**Greta's Story Retold**

by BareLin

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**Chapter 4: Naked in College - Sigma Kappa Gamma**

Sam and Gramma Kramer moved me directly into the Sigma Kappa Gamma house on the P-FIT campus on Monday, the second week of August. It was three weeks of pledge and freshman orientation before the beginning of the academic year, including the volleyball coach’s request that all volleyball players report, at that same time, for screening and evaluation.

Brenda was being moved into the freshman dormitory. Since it is across the P-FIT campus and a half-mile from sorority and fraternity row, as the crow flies, we would see little of each other socially unless Brenda pledged SKG, although we would be together on teams and in classes. I tried my best to convince her to pledge, but certain aspects of SKG life did not appeal to her.

I did not have the luxury of saying no. I was a legacy, endorsed by two graduate sisters, my adopted mother Sam Kramer and my former program mentor Jan Thayer. I had accepted the SKG athlete scholar scholarship for four years of tuition and room and board in the house.

The sign just inside the door of the SKG House made me giggle. “All Freshman pledges will leave their suitcases containing clothing in the great room on the first floor.” Sam had warned me that the three weeks of SKG pledging before the start of school required mandatory nudity. I was dressed in my summer tan, USDHEW NIS bracelet and my varsity lavaliere at the time and indicated I had no intention of deviating from my norm, now or anytime soon.

My pledge big sister met me in the foyer as I lugged my laptop and a duffel bag with bedding inside. Raluca Razkova was a junior and had been elected chapter vice-president and pledge mistress at the end of the last school year. “Pledge, where are your clothes?” she had bellowed at me. I showed her my bracelet. “Oh, you’re THAT one,” she had muttered and looked up to see Sam staring icily at her. Meekly, “Sister Samantha, it is so good to see you again; this is your daughter?”

“Raluca, let us get something straight from the beginning, Greta is my daughter, and I am still the SKG priestess chaplain, and while I do not expect my daughter to receive favor over other pledges as her mother and as her sister in SKG, we shall be sharing confidences. National has warned this house about its excesses, so let us not turn that warning into a probationary.” Sam smiled that smile of hers with the left side of her lip curled up, the one that said without words, young lady, you are due for a paddling. Apparently, Raluca had seen this look before. I know I had and my bottom was reddened only too recently when I ignored the LOOK.

“Don’t worry, ma’am,” it amazed me that Raluca backed off so quickly, “Greta is a legacy, she will be fine, and she will be seen after.”

As politely as I could, I cleared my throat and said, “These bags are not getting any lighter. Could you show me where I’ll be staying so I can put them down?”

Raluca showed Sam and me through to the pledge dorm, a large open room with about fifteen beds in the attic. Seven of them were bunk beds and the one single had a note on it, “reserved for Pledge Mistress.” I grabbed a lower with a desk under a window and made up my bunk after plugging in the laptop and setting it up to the P-FIT network.

I soon learned that the balance of the pledge class were first-semester sophomores and had I not been a legacy and the scholarship awardee, I would have had to sit out freshman year as well. SKG wanted women with a bit more maturity than a typical first-semester freshman. The sorority rushed just before finals in the spring semester and sent bids out just after finals ended. Twenty bids were the norm, but judging from the extra space in the pledge dorm, a couple of beds had not been needed this year and there would be only fourteen of us.

Just after I’d said my goodbyes to Gramma (as a non SKG she could not enter the house) and Sam and assured them I would be fine, the intercom system blared, ‘Pledges to the Great Room.’

Fine is a relative term. Thirteen other girls were standing in the Great Room. All of them dressed in summer frocks or shorts and tops, all of them with their suitcases open. An SKG big sister was rooting through the clothing, pulling out offending garments and discarding them. The mantra from the big sisters was, ‘An SKG girl would rather be naked than be caught wearing this.’ It seemed to apply to everything from cotton bikini panties to bobby socks to cashmere sweaters.

It most certainly applied to flannel nightgowns, terry cloth robes, and pajamas of any material. I stood before Raluca, who was my big sister as well as the pledge mistress, and did my best to keep my eyes foreword and not burst out laughing. She looked at me and had an even tougher time; twice she lost it and actually laughed out loud.

Lynn Palmer, the chapter president, coughed and asked, “Sister Raluca, is there a reason for your levity?” Raluca responded, “Madam President, my pledge seems to be the only one who knows how to dress for this occasion and had absolutely nothing offensive in her luggage. May I use my pledge as the example for the other hopefuls, ma’am?”

“Most assuredly, Sister Raluca, you may display your pledge on the pledge stand,” Palmer gestured toward a riser about ten inches above the floor level of the Great Room.

Raluca looked like she was about to have a bit of fun when she told me to stand on the riser. She barked an order, one which she expected me to neither know nor follow in the hopes she might pledge discipline me. “POSITION ONE!” Immediately I drew myself upright, clasped my hands right over left behind my head and spread my legs at a forty-five-degree angle. Both Palmer and Razkova gasped audibly.

Palmer recovered first. “Here, you see the properly clothed and properly posed SKG pledge. Those of you who wish to continue your education in the ways of Sigma Kappa Gamma would be wise to mimic both the dress and the position of Sister Elect Greta.”

To me, she turned and said, “Position Two,” I dropped to my knees, legs still spread apart and hands still clasped behind my head. “Very well done, now three,” Palmer stated and my hands came from behind my neck and slid into position on my knees.

“It is easily seen that your mother is an SKG girl, Greta.” Lynn Palmer nodded and gave the command, “Release.”

With that, I rose and stood on the display riser. She had released me from posing positions but had not released me to resume my normal activities. Being submissive is sort of like playing Simon Says; when a Dom or Domme gives a command, you follow it until they give another command that relieves you of the first.

“Excellent,” Raluca said, “now come on down, Greta.”

I smiled. Raluca then asked me, “Would you care to tell the sister pledges why you are still on the platform?”

“Ma’am, yes, ma’am with your permission,” a wave of the hand from Palmer indicated I had it,

“Sister Raluca was not she who commanded me to stand on the riser, Sister Lynn did so, by granting Sister Raluca the permission to pose me, therefore; unless Sister Lynn has delegated all authority to Sister Raluca I am still obedient to Sister Lynn’s original command.”

Lynn then stated, “I release you from all pledge obligations for the rest of this evening and until I personally reinstate them, on the condition that you assist Sister Raluca in the education of these Brendaarically clothed women, bringing them into the sister pledge status needed to continue their education. Oh, and please do come down from the riser.”

I stepped off and looked at the thirteen other girls. Even I could tell that the interaction between some of them with the big sisters assigned them led to five or six resignations tonight.

There was a ceremony each night before dinner where each pledge lit a candle bearing her name. If a girl failed to appear to light her candle, or if before dinner ended she or a big sister extinguished the flame, she was out.

