**Absolute Life Absolutely Lived**

by barelin

Absolute Life Absolutely Lived By Mark Chessman (edited and reposted with permission)

**Part 1: Absolutely Absolute**

It had been two years since Kimberly Tanner had signed her Absolute contract with Mary Jerkin’s real estate firm. Kimberly was now forty-two years old and diet, genetics, and constant reminders from the mirror to exercise had her body looking like a woman half her age.

Her twenty-two-year-old twin daughters were proud of her and welcomed the favorable comparisons people made when the three women were out and about in public. The twins, absolutes since high school, were tanned a rich nutty brown from a summer as counselors at the national NIS Cheerleading camp sponsored on their college campus. Kimberly was colored more of a café au lait, as her employment did keep her under fluorescent lighting during much of the weekday sunlight hours.

About six months ago, after speaking to her friend Paris, a college classmate turned motivational speaker, Kimberly had decided to become an ‘absolute.’ She spoke to her girls, who at first responded, yew and icky, to her idea; but, who gradually came around to accepting their mother’s decision. Kimberly had, six months earlier, forgone the use of a razor on her legs, pubis, and underarms. She was now almost totally grown in as a full-fledged hirsute absolute.

Marla, Kimberly’s youngest of her twin daughters, had decided to join her mother partially and was letting her pubic hair grow back from the short crew cut she had worn so long on her nether regions. As trimmed hair was not required for coaches or counselors in the cheer community, this was acceptable. Cheer participants were wont to dye their hair top and bottom to match school colors as well as painting their nails to match. This was the new cheer standard for sideline and competitive cheer uniforms.

It was now early August and Kimberly, following a day of showing houses to prospective buyers and doing contracts of houses with prospective sellers, was exhausted. The giggles coming from the rear of the house as she parked her car in the breezeway near the mudroom did not bode well for putting tired achy feet up on her terry towel-covered recliner and watching the evening news with her eyes closed.

Kimberly brightened a bit when she saw her husband Jerry standing over the poolside grill in the only garment he had worn since his office had gone clothing optional at the beginning of the year. The girls, having seen their father burn himself in places no man should suffer blistering while at the grill got him a barbecue apron that had the logo “UNDER THIS I’m THE NAKED CHEF”. Standing nearby, also nude, were the girls and Marla’s very steady boyfriend, Brad, a physiology major at the same college the girls attended.

The girls were giggling as Brad, normally the master of his domain and self-control was sporting an erection that was a danger to himself and those around him, at least near the grill.

“Yeah, that is EXACTLY why we got Dad his apron, Bradley,” Tammy told her sister’s boyfriend. “That sausage goes into the fire and Marla won’t have any fun…” Kimberly cleared her throat to let everyone know she was there. Tammy finished her sentence with, EVER.”

“Hi, Hun,” Jerry changed the track of the conversation, with, “Burgers are just about done, the corn is steaming and there are cold beers in the cooler. Brad brought over a bathtub full of baked beans for us to try, his grandmother’s recipe, so he says. You have time for a quick swim if you’d like before we eat.”

“Sounds good and under control, can’t wait to try the beans, Brad. Now about your pistol without a pocket or are you just happy to see me?” She smiled at the embarrassed twenty-three-year-old and winked.

“Mrs. T, I am ALWAYS happy to see you,” his eyes caressed the mother of his girlfriend in a way that had Marla jab an elbow in his ribs, getting a half-laughing “poof” out of him. “But, I’m sorry to say that this is not your fault,” another jab and another half-laugh.

Tammy stepped in to save the situation. “Mom, you know that stuff for guys that want to have sex but cannot get an erection? The little blue pill stuff?”

Kimberly nodded her head and made a hand motion for Tammy to continue, but Marla interjected, “They are doing clinical trials on a topical lotion formulation of that product, Mom, Brad saw the tube in his building’s locker room marked 30, thought it was suntan lotion, and the rest is history.”

Kimberly looked worried, “How many hours ago? Has it gone down any?”

“About seven hours now, Mom,” Tammy said, “The campus health clinic said since she rubbed it all over his body and not just on his penis, he could be that way for quite some time.”

“I’ve taken five showers, Mrs. T. and after each one, it calms down for about fifteen minutes. Well, as you walked in, it was having another growth spurt,” Brad said blushing.

Marla muttered, though her mother heard it, “If only it would spurt maybe it would go away.”

Kimberly decided to have a bit more fun with Brad. “So, it was down before I walked in and now it is up? Hmmm, maybe I do still have it.”

All five of them laughed at that and the topic soon changed from Brad’s condition to the ‘How was your day? Anything interesting happens? “ The general conversation most families had around the dinner table. After a swim following dinner and on a warm night, Kimberly and Jerry lay on a queen size pool float together holding hands looking at the sky, and enjoying each other’s company.

“Mom, Dad, is it okay if Kirsten comes over and spends the night? We have routines and participants to go over before camp tomorrow morning,” Tammy called out to her parents.

Kirsten loved staying at the Tanner home. Her parents were devoted textiles and forbade her to go nude in their presence. Kirsten, having grown up with the twins and their absolute lifestyle, as well as others who have adopted the clothing-optional or clothing-less way of life was less constrained in her outlook. No sooner did she hit the Tanner property line than Kirsten could normally be seen stripping off whatever she had been forced to wear to get out of her house and over to the Tanners. Soon, the pair of girls were settled in the hot tub loudly discussing which of their charges would be best suited for the various routines the cheer camp squads would be running through the next day.

“You know, I think Brad is going to ask Marla to marry him when they both graduate next May,” Jerry said to his wife, “I heard them talking about ‘the future’ in serious low tones while he was fighting the battle of the bulge before dinner.”

“Well then, I’d better sell a few more houses, so we can cover the wedding expenses. I always thought it would be Tammy who married first, though,” Kimberly thought back and said, “But, mostly I see her with young women her age or slightly younger. She’s not a date the way Marla was before Brad.”

“She seems happy, so I wouldn’t worry about that,” Jerry responded, “Kirsten is a cutie, and if Tammy decided she did like girls instead of boys I’d welcome Kirsten into the family without a problem.”

Kimberly snuggled against her husband, “I agree. What say we get out of the water and dry off before we head up to bed?”

Tammy and Kirsten were not an ‘item’ in the same sense that Brad and Marla were. They were friends who thoroughly enjoyed each other’s company, shared mutual interests, and who both were studying physical education in the hopes of becoming certified teachers. Neither into Frat Brats nor Jocks, the girls quietly went through their college days wondering if there might be a Mr. Right for either one of them on campus or if they would find a mate in the greater community after graduation.

As they lay on Tammy’s bed that night, enjoying the companionship of their friendship, they giggled at the stereophonic noise coming from the bedrooms on either side of them. Tammy had the room next to the master bedroom. The next room down was Marla’s with a shared bathroom separating Tammy from her sister’s room. Kimberly and Jerry were enjoying a moment of marital bliss; well, several moments, not realizing that the headboard of their bed knocked against the shared wall to Tammy’s room.

Meanwhile, Brad had thought he’d quietly sneak from the guest room into Marla’s and, of course, had been overheard by the girls in the center room. Surprisingly, the younger couple became quiet before the parents did.

Kirsten was sitting up in bed drawing diagrams of the routine the cheerleaders would try out the next morning and Tammy was making suggestions as to which girl and boy on the squad should be placed within the formation. Having worked out all they could without the squad present, the two friends fell asleep.

The Tanner household awoke on Friday morning to the rhythm of a new day. Tammy, Marla, and Kirsten gobbled down fresh fruit, juice, and toast and were off to their campus jobs at the cheerleader camp. Brad was working in the gymnasium natatorium complex for the summer and shared a ride to campus with the girls. Jerry grabbed the coffee and a towel and was off to his accounting firm in the Leaf he had bought two weeks earlier. Which left Kimberly alone with her thoughts as she finished her protein shake and put on her makeup for the day.

When you are absolute, the grooming and presentation of hair, makeup and finger and toenail polish, and jewelry become your wardrobe. Kimberly added a gold chain that had a cabochon garnet hanging from it around her neck. The stone hung just low enough to be between her breasts. Garnet earrings matched the pendant. Her wedding set of diamond eternity band; engagement ring and ring guard on her left ring finger and a matching wristwatch adorned the left side of her body. For the right side a matching garnet ring and tennis bracelet complimenting earrings and pendant and a dainty gold ankle bracelet. With that Kimberly was off to work in the company car, which was clearly marked ‘Jerkins Realty’ on the driver and passenger doors and across the trunk.

Friday was the scheduled staff meeting at Jerkins Realty. Jan Riley, Mary Jerkins’ administrative assistant, was passing out the agenda for the meeting to the assembled sales associates. Jan had adopted a different style of absolute. Her hair on her head was closely cropped, her body was totally laser depilated and she had rings through her nipples, navel, and clit hood, which were united by slender stainless steel chains.

Few of the twenty sales associates around the table were clothed. Four of the women, in their twenties, wore bikini bottoms, allowable by the firm during menstruation. One thirty-something, Shirley Stevens, wore only an open men’s oxford dress shirt. Her usual seat was directly beneath the air conditioner vent and she was cold. Nearly all of the others wore some type of footwear and nothing else.

Mary Jerkins called the meeting to order and began with a review of the weekly sales report. “Shirley, congratulations on your first two-home sales week.” Applause and favorable comments came from her colleagues from around the conference table. Mary held up her hand and continued, “ Kimberly and Andrew, your joint effort putting together the sale of the condominium complex and a management and resale contract for this firm will keep us in positive cash flow for a good long time. Each and every one of you around the table has managed to close a home or bring sellers to contract this week. In a stagnant market, this firm consistently outperforms all other realtors in the county. Congratulations to all of you and keep up the good work.”

