**Stripped For Florida: Cathy and Jenn**

By Willie B.  
    
**Part 1**    
"Let's go to Florida."   
    
"Where'd that come from?"   
    
"I don't know. It's warm -- maybe I wouldn't have to wear clothes."   
    
"You're not wearing any now."   
    
The girls were indeed naked, lounging on Cathy's bed.    
    
"I mean not ever," Jenn clarified.   
    
Cathy let out a burst of laughter.  "Shit, Jenn, you'll get us both arrested." She let her eyes soften and looked at her friend with more compassion. "I know."   
    
Ohio was not a bastion of love and tolerance.  Not in this day and age.    
    
"Do you think this stuff could be true?" Jenn pointed at the page on her Kindle.   
    
"Watcha reading?"   
    
"Some guy from Florida. Writes stories about naked kids and shit. He's got all these boys in love with each other, or boys and girls. They do crazy things in public like kiss and make out and fuck."   
    
Cathy leaned over to peer at the screen, her breasts grazing the soft skin of Jenn's back.  "Nothing about girls?"   
    
"Nah, waddya expect.  His name is Willie B Florida.  Jeez, what an obviously fake name.  He's probably some old geezer. I'm sure he has no idea what two girls can do with each other."   
    
There was a knock on the door.  After a moment Cathy's mom stuck her head in.  "Almost time for dinner, girls."   
    
"I shouldn't be complaining, I really shouldn't," Jenn sighed and examined her left foot. "Your mom is so wonderful. Do you know how unusual your family is?"   
    
Cathy nodded.  She knew.    
    
"I mean it's practically illegal to be homosexual in this state -- illegal!"   
    
"Well, not exactly . . . "   
    
"As long as you don't say anything, ever, to anyone . . . at least in public."   
    
The two girls stared into their blank future.  It was against the law to mention anything about homosexuality in Ohio unless it was to condemn it. Don't ask, don't tell had expanded to include all persons.  Cathy and Jenn were friends, that was all.  They could never claim to be the lovers they were, the partners they hoped to be.   
    
"Do you think it's true?"   
    
What, the blank future? Cathy was quite sure about that part.  "Is what true?"   
    
"Those stupid stories by some nut who calls himself Willie."  Shit, what a stupid name, Willie!  Of course he doesn't write about girls. Out loud Jenn laughed bitterly, "no willies involved."   
    
"What in the world are you babbling about?"   
    
"Never mind," Jenn lifted her foot in the air and stared up at it from her prone position on the bed.  "Do you think we could kiss on the beach in Florida?"   
    
"How would we get to Florida?!" Cathy exclaimed more than asked.   
    
"I don't know, but if we did kiss on a beach in Florida do you think anyone would mind.  I mean all those naked kids and all . . . "   
    
"You mean kids in Florida don't wear clothes?"   
    
"Every stupid tourist who goes to Florida gets sucked into that racket.  You've heard the stories: pay to strip your kid, pay to have your kid tattooed, pay to have your kid pierced.  Even with all the internet censorship we know about that."   
    
"Now you say it's a racket?" Cathy protested.  "I thought you wanted to go to Florida to get naked."   
    
"Yeah, that would be nice -- I hate clothes," Jenn laughed, "especially when you're around."   
    
"Girls," Cathy's mom called, "Dinner!"   
    
"Yeah, naked," Jenn confirmed.  "But, what I really wonder is do you think two girls could just be normal in Florida? Like, really normal?"   
    
"Only one way to find out," Cathy murmured as they left her room and headed for the kitchen.   
    
Cathy's mom bustled about the kitchen, huge oven mitts on her hands.  She pulled out a steaming vegetable pot pie and placed it on a cast iron trivet in the middle of the heavy wood table that was the centerpiece of the old fashioned country kitchen.  There was salad in a wooden bowl, a large metal shaker with larger than usual holes, and a pitcher of ice tea.  Jenn knew the shaker was filled with nutritional yeast, a condiment for which she had not yet gained a true appreciation.  The screen door was open to Ohio summer and a breeze blew in from the fields that surrounded the old farmhouse.  Isolation and a mother with Hippie leanings accounted for the unusually tolerant Smith household.   
    
Jenn had asked Cathy's mom about the Hippie thing.  "How'd you turn out so cool, anyway?  I thought the Hippies were back in the '60s or something."  That time seemed so anciently prior to her own birth that she couldn't imagine anyone from that long ago still being alive.    
    
"Well, 1970s mostly, to tell the truth.  But I grew up in Yellow Springs -- Antioch and all that -- so the era lived on much longer.  Certainly as a teen and young woman I was surrounded by the genuine article."   
    
Whatever the explanation, Jenn was certainly happy about it.  Where else would she be allowed to flaunt it all: her body, her attraction to this amazing woman's wonderful daughter, the openness about their love.  She even let them "sleep" together, and they didn't have to hide the euphemism.  They were definitely sexual lovers.  Most 16 year old girls would never have this chance -- in Ohio, or, she feared, anywhere else for that matter.   
    
"Mom," Cathy said, her voice clearly announcing a new subject, "Jenn and I want to see what it's like in Florida."   
    
Jenn waited for Cathy's mom to explode, the way her mom and dad did whenever she introduced anything she cared about.  She lowered her head in anticipation of the blast.   
    
"When are you planning on leaving?" Cathy's mom replied, as calmly as if she were asking when they had to get up to catch the school bus.   
    
Cathy shrugged and looked at Jenn.  Jenn had no idea what to say?  How would they ever get to Florida?   
    
"Um, I'm not really sure we know how to get there," Jenn admitted.   
    
"They used to have the Green Tortoise, and a couple of other vans and converted school buses like that," her mom said, placing her fingertips together thoughtfully and looking up at the ceiling.  "We'd just wait for the bus to show up and go off wherever it took us.  It wandered all over the country."   
    
