s condo; I was in her spare bedroom, now officially my bedroom, and I had committed myself to remain nude for the rest of the school year.

I woke up in Sam’s condo on the third morning of my junior year of high school and found myself slightly disoriented. I, of course, expected to wake up in the long cotton flannel nightie that came to my ankles and awaken in the home the church provided for its pastor and his family.

Instead, I woke up under a light blanket (warm but very lightweight) and stark naked. I looked around, shocked that it wasn’t my old room, nor was it my old life. I remembered then; this was Sam Kramer’s condo; I was in her spare bedroom, now officially my bedroom, and I had committed myself to remain nude for the rest of the school year.

I climbed out of bed and padded my way barefoot into the bathroom I was to use. Sam had two in the condo, one attached to her master bedroom and this one at the top of the stairs. There was another half bath, just a commode and sink, in a closet-type room between the kitchen and garage on the first floor. On the second floor, in addition to my room and the master suite, there was an alcove with a desk and a laptop computer. Sam told me this was my study area and my computer was slaved to her printer downstairs in her home office. My parents had believed computers and the Internet were tools of the devil and had never allowed one in the home. To do my research and gather information at home instead of having to sneak to the public library (another den of iniquity and filth, according to my father) was a sheer luxury for me.

It had taken all of two nights in Sam’s house to realize how relaxed the dress code was. Sam’s idea of formal wear was a to-the-knee robe tied loosely at the waist with a sash-type belt. Sports wear and casual wear were the same styles. Usually, Sam stayed naked. I could not possibly be uncomfortable with my nudity when this gorgeous thirty-two-year-old school nurse was right there setting the example.

Sam’s condo was one of twelve, built three on a side, forming a square with an open courtyard in their center. It was here that the pool, hot tub, and sun decks were located. Additionally, each condo had a courtyard-facing balcony off of the master bedroom. From the activity around the pool last evening, I gathered the condo association was either nudity-accepting or clothing optional. Sam took me around and introduced me to several men and women and explained I was her ward and would be staying with her for a while. I had never had to hug so many naked women or shake hands with so many naked men in my life. That would change as time went on, of course, but it was weird for only my second full day as a committed nudist.

The previous night I thought I embarrassed Sam to death when I needed help with a calculus problem in my homework. I yelled into the next room, “Mom!”

She came at a run and said, “What?”

“OMG, I’m so sorry,” I said.

“For what, little one?”

I tried to cover with, “For disturbing you from what you were doing.”

She grinned at me and stroked my shoulder. “I am not your mother, but since we met in your sophomore year, I have loved you as if you were my daughter, so do not worry if that slips out once in a while.” She then saw the calculus problem and suggested a way to solve the problem and we both relaxed into our relationship.

The next afternoon following school, she and I went shopping at the local drug store and she picked up some stuff I’d never seen nor heard of before. When we got home, she put me in her tub in the master bedroom suite bathroom and proceeded to show me how to groom myself. She used a very narrow electric razor to trim my bush back to a light stubble and a hair removal crème on my legs and backside. Wow, I had never felt this naked, naked, before. When she told me I had gone from cavewoman to modern twenty-first-century teenager in the two hours we had spent in the bathroom, my response was a long drawn-out, “Sam.” As our relationship gained time and experience, she was fond of telling everyone that “SAM” yelled in certain tones and at certain volumes with many facial expressions accompanying it could mean everything from I’m in pain to you are embarrassing me.

I was concerned that the next day was another community service day, Candy Striping at the nursing home, and I was now really nude. Sam lovingly asked, “Except for Henrietta, how did the folks react on Monday?” When I told her that everyone else just accepted it as part of my school work (I didn’t tell her how happy some of the women were to reap the benefits of my being on display for the men) and it did not stop me from doing my assigned work, she told me I should just go and be honest with the residents.

Well, first, I had another whole day of classes to get through. Sam drove an older jeep with a convertible top. So, strapped into the passenger seat, with her next to me in her nursing uniform driving, I rode wind in my hair and on bare skin to school with her.

About twenty percent of the student body had opted for the ‘all nude all the time’ program participation. Among them was Brenda Adams, who had warned me what to expect while walking to school the first day. Brenda’s parents attended the church my father pastored; her father was on the Trustee Board and her mother taught Sunday school there. She and I shared first-period class and before the bell rang, she asked me to see her after class ended.

“How are things going?” Brenda asked first as we walked together down the corridor.

“It’s a little weird, I woke up this morning and didn’t know where I was at first, but Sam, er, Nurse Kramer, has been very nice and supportive, Brenda, so I’m getting by. How are you doing?”

“Great,” she giggled. “The church has been rotating the trustee board meetings in members’ homes while the administrative wing is being redone. Last night they met at our house. Mom had me serve the snacks, just as I am, and I realized afterward that she did it to gain a measure of support for you,” Brenda paused, “Nine trustees and Pastor in attendance. The only one offended by my natural state was Pastor. He went on a rant about how the human body is sinful and should not be gazed upon, not even between married couples who should pray for forgiveness every time they lusted for each other’s flesh. Mom walked in then; she had quietly stripped in the kitchen. My Dad rose and hugged her close and told Pastor to his face that anyone who considered the sight of his wife and daughter offensive was not welcome in his home. Only Pastor and one other trustee rose to leave. When they had gone, the balance of the board discussed how the pastor had treated you and what they had just observed. They voted and all eight were in agreement; the pastor should request a transfer and resign this pulpit.” Finishing with a smile, she added, “Everyone would welcome you back, naked, whenever you wish to return, Greta.”

“Thanks, Brenda,” I said, “I do so love you and your Mom and Dad for taking a risk and taking a stand against that rigid opinionated bigot; however, I don’t think I’ll be returning to that church; for a while.”

“Well, you are welcome in our home for dinner or to visit whenever you wish,” Brenda winked, “just as you are without one stitch. I’ll be there that way also, you know, and bring Sam, too. Mom and Daddy would really like to meet her.” Brenda peeled off down the side corridor to her next class while I continued to my next one with a smile. I had a friend my age who was also living the naked lifestyle and her folks were accepting of the changes going on in the world around them.

I stuck my head into the Nurse’s office and, seeing no one there waiting to see her; I knocked on Sam’s office door.

“Enter.”

“Hi, Sam, I just saw Brenda Adams and her folks want us to come to dinner some day soon. Gotta run, class in three minutes.”

The saucy seniors in the nursing home were so happy to see me. I wheeled my cart from room to room, delivering magazines and books, but what they really wanted was for me to sit on the foot of the bed or in a chair and chat for a while. One of the aides told me later that while the nudity didn’t hurt at all, what they enjoyed most was my openness and willingness to let them be a part of my life. Several of the residents had grandchildren and, in one case, a great-grandchild who were either just coming of age for Program participation or in the Program themselves. I could sense that some of the questions they asked me were to have answers for their own families. Yes, and the bonus was the guys were stimulated sufficiently by the end of my visits that the women ‘got some’ that night. I still can’t wrap my head around that one. On my first workday at the residence, following the incident with my father, I found out that Henrietta, the woman who had ratted me out to my father, had been moved to a different wing of the facility.

The two new women in Henrietta’s old room were in their sixties. One had suffered a stroke and was going through rehabilitation and the other had lost a leg in an accident. She was waiting for a prosthesis leg and also going through physical therapy. Sarah and May would become important to my life as Junior year went on. Both of them had pool therapy as part of their physical rehabilitation. I could not swim, my father had decided long ago that swim suits were tools of Satan to allow women’s flesh to be exposed to the lustful eyes of men, but I was scheduled for swim class in the spring half of Junior year. The pair of them got me assigned to transportation on their therapy days and I would wheel them in their wheelchairs to the pool and wait for the sessions to be finished so I could wheel them back to their room. Sarah, who had the stroke, went into the water and the therapist held her with a harness device that allowed her to move her arms and legs in a swimming motion.

Seeing my rapt attention to what she was doing, the therapist invited me into the pool. She hooked me to the device and showed me how she could tension it or relax it, allowing the swimmer to work their muscles, but the therapist maintained control, so the swimmer was never at risk of sinking or drowning. I told her I was a non-swimmer and was afraid to put my face in the water at all. May, who before her accident loved water aerobics, yelled, “If we have to relearn how to swim, Greta, you have to learn, too.” So began six weeks of them watching me hooked up in the harness they also used, gradually going from doggie paddle to a reasonable freestyle over stroke. Just before the pair of them were discharged, I swam the length of the pool on my own. The cheering from the therapists and the two women almost made me forget what I was doing. Fortunately, by that time, I was out of the deep end and on my way back to the shallow when that happened.

By November, the denomination’s district superintendent had reassigned my birth parents; and a younger, more receptive pastor was called to take charge of the church. The church started a coffee house every other Friday, which they called the Oasis for teens in and out of the Program to gather and interact in a safe haven. Sam and I attended several times that year when they had live groups entertaining. The Adams’ had spread the word that I was now using Greta Kramer as my name and I was always welcomed as Greta. My old raw wounds left behind by years of parental abuse were slowly healing.