The staff filtered out of the room and Shirley removed the shirt to reveal a beautifully colored back tattoo of a monarch butterfly. Body art and nudity had melded as the nude in public agenda had moved forward in society.

“Kimberly, a moment,” Mary called halting Kim’s exit from the room.

“Is something wrong?” Kimberly asked her boss.

“Not at all, didn’t you say one of your twins is a business major at the college?” Mary inquired.

“That would be Tammy. Marla is a physical education major hoping to teach and coach gymnastics when she graduates.”

“Hmmm, it would only be minimum salary plus commission plus a free apartment and utilities included; but I would like to keep the management of that condo complex in-house. Do you think your daughter would be interested in the job?” Mary added, “She could begin part-time now and go full-time when she graduates.”

“She is working as a cheer camp counselor until the fifteenth of August, Mary, and I don’t know what her plans are after that, besides back to school.”

“Just ask her, and if she is interested have her submit a resume and schedule an interview, all a mere formality, of course. The job is hers if she wants it.” Kim nodded and Mary walked back to her office, Jan fast on her heels, notepad, and pencil in hand.

**Part 2: Cheerfully Absolute**

Kirsten Lovett was, once again, spending the night at her friend Tammy Tanner’s home. The two college students had brought their summer cheer camp squad to the regional finals competition on August 14th with the expectation that cheer camp would be over the next day and Kirsten and Tammy would have seventeen days to relax before the fall semester of their senior year in college.

As luck would have it, both the junior high school and high school squads Kirsten and Tammy coached placed in the top three teams in their age groups at regionals and had advanced to the statewide competition to be held on August 21st. Worse, should either team finish high enough to go to the national competition Kirsten and Tammy would be committed to their duties through Labor Day, the first Monday of September, and only two days before the start of classes?

Both girls were due to start teaching Practicum in the Fall Semester. After two weeks of classroom preparation, they would be sent to the schools designated for their student teaching, and ten weeks later it was back to the classrooms in college to write the thesis based on their experiences. But if either of the age groups the girls were mentoring achieved success in the national competition and were selected to go on to the international competitions in November all this might be put on hold.

“Read that to me again,” Tammy asked her friend and fellow coach.

“All teams participating as Absolutes shall have the squads performing routines and any manager, coach, or spotter within the performance area must be properly body painted in the colors of the school or organization for whom they are competing. It is rule seventeen paragraph two, Tammy,” Kirsten noted, then added, “There are illustrations in the appendix as to what is proper body painting. It looks like just dying carpet and curtains won’t be enough to satisfy the rules.”

“Who do we know who can airbrush kids, and who would be willing to take the trip to State finals with us?” Tammy asked her friend, hoping Kirsten would know someone.

“No one that I know who would be back on campus already, Tam. What about the art group your mom belongs to? Maybe one of the people there can help or knows someone who can.” The pair left Tammy’s room and headed downstairs to the family room.

“Ugh, MOM, get a room,” Tammy jokingly yelped upon seeing her mother nestled on her father’s lap, both snuggling and kissing passionately. Her parents broke their kiss and her father responded, “In case you have forgotten this is OUR HOUSE, college girl.” He then stuck his tongue out at his daughter and broke into a wide grin.

Kimberly wiggled a bit on Jeff’s lap. Kirsten suspected Tammy’s mother did so to hide her husband’s erection and nudged Tammy, “We can come back later and ask, Tam, we interrupted them.”

“Trust me,” Kimberly responded, “the moment has passed. What is it you girls needed to ask us?”

The girls ran down the problem they had with State finals and the need to airbrush the two squads of fifteen girls and boys each at both the middle school/junior high level and high school level. “No one we know or could ask to help is around until after the competition is over. We were hoping someone in your art league could help us or would know of someone who might help.” Tammy looked at her mother pleadingly.

It was her father who cleared his throat and drew the women’s attention. “My administrative assistant, Stella Maris, is engaged to a young man who does custom airbrushing for everything from surfboards to hot rod automobiles. I don’t know if he could do a bunch of kids, but he would probably know of someone who could. Let me call her and see if she can ask for his help.”

It took less than an hour back and forth between Jeff Tanner and Stella Maris to get the arrangements made. Stella’s fiancé, Tony, would not only do the work but would provide the equipment and use his van to transport everything to the competition site. All he asked in return was a program mention. To make the girls on the squad feel more comfortable both Stella and another airbrush artist, a female, would also be on-site to assist Tony. Jeff gladly gave Stella the time off with pay for her help and dipped into his non-existing pockets for the supplies Tony would need to buy.

It was now just past eleven o’clock in the evening and the Tanner household retired to bed.

The College had extended the use of the dormitory for the cheer squads to stay over and use the training facilities in preparation for State finals. Tammy and Kirsten gathered the thirty cheerleaders together for a meeting first thing in the morning. Kirsten read the rules of the competition to the group with Tammy stopping her periodically to explain phrases that might be too technical for the younger cheerleaders.

Kirsten read rule seventeen twice. It then sunk into the older girls and boys, but Tammy still had to break it down for the youngsters. “What it means is, before any of us goes on stage to perform, spot, or coach we all have to be painted from head to toe, not just our hair above and below,” she had pointed to her head and crotch, “but every bit of us has to be covered in paint, or we cannot compete.”

“We are three days away from competition, people,” Kirsten spoke up, “we need to have a dress rehearsal, perhaps even two because the feel of your bodies will change with the paint on them and you flyers will want to be sure your catchers know how firmly to grasp you as you go through your routines. This rule could skew everything toward the textile teams who have practiced in clothing all through the competition, people, so if we want to win we have to get it right in only a few days. Can we do it?”

“YES!” Thirty voices roared.

“Then let me introduce you to Tony, Stella, and Misty,” Tammy told the group and the three artists stepped forward. “They are your painters. Listen to them, follow their directions, and once all of you are painted and dry we will run through our routines.”

The team pictures said it all. Thirty kids and two coaches, painted maroon and gold, Harlequin fashion, in water-based breathable latex paint, proudly displaying silver medals indicating they had placed second to a textile team from across the state.

National rules permitted each state to send a textile team and an Absolute team to the national competition. Kirsten and Tammy’s second-place team automatically became first as Absolutes under national rules.

Thanksgiving would be spent in Austin, Texas where the current National Championship would be held. The two squads gathered every Friday evening and spent Friday, Saturday, and Sunday practicing their routines. As the summer camp qualified as a club and not as a school, each of the children involved attended their regular school Monday to Friday. Kirsten and Tammy were given a leave of absence from their college work. As the college would give them credit for their training of the two squads, every aspect of their plans and other related squad business was monitored by their Teaching Education advisor.

“Oh, crud!” Tammy was reading the National Competitive Cheerleading manual. “Could they be any vaguer?”

“Professor Renaldo might be able to sort that out,” Kirsten offered, “She is versed in translating the obscure.”

Phone calls found the professor in her office and within ten minutes Kirsten and Tammy were knocking on the door to the oak-paneled suite that a department chairperson rated at the college.

“All participants shall be properly clothed in accordance with the standards set by the governing organization,” Professor Renaldo read aloud. She thought for a moment and then rose from behind her desk to pace. A woman in her fifties, with short gray hair on her head and sparse graying hair on her pubic region, Renaldo had come to the Absolute lifestyle after raising three children, the youngest now a high school senior. She had voluntarily surrendered her clothing as a show of support during the week her daughter participated in the Nude In Public program and while her daughter had reclothed herself after the week, Jane Renaldo never returned to the land of the textile.

The two nude students sitting on the towels from the stack the professor kept by her office door were not an oddity for the professor. She regularly counseled students of both genders as to the Absolute lifestyle and its ramifications. She had also become well versed in the hidden language of contracts concerning Absolutes in the educational employment arena. Today’s Absolute was treated in many ways like the gay and lesbian community was treated during the era of ‘don‘t ask, don’t tell’. She continued her pacing, then turned and stopped, smiling at the student coaches knowingly.

“It is the word THE. If the National Cheerleading Organization had been speaking of itself, it would have used THIS governing organization. By using THE, NCO leaves the uniform standard in the hands of each school or cheer club. You girls set our school and club standards at State when your squads competed in body paint. My interpretation is that is what shall be expected when you appear in Austin. To be sure, I will run this past the college law division. However, I am rarely overruled in these matters so build your performances for your squads around the same body paint you used at State.” Professor Renaldo smiled, shook the two student coaches’ hands, and saw them out of the office, while her next appointment waited in her secretary’s sitting area.

“Oh, and girls, as this was a summer cheer camp project, the college has asked that our name not is used. Based on your body paint I am going to suggest you register your teams like the West Hamlin Harlequins Cheer Club, though you will still have full logistical and tactical support from college resources.” Professor Renaldo then added, “This will separate our cheer squads from your club so that the NCAA and regional conference does not sanction either of us with rules violations.”

The next phone call Tammy made was to her father’s office. She cleared the dates of the competition with Stella who agreed to tell Misty and Tony they would be spending Turkey Day weekend in Texas.

Everything was in place for the squads to compete by the Monday before Thanksgiving. Wednesday was the travel day. Luckily, the airplane the school chartered during football and basketball seasons to carry the team to away games was dropping the football team off in Las Vegas for a Thanksgiving afternoon game. The cheer squads hitched a ride with the team and were dropped off in Austin, but not before the college cheer squad hugged and kissed every one of the middle school and high school cheerleaders. Unknown to the younger kids, the college cheer squad was flying in from Las Vegas early Friday morning to sit in the crowd and root the youngsters on.

