**Nude Therapy - Girls’ Naked Sports**

by luv2custrip

**Nude Therapy - Girls’ Naked Sports Pt. 01**

*Goodview College introduces girl’s nude sports.*

Professor/Coach Rob Whyte was sitting behind the table in the gym next to the very athletic Milf, Professor/Coach April Leski. He kept reviewing the material that the Board of Goodview College had graciously provided him for their new Girls' Naked Sports program-- including a list of questions and suggested poses-- "once the candidates are totally nude."

He still couldn't believe it.

He and April were going to evaluate three freshman girls as well as two senior girls for the new program. "Evaluate" meant a brief interview followed by having the girls completely undress in front of them-- and then pose rather naughtily for them as well.

Rob and April were supposed to take a professional look at each girl's nude form, as well as their willingness to display every inch of their bared bodies, deciding which sport each naked coed was most qualified for.

Rob shook his head. A few months ago, hell, even a few weeks ago, he would've been fired for asking girls to completely undress; now he was getting paid for it.

America's sudden acceptance of and ultimately its obsession with Full Female Nudity started over a year ago with the Nude Therapy craze. Rob remembered at least two female professors and an assistant professor insisting on being allowed to come in and teach in the nude.

Within months, occasional "naked lady days" at work became Full Female Nude all the time. Willing women stripped it all off and kept it all off in exchange for more female execs, more promotions and more equitable pay. They even accepted scheduled groping sessions; some workplaces also required all female employees to be penetrated in a non-orgasmic "lowering onto the penis" session each and every Friday.

Women's professional sports were slow to follow America's eye-opening new fad. Then, Certified Nude zones appeared: anyone, male or female, could shop, eat and even jog clothed, nude or partially nude in designated safe areas.

Professional swim teams went nude first; even then, there was controversy. Some women with larger breasts competed wearing translucent "bra-danas," tight plastic bandanas made to squeeze down floppy breasts. Others completely shaved their pubes, claiming the lack of hair down there improved their times.

Officials clamped down: "Nude is nude." Female athletes now had to be totally stripped except for swim caps... and totally shaved. There was even a very public pubic inspection before each match. Both teams lined up naked while a usually male official manually checked between each stoically blushing girl's open legs for nothing beyond "stubble only."

Women's professional golf, tennis and volleyball were next to go naked. There were of course women who angrily quit lest they be "sexually exploited;" other women who were willing to show it all for their chance at unclothed fame and nude fortune willingly and nakedly filled in.

Colleges and universities were especially slow to follow; no "naked lady days" or enforced nudity on campus as in many other workplaces, much to Rob's regret.

Way back then, Professor Rob had been lucky enough to have had a full five uninterrupted minutes with a certain Miss Debbie Shaw, an exceptionally slender and most leggy brunette assistant professor who came in quite naked for her Nude Therapy day. She had her chair turned around and her long legs wide open in the faculty lounge as she started to explain to an entranced Rob that Nude Therapy required her to expose everything she had to at least one willing male.

Rob was more than willing.

Debbie was beet-red as she reluctantly told Rob: "I'm actually supposed to show you my clitoris; but she's a shy girl today; I don't know if I'm supposed to play with it..." when the first of eventually seven other male faculty members came in. The men forgot all about what they brought for lunch as they thoroughly enjoyed as one happy group Miss Shaw's show of all of her incredible edibles: from the enticing top of her trifold vulval slit to her cute little puckered butt hole.

It was the coeds clamoring for fair treatment who insisted that at the end of each semester Career Day become Nude Career Day. They had a right to hear about Full Female Nude workplaces from fully nude female representatives... and why couldn't they get as naked as they wanted to as well?

Rob sighed and stole more than a glance at Ms. April. She was the very definition of a mid-to-late thirties former athlete turned college coach. Too much unreal blonde hair and much too tanned skin defined her. April was still attractive, but a bit too muscular for Rob's tastes... especially those powerful legs now displayed in her short shorts. Still, she did have nice tits!

April knew that Rob had just thoroughly checked her out and had settled approvingly on her breasts; or rather, on her braless hard-button nipples almost poking through her tight "Goodview Girls" t-shirt.

April thought that, at her advanced age of thirty-eight, she was about eighteen years too old for Rob. Professor Whyte taught American History and coached girls' track and field. It was whispered that he loved the long-legged young girls who ran the track in their short shorts even more than he loved the first five Presidents.

Rob had turned his master's thesis into a "multi-ography" of the holy First Five that hit number 48 on the New York Times bestseller list eleven years ago.