Five girls simply repacked their clothing and left the house after watching me being put through my paces. Now there were nine. The other eight, still a bit confused, looked at me. With Sister Raluca’s permission, I explained, “For all pledge activities, we are required to be nude, until classes begin that will be enforced twenty-four/seven. As the semester goes along and we go in and out to classes, you will dress at the front door in the clothing your big sister permits you for that day and go to class. On your return, you will remove the clothing granted you and neatly fold it and return it to your pledge box outside your big sister’s bedroom door.” I turned to Raluca, “Do they have permission to speak and to ask questions, ma’am?”

“Yes, Pledge Greta, they may do so of you, as they were all to have read the SKG handbook before arriving today and I can see by some faces they are even undisciplined in that.”

“How do you know so much about this?” One girl, Anne something, asked me.

“I have been living the SKG lifestyle since my sophomore year of high school,” I explained that my skin condition might need to spend time nude every day. At the same time, medicines were applied, how the nurse, the woman who would become my adopted mother, had taught me the basic positions and disciplines during those sessions and had continued to instruct me. At the same time, I participated in the Naked In School Program during the last two years of high school.

That I lived and moved and had my being in absolute nudity totally shocked some of the girls, but when I explained that Sigma Kappa Gamma was a bearded cover for the priestesshood of the Sky Clad Goddess and nearly all rituals pertaining to the sorority would be done while nude, one or two of the women became decidedly uncomfortable.

Raluca then told the pledges, “It is time for your decision, either prepare to present yourself to the sisterhood as proper pledges, as demonstrated by sister pledge Greta, or repack your belongings and take the next several hours to find a dorm room on campus. If you are staying, be nude and in the dining room in fifteen minutes.” With that, the pledge mistress left us.

I told the girls, “My mom, Sam Kramer, told me over three years ago that in submission, there is freedom. There is a scripture that suggests wives be obedient to their husbands as unto the Lord. Well, obedience is not submission; for submission to be perfect, the one who submits must love, trust, and honor the one who commands or dominates to the point that all decisions in their life are made by the dominant. When Sam adopted me and I adapted to the Naked In Society lifestyle, I could not believe how free I felt being within the structure of the program and having a loving parent with a firm hand to guide me into that freedom,” I paused. “My life before Sam was structured, rigid, and dominated; however, I was not free within that structure to live or to move and be what nature destined me to be. I was not free to love and be loved by both sexes. I was not free to enjoy the beauty given me in my body nor to enjoy the icy chill of winter upon it, nor bask in the heated rays of summer. No, I was mentally and physically shackled more than any bondage restraint a Domme might place on me, and I was hurt more than any flay or rod could make upon me. Now I have no restrictions on my life other than what my Domme tells me I have. My mom released me to this chapter of SKG and now they collectively are my Domme, as they shall be Domme for you if you decide to remain in this house. These next few weeks may be uncomfortable for those of you who never submitted to the Naked In School program in High School, but you will survive them with the help of the girls around you. I do not know why the Sisters left me here to speak with you, but I do know that obedience to their desires is not an option. So, if you are staying, strip and do it here and now. You were not given permission to leave the room and we will all be seeing each other as you now see me a great deal in the future. If you are leaving, gather your gear and do so quickly and quietly.”

As a gesture that I did not want to know who was making which decision, I turned my back on the eight young women and waited a full five minutes by the grandfather clock in the dining room before I turned. I heard rustling and the outer door of the house open and close about a minute before I turned back to the girls.

The eight had become four. Lexis, Dottie, Anna, and Philly remained and were nude. I could not believe what a sight they were. Lexis, a Eurasian just over five feet tall with a pure boy figure, no breasts but huge eraser nipples and absolutely no body hair, was delectable. Dottie, five feet eight inches of curves, African-American about a size twelve with thirty-eight C breasts just a tiny bit sagging, enough to trap a pencil and hold it underneath, and a pubic bush that ran from her navel to her mid inner thigh. Anna (Ah-nah), taller than Dottie by at least three inches and athletically built with 34B breasts and legs that went on forever, had only a light dusting of blond hair in her crotch. She also had wicked tan lines, pure white triangular patches at her groin and breasts, and a smaller triangle above her butt crack, suggesting a summer spent in a thong swim suit. Philly gave the physical appearance of one of mixed bloodlines from Brazil or the Caribbean islands. Standing at five feet four inches and with a spot of white only at her crotch suggesting a summer of topless sunbathing, her pubes were trimmed to a very thin landing strip of hair barely within the boundaries of the tan line.

Raluca entered the room at that point. “So Greta didn’t scare you girls off with her tales,” Raluca said in a tone that was far more gentle than I had thought it would be. “Well, that means you get to sleep here tonight at the very least. Now let’s have a look at you all.” She proceeded to walk around each of the pledges and made notes on her clipboard. She then walked around me and did the same.

“Well, ladies, we have our work cut out for us over the next three weeks. Those of you with tan lines will be spending a great deal of time on our rooftop sundeck, losing them. Those who have body hair, please introduce it to a razor before tomorrow morning. Greta, I am giving you the pleasure of supervising the exfoliation of your sisters, and if they aren’t bare tomorrow, you will get one stroke for every hair we find during inspection.” With that, Raluca left us, tossing over her shoulder, “You may now go pick out your bunks in the pledge dorm.”

The big sisters had been busy while we were downstairs. There were only six bunks now, all floor level, left in the pledge dorm. With only five pledges and Raluca for the next three weeks, it would be difficult hiding in such a small crowd. (Not that they would let me hide any time anyway).

Dottie asked the question they all were thinking, “Greta, why don’t you have any hair on your body?”

“When Gramma, Sam and I came to the realization I was going to be the poster child for the Naked In Society Programs, Gramma offered to pay for laser hair removal. Under both arms, pubic, pelvic and anal hair all removed, never to grow back again from the neck down. Now you can get the same effect from depilatories or by shaving, but they are far less permanent and trust me, when the pubes begin to grow back, it itches like hell, so I think I made a good investment.”

“But,” Lexis asked, “aren’t there some guys out there who like their women with hair?”

“Ever have a guy, or a girl for that matter, complain to you about not getting hair in his or her mouth while eating you out, Lexis?” I asked her.

“I wouldn’t know, I’m a virgin and I’ve never grown any hair,” she replied. “I stopped developing when I was twelve. My gynecologist says my vagina is so small that even an average-sized male trying to penetrate me would cause me severe injury. However, I do have this,” she spread her legs without a bit of modesty or shame and displayed a clitoris popped out of its hood. It was a good three inches long and looked like it was erect.

Dottie grinned, “You have that and no guy or girl has ever sucked on it? Good lord, girlie, if no one else wants it, my mouth got dibs,” she ended by licking her lips.

“Play time won’t happen until the sisters say so, and we have three of you to rid of body hair,” I redirected their attention to the task at hand, “So does anyone have a couple of cans of Veet or Nair they are willing to donate to the cause?”

Philly (real name Philomena, but I hate it) pulled out what looked to be two twenty-ounce bottles of soda from her luggage. “This stuff comes from Brazil, it is very effective on all types of body hair and it is what I use for every place, but here,” she pointed to her landing strip, “Because it really burns on your lips.”

