**Naked Coed Freshman Welcome Party**

by luv2custrip

*A college-approved party requires females to be nude.*

I stared at the signup sheet. I looked around. We were in the nicely carpeted and expensively furnished hallway of the college’s Administrative building. (Yes, they furnished hallways here.) Seemingly normal people on seemingly normal business kept passing by.

“So… it’s for real?!”

The skinny, straight-haired, brown-eyed blonde behind the gold wire rims behind the table in the entry hall didn’t even bother to nod.

“It’s a ninety-four-year-old tradition. And the rules are all here. It really is all about making our new students feel special and welcome. The fact that our girls aren’t dressed is practically immaterial.”

She now looked up at me expectantly, waiting for me to make some clever remark about the freshman girls’ lack of clothing and the use of the word “immaterial.”

I did not indulge her.

“I’m signing up,” I informed her. I reached for the signup sheet but she placed her multi-ringed, well-manicured hand upon it.

“You haven’t even read through our rules and regulations yet,” she objected.

I was having none of it. I knew that male attendees were limited to the confirmed number of freshmen girls willing to go nude. I had to put my name in: now.

I raised my hand in a mock vow.

“I promise to obey the rules. I will read and memorize every word of your handout. PLEASE put my name in!”

She sighed and relented. She turned the sheet back around and glanced at my scrawled and printed name.

“Well, James—“

“Jim!”

“James,” she continued. “We currently have twenty-two confirmed freshman girls. There will also be six, also nude, female chaperones: seniors, faculty and faculty wives. And no… I am a senior, but I won’t be chaperoning nude this year.”

She looked away. “I had… an incredible experience, being naked at the party. It was beyond…”

She looked up at me; really looking at me for the first time. “Go in there wanting to check out twenty-eight naked girls— and that’s all you’ll get out of the whole experience. But go in realizing that these are brave, vulnerable women who are briefly casting aside all of their clothing— and maybe more than a bit of their dignity— just to be appreciated in a very special way by one, hopefully very special guy…”

She actually put her hand on mine. “Then it really will be an eye-opening experience, in more ways than you can imagine.”

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I learned in the official handout that this most unusual, college-sanctioned, CMNF party started out as a sorority prank in 1929. All of the senior girl chaperones showed up naked— and they eventually convinced many of the freshmen girls to join in their undressed merriment.

Perhaps unsurprisingly— most of the males who were partying quite heartily approved. The surprising part was that at least some nudity was kept up, year after year, until it became a tradition; a regular rite of passage.

There were all sorts of rules and recommendations regarding dress and behavior. Freshman girls were not allowed to wear anything at all: no shoes, not even jewelry, and only minimal makeup. Female chaperones were allowed some jewelry: a watch, a ring, a tasteful necklace. Chaperones would also be identifiable by their ubiquitous high heels.

Guys were expected to wear business attire: ties, jackets, dress shirts and slacks. We also had to fill out an online questionnaire— right on South Valley’s website— listing our hobbies and interests. All the materials warned that was not a “nude dating service,” however, the party planners would do their best to match “guys to girls.”

Oh. The girls would be wearing one thing: a red bow tie that looked as though it belonged on a pretty Christmas present but around their pretty necks instead. Their first name (and initials if needed) would be dangling on a white ribbon between the red. The guy would get to “untie” his assigned girl; the now completely nude young lady would then tie her bow around his left wrist.

Strangely quaint for a CMNF party.

Friday night and I kept checking myself out in the mirror. Silly, I thought; who would be looking at me with twenty-eight naked ladies bobbing about. Still, I did have to look good for my special girl.

It was like getting ready for the strangest blind date ever. Imagine getting a call or an email: “To save time, I’ll already be naked. That way, if you see something you don’t like…”

Yeah. All I knew was that my eighteen-year-old heart was pounding… and my other body parts were definitely and anxiously biding their time.

Stephen’s Hall was a very warm, inviting, old-fashioned building. Furnishings inside were plush, carpeting was plush— and the massive breasts (and matching baby-bottle sized nips) of the apparently totally nude older woman behind the check-in table certainly looked very plush.

I waited patiently for a shy, blushing male student to sign in and receive his instructions. He was visibly sweating through his dress shirt and his tan dress jacket already had underarm stains by the time he left.

I stepped up and tried and failed to maintain eye contact. This was a forty-plus platinum blonde with her hair piled up on her head. She was wearing a pearl necklace and a watch. That was all that I could see from her belly on up.

I guessed her massive mammaries were 42DD…

“44D,” she said. “Did you guess correctly?”

I started really blushing and stammering. For some reason I was leaning on her table with both hands. The second female in forty-eight hours put her hand on mine… except this particular female was totally nude. “I’m not trying to make you feel uncomfortable,” she stated. I hoped that she was only inadvertently echoing a lyric from ‘I Honestly Love You.’ “We know it’s overwhelming, all of this female nudity, especially for inexperienced young men such as yourself.”

Inexperienced! I was ready to tell this impudent nude woman that I had only recently ejaculated just inside the vaginal opening of a very hot young lady. I was technically not “inexperienced.”

“That’s why we’ve all decided to just bring things up, and get things out in the open.” And she actually straightened her body up and thrust out her own massive “things” even more, making them quiver lightly in a very enticing unison. Now she squeezed my hand in greeting. “I’m Ms. Mackle; yes I’m Professor Mackle’s wife.” She leaned in conspiratorially. “You can let him know you’ve seen his lovely wife stark naked— if you’d like to fail his class!”

