**Viola's High School Health Class**

by LittleFrieda

**Health Class Breast Exam**

As the bell for the end of class rings, the teacher Mrs Moore calls out, “OK class, turn in your test sheets as you leave. Tomorrow we will demonstrate the breast cancer self examination. All students will get an opportunity to feel normal breast tissue on our medical dummy and follow the exam procedure.

Right, on to your next class.”

As the students exit the classroom, Viola steps up to the teacher saying, “Excuse me Mrs Moore, could I - \*ahem\* - MAY I volunteer to be the breast exam model?”

Mrs Moore is taken aback by this. “(Whoaa! That is unexpected.) This is an unusual request. You understand nudity is involved? And why do you want to volunteer?”

Viola replied, “My grandmother died of cancer three years ago. My mother had a breast removed, and is currently in remission on her other breast. My oldest sister had a biopsy last month and starts treatment next week. I need all the help I can get to find any cancer early.”

Mrs Moore completely understood now. “I see. Sorry about all your troubles. Certainly you can be a model for the exams. Let me quickly describe how this works and then I will give you a permission form for your parents to sign.”

Viola had some concerns about getting a parent to agree. “On the permission form, can you stress the cancer screening part and go lightly on the nudity? My parents are conservative, but not completely out there. Taking clothes off in school won’t get me a whipping, but I’m not sure how they will react. They might refuse to sign.”

Mrs Moore reassured Viola, “Sure. I can have the form ready for you right after school. Can you come by then? OK, see you later.”

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**After school:**

Viola poked her head into the health classroom “Hello? Mrs Moore?”

Mrs Moore looked up from the papers on her desk, “Hi Viola, come in. Here is the permission form. I have made the nudity part very vague and emphasized the cancer screening. I didn’t even have to mention ‘breasts’. Bring that back tomorrow with signatures and you can start at the beginning of class.

Now let me describe the lesson plan. For this first lesson, we will be undressed up in front of the class together. I will demonstrate a self-exam on myself, then repeat the exam on you. Then I will guide you through a self-exam. Starting the next day two classmates will be selected, one boy and one girl, to do a practice session on you. Every day after that, you undress and the class will start with a boy getting exam experience on you, followed by the normal daily lesson, and ends with a different girl getting experience, going through the roster until all students have had a practice session.”

Viola asked, “What happens after the last student? Can the exams keep going every day for the rest of the year? I really don’t want to get cancer.”

Again, Mrs Moore’s expectations were wildly exceeded. “Viola, you continue to surprise me. First you volunteered. We had a heck-ava-time getting anyone to be a model for this health class since it started ten years ago. Past complaints from girls that MIGHT have considered doing this are that there are a small few number of boys that they Do Not Want anywhere near them, much less anything involving touching. Your stepping up and volunteering is a blessing for me, thanks.”

Viola replied, “I have been preoccupied with family health issues, so don’t have any enemies in school.”

Mrs Moore said, “That’s, I hate to say ‘great’, but let’s instead say fortunate. Sort of. Even that’s not a great word. And of course we can keep the exams going until the school year is over. That is not a problem. So the process will be, undress, Boy Exam, the class, and finish with Girl Exam.

See you tomorrow.”

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**Day 1:**

After the bell starts the class, Mrs Moore announces “Class, let’s get started. Today we will begin learning about various forms of cancers and how to detect them. For the boys, we will finish the semester with mouth-tongue-throat cancer from chewing tobacco. But first, to keep you kids from falling asleep until then we will start with breast cancer and how to do a self-exam.”

This last bit got everyone's attention. Mrs Moore told the class. “This year we have a volunteer for a live demonstration. Viola, please come up here and introduce yourself.”

Viola shyly told the class, “Hi. My name is Viola. I asked to be up here because my family has a history of breast cancer. I need help to detect it early.”

Mrs Moore then got right into the plan for the class, “Thank you Viola. Now class, later Viola will distribute handouts so you don’t have to write down this lecture …” She went into a quick overview of breast cancer history, detection, and procedures to cure it.

Mrs Moore continued, “Let’s get started on the exams. First I will demonstrate on myself how to do a self-exam, and then I will help Viola do a self-exam. Following that, one boy will do a practice exam on Viola. Near the end of class, a girl will do a practice exam on Viola.”