It took three hours to get the girls done, Dottie taking the longest as she had the most hair to remove and the coarsest hair as well. Each of us used a magnifying glass on the others, looking for and plucking stray hairs until we were sure we had gotten them all.

Raluca came into the room just as our time limit ended and began her own intimate search of each pledge. When she was finished, she approached me, “You girls have not yet elected your pledge president, so I gave that position to Greta, just for tonight. Your pledge president will receive twice the punishment each of the pledges receives for infractions of the rules. While I see you worked hard to accomplish your task tonight, I noted five stray hairs on Pledge Dottie, two on Pledge Philly and three on Pledge Anna. I did not tell the pledges that they would be punished tonight, but I did warn Greta. Each hair would be worth one stroke for each pledge. The total hair count came to ten; therefore, Greta shall receive twenty strokes. I am holding three Popsicle sticks in my hand. Each has a word written upon it. Greta, you will choose the instrument by which you shall be disciplined; the choices are cane, strap, or paddle. Please pull one stick from my hand.”

I stepped forth and took the one in the middle and went to hand it to her. She told me to read it out loud. “It says paddle,” I announced to the room and then handed the stick back to Raluca.

She opened a drawer, removed a ping pong paddle with a leather piece where the rubbery game paddle would be, and told the five of us to be downstairs in five minutes.

“How fair is that? I know there was no hair on any of us; we checked,” Dottie was angry.

“It isn’t about fair; it is about discipline. If it weren’t the hair, some other issue would have been used to cause each of us to be paddled. Expect this from now on because I know the drill and have been subjected to this before; they are using me as an example. They will probably be harder on me than they will be on you in the future, just to see if the fear of corporal punishment will drive any more of you out of the house. Please don’t allow it to and remember what you see, for it will be expected of you sooner than you think.”

Four minutes later, seventeen senior sisters and five pledges were in the house’s great room where an X frame had been set up. Raluca asked me, “Position Four or the frame, pledge Greta?” I assumed position four without saying a word. She asked, “Do you know what is required of you?”

I verbally acknowledged the affirmative. She gently touched my buttocks with the paddle. It took every effort in my conscious mind to not tense up. I knew from experience the tenser you were, the more it hurt. The first stroke landed on my right cheek, “One thank you, ma’am,” she alternated right and left until ten stinging blows had left my ass rosy red and hurting. I counted every stroke and thanked her. When she had finished, I thanked the sisters present for correcting me and vowed to do better to bring honor to them, the chapter, and Sigma Kappa Gamma. A hard wooden chair was brought out then and I was told to sit down. I did so with legs spread at a forty-five-degree angle and back erect, hands resting flat on my thighs, fingertips just touching the knees. I think the pressure of sitting on newly spanked flesh hurts worse than the spanking. I felt that they were trying to break me, but nothing they could do would stand in my way of becoming a sister of SKG.

The campus has a trail that circles it completely and is free of traffic except for joggers and bicyclists. The next morning Raluca had us up a six a.m. and told us our clothing for today would be our running shoes. I laced mine on and watched as the other girls did so, three of them putting quarter socks on inside their shoes. I was concerned about this.

“Your instructions from Sister Raluca were specific; she said running shoes. If socks were a part of that, she would have said so,” Dottie and Anna looked at me like I had two heads but took their shoes off and left the socks behind. Lexis left her socks on, indicating she hadn’t broken these shoes in and was afraid of blisters. I shook my head, ‘Well, your feet may not get blisters,’ I thought, ‘but your ass surely might.’

We all presented in position one on arriving downstairs in the foyer, waiting for our Pledge Mistress to lead us in our run. Raluca walked around us again, with her clipboard in hand, jotting notes.

“Pledge Greta,” she said, “you are scheduled for a five-mile run with the volleyball team candidates at ten a.m ... Therefore, I am excusing you from the one-mile jog we are going to do now. Please report to Sister Lynn in the kitchen for house duty assignment.”

She had not told me to remove my shoes, so I thanked her for her consideration and I turned to leave the foyer and she stopped me, “Are you forgetting to do something, pledge?”

“Ma’am, I do not believe I am,” I responded.

“You won’t need your shoes in the kitchen, pledge.”

“The pledge mistress instructed me to place these on my feet this morning, ma’am, and she has not yet instructed me to remove them,” I replied evenly, using the third person and hoping not to be confrontational.

“Excellent pledge, the letter and the spirit of the command given,” Raluca responded, “I now tell you, take off your shoes and return them to the pledge dorm before you report to the kitchen.”

“Yes, ma’am, thank you, ma’am,” I replied.

“Oh, before you go, pledge Greta, pledge Lexis, did I tell you to wear socks with your sneakers?” Lexis answered in the negative. “Did anyone advise you that if I did not tell you specifically to don socks, you should not?” Lexis honestly admitted I had told her she should not. “Yet, the experienced fellow pledge you saw disciplined last night could not dissuade you from doing so anyway?” Lexis responded no again and tried to explain her new shoes and blisters.

“Pledge Lexis, please remove your shoes and socks. Since you are afraid they will cause blisters, you shall do our one-mile jog barefoot. Now are any of your sister pledges willing to share your pain? “ Dottie and Anna immediately removed their own sneakers; Philly followed the example a second later; I believe the hesitation was due to language comprehension. Raluca said nothing, but mentally I saw all of us bent over and paddled that night.

I actually enjoyed my time in the kitchen with Sister Lynn, who was a culinary arts major and showed me how to chop veggies for a fresh salad for the house lunch and how to measure and prepare a balsamic vinaigrette dressing for the salad. After the prep work, I cleaned the kitchen under Lynn’s watchful eye. I was released from the house to attend volleyball practice with a coffee and a glass of grape juice later. Oopsie, sister Raluca had commanded I remove my sneakers. She had not told me I could don my volleyball uniform or sneakers before leaving the house. Oh, well, it wasn’t the first volleyball game or practice I had attended nude. So off I streaked across campus to the gym.

Other girls and guys were gathered around the two nets strung in the gym, casually batting a ball over the nets and chatting. Apparently, returning players from last year catching up after a summer away from each other, they saw me coming and greeted me with catcalls and wolf whistles.

“Sorry everyone, I’m pledging SKG and my pledge mistress was out of the house when I had to leave for practice,” I said, not realizing that Coach Donna Kelly was coming up behind me.

“An SKG girl never apologizes for being naked. It is expected of them, Ms. Demure,” Coach announced and then continued. “All of you shall introduce yourselves to Greta Demure over the course of the next few days. For now, we have eliminations for varsity and junior varsity teams to consider and I want to get a spiking drill in following our five-mile run. Ms. Demure, you are in uniform and ready to participate as far as the team is concerned. Let’s go run, everyone.”

There are two running tracks in the athletic yards on the P-FIT campus. One is cinder and sand; the other is synthetic grass. I was fortunate that Coach decided to run us on the synthetic surface. Between the run and the next hour of spiking drills, I needed the shower I took at the gym. On my way back to the house, I reflected on the words Coach had spoken and wondered to myself if Donna Kelly was a graduated sister. Better not seem too curious, but perhaps I knew a way to find out.