According to the schedule of events, the four days of the National Cheer competition would begin Thursday afternoon with a participant parade from the hotel where the teams were housed to the arena where the competition would take place. The teams would be judged on poise, posture, and the ability to parade in step while stopping periodically to do a short routine for the parade crowd.

The scores of all teams for the parade would remain sealed and not known to the floor judges unless two teams tie for first place in a category. Then the team with the best parade score would be declared the winner. Categories were club team age six to nine, club team age nine to thirteen, and club team age fourteen to eighteen. Also, for school-sponsored teams, grade school, middle school, and high school. For the finals, the best club team and school team at similar age/grade levels would compete against each other to determine the Grand National champion at each level.

The rest of Thursday would be spent speaking to the credentialing committees and the press and doing photo ops with the public. Friday was round-robin double eliminations in the morning. After a lunch break, the top three teams in each age/grade level would go head to head to declare a champion in the category.

Saturday morning the club versus school team competition would determine the Grand National Champion. Saturday afternoon the awards ceremony would be televised nationally and in the evening an exhibition of champions would be followed by a banquet.

Tony, Stella, and Misty were to be busy from Thursday morning on, applying body paint and keeping the teams and coaches touched up and presentable. It had not helped the airbrushing team at all that a sudden cloudburst hit over the parade route just as Kirsten and Tammy were presenting their teams before the judges. The harlequin pattern on the coaches and cheerleaders soon became mottled streaks of orangey-red and yellowish pink while the rains continued washing the thirty-two nude but for their body paint participants with heavy warm drops of water.

Despite the unforeseen adversity, the two teams performed their parade routines perfectly in front of the judge’s stand. They then reformed their parade ranks and continued on their march to the arena. Tony, Stella, and Misty met them in the lobby area and tossed thirty-two towels to the team. As they dried off the next group from the parade entered the lobby. This squad was a fully clothed textile high school group from Ohio, slightly upstate from the town of West Hamlin in which the college Kirsten and Tammy attended was located.

“You guys are so lucky,” one of the bedraggled girls from the clothed squad called over to Sonya Walsh, one of the high school-age girls from the Harlequin team. “Towel-dry yourselves blow dry your hair and you’re all set to compete. Look at me,” with that the girl began to peel off a wet sweater, wet polyester wool short pleated skirt, wet cotton blouse, soggy sports bra, squishing saddle shoes, wet knee-length socks, dripping cheer bloomers, and finally a soggy cotton bikini panty. Although seventeen or eighteen her A-cup breasts and the shaven pubic area made her look like one of Kirsten and Tammy’s middle school team. She yelled, “I did NIP two weeks ago and it was less embarrassing than wearing all of that sodden drooping mess in the rain. I wish our coaches would let us cheer the way you guys do.”

Sonya tossed the girl a towel and offered to dry her back. Giggling, the pair exchanged introductions, and Jillian Tokes was introduced all around to the West Hamlin Harlequins.

Several minutes passed and the coaches from Jillian’s team, still dripping wet, came over to Kirsten and Tammy and loudly asked, “Where is our girl? We found her uniform lying on the floor of the lobby and now we have a naked missing team member wandering about as a public disgrace to our team and our town.” The older female coach, in her early fifties, was shooting daggers from her eyes at the two nude co-ed coaches in front of her as if blaming them for the teenager’s disappearance.

“A group of girls just went off to the lady’s locker rooms looking for hairdryers,” Kirsten offered. “Perhaps you will find your girl there.”

Muttering loudly enough that all around her could hear her, the older coach set off, her voice tailing, “Nasty naked sluts, this isn’t the Garden of Eden, you should be ashamed of yourselves parading those naked children and yourselves around in public and calling yourselves cheerleaders.”

Jillian peeked out from behind Sonya and Susie Ackerman, where she had ducked down to avoid her coaches, “See what I have to put up with? I graduate this year and I do intend to do my college where you guys practice. They are going to wreck me when I show up. Our school has a disciplinary policy that includes public spanking with a strap. I’m probably good for fifty lashes based on today.”

“Who says you have to go back with them?” Sonya looked pleadingly at her coaches and the airbrush painters, “Why don’t we paint her up like one of us and let her spot our routines, tomorrow? We are an open enrollment club, put Jillian on our roster as a substitute flier.” Several of the girls and boys on the squad nodded yes or muttered, “Yeah” in response.

Tammy spoke to the Harlequins after she and Kirsten had a sidebar conversation, “That might save Jillian for this weekend, but what does she do next Monday when she is disciplined at her school?”

“Look, squad, I respect my parents, so I am textile when I am around them. But by law, any person over the age of sixteen has the right to declare himself or herself legally an Absolute. There is even a box on your driver’s license where you can indicate that preference. Jillian could affirm her decision in front of us, we witnessed her voluntary stripping off of clothing, and legally the matter would be settled. But, Jillian attends a textile high school where both NIP and corporal punishment are viewed as disciplinary actions. She has to survive there until graduation in May. Six months as an Absolute in a hostile environment might be more than Jillian could bear.”

A few of the squad laughed at Kirsten’s last choice of words but seeing the serious look on her face made them realize this was not a joking matter.

Stella Maris, Jeff Tanner’s administrative assistant, and Tony the airbrush artist’s girlfriend offered a solution. “Get Professor Renaldo on the phone. If we can get Jillian accepted into the early acceptance/early enrollment program at the college, she can skip the second high school term and start college in January.”

Susie Ackerman was rooting about in her backpack, looking for her comb and hairbrush, but also hoping against hope that a certain paper was still tucked into the Health and Human Sexuality book she had brought to study and read for a test the next week.

“Coach, maybe this will help,” Susie waved the paper in the air.

The paper was a boilerplate legal document for declaring oneself an Absolute.

I, [INSERT NAME HERE], BEING OVER THE AGE OF SIXTEEN YEARS, MY BIRTHDAY BEING MONTH/DAY/YEAR, HAVE OF MY OWN FREE WILL AND IN GOOD CONSCIENCE COME TO THE REALIZATION THAT I WISH TO LIVE MY LIFE AS AN ABSOLUTE. AS OF THIS DATE I [INSERT NAME] SHALL FORGO THE WEARING OF CLOTHING IN ALL PLACES PUBLIC AND PRIVATE.

SIGNED AND DATED

Jillian read the form, fill in the blanks, and signed and dated the document. Kirsten and Tammy signed as witnesses.

Copies were made and distributed to Jillian’s school coaching staff, the national cheerleading competition staff, and Jillian’s parents who were there to watch their daughter compete. Jillian’s coach was outraged to the point of going red in the face. The national cheer staff asked the school coach if Jillian would still be participating. Told in no way would she compete for the high school team nude, the national judges penciled Jillian out of her original roster. She was immediately added to the roster of the West Hamlin Harlequins as a substitute flier and was given a flier slot for the Friday competition.

Her parents had the best reaction of all concerned. Simply hugging her and telling her they saw the decision coming as soon as her NIP week was completed. “She always looked so confined and uncomfortable in her clothes after that,” her mother had said. “We knew sooner or later it would come to this.”

The Friday morning round-robin competition was fraught with problems of a technical nature. The stage crew had placed down the floor mats in a pattern that was fully two feet smaller than the competition standard for high school and college-level cheer. The judges, having seen three grade school and middle school teams perform, had not noticed the mix-up until it was time for the West Hamlin Harlequins to do their first high school routine.

During the tumbling, the three cheerleaders on point in the routine tumbled awkwardly off of the mats. The performance continued through the dance and gymnastics aspects and into the final aerials with the fliers and catchers adjusting awkwardly to the size limitations of the ground protection.

Kirsten and Tammy, along with two other squad coaches, filed a protest with the judges. When the mats were measured and the technical error was verified, the squad from West Hamlin was permitted the second judging, to be held at the very end of the round-robin. A halt to the competition was executed while the stage crew refitted the mats properly. While the delay occurred, Sonya Walsh, who had been one of the tumblers in the first routine, went to Kirsten and Tammy and reported both her right ankle and left wrist were beginning to hurt and were swelling.

Hastily, Jillian Tokes was shown the tumbling floor routine by her new teammates. The moves only varied slightly from routines she had performed in the past and she picked up on her positioning and the music quickly. Her catchers worked with her on the launch, spin, and catch landing for the aerial routine. Jillian had never done a two-and-one-half revolution helicopter aerial before, but again grit and gymnastics training gave her the courage to try the routine.

The second performance, with the proper mats in place, went flawlessly. Jillian shined with her routine perfectly and smoothly inserted into the squad that had practiced the moves for weeks.

West Hamlin Harlequins were advancing to the next round within ten performance points of their nearest high school competition and four performance points above the cheer club team that occupied third place. Watching all of this quietly from the audience and behind the stage were the thirty women and men from the West Hamlin college campus cheer squad and their coaches.

West Hamlin Harlequins easily surpassed the last club team in the finals and edged up to within three points of the high school team they would face for the Grand National Championship in their age group. The middle school Harlequins came in second to a club from California made up of all twelve-year-old all-stars from various clubs and teams in their county.

“Okay, squad, we already have a group second and a group first for club cheer. All of our Harlequins are champions and your middlers have room to grow for next year’s competitions. Now, for the real challenge, can we beat Our Lady of Perpetual Sorrows High School for the Grand National Championship tomorrow morning?” Tammy was leading the team meeting with Kirsten in the background at the moment. “I believe we can. Remember this, we have an all-new judging panel tomorrow; they have seen neither of the two teams compete. Our scores from yesterday and our parade scores will be sealed to them until after they cast their votes. Our Lady is a conservative textile religious school we are a secular Absolute club. Much will depend upon how the judges view the new societal standard for public nudity in cheering as against the traditional costumed cheer team. I can only ask that you go out and give your routines just a little bit more than you did in the two rounds of the competition earlier today. Airbrushing starts at seven a.m., we are due on stage at nine forty-five, breakfast will be a buffet you can graze before during, and after your painting. GO HARLEQUINS!”