With a quick glance at Viola to see how she is holding up, Mrs Moore said “Let’s get started.”

Her attention back to the class, Mrs Moore begins the exam by taking off her shirt. As she then takes off her bra, she tells Viola to disrobe. Standing topless and at ease in front of the class, Mrs Moore begins what the boys think is the exceptionally interesting portion of the lecture. She glances at Viola and sees her start to unbutton her shirt.

Continuing with the instruction Mrs Moore says, “Now class, especially you boys, I am 47 so my breasts have lost much of the strong connective tissue that keep you young girls perky. By my age they noticeably sag whereas Viola’s breasts are higher up on her chest. Also the fatty deposits that make my breasts fill out have started to melt away, so my breasts are soft and jiggly, while Viola has breasts that are far more spongy and bouncy.

In addition, I have had two children, and pregnancy will change the composition of breast tissues.”

Mrs Moore looks over at Viola, surprised that she is now completely nude. “(Today is about breasts, she should have known she could stop at topless. I guess my ‘disrobe’ instruction was too vague and Viola simply went all in. Oh well, up to her.)”

Mrs Moore continued with the class, “So here is how to do a breast exam. Viola, please follow along on yourself.”

The exam demonstration went through all the paces, places, and procedures, going all over the breast in ever widening circles to test everywhere.

The teacher ended her self-exam with, “And that is the basic breast self-exam. Viola, let me help you through an exam session now.”

Mrs Moore stayed topless as she instructs and guides Viola through a self-exam, occasionally using her own breast as an example, or to show differences caused by age.

Mrs Moore finished up the class with “That is the end of your practice session, Viola. Class, there is not enough time for more of this, so Viola, could you please distribute these handouts? Each student gets one from each pile. Thank you.”

Once again, the teacher is completely surprised by Viola. Instead of getting dressed first, she took the handouts and walked nude up and down the rows of desks, spending several seconds at each desk as she picked papers from each pile. As she finished with the last desk, the end of class bell rang. MsTeachHealth asked Viola to stay behind for a short talk.

“Viola, tomorrow will start the hands-on exam that you want. When you come in, please prepare yourself right away so we can start quickly. I will select Peter to be the first boy, as he is extremely, painfully shy. He might be reluctant to touch you, even if you tell him it's ok. So when he brings up his hand for the exam, if he stops, I need you to gently grab that hand and place it on your breast. You might even have to spread his fingers out and push on them to get his fingers moving with the correct pressure on your breast tissue. Is that ok? Good. When Peter is all done, call out his name and say a Thank You, then give him a sweet smile. That’s it for today. On to your next class.”

Viola brought up a problem. “My next class is gym. Do I have time to get there?”

“If you go right now, yes. Go pick up your books, I’ll get your clothes.”

As they converge back at the classroom door, Viola holds out her stack of books and Mrs Moore places her clothes on top. Viola then peeks out into the hallway, looking to see if the coast is clear, and dashes off toward the gym.

Bewildered, Mrs Moore thinks “(??? I meant she had time if she got dressed first. Why did she rush off nude?)”

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**Day 2:**

Mrs Moore is standing outside her classroom, in the hall, discussing some issue with another teacher. It takes about a minute after the starting bell rings for her to finish up and enter the classroom. She sees that Viola has followed instructions from yesterday, to be prepared for a quick start to the lesson, and has already taken off all her clothes and is standing in front of the class. Once again she is pleasantly surprised by her over enthusiasm, getting nude instead of simply topless. “(Extra credits for that young lady.)”

“Ok class, as I mentioned yesterday, every class from now on will start with a boy getting a hands on lesson for giving a woman a breast cancer exam, and the class will end with a girl getting a practice session with Viola. This will continue until all students have been through this lesson. After that, any girl that wants a personal self-exam instruction session up here, you can see me then. But this will be a serious exam lesson, don’t do this simply for the chance to get naked.”

Mrs Moore sees two girls react with looks of disappointment, so she rolls her eyes and adds, “Let me rephrase that. No matter what your motivation, it will involve a serious exam lesson, and graded as such.

OK, let’s get started with the boy’s part of doing a breast exam. Peter! You are the lucky guy and will go first. Please come up to the front. The first thing for this exam is to show you what a lump feels like.”

