

# *I Just Wanna Be*

## Naked In School

*By Gary Jordan*

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We'd heard it discussed so it shouldn't have been any great shock when a dozen or so of us were called down to the principal's office first thing Monday morning and informed that we were selected to be the very first participants in The Program. Sophomore to senior, four participants from each class were chosen at random. This was the first time I'd ever won something in school, and I didn't feel honored at all.

Mr. Whiley and his assistant, passed out the brochures and explained the basics of the program while I listened with half an ear. Dressing/undressing to take place at the school's front door? Yeah, fine. Rules about relief. Rules about showering. Rules about turning down reasonable requests. Yadda, yadda, yadda. All *I* could think about was *Why me? Why now?* I did **not** want to do this, but they gave us no choice.

I almost missed it when Mr. Whiley handed me a box and explained that my stuff would be given back at the end of the day. I tried to explain to Mr. Whiley, but he wouldn't have any of it. He insisted I remove everything. *Everything!* The whole time I did, Mr. Whiley explained the purpose of The Program.

"My parents, your *grandparents*, fought and lobbied and for *all* of our personal freedoms. The great Karen Wagner conceived of a grand idea that took a *generation* to become a reality. Freedom from clothing, freedom from government intrusion into our personal lives, into our very bedrooms. Freedom to explore ourselves and each other's sexuality.

"But every great movement is a swing of the pendulum, and it's time for the backswing. Wiping out all the sodomy laws, all the laws regulating marriage except as a legal contract, all the laws proscribing sexual exploration in any way, coupled with wiping out all of the sexually transmitted diseases as well as most communicable diseases of any sort and developing 100% effective birth control resulted in the greatest upswing in sexuality in the history of mankind.

"But that was only one side of the results. After a brief spike in the population growth rate, the rate has steadily, even catastrophically declined for the last twenty years. Studies show that because everyone can pursue satisfaction without consequence, fewer people are actually bothering to do it anymore, and even fewer are taking the next step to procreation, since it might interfere with the pursuit of the next orgasm.."

I didn't care! I'd removed my nipple clamps, ball gag and butt plug, and Ms. Eifle was picking the lock on my cock and ball restraints, and I knew - I **knew** Mistress would be displeased, and I couldn't even be properly punished because of The Program. It wasn't fair!

And then Mr. Whiley added the final torture. He produced actual replicas of late twentieth century *clothing*. Even **underwear**! And we were all **required** to don these coverings while he kept talking.

“Unrestrained sexuality is a wonderful thing, but somewhere along the way, we lost the desire for *sensuality*. All the mysteries were demystified. We’re hoping The Program will give each of you some sense of that lost heritage. By hiding beneath clothes, you may actually kindle some hidden aura of sensuality that openness and nudity has stifled.” Ms. Eifle was administering shots during that last part, which we were told would counteract our birth control. Within hours, we males would once more produce live sperm, and the females would be subject to their monthly cycles for fertility.

“Don’t forget, The Program encourages you to perform outreach, continuing to be clothed even among your family and wherever you might go. Now all of you, return to your next class - and NO TOUCHING!.” With that, we were ushered out into the halls.

Stephanie, my Mistress, caught up with me before the next class. Per The Program, I did not assume the slave’s proper position and actually made fleeting eye contact.

“Well, well, well, what have we here?” she mused, looking me over. I felt shame... and arousal. I hadn’t expected that. “What have you got on under all that... that...” she just waved in my direction.

“I can’t tell you,” I replied, boldly. I was complying with the rules of The Program.

“Is that so,” she replied, a gleam I recognized filling her eyes. “Fine. I can wait. In fact, I’ll be waiting for you at the door after school.” There was a certain fire in her voice that made me tremble as I hadn’t in some time.

“I might even wear this home,” I offered.

My Mistress hissed. The sound completed my arousal, and I was uncomfortably erect. “Very well,” she responded, “hide behind the program for now. I have patience, and your offences will earn compounded interest. I can always oil my whips and wet the leather while I wait.”

I very nearly exploded at the idea. Perhaps this week in The Program wouldn’t be so bad after all.