Jenn sighed.  Sometimes Cathy's mom didn't live in the present.  Still, she reminded herself, sometimes that was a good thing.  The present wasn't too wonderful.  Her own parents had kicked her out of the house when they found out she had a girlfriend.   
    
"It's illegal, immoral and on top of that it's just plain stupid," her father had roared.    
    
"I'm sorry, I really am," her mother had tried to console her.  She had been in her room packing up her few belongings.  "But, you know how your dad is.  You can't stay here."   
    
Jenn had swallowed hard, kissed her weak and timid mother and left home forever.  Cathy and her mother had provided her food, shelter, love and a true home.  If Cathy's mom were stuck in the past, or in some imaginary world inside her head, it was okay.  Her heart was in the right place.   
    
"We used to hitchhike, too.  But I hear that's not safe anymore."  Jenn realized she'd missed part of the conversation.   
    
"What I was wondering," Jenn interjected, "was whether you knew anyone who was driving down.  You know, taking their kids on vacation or something?  Or, we could save up and pay for a bus . . . "  She paused.  They all knew that it would be months, maybe years before they saved up enough cash to pay for the bus.  Oil was getting scarcer year by year and America had yet to make a major shift to a new transportation fuel. Bus fare was high, but air travel was even worse.   
    
"I'll ask around.  I'm delivering bread this Wednesday."  Cathy's mom made bread -- wonderful home made bread.  Jenn and Cathy feasted on it and Cathy's mom made her living baking for other families and delivering the loaves every week.   
    
The girls helped clean up.  Cathy lingered by the door, letting the breeze play in her hair and tickle her skin.  She glanced at her mom.  Normal girls would ask their mom for permission, but Cathy knew her mom wouldn't stop her.  "Sure!  It feels so good to run outside naked, the sun on your skin."  Cathy would have to stop herself from doing anything stupid.  As isolated as their house was, in the middle of Ohio fields, there was too much risk in running around naked.  The owner leased the fields to a horse farm and they in turn charged all sorts of people to care for individual horses.  No telling who might be out there at any given moment.  People weren't supposed to be naked in Ohio and Cathy didn't want to give her mother any more difficulties in this life -- like bailing a daughter out of jail or paying some huge fine.  She felt the breeze on her body and sighed.  Normal girls wouldn't be hanging out naked at the front door of their house, either.   
    
\* \* \*   
    
In her dream, Jenn awoke. It is the the middle of the night.  Moonlight splashes through the open window, spilling across Cathy's sleeping form next to her.  The sound of crickets hums through the air and a warm summer breeze plays across the fine hairs on her skin.  Feeling all tingly and alive, she can't possibly sleep.  She touches Cathy with the tip of her finger and wakes her, looking for a moment into her lover's soft blue eyes. They get up and go out the door.   
    
Without saying a word they know where they are headed and what they will do in their secret dream spot.  They run across the pastures, tall grass flicking their bare legs.  The place is a hidden hollow.  A person could run right past it and never see where the land dips down, tall grass giving way to moss.  A round, clear pond at the bottom reflects the moon as if light is pouring up from underground.  They wade through the water to a large slab of stone in the center of the pool.    
    
In this hidden eye of the world the two girls make love.  Mouth meets mouth, lips upon lips, tongues wet in one another's kissing embrace.  Their bodies meet, soft and downy skin awash with moonlight, strong muscles and youthful bones intent upon twining and meshing and grappling. Fingers wander and the palms of hands feel skin.    
    
Skin and hair and fingers and tongues do their magic and awake deeper sensations.  Mouths salivate, hearts pound, breathing gets caught in gasps of pleasure, nerve endings tingle up from inside and rouse abdomens and breasts and nipples and legs and heat erupts up from deep inside.   
    
Tongues dart and dive and work the labia and clits, seeking salty sweetness as far inside as they can reach; fingers forage yet deeper; bodies grind against one another seeking both to pleasure and to release; to remain separate beings to feel and fondle and love the other -- and to merge and become one multi-limbed, double-vagina'd girl who could take on the world; splayed out on moon-washed rock in this eye of the world.  

**Part 2**    
Jenn woke to sunlight already heating up their tiny bedroom. The smell of bread filled the house. She stretched her limbs and savored last night, suddenly remembering with a pang that it was a dream, but a dream that had felt so real she knew she would remember it her whole life as a more true experience than many more mundane waking moments. She lifted her legs high into the air and then rolled herself off the mattress and onto her feet.   
    
In the kitchen Cathy was wrapping loaves of bread. Her mother would have gotten up in the wee hours, even earlier than summer dawn to start the bread rising and baking. She was in the shower now, singing some old song. She came out, her hair wrapped tall in a towel, another pulled around herself, just over her breasts. She looked happy, faded, and distracted, like a wildflower pressed into an old photo album full of memories.   
    
"I'm making my deliveries, girls. Make sure you send a postcard so I know you arrived safe and sound in Florida."   
    
Jenn looked at Cathy questioningly.   
    
"If you still want to . . . " Cathy said hesitantly.   
    
"Never waste your dreams," her mother said, as matter-of-factly as if she were telling them to finish what was on their plates.   
    
Jenn followed Cathy's eyes to a pile of worn paper money set in the center of the table, weighted down with the nutritional yeast shaker.   
    
"My mom wants to give us bus fare," Cathy explained.   
    
"It takes too long to wait for the Green Tortoise; I don't want you to dither the summer away. Go, fly, have fun!" her mother insisted. "Be sure to write and tell me all about it." She sounded eager, as if she herself were going on the adventure.   
    
"But." Cathy's voice caught in her throat. She tried again, "Maybe you want to come with us?"   
    
"I can't, honey. I've got bread to bake, families to feed. I'm happy here in this big field. It's your adventure, sweet. You and Jenn have the world to explore, and each other." She looked at them both and then came and enveloped the two girls in as big a hug as she could muster with her slight frame. The two naked girls nestled against the damp towel wrapped around her. She kissed each one on the forehead and released them. "Take the Greyhound to St. Augustine. I don't know if she's still there, but her name is Amanda. I knew her a long time ago, but she'll remember who I am."   
    