Sam’s mom, who insisted I call her Gramma Kramer, came for a visit the week of Thanksgiving. I gave up my room for her and Sam moved me in with her in her king-sized bed for the five nights of her visit. From the time Gramma arrived the first day until she retired to bed, she was dressed in a knee-length dress and sensible shoes. Intent on baking fresh apple and peach pies for Thanksgiving dinner, Gramma was up first the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. I heard the shower close down and waited for the bathroom door to open and close before I snuck out of the covers, carefully lifting Sam’s arm off of my waist to go pee. Thus relieved, I wandered downstairs to the kitchen to get some orange juice and maybe a piece of toast and walked in on a sight that stopped me cold.

Gramma Kramer, wearing nothing but an old-fashioned apron, worked hard on the dough for the piecrusts. I coughed and got her attention; she turned, “Good morning, dear, you look lovely, as always. Would you like pancakes for breakfast?”

“Yes, please,” I said. Used to making them for Sam I offered, “May I help you?”

“No dear, I know Sam is not much of a cook, and I know that you have been caring for her as much as she has been caring for you. While I’m here, you relax and let me care for the both of you.” Gramma made me sit, got me a glass of juice and a coffee, and we chatted. It turns out Sam was raised by a couple of nudists who owned a time share at Sun Tan Valley Naturist Vacation Resort; Gramma continued to spend the summer there even after her husband passed away and her daughter went off to college. The apron prevented flour and other ingredients from getting into her pubic hair because it was such a mess to get out later.

She told the usual parents embarrassing their children stories about Sam when she was a girl and she had me laughing so hard I needed to use the half bath off the kitchen to pee again. When I returned to the kitchen, Sam was sitting in her usual chair muttering, “Mother, you did not tell Greta THAT story. Please tell me you didn’t.”

“Which story, Sam,” I asked in impish innocence.

“Never, you mind which story,” she sort of gargled and her mother and I laughed even harder.

We spent the day running errands and doing chores around the condo and all three of us relaxed for a while in the hot tub. When Gramma went to bed, she hugged me tighter than anyone ever had and whispered, “You are so good for my daughter and you are so loved, by her and by me. Never forget that.”

As I slipped into Sam’s bed later, Sam turned to me and said, “Greta, you need to know that if I had been able to bear my own child, I could never have gotten one I could love more than you. Thank you for letting me be part of your life.” I cried myself to sleep with happiness that night.

Thanksgiving night, my other education began. I heard a noise coming from Sam’s side of the bed and rolled over to find her fingering her lower lady parts. “Oh,” I said and rolled back over to give her privacy to finish.

When she had, she tenderly asked if she had embarrassed me. I told her no I just thought maybe she had a bellyache and needed something to relieve it. As soon as the words came out, we both realized the unintended double entendre I had uttered and laughed so hard we must have awakened Gramma in the next room, for she knocked and then walked into Sam’s room to find out what the noise was all about.

“Greta caught me satisfying myself, Mom,” Sam admitted to her mother.

“I thought she was sick and I wanted to see if she needed help,” I said sheepishly, which set all three of us off again.

Gramma shocked me when she asked, “Do you take pleasure in your own release, little one?”

“I know girls do, and I know how from Sam’s lectures, but no, I never have,” I exclaimed.

Gramma snuggled in on my left and Sam was still on my right and the two of them went to work on me. Sam supported me in half sitting, half reclining position and Gramma did all the work. Butterfly kisses down my stomach followed slow circles around my nipples with her thumbs before tender loving hands stroked my thighs to separation; then it was Gramma’s fingers dancing on my clitoris that brought me groaning to my first massive orgasm. Sam’s mom’s touch set me off for a second. To say I slept very well that night is an understatement and when I woke needing to pee, I was still sandwiched between my foster parent and her mother. For the first time in my life, I realized I felt loved, safe, and secure.

Friday morning, over coffee, the three of us talked. Sam told me that in her position of authority over me, she would never touch me sexually. Short of that, I was to feel free to masturbate whenever I felt the need. Furthermore, I was allowed to watch Sam when she felt the need arise as well. Gramma smiled and said, “It is simple, little one. It is an itch and when you itch, you scratch.” That got an ‘ew, gross’ out of me and both older women laughed.

Gramma quietly told me, that afternoon while Sam went for groceries, why Sam could not have children. Her husband, a football player for the college they both attended, had strong anger management issues. Sam had been openly bi-sexual all of her life but chose to marry her boyfriend. While on their honeymoon, he had caught her chatting with an attractive pool attendant and assumed Sam and the other girl would get together for lesbian sex. He caught Sam in their room and beat her badly, then kicked her in her pubic area several times so hard her uterus ruptured. He went to jail, and she went to the hospital and had her uterus removed to stop the bleeding internally. That was ten years ago.

Sam, who wanted a family desperately, could never have a child of her own. She changed her career track from surgical nursing to school nursing and counseling, just to be around the children she could not have. She trained as a foster parent for the same reason. “Now,” Gramma whispered, “she has the little girl she always craved. I’m happy to say I also have a granddaughter I adore.” She kissed me, and I hugged her in return. Wow, did I feel loved, safe, and secure.

Friday night, Sam, Gramma, and I attended the Thanksgiving football game at the high school stadium. We watched as the cheerleaders did their routine nude, and the color guard led the marching band onto the field at halftime with Brenda Adams, holding the school flag in the leather flag holder stark naked. After the game, Brenda and her folks, and the three of us met at the church coffee house to chat. It was cool, the two high school kids naked, the adults clothed and just talking like friends and family do about this and that and the other thing.

Brenda mentioned to me that the new pastor was thinking of adding a clothing-optional youth service to the Sunday morning schedule and if I would be willing to come back to the church, she would happily attend that service with me. I looked at Sam, who knew this place was a hurtful memory for me, and she said, “It might help with the healing process Greta, why not try it for a week or two and see if you can reconcile the past to your new present.”

The services were to begin in January, after the New Year. I agreed to go with Brenda for that month of Sundays to decide whether to continue on the first Sunday of February.

December was a blur. Preparations for finals, preparations for Christmas both at the nursing home and at Sam’s place, and preparations for the first annual trek to Gramma’s house for Christmas ate up my waking hours. My residents got a kick out of me wearing a pointy elf cap and elf ears around the nursing home the week before Winter break began. I got several pats on the bum along with requests of a somewhat blue or off-color nature for what the old guys wanted for Christmas. Bill and Steve had always looked but never touched. The Friday before I was to be away, I let them run their hands over my body, touching me wherever they wished. I don’t know about them, but I was certainly aroused. I left them with, “Merry Christmas, boys, and think about me when I’m away.” The smiles on their faces assured me they would.

Martha and Gladys were delighted I could spend a few extra minutes chatting with them and they asked questions about the Program and whether I had done it yet because of the program.

“Nope, girls, happy to report I am still a virgin, and unless the guy asks me to marry him, I hope to stay that way. Although, I have learned to do a few other things to keep them happy,” I winked and left them laughing as I left their room.

The rest of my shift went pretty much the same except in room seven. The woman in that room, while accepting of my nudity, had always been standoffish. I walked into her room, her name was Theodora, but everyone called her Teddy and said, “How is my Teddy bear today.”

She smiled and patted the edge of her bed, something she had not done before, and opened up, “Greta, all my life, I have been a lesbian. When my lover died and I was left alone, I came here, hoping to find companionship, not sexual but friendly companionship. But, I found myself lonely in a crowded room. Then you walked into that room and everyone brightened up and wanted a moment of your time. When you left, the conversation was about you, how your confidence had increased, how lovingly you cared for our needs, how funny you were poking fun at yourself and us, and just how alive you made us all feel. I was able to find common ground and chat with the others about you and they became a lot more receptive and accepting of me in return. Now, here is my Christmas wish. I know you have been letting the men touch you as their Christmas gift from you. Would you let me have the same gift?”

Gramma had been the only woman ever to touch me and arouse my pleasure centers, but Teddy was also special to me. I nodded yes and moved up the bed closer to her hands. I almost didn’t ever want to leave her room. This woman knew what she was doing and had me climbing the walls in less than three minutes. I kissed her forehead and thanked her; she smiled and said, “No, dear, thank you for making this old girl feel alive again.”

Sam picked me up at the end of my shift; she had our backpacks in the rear of the jeep and was holding what looked like a long t-shirt in her hands. “You are officially off of the school clock and not in the Program until the opening bell in January, and the airline would be correct in their turning you away at the security checkpoint if you were to try to fly naked.” My foster parent told me, holding out the mint green garment. I slipped it over my head, the first clothing I’d worn since September, and it felt weird and not in a good way. “Can’t wait to get to Gramma’s and get this thing off,” was my response. Sam laughed.

Gramma picked us up at the airport, driving an ancient Volvo station wagon, and after hugs, kisses, and a, “Can I get naked yet?” from me, we piled in for the ride home to Gramma’s house. Oh, by the way, both of them answered a loud, “NO!”

I actually threatened to roll down the window of the Volvo back seat and shout to the state trooper in the other lane, “Help, I’m being kidnapped by two women who are forcing me to wear clothes.”

Gramma ended my threat with, “Sweetie, this state has not legalized the Program yet. It is due for implementation next September starting in the middle schools; if you were to run around naked now, you would get arrested.” My response, “OH POOH!” almost caused an accident, with the two of them laughing so hard.