Mrs Moore unbuttons her blouse once again and removes her bra, standing facing the class. Pointing to Peter she instructs, “Come stand here on my right and give me your right hand.”

She takes his hand and splays out his fingers. Placing his hand precisely on her breast below her nipple, she pressed his fingers in and moved them in a small circle.

“You should be able to feel a small hard lump under your fingers. I have a cyst, or a non-cancerous lump. This is the safe version of a lump, but anything like this needs to be looked at by a doctor. Each of you students will start your examination in the following days on me, and then search Viola’s breast for this type of lump.”

Many boys in the class quickly understood her to say “I’m getting topless every day!”

She let Peter’s hand drop back to his side.

“Now Peter, time for the exam of Viola. Viola, you stand right here, and Peter … get close behind her left shoulder. No, closer. Close enough that you are touching her back and side with your chest. Viola, let your arms fall straight down, and Peter you should be pretty close to rubbing her arm. Good.” Mrs Moore guided Peter into position and when she was satisfied, “Yes, that’s good.”

“Now Peter, you need to put your right hand somewhere, as it will be at loose ends for this procedure. Reach up your right hand round her back and rest it on Viola’s right shoulder. Yes, just like that.”

Viola is standing still and calm with Peter getting into position beside her. “(He is shivering. Must be nervous as hell. I like that, at least he won’t hurt me.)”

Mrs Moore goes on to the next step. “Peter, now put your left hand on Viola’s left breast.”

Peter raises his arm out and pauses, then is barely able to warble out a whisper to Viola “Is it really OK? To touch?”

Viola whispers back “Yes Peter, you can touch me.” She then catches his left hand and guides it gently onto her breast. With yesterday’s advice from Mrs Moore she spreads out his finger pads on her nipple and into the starting position. To show it really, really is OK to touch, Viola keeps her hand on top of his so that it won’t drift away. To push things even FURTHER, she very slowly and almost imperceptibly presses his hand into her breast and then lets up. Three seconds of pressing inward, followed by three seconds of letting up. Three seconds press, three seconds relax. Embedded in all this, Viola subtly moves one of his fingers across her nipple every time, every three seconds. Peter’s uneven breathing and stronger trembling told Viola that he was getting the message Loud And Clear. Viola happily gets her own little rush from Peter’s fingers.

This continues as Mrs Moore is giving her spiel before the exam. “There are four parts to this exam. Left breast, right breast, each with arms up and arms down. As I demonstrated yesterday on myself.”

At the end of Part-One-Of-Four, Mrs Moore announced, “Good, we are done with part one. Peter, did you feel any lumps in Viola’s breast like you did in mine? No? Good, or we would have to rush Viola to an Urgent Care Clinic. It can be difficult to feel lumps in a teen breast with firm tissue, so don’t try to go too fast. Now let’s do the other breast, the right one. Peter, step up a little and turn into Viola. Get very close because you will have to reach your left hand across to her right breast.”

Viola feels Peter moving around, but he does not close in. He goes left, right, leans over … “(Why is he staying so far out? Ahh, I bet he has a boner and is too embarrassed to push it into my hip.)” She uses her left hand to reach around Peter’s back to pull and draw him in.

Viola whispers “It’s really OK, Peter. I understand. Stand straight and tall and press in. Yeah, that’s the way. You can touch me, I want to touch you. I even LIKE it.”

One again Viola gives Peter a confidence building ego boost by hugging him in with her left arm and subtly shifting her legs a few times, giving her hip a gentle rub on his erection. She then turns her face to him with a big smile.

When Peter completed the other three exams, Mrs Moore said, “Well done you two. Peter, before you sit down, tell the class what you were looking for in the exam, what you found, and then take some questions from the class.”

While Peter talked about what he had done and where he felt every little sensation change in Viola’s breast, Mrs Moore pulled Viola aside and quietly spoke. “I saw what you did with Peter, with the hand and then with the leg.”

Voila was embarrassed at getting caught. “Oh, you saw? I was hoping to be more cagey than that. Sorry.”

“Don’t be. It was a good thing you did for Peter. I need to thank YOU. If you really like Peter, give him a hug before he sits down. You can give him a smile or a hug, your choice. You can hold him until the ending bell if you want. Well, let's get back to our positions and wind this down.”