"Amanda . . . okay," Cathy committed the name to memory. "But, how will we find her?"   
    
"If she's still there, she won't be hard to find." Her voice was so certain that neither girl wanted to disappoint her. No doubt another piece of the past, long gone, Jenn figured.   
    
"Okay, we'll find her," Cathy said with a show of conviction she didn't feel.   
    
"I've got to get dressed. Bunny's coming by so we can do deliveries; we can drop you at the bus station. Get your stuff ready so we won't keep her waiting."   
    
Cathy and Jenn scampered to pack what few belongings they felt essential to an unknown adventure where they weren't planning to wear clothes. Cathy's mother hummed to herself as she got dressed and combed her hair in front of the mirror in the hallway. A sharp toot of a horn was followed by Bunny's large frame filling the front doorway.   
    
"Hey, girls," she greeted them effusively. "I don't think I've seen you in clothes in ever so long. What's the occasion?"   
    
"We're dropping them at the bus, Bunny," Cathy's mom told her. "Girls, help me get these loaves out to the truck."   
    
Bunny's conveyance was a large old panel truck. The back doors opened up on hinges and the bread was stacked on large plastic trays, each fitting neatly over the one below. The two women sat up front and the girls in back. There were no seats and the inside was dim, the only light coming in from a small yellowed plastic skylight on the roof. As the van went into gear the girls held on to one another and the bread trays as they jolted over the farm's rutted roadway. They felt the vehicle pull onto the main road and then it was much smoother, the wheels humming on the pavement. Jenn looked at Cathy in the dim light. One day she was dreaming of Florida; the next they were on their way. She hoped this wasn't a foolhardy adventure, chasing after the imaginary world of some geezer named Willie. No, not Willie's world, she amended her thoughts, but one where two girls could be happy.   
    
It was awkward saying good-bye. The Greyhound bus station was run down and dilapidated. Worn down people sat or slumped against the wall on the sidewalk in front of the locked building. The sun beat down on asphalt unrelieved by a single shade tree. Bunny gave them boisterous words of encouragement, Cathy's mom hugged each of them and reminded them again to send a postcard. Cathy looked in her bag to make sure the roll of money was still there and Jenn looked around at this shabby beginning to a new life.   
    
The two women said good-bye again, Cathy's mom wiped a stray tear from her eye, told Jenn and Cathy how much she loved and admired them and then they were off in the van to make their deliveries. Jenn was pretty sure they made their getaway moments before they all would have started crying in the parking lot.   
    
As it turned out, there was no bus expected for another five hours. Another 17 hours and they were on a platform in Georgia waiting for another bus. And 6 hours after that they pulled in at yet another rest stop.   
    
"This is the Florida Welcome Center," the hefty woman driving the bus announced. "We'll be here for 45 minutes." She put the bus in park, opened the front passenger door and got out.   
    
Jenn and Cathy were tired, bones cramped from standing and sitting and waiting and riding. They were hungry. Although the bus had stopped at various places for meals, the girls were worried about spending their money. The bus fare had taken over half of the cash, and when they got to Florida who knew how they were going to get any more money. Cathy's mom had pulled out the last of the cash she'd saved from selling off her old car. Bunny was her transportation. Cathy -- and then Cathy and Jenn -- had walked up the rutted road to the highway where the old yellow school bus had stopped to pick them up. For most of the school year that road was either frozen, covered in snow, or a slick morass of mud. Jenn figured her school career was over. Nobody had mentioned anything about how long they were going to stay in Florida, but there was also nothing said about how they'd return to Ohio, or if they'd even want to. Sixteen and she was a high school dropout on the road.   
    
"We made it!" Cathy exclaimed, jolting Jenn out of her musings. "Let's find something to eat. I can't keep starving like this."   
    
Jenn nodded. They exited the bus and crossed the parking lot to the large glass-fronted building. They couldn't help staring all around as if trying to suck in everything about Florida. Jenn laughed, "We're barely across the state line and we're gaping like two fish!"   
    
Cathy pointed, "Look!"   
    
Five times bigger than life, lit up and shining through the panes of glass was a full-wall photo of golden-hued, pink-skinned twins. It was quite clear they were naked. Above it in huge letters read, "Stripped For Florida." The girls pushed their way through the glass doors and stood staring at the mural.   
    
"Hello girls, welcome to Florida," sang out a cheery voice. Bringing their gaze lower they found themselves eye to eye with a perky Stripped For Florida sales associate. "Is this your first visit?" she inquired.   
    
They both nodded.   
    
"Restaurant is to your left; restrooms, information center and convenience store to your right."   
    
"Thank you," Jenn remembered to be polite. "Um, is this where you can get naked?"   
    
"Yes, ma'am," the young woman answered. "Your parent or guardian can purchase a Stripped For Florida microchip. Once it is placed behind your left ear you can get yourself as naked as can be. In fact, you'll be required to strip before passing through the sensors mounted over any of these doorways, and to stay stripped until you leave the state. Of course, Florida residents stay stripped until age 21."   
    
Jenn tried to process this onslaught of information.   
    
Cathy asked, "So, if we wanted to get stripped, how much would we have to pay?"   
    
"One SFF chip is $150.00 and is valid for 70 days. We accept cash, debit or credit."   
    
"150 dollars?" Jenn asked incredulously.   
    
"Yes, ma'am. For residents it is only $45.00, paid annually."   
    
They didn't have $300.00. If they paid the resident rate, and both got stripped, they'd have about $20.00 left.   
    
"Can we pay the resident rate," Cathy asked. "We are moving to Florida."   
    
"If your parent or guardian can show documentation then, yes, we can strip you for the Florida rate. We'll need something like automobile registration or property tax homestead exemption. If your parents are around I can explain it all to them."   
    
"Um, okay. They're busy at the moment," Cathy demurred, suddenly nervous about advertising that the two of them were traveling alone.   
    