Kirsten then spoke. “As you know, Sonya has been sidelined with injuries. Jillian has stepped up and done courageous work for not knowing us or our routines very well.” A round of affirmation and applause came from the team and Jillian blushed at the attention. “All of you deserve a round of applause as well, for making Jillian feel so comfortable and allowing her to fit into our program seamlessly.” The team applauded at that and Jillian joined in. “Up your game to one hundred fifteen percent from your usual one hundred ten and we can wipe the mats with Our Lady and their fancy uniforms.” This drew more laughter and applause from the team.

With that curfew was declared and the team and coaches retired to bed. Alarms and wake-up calls began at five forty-five and all thirty-three team members were showered and ready to be painted within an hour.

The middle squad was in uniform to receive their second-place medals and trophy. They would also participate in the winner’s exhibition performance later in the day. The senior squad of the West Hamlin Harlequins had one last goal in mind. Already club national champions, they would compete for the coveted Grand National Champion crown and the bragging rights that accompany it.

Both Our Lady and the Harlequins performed flawless and technically challenging routines. Each of the five judges could award up to twenty points and a total of one hundred would be a perfect score. Each squad finished with a score of ninety-seven.

It would come down to the parade scoring and with both squads on stage the emcee ripped open the sealed envelope to read, and the best parade performance by a high school level cheer club or school team went to [dramatic pause] Our Lady Of Perpetual Sorrows for poise, costuming and performance. Congratulations Our Lady Of Perpetual Sorrows, you are this year’s Grand National Champions.”

After congratulating the winning squad and receiving their medals and trophy for the club championship, the Harlequins left the stage.

**Part 3: Charmingly Absolute**

Kirsten was resting on Tammy’s bed, Tammy was sitting on the chair in front of her vanity combing her still-wet hair from the shower taken after the girls had done laps in the pool and spent half an hour in the Tanner hot tub.

The pair was closer than ever following the near win at the Grand National Cheer competition the previous November. It was now May of the following year and the girls were deep into the planning of the West Hamlin Harlequin cheer camp for this July and August. They had been credited for their coaching practicum for the semester-long journey through the competitive cheer cycle and the Central University campus in West Hamlin had since allowed the campus training facilities to be used by the girls and their squads to train and practice every weekend and during school breaks for the public schools from which the Harlequins were recruited. One hundred-forty girls and boys had been accepted for this year’s summer program. They ranged in age from a girl just turning eleven in June to a boy who would turn nineteen just after the program ended. All parents or guardians had signed and certified that their children were from absolutist or nudist families and that the parents were willing to have the child participate in training and competition in airbrushed designs and nothing else. Each child paid twelve hundred dollars for room, board, training, and travel to the competition.

The pair was, as always, nude, with one exception. Tammy was bald on her pubic region, having been forced by a new regulation for Absolutes requiring that nothing hide their bodies including pubic hair. Kimberly Tanner, Tammy’s mother, had similarly been depilated after several years of being a hirsute absolute. Marla Tanner, Tammy’s sister, was waiting for her hair to grow back before lasering it off as she had always kept her pubes clean with a depilatory cream. The hardest sell, no pun intended, had been Jeff Tanner, Kimberly’s husband, who considered the way his manhood was handled during the procedure humiliating at best.

“Really, it isn’t that bad, Tam,” Kirsten was trying to be upbeat about the situation, “in fact it looks really attractive that way. I love the way your clitoris peeks out of its hood. It may have always done that but I could never see it before. Really, I think that is the reason this ordinance was passed, Tam, to take the flaunters and force them to put up or shut up.”

“So, I’m a flaunter?” Tammy asked her best friend. “You’ve known me, and Marla, for how long now, Kirsten? You were there when my sister and I made the decision to become absolutes and signed away any right to clothing for like, EVER, and you think I’m a flaunter?” Tammy was actually angry. “Tell you what, why don’t I go get the scissors, shave cream, and a razor and see how you feel when you’re bare there.”

“Not what I meant, Tam, and sorry if I offended you, really, we’ve been best buds for over seven years and I love you like the sister I never had and I would never, ever, intentionally hurt your feelings. If it makes you feel better, bring it on, I’ll go bare with you, but I’m only a CN and you are an A. Yours will never grow back.” Kirsten suddenly realized that was exactly what was bothering Tammy. The new registration laws passed by the state Senate under the Comprehensive Nude In Public laws proposed by the US Congress and signed into law by the president required that at government expense with a voucher issued at the renewal of one’s Absolute license, all body hair was to be removed by laser from the neck down. Some male absolutes had opted for the option for facial and scalp hair to be lasered as well and were now absolutely bald, head to toe. Tammy knew of no woman who had done so, but a woman on campus who had survived ovarian cancer and had lost all of her body hair, from chemotherapy and radiation treatments, and only has short stubble on her head was now keeping herself cleanly shaved. A cute look and a novel one, but not one that Tammy wished to adopt personally.

Tammy fingered the only accessory she was wearing, an oval charm, about one and one-half inches at its longest and three-quarters of an inch at its widest. The letter “A” was stamped onto the front and cloisonné enamel filled it with green coloring. Engraved on the reverse were her name and her government identification number along with a bar code. This charm now allowed the absolute to travel, shop, and drive without the need of a passport, driver's license, or credit card and was the only free-hanging jewelry allowed under the laws now passed other than a wedding band for married absolutes.

Piercings and the jewelry in them were now considered body art and therefore part of the body. Tattoos were similarly considered body art and not coverings. Tammy, her sister, and her mother and father could now travel internationally to Canada, Mexico, the Caribbean islands, and within the European Union with nothing more than the charm about their neck. Some lawmakers were now envisioning the day when a microchip, similar to those used for dogs, cats, and horses, would be embedded in an absolute forearm eliminating the need even for the dog tag-like charm now in use.

Kirsten was also wearing a chain around her neck with a charm similar to the one Tammy wore. Kirsten’s tag was round. It bore the letters ‘CN’ on it and her name and identification number on the reverse. Legally, a CN was a Certified Nudist, who, unlike an Absolute, had the right to revert to a textile state. Kirsten dearly wanted an A tag; however, her parents still controlled her finances for school and would until she finished graduate school. They were strict textiles that gave their daughter the freedom to ‘express herself on campus’ but insisted that in their company and their home, she is clothed.

When off-campus Kirsten tended to stay with the Tanner family, where nudity was the norm. Her parents had not attended one cheer competition that the Harlequins participated in and would not visit her on campus. The sole exception had been graduation because the school required all of its students and faculty to wear academic robes, stoles, and hoods on that occasion. Even Tammy and Marla had been capped and gowned for graduation. They gleefully shed the robes just as soon as they tossed the caps in the air upon receiving their diplomas.

The workshops and training conducted by the girls throughout the past season had resulted in a much larger pile of applications for the summer cheer camp program this year. Last year’s Harlequins had two outstanding girls who had graduated from high school and one boy also now slated to begin college who were signed on as assistant coaches on staff. Joining them all would be Stella Maris, seconded from Jeff Tanner’s accounting office to be the team bookkeeper, travel scheduler, and general office worker. Her boyfriend, now fiancé, Tony, would be doing the airbrushing for the teams with the assistance of two graphic arts majors from the college who were serving as summer interns for the program.

“So, it is a sixty-kid group for the middle school team and eighty high schoolers.” Tammy got off the subject of herself and on to camp business. “We have forty girls and boys returning from last year’s championship teams, but half of the middlers have aged out to high school level leaving only ten veteran Harlequins at the lower level. Thirty competition-tested tumblers, fliers, and catchers give us a really good base for a Grand national run this year. CU says if we pull out the Grand national trophy, the gym, training rooms, and other facilities will be ours year-round, not just on weekends when nothing else is happening on campus.”

“Big question is how are the returning kids going to take to Sonya and Jillian being assistant coaches this time around,” Kirsten wondered out loud.

“They will be working mostly with the middlers and only will be on the mats with the high school team to act as fliers for the fly-up routines. I don’t think jealousy will play into their being on staff, Kirsten.”

Kirsten had crept up behind Tammy and wrapped her arms around her best friend, kissing her softly on the neck beneath her left ear. Tammy immediately dampened around her vagina. ‘Involuntary reflex,’ she thought, though her nipples also stiffened noticeably. “What are you doing?” Tammy asked her friend.

“Hoping I’m not making a gross mistake and ruining a friendship I cherish,” Kirsten responded and kissed Tammy full on the lips, mouths closed, yet with a degree of passion.

Tammy melted, opened her lips slightly, and allowed Kirsten to access her with her tongue; all the while thinking, ‘I always wanted to be the one to make the first move, but now I’m so glad she did.’ They staggered over to Tammy’s bed and eased down upon it to spend an hour mutually exploring each other’s bodies. Kirsten was barely touched by Tammy when she exploded in an orgasm long denied by the fear of messing up her friendship with the Tanner twin. Tammy’s release soon followed.

“Wow,” Kirsten sighed.

“Wow indeed,” Tammy responded. “I’ve known for a while I loved you enough to surrender myself to you sexually, Kirsten, but I always thought you were looking for Mr. Right, not Ms. Right Now.”

“Sweetie, as far as I am concerned you are Ms. Forevermore. I cannot think of another person I want to share my life with.”. Kirsten blubbered.