Mrs Moore cranked up her Teacher voice telling the class, “Right! We need to wrap this up. Peter, thank Viola for her gracious help with the exercise. And class, please fill out the forms that are on your desks.”

Peter turned his back to the class and faced Viola. “Thank you Viola. It was great to get this instruction with you.”

Viola took a sneak peek at Peter’s crotch and saw that his hardon had not gone down, so she quickly scooted over to Peter and opened her arms in a clear invitation for a hug. Peter’s abject surprise didn’t stop him from opening his arms, but he was still too wound up from touching her to move his feet. For the hug he tried the same type of distant hug as for the second exam. Peter bent slightly at the waist and leaned into Viola.

Viola would have none of that, whispering into his ear while patting his butt “Stand up straight. I want a proper hug. A bear hug.”

As Peter straightened up and pressed in, Viola could feel his hardon against her tummy. Usually there is an ordinary amount of time to hold a hug, but Viola was determined that she would not be the first to let go. She snuggled her face into Peter’s neck, using her hands to knead his back as her arms clamped around him. She could feel his erection throb every time she shifted her feet, then felt him calm it down a bit. “(I wonder if feeling his boner through pants makes it seem bigger? Or do pants make it seem smaller?)” Viola was blissing out that she had this kind of power over a boy.

Peter did not have the social sense to know when to stop. Besides, getting his hands on Viola’s bare back felt too delightfully good to want to stop. He was so enthralled by hugging a naked girl, her body heat, the smell of her hair, the silky touch of her skin, that he could not let go. So the hug went on for minutes. He especially loved the time pressing his erection into Viola.

Viola whispered to him, “This is why us girls like to dance. Will you dance with me again soon?”

When Peter heard this he was overcome with emotion. He started trembling again and leaned his head onto hers. Viola heard his breathing go irregular, then a very quiet whimper. “(Lordy! Is he starting to cry? I need to help him. Where are some tissues?)”

Eventually Mrs Moore needed to break up the hug. “Well, thank you Peter. It's time to sit down.”

Although Peter was resigned to let go and end the hug, Viola squeezed him in tighter and whispered in his ear “Start coughing.” Peter was still in a mental state where he couldn’t speak and could only sigh out a soft “Huh?” Viola whispered again “You need to cough. Fake a cough, but start coughing NOW. Gentle ones.”

So Peter began coughing as instructed, fake gentle coughs. Viola rushed over to the teacher’s desk and grabbed the box of tissues.

Viola told him, loud enough for the class to hear, “Here, Peter. Cough into these.” Then in a quiet whisper, “And dry your eyes. I know the guys in this class, they're ALL dickheads. If they catch you crying they’ll razz you to the end of time. Now cough a bit more.”

Back to a normal voice, “Here are some more tissues.”

Soon Peter was able to turn around and take his seat without raising any suspicions. He was also blown away by the enthusiastic round of applause from the whole class. Even the dickheads that were in reach leaned over to pat his back with attaboys.

Mrs Moore said it was too late for the girl portion of the exam, but tomorrow’s process will go faster and will be conducted then. Turning to Viola she said, “Viola, here are some handouts for tomorrow’s class. Please give them to everyone as they leave. It will be on washing, HAND washing. I know some of you boys still don’t do a good job. ‘Rona has been beat down but it and the flu are still lurking out there.”

The ending bell rang just then, so Viola had to stand naked by the door passing out the papers. When everyone else was out, Mrs Moore put Viola’s folded clothes on top of her books and waved her out to the next class. Then she put her own blouse back on.

Mrs Moore said to herself, “(Damn, that Viola is one sharp cookie. She thinks fast and had the good grace to save Peter’s soul at the end. More bonus points for her.)”

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**Day 3**

As the Health class starts, Viola takes off her clothes and goes to the front of the class. Mrs Moore selects a male student, Harold, to practice a breast examination. As he gets up from his desk and walks to the front, Mrs Moore unbuttons her blouse once again. After folding her blouse and bra, she asks him to give her his hand.

Harold steps over to the topless teacher and reaches his hand out. Mrs Moore takes hold of it and guides his fingers to feel the cyst inside her breast. To speed things up Mrs Moore only conducts this part of the exam on herself, but stays topless as he is then led over to Viola to do a full practice session, going through the whole procedure.

Since this is the second time for a boy to go through the exercise, it went much faster.