"That's fine, I'm here all day." The young woman let out a high-pitched peal of laughter. "You two enjoy and I hope you can get stripped soon; you seem really eager about it."   
    
"We are," Jenn smiled. They waved at the sales rep and walked toward the restaurant, each harboring the realization that getting naked in Florida wasn't going to be easy.   
    
\* \* \*

**Part 3**    
By the time they got to St. Augustine both girls were weary with bus travel and stiff from being cramped into uncomfortable seats with the air conditioning blasting way too cold.  Jenn had shivered at the sight of two naked girls who boarded the bus in Baldwin.  They weren't the first naked teens they'd seen in Florida, but it was the first time Jenn got a good look up close.  The girls were maybe thirteen and fifteen, she guessed. They got on and walked up the aisle, searching for empty seats.    
    
"There aren't any seats, mom," the older girl said.   
    
Fortunately those already on the bus were kind enough to rearrange themselves and give the girls seats together, with their mother sitting close by. It wasn't long before the younger girl felt the cold.   
    
"I'm freezing, mom," she complained.  "Can't I have a blanket?"   
    
"We're not going into that, again," the girl's mother stated.  "You know you're stripped, now just live with it."   
    
Jenn liked being naked, but she'd never considered not being allowed to wear clothes -- even if she were cold.  I guess that's why being stripped hasn't exactly caught on in Ohio, she thought.  Nevertheless, it seemed odd that it should be so extreme: never naked or always naked.   
    
The sisters sat down and cuddled against one another for warmth, falling asleep as the AC blasted away.  Jenn knew they were sisters, not lovers, but still -- she couldn't help feeling some hope that these two naked girls wrapped around each other weren't attracting any undue attention.  She leaned closer against Cathy and imagined herself skin to skin with her.   
    
In St. Augustine the bus pulled up to a convenience store while several passengers got off ahead of them. Jenn and Cathy stood in the parking lot wondering which way to go.  The sign on what had obviously once been a 7/11 said "Tiger 11". They padded inside, tired and aching.  The store had the usual run-down assortment of candy bars, cigarettes, Lotto tickets, and something they weren't as familiar with, a smaller version of the naked twins with the Stripped For Florida logo.  A sun-bronzed, blond-haired naked boy with an erection was paying for Gatorade at the front counter.  Several clothed patrons were in the aisles and a little boy was begging his mother for candy.   
    
"Why can't I have any, mommy?  Please?" he begged.  Jenn smiled at him.  He looked cute -- maybe four or five years old.  He wore a Spiderman T-shirt and blue shorts. His feet were bare.   
    
His mother looked to be not more than a year or two older than Jenn.   
    
"Tell you what, squirt.  Take off your clothes and I'll buy you a candy."   
    
"Really?"  The boy looked pleased.   
    
"Sure. Everyone's wondering why I haven't stripped you yet.  Let's surprise them."   
    
The boy pulled off his shorts and yanked his t-shirt over his head.  He stood there naked and smiling up at his mother.    
    
"What kind of candy you want?"   
    
He pulled a large Hershey bar off the rack and handed it to his mom.   
    
"I'll have one Quick Strip and the candy bar -- oh, and a box of Salem Lites."  The woman behind the counter pulled the carton off the rack behind her and handed over a paper with a small sticker on it.  The boy took the candy bar from his mother and ripped it open.  Jenn and Cathy watched as the mom attached the sticker behind the left ear of her son.   
    
"That's it.  You're stripped."   
    
"Thank you mommy.  You know I love candy."   
    
The girl smiled at Jenn and Cathy as she left the store.  They smiled back and wished it were as easy for them to get naked as it was for the little boy.   
    
The girls wandered a bit around St. Augustine. It was a different world from Ohio and they didn't know whether to look at the historic buildings, the sunburned tourists, the naked kids and teenagers, the strange sex paraphernalia shops catering to those aforementioned tourists and their naked children, or simply gape in awe at palm trees and exotic birds and flowers.  They had no idea how to even begin looking for Amanda and when they got hungry were shocked at the prices being charged.  The smell of the ocean wafted over everything and in the end that was what decided it for them.  A helpful young college student standing in front of the imposing Ponce Hotel -- now Flagler College -- told them that contrary to expectations the beach was not in St. Augustine itself, but that the little Sunshine Bus Company vans could get you there cheaply, if not exactly efficiently.  She gave directions on where to get on and which way to walk when they got off.  She even told them that her favorite place was "Stir it up".  It's named after a Bob Marley song, she added helpfully.  Cathy and Jenn nodded dumbly at the overload of information and hoped they remembered the essentials.   
    
The Sunshine got them part way to the beach, their legs the rest of the way.  Yet another new world greeted them.  As tired as they were, their first experience of the ocean swept them into an excitement of all the senses: the crash of the waves, the sharp salt scent, the wind blasting into their faces, the invisible pricks like a thousand needles as sand blew into their skin, even the taste of the ocean -- so familiar to those who live near it -- a sensation they never would have guessed at from books and movies.  Cathy extended her hands out wide and twirled across the sand, her face uplifted to the sounds and scents.  There was a new world of people here, too.  Naked and scantily clad children and teens swam and ran and sunned themselves amongst boys in trunks that hung below their knees, women swathed under broad-brimmed hats to stave off the sun, and even a few men clad in shirts and shorts.   
    
Cathy noted that there were very few girls or young women who wore much of anything.  Skimpy bikinis or fully nude seemed to be the attire of young females.  A girl just about her age lay on her back, sunning herself as naked as the day she was born.  She extended her arms up in welcome and following her gesture Cathy saw a handsome, fully tanned and naked boy emerging out of the waves.  His penis was long and hard, fully engorged.  He ran up the beach to the girl, leaned down on his well-built arms and enveloped her in a kiss even as his erection penetrated her in one smooth motion.  Without the slightest indication that they were in the midst of a public beach the boy marauded the girl with his erection, while she took him into herself with totally receptive abandon.  Cathy nudged Jenn to watch and they could not hide their obvious fascination. Before arriving in Florida neither girl had ever seen a fully naked male teen; had never seen an erect penis; and had certainly never seen the heterosexual act of intercourse before.  Growing up in an all-female household Cathy had little exposure to men at all; Jenn's experience wasn't much greater.  Ohio mandated full coverage for both sexes in public and public displays of affection were frowned upon, both socially and in the eyes of the law.   
    