It was more than whispers that Coach Whyte enjoyed each of his girls' long legs personally as he had them stand in front of him. Rob would squat or kneel down before each one and have the girl stand up on her tippy-toes and flex as he felt her leg muscles from ankles to thighs.

And even though Coach never asked, each girl eventually understood that he wanted not only their shoes and socks off, but also their shorts. Rob never went closer than a good inch or two from each girl's panty-covered crevices, and miraculously, no one had ever complained-- Coach Whyte had, in the meantime, turned a mediocre girl's team into a near-championship one.

So, his girls would obediently line up outside his office before each practice or event, their shoes and socks left in their lockers along with their shorts, as they giggled barefoot clad in nothing but their t-shirts and their pretty panties, waiting for their turn to get their legs felt up.

April-- an English Lit professor in what felt like her spare time-- coached both girls' volleyball and tennis; and she did little more than supervise a special senior girl who not only coached the girls' golf team but had actually gone semi-pro at the tender age of twenty-one. That special girl was here today to see if she had what it took to not only get naked herself but also to lead her girls nakedly forward. (Female coaches nearly always got as undressed as their girls.)

April had been a nationally-known tennis star in college; her pro career had been cut short by getting pregnant and getting married-- in that order.

At the moment, she didn't care that Coach Rob had settled on her 34Bs as her best feature. April not only knew that she was in great shape, she also knew that she had not just one but two surprises this morning that would definitely shake up Coach leg-lover.

Just then, Ashley poked her head in.

"The girls are all here... coaches."

April smiled and thanked her. Twenty-one-year-old Ashley was her special girl, though she still had to be evaluated nude this morning. That was almost a waste of time as Ashley was already working as a semi-pro golf teacher-- in the nude, at a local country club that welcomed NLPGA (Nude Ladies Professional Golf Association) events.

"Bring them in" she glanced through her folder "starting with Cassie."

Cassie was the shortest and youngest-looking of the three freshmen girls; even though they all were all born only two months apart and averaged eighteen years and three months old.

Cassie was mentally crossing not just her fingers but also every other body part she was about to display to the two coaches. Cassie had prepared in her own way, spending almost every waking minute of the last week nude at home-- which drove her father crazy:

"No, NO, NO!! Put some clothes on!" was about all she heard from him these days. Cassie took to hiding out in her room until she heard her dad had left for work. Then she'd emerge, fix her breakfast and eat silently naked while her mom tried her best to avoid saying anything.

Then, this morning, Cassie's mom surprised her. Mom was still wearing her robe after Dad had left. Her mom was gonna be late: she still worked in a "clothes-on" place and had to get dressed.

Cassie opened her mouth to say something and then her mom dropped her robe. She was as naked as Cassie. Cassie stood up as her mom walked over and hugged her tight.

"Just to show you that I believe in you, I'm here for you, and if you choose a naked life, that's your choice."

Cassie buried her head in her mom's bare shoulder and cried.

Now, she thought as she walked out and tried to give the two coaches the bravest smile that her cutesy teen-girl face could make; now, here she was. She was gonna strip naked in front of these two staring people.

Ms. April caught the pretty little dark blonde's eyes and gave her the biggest welcoming smile.

"Have a seat, Cassie. Sorry these are metal chairs. We know that's going to feel a little cold once you're... all set."

Cassie sat and kept herself from crossing her cute legs. She glanced over at Coach Rob who looked as though he was ready to eat her up.

She wondered how attractive she could be to such an older man. Cassie was still wearing junior sizes at 32A - 24 - 30. She licked her lips and tried to make eye contact with the male coach but he looked away. Was Coach Rob even more embarrassed than her?

Oh wow.

Coach April was asking her questions. No one had asked her to strip just yet. Cassie explained that she was absolutely at home in the water; she swam like a little fish.

The college had just expanded their facilities to include a competitive-level swimming pool. One of their first concessions to the female nudity craze was to allow coeds to swim nude. Cassie swore that was there stark naked "before classes and after classes. And I know that guys are looking at me. I try not to care; I just love swimming so much!"

April and Rob exchanged glances. The pool was new, as was the idea of a girls' naked competitive swim team. Neither one was an expert in the field; their job today was to assess a girl's excitement level first and then her body. A girl's excitement could dim once she understood that she had to prove to the coaches that she was comfortable exposing absolutely everything she had.

"Okay," said April, taking a breath. Coach Rob was apparently incapable of speaking. Her next act definitely wouldn't help his discomfort.