I gulped. I had just started classes with Mackle two weeks ago… did she know?

“Seriously,” she looked behind me and another bug-eyed young man had lined up.

“None of us would be here if we weren’t completely comfortable with nudity. So… it’s quite alright if you look! My goodness: eighteen-year-old heterosexual males…”

She shook her head.

I showed her my student ID. She checked out my picture while I openly checked out her big-nipped tits. “Your girl is Elizabeth.”She handed me a white card made of very heavy stock. Some talented calligrapher had inscribed that lovely name; perhaps actually using a fountain pen.

Again: very quaint for a CMNF party.

She glanced at the guy in back of me but he was in no hurry. He appeared to committing those 44Ds to memory. Nonetheless, she leaned forward and so did I. Any leaning had a remarkable effect on her breasts. I guessed that those big red nipples staring back at me were always that big and always that red.

Lucky professor!

“Have fun; look all you want but no naughty touching! Just remember: we’re naked because we like it, or because we just shrug it off, or because we’re young and we wanted to see if we could do it. No one here even contemplated stripping off just for your own personal viewing pleasure.

Now get out there!”

She gestured to my left, dismissing me, but with a wry smile.

The Great Room (?) (that’s what I’m calling it) looked more like a very old-fashioned gentleman’s club. No: not that kind of club. I’m talking dark, wood-paneled walls, dark carpeting, scattered tables, chairs— and even a few living-room style chairs and sofas. I half-expected to see buck’s heads mounted on the walls and gray-haired gents puffing on cigars.

And then—incongruously for a college hall— an actual bar, manned (womanned?) by a nude, older, probably senior girl.

She was a classic, curvy and curly long-haired blue-eyed blonde. She was just turning away from an intently leaning male customer, and I was just at the right angle to see behind the bar.

She had such a sweet, curvy ass with dimples that seemed to be winking at me. Soon, she would have to turn around again. I was primed for a prime pussy viewing experience.

For some reason I decided to keep walking— kind of crablike sideways— with my head turned for the perfect line of sight…

… and I smacked right into a slender nude brunette.

“Oh!” “Oh!” we said nearly simultaneously. It was pure luck— good or bad— that my hands hadn’t automatically gone out and grasped onto her perky little breasts as the perfect handholds.

“I was—“

“You were looking! Duh. I think it’s to be expected. Since we just happened to bump into each other, why not take a good look at me?!”

There have times in my life when a woman makes a certain statement— and I have learned to say absolutely nothing. This was one of my first times.

She had light brown hair tied with a white ribbon into a ponytail. She had brown twinkling eyes and a somewhat devilish smile.

Her breasts were smallish but pointing out with nipples like hardened rosebuds.

She had a very feminine roundish but flat tummy. And her mound… she had a thick, dark bush that had so much hair cover that it looked as if she had to part the jungle with a comb to keep things clear for peeing— and other activities.

She abruptly decided to explain herself; but how did she know exactly what I was looking at?

“A lot of us girls kind of allowed our hair down there to grow out… once we were sure that we were coming to the party. I know my bush is quite fierce, but it’s the only covering we’re allowed to have!”

Hmmm.

Her legs were long, slim and shapely. I grinned in spite of my nervous embarrassment when I finally got down to her feet. Perhaps in defiance of the unofficial high heels mandate for chaperones, she had on cute white sneakers and even cuter little white socks.

I looked back into her eyes to signal that my nude body inspection was over. “Oh!” she exclaimed. “You haven’t even seen my butt yet!” And she promptly turned around and wiggled her naked butt at me; a butt that was as pert and perky and just as perfectly curvy as the rest of her.

She whirled back around to full frontal. “Who’s your girl?” she asked.

“Uhhnn” I replied.

(Ladies: when a man has just spent nearly two minutes studying your naked body, please note that the speech center of his brain may be temporarily non-functioning.)

“Oh!” I came back to nearly full functionality and showed her my card.

“Beth?!” she exclaimed. “Oh my god: if Elizabeth is Beth… she is adorable. She’s pretty, sweet, so smart and funny.” My nude brunette appraised me briefly and nodded “No wonder they set you two up. You two will absolutely love each other.”

She suddenly blushed and put her hand on my chest. “Oh god: please don’t tell her I said that!” She pointed to a far corner of the vast room. “I’m pretty sure she’s on one of the loveseats by the windows; probably enjoying the sunset.”

As she left, she kissed my cheek.

“Good luck to both of you.”

I never knew her name. I looked for her on campus for a long time afterward; I think I would have recognized her pretty face, even with her clothes on.

I headed to the appointed corner for my rendezvous with naked Elizabeth… or Beth. There were no more nude mishaps along the way, but there was a rather well-endowed blonde who gazed after me with hopeful eyes. I of course had to get close enough to that bare lovely’s neck ribbon to sadly ascertain that her name was Cynthia. I backed away, keeping her pink-tipped 36Cs (?), her soft tummy, and her light brown triangle of fur in my constant sight as I reluctantly retreated for as long as humanly possible.

My peripheral vision was improving by leaps and bounds as I was being presented with a new nude female distraction to view roughly every twenty-five feet.

Now; how can I continue this story now that I’m up to the point of my first sighting of Beth, without making myself sound like an overly-romantic idiot.

I can’t… so… fair warning.

There was a light tan loveseat in the farthest corner of the Great Room, facing tall, multi-paned windows. The nude, dark-haired girl stretched out on that loveseat had creamy-white skin that contrasted greatly with the light tan— even though her bare skin was lit red and gold by the rays of the setting sun.