Gramma’s place was fantastic. It had once been a working farm for tomatoes, peppers, and the usual summer salad-type veggies. When Gramma lost her husband to cancer, she could not work the acreage alone and she had replanted the fields with pine trees of several varieties. Some were harvested each year for Christmas trees, while the white and yellow pine stand was maturing for sale as lumber timber. Two acres of scrub pine were growing for the turpentine and pulp paper industry. Gramma did none of the work, contracting out to a timber company and the Christmas trees were ‘cut your own.’

The farm’s house was nine rooms of tasteful country living. Gramma’s kitchen was larger than Sam’s entire second floor at home and the five bedrooms were all as large as Sam’s master bedroom suite.

Sam returned to the room she had used until she left for college, and the one to which she returned following her failed marriage and her surgery. Gramma assigned me the one next to Sam’s. They had a connecting bathroom, and if we left the doors open, it was like one huge suite. Gramma’s room was across the hall and the connecting bedroom on that side was used as her home office.

I looked out the window into the yard, and wow again, Gramma had a lap pool, hot tub, and a sauna out back along with the biggest deck with a huge outdoor grill/kitchen. A volleyball court and horseshoe pitch completed the yard area. An eight-foot cement block privacy wall separating the personal quarters from the working farm surrounded it.

I yelled to Gramma, “Now can I get naked and go for a swim?”

Sam and her mother responded at the same time, “YES!”

That was how we spent our winter break; all three of us Kramer women [Gramma included me as one of them] naked, sunning by the pool, pitching horseshoes and Sam teaching me how to play volleyball. Gramma later told me she went to college on an athletic scholarship for volleyball and Sam, even after laying off from the sport for several years, was still a fine coach and player.

I only received two gifts for Christmas that year. Sam gave me an iPod nano, preloaded with a ton of my favorite music and Gramma gave me the keys and title to the Volvo. It turns out she had a brand new BMW Cayenne in the garage and had been planning this surprise for over a month with my sneaky foster mother working behind the scenes to keep it hushed up.

Sam taught me to drive a stick shift on the jeep at home, so I had no problem mastering the Volvo gearbox. To say I was happy as a clam in a muddy bed of sand would be an understatement.

One of the loggers was an over-the-road trucker in the slow season for timbering and had made room in his trailer to take the Volvo up to our house during his run in January. Wow, was I a happy girl?

Browner from the sun, fatter from Gramma’s cooking (Gramma’s mantra is ‘eat you’re too thin’), AND happier than I ever thought I could be only three months before, I slipped into the t-shirt dress for our return flight to home, missing Gramma already.

Sam and I took the Volvo to the DMV to get license plates and change the registration to our state from Gramma’s and I could not understand why Sam was laughing so hard when we put the new plates on the car. My plates were SAC-B52, which Sam explained to me were the initials for the United States Air Force Strategic Air Command, and the airplane they flew the legendary B-52 bomber.

From that point on, my Volvo had her name. She was christened the Blue Bomber with a bottle of ginger ale poured over her hood that very night. Sam equipped the Blue Bomber with an iPod dock and added the GPS application to the iPod. Since it also doubled as a hands-free phone, I couldn’t get lost or contact Sam while driving. She had a GPS tracker program on her laptop and would know, when I was in it, where the car was. As this system bookmarked every location where the car was placed into park, Sam would have a reasonable idea of where I was even when I was out of the car. She reasoned that a naked girl driving a car was reason enough.

The car, Brenda Adams, and volleyball ate up what little free time I had after extending my hours at the nursing home. Without the car, I had only been able to work from three p.m. to six p.m. I added an hour to weekday afternoons with the car and the facility offered me nine dollars an hour to work eight a.m. to eight p.m. on Saturday. Sam covered my insurance, but I had to pay for my own gas. My after-tax paycheck for Saturday would take care of that nicely. Brenda and I hung out all the time we could. Usually, just Golden Arches drive-through for milk shakes and fries or some other garbage teens ingest without thinking. Then sit and talk about boys, school, being naked all the time, and our lives. Brenda was coming to grips with the fact she liked boys, but she loved girls. Sam, Brenda, and I had a long talk at our kitchen table about the responsibilities of being an out-of-the-closet bi-sexual. Sam drew on her own painful experience and its consequences when counseling Brenda about the lifestyle.

“So, it is easier to love one or the other but not both?” I had asked them while we were discussing all of this.

“As an example, and if you are, then it makes a bigger difference. Let’s say you and Brenda are lovers,” Sam began and Brenda and I looked at each other and grinned. “Sam, we are not, but we’ve talked about that possibility many times,” I told my foster parent.

“I would welcome Brenda into the family with open arms if that is what you choose, Greta,” Sam told me and both Brenda and I blushed down to the perky tips of our naked breasts.

“But getting back to the example, you and she are lovers. Then one of you decides to take a man as a partner on the side. You know that each other is clean; you are both virgins and have only played with each other exclusively. But, where has the boy been? With whom and how often and how many whoms have there been? Who had they been with before him, and so on? One of you could pick up a disease from the other due to the added sex partner in the mix. Or what if the same thing happens to you that happened to me, a jealous lover thinking your cheating, with another girl or boy, hurts you physically? It is possible. So, yes, being bi-sexual is a serious lifestyle choice.” Sam left it at that as food for thought that needed processing to digest. Brenda slept over that night in my room, and all we did was talk and sleep, eventually. The talking took up most of the night.

The church’s new pastor, the Reverend Doctor Dalton, BA, Mdiv, ThD, seemed a bit pretentious to me at first. After all, there were eighty or so young people and their parents in the pews, about sixty of the kids naked like Brenda and me and he marches up the aisle in his preacher robe with the cowl-like hood of his seminary indicating his doctorate.

We sang “For The Beauty of the Earth,” and the creation story was read from Genesis, then we sang “This Is My Father’s World,” an offering was received and Doctor Dalton stepped to the pulpit to preach.

“I hope you all enjoyed seeing my ego clothes,” he said, brushing the front of the velvet-trimmed ecclesiastical robe. He then unclasped the frogged buttons at its collar and let it drop around him. He was naked under it. “For at this service, that is the last time you will see it.

“Now, look closely, and I’ll point to my warts, my scars, my blemishes, and my faults. My physical ones, not my spiritual or emotional ones.” That got a laugh from all of us.

“Am I perfect, not hardly? I am created in God’s image but created from the clay of the earth and nothing so formed can ever be perfect. Beautiful, yes, but never perfect. After sharing the tree’s fruit, Adam and Eve looked upon each other and realized they were naked and covered themselves. Two things went wrong here; first, they disobeyed God and ate the fruit He had asked them not to partake. Second, and equally important, they saw what was natural as sinful. They did; God didn’t because God asked them, why have you clothed yourselves? Their answer saddened the Lord and they were expelled from the garden wearing the hides of animals God had to slay to provide them cover.

“We have taken a step back to reclaiming our right to be naked and to celebrate our creator as he has created us. Look about you at the young women and men in the congregation and at those others who have taken the message that nudity is not sexuality but the natural state God desired for us.

“I have been asked, ‘Pastor, how can you reconcile nudity with the Gospel?’ My response has been and shall continue to be when we pray to our heavenly father we do so as his little children when we praise our heavenly father; we do so with the excitement and enthusiasm of a child, a child should never be afraid to be naked in front of their parent. I know I am not afraid to face my heavenly father just as I am and I hope none of you will be either.”

He closed the service with the hymn, Just As I Am, and we exited through the normal reception line to thank him for the service. He seemed genuinely pleased that I was there with Brenda and told me he hoped to see me the following week.

He did and I dragged Sam with me. We did not attend every Sunday, but our faces became fairly well known at the church between the coffee house and a couple of services a month. Not that mine wasn’t already, but now I was there as I wanted to be there, not because I was forced to attend every time the doors were open by my father.

Spring break came in April and we went to see Gramma again. Brenda’s parents were going on a cruise and Sam invited Brenda along for the visit. A week with Gramma just isn’t enough. She is hysterically funny when you get her started on the days when being a nudist was as hidden as being gay; her line about having to go into the clothes closet to get naked had Brenda and me doubled over. As a kid trying to explain to her classmates after gym why they had tan lines and she didn’t, the tales about Sam were priceless.

Sam told her that just one more word would force Sam to tell the Bridge Club story. For some reason, Gramma changed the subject and we talked about menus for the rest of the week and who wanted to bake pies the next morning.

Our return from Gramma’s left six weeks on the school calendar and we began to wind down the year with the usual high school activities; our annual musical was Hair, I wasn’t in it, but Brenda was, I was asked to Spring Formal by a textile boy and accepted. Night of the dance, he showed up with a wrist corsage for me and asked me if he could leave his trench coat at Sam’s. I shrugged and said sure; when he removed the coat, he was naked underneath it. Sam took pictures, embarrassed me, embarrassed my date, and acted so mother-like I wanted to strangle her.

I had a midnight curfew, and I made it home at eleven forty-seven. Thirteen minutes of heavy petting and kissing later, I was inside the house just as the last chime on the hall clock announced pumpkin time.