Mrs Moore finishes up the boy’s session with Viola, “Well, we finally have time to go through a normal lesson. As you remember from last class, today we will go over hand washing.”

All the boys were ecstatic that the teacher did not dress back up and Viola stayed naked. Over the next few days, it became the routine in that class. The teacher is topless and Viola is nude for the whole class. The boys figured that this was simply bridging the time between boy practice at the start of class, and the girl practice at the end. Mrs Moore rationalized it was because inadequate air conditioning made wearing a shirt uncomfortably warm, and needed to be undressed anyway for the breast exams. But she could not admit to herself that those were just excuses and she simply enjoyed the raunchy freedom.

**Viola's High School Swimming Class**

by LittleFrieda

**Day 1 - T-fronts**

At the end of Health class, Mrs Moore told Viola, “If you go right now, yes you can make it to the gym. Go pick up your books, I’ll get your clothes.”

As they converge back at the classroom door, Viola holds out her stack of books and Mrs Moore places her clothes on top. Viola then peeks out into the hallway, looking to see if the coast is clear, and dashes off toward the gym.

As viola goes around the bend, Mrs Moore wonders, “(??? I meant she had time if she got dressed first. Why did she rush off naked like that?)”

Viola saw that while the hall was not entirely empty, the stragglers were all walking away, which made a dash to the gym somewhat safer. She scooted over to the stairwell, paused for a quick listen and when she didn’t hear any sounds, took the steps down two at a time. Now on the ground floor she mapped out what should be the least used path over to her destination.

She was at the final door before she would need to cross a short open space into the girls locker rooms, when her friend Nora called out, “Viola! What are you doing? Trying to bring back streaking? It's been years since anyone tried that.”

Viola gave out a panicked gasp, turned around, and saw that it was only her friend, straggling alone to the gym.

Viola eeked out, “Nora! You scared me. No, I’m not doing a streak, not a deliberate one anyway. I was late getting away from my last class. I was the model for a breast self-exam session.”

Nora suspiciously asked, “And you had to get all the way naked for a breast exam? You didn’t stop at topless?”

“I don’t know. The teacher simply said ‘disrobe’, so I just assumed it should be all the way. Let's step up the pace here, or we will be late for gym … or someone will catch me.”

“Are you going to stay naked for gym class?” Nora asked. “Don’t we start swimming lessons today? You might be dressed for it, especially since this first day will be all girls. You passed the lifeguard class last summer, didn’t you?”

“Yeah,” Viola confirmed. “And now I have to be a helper for this swim class. Stay naked? I don’t think so, even though the teacher said we can bring our own suits, as if this was a suit.

Bahhh. There goes the bell. Now we are officially late. My door is right up there, and I need to make a dash across this open space and meet up with the Coach.”

Nora let her friend go with “OK, I’ll see you at the pool.”

Nora was able to be fashionably late into the girl’s lockers, but she made up time by a quick change into her suit. Viola needed to go directly to Coach Chambers so she did not have an opportunity to dump her books in her locker and put on the swimsuit.

Coach Chambers saw her enter. “Oh, there you are Viola. \*Eurp\* Why are you naked?”

Viola told her, “I was a model in the Health Class and Mrs Moore kept me a few extra minutes.”

Coach Chambers acknowledged, “I see. Well, here’s a towel. Wrap up in that and go collect the girls. I can store your stuff here in the office.”

Viola was surprised by this. “What about my suit?”

Coach replied, “No time for that. This first swim class will be all girls so you don’t need the suit today. We get our precious pool time by the gracious generosity of the college, and we’re losing time at the pool right now. We need to get moving.”

Viola peered out the door of the coach’s office to check for males that might be around. Coach put an immediate stop to that. “No time to dilly-dally. There’s no boys out there and any men are married and have seen it all before. So suck it up and march, pronto.”

Viola quickly scooted into the girls’ locker area, blew her whistle, and called them all to attention. “All right ladies, finish changing into swim outfits and move out into the gym. We need you lined up for roll call. Our swim time is limited so please hurry!”

The city, county, and state had given up trying to outlaw thongs a few years ago. So when the girls walked across the quad to the pool, most wore thongs. With towels around their shoulders or around their hips, any boys that saw that marching parade would see normal beach attire, which after all would be acceptable on an evening TV show. A boy would only get excited if his sweetheart was in the mob. As the girls enter the pool area, they bunch up at the water’s edge.