I didn’t think that she had sought out this far corner to hide out. For one thing, nearly her entire naked body was now lit up by the sun. For another, I was facing her right side: her slender right leg was very prettily stretched all the way out; her left leg was bent at the knee. In this position her furry thatch of dark hair down there was clearly visible.

Was she simply enjoying the sunset, or was she longing for the outside world in which pretty girls were still allowed to wear clothes?

I hesitated. I felt almost dizzy, as if I was teetering on a precipice between my foolish youth and my unknown— and very frightening— adulthood.

I slowly opened my mouth—

“This may sound strange, coming from a naked girl,” the naked girl said, “but I feel a presence, gazing upon me.” She turned and her whole face lit up. My world lit up. Her big brown eyes got bigger and brighter and her smile melted my heart. I was lost. “I guess my spider-sense is only partly functioning,” she continued. “I did not sense that the male gazing upon me had such deep blue eyes!”

I was in love.

Lest you think this was only because I was eighteen, or only because the girl in question was completely nude, I still fall in love with random females fifteen years later. And, the vast majority are fully clothed.

I made a quick decision to sit down next to her to continue our introductory phase. There was just something intrusive about a fully clothed male looming over such a sweet naked lady.

We had by now ascertained by the name on the white ribbon dangling enticingly over what would have been her cleavage— if she had been dressed— that her name was indeed Elizabeth (“please call me Beth!”)

Then she confirmed that my name was James. Until that moment, “James” had been reserved for a scolding parent. Her voice however was so perfect, so melodic, that my preferred name became “James” from then on.

She turned so nicely away from me so that I could do the honors of removing the ribbon from her pretty neck. Her back looked soft and smooth; the line of her back extending downward then flaring out into cute little seated buttocks that were as softly rounded as the rest of her.

She was trying so hard to be brave and not to blush, but my lightly trembling fingers still

felt the incredible heat from her body as I gently brushed some of her soft, dark brown hair away from her neck.

As she turned back to me to tie her pretty red ribbon around my left wrist, those probable 32Bs— a mere eighteen inches or so above my left hand— were the second set of pert and perky breasts thus presented to me that fateful night. Her nipples were small, matching aureola minimal, all a light coral and so understated, even in the last rays of the dying sun.

Task done, Beth straightened up and smiled at me.

“There we go. And of course, those deep blue eyes of yours are so uncertain of where you are allowed to look. You’re my guy, and I’m your girl tonight; I’m naked for you and you are ‘allowed’ to look anywhere you like!” And with that declaration, Beth stood and positioned herself only a few feet in front of me, her pretty legs shaking only slightly.

“My breasts,” she indicated with a sweep of both hands. I looked again from this new angle. “My… vulva or pussy or private parts… obviously no longer private! Another, lower sweep. I stared, as requested. When she was sitting pretty, there had been a slight cleft in that Valley of Fur. Now, standing with her legs slightly open, her cleft was an invitingly soft crevice filled to the brim with elegant and elongated coral-pink folds— the same color as her nipples/aureola— contrasting nicely with her creamy-white skin.

Before she turned, I caught a glimpse of the tiniest whitish-pink button. Did it just pop out or was it always out? Was I the cause or was it just this ridiculous situation? Even at that tender age I was embarrassed at witnessing something so private. It— and her— should’ve all been safely hidden under layers and layers of warm and comfortable clothes— not poking out in the face of a wide-eyed, leering but trying not to leer teenage boy.

Beth turned completely around, and the second naked lady in about ten minutes wiggled her sweet round butt cheeks for me as she blushed so sweetly. I’ve loved curvy female bottoms that fit into my hands ever since that night. Naked women walking away may not be presenting their sweetest side, but oh: the twitch and the bounce of those sacred female mounds.

“Ta da! My body; in it’s entirety!”

I felt like applauding. Part of me wanted to give her a standing ovation— and very nearly was.

She sat back down with the daintiness of a girl wearing petticoats— remarkable for a girl whose ass was bare. I kept looking at her face and then glancing at her body; taking her in all at once from her creamy shoulders to her scrunched-up little toes.

Then Beth seemed to make a decision. She placed her right hand right between our bodies: her bare body, my clothed body.

She nodded.

I took her hand so gingerly but then she gripped me so tight.

“I like you,” she said softly, eyes turned toward the windows. “You’re so quiet, and you’re trying so hard to be a gentleman, but you clearly love looking at me. Don’t you know that makes this all worth it? All my fussing in front of my mirror, the non-stop butterflies in my tummy: you love looking at me!”

We leaned toward each other without a second thought (or even a first thought) and we shared the most chaste kiss a naked girl ever shared with anyone before.

Beth’s face lit up as we leaned back.

“First kiss nonsense over with; now let’s talk!”

And… did we talk!

We were both nearly decided on majoring in English Lit. We both were nutty about the same authors: Yeats, Fitzgerald, Frost, Bradbury, Shirley Jackson, Leguin. And then we moved on to movies. And then we moved on to our shared love of history. There were so many historic old homes, historic sites, and scenic walks to breathtaking overlooks in and near our college town that Beth was somehow already planning our next three or four dates.

We had skipped a step— or two or three steps— somewhere along the way. Was the unspoken need to get the girl naked in the normal clothed dating cycle such a waste of time that we had gleefully skipped past it? Who would have known? Maybe a naked dating service wasn’t such a silly concept.