Tammy picked up the cell phone beside her bed and clicked the speed dial number for Marla. “Hello,” a sleepy male voice gurgled, “Who is this?”

“Hi, Brad, it’s Tammy, hey if you are there my sister must be close by, can I talk to her please?”

The next voice was Marla, “Sis, is everything okay?”

“I think so, and I hope that you do, also,” Tammy stated, “Kirsten and I kinda have jumped up a level from BFFs and I wanted to tell you, first,” she gushed in a single breath.

“You two finally did the deed and realized you were a couple, not a couple of friends?” Marla shouted into the phone. “Tammy, everybody in the world can see that the two of you love each other. Brad and I wish you the best, both of you, now can we please go back to sleep?”

Jeff and Kimberly Tanner reacted no differently than Tammy’s sister. Hugs all around, welcome to the family, as if you were not already part of it, comments, and the elephant in the room question posed, by Jeff, “Who is going to break the news to your folks, Kirsten?”

Kyle and Marnie Lovett were not the same types of free thinkers that the Tanner family embodied. Their two boys, Keith and Toby, had participated in the NIP program at the high school, as it was required. Both boys were only naked in school and for school activities, reclothing themselves before entering the Lovett home. Keith, the oldest at nineteen, was attending college at CU’s other campus in New Town. He did not keep his parents advised of the rule of campus life. Toby had applied to Blanke Schande University and was accepted for early admission when he completed this year of high school. No mention of the week spent in the program; neither parent nor son ever mentioned allowance for voluntary continuance.

Kirsten, having Tammy as a best friend, was the Lovett problem child. Her parents could not convince her that remaining naked all the time was a sin against both nature and nature’s God. She would wear only enough clothing to keep her parents off of her back and would shed them immediately upon arrival at either the Tanner home or the college campus. The Lovetts wanted their daughter to find a male dominant to be her husband and for her to live as submissive unto the Lord in holy matrimony bearing her parent’s many grandchildren.

It was shortly after seven in the evening of the day following Tammy and Kirsten coming out to the Tanner clan, that Jeff and Kimberly, Marla and Brad, and Tammy and Kirsten rang the front doorbell to the Lovett home. Earlier in the day, Kirsten had called her brother, Keith, now nineteen and having just finished his first year of college at Central University’s New Town campus about her new relationship with Tammy. Keith had told her he would call her back, had left the house to not be overheard, and listened completely to Kirsten’s tale of discovery.

“Sis, I, for one, not only approve of your nude lifestyle but of your choice of a life partner as well. I will have to share some of my on-campus adventures with you when we sit around Tanner’s pool during the summer. What you and Tammy are doing is conservative compared to the antics of some of the kids in the dorms at school. But that’s me. Our seventeen-year-old brother is even more of a radical textile than our parents. If anyone stirs up nude phobia or homophobia it will be him and the ‘rents will lockstep with him as he is now their right-thinking little angel.”

Keith had agreed to be the one who opened the door and permitted entry to the entire Tanner clan and had fulfilled his duty as promised. “MOM, DAD,” he called out to the rear of the house, “The Tanners are here.”

Kirsten was holding a flower arrangement and Tammy held a bottle of wine. Jeff and Kimberly brought a cake and Marla and Brad brought themselves. Kyle and Marnie entered the living room and saw the six nude people standing in the foyer and turned to leave. Keith stopped them with, “You are going to want to hear what these good people have to say, whether you like what they say or not, Mom and Dad, so I suggest we all sit down and talk.”

Keith was never this forceful with his parents, and possibly the shock of his words and tone of voice caused Kyle to invite the Tanners into his home. Before they all found seats in the living room Marla opened her tote bag and handed each Tanner an Absolute Arms emblazoned towel upon which to sit. Keith, in a preplanned statement, asked, “Marla, would you have another of those?” Marla pulled one out of her bag and Keith excused himself for a moment. His return, nude, surprised no one but his parents, and his head-to-toe tan indicated this was not the first time he had been so exposed.

“Mom and Dad, get over it, I have applied for CN status the same as my sister. This is considered to be normal for campus life and it is a normal healthy lifestyle before you begin your wailing and gnashing of teeth, complete with ashes and sackcloth, listen to what your daughter has to tell you.” Keith spoke sharply and quickly then sat on the towel Marla had provided.

“Well, it is clear that we only have one child now,” Kyle sputtered. ”It seems the world and its wicked ways have stolen the souls of two others I sired, so they are no longer our children.”

Toby had come home, quietly entering through the sliding doors of the family room. His Babe Ruth Softball team had a late afternoon game that had just ended and he was a dusty grass-stained mess from a slide into third and a diving catch on wet grass to secure the final out of the game. He overheard the conversation in the living room and via reflections in the glass of cabinets and mirrors could vaguely make out that Keith had finally gone open about his choice to become a Certified Nudist in what might be the first step to becoming an Absolute in the future. Kyle and Toby had discussed these possibilities while hanging out together after Keith came home from college. Toby had spent a discovery weekend at the school during his spring break and had learned there was much in the world he did not understand while there. After that weekend, his brother’s change of attitude toward Keith was evident. Toby had actually defended Kirsten’s choices to his parents during one family discussion, claiming someone should play the devil’s advocate.

“Mom and Dad,” Toby announced his presence walking into the living room in his softball uniform, “These are your kids, good kids that you raised, nurtured, and loved. For the love of God and the family at least listen to them with open ears and hearts.”

His father turned on him with a vengeance and with a sneer on his lips rasped, “Toby Lovett, mind your place! And what have I told you about wearing your filthy play clothes in the living room?”

Toby took off his baseball cap and tossed it into the family room. Unbuttoning his jersey he tossed it and the long-sleeve tee shirt under it into the family room as well. Baseball pants, sliding briefs, and sanitary hose followed in rapid progression. Left standing in the archway between the family room and living room was the Lovett’s youngest child, a muscular male of seventeen, wearing only a jockstrap and cup. “Oh, I guess this is too sweaty to be considered clean either, so,” he peeled off the straps of the supporter and tossed it over his shoulder. His sister giggled, his brother smacked his butt cheek and Marla offered him a towel. “Now, I think Kirsten has something to say to you.”

Before her parents could react or speak, “Kirsten blurted out, “Tammy and I are a couple and are going to file as life partners, Mom and Dad. We love each other and have for a very long time. It has just taken us this long to realize how much and in what ways we loved each other.”

For the first time all evening, her father smiled. “Well, that is a bit of news I will celebrate. You two have always been perfect together. I, for one, wish you well. I guess we won’t have to shell out a lot of money for dresses or formal wear for the ceremony, now, will we?”

Marnie Lovett was a plump woman in her late forties. Her dress came to mid-calf, had three-quarter sleeves and she was wearing hose and shoes. All three of her children, beautiful, young, and vibrant sat around her wearing nothing but the skin they were born in. Her daughter’s lover and her family also sat in the living room nude and unashamed. Marnie suddenly found herself turning bright red from embarrassment. She had thought ahead to the commitment ceremony for her daughter and realized she would be the only woman there wearing clothing.

“Kirsten, could you help me with something inside for a few minutes, dear?” Marnie asked her daughter. In the privacy of the den, Marnie asked her daughter, “Do you think I’m too fat to be bare like you and the Tanner family?”

“Mom, I’ve never seen you naked, not once in my life, so I really don’t know if the clothes you wear hid something beautiful or something gross,” Kirsten replied.

“Well, let’s fix that now,” her mother replied and pulled the zipper that ran from her neck to the swell of her buttocks and stepped out of it. Bra and garter belt over granny panties and a pair of thigh-high stockings now hid the matron of the Lovett clan.

Her bra clasped in front and was quickly shed. It revealed C-cup breasts that sagged from the nursing of three infants and a somewhat thick but defined waist. Unclasping the garters from the hose and peeling the opaque leg coverings down revealed legs still shapely enough to remind everyone that Marnie Lovett had been a trained dancer in her younger life. When the garter belt and panties came off to reveal a thin hair-covered pubis above which was the stretch-marked tummy of a matronly woman Marnie asked, “Well?”

Kirsten replied by giving her mother the first skin-to-skin hug the two had shared since Kirsten was two years old. “Mom, you are perfect in every way. No one will think twice that the mother of one of the brides is shorter than the other mom.”

“Well, your opinion is biased, I want to hear from the Tanners whether they think I can carry this out and if I am appropriate,” Marnie smiled then added, “If your father tosses me out of the house can I come to stay with you two?”

Hand in hand the two Lovett women walked back into the living room to be greeted by a collective gasp. “Well, I wasn’t going to be the odd-ball mother of the bride in this wedding party. I intend to follow the same dress code as all of you, at least until the girls have had their commitment ceremony and reception.

“Does anyone in MY family object?” Marnie challenged. Keith stood and hugged his mother. Toby hugged his sister first and whispered a thank you to her for bringing Tammy into the Lovett family. Toby, it seems had been crushing on Tammy for years. He then hugged his mother and told her how much he loved her. Kyle sat and stewed, not understanding how his entire family could have rebelled against the standards he had so stringently set for them. But, he said nothing.

The breakpoint for Kyle was the next ring of his home’s doorbell. Toby opened it to show his paternal grandmother, standing in the doorway. “Gramma Lovett, come on in, Kirsten and Tammy have great news to share.” Toby grinned and stepped aside to allow the elder Lovett into the house.

“Tobias, I can’t say I disapprove of your choice of dress,” Gramma smiled and eyed the younger son up and down, “Have you been influenced by your brother or by your sister?”

