

Not Naked in School

Bradley Stoke



Wendy felt *so* embarrassed as she stood waiting for the school bus, with her fellow school students at the bus stop. Her hair was tied in plaits, her skirt came to just below her knees, a blazer and blouse covered her from the pit of her throat to her waist, and long white socks from her ankles to her knees. And worse, if that wasn't bad enough, beneath these clothes, she wore a bra and knickers. In fact only her knees and hands were exposed to the summer sun.

The other students regarded her with a mixture of pity and humour, unable to snatch their gaze away from her. Why had Wendy agreed, indeed, even volunteered, for this Program? It seemed such a laugh at the time. Now it felt like a punishment. If only she could tear off all these clothes and stand naked, as did all her fellow pupils, with a pair of shoes as the only necessary encumbrance on her body?

The hem of the skirt brushed against her knee as a breeze blew by, but the only flesh that could enjoy this welcome cooling was that on her cheeks. Her nipples were pressed into a bra whose strap dug so deeply into her back and shoulders, unable to relish the brush of summer wind. And should the skirt be blown up by a more vigorous gust, the knickers that squeezed so cruelly into the flesh of her buttocks would shelter even her crotch from the same breeze. At least, she reasoned, she only had one week of this ordeal and these clothes, with which she had dressed herself so awkwardly, could return to the museum from which they had surely been taken.

No one spoke to Wendy on the bus, although all eyes were on her, as she sat alone and self-consciously by the window, aware of the bemused stares she attracted from pedestrians, naked unlike her, who gawped at her as the bus sped by. And when she at last arrived at St. Karen's High School and she could join the crowd of pupils

streaming out of the bus, she averted her gaze as best she could from the voyeuristic stares of her fellows.

“So, you’re going through with it, Wendy?” asked Alexandra, her best friend, who was the only one with the courage to approach her.

Wendy nodded. “I said I would, Alex. So here I am: knickers, bra, blouse and everything!”

“How does it feel?” Alexandra asked. “Doesn’t it feel terribly restrictive?”

“Very,” Wendy admitted. “I guess I might not notice it so much when I get used to it, but it all feels very tight. When I swing my arms, I’ve got all this weird cloth stuff between me and my body. It’s not natural!”

“Oh, you poor thing!” Alexandra sighed, leaning her lips and face close to Wendy’s for the kiss, often passionate and usually with tongue, with which the two best friends normally greeted each other.

Wendy shrunk back. “No, I can’t!”

“Can’t?” wondered a noticeably put-out Alexandra.

“It’s this program, the Dr Wagner Program, I volunteered for,” Wendy explained. “It’s not just clothes. It’s touching as well. I’m not allowed to touch anyone, however much I want to. In fact, the more I want to touch someone the more I mustn’t. And I mustn’t let anyone touch me.”

Alexandra was visibly unhappy at this. She frowned with disappointment. “No kisses? No cuddles? Not even holding hands?”

“It’s the Program.”

“What can I do? I need a kiss to start the day,” Alexandra moaned.

“Kiss Kate,” Wendy suggested. “She’s always liked you.”

“And you don’t mind?”

“We’ll make up for it next week.”

Alexandra sighed again, but she nodded. She sought out Kate, a plump girl with glasses, and gave her the affection that Wendy normally enjoyed. She strode off towards the school entrance, evading her eyes from the sight of Kate enjoying Alexandra’s tongue inside her mouth, and pretending not to notice the eyes that followed her stride.

Her ordeal was worsened during assembly where she was discreetly separated from the other fifth form girls and sat on a chair, slightly apart from the teachers, just behind the headmaster. And, of course, it was she who was the main subject of the headmaster’s address as he explained to the other students, ogling at the unnatural clothing that hid her body, what a splendid student Wendy was in choosing to participate in the Wagner Program. An example to everyone, as the headmaster was sure everyone agreed.

“St Karen’s has always been proud to be in the forefront of educational advance,” the headmaster announced. “We were amongst the first to adopt 100% course work and abandon the tyranny of exams. We welcomed the introduction of a permanent sex counsellor. We provided mixed showers. And now we are proud to be a pilot in this experiment in clothing. I admit to being one of those who most find the notion of school uniform, or any kind of clothing, slightly disturbing and even unnatural, but it remains to be seen whether the Program delivers the benefits it promises to students who wish to hide their bodies from view. Naturally, should the

Program be adopted more universally,” and the headmaster paused to gauge the anxiety on the assembled pupils’ faces, “I will do my best to ensure that this is adopted on a purely voluntarily basis.”

As Wendy sat there, the skirt tugging her waist against the velour of the seat, she wished most of all to throw off every accursed shred of clothing and let her untrammelled bosom and neat patch of pubic hair feel the air about her. Her ears burned from the shame of being the centre of everyone’s attention, most undisguised from the younger pupils who had never seen a sight of a clothed person except in history books, and not even glimpsed in pornographic magazines.

And Wendy’s isolation didn’t end there. As she entered the classroom for her first lesson of the day, English with Mrs McNabb, she was confronted by the sight of the Deputy Headmaster talking to her teacher.

“Good morning, Wendy,” he said with an understanding smile. “You’ll have to sit at a desk by yourself, I’m afraid.”

“Must I?” Wendy pleaded, gazing longingly at the desk she usually shared with Anne.

“I’m afraid the temptation to touch your fellow students, or them touching you, is far too great, Wendy,” he said sympathetically. “Even brushing your thigh against another student isn’t permitted on the Program.”

Wendy nodded. Although she hated the idea of sitting isolated, with just an empty seat for company, she saw the sense of it within the constraints of the Program. Many students, she amongst them, enjoyed the close proximity of their fellows’ naked bodies rather too much. She and Anne often let their fingers wander into the warm and

moist recesses of the other's vulva. But her own exploration was as nothing compared with that of the boys in the class, especially Gareth and Dennis, who were forever jerking each other off underneath the shadow of the desk. Boys were always the worst! Wendy didn't envy the school cleaners who had to sponge off the mess they left behind.

She sat at her desk, at the front of the class, right up next to Mrs McNabb whose huge bosom was tantalisingly close to her eyes. The back of her neck, unusually uncovered by hair tied into plaits and held in place by little bows, burned from the searing gaze of the rest of the class.

As she sat there, uncomfortable and undignified, her eyes focused more often on the clock above the blackboard than on the words Mrs McNabb chalked there, her mind was not really on the proper use of commas and semicolons, but rather on those slowly moving hands.

She wished only that those hands would move faster, and that every agonising minute of each tormenting hour of each excruciating day would pass by with the sped-up acceleration of a fast-forward button. The focus of her thoughts was entirely on the wish that the week would soon be gone, and, unconfined and free again, she could refer to her current ordeal in the past tense. And she still had to look forward to the trauma of P.E. where she'd have to change into the sports kit she had stuffed into her backpack.

Was the promise of a few extra credits, and the wish to please her parents' desire that she participate in this grand experiment, really worth her present misery and humiliation?