The following Tuesday, Sam and I were in court to finalize Sam’s adoption of one Gwendolyn Kramer. That’s what my new birth certificate read, with Sam listed as my mother [no father named]. Gramma had come up for the ceremony and while everyone still called me Greta (I liked it), I had come far enough to accept my first name on legal documents.

As I mentioned before, I had picked up volleyball from Sam. The high school coach spotted me while I was playing a few pickup games in the practice yard at the school. She approached me about playing on the team’s second squad for pre-game practices. The second squad studied the other team’s game films and tried to play the practice games with the same style as the varsity girls’ opponent later in the week.

Thanks to the Blue Bomber, I could do it. I would leave the nursing home, make it to practice, play several sets of volleyball and go home in time to shower, do a bit of homework, and go to sleep. At the annual sports dinner and awards program in late May, I was awarded a junior varsity letter and offered a spot on the varsity team for the next year. School ended on the final Friday of May. Summer would bring many new adventures.

Greta’s Story 3: Senior Year.

Funny, after Sam, Brenda, and I returned from Gramma Kramer’s, the summer quickly melted away into the new school year. Three new things separated Junior year and Senior year. First, I had agreed to take the work-study job with the Program, which was putting a tidy sum away for college in addition to my gardening money and my nursing home hours. My medallion, which identified me as a full-time Naked In School participant, had been taken from me on the first day of senior classes. Oddly, a small stainless steel collar replaced the medallion. The collar clicked closed and was fitted with rings mounted on its front and back. Also added were locking bracelets and anklets with small rings mounted on them.

I had stepped up from Naked in School to Naked in Society. Apparently, those who opted into Naked in Society also agreed to voluntary RESTRAINED display, besides the posing required of the student. Oopsie, this meant that at any time, anywhere, I could be chained or tied to a pole, fence, or wherever and put on display, and since I was now over eighteen, display included use. Not just fingering or the occasional girl’s tongue; nope, full public humiliation sexual use.

Sam ensured that my shots for menstruation and sexually transmitted diseases were up to date, yet the little problem persisted that I was still, technically, a virgin. My hymen was gone from dildo and vibrator use, but a male organ had yet to enter me.

I asked Brenda about this, but, good church girl that she was, she hadn’t been a virgin since freshman year, and she asked if I was interested in any of the boys in school. Nope, no interest there, though some were cute enough, some were bold enough, but all of them had seen and touched me over the course of the previous year and none really set off the buzz in my vagina that would make me want to do IT with THEM.

Brenda had smiled and told me to come home with her that afternoon. I cleared it with Sam; heck, Brenda was at our place so often that Sam welcomed the ‘ravenous duo’, as she called us, eating elsewhere for an evening.

It was there I met HIM! Michael, a second-year college student, varsity swimmer, and Brenda’s cousin, was visiting while returning to his classes. OMG, if I wore panties, they would be soaked through just looking at him.

We bantered during dinner and Michael told of his first year at college at P-FIT, where he was studying chemistry. He was trying to green the world by breaking down plastics and synthetic fibers for reuse as garment and industrial textiles. To the girl sitting naked and dripping into the towel Brenda’s parents had placed on my chair, it sounded noble if unnecessary. Then I realized that fabrics were all around me, from carpets to drapery to the very cloth upon the dinner table. ‘Maybe not so unnecessary after all,’ I thought.

Michael was wearing sandals, baggy cargo shorts, and a Hawaiian shirt. I was wearing my collar and wrist and ankle cuffs. The boy was definitely overdressed as far as I was concerned and I realized Brenda had given me Adonis for my first lover and I could not wait to unwrap him.

So, my first time was with a college man who had seven of the hardest firmest, most filling inches of manhood I had ever known. He knew me, as my birth parent would have put it, four times before the next morning, and as he dressed to continue his trip to college, he was wobbly on his feet. Me, I walked to school looking like I’d been ridden hard and put in the barn wet. Brenda giggled and smiled the entire half-mile walk from her house to the school. Sam called me into her office before first bell and took one look at me, the look that asks, “WELL?”

“His name is Michael; he is Brenda’s cousin, he’s in college and WOW, was IT good!” I explained. Sam nodded and told me to hit the shower before classes and make sure whatever could drip out went down the drain and not on a chair in a classroom. She spoke so bluntly and so practically that my buzz abated greatly. Blunt, my dear reader, was my adopted mother’s personality.

I finished my core classes and began the first of two work-study jobs, my gardening project around the school grounds; simultaneously, most senior class members were going to lunch. Weeding, mulching, planting fall flowers, and laying out the beds for the spring bulbs took me from the start of the school year at the end of August straight through Halloween. The colder months stalled my first job and brought new challenges for my second.

I was the mentor/encourager for reluctant female students entering their mandatory week of nudity in the school. While most girls didn’t mind shedding their clothes and romping about naked in WARM weather, once the chill of November set in, the girls chosen for the next five months needed a deal of coaxing to try the mandated outdoor participation for sports and school activities. Before that, it dealt with zits, bruises, or the occasional period for a girl who was not on the three- or six-month ovulation regimen. After November 1st, though, it was a series of reluctant Candy, Mandy, Mindy, Cindy, Linda, Sharon, Karen, Doreen, Maureen, and Sue naked-in-school candidates who OMG did not want to get hard nipples or turn blue walking around town naked.

Usually, after a day or two of my escorting them, they got over it and began to enjoy the fun of ‘shop ducking’ as I had dubbed it. A few kids only had the mandatory community service outside of school grounds and were bussed to their locations and picked back up. But the others who had a lot of school activity that was out and about in the community had to walk unless they had driver’s licenses and cars. Lots of spring session Juniors and most Seniors did have their own rides; I still had the Blue Bomber that Gramma Kramer had given me and could have given rides to some of the girls who did not. Yet, I had been instructed to keep with the spirit of the Program and encourage public exposure within the community for the girls participating in the program’s short-term required phase. To that end, I invented the ‘shop duck.’ I had gone ahead to the local coffee shop, hardware store, convenience store, and car dealership, all spaced about two city blocks apart from each other and had gotten permission for any girl in the program to spend as much time as they needed in each shop to warm up during the winter.

The coffee shop offered free hot cocoa and the use of its restroom for all nude participants from November 15th through April 15th and it was a popular stop-off point. The hardware store, midway between the business district and the residential area, was as far as many girls could get before they needed a warm-up. Not much for a girl to see or do there, but the place was always packed with do-it-yourselfers and contractors come the end of the school day, all hoping for one or two of the girls to appear. The convenience store was another potty stop and offered a snack cake or bag of chips and bottled water [room temperature] to the girls who dropped in. Well, the auto dealer, Thom’s Toyota, got a lot of business when men began to see naked girls behind the big glass showroom windows. Thom set it up with his salespeople that if the girls showed up three times, they would be eligible for a ten percent discount on any used car on his lot. Five times for fifteen percent and for those of us who had opted for the full-time nudity program, each appearance was worth half a percent off. With over one hundred eighty school days, by the end of the second year of the Naked In School Program, Thom had given four girls their cars for ten percent off the book value. More importantly, the regional manager had awarded Thom Dealer of the Year two years running, as his new car sales vastly outpaced his competitors. His trade-ins also moved well, with many girls getting their first cars from him at a significant discount.

The one downside of Thom’s was what I had to do to get him to agree to his participation. I was shackled by my restraints to his dealership sign all day one Saturday with the electronic sign above blinking,” If You Like What You See Today, Drop by during the week from 3 p.m. to 7 p.m.” He didn’t even let me break to pee. There was a puddle between my legs by the day’s end. He did feed me and keep me hydrated and the day in October was fairly warm, so I didn’t suffer much more than some restraint, mild fondling, and humiliation. Oh, he did offer me a car. With the Blue Bomber titled to me, I had no need for one, so thank you anyhow, Thom.

Jan Thayer, the Program Administrator, had been very impressed with my initiatives and had filed a letter of commendation with the Secretary of Health Education and Welfare in Washington, D.C., under whose umbrella the Program came. Although that pleased me at the time, I tossed that pot on the back burner and simply dealt with the reluctant girls as they came to me in their rotation.

February came and I was named the annual Wassail Maiden. Before the Program started, a senior girl was chosen as the Wassail Maiden, and while dressed in a forest green outfit, would hand hot cider and apple sauce to passers-by and lead the Wassailing dance around the ancient apple tree in front of DDEHS. Apparently, the NIS Program got this tradition slightly changed. Tied to the old apple tree trunk on the high school grounds, I spent the day being painted with apple butter, dowsed in cider, and danced around by the student body and faculty. It was cold and nasty enough while it was being painted on me, but when the senior boys began to lick the apple butter, the cider, and the apple sauce off me, it was excruciatingly erotic. I came five times that I was aware of before the ceremony was complete. To think I don’t even like apples.