Sam had shown me her tattoo, the Greek letters Sigma Kappa Gamma inside a wreath of ivy leaves, on her left hip and told me SKG chapters varied, but the tradition was either a tattoo or a brand on completion of pledge hell week. If I could catch Coach in the shower, maybe I could discover if we were potentially sisters. If she was, though, she probably had a pipeline to the house and today’s verbal flub might get reported. Oh well, it was now after one p.m. and house lunch was to be served by the pledges at one-thirty.

The five of us served the seventeen sisters seated at the dining room table, starting with the salad I had a hand in creating, followed by a nice clear broth soup and melted cheese and ham panini sandwiches. Lynn permitted us the leftovers in the kitchen for our own lunch. I saw a few leafy greens, about four ounces of soup and three burned sandwiches left. I let the other girls eat; I had been without food before and knew I could make it on a glass of juice and some coffee.

Dessert was simply a bowl of fresh fruit. Starting with the chapter president, the bowl went around the table with exactly seventeen pieces to be shared.

The girls with tan lines were ordered to the sun deck for the balance of the afternoon, leaving Dottie and me to clean the kitchen and prep for dinner with sister Lynn. She pulled me aside and told me she knew what I had done in the kitchen earlier. Apparently, there were nanny cams all over the house with access monitors wherever there was a computer or television and we were never unobserved.

Lynn slipped me a piece of cheese and another glass of cranberry pomegranate juice to hold me over until dinner. She told me quietly that not every pledge that came through the house was as willing to sacrifice for her sisters, particularly during the first few days of pledging. Further, I was the house scholar-athlete and needed me to keep my strength up; she winked at me with that remark.

The next three weeks before class sped past in a blur of pledge activity, pledge discipline (they did elect me pledge president, so every time one of the other four screwed up, I received double their punishment), and my sports activities.

Two days before classes began, Coach Kelly read out the final rosters for the season to come. I was a substitute on the indoor court volleyball team and was listed as the primary net for the women’s beach volleyball squad. My primary backcourt player, someone I already knew could play the game, Brenda Adams.

It was after that practice, in the shower, that Coach whispered in my ear, “Pledge, present for your sister,” and I immediately went to Position One and any doubt in my mind as to her status as a graduated sister disappeared.

“An SKG girl may be expected to do many things nude in public, am I correct, pledge?”

She asked me rhetorically, yet I knew I needed to answer, “Yes, Coach.”

“As long as you are in pledge status, you shall attend every game as you are now, no not soapy and wet, I saw the eyes pledge, do not start with me, but nude you shall be until pledge semester ends in December, understood?” She waited for an answer which, of course, was, “Ma’am, yes, Ma’am.” As she turned to leave, I noticed the Sigma Kappa Gamma tattoo on her left hip. Hers was inside of a red heart.

**Chapter 5: Naked in College - Required Courses**

None of my pledge sisters were in my classes, so more often than not, I was the only naked student in the classroom, except for the sculpture class. At P-FIT, it was not unusual for a student or even a faculty member to attend class nude; therefore, the only looks I noticed were a lot of guys and not a few girls admiring my curvy naked body. If my birth father, now in jail for a long time, had been here, I probably would have had welts on my back from his whip. Here an occasional pat on the butt or a lingering stroke down the flank and hips as one of the art kids posed me in sculpture class was all that happened.

I turned down as many coffee dates as there were guys in my classes. But I did, after an argument with the Social Psychology professor over the topic at hand, accept her invitation to discuss my points and opinions over dinner at her home.

We were using Mark Chessman’s books “Slavery or Submission” and “Punishment vs. Discipline” as primary texts, and I had argued in class that based on Chessman’s writing, there was no clear line in the Dom/sub relationship.

Dr. Sonia Walsh had offered me a proof text of Chessman’s new work, “Freedom In Submission,” if I would join her for dinner at her home on faculty row. Her comment, Don’t bother dressing for dinner, made me smile.

It was Thursday evening at six-thirty when I rang the bell and was escorted into the foyer of Dr. Walsh’s home. A tray by the door with a sign that said, “Please Remove Footwear” bade me shed the only things besides my jewelry that I was wearing, my sandals, and I was escorted into a sitting room by a student assistant who was probably a junior. He was nude, male, and pierced through his nipples and with two gold hoop rings through the foreskin of his penis. His body hair had been lasered off and he spoke not a word, just using hand signals to tell me where I was to go and which chair I was to sit in.

Dr. Walsh entered the sitting room at seven p.m. and had two adult males with her. “Greta, these gentlemen shall be dining with us. Upon completion of dinner, we will have a continued chat in this room over brandy, but I do wish for you to feel free to tell them what you spoke with me concerning the two books we are discussing in class.” Dr. Walsh had not introduced either man, and I guessed she would do so when she felt it appropriate.

We withdrew to the dining room, where ‘Boy,’ Dr. Walsh’s only name for the nude helper, served a very tasty mixed greens and vegetables salad with a light herb dressing. The conversation began when I was asked by one of the men why I felt the books in Dr. Walsh’s class did not adequately cover the topic.

Boy then served a rich soup with onions, cheeses and croutons and was totally delicious and the conversation lapsed for a bit until he returned to clear the table.

When I explained that my background was in an extremely fundamentalist religious tradition where the prevalent tenet was ‘to obey is better than sacrifice’ followed by ‘wives be submissive to your husbands’ and that the fear of God and the fear of the male gender was the primary emotion of most females be they infants, teens or adults, there was no conscious choice as Chessman had indicated in his texts.

Boy was back with the main course, a pot roast done in herbs, with fresh carrots, turnips and green beans that had been cooked in the same pot with the meat, and a large baked potato with sour cream and chives. Conversation was halted again while we partook of this very tasty main course. “Boy’ seemed to know when the last person at the table finished the last morsel on the plate, for precisely then he appeared to clear the dinner plates.

One could only surrender to a Dom as a sub if one could choose to surrender. Being born into the system where your sex dictated your place, submission was forced, not voluntary, and Chessman’s main premise did not stand. I continued to argue until dessert and coffee appeared. We quieted again while we finished the meal and retired to the sitting room while Boy cleared the table in the dining room.

The four of us bantered this about for a while, some of my points stood and some broke down under the logic the three (whom I presumed were all professors) worked on me. One of the males told me that he would like me to put my thoughts down logically on paper for the next dinner session. Dr. Walsh concurred that this would be my theme paper for class, which I would have to defend verbally in class so that we would set the next dinner for three weeks.

In the course of my research, over the next few weeks, I bumped into Boy in the outer office of Doctor Walsh’s two-room faculty suite. He sat at a table with his feet at a forty-five-degree angle and was usually nude, though he wore silk boxers on two occasions. I guessed, almost correctly, he had failed an assignment that Doctor Walsh had given him and was serving a period of humiliation as penance for his misdeed.

When Sonia, which is what she now wished for me to call her, seemed open to my asking, I went directly to the point: “Who is he and what did he do, Sonia, that he merits this punishment?”