What wonders was I staring at in Beth’s lovely naked state? For some reason, I became obsessed with her tummy.

I kept trying to make her laugh; when she laughed, her slightly soft tum would constrict and then suddenly let go, jiggling just a bit. The effect was… it was the most adorable thing I had ever seen. I vowed to spend hours— or days— kissing and touching Beth’s sweet tummy, showing it the love it so deserved.

Also… staring at a naked girl’s belly button meant that both her breasts and her bush were in my peripheral vision; I could deliberately focus on Beth’s belly button and occasionally pretend to be startled: bare breasts? exposed bush? oh my!

How long did our ‘one of us naked’ conversation last? I noticed she had a glass of ice water that was getting low.

“Shall I get you some fresh water?” Beth turned around. “Gives you a chance to get up close and personal with our naked blonde bartender,” she teased.

“There are naked women here?,” I shook my head, “then I must leave immediately!”

Beth nearly collapsed in giggles. I waited until she straightened up and then I purposely gazed upon her lightly bouncing breasts. I reached for her water glass by extending my left arm. Beth took a deep breath and leaned casually forward. Her right nipple brushed my sports jacket.

Did it harden?

We looked into each other’s eyes.

“Maybe we need to—“ Beth started.

“Game begins on the Great Lawn! Game begins on the Great Lawn!”

We turned to our collective right. There was a massive, matronly and of course totally nude Asian lady approaching. She was at least 5’ 11” with yet another set of D cups— 40s? She looked as though she could play the the man-crazy Milf in a sequel to ‘Crazy Nude Asians.’

As she got closer, sweeping and waving her arms, I became entranced by yet another belly— this woman’s belly had probably pumped out babies, but somehow her deep dark furred and furrowed valley seemed to be calling out for the pumping of cocks.

I tried to cover my reaction by helping Miss Beth rise up on her dainty, delicate feet.

“That’s the art teacher… Miss Kim? I’ve heard she poses nude in class when none of the girls are willing to model.”

Oh my. We strode around the loveseat, still hand in hand.

“Ummm… what it is about ‘the Game?’

Beth was smiling as we joined a growing group of bare, retreating female asses accompanied by clothed but equally confused young men.

“We were told about the likelihood of some naughty games during our meetings.”

“Meetings?”

Beth nodded as we were approaching a set of wide, open French doors to our right. There was a brightly lit patio, some steps down, then yes: the Great Lawn.

“All thirty-eight incoming female freshmen were required to attend the first one. Then: Ms. Mackle walked in, totally nude! We lost three or four girls right then. She promised us two more meetings; and she swore that if we all stuck it out, we’d all be as comfortable getting nude for our last meeting as she was for our first.”

We had made our way across the patio and down the stone steps. As soon as Miss Beth’s feet were on the grass:

“Ooh! Ooh! Eeee!”

(Any vocalizations from adorably nude girls are inherently sexy and worth recording for posterity.)

“Are you okay?”

The curvy blonde bartender had abandoned her nude bartending duties and was dutifully directing us to what was apparently our very own folding metal chair.

“It’s okay,” Beth sighed, lightly shivering, goosebumps attractively breaking out all over her body. “The grass feels damp, and weird on my feet, and it’s just a little cool out here… for those without our clothes.”

I stood next her, my left hand decorously on the small of her back. There was something wrong with my not holding her tight as she was standing on tippy-toes to avoid the grass, and bravely trying to not cover any or all of her bare flesh exposed to the cool night air.

Naked shivering girls are meant to be held. They are meant to be comforted. They are meant to be carried— if necessary— into a safe warm place where a man can warm them up: with his touches, with his kisses, with his body.

I still hold the image of brave, tippy-toed and goose-bumped little naked Beth. I never wanted anyone so primally.

We were standing at the edge of a lawn of perhaps fifty by one hundred and fifty feet. I was surprised to see outdoor floodlights every ten or fifteen feet.

The couples were all lined up. The naked blonde and a new leggy slender and bare redhead were setting up buckets— those big yellow buckets janitors use for mop duty. Each bucket was about twenty feet from each couple’s chair, forming a squared circle in the center of the lawn.

I counted nineteen buckets— as I was watching the two naked senior girls grin and blush as they worked nudely together. Beth explained that:

“We lost three more girls at the last minute… cold feet or… cold everything else! I heard they lowered the number of naked chaperones accordingly, to five.”

Now, the bucket crew was on the patio with… even more buckets! These were being filled by my favorite brunette— the last I ever saw of her— then carried to each couple by our nude crew.

The blonde gave me a sly look as she set our bucket down; her pendulous, red-tipped breasts momentarily framed her triangle of light brown fur. I thoroughly studied her ass as she left.

“Bananas,” Beth proclaimed. “Oh boy.” My mind raced: banana usage by naked girls. I rejected my first thought as much too X-rated. Then I groaned. “You got it,” Beth gave me a little smile. “I may as well turn around now, and let you take in the view— you’re going to be seeing a lot of it.”

And she did. She put her hands on her hips, she blushed, and she did a 180 and presented her touchable tush, giving it an ‘oh well’ wiggle.

I had to sit down. Where else to look?

To my left, a voluptuous naked Black girl— unexpectedly teamed up with one of tiniest and whitest girls I had ever seen. They were absolutely clinging to each other.

Okay: so the college was very kind in teaming us up by… other interests.

To my right: a cute and cuddly freshman blonde… and her guy had his left hand firmly cupping her quite cup-able ass.