Coach Chambers announced, “Alright girls, drop the towels on a bench and line up on the pool edge at the shallow end. No Kathy, the other shallow end. Good. Now raise your hand when your name is called out. Then climb down gently into the water and we can get started with the lesson. …”

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About 10 minutes into the lesson, Coach Chambers suddenly twigged on something that had been tickling her subconscious since the girls lined up at the pool.

Coach called out two of the girls, “Lydia! Theresa! Get up out of the pool and come over here. … What are you wearing?”

The girls replied, “These are our bikinis, well, thongs. The handout for this class said we should bring them from home. There weren't any other instructions about them.”

Unsatisfied with that answer, Coach wanted more information. “Yeah, well, where did you get these things? And what style is that called?”

“We bought these in Santa Monica this summer. Our grandma invited us down for a month.”

Coach thought to herself, “(I see that they deliberately avoided the question about the style name.)” And ordered, “Twirl around slowly. I see the thong style in the back, and the fabric around your hips is about 2 or 3 inches, like a wide belt. Face me and pull the suit up and let me see. … That's it? That’s the bottom? Just a half-inch wide strap? It dives completely between your kitty lips. Is that really a thing over in Santa Monica?”

“Yes ma’am, we bought it at a beachfront bikini kiosk. It's called a T-Front thong. Grandma says it's no different from cleavage, or what a thong shows in the back. It just happens in the front too.”

Coach sighed. “Is that really better than simply going nude like Viola? Well, if you are comfortable in it, OK. But be warned, there will be boys in this class starting tomorrow. Right! Back to the lesson everyone.”

With that some of the girls think, “(We can go nude like Viola? Have to try that someday.)”

All the girls had been watching this exchange. Deep down they already guessed that thongs were acceptable, but this absolutely confirmed it. And now the girls knew that a T-Front would not get them kicked out and sent home. After the class and back in the showers there was some discussion about this new fashion trend.

Ivy said to her friend Tracy, “Did you see that T-Front? I want one.”

Tracy replied, “Yeah, me too. Too bad it will take weeks to order and ship. I want it tomorrow.”

“Oh wait! I have a g-string bikini.” Ivy realized. “You do too, right? Tonight I’m going to see if wearing it backwards will work. Maybe we already have a T-Front!”

Tracy wondered, “Are you ready for boys to see that? We better shave smooth tonight.”

**Day 2**

Viola left the Health Class for the second time without an opportunity to get dressed. She was not so late on this day, so there were more students in the halls. But being close to the class start bell, anyone that saw her had no time to chat or ask why. They could only note the event as they scurried to their next room.

Once again Viola is nude when she enters the gym and meets Coach Chambers at her office.

Coach Chambers asked her, “Naked again today? OK, no problem. Put your books in my office so I can lock it.”

Viola thinks, “(This is not what I had in mind, but yesterday was not so bad. Won’t there be boys with us today? And Coach is good with that?)”

Swim class this second day had the same 2 girls with their T-Front thongs from California, and 3 other girls were wearing g-strings turned around. This time, for these 3 new girls lined up at the pool, there was no fabric to distract or obscure that there was only a string going deep between the pussy lips.

Ivy whispered to Tracy, “Look at Marcy! And those two! We picked up some friends.”

Coach Chambers looked around at her students. “(Oh geez, Those girls and their ‘cleavage’. Well, I did warn them that boys will be here today. Last year there were at least a few ‘bikini’ bottoms. This year it’s all ‘thongs’ or worse.)" " Now that we have done attendance, it's time to let the boys in here. Viola, please go open the door.”

As Viola opened the door, she stood behind it. It was a lazy attempt to hide from the boys eyes, and it worked for a while. The door closed behind the last one, but none of them looked back at her. The boys marched in with their coach and were led to line up across some benches from the girls, so that Coach Chambers and Coach Richards could walk up and down between them. As the boys take their positions, they have a short time to look over at the girls. Many smiles pop up on their faces, and boners in their shorts as they become aware of what some of the girls are wearing. By this time, Viola has slowly walked around behind the boys to stand behind Coach Richards. As the boys’ Coach looks back at Viola he makes a determined effort to keep his smile at a professional level. Then looking at the other girls he is mildly shocked that five of them have elected to wear the T-Front fashion.