“Well, he used to be and may someday be again, Kevin Fitch, senior honors student and psychology major. I was so impressed with a paper he had written that I showed it to someone else. That someone, in turn, showed me an unpublished manuscript of the book he was writing. With minor variations, Kevin had stolen the man’s work line for line. He had found a draft in a pile waiting to be shredded and had stolen it from there. With the man’s permission, I gave him the choice of a caning, one stroke for every stolen word, and nude servitude for a semester or immediate expulsion with no hope of recommendation for graduate school or employment references. You can see for yourself the choice he made.” Sonia then reached up to take a book down from the third shelf of a floor-to-ceiling bookcase behind her desk. I couldn’t help notice the short skirt she wore ride up over the crest of her behind and reveal her to be panty-less beneath it.

“Like what you see, Greta?” She asked, looking over her shoulder, “I could take it off so that you might get a better view.”.

“No need, Sonia, you have a lovely body and I would really enjoy seeing more of it sometimes, but what I was actually hoping to get a glimpse of was your left hip.” I made my reply short and honest.

“Yes, I am an SKG alumna, Greta, but no there is no tattoo.” Sonia simply unbuttoned the cardigan top she was wearing and exposed her bra-less breast, “Our chapter branded our pledges on the left breast.” She showed me the SKG scar burned into her flesh. “Now, do you have that draft I hoped for today? Also, please take that book I just pulled down from the shelf and see if there are thoughts in it you wish to incorporate into your paper.”

My paper was titled If It Be Punishment Let It Fit the Crime and was based on Dr. Chessman’s Punishment vs. Discipline. “May I interview Boy for part of my research, Sonia?” I asked her before leaving her office.

“Yes, under several conditions, first he may not reveal whose work he stole, second he must wear his punishment weights while being interviewed by you, and third, as an added humiliation, he must masturbate to orgasm both before and after your interview. In fact, let us make that mandatory.” She called out through her door, “Boy, get your naked ass in here.”

He appeared immediately. “Ms. Demure wishes to interview you for a theme she is writing for my class. You may perform your ritual of sacrifice into this dish,” she produced a glass bowl, “and upon completion, you may speak with her. When her interview is over, you shall again deposit your sacrifice into the dish and then resume your vow of silence.”

I could see just how painful this experience was for Boy with the two piercings in his uncircumcised foreskin rubbing against the head of his penis. He had to be very careful with his movements, or he would rip and bloody his man shaft. Yet Dr.Walsh would only allow him so much time to complete the task and he has the added humiliation of my being there and watching him perform.

He finally completed his painful self-stroking and Sonia added the weights to the rings on his foreskin. We moved back to the outer office with eight ounces of lead weight clacking between his legs.

“What is it you wish to know,” he asked me once Sonia was back in her inner office and the door was shut.

“Leave out the details of who and what but explain the rest to me and explain to me how you believe the punishment you are receiving matches the crime you committed,” I told him and I set up my little voice recorder to catch every word.

The interview took about half an hour and, breaking no confidences, Boy told me how he had been at a loss for a senior thesis, had been working a part-time campus job cleaning faculty offices and had often glanced at drafts and crumpled notes in the waste to be burned or shredded to learn how the professors thought and taught and what they considered to be viable research as opposed to simple unsupported and unsubstantiated scribbling.

He had come across a seventeen-page outline in a certain professor’s trash can with large red X marks through the pages. Thinking it to be a discarded work and reading into the logic of the progression he saw could be built upon; he co-opted the premise for his thesis.

“If I had acknowledged the premise as being from an unpublished work and that I was building on someone else’s foundation, I might have been okay, though you are marked down from the highest level if you are using someone else’s thoughts. As I believed those notes to have been rejected, I wrongly believed I could use them without fear. You can see where it got me.” He sighed and asked if the interview was over,

“Not quite. Do you believe your punishment fits the crime?” I asked again. He had danced all around the question but had never answered it.

“No. I should have been expelled with no hope of graduation. That was the prescribed punishment as it is the punishment for all plagiarism. This is a lesser punishment, humiliating and humbling, yet it is not nearly as severe as having your future crushed for one stupid act of borrowing someone else’s thoughts and words. Stop me; borrowing is not the case; it was theft of intellectual property, plain and simple. Both professors came up with a plan to show me leniency by allowing me to accept a caning and this naked servitude does not change my crime. This, to me, is penance; the expulsion would have been punishment.” He again asked if we were done and I nodded yes this time.

As I nodded yes, Sonia was summoned from her office to witness Boy humiliate himself once again. When he was finished and quite raw, I took my leave. I was left to ponder an interesting point Boy had left in my brain. Penance as a submissive act, does it fall as discipline or as punishment, or is it the crème filling between the cookies that are punishment and discipline?

I would be working on that premise for several more days as Sonia’s next dinner with the two male professors was five days, and my paper was not finished. Not only did I need it to be finished in writing, but I needed to be able to defend it when the professors questioned my logic and critiqued my thinking.

My nineteenth birthday found me not partying, neither with my pledge sisters nor with friends, but hunched over my keyboard trying desperately to get my paper finished and polished as far as spelling, syntax, and grammatical format when I was summoned by the pledge mistress Raluca Razkova and ordered to the Great Room immediately. I hit save, inserted a flash drive, backed up my work, and headed downstairs expecting a party of some sort...

My entire pledge class was on their knees in position three along the window wall of the Great Room. Nineteen SKG sisters wearing diaphanous gowns of sheer lemon yellow chiffon also were in the room, standing in front of the fireplace. Each was holding a paddle. Doctor Sonia Walsh and Coach Donna Kelly were also present, dressed in similar gowns but white in color. In the center of the room was a saddle tree used in barns to put a wet saddle up to dry and the perfect height to bend a girl over, secure her to the legs by tying her hands and feet to them, exposing her bottom for spanking. This is the position I found myself in moments later.

Pledge Mistress Razkova explained to me that each of the sisters would get one swat to celebrate my birthday. Nineteen sisters, nineteen swats, I could live with that. The two faculty advisors and the pledge mistress would each get nineteen swats. Quickly doing the math, I was up to seventy-six When Lynn, our house president, chimed in that she would claim nineteen of her own and a special guest would administer five for good luck. One hundred swats with leather-faced ping-pong paddles. OUCH and Happy Birthday.

The sorority sisters allowed one stroke, each made short work of their part in my birthday celebration. They knew they were there to simply get me warmed up and the smacks they gave stung but did not really hurt.

I had been told there was no need for me to count aloud; this was not a punishment, but when Sonia and Donna began their paddling, they did so uniquely. I felt I had to count as one started on my left butt cheek and the other on my right and they alternated through ten strokes apiece. For the final nine each, they switched sides. Hard evenly spaced and well-timed, these strokes were stimulating my erogenous sensations and it felt as if I would leak enough vaginal fluids to soak the saddle horse and the rug beneath it. Fifty-seven strokes down, forty-three to go when Raluca took over for the two faculty advisors. Raluca was all business, smack, smack, smack, smack, the blows came quickly and evenly two to the right two to the left until she had completed her quota and my clitoris was engorged and rubbing against the side of the saddle horse.