"We're going to ask you now to completely undress. But... as you undress, so shall I. I'm your female coach today, and I don't feel right, not standing-- or sitting-- naked with my girls."

Coach Rob Whyte turned to look at April, but she only had eyes for Cassie. Cassie's brown doe eyes had gone big and wide and her sweet lips were forming an "O."

Cassie stood up. April stood up. Cassie reached under her tight t-shirt at flat tummy level. April mirrored her.

Rob was watching two beautiful women intent on supporting each other as they stripped naked together.

Coach Rob Whyte was in heaven.

His gaze went back and forth; April was the first to display her bare breasts as she lifted her t-shirt up and off. All he really got was a sideview, but he did love side-views of titties of any size.

His opinion of Ms. Leski kept going up the more that her clothes were coming off. Rob figured that most women looked better naked; why had it taken thousands of years to simply make female nudity their standard uniform?

April's breasts were both round and slightly conical, which Rob loved. Conical breasts were made for sucking. Her whole poky nipple area was dark red, almost brown. He noted that she had absolutely no tan lines, which meant that she'd been getting naked over the summer. Just the thought of April lounging around bare in the sun somewhere made his cock leap.

Yes; he was liking Coach April more and more the less she wore.

Cassie held her breath. She was trying to be cool and just whisk off her tee... but of course it got caught in her unkempt mop of short hair. She looked down at herself: her breasts were small but Cassie thought they were nicely round and cute. She thought of her nipples as being hard little rosebuds surrounded by soft round petals.

She actually liked being seen topless; that way, you could see how finely muscled and firm but still soft and feminine her body was. Cassie had spent so much time naked in front of her mirror that she could-- if she had been an artist-- have drawn her naked body from memory.

April was doing fine so far. She was concentrating on leading the way for sweet little Cassie; that's what a coach should do. There was no reason to look over at Rob-- he would be staring-- that's what men did. This whole nudity thing was to finally end men's endlessly silly desperation to try to see any part of a woman's body; now, so many women were running around completely naked, pretty much everywhere. April knew that most men were still trying to process that astonishing new fact.

Coach Leski decided to speed things up by whipping off her shorts along with her panties. This was only designed as a strip because girls who went into naked sports had to get used to getting undressed in public. It was very definitely a strip; it didn't have to be a tease.

April stared at Cassie and looked down. Did she have to say it out loud? They were going to pull their shorts and their panties off all at once.

Cassie nodded and they went for it.

The girls, as one, stood up naked and proud. They turned to Coach Whyte.

Rob knew they were looking to him for some kind of guidance or leadership. It must be a natural thing for a newly naked woman in the presence of a fully-clothed man.

Coach Whyte was normally a bit reserved. His feeling-up of his leggy and short-less girls was the one time he let his absolute adoration for beautiful young women show.

He stood up and something took over.

Rob walked around the table and stood about in between April and Cassie.

"Cassie," he sighed out, "you are a very pretty and a very brave girl. Thank you so much for getting naked today. I wish I could say that was all"

(No he didn't!)

"but there are some standard poses; just to show us that you understand that you can't devote yourself fully to your chosen sport and still try to hide... certain parts of you."

"Coach April!"

She jumped in her seat. He had startled her out of some kind of state of naked-oneness with cute little Cassie.

"Why don't you come around the table and lean back about here?"

He went up to the table and demonstrated.

"It seems sturdy enough. Why don't we show Miss Cassie the first of the recommended poses?"

April tried not to roll her eyes: "we" were gonna strike curious poses??

She came around the table, very much aware that this was Rob's first opportunity to see her full frontal nude. April felt his gaze drawn down to her light brown landing strip which was like an arrow pointing to her shaved "outie" vulva. Her dark pink hood would be very visible, but then a man's eyes would be drawn to her bulging-out inner lips. Those lips traced out the final, delicate curves of flesh leading down to her always-open vaginal slit.

Coach Leski leaned her naked ass back against the table. It was cold but firm. But--she was not going to spread her legs until Coach Whyte told her to do so.

She looked back to Cassie, which seemed to have a calming effect. Women who had just stripped nude in front of a man or men did share a special, ancient bond. It didn't matter if the stripping was for entertainment or for the man or men to choose a breeding partner-- naked women shared something special together.

Cassie was biting and licking her lips; she was taking deep breaths to control her breathing. She had expected to have her own legs spread by now-- but something was going on between the two coaches. It started when Coach April stripped; now, the male had to assert his dominance.