It was obvious that the girl was enjoying the long strokes and hard thrusts of the young man who arced his body over hers and plunged deeply into her, his tanned buttocks clenching with the effort on each downward attack on her mons and labia.  Cathy found herself wet with desire and her insides tingled and ached.  She wanted Jenn so bad she nearly ripped her own clothes off right then and there.   
    
Neither girl could tear her gaze away from the duo, but the young lovers didn't seem to notice or care.  The girl began to moan and then scream as she went into the throes of orgasm.  The boy never stopped pounding her until he froze in position, his body poised in midair as it were.  A few minutes later he withdrew his still-hard erection, pulled his girlfriend up from the sand and the two of them bounded into the surf, laughing and holding hands.    
    
Jenn looked sidelong at her girlfriend and before she could think herself out of it, pulled down her shorts and ripped off her T-shirt.    
    
"Come on!" she called as she ran towards the water.   The sand was hot on the soles of her feet, the Florida air warm against her skin.  It felt so good to be out of the binding suffocation of clothes. It was even worse wearing them here than in Ohio.  She didn't own a bikini and it seemed so unjust to be clothed when there were enough teenagers wearing absolutely nothing.  She felt the first wetness of the ocean and enveloped herself in it.  From the moment Jenn dove into the first oncoming wave she felt no fear.  This surging power was something she had longed for without knowing it.  The saltiness matched the workings of her own body.  She didn't even mind that she had to come up for air; like a dolphin or a whale she surfaced naturally, took a breath and swam back into the waves that surged relentlessly in from far out at sea.  On her third surfacing she bobbed up and looked around.  Cathy stood up to her knees in the water, still dressed in her jean shorts and t-shirt.   
    
"It's great!" Jenn called, "you'll love it."   
    
Cathy looked at the small girls who couldn't be older than 7 or 8 cavorting naked in the waves.  She caught sight of the two lovers they had watched on the beach, now entwined around one another in deeper water.  She took a breath and plunged into the water, swimming toward her own sweetheart.  The waves were stronger than she expected but the feeling was exhilarating.  She came up next to Jenn and embraced her.  The two girls floundered in the water, trying to stay above the surface even as their bodies found one another with a longing held back since they'd left home.  Jenn's naked body was slippery; Cathy's clothes were wet, rough and cumbersome.  They moved closer to shore and feeling her feet touch the ground Cathy impatiently pulled at the zippers and clasps and wet fabric, trying to pull the clothes off her body.  After some struggle, and with help from Jenn, she liberated herself and with impatience charged into the oncoming surf.    
    
Jenn and Cathy played in the waves like long lost dolphins, the sky transforming into pinks and turquoise blues, the sea darkening and the beach emptying of people.  Exhausted and exhilarated they pulled themselves onto the sand and lay looking up in wonder at the vast Florida sky. Already it was dark far out to sea on the eastern horizon, while quickly waning daylight still held sway away to the west.  The first star came out and Jenn leaned over and gave Cathy a kiss.  Their contentment was marred only by the nag of hunger in their bellies that they had each sought to ignore for some time.  Only now did they consider their options for some kind of supper.   
    
"I guess I lost my clothes in the waves," Cathy observed ruefully.   
    
Jenn giggled.  "You can have mine.  After all I'm the one who wanted to come to Florida and never wear them again."   
    
"It's not that important, really . . . it's just . . . well, maybe nobody would really mind if we showed up somewhere and wanted some food, but . . ."   
    
For the first time Cathy looked truly worried.   
    
"What?" Jenn asked.   
    
"We don't have any . . . where are your clothes?"   
    
"I don't know.  I left them on the beach, remember?"   
    
"If we can't find them, forget being naked . . . we have no money!"   
    
"Shit!"   
    
\* \* \*

**Part 4**   
The girls searched the beach for at least two miles in either direction, but there was no sign of Jenn's clothing.  What little money they had left was in those pants pockets.  Now they were absolutely naked, absolutely broke and on their own in Florida.    
    
"What was the name of that place?"   
    
"What?"   
    
"The place to eat.  Stir something?"   
    
"Oh, Stir it up."   
    
"That's it.  Do you think we could find it?  Maybe they'd be kind enough to give us some food."   
    
It was no big deal for two naked girls to walk up to the nearest of the many small streets leading off the beach.   
    
"Sure," answered the thirty-something guy in Bermuda shorts and tank top hosing down his jet ski on the sandy stretch of street.  Streetlights overhead cast their glow over the now darkened beach.  "It's just two blocks that way -- just walk down the beach to the next car entry, hang a right and its on A!A.  But they're sure to be closed now."   
    
"Okay, thanks," Jenn replied.  The guy followed the two girls as they wandered back onto the sand, admiring their taut young bodies.   
    
It was a short walk and Stir it Up was indeed closed.  The wooden wrap-around porch was quiet, but the restaurant across the way was lively with loud music pouring out onto the narrow street.   
    
Jenn and Cathy walked over and after hesitating for a minute went inside.    
    
"Be with you in a minute, hon," the waitress called over her shoulder, her right arm raised high with a huge tray of plates.    
    
A man on his way to the restroom squeezed past them as gingerly as his large tattooed body would allow.  The room pulsed with the beat of rock music, loud conversation and drunken peals of laughter.   
    
"Two for dinner?"  The waitress was back.   
    