As the Student mentor, I was at every sports event, every school dance, every performance of the student playhouse (‘Oh! Calcutta’ in the fall, ‘Hair’ in the spring), the music and choir concerts, and the annual Mud Bowl. Mud Bowl was the spring marching band invitational. Twelve marching bands performed on a field with six inches of melted muck above the still-frozen ground below. Watching them trying to pull off the tricky maneuvers that fans enjoyed during the football season in the mud with slipping, sliding, and falling down the norm rather than the exception made Mud Bowl fun for the fans in the stand. Not so much for the musician on the field, particularly the Naked Ninjas of Dwight David Eisenhower Senior High. We were eighty-nine musicians, seven flag girls, seven baton twirlers, and one majorette plus the honorary senior majorette, all of us naked. By the end of our routine, it looked like we had signed up for the mineral baths at a health spa. Did I fail to mention that the honorary majorette this year was ME? Oopsie, sorry, I thought that would have been the first thing you thought. I spent an hour in the shower cleaning parts of me where no mud should ever be allowed and still felt dirty.

The week after the Mud Bowl, the second of the memorable events of my Senior Year occurred. It did not happen to me, although it impacted me to my very core.

Sam brought home the evening newspaper and above the fold in bold headlines read, “FORMER LOCAL PASTOR JAILED FOR TWENTY YEARS.” As I read the article, it mentioned the facts of the case, “The Reverend Doctor Stanley Delaney, formerly pastor of Community Christian Church here in town was found guilty by a jury in his new state of residence for having entered the public middle school with a bullwhip and whipped the students and faculty who were participating in the annual Naked In School day. Charged with twenty-seven counts of aggravated assault, Mr. Delaney railed in court as to how God’s morality superseded society’s immorality, his outbursts coming so often he was finally barred from his own trial, watching it on closed-circuit television from his jail cell. It took the jury only two hours to find Mr. Delaney guilty on all charges; however, they cited guilt because of diminished mental capacity. Mr. Delaney shall serve his sentence in the state hospital for the criminally insane. If deemed mentally and socially rehabilitated, Mr. Delaney shall be eligible for parole in fifteen years.”

I spent that night and many following snuggled next to Sam in bed, sobbing. The tears were not for the man who fathered me or his wife, my birth mother, but for those poor kids and teachers, he had scarred for life with his bullwhip. I am sure there is no place in heaven for people who are so rigid in their belief system they cannot allow others to live their lives in peace as they choose.

The end of March and the beginning of April brought the Beach Volleyball season and Brenda and I were top seeds on the DDE varsity girl’s team. While the other schools competed in bikinis, we, as always, were naked. League rules stated school colors and a name and number must be on each player, so two hours before we played, the DDE team was in for body paint and airbrushing by kids from the art department.

Spring break left me oddly confused. Sam wanted us to visit Gramma Kramer on the farm. While I always enjoyed visiting Gramma, Michael was coming to Brenda’s that same week. I had sex this last year three times. All was imposed upon me while I was shackled. I had not been made love to since Michael took my virginity back in late August and I was dying for some real loving.

I told Brenda about my conflict and she informed me she was about to ask if she could come to Gramma’s with Sam and me. I gave her my stupid “HUH?” look and she laughed. It seemed that Michael was bringing his fiancée home to meet his aunt and uncle before continuing on to meet her parents.

’Oh well, that itch would have to wait to be scratched,’ I thought to myself. I said, “Sure if Sam says okay, it’s fine with me.” Sam dropped the news that none of us would be going to Gramma’s, Gramma would be coming up here for the break week instead. It seemed that a local independent tournament sponsor had gotten wind of the newly formed Beach Volleyball High School league and wanted to stage a double-elimination tournament during the break week.

The way it worked was ten schools would send teams and everyone would play each other once. The schools with the most wins would be placed in the winner’s bracket and would play each other until one team was left that had beaten every other team in its bracket. The bottom bracket teams would also play each other, and every team that lost would be eliminated. The last team left in the bottom bracket would play the last team left in the top bracket for the trophy and the prize for the school they represented.

Our boys lost six of the nine matches and went to the male lower bracket. Brenda and I won eight of the nine games we played and were second to Bishop Timothy Boyle Catholic Girls Academy, who had won all nine of their games and caused our only loss.

By returning to face Boyle again, we DDE girls had walked over Jefferson City, Madison High, Courtland Academy, and Deep Gorge Regional. Boyle had been similarly capable of dispatching Hannah Crest, Lundsburgh High, Wolf Mountain, and Jefferson City, the only team to get two games as they were third in the first round with seven wins, having lost only to Boyle and us.

At two p.m. Saturday afternoon on an outdoor volleyball court in bright sunshine, we played the best of three sets to 15 points match for the tournament championship. The Boyle girls looked cute in their red and white bikinis. Brenda and I were naked for the glory of DDE. We fought hard but lost the first set, 15-13. During the intermission with the trash talk that goes on between teams at its height, the Boyle girls came on with, “With your girl parts flopping around like that, you’ll never win.” We flipped back, “Yeah, well if we take this next set, and we will, we dare you to play the third set, with all your girl parts bouncing out and about.” That was Brenda. I added, “Yep, strip down or shut up for the third set, girls.”

Did we psych them out? I don’t know and I’ve had time to think back on that day many times. What we did do was win the second set 15-11. We looked over the net and mouthed, “Okay, pay up and strip ‘em off.” Instead, their back girl went down on the sand claiming a groin injury and they forfeited the final game, giving DDE (and Brenda and me) the tournament win, the trophy, and the school’s prize: a professionally installed four-court beach volleyball set up on the DDE grounds.

Two weeks after the tournament, the Honors and Sports Awards Dinner took place in the fanciest hotel in town. It was easy to tell the honors kids from the sports kids. The honors kids were all, well mostly all, clothed, and in the tradition of DDE that one wore one’s team uniform to the awards banquet, most of the athletes were nude. Football, Field Hockey, and Lacrosse team members were the only exceptions as they were our full-contact sports and state law required uniforms for them. Once we were seated, the girls’ field hockey team rose as one, chanted “Naked Ninjas Rule,” and joined their sisters in full naked glory. Both the boy’s and girl’s lacrosse teams followed suit, leaving only the football team with too much gear to be rid of to join us.

The coaches had a surprise for me when the lettering ceremony was held. I was presented with a gold pendant and neck chain instead of the velour varsity letter, and my DDE hung proudly around my neck as it was well-known I did not own a jacket or sweater for a letter to be sewn upon. Brenda was also honored with a pendant as she had once again spent the year nude. I was handed a volleyball and asked to sign it for the trophy case. After doing so, I passed it to Brenda, who did the same. It was the game ball from the one serve over the net to Boyle’s empty courtside that clinched our tournament championship.

I was genuinely surprised when I was announced as the winner of both the annual sportsperson of the year award and the newly created nude athlete of the year award. The shock came when the academic awards were given. I was named to the Honor Society based on my community activism, grades, and constant affirmative mentoring. Who knew? Not me, that’s for sure.

Jan Thayer, fortyish, fit, bronzed and nude, was the next faculty speaker to go to the microphone and I again heard my name called. She read a proclamation from the Secretary of Health Education and Welfare, lauding my two years of service to the Naked-in-School Program and issuing a full textile emancipation for me as a reward for my services. An identification bracelet, engraved USDHEW REGISTERED NUDIST on the front and with a serial number registered to me on its inner surface, was presented to me along with a folder with the proclamation within it. I was now free to be clothing-free forever if I so chose. All I needed was my bracelet.

Sam introduced me to Doctor Grace Manners, the National Vice President of Sigma Kappa Gamma sorority, just before the awards dinner. Sam said Dr. Manners was her guest at the banquet and an old friend from college. My next surprise came when Dr. Manners rose to present me with a full four-year scholarship to any college with a chapter of Sigma Kappa Gamma. I had five applications out to universities and was slated to visit them over the next week with Sam. I wondered why Sam insisted I apply to these schools, and now I realized each had an active SKG chapter. Sam worked on my behalf and behind my back on this for several months.

Sam and I ran into some difficulties during our college visitation tours. Seniors visiting colleges were under the same restrictions as though they were on school grounds during normal school hours. This meant that I was wearing my collar and wrist and ankle cuffs when we arrived at Cortland College. The security patrol at the gate would not allow us on campus unless I was properly attired. Sam tried to explain, as did the SKG chapter president, but the College administration sent the Assistant Dean of Discipline to the gate, who read us the official stance of the campus. Basically, they tolerated SKG girls being nude in their own house because the fraternity and sorority houses were considered private property, not school grounds. They would not allow or tolerate nudity anywhere else on campus, even if such was required of the person currently nude. Sam and I thanked the SKG girls and said no thanks to Cortland College.

Uplands University gave us much the same spiel and we deemed it not worth our time or effort. Edson College accepted my current state of nudity but would require I be clothed on campus should I take their offer of admission for the fall semester.

Philadelphia Fashion Industries Technical University, P-FIT, opened its doors widely for us and accepted me as a perfect fit, explaining that many artists and classes used nude models around campus and it was not unusual on any given day to see a girl or a guy walking about nude while artists and photographers worked out lighting and background scenery. The girl showing us about, another SKG sister, explained she had finished her semester as Life Style Model at the end of school in May but was perfectly willing to strip off and show me the campus nude if it would make me feel more comfortable. She offered Sam the same opportunity as a graduated SKG sister who had the same on-campus privileges as one still in school. So the three of us left the SKG house nude, toured the campus, met the professors, advisors, and students, and before the end of the day, I had signed the letter of intent to attend P-FIT and play varsity beach volleyball for them.