Our chapter president took over for the final group of nineteen strokes. Before she did, I felt someone come up behind me and slide something oval and smooth directly up my vagina. I was so wet and so loose that a small fist would have been accommodated in there at this point. As Lynn began her swats, I realized the thing they had placed into me was a remotely controlled wireless vibrator. With each of Lynn’s swings, whoever was controlling the remote upped the vibrator a notch. By Lynn’s nineteenth stroke, I was cumming unmercifully. Wave after wave of orgasm swept me into an unreal state of mind beyond bliss and edging toward absolute fulfillment.

“Last five,” Lynn called and a different hand rubbed my battered butt, reached between my legs and removed the vibrator. These five were no-nonsense hard, fast bruising and brought me from my bliss back to the reality of my situation.

“Thank you, all of you, for making my birthday memorable,” I said to the room. Hands unfastened my bonds and I was helped to my feet while Lexis and Dottie smeared Arnica gel and aloe on my rear. I turned to look at my ‘guest spanker’ and was ecstatic to see Sam Kramer standing there with her arms wide open.

I fell into her arms and gave and got the greatest kiss full on the lips I had ever gotten from anyone I loved. “Mom, you came,” I exclaimed, then realizing how stupid that must have sounded, I bit the corner of my lip and looked at the floor.

Sam’s response was, “No, I did not, Greta, but you most certainly DID!”

Everyone in the room but me laughed. I just turned red with embarrassment that matched the red of my backside perfectly.

After coffee and cake and lots of conversations, the celebration began to break up. I transferred my paper from my computer to a second flash drive and gave it to Sonia to take and read before I defended it over dinner at her home the next Thursday.

Coach told me I would be traveling with the team to an away game the following Friday, as one of the regular indoor team players had pulled a groin muscle in the match against Cedarcrest State the night before.

Ouch. My butt was blistered, yet I was still committed to full nudity and I was going to be flying in the university airplane three states away to play on another college’s courts naked.

I took two Aleve and along with the Arnica gel, the pain subsided to a throb and I fell asleep on my bunk lying on my tummy.

I awoke the next morning to the sounds of a woman being pleasured. Lexis was on her back, feet on the floor and knees bent back over her mattress, with a head bobbing up and down, obviously suckling the very large object of affection between the small girl’s legs. I suspected Dottie, who had claimed it as her own the first night we were together. I was quite surprised to see the shiny face of our pledge mistress Raluca Razkova emerge from the gaping V of Lexis’s legs and move up to kiss her lover full on the lips with Lexis’s juices still dripping there.

I tried to roll over. Big mistake on my part; as my butt hit the mattress, pain shrieked up every nerve to my brain. So I scooted on my belly until my feet touched the floor and awkwardly stood myself up and headed for the shower. The warm water helped; the view from the full-length mirror in the shower room did not. I was a mottled purple from the rise of my hips to the middle of my thighs. Ouch! Yet I really remembered the digital manipulation of my sex by my sorority sisters and the overwhelming orgasm caused by the vibrator—happy Birthday, Greta, indeed.

Monday, I was summoned to Sonia’s office again. Boy was in his proper place but wearing silk briefs and a matching wife-beater tank top. The two male professors who were Sonia’s frequent dinner dates were present. The Dean of the School of Human Sciences (Psychology, Sociology and Anthropology fell under this umbrella), and the Dean of the School of Fine Arts.

I was offered a seat but politely declined, turning around to show my battered bottom only 36 hours post celebration and saying, “Birthday spanking went a little further than comfort allowed.”

Surprisingly everyone laughed at this as if I had finally revealed the punch line to a long-running joke. Dean Brasswell of the Human Sciences department spoke first, “As a part of the joint effort to incorporate all disciplines into the campus life of P-FIT, we are beginning a new program jointly run by Fine Arts and Human Sciences.”

Dean Sugerman then added, “We are seeking someone who is majoring in neither of our disciplines to be the lead in this new program.”

Sonia then completed the thought with, “We know that Sigma Kappa Gamma ends its pledging next Friday and most of your pledge sisters will revert to wearing some type of clothing on campus, even if it is only winter outerwear between buildings. We are hoping that one of you, who is neither Arts nor Human Sciences declared, will be the lead for our new project.”

“One of the elements we seek is a person with high communications skills who will be able to post articles about the experience,” this was from one of the male professors to whom I had yet to be introduced.

The second male professor then completed, “All of us have read your paper and while some of us do not agree with your positions all of us agree you are a very capable writer. As an undeclared liberal arts student, you meet the qualifications academically for this project. We all of us would like for you to accept the duties this position will entail.”

Sonia went on, “Further, it is well known that you wear the bracelet of a participant in the Adult Naked In Society Program of the USDHEW. As such, the position we are asking you to fill will change nothing in your campus life and will give us the pilot person for a project we hope shall be ongoing for many years.”

Intuitively I said, “I’m guessing this will mean I shall not be wearing clothing anytime soon?”

Dean Brasswell, Dorothy, I was told to call her, was a fiftyish woman who had once been athletic but with children and age had rounded up to a plump matron had the sweetest, most disarming smile as she said, “Wise beyond her years, people, I told you she would be perfect.”

Anne Sugerman then spoke up, “We are calling it the P-FIT LifeStyle Model, and beyond your regular posts for the online campus newspaper, your sole requirement will be to be nude at all times, and when free time permits are available to pose for students from the Arts departments and participate in one long term psycho-social experiment for the Human Sciences department. Your participation shall be graded, and you shall be credited with a 300 level four-credit course in both departments. If you agree, you shall begin the Monday following your final initiation into SKG.”

“When do you need my answer?” I asked. I was told the offer would be withdrawn at four in the afternoon.

Sam had not left campus, something to do with her role as the chaplain priestess of the SKG chapter. I skipped my eleven o’clock class and met up with her and of course, she already knew about the new project.

“It won’t always fall on an SKG girl, Greta; they want someone from every discipline on campus to participate and for you to be selected as the premier female to help initiate and develop the program is quite an honor,” Sam seemed supportive of the idea. When I emailed Dean Sugerman and Dean Brasswell of my acceptance of their offer, I received an almost immediate response indicating I should meet with them in Sonia Walsh’s office this afternoon to sign the contract.

Sam came with me and when we were done, we went over the fine points. No clothing at all until the end of the Spring Semester. If I chose to attend either Summer Session, I would still be under contract officially until my participation ended with the selection of the next LifeStyle Model in the Fall Semester. As one who had gone through two years of High School naked, this was no big deal to me. The big deal was the amount of time I would be spending posing for various art projects, both indoors and out in all kinds of weather.

Further, the Human Sciences phase of the participation left me vulnerable to a certain amount of pain, humiliation and psychological manipulation. I was given a safe word, ‘butterscotch.’ If I spoke that word at any point in time, my program participation would end and I would forfeit the credits and grades.

I agreed with Sam that this was a great opportunity and signed on for the project.