"Um, we were hoping you could direct us to somewhere we could get some food.  We lost all our money and . . . "   
    
"I'm sorry, hon, I really am.  But you can see I've got a packed crowd here and we're one short on staff.  I'll be on my feet all evening."   
    
Cathy's mind was in a whirl.  She took a breath and plunged in.  "Do you need a sub for the night?  I'll work my feet off if you'll give me and my girlfriend dinner."   
    
"I could use the help, that's the truth.  Let me get these two tables going over here and I'll talk to the owner.  You two stand over here out of the way."   
    
The waitress hustled off.  Jenn looked at Cathy, who shrugged.  As a possible new person on the job Cathy started observing the eatery with a different interest.  She'd never waited tables in her life, but she knew her way around a kitchen.   
    
The waitress was back.  "I'm Janice.  The cook is Rob.  That's my boss behind the bar -- she waved at the man, who raised his hand in greeting before going back to pouring drinks.  He's the owner, Carl.  Not a bad guy but serious about business, so you can't screw up, especially on the money part.  Lucky for you it's all paper, no computers here yet.  You're stripped, so you'll have to go about your business as is -- guess you got no pockets."  Janice barked out a laugh.  "Well, I'm guessing some of the guys -- even some of the gals -- will appreciate a nude waitress.  You can start by bussing those two tables over there; then I'll have you help me take orders out from the kitchen.  You'll catch on."   
    
Cathy headed toward the tables Janice had pointed to.  They were covered with dirty dishes, glasses and crumpled napkins.  She guessed that bussing meant clearing the tables.  She glanced around and noticed a plastic bin partly full of dirty dishes.  She grabbed it and started to work.   
    
"I don't know what you're planning to do while your friend works," Janice said to Jenn, "but if you're willing to stack dishes into the washer back in the kitchen I'll make sure Carl throws you girls a bit of cash.   
    
Jenn was relieved.  Since Cathy's surprising offer to work she'd been feeling like a third wheel.  "Sure, yeah, anything you need.  I'm Jenn, by the way."   
    
Janice didn't waste a moment.  It was obvious that there were lots of people waiting for service.  She took Jenn into the kitchen, pointed to the dishwasher and the accumulated gray plastic tubs of dirty dishes and hustled back out to the dining area.   
    
\* \* \*   
    
The girls had tumbled out of the restaurant in the wee hours of the morning, giddy with adrenaline, well fed, twenty bucks and no pockets to put it in.  Holding each other in a walking hug they'd careened down the block towards the dark space of the ocean and out onto the sand.  Within minutes they were away from the lights of A1A, the roar of the surf blocking out all other sounds.  Without even knowing exactly what they were doing Jenn and Cathy found a small patch of vegetation in a bit of dune running down the middle of the beach, dug themselves into a hollow of still-warm sand and embraced one another with raw sexual desire.  Cathy nibbled her way down Jenn's body, while her finger ran up her girlfriend's leg, teasing the soft hairs on her inner thigh. Jenn squirmed under the erotic touch and found Cathy's left nipple with her own fingers. She grew impatient and tweaked Cathy's nipple hard, her hips lunging upwards trying to capture Cathy's finger.   
    
"Come on Cath -- put it in me, please!" Jenn pleaded.  Cathy laughed out loud.  Being naked all day, working in the restaurant in the nude, and still feeling the sun warmth filling her body, she was feeling aroused and confident.  Cocooned within dune sand, sea oats, low bushes and darkness, the girls felt free to be loud and enthusiastic in their lovemaking.  Cathy relented and curled her finger into Jenn's wet and waiting opening.  Jenn curled herself around the groping protrusion, wriggling to feel the sensation on every part of her inner nerve endings.  Her fingers scraped along Cathy's back.   
    
Cathy probed deeper, tingling her touch along Jenn's cervix and leaning in to push her tongue into Jenn's waiting mouth.  The girls wrestled with kisses, Cathy the whole time bringing Jenn closer and closer to a climax that ebbed and flowed, washing across Jenn's body like the waves of the ocean some twenty yards away.  Even as the last of the orgasm suffused her body, Jenn rolled herself out from under Cathy and ran her tongue quickly over her friends breasts and down her torso.  She found the sweet saltiness of Cathy's glistening labia, then probed her tongue as deeply into Cathy as she could, licked her way up her labia and grasped the erect clitoris and played it between her lips before nipping it lightly with her teeth.   
    
"Ouch!" Cathy said, not sounding very convincing.  Jenn nipped her just a bit harder and then set in earnest to seduce her friend into her own cascade of delicious convulsions.   
    
The girls lay gasping in the sand, their breathing becoming calmer and deeper as they stared up at the sky for the first time.  A spangle of stars overhead spanned out into a dark panorama vast beyond their peripheral vision.  The sound of the surf intruded upon their consciousness and without words they found themselves running across the dark sand and straight into the ocean.  The water was warmer than they expected and they frolicked for some time. Getting out they were caught by surprise as night air nipped their wet bodies.  Still feeling full of life and in buoyant spirits they nestled into the sand of their hideaway nest.  Folded warm into one another's embrace they fell into deep sleep.   
    
It was the cold that woke them.  Jenn shivered in the wee hours of the morning, the sound of the surf slowly intruding upon her consciousness, as if the volume were slowly being turned up.  The silvery sea oats were only just visible, but she didn't need to see them to know that a cool wind was blowing steadily off the ocean.  Cathy's body was sticky against hers and their sandy bed felt gritty.  She tried to move her left leg and felt it stiff and achey.    
    
"Nnhhh," Cathy grunted.   
    
"Just trying to get my leg comfortable," Jenn replied.   
    
"Where are . . . oh,  right.  Geez, it's chilly."  Cathy's words jumbled out of half-sleep as she awoke to their new reality.   
    
"I feel all sticky, but I'm guessing the water is too cold for a rinse."   
    
"Maybe we should just get up -- maybe go for a run."   
    
Jenn managed to sit up.  The beach disappeared into the darkness, but she could see the surf--closer now than when they'd gone to sleep. The white foam seemed to glow with its own inner light, mysterious in the pre-dawn gloom.   
    