Okay. Back to the ass in front of me.

Another image, filed away: a brave, shy, naked girl, turning around and inviting me to look all I wanted on her mouthwatering bottom. Yet one more image I pull out—and not just for self-pleasure— but whenever the alleged love-making becomes routine.

Ms. Mackle— who else— began bouncing around the inner bucket circle, getting everyone’s attention.

“Your attention, please!”

If I had been a real fresh man, I would have shouted: ‘Your jugs already have our attention!”

But I didn’t. Instead, I took that mature naked faculty wife in, as she stood fully frontally nude twenty-five feet in front of me. Her high-heeled legs were long, strong and muscular— I pictured her doing leg lifts. But most astounding was the fact that she had shaved her pubic hair into just a landing strip above her ‘outie’ pinkness— and she had dyed her lower fur platinum blonde to match her uppers.

Her hairy blonde strip glowed like a ‘please look below’ neon sign… and I looked. I was only eighteen but I knew that some of that poky pink was called ‘the clitoral hood’ and some was called ‘the inner lips.’ All I knew was that I wanted to check under her hood and stick my wet tongue between those glistening lips.

Nevertheless, the nineteen couples got very quiet as we gave the naked lady our undivided attention.

“Gentlemen: if you aren’t already seated— sit down! Take one banana from the bucket next to you, and insert it pointing up between your thighs… as close to your own bananas as possible!” That got a startled, raucous laugh. Ms. Mackle walked around.

“Your bananas— the longer ones— should be pointed so that the curve is away from you. That’s it! Well… some of you are getting it. Help them out ladies.”

The hardworking blonde and redhead were now nakedly checking out every lap. There were masculine versions of giggling as the nude girls reached down and boldly adjusted some guy’s lap fruits.

“Okay now; fresh girls: your goal is to carry your guy’s banana all the way to the far bucket in front of you, and drop it in. If successful, you may repeat the process. Oh! You may only use the cheeks of your buttocks— no hands— and if you drop your fruit, you must pick it up by squatting over it. You have three minutes. The winner will get to put her little panties back on. Get into position: squat over your guy; spread those cheeks… you may use your hands, but only to pry things wider open. On my mark… go!”

Beth squatted down so gingerly. Of course I had nowhere else to look besides the widening cheeks of her sweet little ass as they got lower and lower on my lap.

Then: she pressed down— and she did it! Naked Beth stood slowly, still partially squatting, as she began to very attractively waddle away.

For some reason— maybe my girl thought that waddling while nude was unladylike— poor Beth endeavored to stand up straight while still clutching her ass banana… and she promptly dropped it on the grass, only five feet in front of me.

Beth turned to me with such a look of ‘aren’t you gonna get up and help?’ but I had to shake my head. She started to squat. She began to twist her body to align with the position of the fallen fruit. Beth turned her head: “I’m gonna hafta really spread my thighs… and pull things open, so… try not to look!”

This was a non sequitur in the same vein as ‘please don’t watch that beautiful sunset over the sparkling water!’

I looked.

At one point, the stem of that banana was sloppily wedged in between what I guessed were her outer labia. I tried to distract myself from that pornographic view by wondering if that was against the rules.

Then there was another distraction.

The voluptuous Black girl to my left was seated on the grass, her head in her hands. Her banana was next to her. Her tiny white companion was standing helplessly, looking down, then looking all around for help. The now familiar blonde/red team walked right in front of me— I could have patted Red’s bouncy bottom in a ‘good job’ gesture.

They both approached the Black girl and put their hands on their knees to talk to her. The poor girl just kept shaking her head. Finally they helped her up and led her away. The poor girl had one hand over her breasts, one between her legs. Her ninety-eight pound friend followed, her hands steepled as if in prayer. She passed right by me and looked at me. There were tears streaming down her cheeks.

And then there were eighteen.

I was so upset: how can a party, led and planned by women, deliberately humiliate innocent young women this way?

Then I heard “Ta da!” Beth was jumping up and down by the far bucket. She was giggling and bouncing all over as she was racing back to me. “Banana,” she cried out, breathlessly.

The answer was nude in front of me. Shy little Beth had now been forced out of her shell, as she had successfully waddled over to the bucket with a banana jammed somewhere in between her ass and her hitherto private parts. She got one banana in the bucket. She had taken two minutes. She was deliriously happy— and I loved her.

“Another banana, you idiot!”

I gulped. Love only got you so far.

Beth squatted expertly this time. She bounced up and proceeded along with a most attractive waddle. She was blushing and giggling and grinning— she was having so much fun.

I looked around at the other remaining nude cuties. I think most had done far better than my Beth, based on their current speed. There were breasts and bottoms and legs and briefly wide-open pussies.

I sighed.

Beth was getting into position to drop banana number two—

“Time!” Ms. Mackle shouted— and she actually blew a whistle. As she whistled she turned away from me and I had a fantastic view of that mature woman’s big round bare buttocks. I wondered if she herself had tried out this game beforehand. I’d bet bananas would just get stuck in there.

Beth walked up so slowly with a face that was probably half real, half exaggerated frown-y face. I put my arm around her waist and I held her tight.

“You were great,” I told her as she leaned against me. She was still breathing hard and her body was lightly sweated. I kissed the top of her head and I inhaled the scent of her shampoo.