Graduation day came all too quickly after that. I heard my name called, stood, and walked down the aisle for my diploma wearing my mortarboard cap, my honor society stole, my registered nudist ID bracelet, and my DDE varsity lavaliere. I crossed the stage and flashes from many cameras went off. Waving my diploma over my head, I skipped back to my seat. I thought I saw my birth mother in the rear of the auditorium, only briefly, and when I looked back, she was gone, if she’d been there at all. Sam and Gramma tossed me a huge party for my school friends and another when we arrived on the farm for my last summer there before college.

**Chapter 3: Senior Summer**

Sam Kramer looked over the kitchen table at her adopted daughter, Greta, and admired the even golden glow of the teenager’s tan unblemished by strap marks or tan lines. “Just how much time have you been spending lazing by the pool, Greta? I ask with no purpose beyond pointing out the risk of sunburn and skin cancer; you can consider this the use an SPF 45 lecture the combined forces of motherhood and professional nursing wish me to express. And who else is with you? There are too many towels in the laundry room for just you poolside.”

“Brenda has been dropping by from around one in the afternoon til around four-thirty,” Greta told her mother, “Her job at the parks department gets done at half-past twelve every day, she walks over here from Rock Creek Park and we hang for the afternoon, no biggie, is it?”

“Nope,” Sam smiled,” I like Brenda and she is good company for you as well. Do you take her home on your way to your job?”

“Yeah, she climbs into the Blue Bomber and we leave here around four-forty. I drop her off by ten to five and I’m at the assisted living facility by five to punch in for my four hours.” Greta continued her placement at the assisted living facility beyond her mandatory community service period. The facility had added a part-time job to its roster for her as a recreation therapy aide, where she did everything from playing catch with a beach ball to helping with holding a pallet of paint for an artist who had lost the use of one arm due to a stroke.

Above her chest of drawers, hanging in Sam’s room, was the painting in oil on canvas of Greta, done by the physically challenged woman. Greta likewise had one of the woman’s pieces in her room, a still life of the facility’s resident cat, Marvelous Marvin, curled up asleep on a library shelf. Greta worked five p.m. to nine p.m. Monday through Friday and then nine a. m. to nine p.m. on Saturday. Even though her junior year community service obligation was over and that her voluntary submission to the naked in school all nude all the time facet of the Program had ended with the school year, Greta had chosen to continue the nude lifestyle; as she said, “At least through the summer, Sam, maybe come the cooler weather, I’ll consider Uggs and a long down coat this year.”

Sam had laughed at that, remembering her naked, shivering adopted daughter shoveling the three inches of snow that had fallen last March, determined to maintain her total nudity commitment despite her skin turning blue. Greta had spent an hour in the hot tub after that incident.

Greta finished her Junior year with a grade point average of 3.75 on a 4.0 scale. Normally a solid C+/B- student, her grades jumped by one full point for completing a full school year naked, twenty-four and seven. She had been approached by the school administration and the Program mentoring counselor about repeating her nudity through senior year. If she agreed, she would become a Student Mentor in the Program, helping to ease girls selected for the mandatory one-week participation in the Program from textile to nude lifestyle. She hadn’t said yes or no to that as yet, but it felt so natural to be without clothing now that she dreaded the thoughts of having to shop for, buy and then wear clothing. By law, the only thing she had to wear was a pair of sneakers or sandals while driving and a silver disc on a silver beaded neck chain that was engraved with DDEHS NIS on the front standing for Dwight David Eisenhower High School Naked In School program. The back was coded Jr-2, indicating she was the second female in her junior year to volunteer for the all-nude all the time portion of the Program. That medallion marked her as fully dressed in the eyes of the law and it would have to be returned on the first day of Greta’s senior year in September. She was reserving her decision until then. Greta’s best school friend Brenda Adams wore medallion Jr-1. One of the many things they talked about sitting by the pool was reenrolling in the program in the fall.

Brenda’s parents, though more liberal than most in the church crowd the family belonged to, were getting the nudges in conversation that wasn’t one year enough. Wouldn’t she look lovely in that style dress and crap like that? Brenda had reported the last time she had been over. “So I don’t know if they are going to allow me to sign up for next year.”

“What about the grade boost? That was your convincer last year, Brenda. Can you play that card again?”

“I heard that if you go, Student Mentor, the grade boost no longer is offered,” Brenda had replied, “So it would be back to good old C level me again. It was nice to see one final report card of solid B grades, though.”

The Program Mentor had spoken to Greta and Sam in Sam’s office at the high school just before the school year. “The government is thinking about revising the name of the Program from Naked In School to Naked In Society, and I think our Greta and Brenda are fantastic role models for such a change. Don’t you? As a Student Mentor, Greta would work out of my office. I see the Student Mentor’s helping with grooming, hygiene and poise and confidence issues for girls new to the program and the government is providing a stipend for the positions.” Jan Thayer was wearing only a gold medallion bearing the inscription Program Mentor on its front with Jan Thayer and the last four numbers of her social security number on the reverse. If Greta agreed to take the job, a similar disc would be her only garb for her senior year of high school.

“Yeah, Brenda, Sam mentioned her conversation with Thayer about that. Since the government is offering a paycheck, the school district felt it did not have to offer the grade point incentive. But, that is only if you go mentor, you can still do the program as a full-time volunteer, senior year, and I think the grade boost would still be in effect.” Greta had stretched in the sun like a lazy cat at that point and smiled at the thirty-something single guy who walked past them for the seventh time in the last half hour.

“Creepy,” Brenda muttered, watching the thong-clad male walk away from her, “why doesn’t he stop and talk instead of staring like that every time he walks by?”

“Because his boyfriend is jealous of us,” Greta giggled. “Sam told me. Joey really admires that females can legally opt to be nude in public and he looks on us as suffragettes for his cause and equal rights for full-time male nudity. Hal’s partner thinks if Joey spends too much time with naked girls, he’ll switch teams and leave Hal for one of us. Joey with Sam, I could almost see. They would be cute together. Joey with you or me, ew, what would we talk about? Oh, and I’ve seen him dance.” Rolled eyes and a giggle let Brenda know that was not a pretty sight.

Sam looked at Greta as she finished her teenage gush of a typical afternoon by the pool with Brenda and said, “You told Brenda you thought Joey and I would make a cute couple! That will take as long as her two thumbs to punch out the keys on her cell phone to be texted all over the world,” Sam chuckled. “I guess I’d better be ready for all of the beard jokes.”

Turning serious, Sam said, “Gramma called. She wants us down to visit her last week of July through the first two weeks of August. Can you clear it with the facility?”

“They have already asked me for a vacation schedule, and I said I wasn’t sure,” Greta responded,

“I’ll try to arrange it. But I admit I’ll miss them when I’m away and feel kind of guilty to not be there.”

“Check it out so I can give Gramma an answer,” Sam changed topics to, “Going for groceries in a bit, do you have a list?”

“On the fridge,” Greta responded, putting her dishes in the dishwasher, “I’m going to get into the shower, now that a certain drainer of the hot water tank is done and it has had a chance to refill itself.”

“Hey, it takes a lot of lather to get this,” Sam twirled around like a dancer, “all baby smooth.” They both broke up laughing.

The mess, as Greta called it, hit her four days before she and Sam were to leave for Gramma Kramer’s on vacation. Sam had put Greta on the once every six-month cycle of birth control when she entered the Naked In School full-time Program portion. Sam did not believe that Greta’s resolve would hold and she would eventually give into a boy wanting vaginal sex. Greta never kept her knees glued together, yet she was still a virgin insofar as still having an intact hymen. She had learned quite well how to perform hand masturbation for both males and females and had oral sex giving and receiving from both genders as well. Yet, the thought of a penis penetrating her vagina was so distasteful to her that she warned her dates that NO meant NO for that.

Greta felt the rumbling in her stomach before she saw the flow. She had been lightly cramping for two days but had passed that off as having strained herself lifting supplies off of the shelves at the assisted living center. The leak started as a few drips on the third day and then by mid-afternoon, blood was everywhere.

Sam was on hand with Midol and soft, warm towels to hold against Greta’s tummy, but after being nude for ‘forever,’ Greta’s problem was how to handle a flow that would not be contained with tampons. She literally did not own a stitch of clothing and the concept of buying something to wear just for the week to ten days she would flow bothered her. At least she wasn’t in school and Brenda still was there to keep her company, though the pool and hot tub were off-limits. Two five and two, Sam had said, two days of cramping coming on, five days of flow, and two days of light spotting on its way out. Sam had padded Greta’s bed with disposable chucks pads and everywhere she sat, there was an old folded beach towel. She used sick days at the assisted living center and was truly sick with aches, cramps, and misery.

When the flow had eased, Sam gave Greta the injection that would be good until late December, ‘Oh goodie,’ Greta had said, ‘I’ll definitely be home for Christmas.’

Greta called Gramma Kramer in one of her less cramped moments and rather than using the little girl wheedle and voice she asked Sam’s mother point-blank if she could bring a friend. “A boy or a girl,” was all Gramma had asked.