Most boys are torn between staring at the T-Front girls and staring at Viola. It quickly becomes an easy decision as Viola is standing behind Coach Richards and he glares back at the boys. The best way for the boys to not get their coach’s glare is to look across at the other girls, which they happily do.

Coach Richards walks down the line of girls and stops in front of Ivy. “That thong does not wear like the ones I remember from my youth. Is it on backwards?”

Ivy reaches to the back waistband for the garment tag. It’s not there so she runs her fingers in front and finds it. “Yeah, I guess it is.”

Coach Richards asked her, “Do you want to fix that?”

Ivy gives a quick embarrassed and guilty look, because she got caught, then grabs the thong and pulls the fabric down a very short way. She stops abruptly as she looks at all the boys staring at her, waiting for her to strip naked for the change. “No sir, I will leave it like this.”

The slight movement of the thong has caused the central strap to go partially akimbo. As the strap comes around from her back to the front, it emerges halfway up her kitty and bends off to the side. This leaves almost an inch of the top of her slit visible.

Coach Richards moves on to Tracy. “Are you really aware of how that thong looks on you?”

“Yes sir. I know. We all know. Every girl that keeps up with beach fashion knows and is only waiting for an opportunity to wear it.”

The girls’ coach comes up to Ivy and quietly says. “Adjust your front. It has gone off to the side.”

Not quiet enough because all the boys look over at Ivy and watch as she pulls the strap away from her pussy and plants it in the middle. She presses her finger along the length to be sure of its location and then pulls the waist of the thong up taught, forcing that strap to sink into her slit and disappear.

Coach Chambers is astonished when she sees this. “(Wow! She is standing there like it’s like no big deal for her. Maybe that fashion IS real. I remember the outrage when thongs became popular.)” “All you girls, anyone wearing this new fashion needs to keep their thong extra clean. You absolutely do not want to start a fungus colony up there. Is that clear?”

All the girls called out “Yes ma’am.” And all the boys thought “(I’m glad mum forced me to sign up for this class. It’s going to be a FUN year.)”

**Day 3**

Once again Viola left the Health class without getting dressed. This time she actually had plenty of time and made the walk to the gym calmly, accompanied by her friend Nora. The path over there does not see any heavy traffic so there was nobody to stop her and wonder what’s going on. After a pleasant chat with her friend, they split and went their separate ways. Nora went to her locker room and Viola went to the teacher’s office.

Coach Chambers was mildly concerned about Viola’s class schedule. “Viola, this is the third day you have come here nude. Should I have a talk with Mrs Moore about keeping you so late?”

“No thanks, ma’am. I am getting used to this. I don’t have to walk through any crowds, so nobody points and stares. Also I think my clothes are giving me itchies. At home we changed to those laundry pod things. Maybe the new detergent formula is doing this.”

“Anyone else in your family have this problem?”

Viola replied, “No, just me. But frankly, until that is sorted out, not wearing clothes is kinda a relief. When I get home I have to take a super hot shower to stop the pain.”

“I see. I hope you get that problem solved soon.”

**November Diving 1**

At the start of November the swim class turned into a diving class. Coach Chambers was in charge of this, not Coach Richards, since she won some regional medals for the 10 meter platform, back in the day. Viola still attended nude, as she and the class had gotten used to it all. The extra time not taken up with suiting up or off let her be more relaxed as an assistant.

“Alright students, make a line starting here and snaking back toward the wall." Coach Chambers commanded. "I want boys on my left and girls on my right. Space yourselves out so that each girl matches up with a boy.

Good. Now the first boy-girl pair, go get up on the springboard. This first step is not even a dive. Just jump in the water straight, feet first. The trick is that you both have to go in together. The closer you get to hitting the water at exactly the same time, the better your grade will be.

Viola, you and Larry are at the head of the line so you two are first. Larry: Viola is the captain of your ‘team’. She has already done this in practice at the swim club, so she is in charge. Viola will do the countdown and you jump when she says ‘jump’.”