We watched as Mackle, the blonde and the redhead gathered around and awarded a very well-endowed brunette her prize— her pink thong panties. The brunette jumped up and down and waved her arms. The blonde and the redhead squatted and held her out her panties as brunette model-38D gleefully stepped into them. Very nude and very mature Ms. Mackle was supervising, hands on her ample hips, as two naked female seniors helped a naked female freshman into her pink panties. Well that was hot!

But, I guess I was supposed to feel disappointed. I just stared as the now pantied brunette gave her jugs another jiggling jump— and I sighed and hugged my very own naked girl even tighter.

Beth let out a deep breath. “That was fun! I surprised myself: having a great old time flopping around naked with a banana in my ass.”

I looked around, not knowing how to respond to that. “Everyone’s heading back in,” I observed.

“Yes.” Beth took my hand. “It’s getting even cooler out here now that I got all nice and sweaty.”

She held out her hand and I took it. We walked up the steps to the patio and I was openly looking her over at this point. If you ever get the chance, take a naked girl by the hand and study her body and her legs as you climb up some steps together.

When we got back inside, Beth smiled as she instantly warmed up. We got back to ‘our’ loveseat: but the amorous couple that had been on our right outside were already there and already making out.

“Oh,” Beth said softy. “Well… they really should be in a private room… acting this way in public, they won’t get one!”

I stared— at her face for once.

“There are private rooms?”

Beth shook her head as we stepped away from the loveseat. There were couples just like us, wandering around. It was that stage in any party: what do we do now? In this particular party it was: I’ve seen her / he’s seen me naked for two and a half hours… now what?

Beth led me to the extreme right of the building, away from the windows. “They spent so much time coddling us girls, convincing us to get naked, explaining every last detail—“

“And all we guys got was a handout!” I continued.

She laughed. “Exactly.” We stopped at the beginning of a hallway. “If you look back, this Great Room is an odd shape. It was once five classrooms when this building was the whole college… back in 1920-something. The five so-called private rooms were the professors’ offices.”

We walked down the hallway; most of the doors were closed, and then: the ubiquitous Ms. Mackle— still in the flesh. She did look good full frontal and up close. As in: oh my sweet lord!

“You two are in luck: one room left. You know the rules?”

I almost made the mistake of opening my mouth and admitting my ignorance.

Beth adroitly stepped in. “Indeed we do. You open doors at random; at least every two to three minutes. Kissing and hugging are always allowed but hands may only touch that which is normally revealed in public.”

“Good girl!” Mackle was very pleased. She looked at me and her eyes narrowed just a little. “Treat this wonderful lady right, starting now, and you will never regret it. Hurt her— and you will hear from me.”

And with that Ms. Mackle opened the last door on the right. We walked in so tentatively. There was a rather ordinary sofa in the middle, a chair along one wall, a potted palm, and a desk with an office chair; laptop on the desk. A sign over the laptop: ‘Password Protected! Permission Required!”

Mackle leaned in, along with her breasts.

“Have fun; don’t get that crazy; and I’ll be back.”

The door closed. Beth pushed me back onto the sofa. I sat. I had no problem putting the naked girl in charge. She knelt down over me on the sofa, lowering herself on me, lap dance style. “Kiss my breasts and watch the time. We stop after ninety seconds. I just want to know what that will feel like when we make love.”

I was too embarrassed to acknowledge it then, I’m not embarrassed now— I got all teary-eyed as I licked my lips and bent down until her breasts filled my vision.

Even now, that moment when a woman lets me know— through words, through her actions, or with a look— that we will be making love… There are no other moments like that.

However: try to kiss and lick and suckle a pretty girl’s soft nipples while looking at your wristwatch. That should be some type of contest or event. Suffice it to say, I did my very best, but just as my sweet naked lady was starting to get all poky-hard and moan-y, I had to call time.

We were sitting together as primly as a naked girl could sit next to a clothed guy, holding hands and kissing, when the much more mature naked lady stuck her nakedness partway through the doorway again.

“You’re good in here? Can I have one of the girls get you water?” We simply shook our heads. Titty-sucking can make both parties a bit breathless. We got a great big smile.

“You two are so cute… just don’t get too cute!” Mackle looked at her watch. “One more closed-door session, then the big goodbye pose at 10:30.”

She shut the door.

Wow. I had forgotten that. The girls were allowed to pose in any way their guy wanted as a way of saying good night. But Beth was all naked business. She sat back on my lap, this time facing away.

“I want to feel your hands on me, but not just on my breasts! Rub my stomach… play with my hair down there… just a little.”

My hands were as eager as I was. Breasts to belly to bush then bush to belly to breasts. Repeat.

“I just want you to know: I’ve never done anything like this before. I’m a good girl, I’m not a slut, and I’ve always stopped guys from touching me— even over my clothes. But you and I are going to be lovers, and I think we both should start getting used to that.”

I reluctantly called time at two minutes. Beth looked at my watch as she slid off and back into safe kissy-face position. “I thought you were cutting it close; bad boy! But she kissed me anyway.

Ms. Mackle opened the door and leaned in again, which means that technically only her face and her breasts were in the room.

She smiled.

“You two are good. You made very good use of your time… whatever you were doing! Now, I will give you three minutes for the guy to choose a pose, and for the girl to hold that pose. Beth: you can only refuse a pose if it’s physically impossible or it would involve hurting yourself. James: naturally you’ll want to ‘enjoy’ Beth’s pose. If you can do so, and clean up in less than three, good for you! Otherwise you’ll be cited and disciplined. Three minutes starts… now!”

“What— we— we never talked about…”

Beth grabbed my hand.