Friday night, the pledges were assigned their big sister roommates in Sigma Kappa Gamma. Saturday, we were blindfolded, driven to a town a distance away, and presented to an all-female staffed tattoo establishment. My technician was pierced in her eyebrows, nose, tongue and at least seven times in each ear. Her hands were magical as she prepped my hip and showed me my options. As long as the Greek letters Sigma, Kappa, and Gamma were in the design, I was fairly open to customizing my tattoo. I picked one similar to Lynn Palmer’s. She had hers done to look like ivy. I took roses as my theme and four stylized roses later; a Sigma was on my hip. Three more and the Kappa was permanently on what would be my bikini line if I wore one. The Gamma was one very bent rose stem crossed by a short-stemmed one on the lower portion. They were elegant in appearance and each about one inch in size. I was very satisfied with my mark. When it was covered by the protective bandage that I would need to have over it until it healed, I was disappointed that I could not display it immediately.

**Chapter 6: The Nurse Kramer Version**

Description: Many of you may have read part of Greta’s story by now. If you have, you can understand I played a pivotal role in it. There are facts, even now, which Greta did not know. Let me try to fill in the gaps. My name is Samantha Kramer and I am a registered nurse with degrees, BSN, MSN, and M.Ed in school counseling. I am well qualified to teach health and sex education and provide a sick or injured student’s care.

Many of you may have read part of Greta’s story by now. If you have, you can understand I played a pivotal role in it. There are facts, even now, which Greta does not know.

Let me try to fill in the gaps. My name is Samantha Kramer and I am a registered nurse with degrees, BSN, MSN, and M.Ed in school counseling. I am well qualified to teach health and sex education and provide a sick or injured student’s care.

I first spent time with Greta during her sophomore year. I received a physician’s excuse from physical education for Gwen Delaney due to eczema-related lesions on her body that required cauterization. I have been practicing my profession long enough to recognize certain phrasing used by doctors, and I called the pediatrician in question to ask her about this matter. Without breaking any confidentiality laws, the doctor told me that the girl had clusters of skin tabs, all benign, that her parents were insisting on having burned off one or two at a time. When I asked if all of them could be excised in one procedure under anesthesia, the doctor agreed with me, yes, it could, but the parents, particularly the father, insisted it be done this way. With the number of procedures the doctor had booked, the child would be undergoing treatment from the present second week of Sophomore year until the late spring.

When I asked whether this could be a ploy to keep the child out of physical education, the doctor said it was possible, but that the father, a local pastor of a very conservative church, had insurance that would pay better for the in-office work than for a non-life-threatening hospital stay.

The school had a policy that any and all medications prescribed for a student had to be left with the nurse. If treatment with the medication were necessary during the school day, the student would report to me for its administration. Beginning the third week of September, Gwen Delaney reported to me at the beginning of her gym period. I had the prescription crèmes needed to lessen scarring from the procedures in my office refrigerator, courtesy of the Delaney family.

The first day I asked her to remove her calf-length skirt so I might apply the crème on the current burn site, her left hip. She complied and I was faced with a dilemma. She was wearing a full slip. Heavens, no one wore a full slip any longer, not even my mother, who at the time was in her seventies.

“I’m sorry, dear,” I told her gently, “but I’m going to have to ask you to remove your blouse and your slip as well.” I figured with a full slip, the child probably was wearing a thong or might even be commando due to the topical rawness of her wounds. I was wrong. I also did not know that pantaloons, such as she was wearing, were still made for women. Legs banded with elastic stopping just above the knee and a waistband extending to her navel, these looked like we stepped into the 1880s.

“Greta darling,” I spoke as softly as I could, “Those have to go as well.” She shyly turned and untied the bow at her waist and let the horror of an undergarment fall into a puddle at her feet.

“Just where do you purchase those?” I asked her in passing and was told that the church women met twice a month for sewing and except for her shoes, socks and bra, every stitch she wore was sewn by the churchwomen.

“Well, it is nice to have skills like sewing and cooking,” told her, “I’m afraid I’d starve or go naked if I had to rely on my doing either one, though.” I’d said it as a joke, but true words are spoken in jest. Frankly, I have no talent in the kitchen and the last time I tried to sew on a button, I pricked myself with the needle four times.

I looked at the girl and she was a charmer, and I asked her, “If you were taking physical education, would you be wearing the school uniform?” The uniform was sneakers, half socks, gym shorts (that came to mid-thigh at best) and a t-shirt.

“Daddy and I have spoken on that issue,” the child said, “and we agree that modesty must be preserved. I would be wearing similar but longer shorts to my knee so that my petit pants would be covered, and I would wear a long-sleeved shirt.”

“Oh,” I said and slathered a bit of the ointment onto her raw sites. I noticed that she had many other skin tabs along the inner portions of her thighs and up the crack of her behind spreading across her lower back. This was the typical display of a viral inflammation of nerve bundles. Just as she began to pull up her undergarments, I stopped her. “No, dear, the crème needs time to set in and dry. If you cover it right away, it will rub off and be much less effective.”

“The doctor told my father and me the same thing, but he huffed and said ‘no child of mine is going to stand around naked waiting for some crème to dry,’ and hustled my mother and me out of the consultation room.”

“Well, If you can put the crème on yourself at home and then stay in the bathroom or your bedroom until it dries,” I suggested.

“Daddy does not believe a teenage girl should have privacy; the only reason the shower in my bathroom has a curtain is to keep the water inside the shower. I have no door in my bedroom and I’m not allowed to spend more than five minutes in the bathroom with the door ajar when I need the toilet.”

“Does your father remain in the room when the doctor examines and treats you?”

“Heaven’s no, my mother is in attendance and that is the reason my doctor is a woman. Father is afraid a male doctor would look upon me with lust in his heart and I would cause him to sin.”

“Oh, I see,” I told her, giggling to myself. I knew her doctor professionally and also knew she had a long-time female lover, a local real estate agent. The child might be providing more lusty thoughts than the father could ever imagine. She was one of the last of the ‘natural’ children I’d seen. No shaved legs, no shaved underarms, no trimmed pubic hair, armpits still full of their hair and her hair on her head when unpinned hung down to the swell of her hips. Despite that, no odor came from her body except the subtle top notes of lavender and lilac.

“Would you be offended if I asked you to remain nude while the crème properly dries into your skin?” I asked. “If you agree, you may remain for the entire hour of your gym class here with me and your medication will be allowed the time it needs to be effective.”

I could see the wheels churning in the girl’s brain. She had already sensed that in the cruel world of high school, being as different as she was due to her parent’s imposed dress code would get teasing enough if it had not already. For her to expose to her classmates the undergarments she was wearing or her hairy state nude in the shower would make the teasing and ridicule unbearable. She had an out. An hour spent naked with a sympathetic nurse. Or the choice behind curtain number two was outright ostracism by her peers.

“I think I’d like to stay here with you, Nurse Kramer. Daddy has some very restrictive ideas about how I am supposed to live my life and I’m really afraid of how some of the other kids see me due to that.”

Poor kid, she wanted to fit in but was relegated to the role of a square peg in a round hole due to her ultra-religious father.