Cassie suppressed a giggle. It was like watching a documentary about the mating habits of wild mammals. She shrugged and started spreading her cute little legs open anyway. Cassie was an innie and had to be practically spread eagle before her outer labia really opened up.

She knew what this was all about. Although network TV still pixelated everything except bare bottoms, pay cable and streaming channels that covered naked girl sports were always going for "the money shot:" a closeup of an open vagina or a butt hole. It was ridiculously juvenile and sexist, but that's why some people were watching.

Cassie, like all of the girls, had to prove that she was willing to show it all and ignore her often-obscene exposure, devoting her naked body to her chosen sport.

She was ready. She just had to wait for these two to get through their non-mating ritual.

Rob unexpectedly walked over to Cassie. He put his hand on her soft bare shoulder as he looked down between her legs.

"You are such a good girl; you're already opening up for me."

He turned to April. Somehow, instinctively, they all knew she was waiting for his commands.

"Lean back a bit, Coach Leski. That's good! Now: open up those long legs for us. Show this sweet girl how wide she has to be."

Rob watched April closely; she was now maintaining eye contact with him, and only with him. He stood behind sweet naked Cassie and put his hands on her shoulders. He could feel her tense up at first but then relax.

Both women knew that they were yielding their naked bodies to the man who was in control... and Rob was loving it.

April Leski was moving slowly but she was moving. She would part her legs wider and wider, inch by inch until the clothed male in the room told her to stop.

What was going on? She had always thought of herself as a feminist. She was not a feminist now. She was a naked woman who had just been ordered by a man to expose herself.

In her younger years, people took advantage of her brief fame. They invited her to their protest rallies, railing against this and that affront to their very womanhood. What would they think of her now: naked with her legs spread awaiting a male's further instructions?

Cassie watched in a kind of dazed amazement. April had a really "out-there" pussy: her hood was quite poky, and there was a hint of a bulging clit. Speaking of bulging, April's inner labia were sloppily bulging out. Cassie knew that men loved that look.

She leaned back into Coach Rob's strong hands. Those hands were on her upper arms now, stroking the curves of flesh that eventually flared out into her breasts.

"Don't forget to open your own legs wider," he said into her ear. "My sweet girl; oh, such a sweet girl!"

Finally both women were at their limit. Ms. Leski's eyes were boring into Mr. Whyte's.

'Enough already,' she was sending that insistent thought, 'what more can we show you?!'

Rob let out a deep breath that sounded like a sigh.

"Very good; and I sincerely mean that. Both of you were fantastic!"

He stepped in front of Cassie. She looked up to him. She hadn't had that much experience with older men, or men in general for that matter. All that she knew was-- she would do anything he asked.

"Stand up for me sweetie; for me and for Ms. April. April," he turned briefly, "you can sit back down if you're more comfortable. Turn around, Cassie; bend down and put your hands on your knees. Good girl! Now, I'm going to have to check you out between your rear cheeks. Believe it or not, this does go on-- in public-- at the start of almost every swim match."

Rob couldn't believe the power he had over this sweet little thing. Her ass was so cute and round; it was so tiny that he could practically scoop up both cheeks into one of his masculine hands.

What he did now was to separate those cheeks. He bent down and saw that her inner star was a dark reddish-brown.

Then he felt her right between her thighs, which made her barely suppress a startled yelp. He waited until she relaxed again. He cupped his hand against her vulva lightly.

"We're not going to count this against you, but I'm sure you know that you'll have to get rid of all of this peach fuzz. It looks cute on you-- you are one special girl-- but unfortunately, you'll have to shave it off."

Cassie realized she was expected to answer.

"I will! I mean... I'll shave it. I don't care-- I just want to swim!"

Rob chuckled and gave her sweet pussy a love pat.

"Good girl! You can sit down now-- unless Coach April has more questions."

April tried to keep from shaking her head. Give a milquetoast like Professor Rob the power to order a pretty girl to strip, and he suddenly turned into a slave handler.

They were both looking at her expectantly.

"Oh! No... I don't have any other questions... or poses for Miss Cassie. Why don't you go and bring in" she glanced though her folders "both Brooke and Ashley. I think things are going a little too slowly to only do one girl at a time."

Cassie got up smiling and reached for her clothes.

"Oh! Sorry dear! We'd prefer you to remain undressed for now; we're going to be bringing all of the girls back naked at the end. Just bring your clothes here" she patted the table "and leave your shoes and socks underneath. And thank you again for taking your clothes off for us; you are indeed both brave and beautiful!"