“Come over here and stand by this plant in the corner. See it’s one of those tropical plants in white gravel and water? We’ll aim for there. Pants and— boxers?— down to your knees. Come on, I’ve been naked for three hours— don’t even talk to me about being shy!”

I did whatever she told me. Women: why don’t you all just take complete control? You know you have us already; just take it all over… we will already do anything for you.

I had somehow refrained from serious blushing until then. My pants and boxers were around my knees, and little naked Beth was studying my genitalia with intense interest.

Then she grabbed my penis and started lightly stroking the underside with her soft fingers.

“Again: I’ve never done this before. This is not like me— but neither is going to a party naked! I want to be the one who makes you happy tonight! We’re going to aim you right into this wet white gravel and…” Beth trailed off. She seemed to be blinking back tears.

“You are already so special to me, and you were so good tonight. I do not want you to think of me like I’m some easy little slut who grabs cocks. I’ve been a good little girl for far too long. I’m growing up tonight.”

I stared down at her soft hand wrapped around me. She was not meeting my eyes— she also was determinedly staring at my cock.

“You can put your hand down there,” Beth was whispering, “if it helps.” I put my left hand over her lower ass cheeks in a state of disbelief. Beth reacted by opening up her legs, very slightly. My hand slipped in between her thighs, my fingers instinctively curled up… And my middle finger found its way inside her.

Beth gasped. Now we looked up at each other. “I—“ she started. “You…” Beth grabbed me harder and stroked me faster. Was one of us watching the time? I sure as hell wasn’t. “Your finger is pushed up against my— my hymen!” Beth finally gasped out.

Well. That was it. To say I exploded is both a cliche and an understatement.

I exploded.

Miss Beth was obviously unprepared for the propulsive power of a teen male ejaculation. We were standing only eighteen inches in back of the potted palm, and if the arc of my semen didn’t splash against a frond, there would have been a sticky trail on the floor for Ms. Mackle to spy.

As I was convulsively pumping and pumping, Beth was pulling me by the penis closer and closer to the wet gravel inside the pot. It was a clever plan— except for the gooey seminal string that was dripping down from that unlucky frond.

“Shit,” I heard Beth mutter. It was the first bad word I heard emanating from this sweet girl’s mouth. Yes, she was naked. Yes, she had just jerked me off. But Beth was somehow still an innocent in my teenage mind.

As I was finally calming down, Beth moved to cup my scrotum, still expertly moving me and my remaining drippings closer to the white gravel.

Sometime in the middle of cumming, my finger had slipped out of Beth’s blockaded opening. I was now uselessly patting her left butt cheek. She looked at me quizzically. I stopped.

Beth dropped my cock and simultaneously threw what looked like a cloth napkin at me.

“Clean yourself up— quick! Then pull up your clothes!!” She was dabbing at the drippy frond with her own cloth and I heard another muttered “shit.” She sighed and turned the plant around slightly. “Best I can do,” she said. Beth checked my watch. “Shit, shit, shit. Sit down on the sofa—now!!”

She stood about three feet in front of me, throwing both cloths into a wastebasket. She turned around, put her hands on her knees, spread her pretty legs and presented her open bottom.

“Shit!” I exclaimed. It was my turn.

Ms. Mackle strode in and Beth quickly stood up, blushing. Mackle looked around.

“You two are good. Whatever you were up to…” She gave a big sigh. “There’s one couple every year who get to me. Elizabeth: you are a very special girl. You didn’t think you could this? You can do anything!”

She stepped right up to me. “James: you made me happy that I got naked for you. You’ve been a true gentleman: you try not to stare, but I know you love my every inch.” Mackle got really close. “You young men keep me going; you keep my older heart beating, year after year. Here—“ She reached down and took my hand. She pressed my hand directly over her heart, inches away from her rising and falling and quivering mounds of flesh. “Can you feel my heart beating?” I could only nod, mouth dry. She gave me back my hand, she bent down and gave me a very soft kiss. Her breasts brushed my dress shirt.

Ms. Mackle abruptly straightened up “Alright you two: time to go. James: take her out on at least three dates before you get her naked again. Elizabeth… I don’t need to tell you what to do.”

She motioned us to follow her out.

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We did have three clothed dates that weekend. We explored the nearby quaint touristy town, we had gourmet lunch on a picnic table, and we hiked to take in breathtaking scenic views.

To be honest, the third date was mostly clothed. We arrived at Beth’s dorm just after 9:30 at night. (They were very lax about male visitors.)

Beth’s roomie was always in bed by 9:30, so we had the kitchenette and living room to ourselves. In what was to become commonplace for us, we made love for the first time on a rug between the sofa and the T. V. It was fast, it was ripoff clothing time; but we just had to get our first time out of the way.

I was as gentle with her as an overly-excited, incredibly hard eighteen-year-old could be. Beth held me so tight her hands were claws on my back. “Just keep pushing… it’s okay— I need you inside me!”

And there was only an “Oh!” and a single tear as I pushed into her. I tried my best to make up for her moment of pain as I kissed away her tear before I made myself happy.

My own dorm was better as in I had a separate tiny bedroom, but my roomie was always next door. One can’t always stifle their cries of passion— and sometimes Beth got noisy too!

Then Beth got a job working part-time in a trendy boutique. They sold stuff that college girls loved putting in their hair or around their wrists. She wasn’t making much money but she was very excited about it.

“My boss has an apartment she intends to renovate over her shop. She says we can use it as long as we don’t mess it up.” I never met Beth’s boss but I wanted to kiss her.