“Keith, when I visited you at college I told you we would keep our secret a secret,” Gramma said, “but since you and everyone in the family but my prig of a son has come out” she unzipped the back of her dress, stepped out of it when it puddled about her ankles and stood in front of her offspring and grandchildren in all her sixty-seven-year-old nude glory.

She then turned to her son and said, “Kyle, get with the times, learn to relax, and be comfortable with yourself and your body, you’ll live longer.”

**Part 4: Absolutely Absolute: The Condo Complex**

Mary Jerkins had been delighted that Marla Tanner had agreed to become her part-time on-premises representative for the Absolute Arms condo complex. Perhaps ‘complex’ was a bit upscale for what ‘The Arms’ was in actuality. The four interconnected buildings formed a sealed square, with sundecks on each rooftop and a swimming pool and hot tubs in the otherwise empty center of the square. The balconies for each apartment faced the inner courtyard and swimming pool. What had started life as a hotel, with twenty-five units per side, one hundred units in total was now the studio, one, and two-bedroom apartments. Ten two-bedroom apartments in one building were reserved for families with children. Two other buildings held fifteen one-bedroom units each. Twenty-five studio units, basically refurbished from the hotel suites, occupied the final building of the four-building complex and were reserved for single adults and newlyweds or same-sex couples without children.

One of these studios was Marla’s as part of her live-in manager’s position. Andrew Adams, who was both a licensed plumber and electrician, occupied another unit. Andrew had worked for Mary Jerkins as her property inspector and had done some sales work as well. With this venture, Mary had decided his skills could be best employed as the on-site handyman.

Mary had even hired Marla’s boyfriend, Brad, as the water safety instructor/lifeguard for the pool and hot tub area; a job that included maintaining the pumps, filters, and deck areas. Brad had started a ‘fishies’ program for three to six-year-old children living in the apartments. Monday and Wednesday after school and Saturday morning from eight to eleven Brad had fifteen squirmy naked children in the shallow end of the pool teaching them how to breathe, float, kick, and do simple swim strokes.

The parents were not allowed on the pool deck while lessons were held, as the bikes tended to look at Mom or Dad or show off instead of listening to Brad. Most peeked through the curtains of a window or sat on a balcony to watch, and all agreed they felt much more at ease with their children near the water as Brad taught them survival floating and swimming.

Marla had a cocktail waitress apron tied around her waist as she walked the grounds, and though this was technically a violation of the sign outside the complex,

ABSOLUTE ARMS IS A NUDITY-ENFORCED RESIDENCE. All visitors, guests, and residents shall be nude on-premises.

It had been agreed by the association of owners that Andrew would be allowed a tool belt as he performed his tasks and Marla was allowed an apron to hold her sales brochures, contracts, and cell phone while touring the complex with prospective buyers. She reached into a pocket and pulled out her buzzing phone. The ringtone told her it was her mother, Kimberly Tanner.

“Hi, Honey,” her mom began, “I have a couple on their way over to see a one-bedroom unit. Be careful with them, I get the sense that they are members of the anti-absolute movement and could cause problems. They are Bill and Lynn Parham; I gave a letter of referral to them from me to you. Talk to you later, lovely one.” With that, her mother clicked off the phone.

“I apologize to you for the interruption,” Marla told the couple to whom she was showing a corner single-bedroom unit, “another agent wanted to let me know a referral was on the way for a tour. How do you like the place? Would you like to see an inside unit?” It was an offer she always made once prospective buyers realized the corner units had two walls of windows facing the public streets.

The two women, holding hands and sneaking looks at each other as only lovers can, both shook their heads and said, “No,” at the same time. Susan’s eyes drifted to the pool area, where Brad had the children lined up on the wall practicing their kicks. Sheila looked at her life partner lovingly and responded to Marla, “We’ll take this one, I’ll write you a check for the full sale price and the first month’s grounds fees and we can go to contract.”

Watching Susan longingly watch the children, Marla asked, “Perhaps you would like to see a larger unit, in the event you should decide on children in the future?”

Susan turned the wistful expression leaving her face and spoke, “No, neither of us can bear children and our finances won’t allow us to adopt. The most we’ll ever have is a puppy.”

“Well, one small dog or one cat is allowed in each unit, try to keep the dog at less than thirty-five pounds adult weight. We have a dog run and a doggie wading pool behind building D and I’ll remind you now that dogs are not allowed in the pool or hot tub area for everyone’s safety.” Marla finished that portion of her scripted sales pitch automatically.

“Susan was a competitive swimmer in college and enjoys children, would your lifeguard possibly need a helper with them?” Sheila asked.

“After we sign off the contracts.” Marla wondered why the couple had opted to not go to law review, but it was their choice. “Why don’t we walk over to the pool area and ask Brad that question?” She smiled and directed the couple to her office for the formalities.

When Sheila opened her large purse and offered Marla a business card for the spelling of her name and Susan’s as well, it became obvious why they had opted to not use an attorney. Both were lawyers themselves. Sheila Smythe and Susan White, attorneys at law, practiced anti-discrimination law specializing in gay, lesbian, transgender, and absolute law.

Both women had participated in a clinical trial of ‘New Woman,’ a once-every-four-month birth control device made by VitaPharma Corporation. Fifteen hundred women participated and of those over eleven hundred had found themselves permanently sterile following the trials. A long series of lawsuits and appeals later, each woman had been awarded a structured payment of fifty thousand dollars a year for twenty-five years.

For Susan and Sheila, this meant that college and law school had been paid for and now this year’s award had purchased them their condominium. Neither had been attracted to women before the trials but during the counseling and other events following the bad news they had begun to comfort each other and eventually, that comfort turned into a loving supportive relationship.

Papers signed, keys turned over, and hugs all around were followed by Marla opening the French doors in the rear of the unit serving as her office and asking Brad’s permission to interrupt his class. Brad had the children sit up on the side of the pool and continue kicking exercises. He came over to the three women and asked, “Hi, Hun, what’s up?”

“Brad, meet our newest residents, Susan and Sheila,” Marla began.

Brad interrupted her, blurting, ”You are Susan White! I saw you swim the four hundred meters at the Olympic trials, what an honor to meet you.” Marla now felt like an idiot, she should have picked up on the name and the interest in swimming and put the pieces together herself.

“Yes, I am, and thank you for your kind remembrances. I actually wanted to ask a favor of you. Could I perhaps sit in on your classes and assist the children? But, please, if I am recognized I will admit to who I am, but please don’t publicize that fact.” Susan smiled as she said this.

“Agreed,” Brad said. “We have class on Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. That’s for three to six-year-olds. The parents of the older children are asking if I could have a class for seven to ten-year-olds when the need arises. I sure could use help then and will welcome it now.” Sheila and Susan left to call the moving company holding their furniture in storage to arrange delivery to the new address.

Marla barely had time to spread a towel on her office chair when the couple about whom her mother had called earlier buzzed the outer door for admission. Bill and Lynn Parham were textiles with an attitude. The look of distaste on their faces as they read the sign, ‘ABSOLUTELY NO CLOTHING ALLOWED BEYOND THIS POINT’, had them motioning to Marla to step outside her office onto the lawn edging the parking lot.

“You are to provide us with a tour of the property,” Bill Parham told Marla Tanner, presenting her with the letter of referral provided by his real estate agent and Marla’s mother, Kimberly. “We would appreciate your dressing properly,” he scanned Marla’s nude form up and down with a sneer that suggested she made him ill seeing her body exposed as it was, “also all who we shall come into contact with should also be clothed.”

Before Marla could respond a group of the swim class children came barreling through the front door grabbing excitedly at Marla’s hands to drag her toward the pool. One of the girls screeched, “Edna finally did it, come see, come see, Brad says you have to,” tugging at her until Marla almost lost her balance.

“Shameful and shameless,” Lynn Parham screeched angrily, looking at the naked boys and girls jumping up and down and tugging at the equally naked Marla. The Parhams turned on their heels with Bill shouting, “You shall be hearing from our attorney.”

“Oh, well,” Marla thought, “I’ll call Mom once I see what Edna has done.”

The three-year-old was happily splashing about in Brad’s arms as the children and Marla approached. “Look at me, look at me,” she screamed gleefully as Brad release his light hold on her and she doggie paddled from his arms to the side of the pool five yards away, head out of the water and a smile splitting her face Edna touched the edge of the pool, gulped a quick breath into her lungs and turned around to swim the five yards back to Brad underwater frog kicking the whole way.

All the children in the class jumped into the pool to congratulate Edna on her achievement and Marla joined them. She asked Brad how he had convinced the three-year-old to face her fear of putting her face in the water.

“I told her that anyone who couldn’t hold their breath and swim underwater had to wear a bathing suit and sit on the edge of the pool so people would know they are not swimmers,” Brad grinned, “the very thought of having to wear a swimsuit did it.”

“To think, when we began in the absolute program in high school, everyone we knew was ashamed to take off their clothes. Now it is like telling kids the boogie man will force them to wear clothes if they are naughty,” Marla giggled.

“Speaking of getting naughty,” Brad whispered into Marla’s ear, “what do you have planned for lunch? The kids are on their way back to their parents and I have ninety minutes until I need to flush the filters before family swim time.”

“Well, that gives us half an hour to eat and an hour to wait until you can go back into the water, I wonder what we can do for an hour?” Marla wrinkled her nose at Brad, smiled, and added, “The last one to the apartment makes the salad.”