"Okay," Jenn managed to reply without much enthusiasm.  Her whole body felt cramped from sleeping on damp sand.  "Maybe you're right, though.  Moving might be good."   
    
She stood up and held her hand out to help Cathy.  They ran slowly at first and then got into it, their naked bodies striding down the empty beach. It felt good to move and the night chill started leaving their bodies.  Faint light began to fill the vast sky over the ocean.   
    
"Wow, the water's not dark anymore," Jenn exclaimed.  It was true. Pale and blue, the ocean stretched outwards to the long horizon, now clearly visible as a line in the distance.  The sky was still dark, but feathers of pink and yellow and orange tinged the clouds along the horizon, and far up into the air above them.  They stopped running and stared as if watching a slowly unfolding movie -- their very first view of an ocean sunrise.    
    
The sound of a dog splashing into the waves startled them out of their reverie.  A german shepherd romped in the ocean. An older woman in white shorts and a windbreaker watched from the sand a few yards away.   
    
"Last one in is a rotten egg," Cathy yelled out.   
    
Jenn wasn't one to lose a challenge, even though she knew the water would be freezing.  She threw herself headlong into the waves, dove under the surf and came up spluttering salt water.  To her surprise the water wasn't much cooler than the night before.    
    
"We should have gone swimming an hour ago, instead of standing around chilly," she remarked.   
    
"Running was fun," Cathy replied, grabbing Jenn around the waist and kissing her.  An oncoming wave caught them both unawares and they both came up spitting out ocean water.  In what seemed like minutes the sky was fully illuminated.  The sun rose up from behind distant clouds and Cathy and Jenn blinked in surprise at the brightness.  Dog walkers gave way to joggers, who in turn passed the beach on to a few early surfers. Families dragged umbrellas and coolers out onto the sand and let their scantily clad or naked children frolic in the ocean.  It was thirst, rather than hunger, that drove the young women towards the land.  Florida sun can be deceptive.  Wind and water keep the body cool and refreshed, but all the while moisture is wicking away from exposed skin.   
    
The reggae wrap place, Stir It Up, was filled with sunburned tourists.  All the tables under the curving porch roof were filled and even most of the places out in the blazing sun were occupied.  The only inside was the kitchen.  A young woman with a nose piercing and skull and cross bones tank top slid the screen partition open just long enough to ask curtly, "What's your order?"   
    
"We were just hoping for two glasses of water," Jenn began.   
    
"Anything else?"   
    
"Um, well," Jenn peered over at the menu.  The prices seemed really high for sandwich wraps.   
    
The pirate woman handed over two large plastic cups, "Water's on the left," and slid the screen shut.   
    
Jenn pushed her way past a family with a gaggle of newly stripped children and found Cathy. Together they managed to find a cooler with gallon jugs of water and poured themselves glasses filled with the liquid.  They sat on the steps of the porch, the only place still unoccupied, and debated in low tones the merits and minuses of spending what money they had on prepared food.   
    
"Wouldn't it be cheaper to buy ingredients?" Cathy pointed out.   
    
"Yeah, but we have no where to keep anything, so it'll all go bad."   
    
"We'd have to buy only what we could eat."   
    
"Where's there even a store?"   
    
"Let's ask someone."   
    
"We left our money at our 'bedroom,' remember?" Jenn reminded her girlfriend.   
    
"Let's go get it, ask someone where a store is, and just buy what we can eat now," Cathy decided.   
    
Rehydrated, they felt refreshed enough to enjoy the walk down the beach.  A family eating a picnic lunch out of a large cooler offered them directions to the closest store and the two girls found their way across A1A, a hot bit of asphalt parking lot and into the air conditioned cold of a convenience store.  After an agonizing bit of browsing, picking things up, and putting them back they set their items down at the cash register.    
    
"That'll be $19.95."  The clerk was a young guy with hipster glasses and a black T-shirt.  Jenn handed over their precious twenty dollar bill.  "Your SFF chips are no good."   
    
Jenn looked mystified.  "Scanners," the guy clarified. "Sure, they're everywhere.  Just a heads up.  Lots of places aren't so nice.  If you come in off the beach without a bikini or something they'll just buzz the cops and you're busted.  Major fine."   
    
Jenn nodded.  "Um, thanks.  I mean, that's good to know."   
    
"Sure thing."  The clerk handed her their change and moved on to the next customer.   
    
"Shit," Cathy mumbled under her breath as they pushed their way back into the blazing parking lot.  "That means we can't go anywhere."   
    
"The restaurant must not have cared.  Or Stir It Up," Jenn observed, "and at these prices it won't be long until we're hungry again," she added, looking ruefully at their small bag of overpriced convenience store food.   
    
By the time they trudged back down the beach, Stir It Up was already closed for the day.    
    
"They only gave us water," Jenn pointed out.   
    
"And not very politely," Cathy agreed.   
    
The real letdown was across the street.  A notice on the door announced that the establishment would be closed for one, possibly two, weeks due to a serious plumbing problem.   
    
The girls slept fitfully that night.  Worry filled their minds, and as so many have discovered, the beach isn't the most comfy love nest when you're not desperately sexed up or feeling wonderfully romantic.  They awoke in the morning cold, hungry, sandy and sticky.   
    
"What are these things?" Cathy complained, swatting her leg, "I feel like I'm being bitten all over."   
    
"Can a beach have bedbugs?" Jenn wondered.  "Is there any of that food left?"   
    
"Just a banana and a couple of pieces of bread.  Oh, and the last bit of orange juice."   
    
They divided up the last of the food and looked out over the early morning grey of the ocean.  Each was consumed with her own thoughts, but they were oddly the same.  The mind worrying the same nuggets over and over again: should they have come to Florida, what if they hadn't lost the little money they had, could they find another place to work, could they go anywhere without clothing, and when oh when could they get some more to eat!   
    