“A girl, my best friend Brenda, Gramma,” Greta had responded.

“Well, fine, she can share your room. I was afraid if it was a boy, I’d have to clean out my office so he could use the pull-out couch bed,” Gramma stated, then added, “Are you two a couple or just friends with benefits?”

“GRAMMA,” Greta blurted two octaves higher than the normal tone of voice, “She is the other girl who went full-time with the Program, Gramma, and we kind of bonded over the experience, but we ARE NOT LOVERS.”

“Whatever you say, dear,” Gramma chuckled on her end of the phone. Greta actually blushed in a full-body pink flush just thinking about the look currently on Gramma’s face.

Brenda had cleared her schedule to allow for the trip both with her parents and with her summer job. Greta was due a one-week vacation and was given the other two weeks off without pay. Sam, of course, was off on vacation all of July and the first three weeks of August. School nurses worked on a ten-month contract. Sam had eight glorious weeks to bask in the sun, take CEUs at the college or online and to enjoy her adopted daughter.

Wearing identical t-shirt dresses, the three women, one a thirty-something and two teenagers, arrived at the domestic airline terminal to check-in for their flight south to Gramma Kramer’s farm. Sam was wearing a ginger-colored dress that perfectly set off her eyes and hair. Greta wore the same mint green dress that she had worn to fly down to Gramma’s at Christmas time. Brenda was wearing a pale yellow dress that hugged her curves and screamed ‘I’m naked under this t-shirt.” Which, in fact, all the women were, the dresses and sandals being the only clothing the trio wore. Purses and shoes through the x-ray machine, one at a time through the body scanner, and on to the first of two aircraft, this one would take them to Atlanta, where they would change to a smaller plane for the final hop to the airport near Gramma Kramer’s farm. It was a forty-five-minute drive from the airport to Gramma’s farm and then three weeks of relaxation.

Gramma was waiting outside the terminal by her Cayenne. Without luggage, the four women fit into the cross-over vehicle nicely. Sam was sitting in front on the passenger side while her mother drove and the two teenagers were sitting in the back seat. Conversation flowed freely between the four and it didn’t seem to be forty-five minutes had passed when Gramma’s house came into sight.

“Wow, your Gramma has all the amenities of a full-fledged resort right here in her farm house, Greta,” Brenda was awed as they toured the home, “I can see why you love to spend the holidays and vacation here.”

“Look at the fitness center,” Brenda gushed, looking at the free weights as well as the stationary bicycles and treadmills in what had once been a solarium. A large pantry had been converted to a sauna beyond that room, and a small four-person hot tub was also in that space.

The large enclosed outdoor activity area held a twenty-meter lap pool heated to a perfect eighty-eight degrees year-round and a beach volleyball court. A completed outdoor kitchen with Brendaecues and a propane-powered stove and oven combination unit along with a refrigerator and wine cooler resided on one deck. Along side that deck and slightly elevated from it was the sun deck with loungers and small tables and two outdoor chests made of a resin material for towels and seat cushions.

Brenda asked, “Does your Gramma do a lot of entertaining?”

Greta responded, “She’s very good to the people who work for her and their families. It is not unusual on a Saturday or Sunday to have thirty or forty people in the compound, as Gramma likes to call the back yard, swimming, sunning and eating.”

“Wow,” Brenda said again and then looked worried, “If she has company over, we don’t have any clothes or swimsuits.”

“Neither will the company, Bren, don’t worry about it. James, Gramma’s foreman, has twin daughters about our age. When I was down at Christmas, Lynn and Lena were here to play volleyball with Sam and me almost every day. It was like, hello at the front door, peel naked before they hit the solarium door and splash into the pool to do a few laps before we settled into the volleyball sets for the rest of the afternoon. They are mean wicked players, Bren, so you’re going to have to bring your “A” game if we are going to win even once against them.”

“You are the meanest wickedest volleyball player I’ve ever seen on the court, Greta,” Brenda replied. “If those two are that good, I’ll be embarrassed just being in the sand with them.”

“Besides Sam, who do you think taught me to play?” Greta asked her best friend and continued with, “It was like a clinic every day. You know college recruiters were looking at them trying to get letters of intent signed when they were high school sophomores?”

“Wow, if they can teach me some decent moves, maybe I can try out for our team this next year,” Brenda smiled, “Spring Beach Volleyball, not full court winter volleyball on the hardwood floor. Diving for balls naked on waxed hardwood makes me shudder every time I watch you play.”

“Sam shudders worse than you do. She is the one who has to patch up my floor rash and make the scabs and bruises presentable for school and social events,” Greta chuckled. “Thank heaven for body make-up and self-tanner.”

Gramma Kramer and Sam walked out onto the lower deck at that moment and waved the girls over to them. Both were naked and when viewed together, it was obvious they were family. Gramma had slightly fleshier hips and a bit of a sag to her breasts, but the two were physically peas in a pod. Greta thought it was cute that Gramma chose to leave her pubic hair in place. She had teased Gramma that it looked like ‘granny panties’ for the naked set at Christmas time. Sam was trimmed back to a one-inch wide landing strip above her vaginal region. Brenda and Greta were waxed completely and both girls were considering spending the money on full body laser hair removal.

“So what do you think of my little place,” Gramma asked Brenda, “do you think you can enjoy yourself here?”

“Wow, the place is great and the entire Kramer clan is super fantastic to be with. I’m kind of glad my folks decided to go on that Bible lands discovery cruise by themselves.” Brenda was wide-eyed and looked happy when she spoke.

“Yeah, and I’m glad they said you would be less apt to get into trouble with me at Gramma’s than alone at home,” Greta added.

Gramma giggled and said, “I guess they don’t know the Kramer women as well as they think they do. The outside fridge is stocked with soft drinks, juices and Kaliber and O’Doul’s. There is wine for dinner, but out here, we are non-alcoholic. Feel free to help yourselves to anything. And Brenda, Greta will show you the count-down charts. Greta, James just got off the phone with his wife and Lynn and Lena will be over around five and he says they are looking for revenge.” Gramma smiled, pulled a cola from the fridge, and went up to relax on the sun deck level. Sam asked the girls, “Do you want to play Lena and Lynn for the same stakes as last time?” When Brenda looked confused, Sam explained, “Greta and I play Lena and Lynn for certain stakes; the losing team has to submit to the winners’ desires for the evening.”

“Yeah, the last day we were here during winter holidays, we skunked them bad. We normally play best two out of three, but Sam and I won the first two games easily, so we said three out of five. They won the third set and we wiped the floor with them in the fourth. Considering how many times before that we had been the servers, they took the loss fairly well. I can’t speak for Sam, but I know I had a smile on my face the whole trip home.” Greta giggled.

Brenda felt her womanhood begin to weep a bit at that, though aroused she didn’t require satisfaction, the thought of winning a submissive female for the evening who would have to, oh, wait, back up here, “What happens if we lose?”

“Sam will tell you, sometimes that is even more fun,” Greta winked at her adopted mother, who grinned back at the two younger women and nodded yes.

About two and a half hours later, when the twins arrived, they did just as Greta had said they would. Gramma Kramer opened the front door to them; they kissed her hello and offered compliments about her appearance. “Wow, If I hold up half as well into my fifties as you have, I...” Lena gushed, not able to finish her thought as her sister butted in, “Well, you won’t if you keep downing the coffee caramel and hot fudge sundaes you insist on devouring nightly.”

Lynn’s voice was a bit muted as she pulled her t-shirt over her head. She followed that by unbuttoning and unzipping her very short; you can see the front pockets cut-off jeans to reveal a body that had never seen a swimsuit in daylight. The perfectly bronzed Lynn then scampered off to the back compound to visit her friends. Lena hung back a bit and asked Gramma Kramer, “Is the new girl, with it, Mrs. K, or do we need to take it slowly with her?” Lena stripped as she asked the question and picked up her sister’s clothing from the floor where they had fallen, setting both their outfits onto a bench near the back door.

“Brenda has been a full year volunteer for the Program at her school, Lena; I am sure she is, as you put it, ‘with it.’” The eldest of the Kramer women then continued, “I think it might be best if you do not play volleyball for your usual stakes if you play Brenda and Greta though, as I understand it, Brenda knows very little about the game and Greta was hoping she and you twins could get Brenda up to speed on the game so she could try for varsity beach volleyball this next school year.”

“No prob, Mrs. K. We really like Sam and Greta and my mom adores the fact that you have taken on the Gramma role that was missing in our lives. We do tend to be a bit shark-like in our feeding frenzies, but Lynn and I can cool it, really we can.”

Gramma Kramer laughed and told the teen to go take a swim. Lena was out the door and four teenage girl outdoor voices shrieking through the sliding glass door suggested they were all getting along just fine. She thought of Lena’s words. James, her foreman, was a twenty-year veteran of the U.S. Air Force, retiring as a systems technician with the rank of senior master sergeant. While serving on a base in Germany, he had met a Swede named Marla on a nude beach in Crete; they had fallen in love. She had married James and returned to the States with him when he retired. He was thirty-eight, she was thirty and she was pregnant with the twins when they arrived ‘home’ in the little town about twenty miles from the Kramer farm.