**Part 5: Absolutely Legal**

Bill and Lynn Parham had followed through on their threat and filed suit against Absolute Arms and Marla Tanner for ‘Discriminatory practices.’ Mary Jerkins had sought to use the real estate firm’s corporate lawyers for the legal matters leading up to and including the court case, but it turned out that Lynn Parham was the sister-in-law of one of the partners of the law firm, and the firm had recused itself from the case based upon a possible conflict of interest. Mary had run through the legal director of the county looking for representation; she discovered many law firms had represented the Parham corporations or the family itself and were ethically prohibited from participating in the case going forward.

Mary and Marla Tanner were walking the grounds of the Absolute Arms condo complex discussing the matter when Marla’s attention was drawn to the pool. Sheila Dunphy and Susan White were lazing on two foam pool floats enjoying the afternoon sun. To them, it was still a workday at the office. The pair of lovers had converted the walk-in closets in their apartment into a law library and they were practicing law from their home until they might afford an office downtown. Being absolutes and having little need for closet space the women found the situation both space and money-saving. Their practice had been limited to wills, pre-nuptial contracts, and civil rights matters involving gay, lesbian, bisexual, transgender, and absolute rights.

“Susan, Sheila, a moment of your time, please?” Marla called. The pair acknowledged her and paddled the rafts to the pool’s side, exiting via the deep-end ladder. Introductions were made and Mary and Marla briefly reviewed the pending matter with the two female lawyers. “Can you recommend anyone who might take on this case?” Mary asked the pair.

“If you ask, of course, we will, we may live here, but we are not obligated to you or your firm professionally or personally, and facing the Parham family lawyers would be good for our practice. It seems to be a frivolous lawsuit. Let us review the case and then we’ll meet and decide how to proceed,” Sheila assured Mary Jerkins.

While Mary Jerkins was taking care of her legal business, Kirsten Lovett and Tammy Tanner were celebrating Toby Lovett’s eighteenth birthday with the birthday boy. A lunch at Toby’s favorite restaurant, a pirate-themed place called Captain Buff’s, had ended with all the serving wenches, naked save for aprons, bringing the cake to the table and singing Happy Birthday

“We have a present for you as well,” his sister told her younger brother.

“You two are just getting started yourselves, the cheering school, the apartment, and everything. You didn’t have to buy me a present,” Toby smiled, “I hope you didn’t spend a great deal on it.”

Tammy giggled, “Oh, we didn’t. You are looking at your present, Toby. Kirsten and I are giving you, well, me, for as long as it takes to make me pregnant.”

“Look, little brother, this may sound weird to you; however, we have decided that we want a child that is from both of our bloodlines. You have never made any secret of the fact you are hot for Tammy. Rather than the clinical approach of you spilling your seed into a jar and some medical technician using a turkey baster to put it into Tammy, we are asking you the favor and giving you the gift of impregnating my mate for us.” Kirsten watched the shock on her brother’s face turn to the amazement and then back to shock.

“It’s a lot less weird than my father sleeping with your sister, which is the only other way we could accomplish having a child that would come from both sides of the family,” Tammy added.

Toby had to ask for another cup of coffee and remain seated to wait for the excitement evident in his crotch to subside. “I don’t know what to say, I mean this may not happen on the first try and I go back to school soon, so when am I supposed to do this?”

“Tammy will be fertile two days from now. You can try it then. When you come home for winter break, you can try again, if this attempt doesn’t take. Spring break and summer vacation next year are possibilities if your swimmers don’t latch onto a life raft before them. No matter how long it takes you will be the baby’s daddy and Uncle Toby will be his or her godfather.” Kirsten told her brother, and she then kissed him on the cheek. Tammy added a full kiss on the lips, which intentionally held the promise of bigger and better things to come. Toby once again was reluctant to rise and leave Captain Buffs due to his stimulated state.

On the northern sector of the core city business district, Gloria Parham, age nineteen, daughter of Bill and Lynn Parham, sat in a very different coffee shop than Captain Buffs. Here the wait staff dressed in copies of mid-Twentieth Century diner clothing. Sensible shoes, white hose (not pantyhose but the old white seamed garter belt held up stockings) shirtwaist dresses on the females that came to mid-calf and had a high ruffled collar. The men were in starched white shirts with bow ties, black pleated pants, and vests that matched the waitress’s dresses in color and material.

Gloria was dressed in a knee-length pencil skirt, matching business jacket with peplum, silk blouse ruffled high neck buttoned at the throat, and her underthings were white silk lace consisting of a chemise brassier, and panties that were a full high cut trunk that did not require her to trim her pubic hair at all. The silk stockings she wore were smoke-colored and held by real garters at mid-thigh. A pair of gray silk two-inch heel pumps, gray gloves, and a gray pillbox hat with a demi veil completed her attire.

Gloria had never shaved her legs, armpits, or pubes, as her parents considered such grooming to be part of the deviant culture that had resulted in the Absolute movement. Nor had she stylishly cut her hair allowing it to grow so that now it would hang, reddish-gold and lush, well below her backside. She had it trimmed to even it and rid it of split ends twice a year.

Rather than attend the Central University West Hamlin campus with its steep discounts for residents; Gloria had been sent, at age seventeen, to Saint Martin of The Lakes College for Women. As one of the few single-sex colleges left in the nation, and one that still adhered to its strict religious foundations, there was no Absolutism or NIP on the campus. Gloria had been accepted early, skipping her senior year at West Hamlin High, as she was eligible for the NIP mandatory participation then and her parents wanted nothing to do with that.

The Sisters of Mercy who proctored the living of the women on campus made sure that even same-sex nudity did not occur on campus. Cubicles around each gym locker, long robes, cubicles in the showers, swim dresses with mid-thigh skirts for aquatics, and every dorm room in a single room maximized the enforced shame that being caught in public with a single bit of exposed skin would cause.

The student body was not allowed off-campus without being part of a group of three with a chaperone. A parent was required to drop the student off for the semester beginning and retrieve that student at the semester's end. No girl was allowed a car, bicycle, or any other form of transportation that would allow her to range outside of the campus. Twelve-foot walls of native stone and cement encircled the campus. Three gates locked and guarded by a nun each night allowed access to the campus. Five hundred young women housed in four dorm buildings rested each night knowing their virtue was protected.

The most embarrassing part of campus life was the ritualistic physical at the start of each semester. Then and only then were the students naked, and a nurse and two nursing nuns did a full examination of everything from warts and boils to a visual and physical inspection of intact virginity. Young women of good breeding were expected to protect the maidenhead as if it were a national treasure. Several had been placed on probation during Gloria’s two years at Saint Martin’s when the hymen they had the semester before was now missing. Each time, when a sports activity such as horseback riding, surfing, or bicycling was found to be the cause (proper documentation from a physician or parent was required) that activity went on the prohibited list for students. The expulsion resulted when verification could not be provided or when a girl admitted to surrendering to the passions of a boy’s arms, lips, and members.

Gloria prided herself on doing nothing to blemish her virginity. She also prided herself on not doing anything to besmirch the Parham name. Her courses of study would lead her to a Business degree and she would, of course, enter employment with and be groomed to take over one of her parents’ various businesses. A marriage to a suitable young man of a family in a similar status as the Parham clan would be arranged. She would allow sex for procreation only and then for only as often as it took to produce a male heir. Such was the plan for her life as laid before her by her parents and the nuns responsible for her education.

Harlequin Cheerleading & Gymnastics was across the street from the diner. Gloria watched the naked girls and boys troop in for whatever they did inside and was thoroughly repulsed by the sight. Only the basest of people could allow their children to parade about nude all day every day, and the parents who escorted the smaller children were every bit as disgustingly naked as their spawn. One woman, pushing a stroller with a toddler seated therein, dropped off her daughter who appeared to be eight or nine years old, and when she came into Gloria’s full view looked to be seven months pregnant with another child.

Gloria could not imagine any woman waddling about pregnant and naked for anyone to see. First, it was an admission the woman was having sex with a man. Second, that disgustingly bloated belly was on view. Gloria planned to take to her bed as soon as she began to show. Oh, wait, the mother was sitting down on the bench by the bus stop and her toddler was suckling upon her right breast. Shivering with disgust Gloria turned away from the sight, paid her bill, tipped her server, and left by the door nearest the lot where her Prius was parked.

Harlequin Cheerleading & Gymnastics was located in a building that had once housed a discount clothier. Tammy and Kirsten had moved their school off-campus from CUWH after graduation and the second trip to Nationals, where both cheer squads had placed number one in the nation. Tammy and Kirsten were still hands-on coaches and had a staff of fifteen working with them. Five part-time high school cheerleaders worked with the three to five-year-olds and six to nine-year-old classes of gymnasts to develop the tumbling and dance aspects the children would need to move on to competitive cheer team activities.

Three college-age cheerleaders, two women, and one man coached the middle school activities. Tammy and Kirsten circulated and made suggestions to the staff on the younger levels, and concentrated on the squad of high school-age kids.

Many of the girls and boys who trained and practiced at Harlequin went on to do gymnastics or cheer at the school they attended. For this reason, Harlequin’s team practices were restricted to the coaches and team members. Otherwise, everyone would know the show routines the team would use in competition before the meet season began. Tammy and Kirsten remained the head coaches of the high school-level team.

To Tammy and Kirsten, the most troubling competition was the team called the Tylerville Titans. The Titans had come in a very close second to the West Hamlin Harlequins in the last National Championship. What had almost won the competition in the ‘unclothed’ division for the Titans was their body art. All had tattoos of mythical creatures, such as the angel wings on the backs of some girls and the knee-to-hip phoenix birds on the team captains, one male the other female, and each of the high school-aged cheer team had a Norse god tattooed on the left shoulder.