This is where we spent most of our naked time together. We weren’t allowed to stay at night so we adjusted our schedule to afternoon— and even morning delights.

We explored every inch of each other’s bodies. We experimented with different positions. We made up some pretty weird stuff to do naked.

There was a bed with no linens: only a mattress and box spring. We brought towels with us to make love— and do other things— on top of.

There was an ancient record player from maybe the 1970s. We played and danced naked to old Beatles and Sinatra records. We did a very dirty naked ‘Twist and Shout,’ and we tried to slow-dance naked to Sinatra without making love.

Not possible.

There was a three-day weekend in the middle of a semester and neither one of us could afford or had the time to go back home. So we foolishly splurged on a rustic (falling-down) cabin in the deep woods.

Can you guess that we spent every minute naked? It saved on packing. We walked out naked to a pond. Too cold and filled with potentially slimy creatures for swimming.

It rained our last day into the night. We found some old board games and played naked in front of a fireplace.

I vividly remember Beth coming back from what passed for the kitchen with a glass of red wine. She happened to be holding it in front of her breasts and the firelight through the wine made her nipples glow like smoldering embers. “Would you like me to curl up next to you?” she asked innocently.

“No,” I answered huskily. “I want you under me in bed right fucking now.”

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Of course burning embers eventually cool. Our hot romance had to cool one day. The closer we got to freshman year-end, the cooler we got.

Teens aging from eighteen to nineteen are like adults aging from thirty to forty. We were both changing and growing and learning at variable and dizzying speeds.

By the time we hugged and kissed goodbye in June, we knew it was over.

We each had approximately one new boyfriend/girlfriend per subsequent year… and that was just at college. I’m not counting the desperate search for dates (read: sex) the summer months I was home.

My last night in my off-campus apartment after graduation… Graduation… it was such an anticlimax: no real girlfriend at the time, and… Beth wasn’t there. I looked for her, her name was announced… I didn’t know until later that she had received permission to leave early and was skipping the ceremony.

Who was there? Ms. Mackle: completely dressed, of all things! When I walked up for my sheepskin she actually stood up for me and her eyes seemed all shiny.

Everything packed and the apartment empty— except for sheets on the bed.

The doorbell… and naturally I imagined it was Elizabeth (call me Beth), one last warm goodbye for old times sake.

It was Ms. Mackle.

She burst on in and checked out every room as in one of those cop shows where they yell ‘clear!’ with guns pointed.

I was frozen.

“You’re no longer a student. I need someone to hold me through the night who won’t ask dumbass questions like ‘why are you sad?’ or ‘why are you crying?’

She took my hand and led me into my bedroom.

All I can say about that night is that her body surrounded me: her breasts, her legs, her everything. She pulled me in and literally would not let me go until I came three times… she came once.

I woke around 4AM when I thought I heard sobbing but I was alone. In the morning, I found it when I did one last check of the closets: her bra, neatly hanging.

That bra is a holier than holy, sacred relic. I have successfully hidden that massive undergarment from women who’ve moved in as well as women I moved in with. I believe that even if specially-trained, snarling, bra-sniffing dogs entered any of my domiciles to search for that brassiere, they would have been confounded.

I didn’t get that proficient at Internet sleuthing until a few years ago. I googled Miss Beth, found her married name, and promptly located her on Facebook.

She’s had two children. There’s a picture of her three months pregnant with her first child. She is so much more rounded in so many ways— aside from the obvious. This is a mature, womanly version of the sweet girl I spent so many naked hours with.

I admit it: I used that picture and I thought about what it would be like to make love to this new, revised version of Beth; pregnant Beth; Beth 2.0.

Why have I become so obsessed with her now, fifteen years after that party?

Because one late afternoon as we cuddled together naked on that towel-covered mattress above the boutique, we seriously pondered the fact that old vinyl records came in three standard speeds. Not a normal preoccupation for naked eighteen-year-olds, even fifteen years ago— but who said anything about ‘normal?’

We decided there was some deep significance to the numbers 33 1/3, 45 and 78. Beth said that— no matter what— we should agree to meet each other and have “one more for the road” at each of those three ages.

We kissed while we were cuddling naked. I foolishly thought back then that made our agreement binding.

Have you figured it out yet? I’m turning 33 1/3 very soon… and of course I am apparently the only one who remembers.

It is such bullshit that we are told that women are dainty little creatures who hold on to every lovely romantic memory like dead flowers pressed into books, while men are lumbering brutes prowling from sexual conquest to sexual conquest.

Beth has moved on. She’s found or she’s settled on one man who meets her requisite combination of temperament and genetics to be worthy of giving her babies.

She’s happy… beyond happy. And I love that she’s happy.

So Beth:

I will raise a glass of wine to you on the appointed day. Believe it or not, my memories of our crazy naked times together are the touchstones of sanity as I navigate my own crazy life:

My first sight of you, naked and glowing on a loveseat in the sunlight;

The warmth of your blush as I untied that silly ribbon from around your neck;

You: jumping up and down naked after you deposited one banana in that silly bucket from between your sweet ass cheeks;

Your big eyes as you realized my finger was pushed up against a part of you that you wouldn’t even let your doctor see;

The tear on your cheek as I finally pushed my body inside yours;

And the glow of your body in the firelight as the red wine in your glass turned your seashell nipples into embers burning for my touch.

Here’s to you: Elizabeth (call my Beth); you will always be a naked part of me.