Sam’s father had just passed away, and Sam was fifteen. To keep the farm working, Rosa Kramer had to hire help. James came to answer the ad from the newspaper and brought his very pregnant wife with him as they sat and chatted. Rosa realized that the couple was extremely alone and lonely and she asked a few personal questions. Marla was estranged from her family; they hated that she had married an American of questionable ancestry and moved with him back to the United States.

James had been through the foster care system up to his eighteenth birthday and though bright, could not afford to attend college. Instead, he joined the Air Force, completed every service school offered to him, and took courses online from the Armed Forces College. When he retired, he had an Associate of Applied Sciences to add to his various service school certificates.

Basically, neither pair had a parent they could fall back on for advice or simply be family to them. Rosa immediately hired James and moved the couple into what had been a seasonal bunk house, a sixteen-foot by seventy foot mobile home, about twenty-five yards away from the rear door to the main house. That space was now the far end of the lap pool inside the compound.

Marla had a very difficult birth and, as a result, could not have any more children. Sam had taken on the role of ‘auntie’ to the twins as soon as they came home from the hospital and often could be found bathing, diapering and playing with the babies in the mobile home. Lena and Lynn were like the baby ducklings following the mother duck Sam became to them for the first three years of their lives. When it was time for Sam to leave for college, the timing was perfect as the twins were to enter pre-school the same year. Sam would come home from school and the twins would help her unpack, always looking for the small gifts Sam would bring them. The twins had a full wardrobe of college t-shirts, sorority items, sweatshirts, and their first competition-grade volleyballs by second grade.

In her junior year of college, Sam switched from pre-med to nursing and entered the six-year track to get her the R.N., B.S.N and M.S.N. She would later add the Masters of Education in School Counseling degree to the initials behind her name. All the while, she would return home and spend time with the twins who had bonded to her so early in their life. When Sam’s husband went to jail for the domestic battery that ended the marriage, Sam had gone home to her mother only to find the now twelve-year-old twins provided even more comfort than her parent did.

Marla would tell her later that the twins had discovered how to please each other with fingers and mouths by about age nine and were fully accomplished pre-teen lovers by age eleven. They had tried and succeeded in seducing their mother that same year, and Rosa, who they insisted on calling Mrs. K or ‘Special K,’ fell to their charms during that summer. The fact that they had waited so long to bring Sam into their intimacy circle had been that they were afraid of Sam’s husband, the ex-football player, who they had sensed even before the wedding was not right for Sam. “We knew he was evil.” Lena had told Sam while stroking her right breast, Lynn couldn’t speak at the moment she had Sam’s left breast in her mouth and was suckling upon it, “But you were in no state of mind to listen to us; you were so wrapped up in the, ‘I’m getting married’ thing.”

By this time, James and Marla had built their own home about a mile and a half down the road from the Kramer farm and Rosa had converted the back of the farmhouse into the compound. When Sam had announced she was applying to be the legal guardian of Greta and wanted to adopt her, Gramma Kramer just told her the family had a long tradition of taking in strays and making them family. Why should Greta be any different?

Finally, the shrieking subsided and Gramma decided it was time to go see just what her extended brood of chicks had found to keep them quiet.

“Did it hurt,” from Brenda, “and how do you keep it clean?”

Lynn replied, “The first few days it did, for me at least, but after that, it is a hoot, you are always semi aroused and wow, is that little pea anxious to pop out of its pod, like, all the time.”

Lena then added, “Lynn’s right, but for me, it was more of a burning itch rather than pain, and as long as you are careful when you wipe and use an alcohol swab every time, the odds of infection are way low. The biggest downside is even though you feel edgy all the time, you can’t have sex of any kind for the first month after it is done.”

“What did you girls find to talk about?” Gramma said as she came up from the outdoor kitchen area to the sun deck, to find the twins on their backs on two resin lounge chairs with their legs draped over the arm and their fingers spreading the outer labia of their vaginas apart so that Brenda and Greta could see their new piercings. When she realized, she added with a laugh, “Now that they have done that, Sam, I can tell them apart, Lena has the little ring in the hood of her clitoris, Lynn has the bar bell and Lena’s nipples are pierced east to west while Lynn had hers done north to south. I adore the belly button piercings they had done first, but then they had the same charms put in and I couldn’t tell them apart.”

“Mother,” Sam laughed, then asked the twins to change positions to kneeling facing away from the other four, “I never had that problem because,” she walked over to one of the girls and moved her hair off of her neck, “Lynn has a birthmark that looks like a heart on the back of her neck; Lena doesn’t.”

Gramma Kramer yelped, “ALL THESE YEARS and you never told me?” Then she burst out laughing, “Well, now that I have a way of telling these imps apart, I’ll know who to spank the next time someone raids my freezer for ice cream in the middle of the night and forgets to close the door.”

Lynn, “Lena, I told you to lift the handle and push that door shut,” and to Gramma, “We’re sorry, Mrs. K, really, did you lose a lot of stuff?”

“I came down a few minutes after you two had scampered back up to Sam’s room and found the door open before anything got ruined. Well, Lena, not only did you not close the door, but it seems you put the tub of ice cream in the sink and the used scoop in the freezer. Getting confused in our old age, are we?” Gramma said with a smile.

“Can’t get away with anything around here,” Lena blushed, “and really, I am sorry too, we didn’t want to wake you and were trying to be quick and quiet; I guess I was half asleep.”

She walked over to the oldest of the Kramer women and hugged her; then, after kissing Rosa full on the mouth, moved her lips down and began to suckle Gramma Kramer’s left breast. Lynn looked over to Sam and said, “That’s my sister’s way of begging forgiveness,” which caused Greta to snort cola through her nose as she spewed the rest out of her mouth with the laugh that came with the snort.

The four teens had decided to use the first two weeks as a no-stakes, no bets clinic for Brenda to get her up to a varsity level of play. As it was late on Monday when the twins came over, they spent an hour just batting the ball over the net, changing partners frequently and enjoying the late sun of the early evening with a swim and the chicken breasts and tossed salad Gramma prepared for dinner.

A training schedule was set up from ten in the morning to four in the afternoon Tuesday through Friday of the first week. They worked on setting, passing, serving, and spiking to the point where the girls played a demonstration game during the Saturday staff get-together. While Greta and Brenda lost two of the three sets they played, they played the twins to within a point on their two losses and won the set they took by only two points. Several of the younger girls and boys watched the game intently and the four girls spent a good part of the afternoon showing the younger pre-teens how to play ‘two on two’ beach volleyball.

Brenda was thoroughly surprised to see how relaxed Gramma Kramer was interacting with her employees, their spouses and children all in the nude and was also surprised at just how welcome she was made to feel by all of them. It was family the way family should be, complete with adoring and adorable little ones clinging to the older girls like duct tape to the bottom of a shoe and craving attention.

Greta and Sam circulated and renewed acquaintances with people they knew, Sam proudly showing off her adopted daughter to the female staff and spouses, who were left to introduce her to their husbands and, in two cases, same-sex lovers. Most of the employees had been with Sam’s mother for years, two women having started work in the shipping department right after James had been hired. One of those women now had a daughter, a recent high school graduate, working for the Kramer farm.

Rosa was very happy to have hired the girl, Roberta. She had an innate ability to repair anything with a motor from old John Deere tractors to the ancient Jeep Comanche used to run supplies to crews repairing irrigation lines or fences. It didn’t hurt that the four-foot-nine-inch red head was very pretty and currently holding court with several college-age boys, children of other workers, with her waist-length hair casually draped over her thirty-six C breasts. Her pubes were trimmed in a flaming arrow pointing down to her crotch and it did not surprise Rosa at all that Roberta could hold a man’s attention as well as she could hold a power tool. With this crowd, Roberta’s ability to discuss the relative merits of GMC versus Ford versus Dodge pickup trucks would hold not only the young men’s attention but that of their fathers as well. Wives were noticed taking their husbands by the arm and leading them elsewhere when Roberta held court.

As the evening wore down and the various guests said their thank you’s and left for their homes, the twins looked at their parents and Marla asked, “Mrs. K, may the...” and was cut off.

“I didn’t expect them to go home tonight, Marla. You and James go on home and have fun; these kids will keep Sam and me up all night. It seems they already know where I hide the ice cream.” Rosa said, drawing a smile and a giggle from all four teens and a knowing eye-roll from Sam.

It turned out that the two queen-sized beds in Greta’s room saw limited action that night. All four of the girls were tired beyond exhaustion and after deciding which twin would sleep in which bed, Greta getting Lena and Lynn bunking in with Brenda, a simple kiss good night, a cuddle and spoon formation found the four asleep in under twenty minutes.

Sam arose at five-thirty to use the bathroom. Hearing a noise, she peeked in through the adjoining door to the girls’ room to find that they had awakened with renewed vigor. Lynn had Brenda flat on her back, was on top of Brenda in a girlie missionary position, and mauled Brenda’s breasts with her mouth. Meanwhile, Lena had her pierced clit played with by Greta’s mouth and clawing at the sheets with her hands.

Sam closed the door quietly and left the girls to their fun.