These had impressed the judges with the aspects of team spirit and team solidarity, much more than the spray-painted Harlequin body art. It had almost won the day for the Titans. The final trick of the base catchers while the fliers were in the air had garnished the Harlequin team enough style and technique points to carry the competition, but the margin separating the two teams had been in the hundredths of percentiles of points. Tammy and Kirsten worried about the Titans, but the most serious threat to the cheer academy would not come from the Titans this year but the Absolute-hating Parham family.

The cute CN who appeared at the door of the Harlequin cheer and gymnastics school carried a soft khaki messenger bag over her shoulder. She asked to speak with either Tammy Lovett-Tanner or Kirsten Tanner-Lovett and both women came to the door. “Uh, we are the Tanner-Lovett’s, how may we help you?” Kirsten commented.

The girl reached into her bag, pulled out a legal-sized envelope, and said the words, “Kirsten and Tammy Tanner-Lovett, you have been served.” With that the girl was gone, hopping on a scooter and zooming off.

The cheer coaches brought the envelope to their office and opened it. It was an immediate cease and desist order for the operation of a facility, not a public school, which allowed nude children to participate in physical activity. It cited health codes, and also several ordinances locally, and statutes from state, civil, and criminal law to establish the reason for the order as written by a state circuit court judge known to be against the Absolute laws and eager to get a test case before his court.

Tammy and Kirsten went slack-jawed while reading the legal paperwork. They quietly told the instructors to wrap up today’s sessions and once the children from the various classes had left the building informed the staff the facility would be closing for several days until the matters at issue could be brought before a judge. Every instructor on staff, many of who had begun with the girls when Harlequin was a college project and they were part of the cheer squad, agreed to testify in court on behalf of the Harlequin organization.

Tammy and Kirsten went home with the paperwork to try to figure out why their program had become a target. “Hey, sis and sis-in-law, why so hang doggy in the faces, you two are the peppy cheerleaders of the family, remember?” Marla greeted the couple as they passed through the lobby of Absolute Arms on their way to the condo Mary Jerkins had leased them as a wedding gift. The girls were remodeling the second floor of the Harlequin building for a permanent apartment living space. The work would take several months and the building inspectors were slow to respond to the contractor’s requests for plumbing, electrical and structural inspections, so the newly joined couple was staying temporarily in the complex Tammy’s sister managed.

“We got shut down over some legal mumbo jumbo, Marla,” Kirsten responded to her sister-in-law, “Apparently, the question is whether we can legally instruct Absolute minors.” It took Marla five minutes to get Sheila and Susan on their cell phone and another ten to be in the lawyers’ apartment for a sit-down.

“Look here, Sheila,” Susan pointed to a signature block and a seal on one of the documents the Harlequin owners had been served.

Sheila responded with, “Same flaming law firm as the Parham suit against Absolute Arms,” the partner quickly noted, agreeing with her mate.

Told Tammy and Kirsten they would take the Harlequin case pro bono as much of the research to be done and discovery to be gathered would be the same as Parham v. Absolute Arms/Mary Jerkins Realty, and Mary Jerkins was very generous with her retainer, the law firm of Dunphy and White became the new lawyers for Harlequin.

Dunphy and White proved to be very efficient law firms on behalf of their clients. After two calls to Central University West Hamlin, the first to Professor Ramona Renaldo and the second to the Athletic Director, the Tanner-Lovetts were appointed Adjunct Instructors of Athletics at CUWH with full facility privileges. Their classes were moved to the athletic center to be ‘showcase classes’ for physiology and gymnastics majors. As the CU system was a public college and NIP was the norm on campus, and as the trainees at all age levels were now technically participants in a college classroom experience, the lawyers had evaded the questionable legal points brought in the suit. For this semester at least, the cheerleaders in training and their instructors had continuity.

The next step for the two Absolute lawyers was to petition for a discovery meeting with the other law firm in the civil cases. Through this meeting, which found Susan and Sheila the only nudes in a boardroom full of expensive business suits, several boxes of documents were turned over. It appeared ‘bury them in the bull’ was the operative working formula for the Parham lawyers. Sheila and Susan were going to try the ‘dazzle them with brilliance’ approach.

Sifting through fifty pounds of paper, Dunphy and White came across a trail of intersected interests that should explain the why of the Parham suits and also possibly sway the jury in the case as to underlying motivation. In a petition to the court and without objection from the leering Parham attorneys, Dunphy and White had the Absolute Arms and harlequin cases combined and the court date set for six weeks in the future.

Jury selection took three days. When both sides ran out of preemptive challenges, the jury seated was balanced, with six textiles and six Absolutes. As this civil trial only needed a majority of jurors to agree on a verdict, at least one juror from either camp would have to vote with the other side to carry the matter.

The three Parhams sat at their table with their lawyers gloating as each point was made by their legal team and expert witnesses and Dunphy and White simply told the judge, “No questions at this time your honor, but we reserve the right to recall the witness.”

Susan and Sheila then began presenting their case. The County Health Department inspector testified that Harlequin Cheer had passed every inspection with triple-star satisfactory ratings, the highest rating issued by his department. The state social services department and the state licensing board for business and consumer affairs sent representatives who testified that Harlequin Cheer and Absolute Arms both were fully compliant with the laws and regulations covering the doing of business on their properties.

A West Hamlin Juvenile Bureau detective from WHPD testified that she had brought her niece to Harlequin to try out for a squad, while off duty and nude, “I am a CN due to my job, your honor,” and found no inappropriate touching, no sensual or sexual activity, and nothing is done willfully or purposefully to put the children being trained in danger, “And I stay with my niece through every session, your Honor, so my observations are long term.”

Dunphy and White then called Bill Parham, who testified under oath that he was a businessman by profession. Susan began reading a list of companies. “Lorna of California, a Parham company manufacturing swimsuits and lingerie.”

Bill Parham admitted he owned that company. “Ross Lee men’s wear, for the business professional.”

Again Bill Parham admitted he owned the company. The same went for a women’s wear company, an outerwear firm, a uniform services leasing company, and three shoe manufacturers.

When Susan then asked Parham, “Isn’t it true then, sir, that you have a vested interest in keeping people clothed?” The judge had to wait a full three minutes for the laughter to subside and restore order from the bench.

Sheila did the summation, “Members of the jury, the case you are asked to render a verdict on, this day, has little to do with the laws cited and many of the alleged violations have been disproved by testimony and documentation. What this case does have at its core is simple. Can one influential and powerful family dictate the societal trends that have been accepted by and even legislated by the general public? Your verdict in favor of Mary Jerkins, Absolute Arms, and Harlequin Cheer today will spell out that our new way of living is no different in principle and has the same affirmative rights as a gay man, a lesbian, or a conservatively clothed heterosexual. We all should, and must, have the ability to live our lives as we see our normal to be and raise our families with certain freedoms to explore all possibilities. I ask you to find in favor of the defendants this day and impose the recommended penalties.”

It took the jurors four hours to tell the judge they had reached a verdict. The foreman of the jury, after handing the verdict to the judge who read the verdict into the record, “We the jury, unanimously find the suit brought against Mary Jerkins, Absolute Arms, and Harlequin Cheer to be without merit. We recommend damages be awarded to the defendants in the number of court costs, lost wages for the Harlequin staff, and all legal fees due to Dunphy and White.

“Further, we recommend punitive action against the Parham family for defamation of the character of Absolute Arms and Harlequin Cheer in the form of one hundred eighty days of enforced nudity, to begin immediately.”

The judge immediately said, “So ordered. The plaintiffs shall rise and appear before this bench and remove their clothing, each will be issued a neck chain that locks in place and has a medallion stamped with the letter ‘P’. For the next one hundred eighty days, this shall be your only legal attire. Additionally, each of you is sentenced to one hundred hours of community service, to be determined by the county probation department. These hours shall be completed in public within the one hundred eighty days of your sentences or the sentence shall be extended one day for each hour.”

The lead attorney for the Parhams immediately objected. “This is a civil case, Your Honor. You can’t impose criminal sanctions on the Parhams without a trial. They haven’t been charged, much less convicted, of any crime. And Gloria is not a named plaintiff in this suit, only her father and mother are.”

The judge snarled, “Sit down and shut up, or I’ll hold you in contempt. This is my court, and I can do as I want. If you don’t like it you can appeal. The appellant court might hear the case, but it will take longer than 180 days for them to decide it. In the meantime, my order stands and the Parhams will disrobe immediately.”

Bill Parham stripped with a glare on his face, defiant to the end. The bailiff attached his neck chain in place and Bill waited for his wife and daughter, who were crying and pleading to the court for mercy to be done with their disrobing. Lynn, stripped down to her full slip, was begging the judge to forgive her. She was told if she did not willingly comply her sentence would be doubled and a female bailiff would cut the clothing from her body. Sobbing she removed every stitch and stood facing the judge as the neck chain with the pendant was placed around her throat.

Gloria Parham stood respectfully before the judge’s bench; she had peeled off the jacket, blouse, and skirt stockings and garters and was now in bra and panties. “Your honor, I’m a college student at Saint Martin in the Fields College for women. I cannot go back to school unclothed and if I don’t return I will lose my academic credit for the year.”

She removed the bra while waiting for the judge’s reply and was sliding herself out of her panties when he spoke, “A court order demanding your reinstatement as a student while serving your probationary sentence has been issued. You shall be required to do your community service on campus under the supervision of the Mother superior of the order of nuns assigned there.” The stern reply given by the judge from the bench echoed through the room.

Gloria waited while the bailiff attached the neck chain and medallion and to the flash of photographers for newspapers, magazines, and other media accompanied her parents out of the courthouse and into the glaring daylight of existence as an enforced nudist. While as emotional as her mother on the inside, she refused to let her fear and shame show through and put on the same impassive façade as her father.

The End