Her parents had not even signed the consent form for sophomore sexual education. As the year went on and the sites of her minor surgeries varied, Greta and I decided that it was easier to assume certain poses and hold them while the crème was drying on her skin. I told her about the sorority I had belonged to in college and the pledge poses we had to endure while becoming members. There were four and if she could hold them for the hour, it would help assure the medication would be properly absorbed. The crème had a certain irritating effect as well, and it made her itch. These poses, I assured her, would prevent her from forgetting where her hands were supposed to be and stop her from scratching at the wounds.

As we went along, Greta spent a week in position one, at full height, standing straight with hands clasped behind her head and legs spread at forty-five degrees, when the treatments were upon her inner thighs, buttocks, or near her crotch.

Position two was used for those weeks when her mid and upper back growths were cauterized. She was on her knees, with her butt resting upon her heels and her hands behind her head.

I put her into position three when the pediatrician began the procedures between her breasts and rib cage. Position three varied from position two only in hand placement. In Position three, hands were on the knees.

I found the three weeks we spent together with Greta in position four most delightful. Her hands were on her knees, her legs spread at forty-five degrees, her back was straight and she was looking forward. Her breasts hung like small apples or pears on a tree and her buttocks were spread apart so that the crème in the cleft of her backside had a chance to soak in properly.

She found it fun when I used her as a test audience for my lectures. I spoke about feminine hygiene and she asked me to break down the technical words to something a kid would understand. I did and the next day, I gave her the lecture again and this time, she approved. I went to the middle school early the following day and gave the eighth and ninth-grade girls the lecture. A few, ew, gross, remarks let me know that the plainer words, as suggested by Greta, got across my message that properly wiping, drying and cleaning one’s rectal and vaginal areas was important.

When she came in that afternoon for her treatment, I mentioned how well the lecture had gone and how happy I had been she helped me prepare. She hugged me, standing there stark naked, then assumed position four for treatment. I might have rubbed a bit more crème into the perineum area and my thumb may have strayed toward her clitoris just for a wee bit. Her wiggle and contented sigh let me know she enjoyed the touch.

My next lecture series was on alternatives to penetration for the sexual gratification of your partner. Greta blushed furiously as I discussed masturbation, mutual masturbation, and frotage.

“You mean that thing gets full of blood and stands up straight?” she asked regarding a boy’s erection.

“That is so it can be placed inside of your vagina for your pleasure, his pleasure and possibly a baby,” I told her. That drew and ‘ew, gross’ from her. I then explained the delivery system, prostate, testicles, semen, seminal fluid and the process of ejaculation. Well, hey, if she couldn’t attend sex ed classes, she could help the sex-ed teacher work on her class lectures.

By January, Greta would come into my office, strip, and on her own assume the pose needed for the treatment site of the week. By January, she helped me develop my lectures on monthly cycles, male masturbation, female masturbation, oral sex, intercourse, and anal sex. Three-quarters of what she heard from me while I tested my lectures on her she had never known or had been forbidden from knowing by her father.

One day in mid-May, after her treatments were completed, two more weeks of school remained. I went over a lecture I wished to present in the fall of the following year concerning erogenous zones. ‘You mean my nipples are part of my sexual stimulation centers?’ she had asked, and I told her I could show her if she liked. I gently thumbed her nipples and the reaction in return was precious. I had never seen her squirm so badly before.

I can honestly say I missed her daily presence during the summer she spent at the seashore with her parents. When I saw her on the first day of class for her junior year, after the Program had become part of the high school curriculum, I was surprised. I would have thought her conservative religious parents would want nothing of the program.

I asked her to participate in the morning assembly, as I knew she knew the poses we would demonstrate. She agreed and appeared nude in front of over four hundred students, faculty, and staff and posed herself in the four basic positions to demonstrate them for me.

Her performance earned her a good round of applause, with some of the boys and a few girls standing and clapping for her as she left the stage. She was beaming both from the attention of her fellow students and the fact my thumb had set off a small but nice orgasm while she demonstrated position four.

The last thing I remember was seeing her leave the high school for her community service in the school van driven by Helen Cohen. Her very angry father was marching up and down the parking lot in a seething rage while waiting for her to get back to the school grounds. When the van pulled up and I saw him pull Helen from the van and flog her with the belt, I quickly dialed 911 to report a mentally disturbed person on school grounds. Then I ran down to see if I could help Helen.

I was just in time to hear Greta’s father give his disownment speech. This left the child devastated and in tears. I heard Helen offer the child a night on her couch until things could be straightened out in the morning, but I counter-offered my spare bed and bedroom. Greta’s anger was barely contained and it showed in the fact she was shaking as though from the cold, although the temperature was in the upper seventies. We got home and I led her to the hot tub, told her to sit in it until I got back, and in ten minutes, I returned with two Cuba Libres (rum, cola and lime wedges) told her to drink hers. I sipped mine and as the alcohol soaked into her stomach and the warm jets of water hammered her muscles, the girl relaxed.

She was even more relaxed after a hot bath. We both slept in her new room that night, though she did not know it. I was on the recliner chair and she was in the bed under a light summer blanket.

Among the other qualifications in my arsenal, I am a certified foster parent. When everyone at the school was arguing where she would go and with whom she would stay, I asked her, “Want to come live with me?” And that was the end of it. I told the counselors, social workers and staff, “She can cook, keep the place clean and keep me company, so I don’t turn into an old cat lady.”

She would no longer use her name, her father had told her she was erased from the family history and he had given her that name and was now taking it back. So she refused to have anything to do with it any longer. I asked her if I could name her. She said yes and I told her I wanted to name her Greta Demure. Greta (pronounced ... great ... ah... ) because she was the greatest kid I’d ever met and she was ladylike to the extreme. She giggled and took it. Her official records showed her old name, but her friends developed many, and her teachers all called her Greta around school.

The next fifteen months were the most fun I’d had in my adult life. I had the honor of teaching Greta how to shave her legs and trim her pubic hair as well as her armpits. I took her to the hairdresser and had the ‘works’ done. Highlighted, cut, shaped, blown dry and conditioned, her hair looked beautiful. We tried several makeup lines on her and found that Clinique and Bare Minerals worked best with her skin.

As she refused to wear a stitch of clothing for the entire school year, I invested nothing in her wardrobe except three pairs of the self same sandals to keep her feet off the cold ground. Skincare products were expensive, but she only wore skin, so its care was important to us both.

Greta blossomed into a good student, an eager participant in school activities. Her community service at the nursing home received the highest grades of any participant in her Junior year. I loved doting on her and we’d indulged on two full summer vacations to a retreat house I knew about at the shore. My sorority gave her a full four-year academic scholarship to my alma mater, where while doing graduate work, she met her husband.

She and her husband still visit me regularly, and I just found out I’m going to be a grandma. You see, the former sexually repressed girl, browbeaten by an ultra-religious father and called Gwen Delaney, had become under my wing Greta Demure. Of course, she is known as Gwen Chessman, wife of the world-famous author and philanthropist.

The End