"Good morning, beautiful beach sleepers!"   
    
The cheery voice jarred Cathy and Jenn out of their reverie.  A sturdily built young woman clad in layers of dark blue, green and brown clothing stood over them.   
    
"It's so nice to find some other campers," the woman continued, her voice lilting over the words like song.  "I'm Sam-Iza -- short for Samantha Isabelle."   
    
"Um, good morning," Jenn wrestled to get out of her worry and into her voice.   
    
"Nice to meet you."  Cathy managed, a little more enthusiastically.   
    
"So, have you been staying out here long?"   
    
Jenn struggled not to be annoyed.  This girl seemed oddly cheerful for so early in the morning.  Besides her bug bites were itching, it was chilly, and . . . face it, she was hungry.   
    
"Um, just a couple of nights," Cathy mumbled.   
    
Sam-Iza sat down in a comfortable squat and seemed to be assessing the two of them.  "I don't want to be intrusive, but if I can help in any way, I do know a lot of people around here."   
    
"We rather could, use some help I mean," Jenn answered, gratefulness tinged with a bit of desperation.   
    
"We lost our clothes, our money, and we don't know anyone at all," Cathy explained.   
    
"Oh, I thought you two were stripped.  But, no problem.  I can get you some food and clothes.  Is there anywhere in particular you're trying to go?"  
    
They spilled out their story in fits and starts and interruptions, that they were from Ohio, how they'd lost their clothes, worked for a night, experienced the ocean and now had no idea exactly where they were or where to go.   
    
"And, not to make life difficult," Jenn interjected, "but, I'm not wearing clothes again.  That's final."   
    
Cathy started to protest, "But Jenn, we don't have any money and stripping costs a lot and those sensors . . . "   
    
"It's alright," Sam-Iza intervened gently.  "Plenty of folks don't want to support the state just for the basic right to be naked.  There are people can get you a hacked SFF chip.  I'll connect you up.  But let me get you some food -- you're probably starved."   
    
Jenn looked at her gratefully.  "I'll be right back," Sam-Iza trilled in her sing song voice and disappeared through the dunes.   
    
Cathy pulled Jenn against her in a seated full-body hug.  "I'm sorry, I know you want to be naked, I just didn't realize you couldn't put clothes on again, ever."   
    
"Not ever," Jenn murmured, her lips close to Cathy's ear.   
    
"It's okay."  Cathy nuzzled Jenn closer and wrapped her arms around her girlfriend's bosom.   
    
Sooner than they expected Sam-Iza was back.  She unwrapped a cloth and pulled out little metal boxes with tight-fitting lids.  "This is tempeh with chia seeds marinated in balsamic and aged tamari.  I have a few dried blueberries left, and these are just divine -- cacao nibs -- I just love them."   
    
Cathy and Jenn weren't sure about any of the items, by description or looks, but hunger is the best sauce, and they forgot their manners and wolfed everything down.   
    
"That was wonderful," Jenn exclaimed.   
    
"It is all organic, raw, vegan -- even gluten free," Sam-Iza enthused. "I'm so happy to share with you.  I have spring water, too.  It's important to stay hydrated, especially on the beach."   
    
The girls hadn't even realized how thirsty they were until they took turns gulping down water from Sam-Iza's metal water bottle.   
    
The sky which had been getting brighter and brighter now burst forth with light as the sun rose above the bank of pink and gray clouds massed on the far horizon.  A string of pelicans swooped low over them as they flew in line down the beach.  The sound of the surf seemed suddenly louder in their ears and the day was awake.  The few early morning dog walkers were now joined by the first real beach goers.  Jenn and Cathy once again marveled at the disparate attire on this Florida coastline: an overweight woman in shorts and an over-large T-shirt herded three naked children ahead of her as she dragged a large cooler and a fold-up chair behind her.  Three boys headed into the water with surf boards on their heads, two with rash guards and long trunks, the third stripped naked.  A man jogged by in cut-off jeans, while two college-age girls passed by in the opposite direction, one in shorts and tank-top, the other stripped naked, but tattooed from head to toe.   
    
Their sightseeing was interrupted by Sam-Iza.  "So, I'm just going to get my friend."  Cathy was amazed at the continued upbeat tone of their new acquaintance. Sam-Iza seemed to make every statement sound like the brightest new discovery in the world, her voice light and high and songlike while she flashed her white toothed smile.  All this seemed somehow at odds with her practical, nondescript clothing and no-nonsense problem solving.  "Just stay right here so I can find you.  I have to find my friend Sabal and he'll give you a ride into the old city."   
    
"But, what about the sensors?" Jenn asked with concern.   
    
Sam-Iza laughed good-naturedly.  "Sabal's got a cycle tram and we'll take you where there aren't any sensors.  No need to worry."  She gave them a big smile. "Here, I'll leave you with my last two raw beet and date bars so you don't get hungry.  Sam-Iza waved good-bye and walked a short distance down the beach before disappearing out of view along one of the long wooden walkways over the dunes.   
    
True to her word, Sam-Iza sent them a ride, although it was nearly 2 o'clock in the afternoon by the time it showed up.  Cathy and Jenn had tried to enjoy themselves, but worry overshadowed even the bright Florida beach.   
    
"She seemed really nice!" Jenn exclaimed. "And she acted like it was no problem -- that I could stay naked no matter what."   
    
"I know.  I don't want to think anything bad, but maybe it was too good to be true. I mean," she hastened to add, seeing the worry in Jenn's face, "I mean, I'm sure she is well-meaning, but what if she couldn't find that Sabal person -- the ride?"   
    
"We don't even know if she's actually from around here."   
    
"Or anything about her."   
    
"She shared all her food, though."  The beet bars had been a new experience, to add the other new food sensations, but hunger had won out again.    
    
"God," Cathy exclaimed, thinking of her mother's kitchen, "I never realized how much food I actually eat in a day."   
    
"I'm trying not to think about it," Jenn protested.   
    
\* \* \*