The first try for a paired jump was perfectly awful, and this was expected. When the two were out of the water and back on the pool deck, Coach Chambers explained to the entire class what went wrong. “Larry, you jumped late. Don’t wait for Viola to say ‘jump’. It takes a second and a half for your brain to respond to a jump command, which puts you off the mark. Her job is to set the pace of three-two-one-jump so that you can jump when you THINK she's gonna say ‘jump’. If Viola messes up the timing, that’s HER fault. You will still have jumped when you should.

Also your style was a complete mess. Your arms and legs went all over the place. You have to drop down like a stick, straight up and down, legs straight and closed, arms straight and down at your side.

If you do a bad jump off the 10 meter platform … Despite your whole life experience with water, it can be HARD. The surface tension of the water makes it worse the faster you go. Go splat on the water wrong from 10 meters up and we take you to the hospital. Everyone that survived jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge missed the water and hit the mud flats instead.

Viola and Larry, go do one more try.” Viola promptly started moving toward the diving board ladder.

Larry dithered, wiping a sharp fleck of dirt off the bottom of his foot. This was only a ruse on his part as he wanted to follow Viola up and watch her ass. He reached the little platform at the top right behind Viola, giving her naked butt a gentle pat before they split for their individual springboards, “For good luck.” he said with a smile.

Viola flinched at this invasion of her personal space, giving Larry a scowl back. Out at the end of the board, this time Larry jumped exactly on the mark. However his form needed much more practice, but that’s why it takes so long to become good.

**November Diving 2**

Viola endured two weeks of having Larry as her partner. Always when they dove, springboard or platform, he always went up the ladder behind her. Larry had become very creative at finding ways to delay and make sure she went up first. And always he gave her naked butt a soft pat, “For luck.”

Finally Viola had enough of the antics and after the class, requested that Coach Chambers give her a new partner. When her friend Nora saw the change the next day, she could not believe ANYONE would give up Larry. Catching up with Viola after school she got into a conversation about that.

“Hey Viola, what’s up with your partner? Why did you change?”

Viola explained, “Every time we dove the creep kept slapping my ass.”

Nora, “What? THAT’S the reason? He’s a HUNK. He can spank my butt anytime.”

Viola replied, “You can have him. I hear he’ll be up for grabs tomorrow. And have you seen his grades? If they go any lower he’ll have to ride the short bus home.”

“Hey, don’t disrespect those guys. My cousin is in that Special Ed class.”

With some sympathy Viola replied, “I know. I don’t mean to insult them. They got dealt a bad hand in life and they are earnestly trying their best.” With her voice picking up some irritation, “Larry on the other hand is just drifting along and wasting his talents. I know he isn’t stupid, he picks up diving lessons as if he were born for the sport. He just doesn’t try.”

“Well, he’s still a hunk.” Viola insisted. “Who will you pick as a new partner?”

“Peter.”

“Really? Peter? He’s such a nerd! Why him?" Nora asked. "He’s on track to be tagged as Quietest Boy in the school yearbook.”

“Now, don’t go disrespecting my choice.” Viola chided. “Yeah, he is quiet and awkward. I think his brain short circuits when he has to speak without being very prepared. He won’t be a rocket scientist, or save the world, but he’s a nice sweet guy. Have you ever talked to him?”

“No, why would I do that? He looks so boring.”

Viola informed her friend, “Everyone has a story, you just have to listen. His uncle owns a horse farm. Peter invited me out there next weekend for a horseback ride. We’ll go out a couple of hours, have a picnic, and come back. You want me to get you an invite?”

Nora’s eyes are BIG by this time. “A horse ride? I LOVE horses. Of course I want to go. And how did you wrangle an invitation?”

“I chatted with him in Health Class and Swimming, sounded out what he likes, and subtly pushed his buttons. Well, here’s what you have to do.” Viola laid down some rules. “First, tomorrow in diving class, forget the suit. Go naked. Peter likes that.”

With some outrage Nora objected. “Is that how you got the invitation? Got naked for him? Now you want Peter to perv on me?”

“It’s not Peter you have to worry about.” Viola replied. “Larry on the other hand would, and will, perv on you. Peter will admire you with a lot more discretion, and from a distance. And no, just taking my clothes off didn’t do it. I was nice to him, when so few others in the class were.

If you want an invitation to a horse ride you need to do what I did. Getting naked only gets his attention. You have to smile at him, talk to him, in order to get beyond his brick wall.

If I see you get him to smile with you, I’ll get you that invite.”